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To my friend the great sculptor

the great full backstair

with the compliment of

the great full backstair

the great full backstair

12 Oct 1913

BRooks

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STORIES

OF THE

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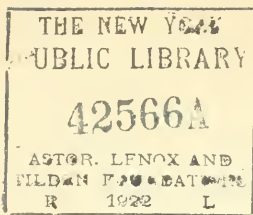
CONFEDERACY

EDITED BY

U. R. BROOKS.

Columbia, S. C.
THE STATE COMPANY
1912

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MARY E. BROOKS.

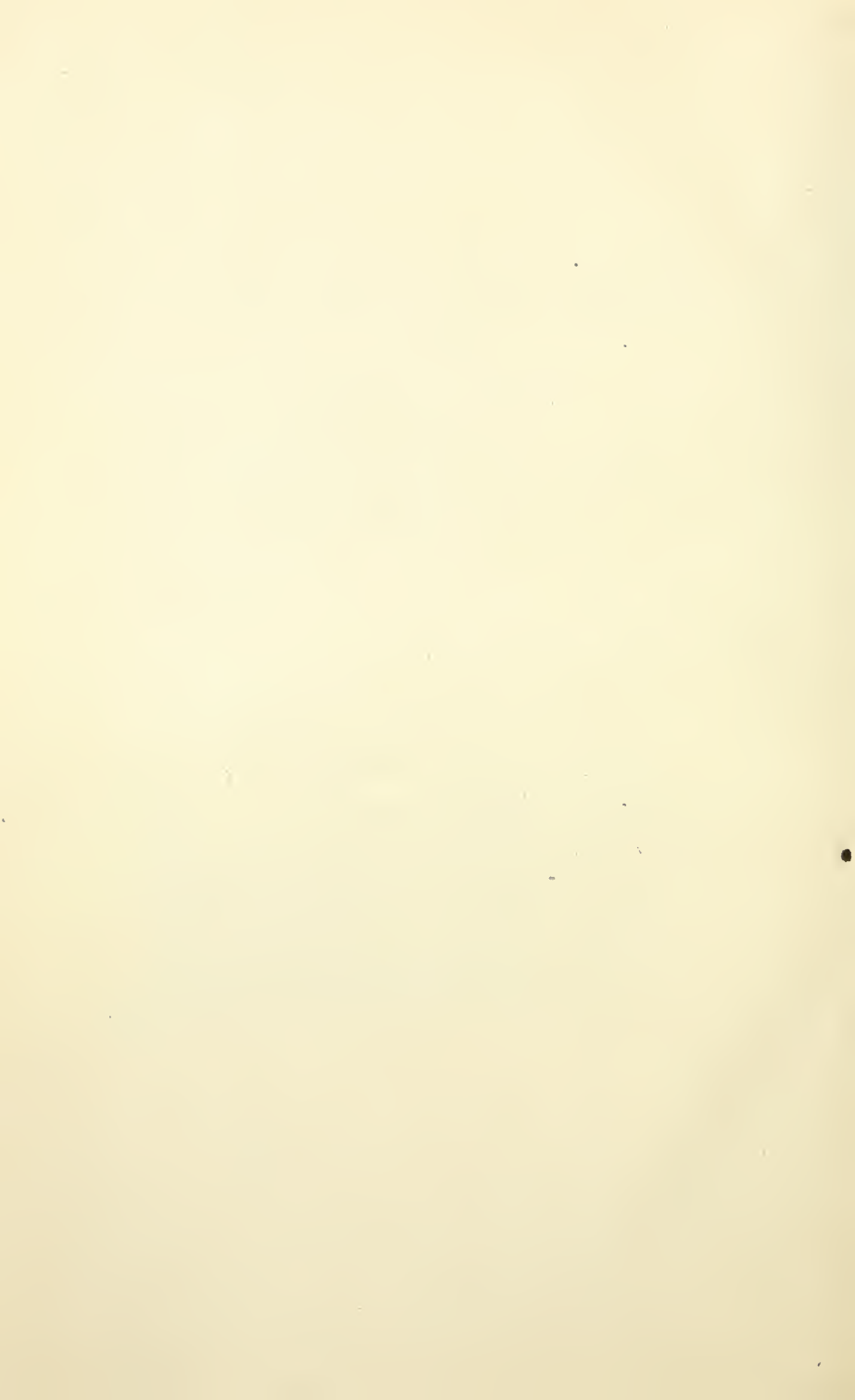
Dedicated to One of the Women of the War,

My Wife,

Mary Emma Brooks,

*Who Organized and Was First President of
M. C. Butler Chapter, U. D. C.*

*Better than gold is a peaceful home
Where all the fireside characters come,
The shrine of love, the heaven of life,
Hallowed by mother, or sister, or wife;
However humble the home may be
Or tried with sorrow by heaven's decree,
The blessings that never were bought or sold
And center there, are better than gold.
Our homes were invaded and we fought
For principles that could neither be sold or bought.*



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U. R. BROOKS.

PREFACE

I am a Jeff Davis man and, therefore, a Confederate soldier who loved and honored our President—the broad-minded people of the North hated him no more than they did the humblest private soldier of Lee's incomparable army. But he is hated by the narrow-minded Northerner just because he was our President. Take the cowardly and brutal Miles, who put him in irons at Fortress Monroe, as an example of Northern hatred.

It is true we lost our President and our flag, but whatever else we may have lost in that struggle, we gave the world Robert E. Lee, and he led an army with a record of valor that will preserve its memory as long as the world counts courage and self-sacrifice among the noblest traits of men—which goes to prove that the principles for which we fought will never die.

How can we forget the old bullet-torn flag whose blue cross had been triumphantly borne aloft for years at the cost of so much blood and valor—shall we Confederates who, by the mercy of God, have been spared to this day, not preserve the history that we helped our heroes make—those who have fallen asleep, some on the battlefield and some since the sword has been turned into the ploughshare.

We love our reunited country and propose in this volume to tell some facts, for it is history made by Americans, and it is our duty to preserve it for Americans to read.

We honor and respect the man of courage, no matter on which side he fought.

Our women in the war would sing songs to the soldiers while dressing their wounds, and the four following lines show exactly how they felt during the cruel and bloody war:

“Stand firmly by your cannon,
Let your balls and grapeshot fly,
Trust in God and Davis,
But keep your powder dry.”

Here is a picture of the Confederate soldier in January, 1865 :

“Talk of pluck,” pursued the sailor,
Set at euchre on his elbow,
“I was on the wharf in Charleston,
Just ashore from off the runner.
It was gray and dirty weather,
And I heard a drum go rolling,
Rub-a-dubbing in the distance,
Awful dour-like and defiant.

“In and out among the cotton,
Mud and chains, and stores and anchors,
Tramped a squad of battered scarecrows,
Poor old Dixie’s bottom dollar.

“Some had shoes, but all had rifles,
Them that wasn’t bald was beardless,
And the drum kept rolling ‘Dixie,’
And they stepped to it like men, sir.

“Rags and tatters, belts and bayonets,
On they swung, the drum a-rolling,
Mum and sour, it looked like fighting,
And they meant it, too, by thunder.”—*Henley.*

INTRODUCTION

"I still had hopes . . .
Around my fire an evening group to draw
And tell of all I heard, of all I saw."—*Burns.*

Time will prove to the world that Jeff Davis was a greater man than Abe Lincoln.

President Davis stood by the Constitution. President Lincoln rebelled against it. Every time the Confederate soldier shot at the United States flag four Union soldiers fired on the Constitution. During the war the Northern people denounced the Constitution of the United States "a league with death and a covenant with hell." The Supreme Court of the United States has never called the Confederate soldiers rebels. Harriet Beecher Stowe wrote "Uncle Tom's Cabin." On the hundredth anniversary of her birth Charles E. Stowe, the youngest son of the famous writer of fiction, admitted some wholesome facts, among which he says: "Is it not perfectly evident that there was a great rebellion, but that the rebels were the Northerners, and that those who defended the Constitution as it was were the Southerners, for they defended State rights and slavery, which were distinctly entrenched within the Constitution."

Lincoln had the world to draw men and money from. Davis had the valor and heroism of his people and nothing else to depend upon but the points of his soldiers' bayonets.

In order to make iron hard, when a weak place in it is discovered, it must be placed in the furnace and kept there until it becomes soft from the heat, and then it is ready* for the hammer to be made hard and strong and lasting. Our country was scourged with a bloody war and went through the fiery furnace, and, like iron, is firmly welded together and is today the strongest and most powerful on earth.

The four most prominent men in this the greatest war of modern times were Jefferson Davis, Abraham Lincoln, R. E. Lee and U. S. Grant, all of whom were slave-holders except Lincoln, all of whom were Southern men except Grant. Lee liberated his slaves before the war, Davis and Grant did not.

The President of the Confederate States was born June 3rd, 1808, in Abbeville, Christian County, Ky., and died in New Orleans, December 6th, 1889. He was a hero in the Black Hawk War in 1831 and 1832; was United States Senator, Secretary of War, 1853-57, the best this government ever had, and Colonel of the Mississippi Rifles in the Mexican War. In 1847 President Polk appointed him a brigadier-general of volunteers, but he declined the commission on the grounds that by the Constitution the militia appointments were reserved to the States, and that such appointments by the President were in violation of State rights.

Abraham Lincoln, while this great country was being welded together, was President of that part of it of which Jefferson Davis was not. In the language of Henry Watterson, the Confederate soldier, "We know that Lincoln was a prose-poet, for have we not that immortal prose-poem recited at Gettysburg. We know that he was a statesman, for has not time vindicated his conclusions. He was himself a Southern man. He and all his tribe were Southerners." No sadder idyl than his life can be found in all the short and simple annals of the poor.

Mr. Lincoln was assassinated in Forde's theatre, April 14, 1865, by J. Wilkes Booth. He gave his life's blood to help cement the States together, with one million other martyrs. Booth claimed that Lincoln gave him his word that he would not hang his friend who was arrested as a spy, and that Lincoln broke his word and had his friend hanged, which seems to have unhinged Booth's mind; and at the above stated time Lincoln suffered death at the hands of the actor on life's stage. Lincoln was born February 12, 1809.

Robert E. Lee was born January 19, 1807, and died October 12, 1870. He was the greatest general of the English speaking people. He made a good fight and kept the faith. Of all the eulogies in literature, there is none more beautiful than the following upon General Lee, which fell from the silver tongue of that eloquent Georgian, Senator Benjamin H. Hill, and is said to have been extempore: "When the future historian comes to survey the character of Lee he will find it rising like a huge mountain above the undulating plane of humanity, and he will have to lift his eyes high towards heaven to catch its summit. He

possessed every virtue of the great commanders without their vices. He was a foe without hate, a friend without treachery, a soldier without cruelty, and a victim without murmuring. He was a public officer without vices, a private citizen without wrong, a neighbor without reproach, a Christian without hypocrisy, and a man without guilt. He was Caesar without his ambition, Frederick without his tyranny, Napoleon without his selfishness, and Washington without his reward. He was obedient to authority as a servant and royal in authority as a true king. He was gentle as a woman in life, pure and modest as a virgin in thought, watchful as a Roman vestal in duty, submissive to law as Socrates, and grand in battle as Achilles."

General U. S. Grant—"the Magnanimous"—was a greater man than he was a general, a greater general than he was a statesman, and a greater statesman than he was a politician. His chief attribute was a simplicity of character that was grand. Where he trusted he trusted fully; he was incapable of suspicion, a vice that chains many a big soul to earth. But when once he found that one he trusted proved faithless, he was forever done with that man. He was born in Point Pleasant, Ohio, April 27, 1822, and died July 23, 1885.

Lee and Grant met at Appomattox on Sunday morning, April 9, 1865, which ended the bloody war. Both of these great men died at the age of sixty-three years.

Was it due to fate that the Confederate government failed? When Lee and Jackson had planned to destroy the Yankee army at Chancellorsville, Jackson ordered his men to shoot down any one who approached on a certain road. By mistake he himself took the road that ended his life, and Joe Hooker made his escape. At the Wilderness, when Lee had planned to destroy Grant's army, and when Longstreet and Jenkins were hurling the Yankees back in great confusion and Grant was in his tent sobbing like a child because his army was about to be routed, Longstreet and Jenkins were shot down, the one disabled for months and the other killed by Confederate bullets. Were these blunders, pure and simple—were they accidents or fate? This deponent saith not.

The Confederate Congress passed a law requiring one-tenth of what the people made to be turned over to the government for

the use of the soldiers, but for the want of transportation they never got it. The Congress should have passed an act requiring a percentage of the provisions made to be distributed among the wives and children of the indigent soldiers of the Confederacy. What government under the sun could or would expect soldiers to fight for it while they knew their wives and children were starving? General Lee saw and felt it, and tried his best to have it remedied, but to no avail. He actually had to withhold from his ragged and barefoot soldiers the letters that brought the sad tidings of the terrible suffering of their loved ones at home. The following is a very fair sample of how the families of indigent soldiers suffered:

"My Dear Edward: I have always been proud of you, and since your connection with the army I have been prouder of you than ever before. I would not have you do anything wrong for the world: but, before God, Edward, unless you come home we must die. Last night I was aroused by little Eddie crying. I called and said, 'What's the matter, Eddie?' and he said, 'Oh, mama, I am so hungry.' And Lucy, Edward, your darling Lucy, she never complains, but she is growing thinner and thinner every day. And, before God, Edward, unless you come home we must all die.

"Your Mary."

Edward Cooper made three applications for a furlough, and all were refused. He went home, and, upon his return, was court-martialed and found guilty. The sentence was death. When he reached home and his wife found that he had no furlough, she said: "Oh, Edward, Edward, go back, go back. Let me and my darling children go down to the grave, but, oh, for heaven's sake, save the honor of our name." Fortunately for humanity, fortunately for the Confederacy, the proceedings of the court were reviewed by the commanding general, and upon the record he wrote:

"Headquarters Army Northern Virginia.

"The finding of the court is affirmed. The prisoner is pardoned, and will report to his company.

"R. E. Lee, General."

The slaveholder having inherited them from his parents was wedded to the welfare of his slaves for whom he provided, and, in providing for them, he, the master, was the greatest slave of

them all. The slaveholder who did not go to the war suffered for the loss of a son or a brother, but he never knew the pangs of hunger, nor the loss of sleep, the greatest of human tortures, except tight shoes.

The gifted humorist, Polk Miller, describes the slaveholder of the South in a joke, but there is more truth than poetry in his description. When he was a little boy, his father gave him a little negro named Henry, and on the old plantation they were inseparable. When his father wanted Polk, all he had to do was to call Henry, and Polk was there. So when the war was lighted up, Polk very naturally wanted Henry to go and cook for him, but his father said no, that Henry might be killed.

This sentiment resulted, not from preferring slave property to his flesh and blood, but from a sentiment which the slaveholder inherited along with his slaves, namely, that these simple-hearted, trusting people must be by him protected.

The greatest blessing that could have happened to the slaveholder's son was when the slaveholder lost his slaves. The war taught him to rely on himself, and in no other school would he have learned it. The negro gained more from slavery than did the white man, for by it he was civilized, clothed and fed. Almighty God raised up one of the poor non-slaveholders of the South, Abe Lincoln, to free the negro. Lincoln sprung from that very class of people that the negro hated so much before the war. The slaves called them "buckra" and "poor John."

The one who gained more by the war than any other was the landless white man of the South. He had covered himself with glory on the battle plains, and, after the war, was no longer shunned, but was admitted into the family circle of the landed gentry and, in many instances, married their daughters. It is largely due to this very class of people, the aforesaid poor whites, that the South is today the most prosperous part of the world. Almighty God moves in a mysterious way His wonders to perform.

Well, it is all over, and we have the greatest country in the world.

U. R. BROOKS.

WOMEN OF THE WAR

To the Women of the War:

You who encouraged us to carry the fortunes of the Confederacy on our bayonets for four long years, and from hundreds of battlefields you got this message from us: "We came, we saw, we conquered"—

We appeal to you to help us preserve the history that you made, tell us how you worked on our garments, how you sewed by the dim firelight so many long weary nights, how you suffered for the necessaries of life, how anxious you were to hear from the front where the battles were raging, and how gloom was thrown over your homes when the sad news reached you of the death of your dear ones.

Fifty years have come and gone since the cruel war began, and our beautiful uncrowned queens will ever be to us as sweet as the perfume of the magnolia and the same rosy cheeks that they wore during the war will never fade, for they are brightest gems in South Carolina's crown.

"Such jewels, with age grow
Bright; richer lustre show,
Thy sphere exalted thou uncrowned
Queen, oft in humble cottage found
As oft in gilded homes of wealth."

The matrons of Rome, who poured their jewels into the treasury for the public defence; the wives of Prussia, who with delicate fingers clothed the defenders against French invasion; the mothers of our Revolution, who sent forth their sons, covered with prayers and blessings, to combat for human rights, did nothing of self-sacrifice truer than did these women of our fallen Confederacy, which was wiped from the map of the world April 9, 1865.

President Davis pays you this beautiful tribute :

"To the women of the Confederacy,
 Whose pious ministrations to our
 Wounded soldiers soothed the
 Last hours of those
 Who died far from the object of their
 Tenderest love,
 Whose domestic labors
 Contributed much to supply the want
 Of our defenders in the field,
 Whose zealous faith in our cause
 Shone a guiding star undimmed by
 The darkest clouds of war,
 Whose fortitude
 For our sacred dead and
 Whose patriotism
 Will teach our children to emulate
 The deeds of our
 Revolutionary sires."

The pale bivouac fires are lighted and gloomy chimneys glow,
 While the grizzled veterans muster from the taps of long ago,
 Lee, Johnston and Hampton, Grant and Jackson, Hancock, too,
 Gather here in peaceful silence, waiting for their last review;
 Blue and Grey at length united on the high redoubts of fame;
 Soldiers all in one grand army that will answer in God's name.
 Yes, they rest on heights of glory in that fair celestial world,
 Where the war drum throbs no longer and the battle flags are furled;
 And today the birds are singing where was heard the canon's roar,
 For the gentle doves are resting midst those ruins of the war.

Yes, the mocking birds re-echo "Peace on earth, to man good
 will;" "and the swords are turned to ploughshares in the land of
 Dixie."

TO MARK WOMEN'S MONUMENT

The inscriptions to grace the monument to be erected to the women of the Confederacy in Columbia were selected by the Commission October 29, 1910.

Captain William E. Gonzales, editor of the *Columbia State*, prepared the inscriptions that are to go on the monument. The selection of Captain Gonzales's composition was made following a competitive examination of a number of efforts submitted anonymously. Fifty inscriptions were submitted to the Commission.

The selection of the winning inscriptions was by a committee, the members of which took under consideration thirty of the compositions submitted to the Monument Commission.

The Committee.

The committee was: Miss Euphemia McClintock, President of the College for Women, Columbia; Stanhope Sams, Litt. D.; the Rev. Dr. William McPheeters, of the Columbia Theological Seminary; Professor Yates Snowden, of the University of South Carolina, and Colonel U. R. Brooks, Clerk of the State Supreme Court.

This committee reported six compositions to the Commission in the order of merit, and the Commission adopted the report. Captain Gonzales, himself a member of the Commission, absented himself from this meeting, and the Commission decided upon his composition as worthy to be placed upon the monument to the women of the Confederacy.

The four next succeeding compositions were submitted, in the order reported by the committee, by Dr. George Armstrong Wauchope, head of the English department of the University of South Carolina; by Dr. E. S. Joynes, professor emeritus of modern languages at the University; by the Rev. A. M. Fraser, D. D., of Staunton, Va., who last summer was invited to become President of the Columbia Theological Seminary, and by W. Banks Dove, formerly Superintendent of City Schools, of Washington, N. C., and now Assistant Secretary of State. Their

respective works are submitted in this article as Exhibits A, B, C, and D.

Much thought was given to the preparation of the compositions submitted. It is said that Dr. Wauchope rewrote his inscriptions twenty-eight times and Dr. Fraser corrected his composition several times by mail after he had sent it in.

The Monument's Inscriptions.

The following are the inscriptions to be placed on the monument:

At clouded dawn of Peace
They faced the Future
undismayed by problems
and fearless of trials
in loving effort to heal
their country's wounds
and with conviction
that from the Ashes of Ruin
would come the Resurrection of Truth
with Glorious Vindication.

(South Side)

In this Monument
generations unborn shall hear the Voice
of a grateful People
testifying to the sublime Devotion
of the Women of South Carolina
in their Country's need.
Their unconquerable spirit
strengthened the thin lines of grey.
Their tender care was solace to the stricken.
Reverence for God
and unfaltering Faith in a righteous Cause
inspired Heroism that survived
the immolation of sons
and Courage that bore the agony of suspense
and the shock of disaster.
The tragedy of the Confederacy may be forgotten,
but the fruits of the noble Service
of the Daughters of the South
are our perpetual heritage.

(North Side)

When reverses followed victories
 when want displaced plenty
 when mourning for the flower of Southern Manhood
 darkened countless homes
 when Government tottered and Chaos threatened
 the Women were steadfast and unafraid.

They were
 unchanged in their Devotion
 unshaken in their Patriotism
 unwearied in Ministrations
 uncomplaining in Sacrifices
 Splendid in Fortitude
 they strove while they wept
 in the Rebuilding after the Desolation
 their Virtues stood
 as the supreme Citadel
 with strong towers of Faith and Hope
 around which Civilization rallied
 and triumphed.

EXPLANATION OF INSCRIPTIONS.

Following is the formal inscription prepared by the Commission :

To
 The South Carolina Women of the Confederacy.
 1861-65.

Reared
 By the Men of Their State.

The Legislature's part will be conveyed in a line, "Enacted by the General Assembly of the State of South Carolina," legible on a scroll being held up to the woman by a bronze Cupid.

Captain Gonzales was asked for an interpretation of the inscriptions from the viewpoint of their author. "In the first sentence of the inscription from the south side," he replied, "the monument is conceived as a living thing, the spokesman for all time for those who were the witnesses of the deeds, trials and sufferings of the women of the Confederacy.

"That their heroism and courage had high, pure source, differing widely from the bravery of Amazons and the sacrifices of

fanatics or heathen, the sentence beginning 'Reverence for God' is intended to imply.

"The final sentence of that inscription is a claim that the fruits of the 'noble service' will, through the impress upon character of uplifting sentiment, enrich the South even after the tragedy of the 'Lost Cause' is, to the South, no longer a tragedy.

"The soul of the second inscription is in the lines:

" 'Splendid in Fortitude,
They strove while they wept.'

"In defeat and amid want, mourning and with threatened chaos, they were steadfast and unafraid.

"The concluding sentence of the inscription pays tribute to the services of the women of the Confederacy after the war.

" 'In the Building after the Desolation'

"It was around the women that the forces of civilization developed strength and won the victory of the South today."

Honorable Mention.

The four inscriptions given below were submitted in the order named by Dr. George A. Wauchope, Dr. E. S. Joynes, the Rev. A. M. Fraser, of Staunton, Va., and W. Banks Dove:

EXHIBIT A.

This Monument is erected to keep alive
in the hearts of future South Caro-
linians the Virtues, Services and
Sacrifices of the Women of the
Confederacy
who
by their Constancy under the Trials and
Sufferings of war, by their inspiring
sympathy with the men at the
front, by their tender Ministra-
tions to the sick and wounded
and by their material aid and unwaver-

ing fidelity to the Common Cause
 have won the Undying Love and
 Gratitude of the People of the
 South
 and have Bequeathed to their Children
 from Generation to Generation the
 Priceless Heritage of their Memory.

EXHIBIT B.

To the Women
 of the Confederate South
 Whose Constancy
 Sustained the Courage
 Of the Confederate Soldier
 in Camp and Field,
 Whose virtue protected his Home,
 Whose service ministered to his needs
 Whose tender care nursed his sufferings
 Whose affection cheered his dying hour
 And brightened the Poverty
 of his
 Desolate Home.

EXHIBIT C.

They knew their cause was just. They put their trust in God. They gave their men to the war, and cheered them on to immortal deeds and endurance and to death. They ministered to the sick, the wounded and the dying. They braved unspeakable dangers in their defenceless homes. They welcomed poverty as a decoration of honor. In defeat and desolation they inspired the rebuilding of States. They have adorned the whole land with monuments to their fallen heroes.

EXHIBIT D.

Erected in memory of those who in the sorrow of their silence and separation endured the agony of a conflict they might not share, whose courage sustained the Southern Soldier amid the carnage of the battlefield, whose love and fidelity soothed the suffering of his sickness, whose gentle hand brushed from his pale face the gathering dews of death, whose faith and fortitude faltered not in the darkest hour, whose inspiration transformed the gloom of defeat into the hope of the future, and whose memory shall not be forgotten even in the hour of peace.

RECOLLECTIONS OF A SCHOOL GIRL

Colonel U. R. Brooks:

Having read your beautiful tribute to the women in the war, asking for contributions for your forthcoming book, I herewith hand you the "Recollections of a Confederate School Girl—1861-1865."

My first memory of the war was seeing the "Liberty Pole" raised in Aiken. It was very tall and painted white. The flag of the State (a home-made flag) was a green Palmetto tree upon a white ground. The State had seceded, and the people were ready to defend their rights. There was a brave sadness in all their speeches.

Why did the North want to fight the South? Was it to free the negroes? The people of the North had brought them here, and we paid the New England traders for them.

South Carolina had fought 137 battles for the Union. We did not want to fight our Northern brothers, but we would defend our rights and our homes. This was the attitude of our people.

My father had been elected one of the chancellors—equity judges—of the State. We moved to Columbia in 1861. For a while it was quiet enough. We girls went to school to Madame Sosnowski and her two daughters. She was the widow of a Polish officer. Our teachers were great Southern sympathizers, and we learned not only from books, but also how to make haversacks, roll bandages, scrape lint and knit socks.

Companies in City.

The companies of soldiers were constantly passing through the city, and our teachers would often take us in procession to see the troops go off. On one occasion, I began to feed the cavalry horses near me, which were in a train of cars. Of course my example was quickly followed. The station master (freight agent) was in despair. "That hay is private property!" he exclaimed. I was sorry for him, but glad I fed the horses.

The Hampton Legion was encamped near the city. We loved to go out to see them drill. What a fine display the legion made!

And, well they fulfilled our hopes of them. Dear, brave Hampton Legion!

One morning a cousin came and took us to see the first assignment of prisoners to our State. I went to the station, but I did not want to see the prisoners. I felt sorry for them, and yet I remembered they were invaders, killing our men and destroying our homes. Then I felt more sorry for ourselves. When the prisoners came out of the cars, I was surprised to see so few officers. Some of the men were hatless and some coatless, and, yes, some shoeless. Four companies surrounded them, one of the companies being the "Chicora Greys," Captain Radcliffe commanding. This company was made up of the boys of the city, and, of course, we girls admired them greatly.

At recess we used to drill. I was the captain. We used for our text book, "Hardee's Tactics." On one occasion we saw the boys coming, and the girls insisted that "our company" march out and "present arms" to them in recognition of their services. The captain (myself) was rather amused by the performance, but the Greys returned the salute gravely. There was no sound of mirth in their ranks, but their eyes were sparkling with merriment.

We had an endless round of entertainments. The young people were ever ready to have some bazaar, or supper, or tableaux, to get money for some worthy cause. Often it was to help the hospital, our "Wayside Hospital," was an excellent idea. The ladies, and almost everybody in the city, either attended or sent contributions of stores every day. The doctors met the trains, and by their skill and kindness made the wounded soldiers comfortable by dressing their wounds afresh. The ladies looked after them and gave them refreshments and a resting place to sleep until their train came, when the kind negro nurses helped them on board. During the Franco-Prussian war this plan of ours was adopted by the Prussians.

How hopeful we were! Truly we believed—

"He is thrice armed who hath his quarrel just."

What sacrifices our dear people made! And how faithful our servants were! Had they been then what too many of them are

now, when Lincoln freed them, God only knows what would have become of the defenceless women and children.

Bishop Henry Whipple has written that "there was no uprising of the slaves," speaking volumes for the white people of the South and volumes for the negroes.

I remember going with my aunt, Mrs. Bartow, wife of General Bartow, to visit our "Ladies' Hospital." The hospital had been used formerly for a railroad car shed. It was almost where the Columbia hospital now stands. The cots were white and neat. The lady visitors came with offerings of eggs, fruit, flowers, and sometimes money. One of the soldiers, I remember, had been fearfully wounded in the head. Was he despondent? No, indeed. He was eager to get well and join Lee and Jackson in driving out the Yankees.

I knit twenty pairs of socks and wanted to knit more, but I had to study, too. Madame Sosnowski would teach all the winter and go to Virginia to nurse in the hospitals in the summer.

Our dear President Davis kept us constantly upon our knees in prayer. Our people, while wonderfully cheerful, were always prayerful. Israelites and Christians kept the solemn fast, and I truly believe this pious custom helped the South to bear defeat so bravely. Our Israelite neighbors often went to Trinity with us.

Just before Sherman entered the city, we had a wonderful bazaar in the State House. Each of the Southern States was represented. The Mississippi table was where I waited. Our badge was a cotton boll, tied with a pink satin ribbon, with Mississippi printed upon it. Mrs. James P. Adams was the lady manager. The tables were arranged like Turkish booths, with a canopy over them, and the coat of arms of each State was painted upon a shield and placed in front of the booth. Our shield was painted by Professor Devilliers. It represented an eagle upon a cliff, with the sun rising before him. What did we sell? Everything pretty and surprising. Remember, we had clever blockade runners, and the people poured out their treasures of gold and silver. Then, too, some planters gave bales of cotton, and got them through the blockade, too. It was for the hospitals—a grand effort and would have done credit to any age or any people. I was told we made \$300,000—"a bale of money."

Making Fortifications.

One morning there was a request in our daily papers to the ladies of the city to meet at the store of James Gibbes to get the cloth and learn to make sand bags for Fort Sumter. How gladly we attended! One of the gentlemen showed us how to make the bags. Then we took the cloth home to make it up. My sisters and I had three pieces of 46 yards each. It was hard work with a double seam and stout thread, but we made up our share. Brave Fort Sumter! It never surrendered!

One Sunday morning in February, on our way to church, we were startled by the ringing of the city bell. Well we knew what that meant. Sherman was coming and all soldiers on furlough in the city must report at headquarters. We went in tears to offer our prayers. What fate awaited our beautiful city? What loved one might lose his life in its defence? Some of us almost envied the quiet sleepers lying so peacefully in God's acre. They could not be disturbed by war's rude alarms.

My father had gone to St. George to make some arrangements for his family. We were in despair lest some terrible fate should overtake him. He passed the town of Orangeburg an hour and a half after the Yankees reached the place. "Too soon for the bummers to scatter in search of plunder." The big bay just flew over the icy roads. How thankful we were to see our dear father safe and sound. When the Yankees, without warning, began to shell the State House, our house, which was not far down from it, was in danger as some of the Parrott shells flew screeching up Gervais street. Our servants fled to a place of safety. Who can blame them? The horse was waiting with his harness on, ready to be put to the buggy. I will never forget how coolly my father walked out to the stable. I went with him, and helped him to harness up.

Leaving the City.

We women had expected to remain in the city, but our father was one of the signers of the ordinance of secession. He, at our urgent request, consented to leave. Soon our uncle, Dr. LaBorde, came in and insisted that we leave until the shelling ceased. We started for the eastern part of the city, towards the Charlotte depot. On our way we saw father coming back to the house. We

went back to see what he wanted. The governor had given us places in his special car, which was to leave at 2 p. m. One small trunk was all that could be allowed. The governor did not leave the city for hours, near midnight. We were fourteen hours going thirty-seven miles. Our engine broke down, and we were left on a siding for hours. To brighten us up, Major Tom Woodward found a violin and came under the car window and serenaded the way-worn party. Finally, he found an engineer who took our car on his train as far as Winnsboro. True to his promise, we had "coffee and biscuits" in the "wee sma' hours" of the morning. The next evening the major called us out to see the western horizon glowing with the fires of the burning city. "I knew that vandal would be in the city," he said. "God help our friends!" Our next move was to Winnsboro. Here we stopped in the home of the Rev. Mr. Obear. This house was full of refugees, friends—friends we loved—who willingly shared their fire and food with us. The army of 60,000 invaders passed through the town, a sight never to be forgotten. After each army corps what a rabble of followers came! Even now I laugh at the fancy toilets some of the dusky belles wore. Who could imagine such a combination of colors! When they began to burn the carpenter's shop next door, we were sure our turn would come next, but, much to our content, a kind soldier climbed upon the roof, saying, "We have had enough of this," and promptly put out the blaze. One of our storerooms was destroyed. Our barrel of sorghum, grits and flour, all were thrown upon the ground. Fortunately, we had other stores upstairs. One of our servants was braver than he knew. William came with a note from our uncle in Columbia, telling us that our house had been burned. We did not trust William, as he was not an inherited servant. One day he overheard one of us say, "I am afraid William will go off with the Yankees." When he came, clothed in a Yankee blue overcoat, he took special pains to say, "You see, Miss, I did not go off with the Yankees," and he was as ever a helpful and faithful servant. For the few days he rested with us, before returning to the burned city, he was busy bringing in burned cross-ties, and doing anything he could for our comfort.

At Winnsboro.

When our father came to Winnsboro, he brought our aunt's carriage and horses and good servant, Sheldon. We were again with friends, and journeyed over icy roads to Ninety-Six, on our way to Roselands. Oh, how dreary that journey was! Even for miles around Winnsboro the cruel work of the marauders could be seen. They killed the poor tired mules when they found fresh ones, and left them all along the road. The first evening we stopped at the house of a Mr. Babb. I remember one incident distinctly. When father asked if we could get anything to eat, and if we could get food for our horses, he said, "Yes, my faithful servants helped me to hide some stores. You will have to wait until one of the boys goes after the fodder." I well remember seeing the man coming across the field almost hidden by the big bundle of fodder he was carrying. Horse and rider were almost covered up by his load. Then how skillfully the negro ferryman took us over the high waters of the Broad River. Oh, that steep and muddy river bank! What a hard pull up it was! The next night we spent near Newberry. One of our father's friends opened his home and heart to the refugees (ourselves). On our way to his house we passed a young man who seemed to be under a guard. Mr. S——, our friend, said: "I must speak to that man. He is a Mason, and has given me the signal of distress." Off he went to help him. I have admired Masonry ever since that dark day.

LILLA CARROLL.

THE QUEEN OF THE TOURNAMENT

She stood at the mirror looking radiantly fair,
 As roses, then jewels, she placed in her hair.
 And, which shall I wear?—is the murmur'd refrain,
 As first one, then the other, are tried on again.

"I shall be queen of the ball tonight,"
 She said it right proudly, as well she might,
 For the bravest and best had chosen her queen,
 Because of her beauty and right royal mien.

"I shall reign in truth," she laughingly said,
 As the crown of the morn'g she placed on her head;
 In triumph she nodded and smiled with delight,
 As she thought of the homage in store for the night.

But a sudden change comes over her face,
 Roses, laces, and diamonds are swept from their place.
 She pauses awhile, then turns slowly away,
 And takes from a casket a ribbon of grey.

"The hearts that so lov'd it have moulder'd to dust,
 But 'twas bequeath'd to me as a sacred trust.
 I promised to honor it, when best I may,
 And, at the ball tonight, I shall own its sway."

She has donn'd her robe of wine red hue,
 Starr'd with silver, and barr'd with blue,
 But the soft silken tresses are comb'd smoothly away,
 And tied with a ribbon of simple grey.

There's a proud high look on the fair young face
 As she enters the ball with her usual grace.
 All eyes seek her crown, but she hastens to say,
"As your queen, gentle knights, I am wearing the grey."

There's a hush, and a murmur, then a burst of applause,
 As all bow'd in reverence to the sacred lost cause,
 And each knight in his ardor, vow'd, that then, and always,
 They would honor her most, *who thus honor'd the grey.*

MRS. S. I. BLACKWELL.

FORGIVES BUT CANNOT FORGET

I was asked by a friend a short time ago to give him an account of one of many of my experiences during the War—that of secession between the North and South. It is by no means as bad as some other trials which I passed through. This particular one occurred in New Orleans, and was a small specimen of the gross cruelty of the Yankee soldier. They were all under the rule of General “Beast” Butler and showed no feeling but that of hatred to the born native of the South. If their general felt it, *they were apt scholars.*

I was very ill, my little baby not two days old, when one of their officers came to my dwelling to inform us that he wished us to leave the house, as he wished it for himself, and that the grounds about it were just what he wished for parade ground for his soldiers. Dr. J., my husband, informed him that it was an impossibility, as his wife lay ill and should not be disturbed.

“Ah,” this colonel answered, “unless I see for myself I will not believe it.” Then he said, “Show me your child, and the room occupied by your wife.”

Ah! in time of war, one has to submit to insult, and to degradation to avoid insult. Dr. J. came to me, and, as I knew the officer could be a friend, if he desired, I told my nurse to take my little one to my chamber door, that the truth would speak for itself. It did, for this man, this officer of Butler, told us that we could stay where we were for three weeks, then we must go.

We did not wait that time. There was a schooner about to leave for Pascagoola, and, as we were hungering for dear old South Carolina, with a party of solid, true, Confederates, we sailed on the *Serena* for home.

We were not without adventure on the trip after we reached Mobile, for we found that an addition had been made to our party in the shape of a most lovely young lady, who pointedly seemed attracted to me. I saw my husband watch her closely, and as soon as he could get the chance to speak to me, warned me not to converse with her. We reached Mobile in safety and went direct to the Battle House. There an elegant carriage and

horse were awaiting. The driver said: "For Dr. and Mrs. J." It was sent by the cousin of a wealthy friend of a dear old New Orleans friend of mine. She claimed me for her guest. Her husband was an Englishman, so she made it safe and pleasant for us. But, as we were leaving the Battle House, there was a great excitement, for the beautiful young lady had turned out a Yankee spy, and I found that I had been in peril when she had paid me such close attention.

Now, I had to see the commanding general of New Orleans before I could accomplish all that I am telling you. Captain Turner, a friend of ours, took me to the officer who had been put in Butler's place. We were told by the soldier who guarded the office door "That it was useless to attempt seeing him or anyone else," but my old friend, Captain Turner, persevered, and in a short time we were informed that we could see the general. As we entered, the office was filled with uniformed men, who were dismissed. Then General K., looking with pity at my deep mourning, said kindly:

"What can I do for you, madam?"

I had experienced so much rudeness from former officers that I felt the kind-voiced question, and at once I said:

"I want to get out of New Orleans."

"Where do you wish to go?" he asked.

"To my home in South Carolina."

"You do, do you? Now, let me advise you, it will be difficult to go there."

"I will risk it," I answered.

"Do not," he replied. "Take the oath and you shall be repaid for all your losses."

Looking him steadily in the eye, I answered: "I will die first."

My friend told me after that he expected that I would be dismissed with scorn and anger, but instead the general asked:

"Well, what do you come to me for?"

"To allow me to go to my own, if they are living—myself, husband and two children."

"How will you go?" he said. "The roads are all torn up. I cannot give you a pass."

"I do not ask it, general."

"Then tell me what you do want."

"To leave here without your help; only let me take more than three days' rations, for I have a little baby to nourish."

With that he looked at me sadly and said: "You shall do as you wish. I will give you a permit. Send your husband to me tomorrow and I will make it right for you."

Well, I thanked him, and when I went home and told Dr. J. of the result of my visit to General K. he declined going to him, as General K. desired, but I talked him into it. He went, and was received with great kindness. The general gave him permission to take his instruments and all that I had asked to take when the interview ended. General K. asked Dr. J.: "Was the lady who came to me your wife?" Dr. J. answered: "Yes." "Well, sir; she is a brave little lady," he said.

With all our care on the journey home it was almost perilous. The Yankees had torn up roads and eaten all provisions, and the little we obtained we gave to our children. At times we could not obtain even a glass of water. At last, after great difficulty, we took the train from Augusta for Charleston. Coming in at times I recognized familiar faces, but no one seemed to recognize us. I did not seem to care. But, on reaching the old home in Charleston, through all the gladness of our dear ones there was a strange look at me. My mother—God bless her memory—kept giving nourishment by the spoonful, and when I asked "Why not let me drink it, mother," with eyes full of tears she replied, "After a while, dear; not now." And when I was put to bed and my husband and children cared for, I did not realize it myself, but afterwards they told me I was almost starved to death. Dr. J. could not obtain, on the whole road, a morsel of food, the Northern army having eaten and taken off everything eatable. Whole towns were deserted.

Ah! my friend, this is but a little of a tale of sorrow. As I roll back the years of the war and feel even now the sorrow that falls upon those who outlive those days, I miss almost everyone of a family that made up my life. I only am left, with my two daughters. I have tried to feel forgiveness for that which followed my younger days. Most of our enemies have gone into the great beyond, but some of our brave men are left to our care, old and disabled. They still can tell the sad story of days that have passed. They can unroll the pages of a history of other

days and memories too sad to be lightly treated. God bless the dear old Confederates.

On returning to New Orleans, after peace was declared, I took my two children to join Dr. J., who had preceded us. From Charleston, on board the steamer, were many tourists, whose desire was to see the South in ruins. When we were near Fort Sumter the captain came to me—I was down in the saloon—to go on deck and bid adieu to the grand old fort. I went and found quantities of tourists—women whose curiosity led them to look at everything they could see. As I advanced toward the side of the steamer about fifty of them turned to look at me, as if I was a curiosity, and shrank from me as if I was some wild animal. I was truly disgusted at such an outward show of dislike. However, it did not hinder me from looking, with a sorrowful heart, a loving sad adieu to our grand old fort. What a contrast years have brought. Thank heaven for it all.

I hope, my dear friend, you will have patience with this poor attempt of mine. I have condensed everything I have said as much as possible and trust you will have patience to go through with it; you who have had so much more interesting matter to write of. I trust you will be able to decipher my writing. Rheumatism has rendered my hands almost useless, and, as old age (85 years old) does not improve them, I write only to dear old friends.

SUSAN N. JERVEY.

Columbia, S. C.

THE CONFEDERATE WOMAN

By VIC REINHARDT.

A mammoth task is this: to tell
 Of those who ever would excel
 In all that's good; to break the spell
 Of meditation, and to swell
 With glad acclaim her praise, so well
 Deserved, presents no parallel,
 For, to no woman e'er befell
 Such crucial tests; and to foretell
 Her destiny, so vast,
 Need but repeat the past.

Thy sphere, exalted, thou uncrowned
 Queen; oft in humble cottage found
 As gilded homes of wealth; resound
 Alike in patriot theme, and, bound
 By cords of devotion, strong wound
 In sweetest unison, there doth sound,
 And resound, in the sweetest round
 Of melody, bound and rebound
 Aloft, and smoothly float
 Without discordant note.

Peerless in greatness of thy state;
 To lend thy rare jewels, and wait
 Their return, oft in vain; donate
 Them, all—for love is obdurate—
 And long for more to dedicate;
 Nor, for a moment deviate
 From life's hard task; early and late
 To trust, to pray, to stimulate
 The loved ones on the field
 To fight on, never yield.

From thee, those matchless soldiers' trend
 To greatness, valor, love for friend,
 Chivalry were learned, and they lend
 Lustre to history's page, bend
 Homage from foes who would contend
 In fiercest conflict to the end.
 Tribute to thee, but don't ascend
 To thy high place, or comprehend
 Thy wealth of character
 Thy grace, so fair, so pure.

Would garland decorates be meet?
 Lay gold and silver at her feet
 Or monuments erect to meet
 The lofty clouds, so grand and neat?
 No one can the heart throbs repeat;
 The toil and wait, in cold, in heat—
 The struggle at the mercy seat
 For loved ones ever dear,
 For cause, the heart so near.

In peace, the queenliest of all,
 Nor did she fail to heed the call
 For help, for refuge from the thrall
 Of meshes set by human gall,
 To check the venom tide, appall
 The world; and they who know extol
 Her virtues, sweetness, each install
 Pre-eminent, high over all,
 Such jewels, with age grow
 Bright; richer lustre show.

But, ah! Soon the last one we'll lay
 Gently, sadly, beneath the clay.
 Her richest legacy, we pray,
 May be to impart her sweet way,
 Her spirit and impress to sway
 The Southern heart—revere the gray
 And, next, the unseen seraphs flay
 The air, to bear her swift away
 To brigher realms above
 All care, in peace and love.

Terrell, Texas.

BATTLE OF GETTYSBURG AND HARDSHIPS OF SOLDIERS

The following war-time letter, written forty-eight years ago, by Dr. S. G. Welch, a surgeon in the Confederate army, to his wife, giving a graphic description of the battle of Gettysburg and picturing the terrible hardships of a soldier's life, will prove interesting reading:

Camp Near Orange C. H., Va.

August 2d, 1863.

My Dear Wife:

* * * * *

On the night of the 29th of June we camped on the west side of the Blue Ridge Mountains, where they extended into Pennsylvania. On the morning of the next day (30th) we renewed our march. Shortly after starting it began raining, but the road was hard and well macadamized, and the rain made the march rather agreeable than otherwise. On this same morning we passed where a splendid iron factory had been burned by General Early, of Ewell's Corps. It belonged to a very celebrated lawyer and politician of Pennsylvania by the name of Thaddeus Stevens, who is noted for his extreme abolition views and his intense hatred for slaveholders. The works are said to have been worth more than one hundred thousand dollars. The burning had thrown a great many operatives out of employment and they seemed to be much distressed.

During the day we wended our way up the mountains. The scene around was very different from what we had just passed through. Instead of the enticing fields and lovely landscape we had now around us that which was rugged, grand and towering. In the afternoon about 1 or 2 o'clock we halted and bivouacked among the mountains. Our stopping place was in a basin of the mountains which was very fertile and contained a few very excellent and highly cultivated farms. A while after we stopped I started off to one of these farm houses for the purpose of getting my dinner, as I was quite hungry, and wanted something

different from what I had been accustomed to most of the time on the march. On going to the house a very nice, smiling young girl met me at the door and, upon my making known my wishes, she very pleasantly said she "guessed" so; but said they already had agreed to accommodate a good many and that they would do the best they could by us all if I would return at 4 o'clock.

This I did, and found Adjutant Reedy, of the Fourteenth Regiment, and several others of my acquaintance. Reedy, being quite a young man, talked a good deal to the girl. I was hungry as a wolf, but when I came to the table and viewed what was upon it my hunger was aggravated more than ever. It seemed that there was no end to everything that was good. We had nice fried ham, stewed chicken, excellent biscuit, light bread, butter, buckwheat cakes that were most delicious, molasses, four or five different kinds of preserves and several other dishes. We also had plenty of good coffee and cold rich milk to drink. None but a soldier who has experienced a hard campaign can conceive of how a gang of hungry men can appreciate such a meal. I must say that this late dinner was a perfect God-send.

After we had finished eating I felt ashamed to offer them Confederate money, but could do no better, and offered it with an apology. They very readily accepted it, and when I insisted that they should take a dollar they refused and would have only fifty cents. This house was guarded to prevent our men committing depredations such as they had been doing, and which was having a demoralizing effect upon the army. Soldiers must be made to behave or they will not fight.

Upon returning to camp I found that an order had been received during my absence to cook one day's rations and have it in haversacks and be ready to march at 5 o'clock next morning. This at once aroused our suspicions, for we concluded that we were about to meet the enemy. Next morning about 5 o'clock we began moving. We had not gone more than a mile and a half before our suspicions of the evening previous were fully verified and our expectations realized by the booming of cannon ahead of us in the direction of Gettysburg. Upon looking around I at once noticed in the countenance of all an expression of intense seriousness and solemnity, which I have always perceived in the faces of men who are about to face death and the awful shock of

battle. As we advanced the cannonading increased in fury. It was Heth's Division ahead of ours fighting. At last we arrived upon a hill, where, upon another hill in front of us and about a half mile distant, we could see Heth's cannon arranged and booming away at the Yankees, who were replying with considerable briskness, and we could also see the infantry of Heth's Division advancing in line of battle. It was really a magnificent sight. The country was almost destitute of forests and was so open that it was easy to see all that was going on. Our division (Pender's) continued to keep within about a half mile of Heth's. McGowan's Brigade was at the right of the division and the Thirteenth Regiment at the right of the brigade. This being the case, I could see from one end of the division to the other as it moved forward in line of battle. It was nearly a mile in length. The scene was certainly grand, taking all the surroundings into consideration. After Heth had driven the enemy some distance it became necessary for our division to go to his support. McGowan's South Carolina and Scales's North Carolina Brigades were the first to relieve Heth. The hardest fighting did not begin until McGowan's and Scales's Divisions went into it. Then such a rattle of musketry I never heard surpassed. It lasted for about two hours and a half without cessation; and how many brave fellows went down in death in this short period of time! Officers who have been in all the fights tell me that they never saw our brigade act so gallantly before. When the order was given to charge upon the enemy, who were lying behind some stone fences and other places of concealment, our men rushed forward with a perfect fury, yelling and driving them, though with great slaughter to themselves as well as to the Yankees. Most of the casualties of our brigade occurred on this day (1st July). As the enemy were concealed they killed a great many of our men before we could get at them. There were a good many dwellings in our path to which the Yankees would also resort for protection, and they would shoot from the doors and windows. As soon as our troops would drive them out they would rush in, turn out the families and set the houses on fire. I think this was wrong, because the families could not prevent the Yankees seeking shelter in their houses. I saw some of the poor women who had been thus treated. They were greatly distressed and it excited my sympathy very much. These people would have

left their houses, but the battle came on so unexpectedly to them, as they often do, that they had not time. I passed through a house from which every one had fled except an extremely old man. A churn of excellent buttermilk had been left where it was being churned and I and some other doctors helped ourselves.

The fighting on the first day ceased about night, and when our brigade was relieved by Lane's North Carolina Brigade it was nearly dark. I returned to the hospital and on my way back came to Anderson's Division of our corps (Hill's) lying in line of battle at least two miles in rear of where the advance column was. Pender's Division and Heth's had been fighting all day, and they were exhausted, besides being terribly "cut up," and when they drove the Yankees to the long high range of hills, which the Yankees held throughout the fight, they should have been immediately reinforced by Anderson with his fresh troops. Then the strong position last occupied by the enemy could have been taken, and next day, when Ewell and Longstreet came up, the victory completely won. If "Old Stonewall" had been alive and there, it no doubt would have been done. Hill was a good division commander, but is not a superior corps commander. He lacks the mind and sagacity of Jackson.

When arrived at the hospital my ears were greeted, as usual at such times, with the moans and cries of the wounded. I went to work and did not pretend to rest until next morning after daylight. I found that Longstreet had come and that McLaw's Division of his (Longstreet's) corps was encamped near the hospital. Kershaw's Brigade was almost in the hospital grounds. On looking around I distinguished many of my old friends from Laurens whom I had not seen since the war began. They all seemed surprised and glad to see me; but I had work to do and they had fighting, so we could not remain long together. They were all lively and jocose. Milton Bossard was in a gay humor and left me as one going on some pleasant excursion, but before 2 o'clock of the next day he was a corpse. He was shocked to death by the bursting of a shell. Captain Langston and a number of others were killed in the Third Regiment who were my acquaintances.

On the second day of the battle the fighting did not begin until about 12 or 1 o'clock, from which time until night it raged with great fury. The reason it commenced so late in the day was

because it required some time for Ewell and Longstreet to get their forces in position. Longstreet was on the right, Ewell on the left and Hill in the center.

On the third day the fighting commenced early in the morning and continued with the greatest imaginable fury all day; at one time, about 3 o'clock in the afternoon, such a cannonading I never heard before. About 150 pieces of cannon on our side and as many more on the side of the enemy kept up one incessant fire for several hours. It was truly terrifying and was like heavy skirmishing in the rapidity with which the volleys succeeded each other. The roar of the artillery, the rattle of the musketry and the wild terrific scream of the shells as they whizzed through the air was really the most appalling situation that could possibly be produced. Our troops (Pickett's Division) charged the enemy's strong position, which they had now entrenched, but with no avail, though we slaughtered thousands of them.

On the night of the 3d General Lee withdrew his army to its original position, hoping, I suppose, that the enemy would attack him; but they didn't dare come out of their strongholds, for well they knew what their fate would be if they met the Confederate army of Virginia upon equal grounds. On the 4th our army remained in line of battle, earnestly desiring the advance of the Yankees, but they did not come. During this day the rain fell in torrents, completely drenching the troops. A while after dark we began to leave; but took a different and nearer route to the Potomac than the one we had just passed over. Though nearer, it was very rough and not macadamized, and the passing of wagons and artillery over it cut it up horribly and made it almost impassable. Yet over this road our large army had to pass. I was lucky enough to get into a medical wagon and rode until the next morning. It rained nearly all night, and such a sight as our troops were the next day! They were all wet and many of them muddy all over from having fallen down during the night. Billy looked as if he had been wallowing in a mud hole, but was in a perfectly good humor. On this day (the 5th July) we recrossed the Blue Ridge Mountains. Climbing the mountains was very tedious after so much toil, excitement and loss of sleep, but we met with no obstacle until we came to Hagerstown, Md., where we stopped on account of the Potomac's being too high to ford. While here

the Yankees came up and our army was placed in line to meet them, but they did not dare attack. In this situation we remained for several days with them in sight of us.

After a pontoon bridge was finished at Falling Waters and the river was sufficiently down to ford at Williamsport, we left the vicinity of Hagerstown. It was just after dark when we began leaving. It was a desperately dark night and such a rain I thought I never before knew to fall. I did not meet with such luck as the night we left Gettysburg, Pa., but had to walk all night, and such a road I think troops never before traveled over. It appeared to me that at least half of the road was a quagmire, coming in places nearly to the knees.

Hill's Corps went by Falling Waters and Longstreet's and Ewell's by Williamsport, where they had to wade the river, which was still very deep, coming up nearly to the shoulders. The pontoon bridge was at Falling Waters where we crossed. Our division was in the rear at this place and when we got within about a mile and a half of the river we halted to enable the wagons ahead to get out of the way. Being very tired, we all lay down and nearly every one fell asleep, when suddenly the Yankee cavalry rushed upon us, firing and yelling at a furious rate. None of our guns were loaded and they were also in a bad fix from the wet of the previous night. They attacked General Pettigrew's North Carolina Brigade first. Our brigade was lying down about fifty yards behind his. I was lying down between the two brigades near a spring. General Pettigrew was killed here. I was close to him when he was killed. It was a serious loss to the service. We fought them for some time, when General Hill sent an order to fall back across the river and it was done in good order. The attack was a complete surprise and is disgraceful either to General Hill or General Heth. One is certainly to blame. The Yankees threw shells at the bridge and came very near hitting it just as I was about to cross; but, after we were close enough to the river not to be hurt by our own shells, our cannon on this side opened upon them, which soon made them "skedaddle" away.

We feel the loss of General Pender in our division. He died in Staunton, Va., from wounds received at Gettysburg. He was a very superior little man, though a very strict disciplinarian.

Your devoted husband.

S. G. W.

THE MAIDEN OF FAIRFAX

It was the middle of winter 1863, and while the armies were resting in winter quarters preparatory to the great struggle of 1864, soon to follow, the scout sought new ventures in dear old Fairfax. This was then the enemy's country, our armies had long since retired from thence under stress of increasing numbers, and we felt that our presence so far in the rear would never be suspected; hence without much trepidation we trod the paths so well known during our earliest efforts. Knowing that our citizens were ever loyal to our cause and to us, the night we came near Fairfax Station, whither we had arrived after several nights' cautious marching, we, about midnight, approached a house situated far from the road in humble security, and gently rapped at the window. Presently a maiden fair to see came to the window, and perceiving that we were soldiers, cautiously raised the sash and parleyed with us thus:

"Who are you, and what do you want?"

I replied: "Miss, we are Confederate soldiers desiring information of this country. We have long been away from here, and know you may be suspicious of us, and to convince you of our identity I will relate to you a funny incident of the early encampment when here, and of which doubtless you know." And then in a few brief words I told her of a poor love-sick soldier who, without his shoes, had scaled to the window of his sweetheart, in whose room he was soon after captured and was subsequently courtmartialled for his escapade, to the chagrin of the army.

When this story was related to the young lady, she laughingly replied: "I now know you are our soldiers and I will soon be with you." Thereupon she hastily dressed and was soon in our midst. We could with difficulty refrain from embracing her, for she was pretty, she was sweet, and she was one of Our Girls.

She at once proposed to lead us to her brother's house, some three miles distant, in which I acquiesced, and in a little while, with this lovely creature in the van, single file, we were threading a narrow path through the dark forest, over the ice-clad

ground, to her brother's house. Arrived there, we were given a hasty meal, which we greatly enjoyed, for we were hungry.

Our heroine was a graceful blonde about eighteen years of age, and her beautiful blue eyes sparkled in merriment at her escapade while she related to her brother her acquaintance with us.

We were fully informed of the situation. A regiment was stationed at Centerville, and daily wagon trains from thence went and returned laden with wood. We at once determined to capture one of these, and soon departed and rested as best we could during the balance of the night, having received from the hands of our fair hostess sufficient rations for the next day. The following morning we were early in concealment preparatory to the attack, and soon the trains began to pass, going forth empty and coming back laden with wood. We let several of these pass in order to ascertain if they were guarded, and discovered none, and determined to attack the next, which came about 5 o'clock. It was a mule team of six mules, which, the mules, seemed to be a good haul, so presently as they came abreast of us we dashed upon the driver and demanded his surrender, which he hastily did, when, to our surprise and consternation, a guard of about fifty infantry charged upon us, firing as they came. I knew retreat hastily, yes, speedy retreat, was our only recourse, yet we gave them a volley from our shotguns as a parting salute, and were retiring in good order through a small opening in our rear, but McIlwaine and Farrell lingered behind, with a revolver in each hand, firing rapidly into the ranks of the enemy, who at each fire would fall to their faces, then rise and charge forward, firing as they came, and in one of these onslaughts Farrell was captured and Farley wounded in the right arm. With this discomfiture and much chagrin and mortification and considerable fear, as the enemy was in rapid pursuit, we fled into the surrounding woods, now thinking only of safety in flight and desirous of saving our wounded comrade. On came the foe, yelling like fiends, firing volley after volley without aim, but our woodcraft and approaching darkness saved us, and in a little while the pursuit was stopped, and unmolested we, half carrying poor Farley, proceeded slowly on our way through the great woods until far in the night we perceived near us an humble cottage, which we approached for shelter, with perfect confidence in the loyalty of

the occupants. Here we sought some refreshments and dressing for the wound of Farley, which we discovered was so serious that he could not proceed further, so believing that he was with friends and in comparative safety we left him; but these people were disloyal and the next day revealed to the enemy Farley's presence and they came and took him to prison, and we never again saw either Farrell or Farley, and they passed forever from our knowledge.

They were gallant men and cheerful good fellows, and we missed them and sorrowed over their fate, and after a lapse of forty-seven years I am sorrowing yet and regretting our venture. We were greatly humiliated at our defeat and resolved speedily to wipe it out. Finding that no sentinels surrounded the camp at Centerville, after a hasty but cautious inspection thereof, one dark, cold night we quietly took therefrom the colonel's horses while that worthy peacefully slept, and next day his negro troops were accused of the villainy and narrowly escaped, for want of evidence, courtmartial therefor.

A party of carousing officers, near to morning, while on their return to camp, galloped past us as we stood concealed in the woods nearby. With our horses, which were fine ones, we rode rapidly to the rear and by daylight had crossed the Aquital, where we lay concealed for another day and that night sped to familiar haunts and rested for a day or two.

In this party, to the best of my recollection, were McIlwain, Farrell and Rife, of Mississippi; Harris, of Georgia, and Farley of Virginia. If any one has escaped my notice, it is from inadvertence, and I beg forgiveness therefor.

We never again saw or heard of this fair maiden of Fairfax. She was one of her kind, there were thousands of the kind, God bless them, and I trust Providence has been kind to her and that she has known but little care or sorrow.

These recollections bring vividly to view our glorious past, when we were struggling for liberty, one of the best boons of God to man. We, through stress of numbers and starvation, lost our glorious cause, but as long as life lasts we will never forget it or its stirring events.

GEO. D. SILDBURNE,
Chief of Scouts, C. S. A.

At Byron Hot Springs, California, August 7, 1910.

“OLD MISS” ON THE OLD PLANTATION

“Sweet memory, wafted by thy gentle gale
 Oft up the tide of Time I turn my sail
 To view the fairy haunts of long lost hours
 Blest with far greener shades, far fresher flowers.”

On the 6th of June, A. D. 1800, “Old Miss,” as her slaves used to call her, was born. In the year 1818 she was married to Colonel Brooks, who was for many years Commissioner in Equity and State Senator from his district (Edgefield) under the Constitution of 1795. We had districts then instead of counties, the former being changed to the latter by the Constitution of 1868, the beginning of reconstruction or destruction, which was finally destroyed by the Constitution of 1895.

Colonel and Mrs. Brooks had two sons in the Mexican War, Captain Preston S., who died in Congress 27th January, 1857, and Whitfield Brooks, who fell mortally wounded in the battle of Cherubusco, 20th of August, 1847. Colonel Brooks died in 1851, at his beautiful plantation, “Roselands,” located near the old fort of Revolutionary fame, leaving his widow, “Old Miss,” in charge of the old plantation, well stocked with slaves, mules, horses, cows, sheep, hogs, etc.; and well did “Old Miss” manage everything, making money every year up to the year of her death, December 7, 1870.

I remember that at one time she had an overseer by the name of Pink Vines, who invariably signed his name P. Vines. I have often thought how appropriate this was for one of his calling. He used to say that Sunday was never intended for niggers and mules, for they always got into mischief of some kind.

On all plantations there were negro drivers who acted as assistants to the overseer. Of course, drivers were trusted slaves, but they were of great importance in their own estimation and knew how to make the other slaves on the old plantation work. The driver under Mr. P. Vines was “Uncle Tom,” one of the largest slaves on the place. Well did he perform his task, for he found it easier to make others work than to do the work himself; and then the importance of the thing was a great incentive for him to see to it that nothing was left undone.



MRS. WHITFIELD BROOKS,
Old Miss on the Old Plantation.

The carriage driver was "Uncle Shelton." The butler was called Bryan, but the grandsons of "Old Miss" named him "Tug." One day "Tug" got into some mischief with some of the little boys who called "Old Miss" grandma. She attended to them while Mr. P. Vines took Tug under his care. One of the little boys was curious to know if Mr. P. Vines hurt him much, and Tug said, "No, sir; I talked him out of it." "What did he say, Tug?" "He just said, 'Sare (sir), I want that shirt,' but he never got it; because I just begged off. Well, he did hit me a few licks over my coat, but it didn't hurt as bad as Old Miss hurt you."

Tully swept the yard, and Vick rode one of the horses eight miles to and from the postoffice every day to get the news from the front. Oh, how "Old Miss" suffered when she heard a battle was raging, and could get no news from her dear ones who she knew were in the battle.

Tully and Vick amused us so much when they would walk across the yard on their hands. Samps helped Pete work in the garden. One day I showed Pete a large picture of our Savior and asked him if he knew who it was. He said he didn't know, "seppen it was old marster."

Maum Clarisa waited on "Old Miss." "Uncle Shelton" used to look after the gardens. His wife was Maum Lizzie, who assisted in the house. Maum Sallie was the cook; and, oh, how can we ever forget her delightful biscuit, waffles and lightbread. She could bake a turkey to perfection. She had good practice, for "Old Miss" raised them in large quantities. In fact, she raised everything that went on her sumptuous table, except sugar and coffee. One day, at dinner, "Old Miss" asked one of her little grandchildren, "Will you have a slice of ham, darling," and turning to another little fellow said, "Will you have some, Sugar?" meaning ham, of course; but when he got the ham he raised cain because he didn't get sugar. He got the sugar after dinner.

Old "Uncle Lewis" had to walk around the cornfields and shoot squirrels to keep them from eating the corn when it was in silk and tassel. Old "Uncle Mose" was the blacksmith. He was at the forge all the time, making and sharpening plows, shoeing horses and mules, and doing other blacksmith work required on a

large plantation. Horses and mules were raised on the plantation like other live stock.

All the negroes on the place went to "Old Miss" for everything. Their appeals to her were numerous and various. As illustrative of this, take the following, which I heard one night: One of the women, in cotton picking time, went to the back door of the "big house," as the planter's mansion was called, and said, "Old Miss, my basket ain't fitten." Old Syke came up and reported, "I dun got out de poses (posts)." Another complained, "Big Tom say I don't wuk to suit him." The milk maid, Liddy, said, "De brindle cow done got a calf, de black cow done gone dry, de spotted cow is holer tolerble well, and all de udder cows do well." "Old Miss" said, "Go and tell Tom to send the overseer here. I will tell him what to do." He (the overseer) had to report to "Old Miss" every day. She always knew everything that was going on.

Every Sunday all the pickaninnies had to come up to the "big house" to be instructed in their catechism. "Old Miss" had quite a large Sunday school of these little negroes. Some of them learned very fast, while others seemed dull and stupid. Every one who said a good lesson would get a nice biscuit that "Maun Sallie" had made, who, by the way, had to cook a large supply on Saturdays.

Before the war there were but few widows living near "Old Miss," but the Secession War, like other wars, was a great propagator of widows and orphans. These newly made widows had to come and get lessons from "Old Miss" as to how to manage, etc. Some were suffering for the necessaries of life, but they soon got relief from "Old Miss." In nearly every community throughout the South there was to be found some good "Old Miss," who shared her last crumb with these newly made but helpless widows.

"Old Miss" had had a fine brick church erected before the war on the old plantation, about half a mile from the "big house"; and regularly once a month the Episcopal clergyman would preach, when the people turned out in large numbers to hear his sermons. "Old Miss" had family prayers night and morning, reading at each service a chapter from the Bible. It was her custom, because she felt it to be her religious duty, to minister to the wants of her slaves when they were sick or in distress.

“You never knowed Ole Miss, you say;
 Well, dat’s a pitty, shore;
 De sort of quality she was
 Is gone—to come no more.

“She knowed more den de doctors, ’cause
 God tole her what to give;
 She knowed more den de preachers, ’cause
 God tole her how to live.”

When the tocsin of war was sounded “Old Miss” uniformed two military companies. Both of these companies were raised by her youngest son. The uniforms of the first, Company G, 7th S. C. Volunteers, Kershaw’s Brigade, were of “Rock Island jeans,” and were made up by a tailor named Silks, who came down to the old plantation and took the measures of the men. This same tailor joined a company from Greenwood, S. C., called the Secession Guards, in Kershaw’s Brigade. On the retreat from Fairfax C. H., Virginia, to Bull Run, in 1861, he was taken prisoner, the very first man in the brigade captured. The uniforms of the second company, Company H, 7th Nelson’s Batallion, Hagood’s Brigade, were of cloth manufactured by and bought from Col. James G. Gibbes, at Saluda factory, in 1862.

“Old Miss” had two sons, who were captains in the war—J. C. and J. H. Brooks. The youngest was fearfully wounded—shot three times in one day. Her two grandsons were in the cavalry, one of whom, W. B. Brooks, was killed in battle.

It is hard to understand, and never can be explained, how our women in the war suffered. In one district (now county), at a little postoffice remote from railroads and telegraph lines, fifty women, the wives of Confederate soldiers, were seen at one time waiting for the mail rider to bring sad tidings of the last battle. On one occasion a wounded soldier died, and the women, wives and widows of Confederates, had to act as pallbearers. All the men were at the front, some fighting, some wounded, some in prison, and some dead on the field. Some of these women lived on bread and water for months.

“Stoop, angels, hither from the skies;
 There is no holier spot of ground
 Than where defeated valor lies,
 By mourning beauty crowned.”

Yankee history proves that the women of the South were the civilizers and missionaries of the African slaves.

Dr. A. B. Mayo, of Massachusetts, in the report of the Bureau of Education (1900-1901), writes: "Here in contact with a superior class, through a period of more than 200 years, this people underwent the most rapid and effectual transition from the depths of pagan barbarism to the threshold of a Christian civilization on record in the annals of mankind. The 250 years of slavery had, indeed, been in itself a great university and the history of the world may be challenged to present a spectacle so remarkable." The world's great awkward squad demanded the drill master's autocracy. Southern slavery was the reform school of the negro.

One who would make assurance doubly sure should give heed to the following from the *New York Nation*, of March 25, 1869: "We may well call attention of the philanthropist and Christian to Dr. Draper's estimate of the religious status of the Southern slave at the beginning of the war. He declares that, 'through the benevolent influence of the white women of the South, and not through the ecclesiastical agency, was the Christianization of the African race accomplished; a conversion which was neither superficial nor nominal, but universal and complete; and the annals of modern history offer no parallel success.'" The paragraph divulges what might be termed the summum bonum of missionary achievement: a higher race sharing with a lower the moral ideas which give eminence to the higher. This can receive no lesser name than the hallowed name of an evangel. All other sources of enlightened conscience, of self-respecting growth, of conversion to higher standards, are futilities in comparison. The fittest to survive used their higher power, not to destroy the unfit, but to make the less fit more fit. No "sounding brass" resounded for these unobtrusive women. Self contemplation would seem to have been absent; only the religious truth of duty present. They asked none to read their gentle manners in the mirror of their Christian works: wrote no articles in magazines, besought not others to do so—to tell mankind how true, how beautiful, how good they were. Save in the sentence quoted, they have received no mention; a not uncommon incident of the benevolence which is for the sake of helping others and not for the

means of promoting self. They in their modesty illumine the text, which, though Jacobinical, is fine: "Perish our memory rather than our country." "Not unto us, not unto us," they said. As if they caught the purity of the sky to which their hearts were lifted, they "shed abroad a Savior's love," among the humble folk in whose dark plight (as from old England and New England they had been received) the ministries of these unrecorded women were as stars. The chastened sanctity of their toil rises before us as a beatitude of the discipline and duty of life. They are in the number of those great teachers who transfigure into beauty the inmost force and feeling of high calling, and by so doing, lift toward their likeness the ignorant and stumbling. Purified love of the highest shone in purified piety to the lowest. The slave had been civilized by Christianity, even if spared the curriculum of post-graduate courses and aesthetical belles lettres. Never was a great trust so greatly discharged.

By old England and by New England a trusteeship for the inveterate savage had been imposed. The authority of white over black was a spiritual supremacy. A higher social consciousness had reclaimed the negro from a savage sociology; out of dark chaos had educed something of moral symmetry. The negro had been trained in the school of discipline. What is civilized man, as he exists today, but the pupil of all the adverse strokes of time? The negro felt himself subject to higher powers, to a government which was in sympathy with the governed. With what measure of sympathy it was meted out, with that measure it was meted back by the slave in the stress of war. It was a high, not a low ideal of supremacy which was loved, honored and obeyed. The sincerity of a common cause had been wrought into the heart and habit of a race. Not quite two years ago, hard by the plantations once owned by Patrick Henry and John Randolph, I could have pointed you to the home of one, whose former slaves, with a reverence not assumed, but real, still addressed as "Mistis" the venerable lady of the manor, who, like another queen, might have celebrated her reign of three score years over a loyalty which had never wavered, never faltered. A higher force had so far counteracted the lower as to convert the lower into sympathy with the higher. How does the higher accomplish this? By taking merit from the lower? No; but by imparting

merit to the lower. The higher is such, not by what is taken, but by what is given. The slaves had been taught in the school and out of the book of good example. They were pupils of the "old masters." From them the slave had acquired that which is the secret of all growth; the trait of truly perceiving and then of truly revering a higher than himself. They had been taught the military lesson of well-disciplined duty; and taught so well that, when the master was fighting in the field, fidelity to discipline, devotion to duty, were unabated. Mrs. Alice Morse Earle, herself a descendant of the pilgrims, writing of Boston at a time when this humane city was still a slave mart, says: "Negro children were advertised to be sold *by the pound* as other merchandise," citing proof. "We have," she adds, "a few records of worthy black servants who remind us of the faithful black house servants of old Southern families." "These are the men," said Wilson, of Massachusetts, of the freedmen after the war, "who have been elevated from chattelhood to manhood." Yes, but it was Massachusetts which sold them into chattelhood "*by the pound.*" Virginia and her Southern sisters had elevated them to what Wilson esteemed "manhood." Not by Wilson, nor by them for whom he spoke, had the blind received sight.

VISITS SCENES OF BATTLES OF HALF A CENTURY AGO

At the request of friends and comrades I have reluctantly consented to write up my Virginia trip, and to begin with, will say that this was the long deferred bridal trip of wife and I. Remember, friends, we were married in the 60's, when clothes and money were scarce, and this will explain why we put it off forty-three years, but we enjoyed it all the same.

We will begin at Monroe, where we took a "waker" for Norfolk—the traveling public would say "sleeper," but we called it a waker, for neither of us slept a moment. The train jarred and tooted all night, but we got to Norfolk all the same, where we spent the day sight-seeing. This was my wife's first view of the expansive ocean. We went out to Virginia Beach and spent most of the day. As the wild waves lashed the shores we watched and wondered until our eyes grew misty.

Out of Sight of Land.

The next morning we got aboard the Mobjack steamer in quest of our long lost daughter-in-law. We soon passed old Fortress Monroe, the same so familiar to all the old vets, and to some, very sad, and there for the first time in our experience we realized in its fullest sense "social equality"—but one waiting room and it predominated by the colored race. But soon we left Fortress Monroe and entered Chesapeake Bay and was soon, for the first time in our lives, out of sight of land. Being cool and pleasant, neither of us got seasick, and, after traveling forty miles, we tied up at William's wharf, where we found Henry and his little daughter, Virginia, waiting for us. It is useless to tell you how pleasant it is to meet and greet long absent kindred. We found them nicely situated and doing well on the Chesapeake Bay, where nearly everybody fishes—they catch fish, eat fish, sell fish and fertilize their lands with fish.

A Fishing Trip.

Bear with me a moment while I give my experience fishing. Henry and I got up one morning at 3 o'clock and went down to the bay, where Henry's special friend, Charles Henley, had prepared to give us an outing, long to be remembered. Two girls, Henry and I, with the fishing crew, composed the party. Charley has a splendid gasoline boat which skims the water at ten miles an hour. Making for his nets planted in the bay some eight miles from the shore—everything is said to be well that ends well—but just wait a bit, we had not proceeded far before the waves began to heave and play with our little craft as a child playing with a toy, and the land was fast receding. To say I was calm and serene would not be the truth. We were soon out of sight of land, and while the boat was still heaving, it then came our time to heave. Nothing but sad experience can give an idea of being seasick. But we are at the last net now and the crew is taking in the fish.

In any extreme in life we all want something to lean upon—some assurance. Charley, our host, seeing our situation, tried to give assurance by singing a little song, thusly: "Peace, Be Still," etc., and Henry, being a preacher, felt it was time for him to say something, having about finished his first course (vomiting), looked out on the mad sea and said in a feeble voice, with no assurance, "Isn't this grand!" If his preaching has no more emphasis while warning to flee the wrath to come than was put on that expression "Grand," he had better join Charley's fishing crew. The only grand thing I saw was when we turned for shore and got in sight of land.

Battlefields Revisited.

Next, let us take a short trip to some of the Virginia battlefields. It had been a cherished desire of mine for forty years to visit some of the fields of strife in Virginia. So I left Martha with Henry and started out all alone, which I found to be a mistake. Comrades, don't any of you try to make the trip alone. You will regret it. I landed at Fortress Monroe and my first effort was to find the cell where Jefferson Davis was incarcerated. Let me say, all Yankees are not mean. I ingratiated myself into

the favor of a United States captain of artillery, who treated me so nicely I shall ever remember him kindly. He found that I was a Confederate and this so heightened his opinion of me that he became interested and took me all through Davis' cell and explained everything and asked me what battles I was engaged in, and as I looked and mused in that cell I saw a blot on this great government that time will never efface, and, while the perpetrators of this foul deed see now the shame, they have not manhood enough to acknowledge it.

Petersburg.

But off to Petersburg, but not the Petersburg of the '60s. It is quite a city now, but, strange to say, hardly a man there knows or cares anything about the war. I have a noble brother lost somewhere there around the trenches, but no trace could I find of him. A hired man, perhaps a Yankee, stays around the crater and pretends to know everything about it and charged me 25 cents for talking and telling me what I, to a great extent, knew. I told him on principle I refused to pay it—a place I had helped to make historic by deeds of sacrifice. Great monuments and markers stand on the soil to show where the invaders stood while our gallant boys sleep, lost and neglected, on the sacred soil of old Virginia, and must and can I forget the war, with its unequal contest and continued insults? Yes, when this poor body lies mouldering in the grave. I next went down the Jerusalem plank road six miles to Grant's headquarters, a two-story tin-roofed house still standing. How tame everything appeared, compared with the '60s. In front of Grant's headquarters still remains a great fortress covering several acres with posted notice to pay or keep out, but, not being accustomed to obeying Yankee orders, I went over works and cut a nice stick as a souvenir of war, which can be seen at B. C. Hough's store.

Shock of War.

Retracing my steps, I came back to Petersburg and took the Boyton plank road in quest of Hatches Run, Gravel Run, Saponny Church, etc., where Hampton's Cavalry often met Hancock's Infantry Corps. Eight miles to Burgess' Mill, a lonely, desolate

country, I traveled all alone. To my surprise, this section of country has never recovered from the shock of war. The first four miles were dotted and streaked by huge earthworks where our boys made the longest and grandest defense, all things considered, ever made by any army. As I looked and mused, I could hardly restrain tears—all lost, lost! I was soon at Burgess' Mill and on the battlefield where we lost so many noble boys. I saw the spot where Hampton's son fell and where the gallant old man dismounted, gave his boy a farewell kiss, then mounted his horse and cheered the boys on to victory and sent Hancock back behind his trenches a whipped man.

Memories of Other Days.

Comrades and friends, will you excuse the pronoun "I" while I give you a little personal experience of that eventful day. Butler had assigned to me eighty dismounted boys and ordered me to occupy a line of works 400 yards north of Hatches' Run. We got there just in time to see our scouts firing and falling back, a heavy column of Yankees advancing on the works. I had to double-quick with my boys, stopping a man every five paces. I had hardly placed my boys before a great blue line, with banners flying, opened a terrific fire on my devoted little band, and, notwithstanding they had at least ten to one, we held them at bay until Cook's Brigade of Tarheels marched seven miles to our relief, but the fight was over when they arrived—dead Yankees lay strewn in our front. That has been nearly forty-six years, and the other day I stood on these same works. I walked the whole length of the works and easily recognized spots where I placed certain boys whom I knew would do or die. That whole section is deserted. Even the public road that ran through the works is discontinued. Not a house, not a field, not a human voice to break the silent spell, and as I looked and wandered I could not locate a single one of my boys—solemnity reigned supreme, and I thought:

"O, Solitude, where are the charms
Sages have seen in thy face?
Better to dwell in the midst of alarms
Than stay in that horrible place."

Too Sad.

Perhaps the screams of the night hawk, or doleful note of the whippoorwill, or the hooting of the owl may break the solemn silence of midnight. Not a man could I find who could give me any information of the war in that section. A new generation is on the stage. I had enough and as unbidden tears began to steal down my cheeks, all alone I turned my back upon the scene—cut short my trip, vowing never to look over these battlefields alone any more.

In the outset I intended to carry my friends up the Chesapeake to Washington and back through old Virginia, but I have already been too voluminous. Only wish everybody could visit Washington. Some things I saw I liked, others I did not and never will.

J. M. HOUGH.

Lancaster, S. C., July 7, 1910.

A STORY OF THE EXPERIENCE OF TWO LADIES WITH ABRAHAM LINCOLN

Some time before the Civil War a lady from the South married a Northern army officer, who, during the War Between the States, became a very prominent general on the Northern side. This lady, living at the North, had a sister in the South, who was married to a captain in the Confederate army. This Southern captain was badly wounded and captured and taken to Washington, being confined at the prison hospital there. The wife wrote to her sister, who lived in Washington, telling her of her wounded husband, and asked her to try and get him removed from the hospital to her home. This lady in Washington wrote to her Southern sister to come to her, if she could arrange to be passed through the lines. This was accomplished, and they made their plans to get the Southern officer transferred from the hospital to the home of the sister residing in Washington. They were told by the commander of the hospital that the wounded Confederate could only be transferred to a private home by an order from President Lincoln. The wife of the prominent Northern general considered that her husband's rank would entitle her to much consideration from the President, and arranged for her sister and herself to call upon him and ask this favor of him. They did so, and were informed by the President's private secretary that the President was very busy writing an important public document, and had notified him to refuse all callers, making no exceptions. The ladies were much disappointed, and, stating their case to the secretary as a very urgent one, perhaps a vital one, he finally told them that they could enter the room of the President unannounced and trust to getting his consent to their petition.

They entered the room. The President, busily engaged in writing, seemed not to be aware of their presence. Finally they approached the table he was writing upon. He looked up and asked them in a very impatient manner what they wanted. The wife of the Northern general told him who she was, stating her request, also remarking that she considered her request entitled

to consideration on account of her husband's services to his country.

The President resumed his writing, not seeming to notice her further. Finally she repeated her request to have him give her an order putting the wounded Confederate in her charge. He, in a very impatient and rude manner, refused her request, saying that he was tired of showing leniency to rebels. The lady appealed to him again, he completely ignoring her. Finally, exasperated at his treatment of her, she said: "Mr. President, when we came to you we *hoped* to find a merciful President, but we certainly *expected* to find a courteous one."

This cutting remark seemed to arouse him, and he said that he had been so much worried that he hardly realized what they had requested of him, and asked them to repeat their request. When they had finished, he picked up an old envelope from his table and wrote an order to the officer in charge of the hospital prison to grant Mrs. ———'s request about the transfer of the Confederate captain and to show her every consideration. Handing the paper to her, he said he hoped the wounded officer would soon recover under her care.

GLENN E. DAVIS.

Charleston, S. C., September, 1910.

A CONFEDERATE WEDDING, MARCH, 1865

When the echoes of the last guns of the war were dying away among the mountains of Virginia, our elders were often sad and silent, but what can quench the hopefulness and happiness of youth?

We were a family of congenial cousins. Our queen, beautiful and dignified Caroline, was soon to be married. Of course, we were greatly interested in all of the arrangements for the romantic event.

The wedding garments were all ready for the bride and her bridesmaids were putting the last touches to their white robes.

The list of all the good things possible to be found and made was completed for the feast. Of course, the clergyman had been chosen. The bridegroom was coming some days in advance. Friends and neighbors had been invited. What more, then, did we want? The all-important addition of groomsmen. The men of our families were in the army, and the men from the neighbors' homes were also with the hosts of the Confederacy. Where, then, could we find the much-desired attendants? Fate, ever kind, came to the rescue.

General Ferguson's brigade of cavalry came into camp in the neighborhood? Now the good times began for the girls! The officers called upon the ladies, and rides and suppers and walks and dances became the fashion of the hour. Of course, we told the officers about the approaching marriage. We also told the bride to ask the bridegroom to invite the handsome officers to be his groomsmen. This arrangement was very agreeable to the soldiers, and they willingly accepted. The hearts of the "lovely maidens," as they constantly called us, were overflowing with delight. We adored our Confederate soldiers, and their presence was truly an added joy.

Our part of the family (my sisters and myself) were living with our aunt at Roselands. Leaside was about five miles away.

On the morning of the happy day we gathered our furbelows and frills together and mounted into the big cotton wagon to go to Leaside.

Tom, the foreman, was our driver, and well he managed the team of four mules, and many were the pretty speeches he made to the merry "little misses" on the way.

Caroline had a little secret to tell us just before the hour of the ceremony. One of the young officers had fallen deeply in love with the bride-elect! Caroline was very sympathetic and told him that she was already pledged and the hour appointed for the marriage. She had a favor to ask of him. Would he grant it? It would please her especially if he would be the first groomsman. Of course, he was surprised, but gallantly accepted the post of honor. I will never forget his expression when he saw the lovely bride come forward in all her bridal array. Truly, she was a lovely bride! well worth the winning, and greatly admired by all the company present.

Oh! how we enjoyed that charming evening! The officers' uniforms contrasted beautifully with the fresh white dresses and bright ribbons of the ladies, and how surprisingly good was the wedding feast! How merrily flew the hours on winged feet, to the music of the violins! The next evening we were invited to a party given to the new wedded bride and groom by their friends, Dr. and Mrs. Hill. (I remember hearing this good friend and doctor say: "I have promised to look after twelve families for the men who are in the army.") At this hospitable home we had a delightful time.

Of course, our groomsmen were there too. On our way home we had an unexpected experience. Our two-horse wagon sank into a deep mud hole. The roads had been terribly cut up by the army wagon train. Our escorts bravely put their shoulders to the wheel and soon lifted us out again. Down we went, and the two horses refused to stir. This time the soldiers helped us out of the wagon and mounted us upon their cavalry horses. I have often wished I could have had a picture of this moonlight scene. The soldiers soon started the horses off, sprang into the wagon and were quickly out of sight. We girls were left in the care of the adjutant and two or three more soldiers. How much amused I was with the tragic tone of my groomsman as he tenderly lifted me in the McClellan saddle. In a low whisper he said, patting the glossy neck of the beautiful horse: "If he hurts you I will kill him." "Don't speak so loud." I said, "you will frighten him."

LILLA CARROLL.

MEMORIAL DAY, MAY 10TH, 1892

I.

The evening is gray and wet and chill,
But the women and children are standing still,
And the cold marble gleams where our heroes lay
Awaiting the tramp of the last great day.

II.

The children's faces are fair and bright,
Their voices are low and their laughter is light,
But the women in thought are far away,
Reviewing the battles and bloody fray

III.

When their best and dearest stood up to die
And over the land arose a great cry—
The voice of Rachel bereaved indeed,
While her heart breaks over her sons who bleed,

IV.

And faint, and die in that midnight hour,
When on the oppressor's side was power;
When Hope sank down and fled from Sight,
And Wrong triumphed once again over Right.

V.

There comes the tramp of marching men,
The children take up their flowers and then
They stand in silence. Yes, here they come,
With arms reversed and muffled drum.

VI.

The Veterans first, with steady tread,
And the silver shines on many a head:
Behind them march our men in gray,
And then our boys in their bright array

VII.

Of white and scarlet, and blue and gold,
With beardless faces, but bearing bold.
In their innocent hands they carry guns, too,
But a wonderful sight now comes to view.

VIII.

In the mouth of each death-dealing weapon reposes
The pansies and lilies, the jessamine and roses,
These beautiful flowers assuredly prove
That Youth offers homage to Valor and Love.

IX.

In the days that are gone there were wars of the roses
That were cruel and bitter, as history discloses:
And they waxed ever fiercer 'til at Love's command
The Red and the White rose were joined hand in hand.

X.

Oh, hasten the time, beloved Prince of Peace!
When at Love's command all conflicts shall cease:
And the hearts of Thy soldiers, grown obedient and wise,
Shall gladly await Thy return from the skies.

XI.

The hymn is sung, the words of prayer
Like incense rest upon the air,
The children pass from mound to mound
And lay their fragrant offerings down.

XII.

Oh God of battles, take away
All dark and bitter thoughts today!
And grant that like our heroes we
Even unto death shall faithful be.

MISS MARY J. McLAURIN

THE HEROINE OF MARLBORO.

Of the noble patriotism and the loyalty and the untiring energy of the women of the fair Southland too much cannot be said. In song and in story the love and faithfulness of these brave daughters of South Carolina will outlast time and eternity—these dear “dead women” whose voices so long ago have soared away to join the “Choir Invisible.”

Oh beauteous land of sweetest flowers; so full of lovely memories and gentle sadness! bathed with the blood of martyred heroes and the tears of anguished mothers!

Miss Mary McLaurin was a worthy daughter of brave old Marlboro, and the name of this graceful and courageous young girl should be written in gold on the pages of fame, and her story should echo forever down the corridors of time.

On the tenth of March, 1865, Sherman's army had left only one mill standing in Marlboro County, and when his bummers, *alias* house burners, reached the home of Capt. L. L. McLaurin they were met by his daughter, Miss Mary, a young schoolgirl who rode horseback three miles to the schoolhouse every day.

On this day a brigade of Yankees told her that they had orders to burn the mill. She saw the bummers with their torches, and told them to drop them and leave the place, that they were infamous cowards, but they replied that they had orders to burn the mill and would obey them.

“You shall never do it,” said this brave woman, and dismounted from her horse. As fast as they would kindle the fire she would throw water on it. After she had several times extinguished the flames they had lighted they finally gave up in despair, saying, as they left their dastardly task, that she was “the bravest woman they had ever seen.”

This noble woman survived the war about four years. In 1866 she was married to Capt. John R. Parker. She was a sister of that gallant old hero, Mr. D. W. McLaurin, now one of the trustees of Winthrop College.

Had it not been for this plucky little woman there would have been no place for the people to have their grain ground into meal. This corn was the only food they had to sustain life, and they had had to conceal it in the swamps.

In private life Mrs. Parker won the love and admiration of all those who were fortunate enough to know her and call her friend, and in the hearts of all the battle-scarred old veterans the memory of her courage and faithfulness will live forever fresh and green.

It is but fitting that we should erect a monument to our women whose shaft arising heavenward would proclaim the deeds of her loyalty, her patient fortitude, and her sublime endurance, and of whiteness as pure as the souls of the Southern women.

GENERAL JENKINS TO HIS WIFE

Headquarters 2nd Brigade, July 6, 1862.

My Precious Wife: A beautiful Sabbath morning, and I trust it will be a peaceful day. I have tried to give you a full account of all the sad scenes I have lately passed through, sad, though glorious. I feel broken up, having lost so many of my best officers and men. My regiment has acted a glorious part in the great battles before Richmond. I have done more and suffered more than any regiment in the service. My movements have been acknowledged to have been brilliant, but thus far the authorities seem determined to ignore me. General R. H. Anderson acting as major general. I have been called on to act as brigadier, and I think it likely that before long we both will receive what all seem to think a well-merited promotion. I am much grieved at the death of my noble Major William Anderson, who died from his wounds day before yesterday. I have not heard from John (Jamison) in the last day or two. I do hope and pray the noble boy will not die, but is sadly hurt, I fear. I telegraphed your father to come on at once, and I hope he got my telegram. I sent him to Dr. Seabrook Jenkins' room with the request that he would nurse him just as he would me, and not to let him want anything that money could buy. He will get every attention. I regret very much that I cannot get to see him, but we are now twenty-five miles from Richmond and before the enemy, who have taken refuge under the guns of their gunboats between the Chickahominy and James rivers and protected by them on either side. We will scarcely attack them in that position, and I cannot imagine what will be our next move. Indeed, we of the fighting rank do not know what the intention of the enemy is, our generals keeping us in the dark or not certain themselves.

We have had desperate fighting, and I have had the hottest place in nearly every fight. General Longstreet says he is more than satisfied and that he found my dead further than those of any other. My noble fellows acted nobly, but the other brigades did not support me. *I do not believe such troops were ever led before upon the field of battle.*

I have not fully recovered the use of my right arm, the muscles seem deadened by the blow of the grape, but I suppose that in a week or ten days it will be all right.

I am very sorry that I did not see Mr. Johnson before his return. His son is my assistant surgeon, and we are all pleased with him. I find him willing as well as efficient.

In our battles we must have damaged the enemy fifty thousand men. We have taken 110 pieces of artillery from the enemy, and under any circumstances I do not think another battle is for some time likely.

Give my love to all, kiss my dear little boys, and believe me yours fondly till death.

M. JENKINS.

To Mrs. M. Jenkins.

HISTORY OF A SWORD.

In the office of U. R. Brooks, Clerk of the Supreme Court, is an old sword which has a very interesting history. This sword was taken from General Kilpatrick's headquarters on March 10, 1865, in North Carolina, by John Ahrens, after Kilpatrick's escape from General Butler's cavalry. Captain Ahrens, who belonged to Company G, Eleventh Regiment, South Carolina Volunteers, Hagood's Brigade, Hoke's Division, brought the sword home with him.

It remained in his possession until September 27, 1911, when it was presented to U. R. Brooks by Captain Ahrens, who always said that he wanted "Brooks" to have it, as he felt that he deserved it, he being among the first to reach Kilpatrick's headquarters after his flight.

The presentation speech was made by Captain John E. Larrissey in the presence of some old soldiers. He spoke with deep feeling, and before he completed his remarks there was not a dry eye among those who were present. In substance he said:

"Mr. Brooks, I have the honor to present you with this sword, which was taken from Kilpatrick's headquarters on March 10, 1865, just after Butler and his cavalry surprised and almost captured Kilpatrick, he barely escaping in his night clothes. We present this sword in the name of the survivors of Butler's Cavalry, because of your gallantry that morning, being among the first to see Kilpatrick escape while in dishabille and also very near his guns when Butler's men spiked them."

After Captain Larrissey's remarks, Mr. Brooks responded in a most happy manner. Apart from the many good things he said, he gave expression to two sentiments which seemed to stir the hearts of those present. "None but the old soldiers of the Confederacy," he said, "and those whose lives and fortunes were committed to their keeping, everything being left to the chances of war, have ever understood or ever can understand the great motive principles that stirred the heart of the South. No one outside of the old boundary lines that marked off the Confederacy from the rest of the world can understand or appreciate the thoughts and feelings which kept keyed to concert pitch every Southron's heart in their four years' struggle for independence."

In conclusion he said: "I want, when I die, this sword to be presented to my little grandson, Uly Brooks Carter."

A day or two after the fight in which General Kilpatrick's headquarters were captured, he sent to General Hampton a note asking him if he would be so kind and gracious as to return to him his horse. The sword was not mentioned, as it was useless to ask for it.



SKETCHES OF HAMPTON'S CAVALRY 1861-2-3

Being a Reprint of a Pamphlet Published in Columbia Letter Part
of 1864, Author Unknown—The Printing Press and Pamphlets
Destroyed by Sherman's Army—Copy from Which This is
Reprinted Loaned by J. H. White of Graham, N. C.

CHAPTER I.

FORMATION OF THE BRIGADE—FIRST SKIRMISHES.

We propose now to speak of the part this brigade took in the summer, fall, and winter campaigns of '62, through Virginia and Maryland—including Stuart's daring and successful raid into the State of Pennsylvania, and in Burnside's rear after the battle of Fredericksburg.

The brigade was organized immediately after the battles around Richmond, comprising the following cavalry regiments, all of which had acted simply as regiments, attached to different infantry corps, viz: the cavalry of the Cobb Legion, commanded by Colonel P. McB. Young; the Second South Carolina Regiment (formerly of Hampton's old Legion), commanded by Colonel M. C. Butler; the cavalry of the Jeff. Davis Legion, commanded by Colonel Wm. Martin; the cavalry of the Phillips Legion, commanded by Colonel Wm. Rich; the First Regiment North Carolina cavalry, commanded by Colonel L. S. Baker; the Tenth Virginia cavalry, commanded by Colonel J. Lucius Davis;* and a battery of Horse Artillery (from Hampton's old Legion), under Captain Hart, a gallant and skillful officer.

These different regiments embodied the flower of the youth and manhood of the different States of Mississippi, Alabama, Georgia,

*This regiment was in the first of the winter transferred to another brigade, and replaced by the First South Carolina Cavalry, commanded by Colonel John Logan Black.

South Carolina, North Carolina, and Virginia—an impulsive youth, most of them brought up in the lap of luxury and ease, fresh from the college and the schools; men of worth and standing from the desk, the shop, the office, and the farm, had been transformed into the hardy and dashing trooper.

The brigade was placed immediately under the command of General Wade Hampton, of South Carolina, who had early equipped and led to the field a veteran legion from his own chivalrous State, with which he had already demonstrated his just claims to the character of a skillful, brave, cool, and daring officer, worthy of the highest confidence, which he now enjoys to the fullest degree in his command.

About the same time General J. E. B. Stuart, that dashing and daring officer, was created chief of the cavalry of the army of Virginia, including our brigade.

The brigade was immediately despatched to the outpost of the Chickahominy, to picket and watch the movements of McClellan on his "new base" on the James, where he lay for weeks, covering under the lash Lee's army had so vigorously plied upon him, in his inglorious attempt of his "on to Richmond by way of the Peninsula." Our advance lines encircled his "*base*" from the south bank of the Pamunkey to the north bank of the James, our right resting on Malvern Hill. For several weeks the outposts of each army lay quietly in the face of each other, without anything beyond the usual routine of picket duty. Till about the 1st of August the monotony of our watchings was relieved by the rattling of artillery wagons and the tramp of horses, advancing from the direction of the "Federal base," on that part of the line held by the North Carolina and Georgia cavalry—the North Carolinians holding the upper part of the line, at the junction of the Quaker and Charles City roads, and the Georgians the extreme right, on Malvern Hill. The North Carolinians skirmished at intervals all through the night with the enemy's cavalry. At daybreak in the morning, Captain Siler, with a body of dismounted troopers, met their advance on the Quaker City road, and after a sharp skirmish, wounding several of the enemy, they fell back upon their main body, and advanced down a parallel road further to our left, converging into Malvern Hill. Here, in full force, moved on their grand army, our cavalry harassing

and hanging on their flanks. With shouts they made the welkin ring, as they re-invested these old memorable heights; and that morning's sun rose upon her slopes frowning with Federal guns to clear the broad plazas around, and the hillsides were bristling with bayonets, while the spade and the pick were being busily plied, extending the old works of July 1st, and erecting new ones. Our army, about twelve miles distant, was apprised of this sudden move, and were on the *qui vive*, and reached the vicinity of the hill. A desultory skirmish was kept up on the right, principally by the cavalry, till two o'clock, when the artillery was brought up and opened, which was met with a spirited response for an hour and a half. The different corps of our forces were being brought up, couriers were seen hurrying in dashing speed from one command to another—every appearance foreshadowed a coming engagement, and that the bloody scenes of July 1st were to be re-enacted upon this memorable spot. Firing on the part of the enemy became slow, when a reconnoissance from the Georgia and North Carolina cavalry was thrown out, driving in the enemy's pickets and skirmishers, when the skirts of the hill, which was occupied by the main body of the enemy, was found to be vacated, and their last lines of infantry were seen skulking off over the crests of the hills on the east, hurrying in confusion to their gunboats, that lay in profusion a few miles distant, our cavalry hanging on and pursuing them to their anxious covering. Our loss was only five killed and wounded. The enemy's loss was thirty-five killed and wounded, and one hundred and twenty-five prisoners. Thus ended McClellan's skedaddle No. 2 from Malvern Hill. Doubtless the lesson taught him there, four weeks before, had brought up unhappy associations, which could be relieved only by a promenade under the port-holes of his favorite "craft" that had saved him from the rebel grasp after his seven days' round-about walk from Richmond; or only to perform the celebrated strategy of a valiant French general, who

"Marched his men up the hill,
And marched them down again."

CHAPTER II.

McCLELLAN VACATES HIS "NEW BASE."

After this event our lines and the enemy's continued the same. The intervening space between the two lines was covered by thick, heavy pine and oak timber. McClellan's position was admirably chosen for concealed movements. The country around, in the bend of the James, is, for the most part, a level plain, with gently rising hills as you near the banks of the river, overshadowed by tall, heavy forests, behind which the shrewd Yankee general had carefully located and laid out his numerous camps.

With these natural advantageous surroundings to intercept our watchings, the enemy commenced his grand hegira from the James at Harrison's Landing (as their prisoners and deserters say), on Friday morning, the 15th. The first intimation our cavalry had of it was on Saturday night, the 16th. Early Sunday morning General Hampton ordered out the North Carolina cavalry to make a reconnoissance under his immediate command. He advanced cautiously in the direction of the enemy's camps, feeling the way slowly as he approached through the thick woods. The outer camps were found to have been hastily and recently deserted, leaving behind them a good quantity of commissary stores. The next camps further on were left in a similar situation. Just as the sun was sinking, moving slowly down a gradual descent, in an open space, with a strip of heavy timber in front, beyond which was seen, in the edge of a corn-field, the enemy's pickets. General Hampton immediately formed the regiment into separate detachments, a squadron in each, preparatory to a charge. Skirmishers were thrown out. The advance charged the first post, and after a sharp firing the pickets were driven in. The enemy had drawn up his cavalry beyond the corn, at the farther side of an open wheat-field, to receive us. General Hampton's clear, calm voice rang out: "Charge them." Sabres leaped from their scabbards, and the whole regiment by squadrons went dashing through the standing corn up across the open field, but soon saw that the "skedaddling" propensities of our enemies were predominant, by their hastily turning their backs in a precipitate flight towards their only ark of safety, the cowardly covering of Yankee gunboats. The pur-

suit was continued on till within a mile of the gunboats, and here formed a line of battle about dark. The command quietly awaited an advance of the enemy's forces—General McLaws' division being in reserve in supporting distance, deeming that the proximity of our presence would certainly draw them out. Night wore on, but nothing disturbed the quietude, save the smuggled ringing of an occasional bell of the gunboats that lay off in the river. Sabres were finally returned; the men dismounted and lay down on the bare ground, with bridle in hand, and slept for an hour or two. When our scouts returned, having ascertained that the enemy's main body had gone, or in other words had "changed his base," the regiment was immediately set on in pursuit, dashing over broken down bridges and through deserted camps, and marching till nearly daylight; halted and took a few moments' repose; mounted again and took up the pursuit. In passing through a deserted camp was described on a board posted in a conspicuous place, written in a tolerably legible hand, the following malevolent notice:

"Farewell, rebels, we leave you a while to your salubrious clime, and if you follow us up we will give you a repetition of Williamsburg, Fair Oaks, Mechanicsville, Gaines' Mill, and Malvern Hill. We intend to conquer and restore you to the Union yet. We will then hang Jeff Davis, Beauregard & Co., and take your men for a standing army to defend the Union for all time."
(Signed) "FIRST ILLINOIS CAVALRY."

What a compliment the latter clause; as by the time they subjugate us their skedadling army won't have virtue enough to defend that glorious old institution, and have to entrust it to the "ragged rebels" they so much deride. Recollect, at the commencement of the war that same boastful spirit gave out "that the nations of Europe may rest assured that Jeff. Davis & Co. would be swinging from the battlements at Washington at least before the 4th of July. We spit upon a later and longer deferred justice." Many such repetitions as the above have been given; and the boastful author and his conjurers of copperheads may spit and continue to spit their venom, to the exhaustion of the last drop of blood in their vile carcasses, before they attain the Canaan of their unholy wishes. Another ludicrous incident we will mention. Pasing a cross-road, with an old sign-board point-

ing to Richmond, twenty-five miles; on the same post, immediately underneath, was affixed an old horse's jawbone, the opening pointing to Richmond, inscribed in fancy characters, "To Dixie, twenty-five miles, soon be there." An acknowledged monument of derision. We would suppose that they had besought its Samsonic virtue to lead them victoriously to the long coveted capital of the Southern Philistines. But, alas! their cause was not the same that accompanied that victorious weapon that delivered God's chosen people from the thralldom of Philistine tyranny.

The pursuit was kept up rapidly till about noon, when near Charles City C. H. some cavalry was captured, and also some teams. After scouting on the Charles City and James River roads, it was ascertained that the enemy's main body was too far in advance to make any further pursuit practicable. A halt was called, and a scout was ordered to McClellan's works at Coggin's and Maycock's points. In approaching the last line of fortifications it was ascertained that the evacuation was complete. Here was found another deep exercise of Yankee ingenuity and strategy. On approaching, could be seen on those distant works sentinels posted at regular intervals, with full equipments clearly visible, but their stationary position finally betrayed them; and, upon closer examination, it was found how nicely they had duped us. The advance, however, relieved them from their long stand, consigning their robust proportions of rags and straw to the four winds, and appropriating their other equipments to Confederate use. The whole country, whose face a few days before swarmed with Yankee soldiery, was now ridden of their hateful presence. The only hostile manifestation was the occasional gunboat patrolling the river. Over this once happy but now forsaken country the frightened birds began to fly: and farther up from the river could be seen families in carts and wagons returning to their despoiled homes. Notwithstanding the desolation that would meet them there, they seemed cheerful and delighted at the idea of again beholding the *bare spot* where their once happy associations were wont to cluster. But what a sad scene would await them—their residences dismantled, fences destroyed, every living domestic animal disappeared, growing crops laid waste, and not even a flower from the over-trodden beds to welcome them back

again. A people that can be cheerful under such circumstances are certainly imbued with principles of a cause that can never be shaken from its base.

Here ingloriously ended the last act in the drama of the Young Napoleon's favorite Peninsula route to Richmond, giving a most ample commentary upon the trite old couplet.

"That he who fights and runs away,
Will live to fight another day."

CHAPTER III.

HAMPTON'S COMMAND WITHDRAWS FROM THE CHICKAHOMINY—PURSUES THE RETREATING ENEMY FROM MANASSAS—PROCEEDS TO THE POTOMAC.

What a contrast this juncture presented in our affairs. Here, from the outpost below Richmond, our cavalry had been watching the movements of the enemy upon our beleaguered capital, but were soon to be transported by the sudden rush of events, and hurled against the retreating columns of another portion of his over-confident army, and to vidette almost at the gates of his own capital. At Cedar Mountain, on August 9th, Jackson's never wavering columns met and victoriously thrust back the immense columns of the braggart Pope; and on the 29th and 30th, on the memorable plains of Manassas, his combined forces were again defeated and routed by the masterly strategy and energy of our generals. All our cavalry division, except our brigade, which was left on the outpost below Richmond, under the immediate command of General J. E. B. Stuart, was actively engaged amid these stirring scenes. In the meantime we, too, were withdrawn from our lines, with our horses' heads northward, and by forced marches came up in time to join in the pursuit of the enemy from the scene of his last disaster of the 30th. Accordingly, on the morning of the 2d of September, Hampton's fresh troopers, with a part of Fitz. Lee's Brigade, with Hart's battery of Horse Artillery, were sent on in pursuit of the retreating enemy, under the immediate command of our gallant chieftain, General Stuart, smiling with a cunning satisfaction as he dashed along at our

head. The column moved on in the direction of Fairfax C. H. When within a few miles, turned directly to the left, moving along a by-way down a little run skirted by a range of thickly timbered hills. Winding cautiously down this run, under cover of the woods, the column was crossed and were couched among the thick timber on the hill-sides. Then a small reconnoitering party was led by Generals Stuart and Hampton across the hills to within a short distance of the Fairfax and Alexandria road, three miles above Fairfax C. H. The enemy's cavalry was discovered about a mile across an open field, in a strip of woods skirting the latter, with thick, heavy timber on both flanks of the field. The road leading from Fairfax was still beyond this strip of woods, on which it was presumed that the enemy's columns were passing. A body of dismounted troopers from the First North Carolina cavalry, under Captain Siler, was sent forward through the wood on the right to fully ascertain this fact, and, if possible, to get in the rear and bag the cavalry. At this side of the field Generals Stuart, Hampton and staff selected a point of observation on a little knob in the edge of the wood on this side of the run. Here a little occurrence took place that came near costing General Hampton his life. General Stuart had laid down on a little pile of timothy hay, and his wearied form was seeking a few moments' repose. General Hampton was busily making observations with his glass, when a tall, stalwart, dismounted trooper on the track of the party just passed, with two old rusty horse pistols in one hand and an old Mississippi rifle in the other, wiping the sweat from his bronzed brow, turning earnestly up his deep, expressive blue eyes, panting for breath, accosted General Hampton: "Well, General, I'm a leetle behind. Did ye see Captin Siler go along across this way?" Continuing: "Ye see, General, the captin's a monstrous good hand with a rifle, and when ye sent down thar for us, we started, every feller with his gun, and me with mine; and when we had got a smart chance up the hill from the boys behind, the captin tuck my rifle and told me to go back, and ye see I had nuthin' but these two old fellers left (exhibiting the old horse pistols), and I had a mine to go on any how, but I know'd they would not do at long taw. Altho' the captin's a monstrous good hand with a gun, I can hold one jest about as plum as the common run; and so ye see I run back and

gathered up this old rifle from one uv the boys, and that's how I cum to be behind." The general, smiling, replied: "It don't matter, just stay here with me; the captain is gone too far for you to overtake him now." But he still continued, with the earnestness of a true heart: "Gineral, jist pint out the course and I kin ketch up yit. I can't stand it to see the boys go into a frakus 'thout bein' along with them, too." The general, taking his gun, asked him if it was loaded. Ascertaining that it was not, he handed it back and ordered him to charge it with a good cartridge, and pointed out to him the Yankee position on the further side of the field, instructing him to go round cautiously through the wood on the left, across the run, and creep up in the timber, and when he heard his party attack on the other side he could have a chance, should any run out that way, and also to find a crossing for artillery over the run. He stealthily hurried off with an earnest, determined tread. General Hampton, to satisfy himself as to a crossing, rode directly across the field to the run through a thick undergrowth of ivy and laurel, to the point indicated to the scout, who came hurrying back in the meantime, and with an earnest and inquiring look asked for the general. He was answered by one of his aids that he had rode down there (pointing where he came from). "What was it?" "Well, ye see, as I was down thar slippin' along thru the bushes, I hears a man riden along on the tuther side uv me. The bushes was monstrous thick, and I jist could see the glimpse uv a person, and so I thought he was after some devilment, so I laid my old rifle by a tree, awaiten for him to show himself a leetle plainer. My bead was sot, and I was about to pull down as the bushes waved a leetle, and I cotched a plainer glimpse uv his clothes. I thought they didn't look blue enough to please me, and the hat, too, looked a leetle like the gineral's old broad un (General Hampton wears a broad-brimmed black felt hat with a simple Palmetto device on the underside of the brim, as familiar to his men as his face), and so I dropped my finger from the trigger. And if it wasn't the gineral nor none of our boys, I didn't want to make any suspicion, and so you see I jist slided out and run up to see, and if not, then I'd go back and shel my bead on him yit." In the meantime General Hampton came riding up from the same direction. With a smile of the most serene satisfaction, accompanied by an anxious nod,

he added: "Well, the gineral is allers prowlin' round to see for himself ef things is fixed all right. But it's no joke, he came as near as a gnat's heel of ketchin' it that time. Lord, I would a hated it monstrosly ef my rifle had tuck down the good old chap." In the meantime the Yankee cavalry discovered the ruse, and skedadddled at the top of their speed. Captain Siler returned after making the necessary reconnoissance, ascertaining that the enemy's columns were passing along a road from Fairfax C. H., about a mile and a half distant, placing us on his flanks. Accordingly about four o'clock, P. M., Hart's battery of Horse Artillery was moved up from the woods and placed in position on the highest hills that run up from the aforementioned little run, and opened suddenly and furiously upon the unsuspecting columns of the Yankee army, which caused no little dismay in their discomfited ranks. Mending their pace at every step, they plunged on to get beyond the reach of our murderous missiles that were crashing through their ranks. Heavy columns of black smoke were to be seen rising from their rear—evident signs of a commissary sacrifice. Our horse artillery continued a furious cannonading with good effect until nearly sunset, when the cavalry was sent on in pursuit, the North Carolina cavalry in advance. When opposite the Court House, the command was separated, one part dashing down to the village and the other party dashing into the main road above, capturing a considerable body of the enemy about a mile up this road, while a considerable batch was secured at the Court House. The whole body then moved on up this road after the retreating forces of the enemy, catching up batches of prisoners all along the road. Night was now coming on. The pursuit was nevertheless pushed on till about nine o'clock, when one of those unfortunate occurrences took place incident to night pursuits. Both sides of the road were skirted by a dense, heavy timber. While moving on down to the foot of a hill, a heavy fire of musketry was suddenly poured down into our ranks from behind the timber on both sides. This sudden rebuff caused the soldiers to halt and falter, but the cool and encouraging tones of Hampton braced them, and they were preparing for the charge, when the enemy's artillery, from an advantageous position, opened upon us, and were sweeping the road with shell and canister, while the wood from all sides seemed

to be lighted up by the flash of small arms; and to have attempted any further advance would have been Balaklava rashness. The command was wheeled about and drawn off in good order about two hundred yards back from this position, and were drawn up in an open field for an attack, but no sooner than formed the enemy's firing suddenly ceased. A reconnoitering party was sent out, who reported that the enemy had moved off, and were making good time up the Alexandria road. Our loss in the affair was miraculously slight. Any further pursuit, under the circumstances of darkness and the superior advantages of an ambuscade, was deemed impracticable; and the command was withdrawn, and bivouacked for the night near by the road. Early next morning the pursuit was again taken up, and pushed on vigorously to within five miles of Alexandria, during which time we captured several batches of prisoners: then turned to the left up the Drainsville turnpike, followed the road a few miles, then turned to the right. Passing above Georgetown, we bivouacked on the banks of the Potomac. Next day scouted near Georgetown, where a body of Yankee cavalry were encountered, and dispersed them, after killing and capturing a number. The next day, September 5th, took up the line of march, and passed through Drainsville, on to Leesburg.

CHAPTER IV.

CROSSES THE POTOMAC INTO MARYLAND—CAPTURE OF POOLEVILLE—YANKEE SCOUTS CAPTURE IMPORTANT DESPATCHES—OUR CAVALRY RECAPTURE THEM—CIRCUMSTANCES ALTER CASES—FIGHTS IN FREDERICKTOWN, MIDDLETON, ON BUCKETTSVILLE ROAD, AND SOUTH MOUNTAIN—CAPTURE OF HARPER'S FERRY—THE BATTLE OF ANTIETAM—A REMARKABLE COINCIDENCE—AFFAIR AT BOTELER'S MILL.

In approaching Leesburg, the different commands of our army had halted and were lying in the vicinity; and the immense clouds of dust rising from the different roads converging to that point from the south, indicated that the others were on the *qui vive*, moving up. Our column filed on past and rested a few hours on the skirts of the town; and just as the last rays of the setting sun were sinking behind the western hills, the advance

was sounded, and the long line of our cavalry moved on through the streets of this ancient old burgh; debouching to the right, filed down the last crest of hills that overlooks the Potomac, and rested on its banks, just above the bloody scenes where nearly eleven months before the Ball's Bluff tragedy was enacted. The conjectures as to our late reticent movements were not set at rest. The Potomac was to be crossed; splendid bands of music both from the Virginia and Maryland side struck up, and continued discoursing their most inspiriting martial airs. The wearied and worn soldier momentarily forgot his fatigue as the Rubicon of his long cherished hopes lay out before him. The moon and stars never shone more brightly on the placid rolling waters of this classic stream—though many a heart silently beat with indefinite longings and sad forebodings, as one would reflect that that same bright moon would shine on strangely contrasted scenes to this. Her gentle rays were soon to play into many a cold pale face, the gurgling waters alone to hum the requiem.

The crossing was without any interruption, as our advance had cleared the opposite banks of a small body of cavalry that fled at their approach. The march was pursued without any obstacle to Poolsville, some eight miles from the river, where our advance encountered an unsuspecting body of Yankee cavalry, and after a sharp skirmish in the streets succeeded in entirely routing and dispersing them, killing, wounding and capturing thirty. Here the brigade halted and bivouacked for the rest of the night, and resumed the march early next morning (September 6th), with the North Carolina cavalry in the advance. After passing through the town of Barnsville, bearing to the right of a range of mountains known as the "Sugar-Loaf Range," we were quietly pursuing our course along a by-way leading around the base of these mountains, when an alarming incident occurred, that came well-nigh affecting seriously the ensuing campaign. The Government despatches containing the matter relative to the present campaign upon which the Confederates had just entered were entrusted to a bearer, in care of our cavalry, who, with a courier, had incautiously rode on ahead of the advance guard a short distance, when they were assailed by a small party of Yankee cavalry springing suddenly upon them in the bend of the road. The bearer and all the despatches were captured; the courier

succeeded in escaping back to the advance guard, who, under Captain Ruffin, were led on in instant pursuit, which was anxiously and vigorously kept up for four miles, when the objects were suddenly overtaken, being only an officer and private of the Yankee signal corps in charge of the prisoner. They, strange to say, had not examined the portmanteau conspicuously appended to the pommel of the saddle, but had leisurely called at a farm house on the roadside, not dreaming that their quiet would be so suddenly intruded upon. The officer, as the affair turned out, being a romantic youth, while on signal duty on these mountains had signaled to Cupid, who had exchanged his mischievous darts between him and the old farmer's daughter, a bouncing lass of "sweet sixteen," and had doubtless called in his course to have a *tete-a-tete*, to relate the adventures of the morning to his lady love. But he found his romance broken in upon as our dusty troopers dashed up to the house and led him out from the cozy embraces of his mountain Delilah, who had plowed so deeply into his affections as to have shorn him of the bright honors which would have awaited him from his sensational masters at Washington from the circumstances of such an important capture. The weeping lass mingled her sobs with his further mortification as General Stuart, who had just rode up, inflicted the right of search upon his person, extracting something more than love documents which was found to be a matter of some military importance to us. After this occurrence we pursued our march quietly on to the little village of Urbana, where Generals Stuart and Hampton established their headquarters.

Our sudden advent into the State of Maryland caused no little surprise to the inhabitants. One particular instance moves us to give an amusing incident. Just before reaching Urbana, General Hampton's quartermaster sent forward a man to procure forage for the command, who called, a short distance above the town, upon a wealthy old Union farmer, who met him at the gate and kindly invited him to come in. The dusty trooper asked to be excused, and informed him that he wished to buy some corn for his command. The old farmer very frankly responded that he really did not have it to spare; but sympathizingly continued: "The war must go on, the Government must be kept up, and the horses must be fed, and so I must let you have the quantity you

ask for. Jim, here, Jim," he called to a group of sleek negroes, little and big, young and old, who had swarmed out from their cabins and were standing near, gazing with intense curiosity upon the booted and spurred individual.

"Yes, sa," advanced a likely boy, showing his ivory between his unfolded lips.

"Well, Jim, how much corn will your wagon hold?" (at the same time remarking he could have it hauled out to camp).

"Do'no, sa; reckon 'bout eight barls; do' I could go two times and take it all; want to see dem soger folks anyhow."

"Well, Charles (to another of the group who seemed as eager as the first), how much will your wagon hold?"

"Yes, sa, my wagin hold ten barls—more an Jim's."

"Well (says the other, subduing his jealousy), we kin 'vide it, and bof go."

"Get up your teams quick, boys, and load up the corn." To which the boys suited the action to the order. Turning to the soldier with an air of indwelling satisfaction, "Well, my friend, let me know where I shall deliver this corn, and I will have it taken right to the spot, as I am a man that goes in for accommodating the Government."

The former, turning and pointing to a column of dust rising at the edge of the village, "I see the command moving up now, and will gallop down and ascertain where General Hampton will locate the camp."

"Halloo!" the latter nervously replied; "stop! stop! What? Who? What General Hampton?"

"General Wade Hampton, of South Carolina; it's his cavalry you see yonder; it's him you agreed to feed."

"But I can't, I can't; I've got no corn to spare; circumstances alter cases. Go to my neighbor Johnston, over there. I ain't got none to let go. If I let any more go, my stock will suffer."

"Ah! my old fellow," the former sternly replied, "I have you now. The corn must come, the contract must be filled."

"Well," scratching his head and resuming a calmer tone, "I be drotted if this aint's takin' a fellow by the *nap* without letting him know anything about it."

Suffice it to say old "Fed's" corn was duly delivered by the time our hungry horses were unsaddled.

From this point our lines ran to the Potomac below Poolsville. Hampton on the left and the other cavalry on the right picketed the different roads some distance down towards Washington. Our lines here were repeatedly and vigorously assailed by the Yankee cavalry—especially that part held by the brave and gallant Fitz. Lee. He was attacked on two occasions, of the details of which we are unable to speak: but sufficient to say, those veteran troopers gallantly repulsed them, and held the line against overwhelming odds of the enemy. That part of the line held by General Hampton was less interrupted. However, the enemy assailed that part of the line on the main Washington road late in the evening of the 10th; but by the timely reinforcements of the North and South Carolina cavalry they were immediately driven off.

In the meantime our whole army having come up, halted and rested on the Monocacy River near Fredericktown up to the 8th inst., and had now all passed on over the Blue Ridge to play their programme in the capture of Harper's Ferry. Their flanks requiring no further protection from this quarter, the cavalry was accordingly drawn in. The enemy was found to be moving up in several columns on the different roads leading from Washington city, and had advanced to within a few miles of Urbana. Late in the afternoon of the 11th the command moved slowly off from this point in the face of the enemy, and reached Fredericktown, nine miles distant, and bivouacked here for the night without any interruption. From the eminence on which Fredericktown stands the enemy's cavalry was seen early next morning upon our rear, closely followed by his infantry and artillery in solid column.

A detachment of one hundred and fifty men, under the immediate command of General Hampton, was formed as a rear guard, while the main body and the trains moved out, filing to the left on the Hagerstown turnpike. The rear guard, led by Hampton in person, met about noon, at the skirts of the town, the advance of a considerable body of Yankee cavalry, when a sharp hand-to-hand conflict ensued, which resulted in driving them back against their main body. They were rallied and followed our little band, who slowly retired, filing to the left behind the corner, wheeled about and prepared to receive the confident, unsuspecting enemy,

who came dashing on up to the corner in fine style, led by a portly Pennsylvania colonel, mounted on a splendid black charger, encouraged by an occasional wave of linen from some female Unionist, or a flap from some enthusiastic old shoemaker's apron as he passed. As he neared the corner, waving his sabre, he shouted, "Come on, boys, let's give 'em h—l." Hampton's little band stood firm, as fair hands were streaming secession emblems from the balconies and windows above. Our boys dashed at them at the corner. Pop, pop, went the pistols, followed by the clash of sabres. It was only momentary. Cold steel had the usual effect on Yankee valor. They soon broke, covering before our little body, back to their main force, who were then advancing in rapid strides to their support. Our pursuing party was leisurely drawn off. In pursuing the last body down the streets, some cowardly miscreant fired upon General Hampton from a window as he passed. Our loss was two killed, five wounded and missing. The enemy's loss was five killed, several wounded, and eight captured. Among the latter was their colonel, who so gallantly led the charge. His capture was connected with an act of individual courage and daring worthy of record. As he was nearing the corner at the head of his column, a stalwart Carolina trooper impetuously dashed at him with drawn sabre, but his heavy stroke was warded off and his sabre wrung from his tight grasp by a dexterous parry of his expert antagonist. The confident Yank was raising the final blow, the trooper's horse was spurred against that of the other; darting under the descending blow, which fell harmlessly over him, and before his blow was recovered, with iron nerve he instantly seized his antagonist by the coat collar and wrenched him from his saddle violently upon the stone pavement. The crestfallen Yankee sang out, "I'm your prisoner." His fine black charger was secured and placed in General Hampton's livery, which since has carried his rebel rider safely through many an adventure.

With many regrets we left behind the loyal citizens of this place, who during our short sojourn had contributed freely of their substance to the comforts of our wearied and worn soldiers. The tramp of the enemy's cavalry and the rumbling of his numerous artillery trains presented a sad but pleasing contrast, as the gentle voices of her patriotic women gave vent in the

sweetest tones to the tune of Dixie and the Bonnie Blue Flag as we retired, and waving us on with the parting "God bless you." True, our fondest expectations failed of their realization on entering the State, yet out of justice to this place we will state, that five hundred young men of the first families flocked to our standard and followed us from their homes, and have fought and are still fighting our battles. And how long these noble souls will be exiles Heaven only knows. They are truly worthy of a free land; and although their mother home may be derided and her private motives spurned, the tyrant's grasp must one day relax, and then Maryland must rise redeemed.

Our march was pursued without any immediate pursuit on the part of the enemy. They seemed content with marching and countermarching through the streets as though the whole army was on simple patrol duty. Late in the evening his immense columns could be seen debouching out from the streets and covering the open fields on both sides the turnpike. Passing on before him through this beautiful valley, we gained the base of the first range of mountains beyond Fredericktown, known as the "Catoctin Range." The gap through which the turnpike passes is approached by a gentle acclivity nearly on a straight line from the base to the summit. The extreme summit of the gap is overlooked by high ridges rising on the right and left of the road, still running up to loftier proportions as it recedes from the pass. On the summit in this pass two pieces of artillery were placed in position, and a detachment from the "Jeff. Davis Legion," under Colonel Martin, was left behind to picket and keep a watch out on the movements of the enemy, while the main body moved on down the mountain through Middleton, a dingy mountain hamlet at the base, on Catoctin Creek, on the other side of which the brigade bivouacked for the night. Early next morning the enemy advanced and attacked Colonel Martin, who was making a vigorous defence with his little body, when General Hampton joined him with the rest of the brigade, with orders to hold it as long as practicable that day. Part of the command were dismounted and placed along the cliffs that overlooked the road as sharpshooters; two more pieces of artillery were placed in position on the extreme ridge. Early, about midway between Fredericktown and the mountain, the immense column of the enemy, with his long lines

of cavalry in front, followed by his artillery, and the roads as far back as the city seemed to be one moving mass of infantry, were on the advance. From this point the grand scenery of the subjacent country stretches out to the view: cataracts dashing from the mountain sides, swelling into rivers and sweeping in their course through the green fields that ornate the valleys below; neat white cottages overhung by clustering vine, dotted the subjacent country. But these peaceful scenes were soon to give way to the unhallowed shock of war. The enemy's columns came moving on up the valley about 9 o'clock, with a strong body of cavalry in advance. The artillery and infantry, in immediate supporting distance, arrived at the foot of the mountain and advanced to within a mile and a half of our position, when Hampton's favorite Blakely pieces opened from the summit with good effect, plunging their solid balls into their ranks, driving him back down the mountain sides, when his artillery was brought to the front. A lively duel was kept up for two hours, doing no damage, the projectiles of his heavy field pieces plowing into the mountain sides below us, or just over the ridge, falling harmlessly in the valley beyond. His cavalry made several attempts to advance, but were forced back by our well-directed shots. Their advance skirmishers came round on the right to flank the position held by the North Carolinians, but their trusty rifle carbines sent them skedaddling back, killing and wounding several of their number. The enemy accordingly about 1 o'clock was massing a strong force in front at the base, as if to carry the pass by assault, and commenced the ascent. But our few pieces of artillery were so skilfully worked as to check and considerably retard their progress. Our dismounted skirmishers fought and held them back till all our pieces were drawn off and retired about 2 o'clock down the western slopes of the mountain, making a stand at the eastern skirts of Middleton, with only Hampton's cavalry at that point. A few miles beyond lay the South Mountain Range, across which the road passes to Hagerstown through a narrow and difficult pass, known as "Boonsboro' Gap." To the left, in the direction of Harper's Ferry, is another pass, known as "Crampton's Pass."

Jackson's forces were now sweeping around and environing Harper's Ferry, and the enemy with anxious tread was bending on to the relief of that beleaguered place. Stuart's cavalry had

for several days past been hanging in his front, impeding his progress at every step. All the rest of our army lay beyond the mountain passes, up in the direction of Hagerstown; and so the enemy had to be held in this valley that day, till our infantry could get back and take position in these passes to meet the advancing hosts of McClellan. About 4 o'clock in the evening the enemy came teeming through the pass we had just evacuated, and with exulting shouts came pouring down the slopes. The North Carolina cavalry, under Colonel Baker, was posted on the eastern skirts of the village to oppose them; the other regiments of Hampton's cavalry being withdrawn across Catoctin Creek and drawn up on the other side, with the artillery. The enemy's cavalry advanced down upon us with files of infantry sharpshooters on each side; they were met by a squadron of mounted and dismounted men under Captain Siler, a brave and daring officer of the North Carolina cavalry, who gallantly fought and repulsed the advance. The whole regiment was exposed to a most murderous fire of the enemy's artillery from the mountain sides above. Our brave boys were falling, and the enemy were attempting to flank the body from above and below, and to hold the place any longer was impracticable; and by the brave and admirable conduct of Captain Siler, who formed the rear guard, notwithstanding his thigh had been shattered by a ball, he stood firm against the overwhelming odds, and held the enemy in check in front, while Colonel Baker, with the remaining squadrons, with great coolness and decision successfully repelled the enemy's movements to intercept him at the creek, and safely withdrew the regiment across Catoctin Creek under a most terrible converging artillery fire from the mountain slopes above, while Captain Hart dashed with his Horse Artillery to an immediate hill that commanded the pike on the Middleton side, and worked his favorite Blakelys with powerful energy and effect upon the enemy's advancing columns, holding them in check until ordered to retire. Our loss in these engagements was mostly in wounded, while the enemy's loss must have been considerable, from the visible effect of our sharpshooters and artillery on his ranks.

The whole brigade moved off, turning to the left down the Buckettsville Road. Having proceeded about five miles, in passing through a thick wood where a road runs up from the left at

right angles to our road, a large body of Yankee cavalry was seen suddenly dashing upon us from this road. Just at that time the rear of the Cobb Legion was passing. The quick eye of Colonel Young perceived this sudden dash, and immediately wheeled and led his men impetuously against them; and after a short but desperate conflict, succeeded in routing them. His gallant men set upon them, cutting them down as they broke and fled in the wildest confusion. Their officers attempted to rally them, but that savage rebel yell and clashing sabres added an impetus to their flight. It was with difficulty that General Hampton could call the impetuous troopers off, as it was important that the next mountain pass should be gained as soon as possible. The enemy's loss was forty killed and wounded, an officer and several privates captured. Our loss was six killed and wounded; among the wounded was the gallant and accomplished Colonel Young, who had his leg shattered by a ball in the latter part of the engagement.

It being now near sundown, the command was moved on without any further interruption to its destination, a pass on South Mountain. Here we bivouacked for the night on our position. This pass formed the extreme right flank of our forces. On the ensuing day (Sunday, the 14th), the forces of D. H. Hill were moving up, and had occupied the Boonsboro' Pass, while a small detachment of McLaw's Division had, during the night, moved up and occupied Crampton's Pass. Our brave, weary, foot-sore infantry quietly slept on their arms; oblivious of the near and frequent volleys of their fellow comrades, skirmishing at intervals during the night. All night the approaching tramp of the enemy could be heard nearing the position of our army. The day at length—a calm Sabbath day—opened auspiciously. A bright sun, as the fog of the valley early lifted itself away, rose and reflected its rays on a cloudless sky. From the little hamlets in the foreground, between the two hostile parties, could early be seen the terror-stricken inmates rushing out and precipitately hurrying to and fro to escape the coming missiles of destruction that had already commenced at “long tow” hurtling through the air. The narrow valley below seemed to be one moving mass of Yankee soldiery. The grand and freshly recruited armies of McClellan and Burnside now stood out in skirmishing distance,

and their long lines were still pouring from the south through the Catoctin Pass, and pitted against this immense and well appointed host were only eight thousand Confederate soldiers, worn down by fasting and over-marching, led by that cool, intrepid Christian, D. H. Hill, of Bethel fame, on whom the God of Battles had so visibly smiled.

Of the details of this hard fought battle we shall not attempt to speak. The enemy appreciating the difficulty in approaching our position, an assault was early and furiously made on the position at Boonsboro' Gap by his heavy artillery, and then continued all along the line. Musketry became general about 2 o'clock. Up to that time all of his assaults on our little band had been successfully met and repulsed, except the position held by the brave and lamented Garland, whose brigade had been thrown on an advance position on the side of the mountain, that fought more furiously, and probably did more execution, on that desperate day than any other troops. An epitome of their noble conduct may not be out of place here. Early in the action this gallant officer fell. His devoted men, composed entirely of North Carolinians, after they saw him borne lifeless off the field, unflinchingly held their position. Five of the best brigades of Burnside's corps closed around this brigade. A remnant of them cut their way through. The Twentieth Regiment N. C. T., of this brigade, made its way out, and gained a position on a steep side of the mountain, behind a rough stone fence, and with their unerring rifles were dealing death by the wholesale into the ranks of the enemy as they would attempt the ascent. Their position gave the enemy's artillery below no chance at them; they, however, succeeded in rolling a piece by hand through a thick timber on the right, and unobserved had placed it in position, so as to command the space behind the stone fence. Here Captain J. B. Atwell took out his company and secreted them in musket range behind a ledge of rocks, picking the gunners off as fast as they could take position around their gun; they, however, seemed nothing daunted at the fate of their comrades, but promptly took their places, only to make the lifeless heap higher. But while this effective work was going on, the enemy's infantry clambered up on the mountain sides and came pouring round in disproportionate numbers on the little band. Here the noble Atwell fell mortally wounded.

His men succeeded in bearing his body off, cutting their way back to the main body at the gap. Our position was a strong one, on which to manœuvre a small body of men; and skilfully did the gallant Hill handle his little handful, holding his position on the ridge and slopes around the pass, against the shock of overwhelming odds, sheltering his men behind the cliffs and stone fences, with comparatively small loss, except the brigade above mentioned. In the meantime that part of McLaws' division were gallantly contending on the right at Crampton's Pass. Here only a part of Cobb's Georgia brigade, with the Sixth and Twelfth Virginia regiments, held the pass till late in the evening against nine brigades of Franklin's grand Federal division, and retired only after the ammunition had been entirely exhausted.

Our cavalry were engaged during the day in desultory skirmishing on the extreme right. The "grand Yankee army corps" of Hooker and Burnside, with Heintzleman in reserve, came pressing up in the evening, hoping thereby to throttle our little band by sheer numbers. But our artillery from the summit raked their advancing columns with such immense havoc, while our deadly musketry from the cliffs beneath were dealing such destruction into their faltering ranks, as to cause them to break for more wholesome cover. They would reform and throw fresh troops forward with much the same results, till night put an end to the bloody scene.

About 10 o'clock that night General Hill evacuated the position, and, without any show of pursuit on the part of the enemy, withdrew his forces in the direction of Sharpsburg, his object on Sunday being accomplished—to hold the enemy in check till the Harper's Ferry programme was carried out.

Our cavalry withdrew in the latter part of that night in the direction of Harper's Ferry, picketing on the road leading over the Maryland Heights to that place, from which point we will indulge a glance at this notable spot, so conspicuous both before and in the history of the present war.

From a standpoint on these Maryland Heights, that run up from the north bank of the Potomac, spreads out to the view perhaps one of the most stupendous scenes in nature. "On your left comes rushing down the Shenandoah, having ranged along the north base of the Blue Ridge for a hundred miles to seek a vent.

On your right rolls down the Potomac, seeking a passage also. In the moment of their junction they rush together against the mountain and rend it asunder, and pass off to the sea." These two rivers at the junction form an obtuse angle, at the immediate intersection of which the little town of Harper's Ferry is situated, ranging up the narrow banks of each river, overhung by terrible precipices in jutting fragments. Up the Potomac banks extend the immense dismantled armory works. At the entrance still stands the old engine house of John Brown notoriety—a monument of that old recreant's treason. The upper town runs up on a high eminence, which is overlooked by a still higher one, encircled around with a line of strong works. On the south banks of the Shenandoah rise the Loudoun Heights, and in front the Bolivar Heights, which, with the Maryland Heights, completely overlook the place.

Up to Saturday the Yankee garrison were entirely ignorant of our investing movement. Jackson, with his ubiquitous corps, had left Hagerstown on Thursday, and bearing round, had crossed the Potomac at Williamsport, passing through Martinsburg on Friday, whence the enemy, under General White, had retired to Harper's Ferry the night before, and sweeping on around, he arrived in front of Harper's Ferry about noon on Saturday.

In the meantime McLaws' Division was moving up and occupying the Maryland Heights, and Walker the Loudoun Heights, while Jackson's corps had spread out and were closing up the space between the Potomac and the Shenandoah Rivers, which included the Bolivar Heights; thus the line of investment was a complete triangle, with our favorite Stonewall as the *base*—soon to demonstrate to General White, the Chicago tailor, that he might cut coats, but to cut himself out of this angle would be a bamboozling problem to his unsophisticated military genius.

On Sunday our forces on this base line prepared to invest the place—A. P. Hill on the right, on the Charlestown road; Ewell's Division in the centre; and Jackson's old division completed the line across from river to river. Our artillery from the right opens with its heavy pieces, which startles the Yankee commander; his long caravan of wagon trains is hurriedly drawn out and move in haste across the Potomac, and being fairly stretched out in the narrow defile that winds along the base of the Maryland Heights,

the garrison commences forming to follow; but a few unsuspected shells from these heights gave them to understand that their plan of escape was balked in this direction. The frightened teamsters suddenly wheeled and went rattling and crashing helter skelter, over one another, back to the ferry, which was now growing too hot from the streaming missiles from both the Loudoun and Maryland Heights: then re-crossed, turning down the Shepherdstown road, and after stretching out and winding down this road a short distance, met the same unexpected reception, and came plunging back in the wildest consternation to their former post.

The siege now opened, and was kept up from all sides slowly but regularly during the day, the enemy feebly responding. The sun had now sunk behind the western hills; yet the glaring flash of the booming artillery from the mountain sides literally lightened up the darkened horizon. Night wears on, and still the streaming meteors from the adjacent slopes fly around the terror-stricken ranks of the Yankee garrison. Morning comes, "and as with one consent the hills salute the rising sun, with bombs bursting in the air;" and just as our forces on Jackson's line prepare to assault the place on the right, the gaudy folds of their mammoth garrison flag (measuring forty yards in length) is run down, and the *streaming white* run up in its place. The air rends with shouts from our victorious forces. Lieutenant Chamberlayne, of General A. P. Hill's staff, goes forward, and at 10 o'clock receives the sword of the Yankee commander, who had fallen a few minutes before the surrender. Thus ended the career No. 2 of the abolitionists at Harper's Ferry. General Hill remarked to the commanding Yankee officer, who was wondering at our remarkable skill and energy in capturing the place: "That he would rather take the place twenty times than undertake to hold it once." Eleven thousand eight hundred and fifty prisoners were captured, immense stores of all kinds, vast supplies of ammunition, large numbers of splendid cannon, field and light pieces, vast supplies of small arms and ammunition, and a great many horses and negroes. Our cavalry was posted in the place till the next day, foraging our famished horses on the vast quartermaster garners. On the day following all the troops were hurried up the river, and crossed at Shepherdstown, rejoining Longstreet on the Antietam Creek, near Sharpsburg, Maryland.

Early next morning our different corps, sadly reduced by pressing marches, took position on the north side of the Antietam Creek, the enemy being drawn up along the base of the mountain on the other side, and early began advancing in force upon our position. As the sun rose, his gay blue uniforms and bright and glittering weapons contrasted strongly with the dusty, threadbare apparel and unpolished weapons of Lee's "rebel army." The battle opened with a free use of artillery on both sides, soon followed by a general roar of musketry along the entire line. The enemy massed heavy forces and bore down with all his fury on our left; but the indomitable Jackson met him with his usual coolness and determination, repulsing and driving him back a mile and a half. In the centre the intrepid Longstreet, with D. H. Hill's corps, after a desperate and bloody struggle, drove him back, too, from this point, with heavy slaughter. On our right, about 3 o'clock in the afternoon, General A. P. Hill was advancing from Harper's Ferry, and came up just in time to meet the enemy as he was making a bold demonstration in that direction, which was held only by Jenkins' and a part of Toombs' brigades. They had driven this little force before them, and were dashing across the Antietam with every show of success; but at this juncture the timely arrival of the latter corps changed the fortune at this point, and after an obstinate contest, that lasted from 5 o'clock till dark, the enemy was driven into and across the creek with great loss. During the fight the Federal sharpshooters had picked off and disabled nearly every man of a battery of the Washington Artillery, which had been conspicuously effective in the fight. General Longstreet being near, and discerning the cause of its silence, he dismounted, and with the assistance of his staff worked one of the guns until the crisis was over. As it has been remarked, "To see a general officer, wielding the destinies of a great fight, with its cares and responsibilities upon his shoulders, performing the duties of a common soldier, is a picture indeed worthy of the pencil of an artist." The sun set upon one of the most desperate and bloody fields of the war, the Confederates resting that night on their arms at every point considerably in advance of their position in the morning. And the question may be asked: Why did we not pursue the enemy up? Simply because from the topography of the country, where he was driven against the mountain sides,

would have given him signally the advantage over us; and, from the causes above mentioned, our forces were too much reduced to have relinquished their hold and attempt a flank movement. On the next day, Thursday, from our position of the day before, the challenge was early thrown out to renew the engagement, but the beaten foe let the gauntlet lie.

It is no exaggeration to say our army went into this battle reduced fifty per cent., worried out by fasting, incessant marching and fighting. Not more than thirty-five thousand of our brave troops could be counted on that desperate day; for as the columns of many of the commands had to be rushed in almost double-quick marches in order to gain their respective positions at the proper time, many a willing comrade fell out for miles along the road from sheer exhaustion. And it is a base slander upon our brave and noble soldiery to say that Lee's army "straggled on that day." No; to have seen the pale, emaciated soldier, seemingly with nothing but an invisible spirit bearing him on, dispensing with every incumbrance, save his musket and cartridge box, halting along, flinching at every step, as he hesitatingly set his bleeding feet down upon the stony surface, and then sink down under the goading effect, was a rare comment upon heroism! Yet some pusillanimous *newspaper generals and army critics* called this "straggling." No; if your unfeeling hearts possessed an infinitesimal part of your victim's virtue, then you might with some degree of assurance criticise behind your *paper walls and staff parapets*.

McClellan, with an army already four times as large as our own, and with reinforcements coming up, a retrograde movement was deemed expedient under the circumstances, as every day would strengthen the enemy, and in our present position the means for adding anything to our strength was sadly beyond our reach. Accordingly our forces were withdrawn late Thursday night and Friday morning, in the face of our foe, and safely re-crossed the Potomac near Shepherdstown, at one single ford. This important feat was accomplished in the space of twelve hours, sustaining no material loss, and without any interruption on the part of the enemy.

In this short but eventful campaign, our whole loss was inside of seven thousand men, while the enemy, according to his own

confession, lost over forty thousand killed, wounded and taken prisoners. But, as is usually the case, our loss was mingled with some of our bravest and best officers—the brave and heroic Garland, the noble Starke, and the gallant Branch, of North Carolina, laid down their lives upon the altar of their country.

And with such proud record of your fame,
Your bodies may sleep wrapt in gore,
But as long as liberty bears a name,
Your spirits will be cherish'd evermore.

Yet there was still a bloody episode to mark the close of this campaign. The enemy, about 10 o'clock on Friday, had with his heavy Parrott guns at long taw commenced a show of pursuit, and on Saturday morning commenced crossing in heavy force. Our troops on the opposite side were seen hurrying, as under semblance of a retreat, out on the different roads leading from Shepherdstown, but really retiring covertly behind the adjacent hills; while the rear guard, three brigades of infantry, under Brigadier General Pendleton, were posted on the right bank of the river, near the passage at Boteler's Mill, commanding which we had masked thirty-five pieces of artillery, and with five or six pieces exposed in advance, making a faint show of resistance, falling back slowly from one position to another, before the advancing enemy's batteries, that were being furiously plied from the opposite side. Late in the evening a large force of the enemy, consisting of nearly three entire divisions, came pouring over with flaunting colors and defiant shouts; and when fairly across, our batteries were uncovered, and with A. P. Hill's Division pounced suddenly down upon his confident legions, driving them like chaff before the wind, down into the narrow passage, where the enfilading fire of our batteries were plowing and raking his ranks in a most frightful manner, and from the crowded gorge frightened masses would indiscriminately break panic-stricken up the banks of the river, only to find themselves hemmed in from that quarter, and in many instances, to escape the bayonets of our impetuous soldiery, they would plunge wildly over these precipitous bluffs, shattered on the rocky masses beneath! The scene was truly appalling. The wide, shallow fording was filled with dead bodies, and the wounded, who would chance to fall in the stream,

were suffocated in the water by the hurrying, heedless tread of the living. All organization was destroyed, and as the broken remnants would reach the opposite bank they would continue in the wildest disorder across the hills: and why no token of surrender was hung out to stop this fearful slaughter, was a question with the conscience of the commander of this ill-fated movement.

Our loss was only two hundred in killed and wounded, while the Yankee loss must have been at least two-thirds of their number in killed, wounded and prisoners. Thus ended this bloody campaign, leaving the enemy crippled and beaten on his own soil, from which he lay cowering, unable to move for months.

It is but candor to say that in entering Maryland the Confederates had two objects in view: First, to give her pent up sympathy a chance to burst forth and join us in physical resistance; and however much we are disposed to revere that sympathy, which has always and still exists there for our cause, the reluctance and tardiness of her people failed to meet the occasion—for “they who would be free, themselves must strike the blow.” In the second place, our victorious arms had just driven the enemy before us behind the walls at Washington, and, by threatening his country, would draw him out and bring the matter to a nearer issue. The former was surrounded by circumstances over which we had no control; and how far we controlled the circumstances of the latter, the facts of the campaign have fully demonstrated to the world.

Some Louisianians, while on picket near Boonsboro', encountered a Yankee scout and killed him. One of the party, being a little seedy in the way of pants, exchanged with the unlucky man, at the same time observing the name John D. S., very plainly wrought with red silk thread on the lining of the waistband. However, thinking nothing more of it, nor none the less of himself for wearing Yankee blue, on going back to camp the party called at a neat little farm house, where milk jars, peace and plenty seemed to reign, and called for some milk. They were answered, as they stepped into the little vine-bound piazza, by a repugnant, elderly looking lady, “That she had no milk for rebels, and that she would give it to the neighbors' pigs first; and that it would be her heart's desire to give every rebel that crossed the Potomac a good drink of poison.” Which sharp vents of caloric elicited

retorts of similar character from the personage who had donned the unlucky man's pants: and after concluding a volley which had mutually raged between them, the latter drew near and coolly remarked:

"Madame, you fight so well with your tongue, it is a great pity you aint a man, to fight for your 'glorious Union.' "

"I thank you, sir, I have an only son there fighting for it, and I only wish I had twenty."

"Well, madam, you are the worst Union case I've met in Maryland, and I want to take your name, as a contrast to some kind people I've met, and let me have it as a remembrancer."

Still with wrathful emotions she continued: "My name I never concealed from friend or foe; it's Mary Ann S.; and I wish my son was here with his rifle, and he would give you something to remember."

The latter, with gathering interest: "What's your son's name?"

"I can give you his name, too, and only wish he could give you rebs a bullet for every word that has passed between us." Emphasizing, "His name is John D. S."

"Well, madam, he'll kill no more rebels, for I killed him this morning, and these are his pants I now have on," at the same time exposing the name from the inside of the waistband. The name was readily recognized. The cloud of angry passion that had swelled in every feature of the woman's face was swept off by a sudden gush of despair; and, with her glaring eyes riveted for a moment upon the name that read the fatal message, the unhappy woman swooned and fell on the floor.

The day after the Antietam fight, our cavalry were placed on duty, some distance to the left up the river, and in the evacuation were cut off from the fording at Shepherdstown. But on Friday night, by a circuitous route up the river, passing round a large body of Yankee forces, winding down steep and dangerous cliffs, that seemed impassable for man and beast, helter skelter, down the rugged acclivity, we plunged into the channel of the river—a fording that an Indian pony would snort at and turn away from—our horses, after blundering over rocks, then plunging through eddying whirlpools, dripping and chilled, we reached the Virginia side. Following up the train of our narrative, we proceeded

to Martinsburg, from whence, a few days after, General Stuart dashed across the Potomac into Williamsport, and drove the enemy from that place, killing a number and capturing a quantity of prisoners and arms with a small loss; returned again, and established headquarters at Martinsburg, where, a few days after this affair, the Yankee cavalry undertook to pay him back. They came dashing up the Shepherdstown road, driving in our pickets and scouts to the skirts of the town. Hampton's cavalry was falling back before them, while Lee's was dashing round to get in their rear: perceiving this, they suddenly wheeled and broke back: Lee immediately set after them, supported by Hampton, killing and capturing several, and it was by making the fastest possible speed that the whole expedition saved themselves from capture.

CHAPTER V.

STUART'S CAVALRY EXPEDITION INTO PENNSYLVANIA—PREPARATION FOR THE EXPEDITION—TROOPS COMPOSING THE EXPEDITION—CROSSING THE POTOMAC—SURPRISING THE ENEMY'S PICKETS—THE SUCCESSFUL PASSAGE THROUGH THE RIGHT WING OF McCLELLAN'S ARMY—PASSES OUT OF MARYLAND INTO PENNSYLVANIA—HORSE PRESSING ORDERS ISSUED—CAPTURE OF ST. THOMAS AND CHAMBERSBURG.

Our command was quietly laying around Martinsburg, picketing on the upper lines of the Potomac, and having to a considerable extent recruited the nerves of both man and horse, which had been seriously drawn upon by the incessant and arduous labors of the Maryland campaign, we were here in this beautiful and romantic region of the Old Dominion, enjoying ourselves with as much "*otium cum dignitate*" as a soldier's life would admit of. The first leaves of autumn had just begun to fall; the neighboring mountain peaks were doffing their summer green and fast assuming the bronzed hue; and as the bugle's unwelcome morning sound would cause the soldier to peep from his blankets, the first traces of Jack Frost could be seen upon the half crisped, fallen leaf; while the weather-worn trooper, with repeated strokes of his currycomb to smooth the rough hair of his faithful steed, would soliloquize to himself: "Well, I do wish old Stuart and

Hampton was as tired uv these ere parts as I am, we'd 'git' a little further inter Dixie than this; as these ere cold mornin' winds from the mountains blows our loose rags off'en the bare places a little cuttin', and our toes peeps a leetle too impidently thru our old shoes for this ere white thing on the leaves uv mornins, and out uv respect for us they orter consider the policy. And besides, jist tu think uv our poor dum brutes. Why, thar was Jackson's army passed thru these parts last roasting-ear time, and they cleaned the cornfields afore the milk filled the grain, and so horse stock can't stand it much longer. And so it's policy to 'git' further South any way you look at it. But I reckon old Stuart and Hampton knows best." Such rude surmises were frequent from the humblest private in the command, and even the "reliable gentlemen" from headquarters would quaintly give out that back-word move was under way. In fact, all outward appearances seemed indicative of a "fall back." While we were regaling ourselves over the idea of getting where we could hear a railroad whistle again, or open communication with home once more, orders were issued to the different commands of the division for a detachment of picked men, mounted on the best horses, to prepare five days' rations for a scout on the ensuing day, yet still the idea of covering a "fall back" was entertained by officers and men.

On the ensuing day, October 9th, at 2 o'clock, we "fell in" and took up the line of march, but found our horses' heads turned northward. The whole force was comprised of detachments from Hampton's, Lee's and Mumford's cavalry, and a small detachment from Scott's partizan corps, with one section of mounted artillery accompanying each, all told, twenty-five hundred men, led by Stuart himself, dashing along on his little dark bay favorite, in his usual don't-care, dare-devil style, while the cheerful, deep cunning expression of his features betokened some one of his favorite "tricks" ahead, while Hampton rode along at his usual easy trotting style, as though he was just going out to look over his broad cotton fields. Leaving the town of Martinsburg to the right, and passing along the base of the north range of the Blue Ridge, which breaks off into hills as it nears the Potomac, we passed through Hedgesville and beyond our outer picket posts, where the column was halted and rested till dark, within ear-shot of the roaring waters of the Potomac. After good dark the com-

mand resumed the march, and was advancing cautiously over a narrow by-way in the direction of the river, to within a mile of the crossing, and here we were halted for the night. Two reconnoitering parties were thrown out, one under Sergeant R. C. Shiver, of the Second South Carolina Cavalry, and the other under Lieutenant Barrier, of the North Carolina Cavalry, led by Hampton in person. After a successful reconnoissance, it was ascertained that the enemy had no pickets on this bank of the river, but we discovered their posts immediately on the other side of the ford, beyond the culvert of the canal, which opens to the ford. Here, content with our discoveries, the party bivouacked the remainder of the night on this side behind the cliffs that overhang the banks above the ford, until nearly daybreak, when General Hampton detached fifteen men from the party and placed them under Lieutenant Phillips, and despatched them across the river on an old fish dam, a quarter of a mile above the ford, to surprise and bag the post at the ford, and the remainder, under Lieutenant Barrier, were posted among the cliffs along the banks for a support, in case the party on the opposite side should become pressed. Day was just dawning; our comrades could be seen slyly creeping under cover of the canal banks, making their way successfully without any interruption to the mouth of the culvert. One more dash and the game is in their hands. But suddenly out dashed a grim bull terrier dog, with snarly gnashes, to dispute the passage of the culvert, which merely gave notice to the sentinel to scamper off without even firing his piece, while the reserve was immediately onslaugthed, and the quick and successive cracks of our carbines, and the excited exclamations, "Kill them! here goes the d—d blue backed rascals," which gave us to understand that our support was no longer required, and every man to horse, and across we dashed, and found one "blue back" lying bleeding, while earnest leg bail had succeeded in getting off his comrades, which caused a stampede along the whole line, and had it not been for the timely notice of their faithful dog in the culvert, the body would have been nicely bagged, as at the time the reserve were regaling themselves near by in a little shanty at "seven up," little dreaming that their game so early in the morning would be "trumped" by rebel intrusion.

At this rough and difficult ford the whole command, artillery and all, speedily and safely crossed over; and on we hurried over a narrow and difficult defile through the hills of the western part of Washington County, capturing the balance of their stampeding party, who ran into our column before they were aware of our presence. Having pursued this road about five miles, where it crossed the turnpike leading from Hagerstown to Cumberland, we found that we had run against the rear of a division of Yankee infantry, moving on to Cumberland. Just at this point our advance came upon their rear guard and took a batch of them prisoners, and also captured one stand of colors, which sudden and unexpected onslaught put their whole command in confused commotion, and caused them to make fast time down the pike in the direction of Cumberland. Their burning vehicles behind gave full evidence that the *skedaddling* manœuvre was in active play! but as Stuart's business did not lay on their route, they were permitted to "double-quick" along uninterrupted from their own shadows. Here we crossed this pike and pursued our march along a narrow, difficult by-way, following the north side of a range of mountains through a rocky, bleak, and almost barren region, with here and there a lonely cabin to relieve the wild scenery. Having moved on some ten miles through this wild region, we found ourselves crossing the last ridge of this range, emerging out down into a beautiful and expansive valley, known as "Blair's Valley," surrounded by an extensive range, known as the "Short Hill" range, which breaks off gradually into lesser hills as the Blue Ridge nears the Potomac, which to the eye of the casual beholder seems as steps to the summit of her lofty peaks. The day was not a bright one; thin, vapory clouds were overspreading the heavens; the sun's pale face looked dimly through the gathering clouds, and the distant ridges seemed wrapped in a misty blue, and the "sear and yellow leaf" at every breeze was losing its hold and came rustling down around us. Such a scene was indeed truly calculated to engender melancholy feelings. But as the "broad acres" of Pennsylvania stretched out before us just at the foot of the last hill, although we were impressed with our hazardous situation, having just passed through and were in the rear of the right wing of McClellan's grand army, yet every soldier's face betokened emotions of inward joy, and with our

backs on the last rugged hills, we were beyond the limits of Maryland. The "ultima thule" of Southern invasion was passed. We were indeed on the hostile soil of proud and defiant Pennsylvania, who, sixteen months before, was going to make a light breakfast out of the South, herself alone. But the rebel key had unbolted and rolled away the keystone of the "glorious old arch" wide enough for Stuart's rebel cavalry to pass. No demonstration whatever marked the event, as the column moved quietly forward from the borders of Franklin County, where we entered. It seemed that a simple reflection on our situation would call forth misgivings in the bosom of the most sanguine; but the overweening confidence in our true and tried leader would chide any such a thought, and nerve it with stronger confidence and deeper determination.

On we moved over a private country road, through the secluded entrance of this valley, that had never been trampled by an armed foot of either friend or foe. The unsuspecting inhabitants met and hailed us as Union troops, and no assertion to the contrary was likely to disabuse their minds of the fact that we were rebels, and even when the horse pressing orders were put in execution against them, they would look incredulously after us as we were leading their faithful steeds off before their eyes. As an instance, we will here give an amusing incident that occurred between an old Dutch farmer and a party of our boys who were scouring the country some distance from the road. They rode up unceremoniously to his large brick barn, that stood a short distance from the dwelling, dismounted at the barn-yard gate, and were proceeding to the stables. He and his fat better-half were standing in the piazza, watching the movement at the barn in astonishment, and as the foremost entered the stables, he hurried down, and in almost breathless excitement he accosted the party: "Gude mornint. men, gude mornint. Vy. vot dush dis mean?" He was informed that we just wanted his horses. Betraying feelings of smothered anger and vexation, he exclaimed: "Mine hosses! mine hosses! Vy, you shoust can't haf them again. Vy, ven you tam Home Guards* had tem afore, you shoust keep tem vun veek over

*When our forces threatened Pennsylvania from Maryland, the border counties resolved themselves into an organization called the Home Guards, and had pressed the farmer's teams to transport their baggage.

de time, and ven you did bring dem home mit der packs all sore and skint up." Continuing in a more vehement strain: "I would shoust so leave old Shackson would eum tish vay and take de last tam vun uv you Home Guards as tu let you haf mine hosses vun time more. Vot vur you vant tem enny how?" He was apprised, good humoredly, that Jeff. Davis wanted them this time. With emotions of the wildest surprise and amazement, hardly awaiting to articulate one word before he'd catch another: "Sheff Tavis! Sheff Tavis! Mine Got! Vot ish Sheff Tavis got tu do mit mine hosses? Mine Got! He vill never send tem pack!" In the meantime the stock was haltered and moving off. Old Dutch had seen that his protests and remonstrations were unavailing. He immediately ran violently towards the house, hallooing to his better-half, who was, too, vehemently joining her protests, exclaiming in an earnest vent: "Old voman! old voman! plow de hon!" She snatched down the old tin instrument hanging at the door, and with her flabby jaws inflated to their fullest tension, she blew most lustily, striding the piazza from one end to the other, and kept blowing till we were out of hearing. What this strange proceeding meant was a question, unless it savored of the old Scottish idea of winding the horn when the realm was invaded, and her tin horn reverberations were to call to arms those valorous Home Guards the old man so much derided when his horses were brought in question; but those modern lords of war did not heed her horn incantations; as this little detachment, without any interruption, joined the command at Mercersburg, on the turnpike leading from Greencastle to Chambersburg. Here a faint resistance was made by those valorous Home Guards, who retired at our approach, and secreted themselves in an old wood-shop at the further end of the town, from which, about fifty yards from the main street, they poured a volley into our advance. The old shop was onslaughtered, and without any further demonstration, the whole party were captured, except one who attempted to escape by jumping out of a window, but a bullet from one of our carbines took him "on the wing," striking him lifeless in his leap; whom, doubtless, the sickly sentimentality of his burghers would range on the calendar of Northern heroes. This belligerent party proved to be rather hard looking specimens of humanity, and when they saw our full columns moving up, they betrayed terrible

emotions of childish fright, and were surprised at not being dispatched forthwith; and others, coming out to the rescue, when taken, even with guns in their hands, denied having any complicity in the affair. With such spirits as these, it was not a matter of wonder that old Dutch's "horn incantations" had no charm. The column here halted a short time, and about 2 o'clock resumed the march on the turnpike leading to Chambersburg, some eighteen miles distant. On our way we captured St. Thomas, a considerable town, which made no resistance. We pursued our march on through a cold, drenching rain, swelling our "led-horse" train as we moved on, which presented the appearance of additional reinforcements.

About five o'clock p. m. we found ourselves before the city of Chambersburg, and demanded its surrender. This inland city is beautifully situated in the midst of a rich and productive valley, on a line of railroad running from Hagerstown, Md., to Harrisburg, and contains about ten thousand inhabitants. At this point large quantities of the enemy's army stores were deposited, which rendered it a prize worthy of Stuart's notice. The demand for the surrender was a complete thundershock to the astounded Mayor—the whole population seemed confounded at our presence. Houses, public and private, were immediately closed. A considerably parleying was manifested by the city authorities, at which General Stuart caused the batteries to be ordered into position and the cavalry into line for the attack, which demonstration soon brought them to a decision, the terms being immunity to private persons and property.

All the army stores were taken in charge, which consisted of large quantities of commissary and quartermaster stores, also heavy and light ordnance stores. The quartermaster's department was duly drawn upon in the way of clothing, while the horses were attired in gay Yankee trappings, and our old, rusty armor was immediately exchanged for the bright, glittering cavalry arms that were tossed in profusion from the numerous boxes. The city was placed under martial law. The command was moved out and bivouacked for the night a short distance east of the city; and after a most disagreeably cold, rainy night, we decamped early next morning, and countermarched back through the streets and were halted, and in looking round, a large Union flag was

seen floating from the third story of a private house, which unwelcome emblem was speedily removed by J. M. Rea, Company C, and Ed. Misenheimer, Company F, of the North Carolina cavalry, which, however, eventuated in a little issue. On accosting the proprietor, he demurred to their admittance, which was immediately forced, followed closely by the surly proprietor to the last flight of stairs, where he was joined, from an adjacent room, by another grim, determined-looking personage, where surly's suspicious movements were arrested by Rea, who coolly gave them to understand that any interference on their part would be readily met; and in the face of these two devotees the flag was torn down, but they failed like Jackson to seal their devotion with their blood. Doubtless these two characters were as brave in nerve as our prototype martyr, but that indwelling determination faltered, as the cause was not the same which their favorite emblems bespoke.

The observer would meet many a scene calculated to keep his attention in active exercise. At every corner could be seen groups of old and young, conversing in an undertone, evincing symptoms of the deepest mortification. The sight of the new *blue* clothing that dotted every company in the command, and the bright United States weapons dangling at our sides, was indeed a sore tax upon their pride. But notwithstanding this, not the least insult was offered us. An assemblage of elderly men was overheard in a discussion, asserting that if they had just known our number was no more than they now proved to be, they never would have surrendered, and that it was a disgrace that could never be wiped out; while some were chafing with wrathful expressions that our audacity was the most unparalleled recklessness, and that certainly before night the telegraph would welcome our capture or destruction; and the Mayor publicly expressed himself that if the last one of us were not captured before we recrossed the Potomac, it would be a stigma upon the Union army that could never be effaced. A young Carolinian drew up and accosted a venerable one of these old street declaimers, who was rather unsparing of his anathemas against the rebels, and enquired of him "when he thought he would have peace?" With an assumed air of pomposity he said: "Sir, not until this accursed rebellion is crushed." "Well, sir," replied the first

speaker, "do you, with all the evidence of the past eighteen months before you—answer me candidly—really think that that matter can be done?" "Well-a," hesitatingly, "we think-a-so," turning in a tone of exhortation, "we don't then expect to treat you as conquered subjects, but we are willing to throw the veil of charity over all this, and regard you as *erring* brethren, and welcome you again into the glorious old Union as brethren." "Erring *brethren*," indignantly interrupted the young Carolinian, with his eyes flashing fire; sarcastically: "Brethren! don't, pray, call us brethren, blinded old hypocrite. Go and view our desolated homes and wasted fields, in the vandal track of your 'Union restoring army,' which proclaims such sentiments of brotherhood a hellish mockery! And now, sir," he continued, "you can't gainsay this conduct towards us, *your brethren*. Let me ask, have not you and your citizens and their property been in our power since yesterday, and has either suffered from our presence?" Turning nervously round, he remained silent. "No," promptly responded an intelligent-looking, middle-aged gentleman of the group. "Truly, every one of us, and all we have, have been and are yet in your power, and we can scarcely realize the fact that no one within the bounds of this city complains of an unjust act at the hands of your soldiery; and justice demands that we testify that you have demeaned yourselves more like gentlemen to our citizens than our own soldiers in passing through. Good sir," he continued, "allow me to ask the question, why it is your soldiers, thus among us, adhere so strictly to the principles of good conduct; is it from the stringent discipline of your officers?" He was answered: "Simply because we are gentlemen at home, and observe the same abroad." This latter fact suggested to our mind the cause of the difference of the valor between the Northern and Southern soldiers, and that moral principle is the basis of true courage—one fighting with valor and vigor for their liberties, and the other with indolence and neglect for the power of his oppressors—officers and men from the same grades of society, contending for their equal rights, one as much impressed with the principle as the other. And in this connection, let it be said, should an officer, under the garb of military discipline, become so indifferent to the principles of equality as to assume an unwarrantable relation of arrogance toward his men, he, most assuredly, is an

enemy to himself and the cause. In the first place, when this war shall have passed away, with our independence established, and the days of "shoulder-straps" numbered with the things of the past, society will sink back into its former peaceful channel; this unjust bearing will never be forgotten; it will be far better for such an one had he occupied the position of the humblest private in the ranks. And, in the second place, it tends to promote an unprincipled aristocracy, contrary to the genius of our institutions.

But to return to the narrative. On the streets could be seen many able-bodied young men "cutting the gent," as in peaceful times; and if they had but been imbued with that country pride that they so boastfully assume, their mortification must have been extreme. We captured telegraphic despatches in the office at that place (which had remained as duplicates), to the Governor, up to a few hours of our arrival, which stated that we were reported to have entered the State, but that they had no apprehension that Stuart's "rebel gang" would come that way, and if they did have the assurance to do so, they had a regiment of infantry and one battery of artillery in reach that would take care of them amply; and, besides, they had plenty of arms, and that the citizens would turn out to a man, and would give them such a reception as would scatter them to the four winds. But when the test came, what became of their "regiment of infantry and battery of artillery," and the boasted reception that was to meet us at the hands of their "Home Palladiums," this deponent saith not; but it seemed that "Bob Acres like," their valor gently oozed out at the sight of Stuart's little rebel band.

CHAPTER VI.

EVACUATES CHAMBERSBURG—PASSAGE THROUGH THE VALLEY—CROSSES THE MOUNTAINS AT STEVENS' GAP—PASSES SAFELY OUT OF THE STATE INTO MARYLAND—JOYOUS RECEPTION AT EMMETTSBURG—SUCCEEDS IN PASSING THROUGH THE ENEMY'S FORCES DURING THE NIGHT AND REACHES THE POTOMAC—PERILOUS SITUATION, BUT AFTER SHARP SKIRMISHING SUCCEEDS IN CROSSING AND REACHES OUR LINES.

About 10 o'clock a. m. the command took up the line of march, turning down the turnpike leading to Gettysburg. After setting fire to the spacious building containing the army stores,

we retired. The flames wrapped the building, and for an hour the explosions were terrific, shaking the very earth. Pieces of shell, fragments of timber, brick, and stone, rent the air for hundreds of yards around. In moving on, the occasional bursting of a bomb that had resisted the first impressions of the fire, would strike the ear, and give a parting salute over the dying embers of the charred remains of this proud edifice.

The march progressed along without any marked interest, save considerable accession to the "led-horse column," and astonishing the natives to utter discomfiture. Our approach to the neighboring farm houses on the road was heralded with a gathering in and an immediate closing of the doors, as if a menagerie of wild beasts had been turned loose upon the country. To give a further instance of the terror in which we were held by these unsophisticated people: In passing by a neat log house, immediately on the roadside, a full, good-humored looking face of an elderly lady, whose features bespoke mingled emotions of curiosity and fear, was peeping out of a half-closed door. Turning to a very old lady standing a few paces back, who gave every expression of fright, and seemed remonstrating with her to desist from her rashness, smiling with advancing satisfaction: "Why, I will look. Why, Aunt Sally, they jist look like our kind of folks; tho' they do look mighty dirty and devilish, I don't believe they'll hurt a body." She was, thereupon, assured we would not harm her, but to open the door and take a look; whereupon the door was confidently opened—she and Aunt Sally's corporeal dimensions jammed the entrance to its farthest extent, and stood gazing on the passing columns with the most intense curiosity. We passed through a little mountain hamlet called Longtown, at the foot of the mountain, at the upper end of the valley, through Stevens' Gap, so called from an extensive iron furnace at its entrance, owned by Thad. Stevens, of abolition notoriety. His ample stalls lay on the roadside, and contributed more generously to the horse power of the expedition than any of his free-negro-loveism constituents that lay in our route.

Through this gap we passed without any interruption, and, enclosed as it was in many places by steep, rugged, overhanging cliffs, a small body of resolute men could have effectually held us in check at any of these nature-provided points. At the north

entrance we turned off the pike, immediately to the right, on a private country road, and passed within four miles of Gettysburg, where a heavy force of the enemy were reported to be stationed to make a movement to intercept us: but we completely foiled their vigilance by winding around by obscure roads. When beyond their lines we fell into a public highway running along the edge of Miller's Valley, on the north side of the "Short Hill" range, passed out of this valley through Fairfield, a small country village, and then across the Short Hills, which passed us over the Pennsylvania State line into Maryland near Emmettsburg, a pleasant and handsome little village, at the foot of these hills.

The sun was nearly down. Men and horses, jaded almost beyond endurance, having been on a continual move for the past three days. At this place we expected to meet a Yankee cavalry force, who were reported to have been there during the day, supposed to be on the look out for us. The command was halted within a mile and an advance sent forward. So worn down were the men, that this little halt found nearly half the column asleep on their horses, but their snatched up repose was suddenly interrupted by a succession of shouts that rang along the whole line of the advance; the main body took it to be the usual signal for a charge, and as quick as thought every man braced himself in his saddle, and the column was hurried on to their support. But what an agreeable surprise awaited us. Instead of meeting the Yankee columns in deadly strife, the old and young were thronging the streets and hailing our advent with shouts of the wildest joy, while clusters of fair women and be vies of sparkling maidens greeted us with expressions of the most heartfelt welcome. Refreshments and beverages were profusely borne out and distributed into the ranks by their own generous hands to our wearied and hungry soldiers, which seemed to act as a charm to the dull spirits and exhausted frames of the most way-worn. When one of the troopers would chance to dismount, he was caught and embraced by these lovely ones as a brother, but he would pay the penalty by finding himself minus the last button on his old coat; the fair little rogues would dart off and tauntingly twirl them between their delicate little fingers to their unfortunate companions who had failed to secure a rebel relic. This sudden heartsome ovation from this down-trodden people

will ever call forth emotions of pleasing and grateful recollections in the bosoms of every recipient; for, emerging as we had from a deadly hostile community, where, could even woman's looks have been daggers, we would, the last one of us, shared a worse than Siseran fate; and then, so suddenly to find ourselves in an atmosphere of such congeniality, indeed inspires feelings that can but be imagined. But as the deepest joys are shortest, we must pass hastily on, with misgivings and heartbodings, to leave these noble patriots behind in the tyrant's grasp.

But let fetters ne'er so tightly bind,
 The limbs of those who would be free;
 'T would be madder to 'tempt to gyve the mind,
 Than to stop the rising tide of the sea.

So long as the tyrant 'tempts to bind
 The oppress'd people of such noble soul;
 Tho' he may gyve, they will be free in mind
 As long as the changing tide may roll.

No! let us not, when our bright sunny land
 Is from the vile tyrant's grasp set free,
 Mock thee with Maryland! my Maryland!
 But ungyve your limbs, as your minds, so free,
 Then hail thee as Maryland! my Maryland!

The last rays of the setting sun fell upon this devoted little village as we reluctantly turned and bade her a sad adieu. A body of Yankee cavalry had been here during the day, awaiting, up to a few moments of our arrival, but they broke and skedaddled at our approach, and we were left to pursue our onward march without interruption. We turned to the right on the turnpike leading to Fredericktown, some twenty-five miles distant, which road, after traveling ten miles, we left, and turned to the left on a private way, crossing the Monocacy River twice, and, bearing again to the left, passed through the village of Woodsboro' shortly after dark, where we also met a warm reception from her sympathizing citizens; but not calling a halt, we turned to the left and passed through Liberty, a village eight miles distant from the latter place. Here (it being dark) we were hailed as Union troops, in pursuit of the rebel Stuart. A Yankee officer, who seemed to be at home, on his oars, with hat flourishing in hand,

encouraged the passing column, and hoped they would catch "old Stuart and his rebel gang" before daylight; and concluded by insisting upon the officers to alight and take some refreshments with him, who, for want of time, asked to be excused, but broke a few bottles of champagne in the saddle with him. He was then politely informed that he was General Stuart's prisoner, and that there was a position in the "rebel gang" for him. He, however, reluctantly "fell in," and mounted a bare-back "Conestoga pony," and was taken along. Here we were getting into "hot water," as the Yankee forces were on the move after us on most of the public roads. We here turned down the Baltimore highway, and passed on to within twenty-five miles of the latter place. Leaving this road to the left, we bore round in the direction of Fredericktown, but, learning that a heavy force was at that place, we left it five miles to the right, and by circuitous by-ways successfully evaded the enemy's pickets, passed through Newmarket about 3 o'clock a. m., captured the telegraph office and recent despatches from the government, all enjoining the strictest watch out for the rebels. General Stuart passed despatches over the line to the authorities at Washington that the rebel command had gone up in the direction of Harper's Ferry, and that it was not necessary to send any more troops below. The wires were then destroyed and the railroad track obstructed. After halting an hour, the command was again put in motion. General Stuart, however, detached a part of the North Carolina cavalry, under Captain Barringer, and turned, with this separate command, to the right, on the road leading to Urbana, while the main body moved straight forward on the public highway to Hyattstown, without any incident save the capture of several army wagons moving after their commands, which were evidently on the move for us at the different fordings below—just missing the whole train by one hour, thence by a by-way to Burnsville. General Stuart, with his detachment, moved on and reached Urbana before daybreak. Here he halted for an hour, and breakfasted at his former headquarters. This sudden and unexpected advent was a matter of great surprise and congratulation to these sympathizing people, whose warm hospitality we had a few months before enjoyed. However rejoiced, they evinced the greatest solicitude for General Stuart's safety, being in the midst of the Yankee forces. One

body had just passed down in the direction of Poolsville, and another had camped just a mile above, and were moving behind, thus placing him between the two columns. He moved leisurely off down the Washington highway. At the far end of the town General Stuart and some of his officers were riding in advance of the column, when they were accosted by an individual running out from a harnessed up vehicle (it was just light), who rudely said to them: "Hey, my lads, which way this morning?" General Stuart indignantly drew up, and said: "Who are you, and what are you doing here this time in the morning?" He assumed a more obedient and respectful tone: "Why, excuse me, Major, I did not know it was really ye sir. I do hope ye will not think hard of me, Major, as I jist thought ye were some o' the boys passing and so I hailed ye. You see these infernal teamsters got scared that Stuart's rebel cavalry was coming this ere way, and so they skedaddled off last night and left me and one wagon alone, ye see. Why, these d—d rebel cavalry are iverywhere, and that d—d old rebel Stuart gives us more trouble than a little; but I think they will stop him this trip, as sure as fate." Here, to his trembling astonishment, he was informed that he was General Stuart's prisoner, and to drive out his wagon, which proved to be a well assorted supply of sutler's stores. General Stuart with the detachment joined the main body at Burnsville, having passed through the enemy's lines without encountering his pickets.

The command was moved on cautiously in the direction of Poolsville, where there was a heavy force to intercept us on that road (it being about six miles from this point to the river). But after advancing to within two and a half miles of the latter place, turned off the road and bore round to the right, along a fresh, open way through the woods and fields, where there had never been the sign of a road before. Skirmishers were thrown out on the right and left, who luckily captured every picket post of the enemy they came in contact with. The main column moved on slowly, feeling their way, till within sight of the Potomac.

Now came the feat of the expedition, the recrossing. Immediately in front of us lay Edward's Ferry, also used as a fording; still four miles to the left lay an obscure crossing, called Cheek's Ford. The first was strongly guarded by artillery and cavalry; the latter was supposed not to be guarded at all, or at least

slightly, while heavy forces were moving down from Poolsville. A sudden dash was made by a detachment of artillery and cavalry upon the ferry, which had the effect of driving the enemy's guns from his position; while entertaining him here, the main body wheeled and moved hurriedly down to the ford below. The guard on the upper side were all captured; but high cliffs jutting from the lower side, completely overlooking the ford, were discovered to be lined with the enemy's infantry. With this formidable obstacle in our front, his artillery and cavalry moving down the river, and a heavy body of infantry moving up behind, everything, indeed, looked doubtful. But the quick eye of General Stuart met this emergency by manœuvring two pieces of artillery on an eminence to the left that overlooked these cliffs, and a few well directed shells thrown in their midst cleaned them out, and a body of our dismounted sharpshooters were immediately thrown in upon them, driving them entirely off, and held the cliffs while our other pieces entertained theirs furiously, and also kept up a fight on the upper passage. In the meantime the column was successfully crossed over at this ford, and a few pieces of artillery got in position on the high hills on the Virginia side, so as to cover the other pieces in crossing; and just as they were relinquishing their position, a brigade of the enemy's infantry came double-quicking down, but a few well-directed shots, thrown in their midst, sent them skedaddling back in confusion. They again reappeared, reinforced by another brigade, but only in time to see our rear gain the other bank; chagrined and disappointed, thus they beheld their so much coveted game so completely slip their fingers—which was indeed a subject of congratulation to the exhausted trooper as he threw his weary form down upon the "green sward" of the Old Dominion to rest, having passed over a most extraordinary circuit in the short space of three days and a half, surpassing any former movement for celerity on military record. In 1803 it is recorded that Wellington's cavalry in India marched the distance of sixty miles in twenty-four hours. Lord Lake, it is said, with his English cavalry, marched seventy miles in twenty-four hours, which is the nearest approximation to this march of General Stuart's from Chambersburg. Taking all his circuitous windings to the Potomac, it was ninety miles in twenty-two hours, bringing successfully off with him a cumbersome train

of captured horses; and, what is more remarkable, passed through the right wing, around the rear, and through the left wing of McClellan's army, and for the most part through a deadly hostile country, without a single casualty, capturing four hundred prisoners, destroying a million dollars' worth of Government stores, and bringing off two thousand head of horses* This annoying dash has given their own citizens a faint idea of the sweets of war, and has taught them a wholesome respect for us, as their most rabid sheet, the New York *Tribune*, candidly expresses: "That Stuart's gang of horse thieves, notwithstanding the fact that they all richly deserve the halter, made a favorable impression wherever they went. We all like pluck, dash, and boldness, even when exhibited by highway robbers. The old farmers who lost all their horses, and as firm in the support of the Union as the hills, could not but admire the coolness, bravery, and discipline, which characterized their every movement. Compared with Stuart's cavalry, our own sink into insignificance, and seem about as valuable as the crowd of dandy ponies that gallop up Fifth Avenue every pleasant afternoon."

We passed through the patriotic old town of Leesburg amid the shouts and congratulations of her citizens; similar manifestations now greeted our entire course; crossed the Blue Ridge at Snicker's Gap, and reached our headquarters at Martinsburg on the 12th.

CHAPTER VII.

EVACUATION OF MARTINSBURG AND WITHDRAWAL FROM THE VALLEY—
ENGAGEMENT AT BARBER'S CROSS-ROADS, AT GAINES' CROSS-ROADS,
AT LITTLE WASHINGTON, AT LAUREL MILLS—HARASSES THE REAR OF
THE YANKEE ARMY IN MOVING DOWN TO FREDERICKSBURG—
QUINTESSENCE OF MEANNESS.

Since the events of the last chapter, the command was quietly keeping up the upper post of the Potomac. The river being the line, brought the pickets of each party in speaking distance of each other; and as there was an arrangement not to fire at one another on foot, an exchange of civilities was not of unfrequent

*And so sure were the old farmers of Pennsylvania of our capture, that they had come on after the pursuing column to prove and take charge of their horse property.

occurrence: such pithy dialogues as the following would occur between "Yank" and "Secesh":

Yank (derisively): "How are ye, boys—don't you want some coffee over on yer side?"

Secesh (aply): "Not any, thank ye; got plenty from Pennsylvania."

Yank (gathering and coming again): "Don't you want some clothing over there?"

Secesh: "Not a stitch: we got a good supply at Harper's Ferry and over in Pennsylvania."

Yank (sneeringly): "Why do yer fellers wear our blue clothes; you've got a *brand new* Government, why don't it furnish you in its own *glorious gray*?"

Secesh: "Economy, egad: we get yours so much cheaper."

Here Yankee curiosity seemed satisfied at this game, and assumed a more respectful tone, and then gave the confab a more sociable cast: the Yankee finally concluding by proposing to meet half way in the river and settle the pending difficulties over a bottle of whiskey, which would be accepted, meeting in a nonchalant air to the gaze of the hostile parties on each bank.

On the 1st of November, down on the right, on Fitz Lee's line in front of Harper's Ferry, the frequent pounding of Pelham's horse artillery gave us notice that the pent up columns of McClellan were seeking a vent through the mountains to make another "On to Richmond." Our main army in the meantime were laying quietly up in the valley around Winchester, and by the enemy's demonstrations on the extreme left passes, he was leaving our army to the right and moving in the direction of Warrenton, making "that masterly movement" through the mountain down the north bank of the Rappahannock, that the boastful, parasitical Northern press gave out was to thwart the "Rebel Lee," and give them an easy occupation of Richmond. This beautiful programme was to be carried out not exactly by fighting, but to beat the wary Lee there by a foot race. But if circumstances had placed Richmond as a goal of refuge from rebel bayonets, the *gallant* soldiers of the "Young Napoleon," doubtless, from their Bull Runish proclivities, would have won at that game; but, as the sequel of events will show, a sad accident befel his novel programme—that either the Young Napoleon had not

carefully examined the track before setting his coursers on, or that the new *rider*, who relieved him, did not spur fast enough.

The enemy, in debouching from his base through the mountains, gave our cavalry and horse artillery active work, both to keep their cavalry, which was largely superior to us in numbers, to the lines of their main body, and from dashing against the flanks of our army that was also on the move. This called in our cavalry from its lines. On the 3rd of November we took up the line of march, leaving behind us our good, loyal population to be again cursed by the hateful presence of the Yankees—for no one can hate them so deeply as those who have been in immediate contact with them. On our first day's march we met with nothing of special interest, save the wistful looks of many a longing old man or fair maiden as we passed along. The command bivouacked at the east end of the valley beyond Berryville.

The next day we crossed the Shenandoah River at an obscure ford at the foot of the Blue Ridge, just below where the Manassas railroad crosses, and crossed over the ridge at Manassas Gap. Here the enemy's cavalry dashed upon our advance, but a few volleys sent them skedaddling down the mountain in the wildest confusion, leaving behind several dead and wounded. Here we turned to the right from the main road, and pursued an obscure track along the eastern slope of the mountain, and halted late in the night ten miles beyond the gap, at the foot of the mountain, near Barber's cross-roads, in close proximity to the enemy, who were reported to be advancing from the direction of Snicker's Gap. A strong picket was thrown out during the night, and early in the morning a large force of cavalry and artillery were seen advancing in the direction of the cross-roads, with infantry or dismounted cavalry moving in strong columns down the mountain slopes just behind. Our forces to meet him at this point were only Hampton's cavalry, and not more than three-fourths fit for duty, and a portion of the Ninth Virginia cavalry and one battery of horse artillery, with General Stuart in command. Our forces were kept concealed behind the hills till about 11 o'clock, when the enemy were seen advancing slowly and cautiously towards the cross-roads. Their approach to this point was through a wide lane, with a stone fence running on each side. At the cross-roads stood an old store house and some other dilapidated build-

ings, and on all sides were undulating open fields, checked off with rough stone fences. The following disposition was made of our little force: One section of artillery on the right at the cross-roads, supported by a squadron of the North Carolina cavalry; another in the center, and another on the left, supported by a portion of the Georgia cavalry, the remaining four squadrons of the North Carolina cavalry in advance on the left, and the South Carolina cavalry on the extreme left flank; the Ninth Virginia, on the main road leading by the store house, with a small body of dismounted sharpshooters, under Lieutenant J. M. Morrow, posted behind the buildings at the cross-roads, and also a small body of the Georgia cavalry as sharpshooters, on the extreme right flank. Our batteries opened vigorously upon the enemy's advance, which elicited a warm response from theirs. The duel was kept up an hour and a half. In the meantime the enemy's sharpshooters were creeping up under cover of the stone fences leading from their column to the cross-roads, and also behind some cross stone fences on the left. The battery at the cross-roads, firing its last round of ammunition, was, with its support, withdrawn. Their cavalry, on seeing this, came dashing down the lane to follow and capture the piece, but a well directed volley from Lieutenant Morrow's little squad checked their advance, and continued pouring it into their confused ranks, and drove them back; they, however, rallied and completed the charge upon the buildings, when the sharpshooters retired, after again emptying a good number of saddles, with several of the party wounded. Immediately at the cross-roads the Virginia cavalry met and drove them back under cover of their sharpshooters. In the meantime the enemy's cavalry had advanced on the advance squadrons of the North Carolina cavalry on the left, where Colonel Gordon gallantly met and was driving them before him, but ran into an ambuscade of the enemy's sharpshooters behind a stone fence, where a number of our men were captured; retiring, he was charged by the Yankee cavalry, in which the sabre was used quite freely, driving them back again, and following them up vigorously, recaptured most of our men and bore off a number of theirs. The South Carolina cavalry came to their support and held the position. After this an artillery duel was kept up briskly for two hours, when all our wounded were taken off and the command

withdrawn without any interruption to the Front Royal turnpike, and bivouacked for the night at Gaines's cross-roads. Our loss was ascertained to have been fifty killed, wounded and missing.

The next day there was some skirmishing of the other cavalry on the left, but our command was not engaged. We bivouacked the ensuing night in the same place, in a thick timber, behind some hills—a most bitter cold night, without axes to prepare fire-wood—the North Carolina cavalry being the farthest down the road on the advance position. The next morning found the snow falling thick and fast, and continued until the afternoon. About 3 o'clock, while shivering around our stinted camp fires, calling down anything but blessings upon the head of Mars for introducing such a cruel *modus operandi* for settling difficulties between mortals, the ominous cracks from our well known carbines at the nearest picket post of the last named regiment, and the rushing in of a courier, gave brief notice of the untimely approach of the enemy. Every man to his horse, and down into the road dashed. Our pickets were falling back hurriedly, and were now at the edge of the camp; a large body of their dismounted men were attempting to flank and surround us on the right, and a heavy body of his cavalry was advancing up the road. Colonel Gordon met the emergency by placing the cavalry in the road, and throwing a body of dismounted men out on the right, under Lieutenant Siler, who boldly and vigorously met and drove them back from hill to hill, and held them against their main body until a piece of our artillery was brought up, when they were finally driven back, and retreated precipitately down the road. Their artillery was used quite freely, but without any effect. This regiment was the only one engaged. No pursuit was ordered, as the repulsed was too strong for the repulsing party, the other regiments of the brigade, being situated some distance up the road, and the onset being so sudden, did not come up in time to make pursuit. The enemy had several killed and wounded, while the success of this spirited little affair was not purchased without loss on our side. Lieutenant J. S. Siler, of Company K, from Macon County, N. C., fell while bravely leading the dismounted skirmishers in the last charge. In him his regiment lost a valiant and noble soul; cool, brave, generous, and kind, his men loved him like a brother. A few of his men, nearest him when he fell,

bore him off, while the remainder fought like tigers until the affair was over. Sad, indeed, was the scene when his weather-bronzed men wept around his lifeless corpse, as his warm blood crimsoned the fresh fallen snow. But sadder, far sadder, the home scene, when that manly form lay before his devoted friends, a fallen sacrifice for liberty. Father, mother, brother, and sister, your country's altar could not have had a more worthy sacrifice, and may you and yours live to enjoy that sacrifice.

“They who for their country die,
Shall fill an honored grave;
For glory gilds the soldier's tomb,
And beauty weeps the brave.”

On the ensuing day, November 8th, the enemy, with a strong force of his cavalry, made a sudden dash upon the camp of the Georgia regiment, which was situated some three miles from Gaines's cross-roads, on the turnpike near Little Washington. They evaded the pickets at the cross-roads, and came in a by-way from the right (a mile and a half from the camp), where a small body of men, under Lieutenant William Dial, of the Georgia cavalry, with only ten men, were picketing, who gallantly met the onset, falling back slowly to a narrow lane, stubbornly contesting the ground, bore up hand to hand, with their pressing assailants. The command at the camp heard it and were hurrying out to meet the alarm. Colonel Deloney, putting spurs to his horse, left the column behind and dashed up into the *melee*, and hand to hand with his brave boys, nearly all of whom had been cut down, was delivering his blows right and left, when an athletic Yankee trooper assailed him just as he was raising his dripping sabre from its victim. His new antagonist's blows were dexterously dealt, and an instant parry saved his head; a quick, heavy blow, partially warded off, fell broadside and deadened his sword arm, causing it to fall helpless by his side; one more deadly thrust at heart, but luckily a silver-cased flask in the breast coat pocket turns the weapon's sharp point, and it glides by, only grazing the skin. Exasperated at his foiled attempt, the furious trooper, with knit brows and compressed lips, was raising the final blow at the length of his powerful arm—the column comes thundering up in hurrying tread—outstripping

the foremost dashes a small boy on a little keen black charger; his darting eye catches his beloved colonel's awful dilemma, and with upraised gleaming sabre, arrests the fatal blow by cleaving the confident antagonist's head in twain, and half raising it for another stroke, a pistol shot sends the noble lad, too, reeling from his saddle dangerously wounded.* The last one of the gallant ten had fallen, killed or wounded. Hand to hand the supporting party furiously took up the encounter. Old United States regulars had been met, but Southern impetuosity was too much for them; they began to yield and give ground, when a body of our dismounted men gained their flanks, when they broke; here our artillery came dashing up and completed the success and sent them scampering down the road at a most inconvenient speed. They were pursued a short distance, but the pursuing party was called off on account of its weakness. The enemy's loss in killed, and wounded, and captured was seventy-five; our loss was twenty-five killed and wounded.

From this point General Hampton assumed the aggressive. He made two successful dashes on the enemy's position at Laurel Mills, fourteen miles above Culpeper C. H., succeeded in routing and driving them entirely from that region, killing, wounding, and capturing a large number; which rid the farmers of the presence of these notorious scamps who were committing every species of depredations, from negro stealing down to robbing the roost of the last old hen, thus giving more evidence of the thieving brigand than soldiers fighting for principle.

From daily reconnoissances it was found that the whole force of the enemy were rapidly moving on down, and on the night of the 17th, General Hampton, with a detachment from the North and South Carolina cavalry, proceeded cautiously toward his camps,

*We deem it worthy to state that this noble boy, Jimmie Clanton, scarce sixteen years old, is the son of a highly respectable and influential citizen of Augusta, Ga. He was dangerously wounded in the body, but has since recovered. His devoted father, on hearing of his situation, hurried on out to visit him, and repaired to the place where poor Jimmie lay in the most precarious situation. On entering the room, the solicitous parent seeing his suffering boy lying stretched out on his back, after saluting him, not even waiting to inquire of his welfare, but looking anxiously into his pale features: "My boy, my boy, tell me, were you shot facing the foe or with your back to him." Jimmie showed the wound in front. "All right, my brave boy," with his venerable face sparkling with joy. "I'd with far greater pride buried you with that wound in front than for you to have saved your life by rinning."

which were found to be vacated. The reconnoissance was pushed on across Broad Run to within eight miles of Warrenton, where their pickets were discovered and driven in, and after skirmishing with and harassing their main body a good part of the day, we retired back across Broad Run, losing one killed and three wounded; the enemy's loss was fifteen killed and wounded. Early next morning another reconnoissance was made in the same direction, and all the camps were found to have been deserted during the night. We kept on their track through Warrenton; here General Stuart slept in the identical bed Burnside had slept in the night before, occupying for his headquarters the house where the young Napoleon had turned his command over to Burnside. Here the celebrated Black Horse Cavalry pursued and captured in the farther side of town a part of their rear guard. We followed closely on their heels. The conduct that characterized their track through the country was enough to demoralize the soldiers of Peter the Hermit. Farms wantonly laid waste, houses pillaged, not a living domestic animal nor a grain for bread left for these unfortunate people; nevertheless, our presence would seem to cheer them into a forgetfulness of their situation, which augurs that no earthly power can ever shake their faith from our cause.

In passing through the desolated region of Fauquier County we met an instance of meanness, in the way of Yankee trickery, that should be set down to the account of that people who are laboring that they may not "escape history." A certain Yankee general made his headquarters at a Mrs. Bowman's; as he said, he went there out of kindness, to protect her property; but rather gave it the protection the wolf gives the lamb. On leaving, he politely requested his bill for self and staff, which was objected to; docking it one-half, he gave the poor woman an order on the bank at Washington, which she protested would do her no good, and in lieu of which she asked to be allowed to draw some necessaries from his commissary, which was reluctantly granted, allowing her among some few items a barrel of sugar, which was rolled up to the cellar door, the industrious brigadier superintending the placing it in the cellar, calling the lady's attention to the fact that the barrel staves were rather open, and that the sugar was working through the crevices, but he had examined and found the sugar in good condition. A few days after the gallant general and his

cortege had left, Mrs. Bowman had the barrel opened, and instead of the refined saccharine crystals, it had been packed with the commonest dirt of the orchard, the crevices being smeared, alone contained any of the article bartered for. And the only satisfaction the poor duped lady had was a side-wipe retort upon one of this wooden-nutmeg general's aids, who called a few days afterwards for his dinner; and in the course of his conversation at the table, remarked that she had fine lands, and on asking what such lands sold at, she curtly answered, "that it had sold for thirty dollars per barrel," (the price of the bogus sugar). Whereupon he insisted on an explanation. She simply referred him to his general, whose conscience doubtless

Shame could never reach,
Tho' it strove with the power
Of the mightiest catapult.

We bivouacked near Warrenton Springs, and next day made a reconnoissance out north of the Springs, when it was ascertained that the enemy's force was moving off from the direction of the upper fords of the Rappahannock, down through Fauquier and Stafford Counties, in the direction of Fredericksburg. Our command then bore down and crossed the Rappahannock at Lawson's Ford, and thence moved on to Brandy Station and went into camp in that vicinity.

Here our brigade was posted and held the upper lines of the Rappahannock in front of the enemy's extreme right, picketing and guarding the different fords. From this point General Hampton made frequent and successful raids within the enemy's lines. On the last of November, with a detachment of four hundred men, he crossed the Rappahannock and penetrated into Fauquier and captured an entire Yankee cavalry camp, securing and bearing off a large number of prisoners, and the camp equipments, without the loss of a single man. He made several daring and successful raids, penetrating as far as Dumfries and Occoquan, surprising and destroying camps, capturing many prisoners, large trains of wagons and sutler's stores, which generally proved rich and valuable, and would give the boys a gay time over the spoils. Candies, syrups, pickled oysters, lobsters, smoked beef tongues, Westphalia hams, coffee, sugar, lemons, oranges, plums, nuts, and

in fine a little of everything that a well assorted confectionery on Broadway would contain: and then—which is hardly thinkable—“Thomas and Jeremiah,” and brandies and wines of the most approved brands. Out of these fine brands was culled a gaudily painted cask, labelled in the most fancy characters, “A CHRISTMAS PRESENT TO GEN. A. E. BURNSIDE,” which was placed under special deposit for our general’s sideboard. Doubtless the donor of this miscarried present would, under the *regime* of Abraham I., be bastiled for instilling *spirit* into the rebellion. On one of these sudden dashes into Occoquan General Hampton captured the notorious Virginia traitor and spy, J. C. Underwood. These raids were made during the most rigorous season of the winter, traveling day and night, amid the severest storms of sleet and snow, which was borne cheerfully, as our noble and beloved commander, sacrificing every pleasure, never failed to share with us the most extreme privations. These annoying raids so seriously affected the enemy’s communication, that the line between Alexandria and Fredericksburg was suspended. The enemy attempted several times to force a passage across at these fords above, but in every instance were successfully met and driven back.

CHAPTER VIII.

STUART’S RAID ON BURNSIDE’S REAR—CROSSES THE RAPPAHANNOCK—MAKES A DESCENT UPON DUMFRIES AND OCCOQUAN—MEETS AND DISPERSES THE YANKEE CAVALRY MOST HANDSOMELY—CAPTURES A LARGE TRAIN OF WAGONS AND SUTLERS’ STORES—CAPTURES BERKLEY STATION—PRISONERS AND SUPPLIES.

The battle of Fredericksburg had been fought under the *regime* of its new-fledged general, who had, to use their own favorite phrase, “met a damaging repulse.” He had stolen back, with his shattered forces, across the river on his pontoons, which had he, Cæsar like, burnt behind him, his beaten, demoralized army would have been completely gobbled by the wary Lee. But he had succeeded, under cover of night, in doggedly drawing them back again, and he lay cowering between the Rappahannock and Potomac, which presented an opportune occasion for a mischievous prank in his rear by our “light, dashing dragoons.”

Accordingly, a little over a week after this event, on Christmas morning, December 25th, that season once the signal of joy and mirth, the weather-beaten trooper, if he had any anticipations on that event, they were blasted by the bugle's importunate notes, summoning "boots and saddles." In every camp he could be seen cheerfully busying himself in packing his haversack, adjusting his full complement of cartridge rounds, belting his sabre, and slinging on his carbine, in pursuance of an order of the night previous, to be ready early, with five days' rations, *en route* for some point unknown. About 10 o'clock the whole brigade moved off in full trim in the direction of the Rappahannock, where we joined the other cavalry of the whole division, with its accompaniment of two pieces of horse artillery, and bivouacked for the night on the south bank. Early next morning we crossed the river at Kelly's and Bowman's fords, moving up on the Elktown road, with Generals Stuart, Hampton, and the two Lees at our head—which betokened some trick of more than ordinary import—with the brigade of each stretching along the narrow road a considerable distance behind. We passed through Elktown, and penetrated as far as Cedar River without any interruption, when, after dark, the command was halted, and bivouacked on this side of the river, below Brentsville; where we decamped early next morning, crossing at Bowman's Ford, leaving Brentsville to the left; thence recrossing again, moved on in the direction of Occoquan; and when within eight miles of the latter place, General Stuart detached the brigades of the two Lees, turned to the right, and moved down upon Dumfries, where some recent camps of the enemy had been established since Hampton's last raid, a week before, leaving Hampton with his brigade to move on Occoquan, where a body of the enemy's cavalry were posted, and attack the two places simultaneously. One column, after moving on a short distance, the advance met a small body of Yankee cavalry, and, after an exciting chase, captured the whole party; then moved up to within three miles of Occoquan, and halted. Soon the booming of cannon from the right gave us notice that Stuart was at work on his point. The command moved rapidly on, and when within about a mile of our point, the enemy's cavalry met the advance, and after a few sharp cracks they broke and fled, the whole column in full pursuit after them, chasing them through

Occoquan, killing, wounding, and capturing twenty-five, and driving the others across the river; some breaking down the river in the direction of Dumfries. We captured a train of twenty wagons, mules, and a good lot of sutler's stores, which proved a welcome prey to us. We will relate a little experience with these unfortunate victims:

The first was a short, chuffy, black, lager-beer Dutchman, toiling with a heavy laden two-horse vehicle, just turning out of the road to take up camp. Our advance dashed up, and hailed him to surrender. The astounded driver, dropping his reins, with broad amazement over his round features, and with a despairing look, exclaimed: "Vell, vell, de rebels ish got me. Got tam sich a peeples. Vot for ish our army vort, any how, if dey can't keep vun tam leetle pit ov rebel hosses off vot leetle guds a body ish got in de behind here; vy, dey aint vort vun copper zent, to let you leetle pit uv men vip tem off, and cum vay pack here and take our leetle tings from us tish vay." With a deeper grin of despondency, he continued: "Every ting I ish got, der it goes. Vell," extending his hands, with open digits, "der is vive fingers on dat hand, and vive on dish, and I ish goin' to home and go to vork vid tem hands, and vot leetle I git, I vill stay der mit it de rest of mine tays, afore I vill risk vun cent in tish tam concern vun time more; if old Sho Hooker would give his pond aginst de rebels, and old Linckhon to poot." Three other vehicles with their rolling stock had halted behind. From the foremost, an Irishman, the driver leaving his boss, a merchant-like personage sitting on the box, was accosted by one of our officers riding up: "Well, Pat, I am glad to see you." "An' sure ye've missed it; it's Mike this time. An' faith, captin, ye've a right to bay glad, since I've brought so nicely intu yer hands three sich loads as those." "Have you any boots?" the officer impatiently asked. "Ah, an' plase yer honor, a fine lot, but as yer foot is kinder like me own, it's outgrown the rest of yer body (the foot of the interrogator being greatly disproportionate), I doubt ye could be fitted out o' this lot; but if ye'll say so, I'll take yer measure now, an' have ye a pair made to order, an' whin ye come agin, I'll deliver them. Ye've dun so well this time, ye'll be afther prowlin' around here again; and as we've disposed uv the stock so aisily this time, we'll be afther drivin' to the same market agin."

The wagons were hurried off, amid the dolorous sighs of the ruined sutlers—Mike lively cracking his whip and jesting to the contrary.

The command held this place till 10 o'clock in the night, and then retired about eight miles back on the road we came, where we joined the other brigades, who in the meantime had made a successful descent upon Dumfries, killing and capturing one hundred and fifty of the enemy, charging and driving them from their first line of camps, which were held and destroyed, and cannonading a large body of infantry for two hours, bringing off forty army and sutlers' wagons, with only the loss of six killed and wounded. Here, at a late hour in the night, the command halted and rested till morning. In the morning it was ascertained that a large force of the enemy's cavalry was pursuing us. General Stuart wheeled the column, and led it back to meet them; and after advancing about three miles, met their advance. The enemy, anticipating our movements, had drawn up three brigades in line across an extensive old field, fronting the road, approached by a steep hill, the road passing up this hill through a deep cut. General Stuart, with the first Virginia cavalry (his old regiment) in advance, with the other columns in supporting distance. The enemy's advance was charged and driven straight forward in, and just as the end of the cut was reached, General Stuart gave the command, "At them, my boys, and give it to them in *terce point!*" And at it, with that devilish yell, across the open field in the face of a perfect shower of leaden hail, the gallant Virginians dashed—clash went their sabres—delving into the enemy's ranks they plunged. The first shock had scarcely subsided when their front line broke. Plying the onset with additional fury, the support also gave way, and the confusion became a rout, and broke into a wild flight; their flying columns glutting the road—parties indiscriminately breaking through wood and field—the continual pop of our pistols and clash of our sabres—pinning the hindmost up—blockading the road with horse and rider—every step marking the road with a bleeding body.

This exciting chase was thus kept up for two miles, driving them on through their camps, below Occoquan City, and never stopped till within the lines of a large body of infantry, who were moving up from Dumfries, and after entertaining this body with

several rounds of shell, the command withdrew, having killed and wounded two hundred, with the loss of only sixteen killed and wounded. Crossed the Ocoquan River, and proceeded to Burke Station, on the Orange and Alexandria Railroad, capturing the telegraph and operator, and some supplies. Here General Stuart opened communication with old Abe, and elicited several respectful responses; when he concluded by remonstrating with him respecting the inferior qualities of his mules, in the following despatch:

"PRESIDENT LINCOLN: The last draw of wagons I've just made are very good, but the mules are inferior stock, scarcely able to haul off the empty wagons; and if you expect me to give your lines any further attention in this quarter, you should furnish better stock, as I've had to burn several valuable wagons before getting them in my lines.

"J. E. B. STUART."

"A. Lincoln."

Destroying the telegraph and obstructing the railroad, moved on all night in the direction of Fairfax, but finding a strong force had been concentrated at that point, passed immediately around it, evading their forces who were on the move to intercept us, and bore round up to Vienna, and swept on round the enemy without any interruption during the day: crossed Bull Run and bivouacked near Gainesville; thence through Warrenton, where a body of Yankee cavalry came across to intercept us, but the ubiquitous Black Horse alone met and dispersed them; recrossed the Rappahannock at Warrenton Springs, and proceeded leisurely to camp and reached it on the 31st. In this raid General Stuart doubtless carried out his most cherished plans, capturing three hundred prisoners, besides killing and wounding at least one hundred, securing and carrying off a large quantity of valuable property, and inflicting serious damage upon the enemy in destroying his camps and supplies. In the meantime the enemy's cavalry attempted a raid on our rear, proceeded to the Rappahannock, crossed at Kelly's Ford, overpowering the small picket force, and was proceeding in the direction of our camps. But General Stuart had left Colonel Baker, with part of Hampton's command, for such an emergency: who gallantly met them, and by skilful manœuvring of the small force he had under him, he

drove them back across the river, severely chastising them in their retreat. Their force outnumbered ours five to one, but the promptness of this gallant officer in having his small force at the right place and at the right time saved us from an untold disaster.

Thus ends our crude and imperfect sketches of the humble part we have borne in the summer, fall, and winter campaigns of 1862. And tonight as we lay down our pen, the chilling wintry winds chant a sad requiem of the parting year that has entombed so many fond hopes. We hear the lone step of the sentinel on his weary round, as his steady tread rustles over the incrustated, frozen ground; he breathes in silence against the cutting blasts, and fond memory carries him back to the once happy scenes of peaceful association.

“His musket falls slack, his face dark and grim,
Grows gentle with memories dear.”

His reveries break, and his heart utters a silent prayer for peace. Ah! how many hearts at this moment are anxiously throbbing for that much coveted blessing. Yet bear up, God in his own good time will deliver us, and amid the dark, frowning clouds of war a full gleam of hope peers through the gloom, reflected from a just and holy cause, still encouraging us to strike.

“Strike—as ye have struck before!
Strike—as ye have struck, once more!
Strike—as patriotic sires of yore!
Determined to be free!”

These sore trials may run through another year, or even a series of years. Souls are tried in the crucible of suffering, and the hotter the crucible the purer the metal. And when the long pent up beams of peace burst forth, they will shine the brighter; and when we do come to sit down under the green tree of peace, the holier will be the spell. Yes, every pure impulse of the heart—every holy emotion of the soul—and every fond hope of the future inspires us to strike on with redoubled blows,

——— “for the green graves of our sires!
For our altars and our fires!
God and our native land!”

CHAPTER IX.

INTRODUCTION TO THE SPRING CAMPAIGN OF 1863.

We shall now attempt a continuation of the line of events through which our command has passed in the eventful campaign of 1863. We propose to trace a faithful narrative of the movements where we were engaged separately, or in conjunction with the whole or part of the army. The many gallant dashes, hard fought fights, and brilliant successes that have characterized the engagements of this branch of the troops, will lend a thrilling interest to our history when the impartial historian sets forth all the facts of this war to posterity; and the daring and brilliant achievements of our gallant Stuart and his subordinates, Hampton and the Lees, seconded by a brave and indefatigable soldiery, to say nothing of their cavalier compeers of the West, will add lustre to the military renown of the grand achievements of the other noble arms of the service.

The close of the campaign of 1862 left us in mid-winter on outpost duty on the upper lines of the Rappahannock. Our camps lay back on the hills in the vicinity of Stevensburg. The severe winter privations around this old dingy hamlet will long be remembered by Hampton's men as anything but an oasis in life's desert. Rain, rain, sleet, sleet, snow, snow, alternately, seemed to be the unrelenting programme of old Hiems' majesty. Deeming this a permanent location for the rest of the winter, the busy clang of the axe gave token that vast improvements were under way; and in a few days rudely constructed shelters of every conceivable description dotted the camps; and, from the different modes of construction, one would have supposed that the confused builders of Babel's tower had taken the contract. Variegated modes of architecture could be seen, to suit the energy and convenience of the builder; the regular conical Indian wigwam, covered with earth; a few poles braced up at three sides, covered with a tent-fly; and the regular woodman's cabin, with the crib chimney topped off with a barrel, puffing its fumes haughtily up in the air. What joyous comforts in fruition, as well as in anticipation, as these camp denizens would see the long, taggy icicles hanging from the rude roofs, or sit around the sparkling, cheerful

fires, and hear the sleet rattling on the boards overhead, and in these cozy comforts exclaim, "Let the storm howl on."

The usual routine of camp duty was interrupted only once or twice by the enemy appearing in front of our lines across the Rappahannock, and sending at long range a few shells over, which would be duly responded to by Captain Hart's battery, with no other seeming purpose than to remind us that the doors of Janus were not opened: while we in turn would remind them of the same idea by the active enterprise of our indefatigable scouts, who, notwithstanding the severity of the weather, were continually penetrating their lines, carrying off batch after batch of prisoners. In one instance Lieutenant R. C. Shiver, a cool and daring young officer, of the Second South Carolina Cavalry, with a few men, crossed the Rappahannock in a boat, and surprised and captured a number of prisoners. This young officer made several successful raids, killing and capturing a number of the enemy.

The first snow storm that had christened our winter quarters had scarcely melted away, when an unmerciful order came, precipitating us again out of doors. The darling comforts of our rude firesides, and the little domicile associations that had just begun to re-gentle one's nature, were reluctantly left behind. With bag and baggage now in the middle of February, the brigade moved out for some point unknown. Striking in a westwardly direction, we bivouacked the first night on the historic slopes of Cedar Mountain. The last rays of the setting sun played lingeringly upon the old devoted field. The *debris* of the late contest lay profusely around, in broken fragments of shell; a rusty bayonet here and there, and broken muskets; scarred and crushed timber on the western slopes, marked the furious tracks of the struggle. A sad interest leads one down in the valley. Near by the little run that takes its name from the mountain, the upheaved sod rests on the bosoms of our fallen patriots of this well fought field, resting quietly in one common grave,

Like true heroes,
They sleep hard by where they fell,
Striking nobly
For the homes they lov'd so well.

Our bivouac fires, as we ensconced under our blankets, were greeted with a calm, clear sky, betokening an opportune occasion for our move. But these sunny-side calculations were sadly doomed to disappointment, as on the ensuing morning, raising our blankets from round our heads, the accumulating snow flakes came avalanching down around the bare neck. Looking out on the cheerless scene, the snow already several inches deep and still falling thick and fast, nothing told that a bivouac ever rested there, save the trembling horses that stood up to their knees in snow; while the promiscuous groups of sleepers that lay along the line of encampment still slept, insensible of the warring elements, beneath the snow mounds that had accumulated over each, which presented the appearance of one vast burying ground, resting snugly from the storm without. How suggestive of that long sleep that has but one awakening. The similitude goes further: as the morning bugle trumps them from their couches, breaking the smooth surface, they come forth from their snowy graves like apparitions rising from the earth, which was indeed a picture for the pencil of an artist. But the scene assumed more of a real cast to the actors, as we mounted and moved forward amid the cutting blasts, through ice, snow, and mud, on the miserable roads of the Piedmont region, which reminded one of the roads Sam Slick traveled over in Texas, where the bottom had fallen out. Our course had turned southward, and the move was no longer a military secret—the command was despatched to the lower counties on the important mission of *recruiting*, which proved to be rather a strange commentary on recruiting stock, which is rather better expressed by Bill Arp on the same subject: we went from one point to another, "*whippaty whoppaty, flippaty floppaty*, riding around over the land," and after wandering over several of the lower counties of Virginia, the command was ordered back, and reported for duty about the last of May, and was assigned our original position on the outpost, which General Fitz Lee had held in our absence, on which in the meantime at Kelly's Ford, on the 17th of March, the enemy crossed, and attacked and captured the small picket force; they were met by only a portion of Fitz Lee's brigade and a battery of Stuart's horse artillery, with General Stuart in command. Pleasanton's whole cavalry division had crossed and was advancing, when a most severe and obstinate

fight ensued; and after the most skillful manœuvering and hard fighting against overwhelming odds, the enemy by night was so badly crippled that he retired from the field, and fell back across the river, having suffered a heavy loss in killed and wounded. Our loss was also severe. Among the killed were some of our best and most promising officers—Major Puller, of Virginia; — Harris, of —, and Major John Pelham, of Alabama, chief of Stuart's horse artillery. The latter had won for himself the reputation of being one of the most skillful and successful young officers of the army, of whom the immortal Jackson, on the occasion of the battle of Fredericksburg, awarded the extreme compliment, "*That with a Pelham on each flank, I could vanquish the world,*" and to whose memory we will take the liberty to submit the eloquent drippings from the pen of another.

CHAPTER X.

THE GALLANT PELHAM.

On the morning of the 17th of March, Averill's Federal cavalry, three thousand in the saddle, crossed the Rappahannock at Kelly's Ford, and attacked about eight hundred of General Fitz Lee's command, who faced, without shrinking from these great odds, and fought them stubbornly at every point throughout the entire day.

When the sun, on that tranquil evening, was sinking slowly down behind the quiet forest, unstirred by the least breath of wind, the long and desperate struggle was decided, the enemy retiring "badly hurt"; and General Stuart added in his despatch, "We are after him. His dead men and horses strew the roads." No harder battle has been fought during the entire war, and never have the enemy rolled back in greater confusion before Southern steel than here. Our heroes won the day by hard and desperate fighting, in charge after charge; but lost in the struggle some of the most valiant hearts that ever beat. Puller, Harris and Pelham were among the number—the "gallant Pelham" of the battle of Fredericksburg. He was in the performance of his duty as chief of artillery, and was riding towards his general as



COL. JOHN PELHAM.

a regiment of cavalry swept by him in the charge. He was waving his hat aloft and cheering them on, when a ball from a carbine struck him on the head, mortally wounding him. He lingered till after midnight on the morning of the 18th, when General Stuart telegraphed to Mr. Curry, of Alabama: "The noble, the chivalric, the gallant Pelham is no more; he was killed in action yesterday. His remains will be sent to you today. How much he was beloved, appreciated, and admired, let the tears of agony we have shed, and the gloom of mourning throughout my command bear witness. His loss is irreparable." The body of the young officer was sent to Richmond, laid in state in the capital of Virginia, and we are told, "some tender hand deposited the evergreen wreaths, entwined with white flowers, upon the case that contained all that was mortal of the fallen hero." His family received the soldier's remains, they were taken to his Southern home: Virginia, the field of his fame, had surrendered him to Alabama, the land of his birth.

The following is the General Order issued by General Stuart on the occasion:

Headquarters Cavalry Division,
Army of Northern Virginia, March 21, 1863.

GENERAL ORDERS No. 9.

The Major-General Commanding approaches, with reluctance, the painful duty of announcing to the Division its irreparable loss in the death of Major John Pelham, commanding the Horse Artillery.

He fell mortally wounded in the battle of Kellysville (March 16th), with the battle-cry on his lips, and the light of victory beaming in his eye.

To you, his comrades, it is needless to dwell upon what you have so often witnessed, his prowess in action, already proverbial. You well know how, though young in years—a mere stripling in appearance—remarkable for his genuine modesty of deportment, he yet discloses on the battlefield the conduct of a veteran, and displayed in his handsome person the most imperishable coolness in danger. His eye had glanced over every battlefield of this army, from the first Manassas to the moment of his death, and was, with a single exception, a brilliant actor in all. The memory of "the gallant Pelham," his many virtues, his noble nature, and purity of character, is enshrined as a sacred legacy in the hearts of all who knew him. His record has been bright and spotless, his career brilliant and successful. He fell the noblest sacrifice on the altar of his country, to whose glorious service he had dedicated his life from the beginning of the war.

In token of respect for his cherished memory, the horse artillery and division staff will wear the military badge of mourning for thirty days;

and the senior officer of staff, Major Von Borcke, will place his remains in the possession of his bereaved family, to whom is tendered in behalf of the division the assurance of heartfelt sympathy in their deep tribulation. In mourning his departure from his accustomed post of honor on the field, let us strive to imitate his virtues, and trust that what is loss to us may be more than gain to him.

By command of Major-General J. E. B. Stuart.

R. CHANNING PRICE, Major and A. A. G.

Thus passed away a noble, lofty soul—thus ended a career, brief it is true, but among the most arduous, glorious, and splendid which the history of this war contains. Young, but immortal; a boy in years, but heir to undying fame, he was called away from the scene of his triumphs and glory to a brighter world, where neither wars nor rumors of wars can come, and wounds, and pains, and suffering are unknown, where

“Malice domestic, foreign levy, nothing
Can touch him further.”

To him who writes these lines the death of this noble youth has been inexpressibly saddening. It has cast a shadow on the very sunlight, and the world seems somehow colder and more dreary since he went away. It was but yesterday almost that he was in his tent, and I looked into his frank, brave eyes, and heard his kind, honest voice. There is the seat he occupied as we conversed, the bed where he often slept with me, prolonging his gay talk deep into the night; there are the books he read, the papers which he wrote; at this table he once sat, and here where my own hand rests, has rested the hand of the dead. Every object thus recalls him, even as he lived and moved beside me but a few days ago; his very words seem still echoing in the air, and the dreary camp is full of his presence.

Nor am I the only one whose heart has bled for the young soldier. All who knew him loved him for his gay, sweet temper, as they admired him for his unshrinking courage. I have seen no face over which a sort of a shadow did not pass at the announcement, “Pelham is dead.”

It is only another mode of saying: “Honor is dead: courage is dead: modesty, kindness, courtesy, the inborn spirit of the true and perfect gentleman, the nerve of the soldier, the gaiety of the

good companion, the kindly heart, and the resolute soul—all dead, and never more to revisit us in person.”

These words are not dictated by a blind partiality, or mere personal regard for the brave youth who has fallen in front of the foe in defence of the sacred liberties of the South. Of his matchless daring, unshrinking nerve and utter coolness in the hour of deadliest peril, let the name of “the gallant Pelham,” given by General Lee at Fredericksburg, bear witness. Of his noble, truthful nature, those who knew him best will speak. He had made for himself a “great, immortal name,” and he was only twenty-four when he died.

A son of the great State of Alabama, and descended from an old and honorable family there, he had more than the courage of his race and clime. He chose arms as his profession, and entered West Point, where he graduated just as the war commenced. He lost no time in offering his services to the South, and received the appointment of first lieutenant in the Confederate States Army; proceeding to Harper’s Ferry, when General Johnston was in command there, he was assigned to duty as drill officer of artillery, and in the battle of Manassas commanded a battery, which he fought with that daring and obstinate courage which afterwards rendered him so famous. He speedily attracted the highest generals of the army, and General J. E. B. Stuart entrusted him with the organization of the battalion of horse artillery, which he subsequently commanded in nearly every battle of the war upon Virginia soil. Here I knew him first.

From the moment he took command of that famous corps a new system of artillery fighting seemed to be inaugurated. The rapidity, the rush, the impetus of the cavalry were grafted on its more deliberate brother. Not once, but repeatedly, has the horse artillery of Pelham given chase at full speed to a flying enemy; and far in advance of all infantry supports, unlimbered and hurled its thunders on the foe. It was ever at the point where the line was weakest; and however headlong the charge of the cavalry, the whirling guns were beside it, all ready for their part. “Trot march” had yielded to “gallop” with the battalion; it was brought into position and put into action with a rush; and in and out among the guns where the bolts fell thickest was the brave young artillerist; cool and self-possessed, but as one of the officers

said the other day, "as gay as a school-boy at a frolic." He loved his profession for its own sake purely, and often spoke to the officers above alluded to of the "jolly good fights" he would have in the present campaign. But I anticipate my subject.

Once associated with the command of General Stuart, he secured the warm regard and unlimited confidence of that general, who employed his services upon every occasion. Thenceforth their fortunes seemed united like their hearts, and the name of the young man became noised abroad as one of the most desperate fighters of the whole army. He was rightly regarded by General Jackson and others as possessed of a very extraordinary genius for artillery, and when any movement of unusual importance was designed, Pelham was assigned to the artillery to be employed. His career was a brief one, but how glorious! How crowded with great events that are history now. Let us glance at it.

When our forces fell back from Manassas in 1861, his batteries had their part in covering the movement, guarding the fords of the Rappahannock. During the campaign of the Peninsula his Blakely was as a sentinel on post next the enemy, and at the battle of Williamsburg his courage and skill transformed raw militia into veterans. In the seven days' battles around Richmond he won fadeless laurels. With one Napoleon he engaged three heavy batteries, and fought them with a pertinacity and unfaltering nerve which made the calm face of Jackson glow: the pressure of that heroic hand, warm and eloquent of unspoken admiration. Soon afterwards at the White House he engaged a gunboat, and driving it away after a brief but hot encounter, proved how fanciful were the terrors of these "monsters," as they were then called. After that work in the peninsula the young man was famous.

His greatest achievements were to come, however; and he hastened to record them on the enduring tablets of history. From the moment when his artillery advanced from the Rappahannock to the time when it returned thither, to the day of Fredeicksburg, the path of the young leader was deluged with the blood of battle. At Manassas he rushed his guns into the very columns of the enemy almost, fighting their sharpshooters with canister, amid a hurricane of balls. At Sharpsburg he had command of nearly

all the artillery on our left, and directed it with the hand of the master. When the army crossed back into Virginia, he was posted at Shepherdstown, and guarded the ford with an obstinate valor, which spoke in the regular and unceasing reverberation of his deep-mouthed Napoleons, as they roared on hour after hour, driving back the enemy.

Of the days that succeeded that exciting period many persons will long hold the memory. It was in an honest old country house, whither the tide of war bore him for a time, that the gay, noble nature of the young soldier shone forth in all its charms. There, in the old hall on the banks of the Opequon, surrounded by warm hearts who reminded him, perhaps, of his own beloved ones in far Alabama; there in the tranquil days of autumn, in that beautiful country, he seemed to pass some of his happiest hours. All were charmed with his kind temper, and his sunny disposition, with his refinement, his courtesy, his high breeding and simplicity. Modest to a fault almost—blushing like a girl at times—and wholly unassuming in his entire deportment, he became a favorite to all around him, and secured that regard of good men and women which is the proof of high traits and fine instincts in its possessor. In the beautiful autumn forests, by the stream with its great sycamores, and under the tall oaks of the lawn, he thus wandered for a time from his own land of Alabama, admired and cherished by warm hearts in this. When he left the haunts of the old bower, I think he regretted it. But work called him.

The fiat had gone forth from the imperial closet at Washington that another "On to Richmond" should be attempted, and where the vultures of war hovered, there was the post of duty for his horse artillery. The cavalry crossed the Blue Ridge, and met the advancing column at Aldie, and Pelham was again in his element, hurling destruction into the ranks of General Bayard. Henceforth, until the banks of the Rappahannock were reached by the cavalry, falling back in order, as was designed, from that instant the batteries of horse artillery disputed every step of ground. The direction of the horse artillery was left with unhesitating confidence to the young officer; and those who witnessed during that arduous movement the masterly handling of his guns, can tell how this confidence was justified—it was the eye of the great

soldier and the hand of the born artillerist which was evident in his work during those days of struggle; he fell back neither too soon nor too late, and only limbered up his guns to unlimber again in the first position he reached. Thus fighting every inch of the way from Aldie round by Paris and Markham's, he reached the Rappahannock, and posted his artillery at the fords, where he stood and bade the enemy defiance. That page in the history of the war is scarcely known, but those who were present know the obstinacy of the contests, and the nerve and skill displayed by the young officer. That may be unknown, but the work done by Pelham on the great day of Fredericksburg is part of history now. All know how stubbornly he stood on that day—what laurels encircled his young brow, when night at last came. This was the climax of his fame—the event with which his name will be inseparably connected. With one Napoleon gun he opened the battle on the right, and instantly drew upon himself the fire at close range of four batteries in front, and a heavy enfilading fire from thirty-pound Parrotts across the river. But this did not daunt him. That Napoleon gun was the same he used at the battle of Cold Harbor; it was taken from the enemy at Seven Pines, and in the hands of the young officer it had won a fame that must not be tarnished by defeat—its grim voice must roar, however great the odds—its reverberating defiance must roll over the plain, until the bronzed war dog was silenced. So it roared on steadily, with Pelham beside it, blowing up caissons, and continuing to tear the enemy's ranks. General Lee was watching it from the hills above, and exclaimed, with eyes filled with admiration: "It is glorious to see such courage in one so young!" It was indeed glorious to see that one gun, placed in an important position, hold its ground with a firmness so unflinching and heroic—to see a beardless boy sternly standing in that horrible hurricane of shell, with iron resolution, and a soul as immovable as a rock. Not until his last round of ammunition was shot away did Pelham retire, and then only after a peremptory order had been sent to him. He afterwards took command of the entire artillery on the right, and fought it until night, with a skill and courage which were admirable. He advanced his guns steadily, and at nightfall was thundering on the flank of the retreating foe, who no longer replied. No answering roar came back from

those batteries he had fought with his Napoelon so long. He had triumphed. That triumph was complete, and placed forever upon record, when the great commander-in-chief, whom he loved and admired so ardently, gave him the name in his report of "the gallant Pelham."

Supreme tribute to his courage, immortalizing him in history! To be the sole name mentioned in all that host of heroes, and mentioned as "the gallant Pelham."

Thenceforward there was little for him to desire. He never cared for rank, only longed for glory; and now his name was deathless. It is true that he sometimes said, with modesty and noble pride, that he thought it somewhat hard to be considered too young for promotion, when they gave him great commands, as at Sharpsburg and Fredericksburg, and called on him when the hardest work was to be done. But he never desired a mere title he had not won, and did his soldier's duty thoroughly, trusting to time. So noble and important, however, had been his recent services, that promotion was a matter of course. The president had appointed him a lieutenant colonel, and it only awaited a formal confirmation of the senate, when he fell on the Rappahannock. His fall was a public calamity to the nation, but none to him. It was fit that such a spirit should lay down his great work before the hard life of the world had dimmed the polish of the good knight's spotless shield. He wanted no promotion at the hands of men. He had won, if not worn, the highest honors of the great soldier; and having finished his task, the gentle spirit took its flight, promoted by the tender hand of Death to other honors in a brighter world.

In this hasty tribute to one I knew well and loved much, it is hard to avoid the appearance of exaggeration. The character of this young soldier was so eminently noble—his soul so brave, so true, so free from any taint that was mean, or sordid, or little—that the sober words of truth may be doubted by some, who will only regard them as that tender and poor flattery which friendship accords to the dead. This sentiment will be experienced only by strangers, however. Those who knew him will recognize the true portrait. His modesty, his gentleness, his bearing—almost childlike in its simplicity—made his society the most charming I have ever known. This modesty of his deportment was observed

by every one, and strangers often referred to the singular phenomenon in a youth bred in the self-sufficient atmosphere of West Point, and whose name was already famous. He never spoke of himself: one might live with him for a month, and never know that he had been in a single action. He never seemed to think he deserved any applause for his splendid courage, and was silent upon all subjects connected with his own actions. In his purse was found, folded away, after his death, a slip from a United States officer, once his friend, which contained the words: "After a long silence I write. God bless you, dear Pelham, I am proud of your success." But he had never even alluded to the paper. Distinguished unmistakably by the affection and admiration of his immediate general; rendered famous forever by the magnificent praise of the commander-in-chief at Fredericksburg—he never exhibited the least trait of self-love, remaining still what he had always been, as modest, unassuming, and simple as a child.

This and other winning traits come to my mind as I write, and I could speak at length of those charming endowments which endeared him to every one around him. I could dwell on his nice sense of honor, his devotion to his family—on that *prisca fides* in his feelings and opinions, which made a great, true type of the Southern gentleman, attracting the attention and respect of the most eminent personages of his time. But with the recollection of those eminent social characteristics comes always the memory of his long, hard work in the service. I have often seen him engaged in that work which gave him his great fame; and this phase of the young officer's character obtrudes itself, rounding and completing the outline.

With what obstinate, unyielding courage he fought! with a daring how splendid, how rich in the suggestion of the antique days! He entered upon a battle with the coolness and resolution of a great leader, trained in a thousand combats, and fought his guns with a fury and *elan* of Murat at the head of his horsemen. No tract of the ground, no movement of the enemy, ever escaped his eagle eye. With an inborn genius for war—which West Point had merely developed, and directed in its proper channels—he had that rapid comprehension—intuition, almost—which counts for so much in a leader. Where the contest was hottest, and the pressure heaviest, there was Pelham with his guns; and the

broken lines of infantry or cavalry giving ground before irresistible numbers, heard with deep voices roaring, and saw the ranks of the enemy, torn and scattered. Often he waited for no orders, but took the whole responsibility, and opened his batteries where he saw that they were needed by the emergencies of the moment. But what he did was always the very best that could be done. He struck at the right moment, and his arm was heavy. Many foes had felt it, and the knowledge that Pelham, with his horse artillery, was in front, did not give them much heart for the encounter. They knew that the announcement was another manner of informing them that skill, daring, and stubborn courage were to be dealt with; that wounds, disaster, and death awaited them from the hands of the young leader. What terrified the foe was the gauge of success to our men. The deep roar of Pelham's Napoleons was a welcome sound. When the deep-mouthed thunder of those guns was heard, the faintest took heart, and the contest assumed a new phase to all, for that sound had proved on many a field the harbinger of victory.*

Beside those guns was the chosen post of the young artilleryist, the *gaudium certaminis* seemed to fill his being at such moments; and however numerous the batteries which he threw into action, he never remained behind "in command of the whole field." He told me that he considered this his duty, and he never shrank, as he might have done, in performing it. He was ever by the guns which were under the hottest fire, and when the enemy shifted their fire to other portions of the field, he proceeded thither, riding at full speed, and directed the fresh batteries in person. His men will remember how cheering and inspiring was his presence to them; how his coolness steadied them in the most exciting moments; and his brave, cheerful voice was the herald of success. "He was the bravest human being I ever saw in my life," said one of his officers I conversed with recently; and all who have seen him will bear similar testimony. His coolness had something in it heroic, and almost terrible at times. It never

*The rumor obtained a wide circulation that Major Pelham lost one or more of his guns when the cavalry fell back from the mountains. The report is entirely without foundation. *He never lost a gun, there or anywhere else.* Though he fought his pieces with such obstinacy that the enemy more than once charged within ten yards of the muzzles of the guns, he always drove them back, and brought his artillery off safely.

deserted him, or was affected by those chances of battle that make the bravest men nervous. He saw guns shattered and dismounted, or men torn to pieces, without changing color, or exhibiting any signs of emotion. His nature seemed strung, and every muscle braced, to a pitch which precluded the possibility of faltering. The cause he fought for gave him nerves of iron, and the ghastliest spectacle of blood and death left his soul unmoved, the stern will unbent as before.

That unbending will had been tested often, and had never failed him yet. At Manassas, Williamsburg, Cold Harbor, Groveton, Ox Hill, Sharpsburg, Shepherdstown, Kearneysville, Aldie, Union, Upperville, Markham's, Barber's, Hazel River, and Fredericksburg, at all these and many other places he fought his horse artillery, and handled it with such heroic contempt of danger. One day, when I led him to speak of his career, he counted up something like sixty battles, great and small, which he had been in, and in every one had borne a prominent part. Talk with the associates of the young leader in those hard-fought battles, and they will tell you of a hundred instances of his dauntless courage. At Manassas, he took position in a place so dangerous that an officer who had followed him up to that moment, rode away with the declaration that "if Pelham was fool enough to stay there, *he was not.*" But General Jackson thanked him, as he had thanked him at Cold Harbor, when the brave young soldier came back covered with dust from fighting his Napoleon, the light of victory in his eyes. At Markham's, while he was fighting the enemy in front, they made a circuit and charged him in the rear; but he turned his guns about, and fought them as before, and with his "French Detachment," singing aloud the triumphant *Marseillaise*, as the same Napoleon gun broke their ranks and drove them back. All that whole great movement was a marvel of hard fighting, however; and Pelham was the hero of the stout, close struggle, as he was of the hot contest on the right at Fredericksburg. Any other chief of artillery might have sent his men in, leaving the direction of the guns to such officers as the brave Captain Henry; but this did not suit the young chieftain. He must go himself with the one gun sent forward, and beside that piece he remained until it was ordered back—directing his own men to lie down, but himself sitting on his own horse, and

intent solely upon the designs and movements of the enemy, wholly careless of the "fire of hell" hurled against him. It was glorious, indeed, as General Lee declared, to see such heroism in the boyish artillerist; and well might General Jackson speak of him in terms of "exaggerated compliment," and ask General Stuart "if he had *another Pelham* to give *him*." On that great day the son of Alabama covered himself with glory; but no one who knew him felt any surprise at it. Those who had seen him at work on other fields, knew the dauntless resolution of his brave young soul—the tough and stern fibre of his courage. That hard fibre could bear any strain upon it and remain unmoved.

In all those hard combats no ball or shell ever struck him. The glance of the blue eyes seemed to conquer danger, and render death powerless. He seemed to bear a charmed life, and to pass amid showers of bullets and every projectile, without peril or fear of the result. It was not from the enemy's artillery alone that he ran the greatest danger in battle. He was never content to remain at his guns if they were silent. His mind was full of the contest; pondering its chances as though he had command of the whole army himself, he never rested in his exertions to penetrate the designs of the enemy. Thus he ventured systematically into the very presence of the foe, reconnoitering his positions, and endeavoring to discover his strength or weakness. Upon such occasions he was the mark at which the sharpshooters directed their most dangerous fire; but they never struck him. The balls passed to the right or left, or overhead—his hour had not yet come.

It came at last upon the hard fight upon the Rappahannock, and the famous youth lies low at last. He fell "with the battle-cry upon his lips, and the light of victory beaming in his eye." In the words of the General Order which his beloved commander issued, "his record has been bright and spotless; his career brilliant and successful; he fell the noblest of sacrifices on the altar of his country."

The theme grows beneath the pen, which at first attempted a slight sketch only, and my paper is growing too long. A few words are, however, necessary still to complete the outline of this young soldier. His name will remain connected forever with great events; but it will live perennial, too, in many hearts who

mourn bitterly his untimely end. All who knew him loved him—I believe no human being disliked him. His character was so frank, and open, and beautiful—his bearing so modest and full of simplicity—that he conciliated all hearts, and made every one who met him his friend. His passions were strong, and when he was aroused, fire darted from the flint, but this was seldom. During all my acquaintance with him—and that acquaintance dated back to the autumn of 1861—I never had a word addressed to me that was unfriendly, and never saw him angry but twice. “Poor boy,” said one who loved him, “he was angry with me *once*”; and the speaker had known him longer than I had. He had rare self-control, and I think this sprung in a great measure from a religious sense of duty. He would sit and read his Bible with close attention, and though he had never made a profession of his religious convictions, it is certain that these convictions shaped his conduct. The thought of death never seemed to cross his mind, however; and he once told me that he had never felt that he would be killed in this war. Alas! the brief proverb is the comment: “Man proposes, but God disposes.”

Thus—modest, brave, loving, and beloved, the soldier, the charming companion—he passed away from friends who cherished, leaving a void which no other being can fill. Alabama lent him to Virginia for a time; but, alas! the pale face smiles no more as he returns to her. Many mourn his early death here where his glory was won, as the Southern land from which he came. To these—the wide circle who loved him for his great qualities, and his kind, good heart—his loss is irreparable, as it is to the whole land. The “breed of noble minds” like his is not numerous, and when such forms disappear, the gap is hard to fill—the struggle for our liberties is more arduous than before. But the memory of this great young soldier still remains with us; his name is immortal in history as in many hearts which throbbed at his death.

Poor, colorless phrases. Faded flowers I try to strew on the grave of this noble soul. But the loss is too recent, and the wound has not yet healed. The heart still bleeds as the pen traces the dull words on the page.

“Mourn for him! Let him be regarded
As the most noble corse that ever herald
Did follow to his urn!”

Strange words, it may be said, for a boy little more than twenty; exaggerated estimate of his loss.

No, the words are not strange; the loss is not exaggerated; for the name of this youth was John Pelham.

The great victory of Chancellorsville over "the finest army on the planet," clouded by the *untimely* fall of the peerless Jackson, had opened auspiciously the spring campaign. Stoneman's grand raid at the same juncture, was a ridiculous counterpart of the overconfident Yankee commander's sanguine programme to "gobble" Lee's army. With his powerful columns of infantry, he proposed to attack and rout it in front, and to his dashing cavaliers he had assigned the important part of cutting the communications in the rear, and thereby secure its certain destruction. This part of the programme, however, was the only redeeming feature in "fighting Joe's" maiden effort, which truly caused some little sensation for the moment, but really did little more than make a hasty circuit by the tread of their hurried columns; and the only apology for the impunity was the broken down condition of the cavalry on the upper part of the line, and the absence of Hampton's command, and the circumstance of a battle going on at the same time, which necessarily demanded the immediate presence of General Stuart and all the other cavalry, which in battle, as well as on the outpost, is the eyes and ears of the army; and simply because this raid was allowed to pass unchastised, many narrow minds, *far* in the *rear*, who will have themselves heard, dealt many heavy blows upon the character of this devoted patriot and noble officer, who had shown himself upon this occasion, as well as every other, nobly at his post, doing his duty in the thickest of the fight; and all such undue imputations are more than answered and put to lasting silence in the circumstance of the wounded hero Jackson delivering over to him his command at that critical period of the raging battle, who placed himself at the head of his devoted men, and sending for his dispositions and plans, the suffering hero confidently exclaimed: "Go back to General Stuart, and tell him to act upon his own judgment; I have implicit confidence in him."

The Yankee authorities had spared no pains in reorganizing and perfecting the efficiency of the cavalry arm of the service for the operations of the spring campaign. During the winter they

had recruited and organized four full divisions, each commanded respectively by Averill, Kilpatrick, Buford and Gregg, which constituted a corps under Major General Stoneman; besides, a regiment of mounted rifles, armed with a superior gun, known as the "Spence repeating rifle," accompanied each brigade—thus from their own estimates outnumbering our cavalry three to one, and besides the double facility of at once remounting their men when dismounted. With this superiorly equipped and organized force, under their most able and skillful cavalry officers, they vauntingly boasted that they would at once "ride down and demolish Stuart's rebel cavalry."

After the battle of Chancellorsville, General Stuart, too, was active in organizing and disciplining his comparatively small force, comprising Jones', Hampton's, Wm. H. and Fitz Lee's, and Robinson's brigades (the latter only comprising two regiments, the Fourth and Fifth North Carolina cavalry); and about the first of June these commands were all collected and massed on the upper lines of the Rappahannock, near Brandy Station, in concert of a formation of new combinations that were to initiate an important movement against the enemy. In view of the same considerations, the corps of Longstreet and Ewell moved up a week after, in the vicinity of Culpeper C. H., some eight miles from this point.

CHAPTER XI.

BATTLE OF BRANDY STATION.

Stoneman, dripping with the unguent of praise lavishly poured upon him by the sensational Northern press in accomplishing, as it termed it, "one of the grandest feats known to ancient chivalry or modern cavalry," after resting a few weeks under the pressure of his lately won laurels, wheeled his columns and quietly passed them round on the night of the 8th of June, and massed them behind the high hills in rear of Kelly's and Beverly's Fords, preparatory to an open tilt with Stuart on the south banks. Our usual picket force extended around the different crossings of the river, while the camps lay but a few miles back, near Brandy Station.

The battle field was most splendidly adapted to cavalry fighting, being a range of extensive open fields, that bears off in an almost level plain for four miles from the river, nearly back to Brandy Station, and then rising in a range of gently sloping hills, broken here and there with small rivulets from gushing springs that head at the bottom of these slopes; and as you near the latter place, flanked at intervals on each side by bands of woodland. The Orange and Alexandria Railroad runs through, bisecting the plain into two nearly equal parts. The station—a small village around the depot—is approached from the south by two public roads: one leading from Raccoon Ford, on the Rapidan, through Stevensburg, and the other directly from Culpeper C. H., and another from the southwest from Rixeyville—all converging into each other at the station, and leading on to the northwest, forks a mile beyond, the left leading off to Beverly's Ford; the right runs a short distance and crosses the railroad, crossing the river at Rappahannock Station. On the last line of these eminences, overlooking the whole plain, a half-mile west of the station, stands the Fleetwood House, General Stuart's headquarters.

So quietly conceived were the movements of the enemy during the night behind the hills in our front, that no intimation of an advance was discovered by our pickets till about daybreak, when a heavy column of the enemy's advance came suddenly pouring over the opposite hills, dashed simultaneously across both fords at Beverly's and Kelly's, about eight miles distant. The different brigades were hurried forward and took their positions—W. H. F. Lee and Jones on the left at Beverly's Ford, Fitz Lee and Hampton on the Beverly Ford road, on the west end of Brandy plains, and Robinson on the right on the obscure road leading from Kelly's Ford; and the Second South Carolina Regiment and the Fourth Virginia, under Colonel Butler, were despatched back beyond Stevensburg on the main road leading from Kelly's Ford.

The enemy hurried a heavy force of cavalry, supported by infantry, across both these fords, and pushed rapidly forward his advance from Beverly's. Dividing his column, one advanced straight out to the front, and the other deflected to the left down the road leading to Brandy. The Second North Carolina Regiment, of W. H. F. Lee's brigade, were thrown forward to meet the

advance of the former, which had driven our pickets back upon Elkwood, about half a mile. The enemy gradually pushed them back from this position to a stone fence that ran across a bottom a short distance on this side of Elkwood, where Captain S. J. Andrews had posted a squadron of sharpshooters, which proved a serious annoyance to the enemy's advance. His sharpshooters attempted several times to carry the position, but were repulsed; a body of cavalry attempted to charge it, and after a desperate effort were driven back, leaving the greater part of their number victims to the unerring aim of the North Carolinians. The fight here finally quieted down till later in the day into a long range skirmish. In the meantime the other column had pushed forward rapidly, following the retiring pickets closely, came dashing up in heavy advance, with the main column supporting it at a short distance. It was with the utmost energy that our advance could check them long enough for Jones' brigade to form: and after an indiscriminate skirmish, General Jones retired slowly before them, and drawing them on to the last point of woods that skirted the plains from the west, drew them on into the plain where a battery of our artillery had taken position, when he charged them with the Eleventh and Twelfth Virginia regiments, and after a hotly contested hand to hand fight for several minutes, the enemy's line swerved and broke back into the woods, and were pressed till they reached a heavy support of infantry and cavalry, when our dismounted men advanced, and after a hot contest driving them still further back upon the ford. Baffled in his advance on this point, he swung and bore his forces round to the right on our flank, and appeared under cover of the wood about half a mile across an open plain. Hampton's Brigade was advanced at a gallop with drawn sabres to receive the enemy, but they seemed indisposed to be drawn out into an open field fight. In the meantime they were sadly picking the mounted men off with their long-range guns. A squadron of sharpshooters were dismounted from each regiment, and were thrown into the woods, which was found to be infested with dismounted cavalry and the knapsack gentry advancing in heavy lines, and they were at once charged with that old rebel yell, and driven back a considerable distance, our men betaking themselves to trees in regular Indian style, and fighting on against the heavy lines of the enemy, whose

thick and successive volleys flashed closely from one end of the line to the other, with a coolness and determination that caused but few shots from having their telling effect. In one instance a poor Carolina boy is greeted with the fatal *chuck* from a Minie messenger; with a low, convulsive groan he raises his leg, shivered in almost splints, from under him as he fell, patiently raising the helpless limb in as easy a position as the case would admit, he reloaded his rifle and laid up against a stump, and kept on deliberately giving the enemy the best he had. In the meantime General Jones and the other cavalry on the left were still beating the enemy back down upon Beverly's Ford. The enemy being reinforced in front of General Lee, about noon attempted to turn our extreme left flank. Their advance was met by the Second North Carolina, under Colonel Sol. Williams. A severe hand to hand fight ensued. Old United States regulars had been met; the enemy swerve back and yield a short distance; a fresh column is thrown forward to their support; in turn the veteran North Carolinians are pressed back, slowly, stubbornly contesting every inch of ground, when the whole brigade comes up to its assistance, and the whole Yankee column waver and break back beyond their former position, leaving us undisputed masters of this part of the field, with all his dead and wounded, which lay profusely around, and several prisoners in our hands. Our loss was severe in officers. General W. H. F. Lee was severely wounded, and Colonel Williams, of the Second North Carolina, fell, leading his men on in this desperate charge—an able and skillful officer and an accomplished gentleman.

The enemy thus driven in at this point, and Hampton also steadily driving him down upon the ford at Rappahannock Station, was about to bring the matter to an immediate favorable issue on this part of the field; when about 1 o'clock, suddenly large clouds of dust were seen rising in the direction of Brandy Station. A large force of the enemy's cavalry, with rapid strides, were sweeping down upon our rear.

Here, in connection with this juncture, the events transfer us to another part of the field. In the meantime, while the enemy had been engaging our left mainly in front of Beverly's, he had crossed Kilpatrick's division and artillery at Kelly's Ford, moved far to the left, and had advanced on Stevensburg. The small

force, already mentioned, placed on this road, met the enemy on Dagget's farm: a charge was ordered, in which only part of the Second South Carolina Regiment participated, at which the enemy's advance recoiled, and only by the mere stress of overwhelming odds that little handful was borne back, retreating, fighting, through Stevensburg—making frequent stands—charging back upon the advancing columns of the enemy. In one of these last desperate charges Lieutenant Colonel Hampton (brother of General Hampton) fell, gallantly leading his men, and Colonel Butler had his leg shot off by a cannon ball. Slowly and sullenly they fell back, contesting the ground against the overwhelming odds—delivering deliberate volleys as they retired back on Brandy station. The enemy came pushing eagerly his columns on our rear, approaching the Fleetwood House, where our batteries were in position. The position now assumed a most critical feature: this new and daring movement on the part of the enemy placed our forces in a perilous situation. Nearly all the troops had been sent down to press our advantages at the fords, from two to three miles distant. The only available force at hand were two Virginia regiments, whom General Stuart dispatched to meet and hold the advance till other troops could hasten to their support. The long lines of the enemy's dusky columns were sweeping in dashing style up the plains that approach Fleetwood, fast enveloping our rear. Our batteries from Fleetwood now reach their advance, and are worked with the utmost vigor and rapidity; plunging the shot and shell so as to unsteady and arrest the advance. The little handful of Virginians are now resolutely hurled against the vastly disproportionate opposing force, which brings it to a momentary pause.

The enemy gather and swoop at it in front and flank, hurling it back by the mere weight of numbers. Couriers had been despatched to Hampton to report immediately to this suddenly menaced point. In vain Stuart, poising himself high in his saddle, from the Fleetwood Hill, eagerly looks out for the much-needed reinforcements. A heavy column of the enemy now break with confident shout straight for the battery on the hill, which belches at them rapid discharges of grape and canister, sweeping through the ranks with terrible effect. Yet on they come. Another heavy column sweeps obliquely round to the right. Just

at this juncture rising clouds of dust are seen rapidly approaching from the plains above. This phenomenon lightens up Stuart's anxious features; he shouts to the gunners, with his face kindling with the highest satisfaction. "Give it to them, my boys; *thank God, I see Hampton and his glorious men, they'll fight them.*" The enemy's advance had now reached the first pieces, the cannoniers boldly met them, shouting "*boys let's die over the guns*"—hand to hand, with their swabsticks and rammers, they stand up against the crowding Yankee troopers. At this critical moment, the Cobb Legion, a short distance in advance of Hampton's other troops, with its dashing and fearless colonel at the head, came up at the top of speed, and dashed to the rescue, yelling like demons. The Yankee ranks are immediately hurled back at the point of the sabre, and thrown into hopeless rout towards the station—hotly pursued—falling at every step beneath the clashes of these gallant troopers. The Yankee gun, that had been blindly thundering amid the smoke and dust from the opposite hill, suddenly ceases, followed by a hearty shout—the prize is ours. The gallant Georgians have cleared the field, leaving the track strewn with blue-clad victims—among them a colonel and three officers of the line—capturing a major and several other prisoners.

In the meantime, the other column swung round to the right, meeting the other portion of Hampton's men, the Jeff Davis Legion, First North Carolina and South Carolina regiments, just on the west side of the railroad on an open plateau of ground, where a most handsome tournament ensued—each regiment tilting at its antagonist as it entered the lists—a few furious surges, and his line breaks; officers and men hurry across the railroad, and on their heels the commands dashed, precipitating the rout, when unfortunately our own artillery opened a furious short-range fire upon our columns, mistaking, amid the smoke and dust, our columns for the Yankees, causing a momentary pause, which gave the closely pressed columns of the enemy time to gain on us, who were making the fastest possible time for the woods, half a mile beyond. We, however, pushed on through a storm of shell and canister, and succeeded in killing a good number, and capturing a lot of prisoners; among them a major and several other

officers, and a stand of regimental colors. Our loss was comparatively small.

Here a gallant little episode, emanating from this part of the fight, is worthy of special notice. In this last charge Colonel Baker ordered Captain Cowles, of Company A, and Captain Wood, of Company G, First North Carolina Cavalry, to charge and capture a body of the enemy that seemed to have lopped off from the main column. These officers dashed at them, killing and capturing most of the party, and pursuing the rest to the woods. The circumstance of our guns firing into and pausing our column, placed the party far in advance, just as the whole flying mass was reaching the wood. Notwithstanding the mere handful under this command, the opportunity could not be lost—the little party, numbering not over twenty-five men, spurred on after them, cutting, and slashing, and taking prisoners as they went, goading on the rear of at least two thousand flying Yankees, running at a break-neck speed, thinking the whole rebel cavalry upon them. Depleting their little party at different stages of the race to take prisoners back to the rear, who had accumulated by scores, yet on these two daring officers dashed in the exciting chase, till the fugitive column was brought to a halt by jamming down into a narrow passage in a creek; where from the causes above stated, not more than half a dozen men remained with these two officers; yet the panic-stricken enemy did not wait to feel the force in the rear. At this point a real down-easter looking personage, dressed in a short sack and baggy pants of broad check cassimere, was standing on the roadside attempting to arrest the train of fugitives flying past him, at the top of his voice assuring them that there were no rebels near; when the chivalrous gent found Captain Cowles' pistol at his breast, demanding his surrender. He tremblingly "*went up the spout,*" passing his address over to the gallant captain as Mr. Buckley, correspondent of the *New York Herald*, who, with another officer on the opposite side of the road, engaged in the same chivalrous conduct, were safely borne to the rear. (Doubtless dating his next doughty communication from the historic walls of the Libby.)

This little party now becoming encumbered with prisoners, and just as another heavy column were closing in the rear of them, dashed out with prisoners and all, and by a circuitous route eluded

a body who were sent in pursuit of them, and safely joined their command late in the evening, having captured and secured more than twice their number in prisoners.

This last grand charge gave us possession of nearly every part of the field that had been occupied by the enemy, except a point far down upon the railroad, where the enemy had several pieces of artillery posted, where an artillery duel was kept up by the batteries of each party till late in the evening, when it was driven off, and then Colonel Baker was ordered to advance, supported by the brigade. Advancing at a brisk pace, the rear of the enemy was overtaken, and after an exciting chase, capturing several of the number, the main body was driven precipitately across the river. The sun set upon us undisputed masters of the field. The enemy, as usual, termed it "only a reconnoissance in force, and after accomplishing their purpose, retired across the river." Our loss was pretty severe in killed and wounded, while the enemy's loss was at least double ours. Three pieces of splendid artillery and four hundred prisoners fell into our hands.

The importance of this victory cannot be too highly estimated, not only in punishing the enemy severely, but had he gained a base on this side of the river, it would have seriously affected our subsequent movements. As it was, he gained no foothold, and failed to unveil any movement of our army. This brilliant and decisive victory over the enemy's far better equipped and organized cavalry, gave full satisfaction to General Lee, as he expressed in his official papers:

"On the 7th of June a large force of Federal cavalry, strongly supported by infantry, crossed the Rappahannock at Beverly's and Kelly's Fords, and attacked General Stuart. A severe engagement ensued, continuing from early in the morning until late in the afternoon, when the enemy were forced to recross the river, with heavy loss, leaving four hundred prisoners, three pieces of artillery, and several colors in our hands."

CHAPTER XII.

THE PENNSYLVANIA CAMPAIGN—CAPTURE OF WINCHESTER—EWELL'S FORCE CROSSES THE POTOMAC—STUART'S CAVALRY FIGHTS AT MIDDLEBURG AND UPPERVILLE—OUR WHOLE ARMY ENTER PENNSYLVANIA—BATTLE OF GETTYSBURG—LEE RETIRES FROM GETTYSBURG—CAUSES OF THE RETROGRADE MOVEMENT.

We will attempt a brief review of the events that turned for a short space the tide of invasion against our haughty invaders, who had come with all their boasted paraphernalia of war to put the last traces of the rebellion under their merciless tread, little dreaming that the despised perpetrators of that rebellion would ever tread so far upon their own precious soil, striking terror into the hearts of the powerful North. Fruitless as this short and indecisive campaign may be regarded in its immediate results, yet when duly considered will go far to make up events that will contribute to the prestige of our arms, and will add additional glory to our former achievements.

After the grand rebuke administered to the Federals at Chancellorsville, our army lay scarce four short weeks, recuperating around the hard trodden hills of old Spottsylvania, until it was to take up the line of march to distant fields. The enemy still lay on the opposite bank of the Rappahannock, recruiting his shattered columns, occasionally making a spasmodic demonstration with his long range guns on Lee's front.

In consideration of the unwillingness of the Federal commander to assume offensive operations, General Lee proposed to inaugurate a movement that would draw him from his old unapproachable position at Fredericksburg, as he better expresses it in his official papers:

"The position occupied by the enemy opposite Fredericksburg being one in which he could not be attacked to advantage, it was determined to draw him from it. The execution of this purpose embraced the relief of the Shenandoah valley from the troops that occupied the lower part of it during the winter and spring, and, if practicable, the transfer of the scene of hostilities north of the Potomac."

The movement actuated by these considerations began by moving up Longstreet's and Ewell's corps to Culpeper C. H., reaching this point on the 8th of June. "General Jenkins with his cavalry

brigade had been ordered toward Winchester to co-operate with the infantry in the proposed expedition into the lower valley, and at the same time General Imboden was directed with his command to make a demonstration in the direction of Romney, in order to cover a movement against Winchester, and prevent the enemy at that place from being reinforced by the troops on the line of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad." Both these officers got in their respective positions before the movement commenced from Culpeper C. H.

On the 10th of June Ewell's corps were placed under marching orders, and moved up the south side of the Blue Ridge, crossed at Front Royal, and passed on to Millwood. Here Rhodes' division was despatched to Berryville. General Ewell, with the divisions of Johnston and Early, moved straight on to Winchester, and he appeared suddenly before the place on the evening of the 13th of June.

Winchester, the preliminary object of the opening campaign, had been occupied and held, since our evacuation the fall before, by a Yankee garrison, under the notorious Milroy, who had been carrying a high hand in the valley, where his thieving brigands had ventured, making indiscriminate war upon helpless women and children, carrying off all the negroes and household property of loyal citizens, and had also cruelly burned down several dwellings of those who had sent their negroes South before his *regime*, and failed to produce them in accordance with a certain abolition proclamation he had issued to the people of his military district.* This modern autocrat, deeming his location here permanent, had his delectable family brought out, and pompously condemned the best furnished house in the place to their use, driving out the former occupant, sending him and his interesting family adrift

*In one instance he demanded of a Mr. Colston, a wealthy and highly respectable citizen of Frederick County, to return his refugee negroes within a specified time, which was an impossibility. A party was accordingly sent to burn his dwelling. On reaching the place they found Mrs. Colston confined to bed in a precarious situation, unable to be moved without endangering her life. The officer in charge, being somewhat of a humane disposition, returned without accomplishing his purpose, and reported the circumstance to his unnatural master, who placed him immediately under arrest, and commissioned a ruffian character to carry out the brutal order, who repaired at once to the place. An elderly lady being the only attendant on the helpless woman, plead in vain; the torch was applied without attempting to remove the poor woman, and it was with the utmost difficulty that the old lady could prevail upon one of the party to assist in moving her out upon her couch before the flames reached her chamber.

upon the cold charities of the world, thus reveling in the ease and luxury contributed by the former owner. Mrs. General Milroy certainly had ill-forebodings, as from time to time she selected the best furniture and had it shipped to her home in Pennsylvania.

In the meantime this modern satrap had proceeded to secure his authority over this defenceless region by erecting an extensive line of fortifications, frowning down with a full complement of field and siege guns on the approaches to the place. Surrounded by this strong cordon of massive forts, this vain military hauteur confidently boasted in devilish sentimentality, "*That he would stay here till hell froze over, and then fight across on the ice!*" But in all such fancied human security, verily "Man proposes, and God disposes."

The sudden appearance of Ewell's troops thus before Winchester, precipitated the Yankee garrison in the wildest excitement; couriers aroused from their cozy shades were seen spurring from post to post; bodies of troops were hurried out in different directions. The self-conceited commander had dismissed the reports of his flying pickets, and treated the affair as a guerrilla excursion. So much so was he lulled in this opinion, that his skirmishers were met by Nichols' Louisiana brigade (the advance of the corps) nearly at the skirts of the place, and after a short skirmish, they were driven back into the town. Johnston's division moved immediately up and took position on the road near Shawnee Springs, throwing his line of skirmishers forward, corresponding to the enemy's. Early's division following Johnston to within a mile of his position, deflected from the road to the left; obliquing across the fields, reached the valley turnpike near Kernstown, encountering and driving in a small picket force of the enemy; crossed this road obliquing still further to the left, bearing round the Romney turnpike, gained the left flank of the enemy's strongest work. Skirmishing in front and on the flanks, Early swung still further round to the left, and at night gained fairly the rear of the works. Thus night closed with all the points on the south, east, and west closely invested. On the next morning, 14th, the formidable works in Early's front, that he had expected to assault, had been vacated during the night. From this point he opened at once upon the other works of the enemy,

which was vigorously responded to, thundering away at Early, and also paying his compliments to Johnston across the town on the east, who responded to the fire slowly at intervals. Throughout the day the artillery gave vent in continued belchings, intermingled with occasional volleys of small arms as our forces would press the lines of investment, until late in the evening. General Early's division was placed in position for an assault upon the enemy's works, during an interval of incessant cannonading, forming the brigades in *echelon*, with Hays' Louisiana brigade in advance, and Smith's Virginia brigade supporting, swung round, and amid the excitement of the heavy cannonading they succeeded in gaining the rear of the main fortification, in which the enemy had concentrated his best guns, and glided quietly under cover of low brushwood to within a few paces of the works, and then charged with an alacrity so characteristic of these troops, rushing over the works, carried them at the point of the bayonet, capturing the entire garrison with an inconsiderable loss. This position commanded the whole line of works, which were evacuated after dark. General Ewell anticipating this event, in the meantime sent Johnston's division round to the right, and by means of by-ways gained a point four miles north of Winchester on a road leading to Harper's Ferry, just in time to intercept a large body of the escaping garrison; quietly maintaining this position, roll after roll of the fugitives came pouring into the nicely interposed meshes, swelling the list to three thousand. Early had captured around the forts some two thousand. General Jenkins' cavalry (constituting the advance of Ewell's corps) were sent on in further pursuit, catching up numbers flying on the way; but none of the batches produced their *chivalrous* chief, who, as the affair turned out, not waiting to negotiate a surrender, or even to conduct the retreat, but doffing his glittering regimentals, and *Scotch* cap and cloak like, exchanged them for an humbler garb, obtained a guide, and then between suns put spurs with an *elan* that even out-distanced his nimblest footed fugitives, training through wood and glen, clambering up hills and winding through vales in a manner that would have done credit to the wildest gray fox of the mountains; and instead of respecting his *bombastes furioso* assertion of maintaining his darling position "till hell froze over," etc., etc., from

the manner of his wind-splitting flight, one would rather suppose that the Prince of Tartarus had failed in the *freezing contract*, and that his majesty had been forced to plume his congenial companion with the wings of his own sable personage, that he might place safety between his own precious self and the wary rebels.

In the meantime Rhodes' division, that had been detached at Millwood, proceeded directly to Berryville, capturing four hundred prisoners and that place, pushed on to Martinsburg; entering the latter place on the 14th, he captured seven hundred prisoners, five pieces of artillery, and a considerable quantity of stores; making the total of these operations sum up six thousand one hundred prisoners, twenty-nine pieces of artillery, two hundred and seventy wagons and ambulances, with four hundred horses and mules, and besides a large amount of military stores. Our loss was about fifty killed and wounded. Thus was wrested, for the third time, from Yankee grasp, this historic point, clearing the valley to our future operations.

In viewing the happy results of this event, it evidently bears prominent traces of the genius, skill, and energy that were so characteristic of the late lamented leader of this veteran corps, showing that his mantle had truly fallen upon one next worthy to wear it. The skillful and successful manœuvring of each division of the corps, and the nice calculations of time and chance of bringing each into its respective position just at the nick of time to meet the emergency, go, indeed, to establish that the wishes of our *Dead Dundee* have not been misplaced in giving a leader who will lead his own old glorious corps "after his own way."

Longstreet moved from Culpeper Court House on the 15th, crossed the Blue Ridge at Ashby's and Snicker's Gaps. General Stuart, with his cavalry, moved in front of Longstreet with the brigades of Robinson and Jones, while Hampton was thrown further round on the flank to watch the movements of Hooker's columns that were now moving up from Fredericksburg.

The advance of General Stuart—Jones's and Robinson's brigades—moved in front of Longstreet to Front Royal and then turned to the right, moving down to Middleburg in Loudoun County, and met a large body of the enemy's cavalry and artillery on Thursday evening, 18th, moving up from Aldie. Late in the

evening, as they approached Middleburg, a brisk skirmish commenced between Robinson's dismounted skirmishers and the skirmishers of the enemy, which, just after dark, resulted in two gallant charges, driving the enemy back some distance, killing several and capturing one hundred prisoners. The enemy was heavily reinforced during the night: our forces were withdrawn to a better position a short distance above the village. Early next morning the enemy moved up and renewed the engagement, which was kept up hotly during the day between the dismounted men of each party, with occasional use of artillery at intervals. The cool courage and deadly aim of the North Carolinians of Robinson's brigade held in check and drove back largely disproportionate numbers of the enemy. We held our position until night put an end to the fight. Early on Saturday morning Hampton's brigade, which had come up late the previous evening, was placed on the advance lines in front of Middleburg, and Jones to the left, and lay all day in line of battle amid a drenching rain, with nothing transpiring save occasional picket firing. Night wore on, the soldier, wet and weary, lay with his head on his arms, in troubled sleep until the approaching dawn. Many a one that rose from his wet couch that gloomy Sabbath morn was soon to sleep on a bloody couch, to rise no more till the dawn of a brighter day.

During the night the enemy had been reinforced with a large force of cavalry, artillery, and several brigades of infantry, moving up nearer our lines early in the morning under cover of the heavy timber and thick fog. Our position lay two miles above Middleburg, near Rector's crossroads. The ground was most illly adapted to cavalry purposes, being rolling and breaking off in rugged hills, the fields checked off with numerous stone fences and broken by rippling runs, juttred on each side by rugged, precipitous banks. Our line lay on each side of the turnpike leading from Middleburg to Ashby's Gap, extended on an eminence each side of the pike beyond the stone bridge over Rector's Run. Hampton's brigade held the right, supported by Robinson—the left by Jones and the Lees.

About sunrise Hart's artillery, planted in the road, opened on the heavy lines of the enemy's advancing skirmishers; which elicited a vigorous response from the enemy's batteries. The sharpshooters of each party became engaged, hotly at it they

went all along the whole line, the incessant peals resembling the work of a regular battle. Our artillery plunged its discharges into the advancing ranks, checking their progress. The enemy replied sullenly and slowly—telling, however, that he had his best guns to bear upon us—blowing up one of our caissons. A strong column of infantry were ascertained to be moving round upon Hampton's flank, held by the sharpshooters of the First North Carolina cavalry, under Captain William Houston, who after a stubborn resistance were outflanked and overpowered. Captain Houston fought to the last, and fell, nobly encouraging his men—a braver, more fearless man, a truer and more perfect gentleman never lived.

Our line was now withdrawn in good order beyond the stone bridge, and fell back as the enemy's infantry column gained our flanks; now from hill to hill disputing his advance, principally with our artillery, until beyond Goose Creek, where all our artillery were massed on a high eminence on each side of the road, when a most desperate artillery duel was kept up for two hours. Our artillery unflinchingly held its position against the superior odds of the enemy's guns, causing him frequently to shift his position. The enemy brought up and massed all his artillery upon us, numbering thirty pieces, nearly trebling ours, which was worked with terrible energy. Round shot went ruthlessly hurling, and shell screaming through the air—plowing the earth up for yards—bursting in the air, scattering its devilish fragments fearfully around—often sending both horse and rider reeling to the ground. Finally the long, heavy lines of the enemy's forces come pouring down the turnpike on the opposite hill, filing out through the fields. Our well charged grape and canister administer frequent checks to his progress, while the well-directed aim of our sharpshooters, who lay under the hill, pour volley after volley, and waver back his teeming ranks.

The enemy's old flanking process causes us again to withdraw and take a position a mile further back. In withdrawing our forces back through the fields, the enemy had got his artillery in a favorable position, from which we were exposed to an awful fire, sweeping the hills with grape and canister, while shell and solid ball came screaming in storms of metal hail through the air, laying many a horse and rider low on the green sward beneath.

Our batteries took position on the last eminence from Goose Creek and opened furiously, silencing some of the guns of the enemy. From this position towards Upperville opens an extensive plain, and after crossing a few little basin-marshes an almost unbroken surface presents itself for more than a mile, covered with grass and clover, skirted on the right by a long band of heavy timber, through which the turnpike runs; at the further end of this plain, to the left of the road, lies a large, freshly plowed cornfield, which from the recent rains renders the upper surface quite boggy; on the right, open, undulating pasture lands, and near the skirts of the town stands an enclosure of thick undergrowth. Upperville is a little hamlet at the junction of the Snicker's and Ashby's Gaps Turnpikes.

Our artillery, after entertaining the enemy for a short time from its last position, were withdrawn, and the whole column of Hampton's brigade moved off directly across this plain to the left of the road, and the other brigades, Robinson's, Jones's, and the Lees', moved to the right through the open field. When about midway of this plain, General Stuart wheeled the columns as they were moving, in line of battle, challenging the haughty columns of the enemy to an open field fight, who were moving his splendidly equipped columns with exultant shouts over the eminence we had just vacated. The "cold steel" order was given, which ran like electricity down the whole line, bracing the trooper in his saddle and lighting up his eye for the coming charge: but the enemy, not accepting Stuart's open challenge, filed his columns through the band of woods, and halted, moving up his infantry, and began sweeping the plains and shelling the woods with his long-range guns.

The commands were withdrawn still further back, Robinson, Jones, and the Lees to the skirts of Upperville—the former occupying the turnpike, the three latter the space round to and on the Snicker's Gap road, on which, too, the enemy was advancing. Hampton moved straight across the plain through the cornfield, moving to the far side of the field. The enemy evincing a disposition to press us, Hampton wheeled his men to receive them, when they came dashing in fine style at us. Placing the Jeff Davis Legion in front on the edge of a little strip of woods near the cornfield, the other regiments of the brigade were moved back a

short distance near an orchard at the skirts of the town. On the enemy dashed against the Jeff Davis Legion, who bore up nobly against the heavy shock. The First North Carolina then charged in *echelon* to its right, while the other regiments followed in the same order with the yell. General Hampton at the head rang out, "*Give it to them, my brave boys, give it to them!*" The two columns met about midway in the cornfield—the Confederates with sabre alone delved into the Yankee column, the enemy meeting them for the most part with the pistol, popping like a fired canebreak; but a few well plied surges of the keen blade soon told who were the masters of the field: his ranks break, and are impetuously hurled back to the wood, from whence they had emerged from his infantry, who were strongly posted behind a stone fence in anticipation of such an emergency, who opened a galling fire upon us, in consequence of which we retired, bearing off a number of prisoners, to our former position. Across the same ground another fresh column of the enemy in heavy numbers dashed to punish our success. The column gallantly wheels, and again met them on the same spot, and hand to hand the two columns plunge fearfully into each other. The assault is again met with the same happy results, and they go back broken and cringing to their supports in the woods, who, too, keep up a galling fire upon us, leaving the ground again dotted with blue coats and several prisoners in our hands. The brigade is formed on the same ground for another onset, but the foe seemed satisfied at this open game, and did not venture again on this part of the field from under his darling supports, but contented himself by bringing up his artillery and raking the plains with a galling fire. Under these unfavorable circumstances the command was withdrawn, bearing off all our wounded and prisoners. In the meantime that part of the field on the right of the road was boldly assaulted, and for a short time the enemy gained some little advantage, but by bold and desperate charges made by the North Carolina and Virginia brigades, the enemy was repulsed, leaving the ground covered with his killed and wounded, and capturing many prisoners. Our loss in killed and wounded in these engagements was quite severe, mostly in wounded, among them some valuable officers. Colonel P. G. Evans, of the Fifth North Carolina, fell mortally wounded while leading his men in

one of those desperate charges. He was a most gallant and daring officer.

Although the enemy fought us with largely superior numbers and advantage in infantry, the loss inflicted upon them in these engagements was much larger than ours in killed and wounded, besides the prisoners taken. Although Stuart met the numbers that were brought to bear against him, he finally, by superior courage and hard fighting, succeeded in repulsing them, thus foiling the enemy in his important mission of making a successful reconnoissance to ascertain the movements of our army, which was seriously puzzling to his anxious authorities. Stuart on Monday morning turned upon the enemy, who retreated rapidly before him, and pursued them for ten miles without bringing them to an engagement.

In connection with these engagements another spirited and successful little affair occurred. The Phillips Legion, under Major Pucked, had been left behind the brigade on detached duty, and were moving up to overtake the command. On the 21st, at New Baltimore, on the Warrenton turnpike, the legion met a body of Yankee cavalry, largely superior to his force, who had deployed in line by squadron to receive him. Major Pucked advanced his little command by fours, and gallantly dashed upon them hand to hand. A few furious surges soon broke their lines, and he sent them helter skelter before him in wild confusion, killing and wounding a number, and capturing thirty-five prisoners with their equipments, with a very slight loss to the legion.

The following is General Lee's official notice of these operations:

"The cavalry, under General Stuart, was thrown out in front of Longstreet to watch the enemy, reported to be moving in Loudoun. On the 17th his cavalry encountered two brigades of ours, under General Stuart, near Aldie, and was driven back with loss. The next day the engagement was renewed, the Federal cavalry being strongly supported by infantry, and General Stuart was in turn compelled to retire.

"The enemy advanced as far as Upperville, and then fell back. In these engagements General Stuart took about four hundred prisoners and a considerable number of horses and arms."

To follow the course of events: in the meantime General Ewell had crossed the Potomac, part of his corps crossing at Williamsport and part at Shepherdstown, and re-united at Hagerstown on the 20th. Jenkins' cavalry had been thrown forward scouring the country in his front, while General Imboden had moved on his left, "driving off the forces guarding the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad, destroying all the important bridges on that route from Cumberland to Martinsburg, and seriously damaged the Chesapeake and Ohio Canal." General Ewell moved on and arrived at Chambersburg on the evening of the 22d. Resting his troops one day, he pushed on to Carlisle, eighteen miles distant. Generals Longstreet and A. P. Hill had crossed the Potomac, and were moving on the same route, and reached Chambersburg on the 27th.

General Stuart with the cavalry continued to follow the movements of the Federal army, hanging on his flank and rear, harassing him at every opportunity, and by extraordinary vigilance and energy shielded the movements of our army from the surveillance of the enemy's reconnoitering parties that attempted night and day to break through our lines to unveil Lee's movements of "*mischievous mystery*."* General Stuart continued on after the enemy's columns. His advance between Fairfax and Alexandria met a body of the enemy's cavalry, called "Scott's Nine Hundred," who engaged our advance with terrible desperation, and stood up hand to hand until the whole party were all cut to pieces and captured. Major Whittaker, of the First North Carolina, a brave and accomplished officer, fell mortally wounded in leading the advance in the first charge. Stuart here turned to the left, obliquing towards the Potomac.

In the meanwhile Hooker had withdrawn from Stafford, crossed the Potomac at Washington, and moved on through Maryland, so as to cover Washington and Baltimore; and at

*So reticent had Lee's movements been conducted, that the most of his army had crossed the Shenandoab, seventy-five miles from his former base, before the Yankee commander-in-chief was aware that any considerable portion of it had left his front and the direction it had taken, as a despatch in the hands of Pleasanton's adjutant, captured by Mosby, addressed to the former by Halleck, testifies, ordering him to take all his cavalry, and whatever other force he might think proper, and find out something of Lee's whereabouts, as his movements for the last week were "shrouded in a '*mischievous mystery*,'" which explains his desperate efforts at Middleburg and Upperville.

Frederick City, for some unexplained cause, relinquished his command to Meade, who turned up the east side of the South Mountain, and moved rapidly towards Gettysburg, throwing Reynolds with his corps considerably in advance of the main body.

General Ewell was threatening Harrisburg from Carlisle; but from the recently discovered combinations of the enemy, on the 29th, he was directed to proceed towards Gettysburg, and also the corps of Longstreet, and on the 30th A. P. Hill was instructed to move in the same direction. Heath's division of Hill's corps moved on in advance, and crossed South Mountain at Stevens' Gap. The advance of Ewell's corps had encountered the Pennsylvania militia, which affair may be better described by an eye witness:

“Our boys hearing that there was a chance for some fun with the militia hurried on to Gettysburg, high in anticipation of an easy victory. Many were their regrets when they saw the ‘melish’ fleeing so fast as to make pursuit on foot the height of folly, and that before they had the pleasure of increasing, if possible, their celerity by sending a volley after them. Our infantry was utterly out of the question, so the cavalry, with nimble horses, came, and after a good chase succeeded in gathering up some three or four hundred of the frightened gentry.

“The flight is said to have been eminently ludicrous. When they first began to run they had the amplest equipments, and no doubt the many little notions forced upon them by their grateful wives; but in a little while, one by one, they divested themselves of *all* that impeded their progress, and came down to it in a way worthy of their cause. Guns, haversacks, canteens, cartridge-boxes, home mementoes, all went by the board in their famous flight, which did not end till they put a river between themselves and danger, the bridge over which was burnt, and while in flames caught to several houses, which shared the same fate.”

General Reynolds, on the morning of the 1st of July, reached Gettysburg and moved on and met General Heath's division a few miles west, on the Chambersburg Turnpike: skirmishing a short time, the battle opened generally, the whole Yankee corps bearing down furiously on this division, and were met with a steady advance on the part of our troops, who seemed inspired with a vigorous onward movement, driving the enemy back

rapidly before them, to within a short distance of the town, where we encountered a larger force. Ewell coming up with two of his divisions, Rhodes' and Early's, by the Heidlersburg road, took position on the extreme left. The battle now joined along the whole line. The enemy's artillery opened furiously from many favorable positions, to which ours readily responded. Our columns moved steadily upon these favorable positions, in the face of incessant discharges of iron and leaden hail, driving the enemy sullenly back at some minor points, still stubbornly holding his main positions. A desirable position had been occupied in our front, from which the enemy were enabled to inflict serious punishment upon our advancing columns, which was at once charged and taken, but the enemy being heavily reinforced, our forces were compelled to yield it back; it was again charged and retaken; and in turn the enemy rushes upon it again and thrusts us back from it the second time, but fell back immediately as our forces were rallying to the third assault, when they as soon retire, falling back a short distance, and turning again when both parties mutually rush to occupy the disputed point, but the enemy succeed in reaching it first, and pours into our ranks such an effective fire, already being sadly thinned, as to compel us to retire; but on rallying again, the enemy are forced to yield, and leave us the hotly contested point. The enemy's lines are again steadied, and the battle rages with increasing fury; the enemy gives back, stubbornly contesting every inch of ground; late in the evening his reserves come up, our columns steadily press on, throwing the whole force slowly back. In advancing, a space is left uncovered between Early's and Rhodes' divisions; the enemy attempt to take advantage of it and throw a heavy force at the point, when the flank of one of the divisions is wheeled and deploys around, while the other obliquely to its front and turns upon it with a fury truly grand; they rush upon the menacing force with yells above the battle-roar, and closing round it, the whole force surrenders, numbering about four thousand, besides leaving the space strewn with the dead, and several pieces of artillery also falling into our hands. Here the tide was signally turned against the enemy—he was, by night, beaten and driven before our columns with terrible slaughter. Our forces pursued him a mile beyond the town, and nothing but night saved his

columns from an entire and complete rout: leaving General Reynolds, one of their best officers, dead on the field—five thousand killed and wounded, six thousand prisoners, and several pieces of artillery. Our loss did not exceed two thousand, mostly in wounded. General Archer and five hundred of his brigade were captured. Many valuable field and line officers were killed. Among those who nobly fell that desperate evening, in no feelings of partiality allow us to drop a tribute to the memory of Major E. A. Ross, of the 11th (Bethel) North Carolina Regiment, a promising young officer. At a point where the battle was raging most furiously, this regiment was pressing on unquailing in the face of a fearful iron and leaden storm, when the colonel fell severely wounded, he dashes to his place, and in gallantly leading his men on in the desperate charge, receives a mortal wound and falls, shouting his men on to victory. In the first battle* of his country he had won his maiden laurels. With "Bethel" emblazoned upon his regimental flag at the instance of the State, he had seen it wave victoriously over the beaten foe on the soil of his native State.† And thus fell this gallant officer, just as its tattered folds were waving over the first victory in the enemy's land, gloriously dying "with the battle cry upon his lips and the blaze of victory in his eye." He sleeps his long sleep on the enemy's soil; and may no fanatical foot ever press the sacred sod upon his bosom. And when the final shout of spiritual victory "shall swell land and sea," may his noble spirit, and the many others who have died for human liberty, go up washed in the blood of Him who died for the spiritual liberty of mankind.

Another incident connected with the same regiment is worthy of notice, as a grand comment upon the rare devotion to our cause. In the severest stage of the same desperate charge, just before the young hero fell, the color-bearer was killed while nobly waving the colors in front of the regiment; at which event the regiment seemed to waver. The adjutant, Lieutenant H. Lucas, a mere boy, caught up the colors, and amid the leaden showers from the enemy's heavy lines, dashed several paces ahead, waving the

*The battle of Bethel, where, with a company of mere boys, he contributed greatly to the happy fortunes of that day.

†The battle of White Hall, N. C.

favorite bunting, calling on the men: "For God's sake, follow the Bethel flag." The words had scarcely escaped his lips, when a fatal ball sends him, too, reeling to the ground. The men catch the inspiration, and rush by as he faintly throws the colors again up to the breeze, and shouts with faltering voice: "*Press on to victory. I'm played out.*" Suffice it to say, this gallant charge contributed in no small degree to the successful issue of the day.

The enemy had retired to a high range of hills a mile southeast of the town, and there, during the night, had concentrated the entire force of his army. From Marsh Creek, south of Gettysburg, rises an unbroken and continuous eminence, extending for several miles around to the northeast—the principal of which is known as McPherson's heights—which highly advantageous line Meade had occupied, and had thrown up several lines of fortifications on the different heights; which commanded the plains for miles in front. The enemy's lines extending his left from an eminence a short distance from a point on Marsh Creek, embracing the heights in front of Gettysburg—his left resting near Hunterstown—something in the shape of an arc, with the curvature from us.

The remainder of Ewell's and A. P. Hill's corps having arrived, and two divisions of Longstreet's, the preparations for the attack were completed about two o'clock. Our lines were drawn round to correspond with the enemy's. Longstreet, with the divisions of Hood and McLaws, on the right; Hill in the centre, with Heath's division on his right, Anderson in the centre, and Pender on his left; and Ewell on the left, with Rhodes' division on his right, Johnston in his centre, and Early on his left; with each respective division moving up on the most favorable position. Sharp and heavy skirmishing, intermingled with frequent shots from long range pieces, was kept up between the parties until about four o'clock, when the dull, increasing booming of the cannon from each line, announced the battle begun. Steadily our lines move forward, driving the enemy's heavy skirmish lines back against his first lines at the bottom of the slopes. The incessant pounding of artillery along the entire length of each line, commingled with the continuous rattle of musketry, told that the bloody work had now opened in earnest. Amid this steady work, a shout goes up

above the battle's din: a charge breaks from the centre; an advanced battery of the enemy, in a point of woods up one of the slopes, is the point. Anderson's division moves up to the work, Wright's brigade leads the way. On they dash, in a style truly grand—through an open field, both in the face of the fire of the battery immediately in front and the converging fire from batteries on the right and left—sweeping through their bleeding ranks; shells bursting thick in wild fury fill the air, and solid shot plows along in its monotone sound, and grape and canister belched forth in deathly sweeps, all with fearful effect, on the rapidly advancing columns: and as they near, quick and incessant discharges leap from the enemy's first line, terribly thinning our ranks. With a steady onward they are furiously hurled back at the point of our bayonets, leaving the battery of six pieces in our hands; and the enemy driven from a strong position. Only for a few moments these noble veterans, now a thinned handful, echo the shout of present victory. The unusual celerity with which the charge was carried, placed them far beyond the supporting divisions, with their flanks entirely exposed. The enemy catches the advantage, and resolutely throws a darkened mass on their right and left. Oh for a support! Behind could be seen nothing but the bleeding victims of the terrible onset. Alas! the goal of their glorious exertion is sadly lost—the much needed support is beyond reach at the critical moment. They retire sullenly, fighting their way down the hill, joining their lines to the other division. The battle rages on with little advantage at this point to either party.

In front of General Longstreet the enemy held an elevated ground. He in the meantime had moved his troops to attack the position, while Ewell attacked the fortified high ground on the enemy's right. The battle, too, rages with unrelenting fury on their lines. Night comes on and wears on apace; still the cannon's continuous roar, and the incessant rattle of musketry, especially on the right and left, are kept up. Some splendid charges have been executed from these parts of the line, and with good effect, for following the sound as darkness broods over the terrible scene, it is clearly perceivable that the two curves and points of the arc are being brought closer and closer together. Longstreet has driven the enemy a considerable distance, and

occupies the desired ground in his front; Ewell, too, has pressed him back on the left. By this impression on the enemy's extremes, his position has assumed the shape of the letter V, with its point towards us.

About eight o'clock the awful storm ceased, which lulled as suddenly as the Tiberian storm, as if by the mutual consent of the hostile parties. The battle smoke slowly cleared away, and the clear sky looked down upon the battle-rent field. The gay waving field of grain now lay trampled under foot, bespattered with human gore; gently gliding rivulets mingled their murmurings with the cries and groans of the wounded and dying—of friend and foe that lay stretched along their green banks. The stars peered out and shone brightly upon the awful scene, kissing the many cold, pale faces that lay over the ensanguined field.

The brave and intrepid Barksdale, of Mississippi, fell mortally wounded in the last charge beneath the enemy's works, and was left in the hands of the enemy as his men were forced suddenly back by the enemy's overwhelming numbers; of whom a lying Yankee correspondent palms off in hellish glee, "that this once proud and haughty rebel, a damnable type of the slave aristocracy, lay the picture of remorse, and craved as a dying boon a cup of water and a stretcher from an ambulance boy"; when, really, the dying moments of the brave and generous man insured the respect of a Yankee officer, who testifies of the glorious manner of his death, and enjoined upon him to inform his friends that "he died at his post, fighting for his country, and that his countrymen were invincible." Major General Hood and General Pender were severely wounded, leading their men in the thickest of the fight. Many gallant officers were killed and wounded, while our general loss was quite heavy all along the entire line.

Friday morning dawned; the rising sun cast his bright morning rays from the frowning hilltops upon the Confederates below, each party early busying themselves for another hostile shock that was to mark one of the bloodiest days of the army of the Potomac.

The partial successes of the day before encouraged General Lee to renew the attack. Longstreet was reinforced with three brigades of Pickett's division, and Heath's division and two other brigades of Hill's corps were ordered round to his support. His

batteries were advanced to the position gained by him the day before. Hill merely lay threatening the centre, while Ewell again set his command in motion for the attack. The movements on the other parts of the line were to depend on Longstreet's success. Immediately in front of Longstreet lay the principal height, which the enemy had strongly fortified during the night, and massed a large quantity of his artillery, from which every movement of ours was distinctly seen, and he prepared to meet it. From about nine o'clock the slow booming of the cannon, intermingled with the sharp crack of the skirmishers, was the principal feature till about twelve o'clock, the morning being spent in manœuvring the troops to the positions. The heights in front lay across open fields covered with growing crops, upon which Pickett's division is thrown forward and moves up to the desperate work, which is graphically described by a correspondent:

"The fight at this time opened with that fierceness and desperation which told that both were battling desperately to win the victory which had been so long as it were poising in the balance. Favorable information comes from Ewell. Hill holds them in the centre. On the extreme right Longstreet is gaining ground; one hill on the right, the strongest hold they have, must be carried. The undertaking to carry it by assault is very hazardous, but there is no other way to take it. The hill is alive with men four lines deep in support of the powerful batteries there. This point is the key to the position of the Federal army—their fortifications must be charged, and with the support of our artillery we must silence their batteries, and carry their heights.

"Pickett's division is selected for the work. They commence steadily, and in beautiful line, to march upon the fatal spot. The distance is too great to charge with the yell and rush that generally characterizes charges. They press on through fields, over fences and ditches. The enemy can see all our movements, and troops are double-quickened up to meet us. Our noble boys charge on through shot and shell, their ranks melting away as they advance under the murderous artillery fire of the enemy. Our artillery performs excellently. The batteries of Cabell, Haskell, Alexander of this corps, and Pegram of Hill's, at one time almost silence those of the enemy. Their three rear ranks are broken and almost annihilated by the well directed fire of these batteries;

we press to within forty yards of their breastworks, when we received from their concealed front rank a fire, the mention of which almost makes the heart sicken. Surely none can escape; all must perish before such a murderous volley.

“Not so. Our men rise, many wounded, from the cloud of smoke, and press on with their ranks sadly thinned; some reach the breastworks and capture many of the guns. A dark cloud of Yankees show themselves: they have been heavily reinforced with infantry and artillery. What an awful moment! Where are our reinforcements? What a momentous question. Alas! we have none at hand! They have been too slow. No help at hand, and we are driven out of the fortifications and forced back by overwhelming numbers.”

These noble men retire beneath the enemy's breastworks. The enemy in some instances attempt to follow, but are hurled back with terrible slaughter and chased into their works.

Ewell has pressed the enemy hard on the left, his whole line charging simultaneously with that of the right, driving the uncovered columns of the enemy before him, who have attempted a demonstration on his flank. They are driven back to their works, and are assaulted with a fury seldom ever witnessed. The first line is carried about dark, and a heavy line in front of the second work meets the second onset of our impetuous troops. Their furious volleys stagger our columns, who with a renewed yell press on. The flashes of the guns of each line nearly reach each other. A heavy, darkening mass of reinforcements move down upon our thinned ranks; they are forced to relinquish their hard earned toils; they fall back, sheltering themselves behind the shelving rocks along the slopes, and stand and fight in parties, firing in the darkness at the flashes of the enemy's volleys, until in many instances their ammunition is exhausted, or they are flanked and captured.

Here in one of these last charges occurred one of the grandest little episodes of the war. In the darkness during the charge, the Sixth North Carolina, Eighth and Ninth Louisiana Regiments, many of them found themselves mingled with the Yankee columns. Some surrendered, and others with great coolness slid out in the darkness, and made their way down to the foot of the heights, where Captain W. B. Montgomery, of the Ninth Louis-

iana, accidentally ran against the color-bearer of the Sixth North Carolina, who had safely borne his colors out of the terrible *melee*, and rallied some broken squads around it to the number of not more than fifty men, and posted them behind a stone fence about forty yards from the base of the hill. The Yankee column, about a brigade, thrown forward from the heights, were hastily moving down the hill towards the position where the little squad lay; on they come with heavy, hurrying step, the whole brigade moving in three or four lines. Not a gun has broken the silence for several minutes. The field officers, mounted on horseback, were riding up and down the advancing lines, in low tones encouraging their men to keep steady, and to make one more charge and the day would be theirs. With unsuspecting tread they have reached within forty paces of the fence, when the cool, intrepid captain whispered, "fire, boys." The unerring flashes leap along the stone fence, terribly dealing death in the enemy's advancing ranks; many of the tinsel clad riders bite the dust, as riderless horses are seen dashing wildly in different directions; quick, successive volleys, repeated with the same fatal effect before their columns recover from the first shock; the confused ranks of the astounded foe break in disorder back up the mountains, leaving their dead and wounded behind them. The ground was found strewn with the dead, among them several field officers. This gallant little party safely made its way back and joined their column on the original lines, who to their country's pride may well claim the honor of firing the last gun, and administering the last repulse on the ensanguined field of Gettysburg.

Another remarkable incident that occurred during one of these last charges, is worthy of a place in history. Sergeant Charles Clansey, color-bearer of the First Louisiana Regiment, Company E, had nobly borne his colors far in the last of these desperate charges. After dark, finding himself cut off from his regiment, and after several ineffectual attempts to get out with his colors, he lay down behind a ledge of rocks, detached the colors from the staff, and concealed them in his bosom just as he surrendered. During the night he procured a needle and quilted it in the back of his shirt, was carried to Fort Delaware, and kept it concealed all the while from the guard and the numerous detectives that swarm the prison. He was recently exchanged, and returned the

identical old bunting to his regiment, who have laid it up as one of the sacred relics of the war: riddled and torn, it associates with it all the hard fought battles of the army of Virginia. Presented to this gallant regiment on leaving home, by the fair daughters of Louisiana, and consecrated by the blood of its noble defenders, may it yet wave over men worthy of freedom's happiest boon.

Our loss in this day's engagement was quite heavy—General Garnett was killed, and Generals Kemper and Armistead severely wounded. The enemy's loss was also heavy, as his troops at many points were crowded on the hillsides and exposed to our terrible artillery fire, which evidently devoured them by the wholesale, and at every attempt at an open assault on our lines, he was punished with heavy loss.

This day's fight ended the bloody and indecisive battle of Gettysburg. The next day, Saturday, the 4th, our troops lay on the same lines of the day before, the enemy continuing in our front far back on the slopes and on the heights, neither party making any hostile demonstration, but lay all day in easy gunshot of each other. Our troops, wearied by continual watchings and fighting, but not dispirited, lay all day still expecting again to hear the onward command given. And why was it not given? It remains now no longer a *secret*. The three days' fighting had so hopelessly reduced our *ammunition*, that a renewal of the engagement could not be hazarded, which is now established by the evidence of *every* ordnance officer of the army; and besides, the difficulty of obtaining supplies rendered our present situation exceedingly critical—hence a retrograde movement on the part of General Lee became absolutely necessary. He commenced withdrawing his army late in the evening of the 4th, and "the rear of the column did not leave Gettysburg until after daylight of the 5th,"* carrying off with us five thousand prisoners, besides paroling two thousand on the field.

How was it with our enemy, who afterwards claimed a *great victory*? Why did Meade sit quietly and look down upon Lee withdrawing his army, and not pursue him? The tale is simply told—he had commenced a retrograde movement *six hours* before Lee commenced leaving his position, as one of the Washington

*See General Lee's official report.

sheets bulletined to the public that Saturday afternoon General Meade was withdrawing to another *line of defence*; to which is also added the captured despatch of a courier, stating that Meade's headquarters on Saturday night would be at Westminster, the next favorable *line of defence* from Gettysburg; besides our scouts state that the citizens of the vicinity of Meade's position testify that the troops in the rear were withdrawing early in the evening of the 4th, but as soon as Meade fully ascertained the fact of Lee withdrawing, he wheeled, faced about, and played conqueror over the *debris* of a battle-field where he had been beaten in every uncovered action.

The enemy's entire loss in casualties is estimated at eighteen thousand, and in prisoners seven thousand, making the sum total twenty-five thousand, while our loss, frightful enough, did not foot up more than half that number, and nothing but the superior advantage in position the enemy had assumed after his first day's defeat, and his large preponderance of artillery, saved him from utter and hopeless rout; yet in the face of all these facts a grand victory is claimed and heralded on the bulletin boards of the North, and that the Baboon dynasty, scenting among the slimy sloughs of despondency, had jumped up another Napoleon, who had beaten and routed "the audacious rebels," leaving their credulous subjects anxiously gaping to hear in the next *despatch* that their newly fledged chieftain would have the rebel Lee and his entire army *cul-de-sac* before he could reach the Potomac; which, to follow the sequel of events, we will see how sadly they had calculated as to the probabilities of such a momentous fate.

CHAPTER XIII.

STUART'S DETOUR ROUND BY WASHINGTON—CAPTURES SEVERAL CANAL BOATS, A LARGE NUMBER OF OFFICERS, AND AN IMMENSE TRAIN OF WAGONS—MAKES A CIRCUIT IN MEADE'S REAR, AND REACHES GETTYSBURG—DESPERATE CAVALRY FIGHT AT HUNTERSTOWN—GENERAL HAMPTON SEVERELY WOUNDED—SUCCEEDS IN CHECKING THE ENEMY—THE ARMY CROSSES SOUTH MOUNTAIN—A GALLANT AFFAIR IN THE PASS BY A DETACHMENT FROM ROBINSON'S CAVALRY.

During these terrible engagements, our cavalry had by no means been inactive, but had acted its part in these trying scenes.

Stuart, with his cavalry, on the enemy's flank, above Alexandria, having seen the enemy's rear pass, dashed in and destroyed

several of his wagon trains; and on the 27th, crossed the Potomac at Seneca Falls, eighteen miles above Washington, moved down the Chesapeake and Ohio Canal, and captured several boats. One, a splendidly rigged craft, with the stars and stripes flying profusely over it, and freighted with a live cargo, in the shape of Yankee officers and officials, was anchored and taken in, to their great surprise and mortification. The others were richly laden with commissary freight, which was destroyed. He then dashed down within four miles of Washington City, pouncing on several officials of the Baboon dynasty on pleasure excursions in the vicinity—causing the trembling-kneed tyrant to barricade the streets with barrels, boxes, etc., etc., against a *coup de main* of this “energetic rebel”; of which circumstance he is reported to have said, after his nerves had become somewhat steadied: “Some of my cabinet were a leetle frightened, but I warnt scared a *hooter*.” However, the lynx-eyed Jeb contented himself with a naked-eye view of the steeples and spires of this modern Sodom, dashed on up the main Washington and Frederick road, captured two hundred and seventy wagons and teams, attacked and repulsed, with the Second North Carolina regiment, after a desperate hand-to-hand fight, a large body of the enemy’s cavalry at Hanover, who attempted to rescue the train. Moved on, and met another body of cavalry at Rockville, most of which W. H. F. Lee’s brigade killed and captured. Dashed on round, picking up and paroling numerous prisoners in the rear, and reached Carlisle on Wednesday evening, bringing up with him his enormous captured train—having swept round the entire rear of Meade’s army—making the first communication with General Lee since leaving Ashby’s Gap. Late on Thursday evening, the 2d, the enemy’s cavalry were discovered to be moving round on our left, with the supposed intention of reaching our trains at Cashtown. Hampton, with his command, was ordered back to meet them. Cobb’s Legion were thrown forward, and met a body of Yankee cavalry near Hunters-town, who were posted along the road in largely superior numbers. Colonel Young made a fearless dash at them, and after a desperate fight, in which the sabre was mainly used, the gallant Georgians handsomely repulsed them, killing and wounding upwards of one hundred, and capturing several prisoners—losing sixty-five in killed and wounded, among them nearly every com-

missioned officer. Doubtless no affair of this war was characterized with more fierceness and desperation.

The enemy retired that evening beyond Hunterstown, and early next morning had concentrated a heavy force of cavalry, mounted infantry, and artillery at that point, and was bearing round on our left flank. Stuart advanced with his command to meet them. They had learned his intention to attack them, and they threw themselves on the defensive, and took a favorable position near Hunterstown, with their cavalry drawn up under some hills, their artillery in the edge of some woods on the hill behind, with heavy lines of sharpshooters well thrown out in front. In our front we were impeded by numerous stone and bar fences, with only one open passage, a narrow lane, leading to the enemy's position. Jenkins moved up on the right, Chambliss (commanding W. H. F. Lee's cavalry) and Fitz Lee on the left, and Hampton in the centre at the mouth of the lane. Sharpshooters from the commands chiefly on the right were thrown forward, when the fight opened vigorously, and the artillery of each party open and keep up a most furious duel. A line of our sharpshooters were suddenly being pressed by a body of Yankee cavalry emerging from a wood. General Fitz Lee, with the first Virginia Regiment, dashes forward and meets them in the open field, with sword in hand, and after a sharp fight repulsed them. General Fitz Lee in this affair at the head of his column fearlessly dashed into the Yankee ranks; in crossing sabres he encountered an athletic Yankee trooper, whose powerful arm was proving too much for him, but the timely interference of his adjutant, Major Ferguson, dashing to his side, shot his antagonist just as he was making the confident thrust at him. In the meantime Hampton, in moving up to Fitz Lee's support, was ordered to charge another large body moving from the wood; no preliminaries had been made in removing the fence obstructions between our position and the enemy's, who occupied an open field beyond a line of bar fence. The narrow lane was the only means by which they could be reached; which was raked by the artillery of the enemy. Through this narrow passage, amid the enemy's raking fire, Hampton's column dashed, with its fearless leader at the head. The open field is gained at the end of the lane; he quickly deploys his column. The enemy are formed under the hill and approach in

splendid order. Hampton, cool, with his noble eye flashing fire, rings out: "*Charge them, my brave boys, charge them.*" On his fiery troopers dash, with gleaming sabres uplifted, with a wild, deafening yell. The two hostile columns tilt together, with furious clashing of sabres, intermingled with the popping of pistols; horses and riders lock together in the dread *melee*, friend and foe fall and are crushed beneath the angry tread. The lines of each party are swinging to and fro, backwards and forwards, finally the enemy's begin to waver, and are being thrust back slowly at the point of the sabre. But at this fortuitous juncture a fresh column of Yankee reinforcements dash forward over the hill; our column in turn is borne back, fiercely contesting every inch of ground. Hand to hand they bear up against the opposing odds. The tall form of Hampton is conspicuous in the fight, he too plies his sabre with his men, at the same time encouraging the men to stand firm. The whole Yankee column bears down upon us with all its energy and fury, still the line bears up against the renewed shock. The whole line seems to be striving with his man, and more of the enemy pressing on; two have dashed at the gallant Hampton, but pay the penalty before his dexterous arm; another fresh squad rush from the line and bear upon him. The flashes from the muzzle of his pistol keep them at a moment's bay. Two Mississippians, Privates Moore and Dunlap, of the Jeff Davis Legion, fearlessly dash to his rescue with sabres lifted high in the air, bringing their sharp edges down upon the heads of the pressing assailants, but sadly they go down beneath the angry tread. Now still gleaming sabres from several arms are playing over his head, already spirting with gore, his unerring pistol sends another reeling from his saddle; frantic with rage they press him back against the fence, just as the column is too being borne back; two brave men, Sergeant Nat Price, Company A, First North Carolina, and Private Jackson, Company B, Cobb Legion, deservng the awful dilemma of their beloved commander, recklessly dash into the unequal contest; a sure shot from the pistol of the former blows the nearest one through just as he is repeating a blow upon the general's bleeding head. Throwing themselves between him and the pressing antagonists, still chafing for their victim, the former earnestly shouted, "General, general, they are too many for us; for God's

sake leap your horse over the fence; I'll die before they shall have you." The spur is suited to the suggestion; his noble steed clears the fence amid a shower of balls that shred the air, one severely wounding him in the side. The party furiously dashes at the deliverers, just as they too are wheeling to follow, and with uplifted sabre one is coming down upon Price; another barrel sends him reeling from his saddle. The next in van raises his vengeful arm to cleave him down, his uplifted arm receives the blow, and before another is raised to finish the work, his faithful steed follows in the leap and safely bears him alongside his coadjutor on the other side of the fence.

The general was now borne off, bleeding from two frightful sabre cuts across the head, fracturing the skull, and a severe wound from a pistol shot in the side. On leaving he requested Colonel Baker, of the First North Carolina cavalry, to take command, and encouraged the men to fight on and not give up the field. They catch the inspiration from the wounded hero, together with the encouragement of the gallant officer at their head, and turn upon the pressing foe with a renewed energy. They spur back deeper into the enemy's ranks; his columns waver, and after a short but terrible onset of these impetuous troopers, they break against the renewed charge, and are hurled back across the field, falling beneath our vengeful steel at every step. Their batteries enfilade our column most fearfully. The enemy frequently rally. Several dashes are made at their colors. Major Connor, of the Jeff Davis Legion, a most gallant and daring officer, was killed in a rash attempt to bear off a stand of the enemy's colors. Heavy columns of reinforcements are moving up to the menaced point; yet our men hold their position after the recall is sounded; and amid a storm of grape and canister some of the more impetuous throw themselves forward some distance in advance of where the column reined up, spurring on to reach the battery, wrapping the crest in livid flames. To have seen these heroes dashing into it was truly grand; and let the admirers of heroism know the name of the foremost—Private J. G. McReynolds, of Phillips' Legion. Spurring almost under the white smoke of the guns, more like some demon phantom, he shouts back, "Come on, boys, come on! My God, let's take the battery." Finding his column retiring, he dashed back without a scratch, amid the missiles large and small that were shredding the air.

After this desperate charge, forcing the Yankee columns back to the mouths of his numerous and well served guns, heavily supported by infantry, our columns retired back, holding the first disputed point; the other parts of the line were not so fiercely assailed, but in all the efforts of the enemy he was promptly repulsed. This point in Hampton's front was the hardest contested part of the field. The enemy having concentrated his main force here, attempted by desperate efforts to break our centre, in which he was effectually foiled by the superior courage of Fitz Lee's and Hampton's veteran troopers. His cavalry being thus severely punished in an open hand to hand contest, attempted to drive us from our position by his numerous and well posted artillery, in which a most terrible artillery duel was joined. Our batteries of horse artillery, aided by four pieces under Lieutenant Blair, of the Jackson battery of Ewell's corps, furiously kept up the fight the remainder of the day, without any decided effect, each party holding its same position at night. Our loss was quite heavy, particularly in officers. The enemy's must have been equally as much or more so. General Stuart was particularly conspicuous in the fight, dashing from one point to another, encouraging the point that required his presence the most, entirely reckless of his personal safety. In thus maintaining his position, he effectually held in check and repulsed the most desperate effort of the enemy's cavalry to turn our left flank, who with the additional incentive were burning to wipe out the disgrace Stuart had just inflicted upon them by his daring and mischievous pranks upon their rear. He still maintained his position the following day, and was among the last to leave the field, bringing up the rear of our retiring army.

On the evening of the same day, the 3d, a detachment of about four hundred men, under Colonel Black, First South Carolina cavalry, met a body of Yankee cavalry advancing from Emmettsburg, who were attempting a demonstration against our right flank, with the support of a regiment of infantry, ambuscaded and drove them back with heavy loss.

Late in the same evening, further round on our right, beyond Marsh Creek, Jones' cavalry, supported by Robinson's, encountered another heavy body of the enemy's cavalry, and after a

desperate hand to hand conflict, repulsed them, killing and capturing a great number.

Our trains moved from Gettysburg on two routes, one by way of Cashtown through Stevens' Gap, guarded by Imboden; the other by the road through Fairfield, leading across the South Mountains. General Robinson was ordered on in advance on this route; he sent forward a small squadron of about thirty-five men, under Captains McKellar and Shaw of the Fifth North Carolina cavalry, to picket this Gap in advance of the column, on Jack Mountain. The pass on the top of the mountain is quite narrow and makes a slight bend from the south. The enemy's cavalry, in the meantime, by remarkable energy had moved round to the left and crossed the mountain on some obscure road and were hastening up to occupy this pass. Just as this small force was being posted at the point, an entire regiment of the enemy's cavalry were seen advancing rapidly up the opposite side of the mountain. Our little body of pickets were thrown forward to the best advantage along the most advantageous positions near the bend. The enemy came dashing up by squadrons, and just as they turned the bend our little party met them with a galling fire, causing a temporary recoil. Their officer in command rallied a small body, calling on the others to follow, he gallantly, with a few of his men, succeeded in dashing by; he still kept on at the top of his speed and was killed, and his party captured by a small party in the rear. The whole regiment made several bold dashes to carry the position, but were successfully repulsed in every attempt, leaving the pass strewn with their dead and wounded. They retired, baffled and beaten by those two bold and intrepid officers. And to them and their brave men the greatest credit is due for defending and holding this important pass, which, had they succeeded in successfully occupying, would have at least subjected us to serious annoyance, if not to untold disaster.

CHAPTER XIV.

THE ENEMY'S CAVALRY MAKES A BOLD ATTEMPT TO CAPTURE OUR TRAINS AT WILLIAMSPORT—ARE SUCCESSFULLY ROUTED BY GENERAL IMBODEN—CAVALRY FIGHT AT HAGERSTOWN—GENERAL LEE TAKES POSITION AT HAGERSTOWN—CAVALRY FIGHT NEAR FUNKSTOWN—AT BENVIOLA—THE WHOLE ARMY RE-CROSS THE POTOMAC—FITZ. LEE'S CAVALRY FIGHT AT LEETOWN; ROUTS THE ENEMY—THE ARMY WITH-DRAWS FROM THE VALLEY, AND RESUMES ITS ORIGINAL LINES ON THE RAPPAHANNOCK.

Our columns moved on without any further interruption, save a dash of the enemy's cavalry on some wagons that had lagged behind, capturing some of our wounded.

Our vast trains of wagons, captured property, and prisoners had safely passed on, and reached Williamsport on Monday evening, the 6th, under charge of General Imboden, with his cavalry, one regiment of infantry, and a large body of "Company Q,"* from all the cavalry, as an escort.

The enemy's cavalry, by forced marches, had dashed round and placed themselves between our army and the trains, and held the road at Hagerstown, throwing forward a heavy force of cavalry and artillery, under Kilpatrick. They suddenly came dashing down upon General Imboden at Williamsport, eager for the prize collected at that point. This officer, with consummate energy, promptly met them, by throwing forward his homogeneous forces, "Company Q," teamsters, convalescents, and his small body of regular forces. After a sharp fight of artillery and small arms, the enemy was gradually driven from his first position; when, about dark, the whole line moved forward with a yell. The enemy relaxed his hold, and retreated precipitately in the direction of Boonsboro', leaving a great many killed and wounded behind, inflicting a very small loss upon us.

In the meantime General Stuart had fallen upon the other body at Hagerstown, in which Robinson's and Jones' brigades drove them through the town in a most gallant style. They were followed up by an advance of the former under Colonel J. B. Gordon, commanding the Fifth North Carolina cavalry; and after pursuing them about a mile, they succeeded in rallying, posting themselves in a strong position in the road, where they had posted

*This was the soubriquet given to that part of the cavalry who had unserviceable horses, which constituted a grand cortege of limping horses after the wagon trains.

a battery of artillery raking the road. This gallant officer, however, advanced at a sweeping pace almost to the mouths of the guns; but from the galling fire his command temporarily recoiled. Rallying, he completed the charge, repulsing the enemy; and it was only by the utmost speed of the artillery horses that the guns were saved from capture. In this and the engagement at Williamsport the enemy were punished severely, while our loss was comparatively small.

Our army all arrived in Hagerstown by the 7th, and halted in the vicinity. In this retrograde movement, in which the enemy subsequently proclaimed that Lee's forces were hopelessly demoralized and routed, Meade had not made the least show of immediate pursuit, but had allowed Lee to leisurely march to Hagerstown, where he halted and assumed a position, and awaited patiently the approach of the self-styled victorious army for the space of *six* long days.

In the meantime sharp occurrences took place between the cavalry of each party. On the evening of the 8th, General Fitz Lee dashed upon a body on the national turnpike, near Funkstown, killing and wounding several, and capturing one hundred and fifty with all their equipments. The next morning Hampton's brigade, under Colonel Baker, was sent forward to reinforce the latter. A large body of the enemy, both cavalry and infantry, were moving up from Boonsboro'. They were met in the afternoon beyond Benviola, on an extensive open plain at the foot of South Mountain. A sharp skirmish opened, followed by artillery. The skirmish increased, and was kept up with the fury of a battle. The enemy was driven back a considerable distance. Several ineffectual attempts were made to bring his cavalry out to an open engagement, but in every instance he declined. The artillery fight was kept up till near sundown, when a heavy body of his infantry had moved round and extended its line so far upon our left flank as to compel us to fall back to a more favorable position. In withdrawing from this open plain, the ground breaks off into hills over which the road passes, with stone fences on each side. The columns were all drawn in and were moving down the narrow defile, when the First South Carolina cavalry, Captain J. H. Barry, bringing up the rear, was charged upon furiously by the Yankee cavalry, who wheeled and gallantly met

them; hand to hand they bore up against their pressing assailants in the most gallant style. They received and returned the well plied steel of the Yankees; horses and riders intermingled recklessly with each other; for ten minutes the red, dripping sabres of each party are unflinchingly parried and thrust in deadly strife; a furious yell and redoubled effort on the part of the unquailing South Carolinians; the enemy recoil and break beyond the line of their flanking column, who are hurrying up, and pour into our columns from the hill above a most galling fire, which from his heavy supports in the rear, we retired slowly, and fighting them till dark from the next hill. Our loss was pretty severe. The ensuing day our dismounted skirmishers skirmished with the advancing enemy, attempting to draw them on to our general lines along the Antietam, but without success. We skirmished hotly on the ensuing day, holding the enemy in check in front of General Lee's position near Hagerstown. General Lee's ordnance supplies having reached him, he awaited day after day for the enemy to advance, but he cautiously stands off, as if determined not to risk a battle. Owing to the difficulty of obtaining supplies for the army, and the non-combatting disposition of the enemy, General Lee quietly withdrew on the morning of the 13th, and crossed the Potomac at Williamsport and Falling Waters, without any serious interruption on the part of the enemy. Brigadier General Pettigrew, bringing up the rear at Falling Waters, while resting his men who had been toiling all night in the mud and rain, a small body of the enemy's cavalry was unfortunately mistaken for our own, and penetrated our line and mortally wounded this gallant and accomplished officer, who died a few days afterward.

Thus ended a campaign in which, by transferring hostilities to the enemy's soil, our troops had promised themselves the most happy results. They went not for rapine and plunder, but solely for striking for freedom on the foeman's soil, and how far that matter may have been accomplished, an impartial survey of events will show that the immediate results are not altogether negative. Our troops met the enemy on his own soil, whipped and drove him from his first position, crippled and held him in a position in which nothing but the position itself saved him from immediate and hopeless rout: while nothing but the sad exhaustion of

ammunition compelled us to retire from a victory just within our grasp; when in reality the enemy had commenced a retreat from the horrors of an imaginary fatal blow that they expected from Lee, who quietly retired, and after replenishing his ammunition, took another position; cramped for the want of transportation for supplies, he lay for six days and invited the enemy to fight, and retired only when his supplies were entirely exhausted, having inflicted on the enemy a loss in battle in killed, wounded and prisoners over twice his own, to say nothing of the immense amount of captured property secured—thus falling short of the hoped for results by extraneous causes over which our authorities, from the extreme nature of circumstances, had no control; and by this bold demonstration in striking the enemy in the heart of his own country, we have given him a higher appreciation of the valor and courage of the Southern troops, which tends really to depreciate confidence in themselves.

The few days' repose in the valley was interrupted by only one excursion of the enemy's cavalry, who advanced from Shepherdstown on a reconnoissance upon our lines. Fitz Lee met them at Leetown, about five miles above Shepherdstown, completely routing and driving them pell mell through the latter place, killing and capturing about two hundred. The movements of the enemy down the other side of the Blue Ridge required a corresponding movement on the part of General Lee, and the two armies again found themselves confronting each other on the old Rappahannock lines. The Yankee general had pushed his columns with remarkable rapidity, as though he intended to gain Richmond by a foot-race; but finding himself confronted by the ubiquitous columns of Lee, he was content to pause in the old, beaten war-path on the north banks of the Rappahannock. He took up his headquarters upon the estate of Mr. Joseph Downman, where, instead of pushing on after the demoralized army of Lee, he rested his laurels, and went to working up all the cedar in the vicinity in decorating and embellishing his quarters. A grand ovation was given, at which, from a cedar-wrought throne, in the presence of the gaping abolition notables and officers, the Governor of Pennsylvania presented him a sword for his meritorious services.

Our army halted and lay below Culpeper C. H., while the cavalry occupied the front. The Yankees had thrown their lines across the river, extending from Beverly's Ford down to the mouth of Mountain Run, reaching out a short distance from the river. Our lines ran round corresponding to theirs, a short distance apart.

CHAPTER XV.

A GLANCE AT MOSBY AND HIS MEN.

John Singleton Mosby is the son of Alfred D. Mosby, formerly of Albemarle County, Va., but now in the vicinity of Lynchburg. He is the maternal grandson of Mr. James McLaurine, Sr., late of Powhatan County, Va., and his mother was Miss Virginia J. McLaurine.

The subject of our sketch was born in Powhatan County, Va., on the 6th of December, 1833. He entered the University of Virginia at a very early age, and graduated with much distinction. Shortly thereafter he was married to the lovely daughter of the Hon. Beverly Clarke, late minister to Central America.

At the commencement of hostilities between the North and South, our hero resided at Bristol, Washington County, Va., where he was successfully engaged in the practice of law. He immediately gave up his profession, and entered the army as a private, becoming a member of a company raised in Washington, and commanded by Captain Jones, now General Jones, in which position he served twelve months. Upon the promotion of Captain Jones to the colonelcy of the First Virginia cavalry, Mosby was chosen as adjutant.

He continued in this position but a short time, for upon the reorganization of the regiment, from some cause the colonel was thrown out, and consequently his adjutant was relieved from duty. Mosby was then chosen by General Jeb Stuart as a sort of an independent scout. He first attracted public attention when General Jos. E. Johnston fell back from Manassas. On this occasion General Johnston desiring to ascertain whether the movement of McClellan was a feint, or if he really intended to march his army to the Peninsula, sent Mosby to ascertain the

fact, who, in company with five others, went to the rear of McClellan's army, and returned to General Johnston with the desired information. Captain Mosby was the first to make the circuit of the enemy while in front of Richmond, thereby enabling General Stuart to make the celebrated raid around the entire Yankee army, on which occasion Mosby went in advance. His *personnel* is described as "slight, muscular, supple and vigorous; his eye is keen, penetrating, ever on the alert; he wears his sabre and pistol with the air of a man who sleeps with them buckled around his waist, and handles them habitually almost unconsciously. The captain is a determined man in a charge, dangerous on a scout, hard to outwit, and prone to 'turn up' suddenly where he is least expected, and bang away with his pistol and carbine."

His exploits since the last service as an independent scout have become a part of the history of the war. No partisan has in so short a time, and with such small material, won a more solid reputation in the peculiar and effective mode of warfare. With a small command in the winter of 1862 and 1863, he greatly annoyed the enemy's camps and communication between Washington city and Warrenton. On one occasion, in the latter part of last winter, with thirty men, he penetrated the enemy's lines, and proceeded to Fairfax Court House; slipping through the pickets of the outposts, he led his party after dark without observation to the inside pickets, and surprised and captured the whole number. With a few of his picked men he proceeded into the village to the headquarters of General Stoughton, and made prisoners of him and staff in their beds, and passed quietly out with the prisoners through the darkness. In passing Centreville in the dark, he came within seventy-five yards of the enemy's redoubts and was suddenly hailed by the sentinel, but his resources ever ready, he at once produced the impression that they were Yankees passing out on duty, and were allowed unsuspectingly to pass. This valuable requisition on the Yankee officials were conducted to a secure place, and were safely forwarded to Richmond. This brilliant exploit elicited the following complimentary order from General Stuart:

GENERAL ORDERS No.———

Captain John S. Mosby has for a long time attracted the attention of his generals by his holdness, skill, and success, so signally displayed in his numerous forays upon the invaders of his native State.

None knew his daring enterprise and dashing heroism better than those foul invaders, though strangers themselves to such noble traits.

His late brilliant exploit, the capture of Brigadier-General Stoughton, United States Army, two captains, thirty other prisoners, and fifty-eight horses, justifies this recognition in General Orders. This feat, unparalleled in the war, was performed in the midst of the enemy's troops, at Fairfax C. H., without loss or injury.

The gallant band of Captain Mosby share the glory, as they did the danger of the enterprise, and are worthy of such a leader.

J. E. B. STUART,
Major-General Commanding.

On the 1st of last April, with a detachment of only sixty-five men, he encountered and was attacked, near Drainsville, by *two hundred* picked Yankee cavalry, who were scouting for him. He at once placed himself at the head of twenty-five of his men, holding the others in reserve, and charged the two hundred with such impetuosity that he succeeded in completely routing them, killing ten, wounding twenty-five and taking eighty-three prisoners. Among the killed and wounded were five officers. Mosby's loss was only one killed, and a few wounded.

About the first of May the Yankee General Strahl with a body of cavalry had moved up near Warrenton Junction, and placed the First Virginia bogus cavalry to guard the Junction. Mosby was ever hovering round—found out their position, and with the commands of Captain Pairo, thirty men, and Sergeant Mickler, eleven, and with his own detachment, numbering in all about one hundred, he resolved to attack the point. He rendezvoused on the night of the 2d of May, on Payne's farm, and proceeded to Germantown, where he run on a party of infantry and captured them. From thence, traveling that night, he proceeded to Warrenton Junction, run in the pickets. The most of the enemy had dismounted and posted themselves in a farm house. Mosby formed his men under a most galling fire, with himself and Sergeant Mickler in the lead, charged the party outside the house, sabring them down as they ran in. Then the most desperate fighting ensued. Our men jumped from their horses and made a fierce onset on the house, which had the lower doors barri-

caded, while every small aperture from above and below was bristling with rifles, flashing their deadly volleys incessantly into the little band below, who stood unquailingly returning the fire at every exposed aperture. The gallant men were falling. The intrepid Mosby, chafing like a tiger, and firing whenever a head would show itself, shouted with infuriated tones, "Break the door down." Privates J. M. Sloan and W. P. Parks, scouts from the First North Carolina cavalry, gallantly dashed to the door and smashed it in and leaped in the passage, amid the flashes of pistols in their faces, shooting the crowding foe down right and left, and then using the butts of their pistols in the *melee*, which was now becoming general, as others dashed in the entrance; for a few moments the dread strife raged. They were crowded and thrust back, when the cry of "surrender" eagerly went up from all sides. Nearly twice Mosby's entire number surrendered. Mosby's loss was several wounded and a few killed. Among the killed was Private G. T. Thornwell, son of the celebrated J. H. Thornwell, D.D., LL.D., of South Carolina, as brave and noble a lad as ever drew sabre. Mosby was hotly pursued by a heavy body, but succeeded in eluding his pursuers and bringing out nearly all the prisoners.

In June following, while Hooker's army was in motion, Captain Mosby, with three men, penetrated twenty miles into the Yankee lines, capturing two officers and eight or ten privates, and also secured Hooker's despatches to Pleasanton, containing valuable information. The despatches and the prisoners were placed in charge of two privates who accompanied him, and sent back to the Confederate encampment. He then proceeded alone to the bank of the Potomac, and after learning that Hooker was not crossing, started on his return to General Lee's headquarters. On his route he stopped at a farm house for the purpose of making some inquiries; when, hearing a slight noise in his rear, he turned and perceived two soldiers picking cherries from a tree. He immediately mounted his horse, and, riding to where the two men were standing, inquired to what regiment they belonged. They responded: "To the Fifth New York cavalry." Mosby then said: "I am Major Mosby, of the Confederate States army, and you are my prisoners." The men immediately surrendered their arms, and the party started on their way to Gen-

eral Lee's headquarters. Coming to the main pike, Mosby discovered a long train of Federal wagons, guarded by cavalry. He at once turned into the woods with his prisoners, and told them they he was in "a tight place, and must get out. He relied entirely on them for his escape; if either of them showed the slightest sign to betray him, he would instantly shoot him." Having thus cautioned them, he tied their horses' heads together to prevent their escape, and starting them in a gallop in front of him, passed the long train, and arrived safely at General Lee's headquarters with his two prisoners, whose uniforms had prevented the Yankee cavalry guarding the train from capturing him. The following special order from General Lee shows the high estimation in which this brave and successful partisan is held:

SPECIAL ORDERS No. 82.

His Excellency the President has pleased to show his appreciation of the good services and many daring exploits of the gallant J. S. Mosby, by promoting the latter to a captaincy in the Provisional Army of the Confederate States. The general commanding is confident that this manifestation of the approbation of his superiors will but serve to incite Captain Mosby to still greater efforts to advance the good cause in which he is engaged. He will at once proceed to organize his command as indicated in the letter of instructions this day furnished from these headquarters.

By command of

R. E. LEE.

W. W. TAYLOR, A. A. G.

Mosby performed the important service of reconnoitering the country in advance of General Ewell on the Pennsylvania campaign. While waiting for the advance guard of General Ewell, he engaged and routed a superior body of Yankee cavalry at Seneca Falls.

After returning from the Pennsylvania campaign, he betook himself again to his old haunts, harassing the enemy's line of communication, and swooping down upon any small party that should isolate itself from the main body. He was severely wounded in one of these skirmishes, but has recovered.

In Meade's last advance across the Rapidan, Mosby was again at work. On the night of the 28th of November he pounced down upon the enemy's rear at Brandy Station, whipped and drove off a superior body of the enemy, captured several prisoners, destroyed twenty-five wagons, and brought safely off one hundred and twenty of the finest class of mules.

CHAPTER XVI.

SECOND CAVALRY FIGHT AT BRANDY STATION—REORGANIZATION OF THE CAVALRY—WE EVACUATE OUR LINE ON THE RAPPAHANNOCK—ENGAGEMENT AT JACK'S SHOP—THE SPLENDID PLANS OF THE ENEMY THWARTED.

That part of the line held by Hampton in front of Brandy Station was advanced upon by the enemy's cavalry, early on the morning of the 1st of August. After driving our pickets in a mile below Brandy, his column, a whole division that had crossed over in the night, commenced advancing rapidly, and were promptly met by Colonel Baker, commanding the brigade, when a sharp fight opened between the dismounted skirmishers of each party. The enemy's superior numbers gave him greatly the advantage in flanking, which compelled our men to relinquish our first position. We withdrew back about half a mile upon a line below the station. In the meantime the enemy came pressing on. Captain Hart was withdrawing his batteries to the slopes in front of the Kennedy house when a column of Yankee cavalry came dashing down the west side of the railroad, evidently with the view of reaching it, when the Jeff. Davis Legion was wheeled, supported by the Cobb Legion, and met them in fierce onset and drove them back. At the same time another column was deflecting around on the east side of the railroad, attempting to gain our right flank before we could get into position, who were charged by the First South Carolina, supported by the Phillips Legion, in a most gallant style, driving them back in a most handsome manner. At this juncture the whole plain, stretching out back to the slopes at the station, presented the appearance of one moving mass of Yankee horsemen.

Colonel Baker, with great coolness, formed the brigade to meet the coming shock of these immense odds, as they rapidly moved up. Our battle line extended from the Kennedy house on the right, across the plain to Botts' farm on the left. The fight had now been provoked, and the enemy saw from our spirit, that, notwithstanding their superior numbers, the ground was to be hotly contested. On they came with thundering tread as their long lines swelled out over these old historic plains. Hart's battery had taken position and was playing beautifully upon

their ranks. The lines of skirmishers of each party were being taken up for more fearful work. The word "charge" is given. The whole line leap forward squarely, with sabre in hand, raising the battle yell; at it they go, intermingling the clashing steel with the popping of pistols. The opposing ranks commingle, obscured by the dust and smoke, horses and riders go down in the dread strife. The enemy's heavy columns recoil and give back before the well plied sabres of our intrepid troopers, when a heavy fresh column advances on our flanks, and robs us of the hard-earned advantage. Our line is dexterously withdrawn and slowly retires beyond the point of the flanking columns, when it again wheels and strikes the Yankee column right and left, and under the same circumstances is compelled to retire before the overwhelming columns of the pressing foe; Parthian-like dealing blows as we retire. An extensive flank movement is attempted on our right flank to gain our rear. Colonel Baker rallies the men, who are almost worn down from the extreme heat, and sweeps at the head of part of his troops in the charge to the right, but the brave hero falls severely wounded at the first onset, and is borne off the field. Colonel Young, of Cobb's Legion, dashes to the front and gallantly leads the shattered and torn columns forward; they dash, yelling, upon the enemy, whose first lines break back upon the second. Our line then falls back slowly, contesting every inch of ground. The gallant Young, too, is borne from the field severely wounded, shouting to his men as he fell to fight on. Colonel Black, of the First South Carolina, then takes command, he, too, receives a wound and is compelled to leave the field. Lieutenant-Colonel Lipscomb, of the Second South Carolina, gallantly fights the wearied and shattered columns over the smoke-wrapped field, and only stubbornly yields when forced back by the weight of numbers; he, too, is incapacitated by a severe wound. The command then devolves upon ————, who still leads the men to the best advantage against the enemy, who are fast becoming weary of the fight. This little column has borne up all day without any assistance. Late in the evening a brigade of infantry moves up to their support at a double-quick, and rush upon the Yankee troopers, firing deadly volleys into their ranks, emptying many a saddle. The Yankee columns break, and a grand skedaddle

ensues. Pursuit on foot becomes the height of folly, yet the Yankee troopers' speed is none the least abated until he reaches the fatherest end of the plain, near Brandy Station. Our loss was heavy, while we inflicted, according to their own reports, a loss of three to one upon the enemy. No fight of the war has been conducted so long and so fiercely against such overwhelming odds—fighting with one small brigade against two full divisions, with his mounted rifles as sharp-shooters, and several pieces of artillery—conducted in an open field throughout, where no advantage in position could be offered to either party. Captain Hart's battery was nobly worked against the enemy's: but his ammunition became exhausted about the middle of the fight, and he was compelled to retire. The following eloquent order was issued to the brigade from our cavalry chief a few days afterwards:

Headquarters Cavalry Division,
Army Northern Virginia, August 6, 1863.

GENERAL ORDERS No. 27.

The gallant and spirited resistance offered by Hampton's Brigade, Colonel L. S. Baker commanding, to a body of the enemy's cavalry, greatly superior in numbers, on the 1st instant, deserves the highest commendation at the hands of the division commander.

The good conduct of the officers and men of that veteran brigade in such a conflict, reflects the highest credit upon their patriotism and good soldierly qualities, and is worthy of the emulation of the entire division.

In this contest the horse artillery as usual performed a part equal in heroism to its already brilliant prestige; and but for the supply of ammunition on the field becoming exhausted, the enemy's loss, confessedly more than three times our own, would have been far greater.

The division mourns the loss of some brave spirits, and the noble wounded who for a time have left us, will, it is hoped, ere long be welcomed to our ranks, to strike again for independence and victory.

Let the sons of the Carolinas and the Gulf in Virginia continue to rival the heroism of their noble comrades of Vicksburg and Charleston, remembering that every blow struck at the enemy, no matter where, is a blow for *home* and its *hallowed rights*.

J. E. B. STUART,
Major-General.

The cavalry of the army about the 1st of September underwent a reorganization. Comprising only one division heretofore, it was divided into two, composing a cavalry corps, still under the command of its skillful and gallant chieftain, General J. E. B.

Stuart. General Hampton, promoted since receiving his wounds to Major-General, was placed in command of the first division, and General Fitz. Lee, also promoted to Major-General, was assigned to the second division. The former was composed of Young's brigade, consisting of the First and Second South Carolina Regiments, the Cobb Legion, the Jeff Davis Legion, and the Phillips Legion: Gordon's brigade, consisting of the First, Second, Fourth and Fifth North Carolina Regiments; and Rosser's brigade, consisting of the Eleventh and Twelfth Virginia Regiments: General Fitz. Lee's division was composed of W. H. F. Lee's, Wickham's and Lomax's brigades.

General Lee, a few days after this affair, withdrew his army south of the Rapidan, with the view, in case Meade should advance, of offering him battle on this favorable line, leaving the cavalry to picket and watch his movements on his front lines. The enemy lay remarkably quiet until the 13th of September, when he commenced a general advance along the entire lines held by the cavalry, who, in accordance with a preconcerted plan, fell back before them, however hotly contesting the advance where a favorable opportunity offered, our horse artillery performing nobly its part in checking the enemy's columns, but unfortunately its rashness lost us three pieces by attempting to hold them too long. The gunners nobly worked them to the last, causing the enemy to pay dearly for the prize.

The different commands fought their way slowly, checking the enemy's advance, and at dark safely retired across the Rapidan.

The following day the enemy's cavalry and artillery appeared at some of the different fords, in which mutual shelling engaged each party with little effect. Our cavalry was thrown on each flank. Hampton's division holding the position on the left along the Robinson River up to Madison C. H., Fitz Lee the right on the Rapidan. In vain General Lee lay and awaited the approach of Meade, who had advanced as far as Culpeper C. H., and began putting up winter quarters by pulling down all the untenanted dwellings in the vicinity, converting them into numerous huts for his soldiers; not even churches were spared, but were sacrilegiously dismantled for this purpose; nothing but the framework of the finest mansions were left standing, the monuments of vandal wantonness.

While quietly picketing the line of the Robinson River, the enemy's cavalry suddenly advanced on the upper part of the line near Madison C. H., held by Colonel Funsten, commanding Jones' brigade, on Monday evening, the 21st September. The three divisions of Gregg, Buford and Kilpatrick were ascertained to be moving in this direction. Colonel Funsten skirmished with their advance, and fell back that night to Jack's shop, on the Madison and Orange turnpike, some six miles below the Court House. General Stuart with the three brigades of Hampton's division and several pieces of his horse artillery, took position at the shop next morning. During the night the enemy had moved Gregg's division round to our left, Buford's moved down the pike and occupied our front, while Kilpatrick had by a forced march bore undiscovered far round to our right. Against these superior odds and well laid combinations only three small brigades of our cavalry could be brought to bear. Our forces met Buford a short distance beyond Jack's shop, where the sharpshooters and artillery of each party became actively engaged. Our men were gallantly holding the position, when the enemy, from his superior numbers, was discovered throwing a heavy body round through the woods to our left, which caused us to fall back and take another position, below the village. The engagement was continuing hotly round the village, with but little advantage to either party, when information came that Kilpatrick had gone round and crossed the Rapidan at Wilbite's Ford, had recrossed at Liberty Mills, and was moving up the Madison pike in our rear. General Stuart attempted to withdraw his forces quietly from Buford's front, leaving the Second South Carolina regiment to hold him in check and bring up the rear. Buford had received the signal, a rocket sent up from Kilpatrick, and attempted to press us as we were withdrawing. Colonel Lipscomb, of the Second South Carolina, gallantly met him: a stubborn hand to hand fight ensued, checking and driving him back, and then slowly retired after the column, that had met Kilpatrick about two miles below. The command was now completely surrounded, and no recourse but to fight out or surrender. The former alternative was resolved upon. Officers rode up and down their lines and apprised the men of their awful situation, encouraging them to do their best. The confident enemy began

to press in front and rear—then was presented the novel sight of fighting the enemy in front and rear at the same time. Our guns from the same hill pointed both ways, opened vigorously upon the circumventing columns of the enemy. A portion of Jones' Brigade, the Phillips Legion, Fourth North Carolina and the Cobb Legion, were ordered to charge the enemy in front, which was performed in a most gallant style, breaking their columns, driving them across the Rapidan at Liberty Mills, capturing about one hundred and fifty prisoners. Buford was held in check in the rear, formerly our front. Kilpatrick was closely followed up on the Orange side, and after a sharp fight above the Mills he was driven back across the river about dark, losing several prisoners. Our loss in this engagement was about one hundred killed, wounded and missing. Colonel Wm. Deloney, of the Cobb Legion, was severely wounded and fell into the enemy's hands—one of our most gallant officers. The enemy's loss was ascertained to have been upwards of three hundred killed, wounded and captured. Among the captured was Kilpatrick's Adjutant, a Captain Irwin—who had been captured at Gettysburg, and had violated his parole.

Gregg's Division, that had gone round on the right, made a dash at our camps, near the junction of the Robinson and Rapidan Rivers, on the neck known as the Horse Shoe, where alone the First South Carolina Regiment and the Jeff. Davis Legion boldly met them, and gave them such a warm reception as to satisfy them that they could make nothing in that quarter, causing them to retire in the direction of Madison C. H.

On the following morning, General Stuart having received reinforcements from Fitz. Lee's division, followed after the enemy and drove them late that evening precipitately across the Robinson River. The enemy had started provisioned with several days' rations, and doubtless proposed an extensive raid upon our communication in rear, in which old pet object he was foiled by the superior courage and hard fighting of our men. The enemy had the plans on us, but sadly lacked the pluck to carry them out. Colonel St. Leger Grenfell, a British cavalry officer, who was present on the occasion with Stuart, expressed himself at the surprisingly happy termination of this affair "as one of the most brilliant on record. The depressing influences that

usually attend troops when they know they are surrounded, were not evinced in the slightest manner by the men, but each man, when being apprised of the situation, only gritted his teeth the more savagely and grasped his sword the firmer, and that under such circumstances the best Continental cavalry would have thrown down their arms;" but these ragged sons of freedom, "who feed their horses on weeds, and pay a dollar a piece for horse shoe nails," presented the striking anomaly of turning a whip into a whip by shaking an enemy twice their numbers off their back, and kicked him far enough to the rear so as to deal a stunning blow to another of equal size in front, and kept it up till he was sore of the job he had undertaken.

CHAPTER XVII.

GENERAL LEE MOVES UPON MEADE'S FLANK—STUART'S SPLENDID SUCCESS WITH GORDON'S AND YOUNG'S BRIGADES AT ROBINSON RIVER—GORDON FOLLOWS UP THE ENEMY AND ATTACKS THEM NEAR CULPEPER COURT HOUSE, AND AGAIN ROUTS THEM—FITZ. LEE ATTACKS THE ENEMY AT MORTON AND RACCOON FORDS, AND AFTER A SEVERE FIGHT ENTIRELY ROUTS THEM—THEY STAND AND GIVE FIGHT AT STEVENSBURG, BUT ARE AGAIN ROUTED—STUART AND FITZ. LEE MAKE A JUNCTION AT BRANDY STATION—ANOTHER SEVERE CAVALRY FIGHT ENSUES, AND THE ENEMY AGAIN ROUTED AND DRIVEN ACROSS THE RAPPAHANNOCK—JONES' BRIGADE ENCOUNTER GREGG'S CAVALRY DIVISION AT JEFFERSON, AND AFTER A SEVERE FIGHT, DRIVES HIM ACROSS THE RIVER WITH HEAVY LOSS—GENERAL YOUNG BLUFFS THE ENEMY AT CULPEPER—STUART GETS SURROUNDED AT AUBURN—CUTS HIS WAY OUT—THE AFFAIR AT BRISTOW—STUART PUSHES THE ENEMY'S REAR AND ENGAGES HIM AT MANASSEAS—MEADE MAKES HIS ESCAPE—OUR ARMY RETIRE AFTER DESTROYING THE RAILROAD—STUART DRAWS KILPATRICK ON IN PURSUIT—TURNS UPON HIM AND ROUTS HIM WITH HEAVY LOSS, CAPTURING SEVERAL WAGONS AND AMBULANCES AND A GOOD NUMBER OF PRISONERS—RETIRES AFTER THE ARMY ACROSS THE RAPPAHANNOCK—YANKEE CHIVALRY VERSUS WOMEN.

The circumstances surrounding the enemy's occupancy of Culpeper gave no tokens of active operations upon our lines on the Rapidan. Accordingly General Lee resolved on a flank movement upon his position, hoping thereby to draw the enemy out and compel him to an open engagement, or failing in this event, by rapid marches to head him off before he could reach his fortifications in his rear, and force him to an issue. His plan being to throw his forces across the upper fords of the Rapidan and

move unobserved on his right flank, his forces were withdrawn from their position on the Rapidan, and crossed above the junction of the Robinson River early on the morning of the 8th of October, and proceeded in the direction of Madison Court House. A show of force in front of the enemy was still kept up on the Rapidan by burning heavy camp fires, and by keeping our regular picket force in front; and the better to conceal our advance, our forces were led along meandering by-ways, evading all high grounds, so as to keep concealed from the enemy from their lookouts on Thoroughfare Mountain and their other elevated points.

Late Friday evening General Stuart advanced with Hampton's cavalry division, bearing considerably round to the right, resting on Friday night beyond Madison Court House. Colonel Chambliss, commanding General W. H. F. Lee's brigade, was ordered to cross the Rapidan River at Peyton's Ford, and picket Robinson River and keep up the line of pickets unbroken till he could swing round by Madison Court House, and cross the river somewhere in that vicinity

Early the following morning, the 10th, General Stuart crossed the Robinson River above James City. Throwing forward Gordon's brigade in front and Young's to the right, the enemy's line of pickets were charged and captured. The supports, a body of cavalry and infantry, were discovered near Bethesda Church. Lieutenant Dandrell, of the Jeff. Davis Legion, making the reconnoissance, reported the fact to General Stuart of the enemy's infantry being there in force. He turned with a smile of nervous satisfaction, "they are the very bucks I want," ordered a regiment from each brigade forward to charge them. Our eager troopers fell upon them, soon confusing and putting to flight the whole force, capturing nearly the whole of the One Hundred and Twentieth New York infantry, the rest, breaking with the fugitive cavalry, escaped by reaching the thick wood and flying to the mountains. It was really diverting to have witnessed the scenes of our dismounted boys chasing the fugitive infantry, barking and yelping like a pack of hounds in close chase after a fox. Driving around, occasionally one would jump from his hiding place with ponderous knapsack and well packed haversack; with shoutings and vociferations the pursuit would join: "Unlimber

that caisson ((knapsack). Oh, you might as well throw down that coffee; I know you have got it; I see the sign (a little black coffee pot dangling from the belt): I'll have it. You'd just as well stop." A few unhealthy Minie *zips* would have the salutary effect of bringing to bay Yankee, coffee and all.

After closing up this chase, General Young was sent with his brigade to the right to Thoroughfare Mountain, and General Stuart with Gordon's brigade moved directly forward on the main road leading to Culpeper Court House, and bivouacked about ten miles from that place. Early next morning the command was moved forward after the retreating enemy, and overtook a body of cavalry a short distance from the Court House, whom General Stuart ordered General Gordon to charge; he led with the Fourth North Carolina, commanded by Colonel G. D. Ferebee, in advance. He fell upon them in a most gallant style, routing and driving them in wild confusion, capturing a good number. Our loss was small. The colonel of the regiment was severely wounded, nobly discharging his duty at the head of his column.

While this flank movement was progressing, in the meantime the enemy had discovered a change in our front, and had self-complacently supposed that Lee was retiring and falling back upon Richmond; and to fully ascertain this fact, Buford had taken out his division on Sunday morning to make a reconnoissance beyond the Rapidan, and was crossing at Morton's Ford, when Fitz Lee, who had been left at these fords, attacked him and drove him immediately back across the river, crossed his command, and pressed after him; he attempted to stand on the Stringfellow Farm, but was beaten and routed with heavy loss, and driven in the direction of Stevensburg, where he rallied his forces and fought desperately for some time, but Fitz. Lee's veterans compelled him to yield, leaving the ground strewn with dead men and horses. Fitz Lee's loss was also severe, losing some gallant spirits, among them Captain W. B. Newton, commanding the Fourth Virginia—a pure and generous spirit and a brave and noble officer.

General Stuart had left Young's brigade behind at Thoroughfare Mountain, and despatched Funsten round on the left on the Rixeyville Road; and with Gordon's brigade, after routing the

enemy at the last named point, moved directly on Culpeper, capturing several prisoners. The main body had retired in the direction of Brandy, destroying what commissary stores there were left behind, where the divisions of Kilpatrick had reached, and Buford was fast beating a retreat before Fitz. Lee. General Stuart pushed on rapidly to effect a junction with the latter at or near that point. The whole plain south of Brandy was a moving mass of Yankee horsemen, dashing in a confused pace that seemed to be inclining over to the left, as if beating a retreat in that direction. Gordon's brigade alone had reached Botts' farm, about a mile distant. Stuart anxiously stretches his gaze to the south for the columns of Fitz. Lee, and then upon the retreating masses of the Yankees impatiently, and soliloquizes to himself, "Oh, that Fitz. Lee only was up to time." Immediately the dust of his advance is seen rising, and his guns thundering far on the right against a broken column of Yankees that he is driving rapidly before him in the direction of Brandy. The Yankees betray a nervousness, and still bear to the left. A portion of Gordon's brigade, the Fourth and Fifth North Carolina regiments, under that gallant officer, led by Stuart in person, are thrown forward and meet the advance of the Yankee column just beyond John Minor Botts', and were charging this body with evidence of success, when suddenly a heavy column of the enemy pours over the hill upon their flank; it is with the utmost dexterity the command is withdrawn, and Generals Stuart and Gordon, who were mingling in the charge, barely escaped capture.

In this affair it is due to relate an incident of coolness unrivalled. As these two regiments were driven back, Private H. W. Alexander, Company F, of the Fifth North Carolina, being mounted on quite an inferior charger (favoritely known in the company as Billy Patterson), in wheeling suddenly to make the retreat, Billy losing his equilibrium, fell with his devoted master under him. In this uncomfortable position a part of our column and the entire Yankee column passed over miraculously without hurting either. The unfortunate rider lay unable to extricate himself from Billy's ponderous weight, who quietly lay stretched out his full length, making no efforts to rise. The Yankee column was being in the meantime beaten

back in another direction, and those who were dismounted in the fight were making their way back. One of the dismounted party was running down the road towards our entangled hero, who, poising himself on his elbow, drew up his old Mississippi rifle to his shoulder and coolly demanded a surrender. The Yankee threw down his arms and acknowledged himself taken in "out of the wet." The former extended the mortification still further by holding his bead on the game, compelling the prisoner to assist in extricating him from his unpleasant situation.

At this juncture the columns of Fitz. Lee arrive. The Yankees hastily form on the first line of ridges west of Brandy. The horse artillery is thrown forward and worked with terrible rapidity, while the enemy's guns respond with a corresponding energy. The sharpshooters of each party are popping away in full blast. Our columns with drawn sabres move at a brisk trot across these old battle-ridden plains, rocking with the thunders of artillery raking up and plowing the earth in devilish fury; as they near the enemy's column the trot is spurred to a gallop, accompanied with the demon yell that fires the Southern troopers to the wildest fury; they with *raised* sabres unquailingly dash into the flashes of the Yankee pistols that greet them in successive volleys. The two hostile columns interlock; the Yankees are forced back from their position upon heavy supports behind; our renewed efforts still push them back, and at last at twilight the field is cleared—the smoke-wrapt plain of Brandy is again ours! The enemy made a most stubborn resistance, and it was only by straightforward, hard fighting that he was compelled to yield, leaving a large number of killed, seventy-five wounded, and three hundred prisoners in our hands. Our loss was about eighty killed and wounded. The enemy during the night, under cover of his guns, crossed the Rappahannock.

A remarkable instance of individual courage and daring occurring in one of the desperate charges is here worthy of notice. Joe Loving, a fearless and intrepid soldier of the First North Carolina, in the charge, sprang far into the enemy's ranks, bore out a Yankee officer and halted a few paces from the column—the bullets were whizzing thick through the air—he made the Yankee rein up at his side, who betrayed the greatest impatience to get out of such a hot place, coolly unslung his carbine and went to

picking off blue-coats with as much *nonchalance* as though he was shooting gray squirrels in the woods. The frightened tinselled begged and implored to be taken to the rear, but cool Joe still continued to level and bring down his victim. "My God," he exclaimed, "we will both be killed, let's get away from here." "What, leave here?" the former retorted, "nary time—that's a fair acre of you blue-bellies over thar, and I've got to see it cleared first." Joe continued to give them the best he had, till he had the satisfaction of seeing his favorite "acre" cleared, and safely borne off his trembling prisoner, of whom he averred that even after the danger was over "he still continued to be scared into three fits a minute."

The next morning General Stuart resumed his march and crossed the Hazel River, and proceeded on to Jeffersonton on the Rixeyville road in front of General Ewell's corps. Colonel Funsten, commanding Jones' brigade, had moved on in front and came up with Gregg's whole cavalry division at Jeffersonton, where he had posted his forces in a strong position, behind houses, hills, and the stone walls of a church. The Eleventh Virginia regiment was in advance; the other cavalry was still behind. This regiment was dismounted as sharpshooters, and promptly charged the enemy, and after a most gallant attack had to fall back with loss. Ramseur's brigade, of Rhodes' division, now came up and appeared in the enemy's front, opening a brisk skirmish with him; while General Stuart, with the Twelfth Virginia, bore round to the left and led a bold and successful charge on the flank, and routed them in confusion, driving them over the Rappahannock. The enemy posted a strong guard of infantry and dismounted cavalry to hold the ford. Lieutenant-Colonel Massie, of the Twelfth Virginia, was ordered to charge it, which he did in the most gallant style, under a most galling fire of artillery and musketry. After crossing he vigorously followed, charging another body that had rallied, he cleared the hills beyond. In this engagement we killed and wounded upwards of two hundred, capturing about five hundred prisoners. Our loss was pretty severe, mostly in wounded. These charges were made under the eye of General Lee and General Rhodes, who witnessed with the highest satisfaction the results, declaring that no troops could have behaved better.

It seemed that the Yankees were, up to Monday morning, in great doubt as to the real proportions of our demonstrations. And Monday morning, after Stuart left Brandy, he sent back across the Rappahannock, at Kelly's Ford, two divisions of cavalry, the second, third and sixth corps, to make a reconnoissance. They pushed on to Brandy, where Colonel Rosser, with about two hundred men and one piece of artillery, had been left to watch out for any movement from below. The enemy appeared suddenly in the evening; Colonel Rosser dismounted his command and deployed them as sharpshooters; with these and his gun he fought them, retiring from hill to hill, in the direction of Culpeper C. H., where a large train of A. P. Hill's wagon train had arrived. In the meantime General Young, with his brigade that had been left behind at Thoroughfare Mountain, receiving Colonel Rosser's message, hurried up and took position beyond the Court House. He dismounted nearly his entire brigade, scattered along, giving semblance of an extensive front, and boldly skirmished with them and opened his few pieces of artillery with a vim upon the enemy's advance; which was vigorously kept up till night. He had his men to build up extensive camp fires along the entire front, and had his brass band brought to the front and played every martial air that could be thought of till late in the night. This gallant young general thus adroitly baffled and kept the enemy off, who deeming this bold, open-handed, defiant proceeding as emanating from a heavy force, quietly withdrew in the latter part of the night and recrossed the Rappahannock, who trotted doggedly on the tracks of their retreating comrades, who had, by this time, learned something of the extent of Lee's movements, and were making Gilpin speed to evade him.

The enemy had now become fully sensible of his position, and was running with all his might for his works near Washington; his columns were pushing along the line of the Orange and Alexandria Railroad. Ewell was moving rapidly in his rear; Hill was bearing round so as to gain his front before reaching Manassas; Stuart was placed between the two columns.

After defeating the enemy at Warrenton Springs, General Stuart moved on to Warrenton, clearing Ewell's front, and bivouacked near that place. Next morning, about ten o'clock, he took Lomax's, Gordon's and Funsten's brigades and proceeded in

the direction of Catlett's Station to make a reconnoissance. Crossing the road leading from Warrenton Junction to Greenwich, he left Lomax's brigade as a guard in his rear, and was proceeding with the others on in the direction of Catlett's Station in order to gain the flank of the enemy passing there. In the meantime the enemy passed a column of theirs round on this Greenwich Road, and in its course accidentally placed itself between General Stuart and the force at the cross-roads, and about dark he found himself completely cut off. This column moving on his left and the one down the railroad on his right, he found himself suddenly in an uncomfortable angle, with the base also a moving mass of Yankees. Fully ascertaining his position about dark, he turned in to the left a short distance off the road near Auburn, and quietly masked both brigades, Gordon's and Funsten's, and Major Beckham's artillery under a hill as close as man and horse could conveniently be packed, and there went into silent, cheerless bivouac for the night. The darkness of the night seemed to favor the forlorn situation, which, however, to the minds of the most sanguine, without some outside relief, would be but a prolongation of the disaster that seemed awaiting us on the coming morning, should the enemy still occupy his position, or in more hopeful moments could we, Micawber-like, hope for something in the night to turn up and relieve us from the unpleasant dilemma. The strictest silence was enjoined; a correspondent fully delineates the situation during the night. "Not a word was allowed, except in a low whisper; not a spark of fire could be struck, while the long night we stood there listening to the confused sounds of that mighty column of armed foes passing by us a few hundred yards off. We could distinguish by the sound everything that passed—the murmur of infantry, the hoof-music of the cavalry, the heavy rumbling of artillery, the rattling of wagons, and the shouts of the cattle and sheep drivers. Anxiously we waited the morrow. A few laid down, and shivering, slept; many watched and wondered; many whispered their conjectures of the result of our strange situation. All were quiet—the horses seemed to feel the necessity of it, and the very mules of the ambulances, though they had not been fed since morning, restrained from their usual demonstrative cries. All waited wonderingly for morning; and oh, the wild waking of that morn-

ing. Shortly after daylight the enemy *en masse* were seen bivouacked on a hill about four hundred yards off, making fires and preparing to cook breakfast."

The morning was quite foggy, from which it was still hoped that the enemy would pass us unobserved; but the first rays of the sun lifted it away. Yet the enemy still remained with stacked arms, laughing and talking in high glee over their coffee and hard tack, perfectly unconscious that a rebel was near. General Stuart ordered everything in readiness. The artillery was suddenly run up to the top of the hill, and all seven pieces opened at once on the astounded foe, who quickly deployed in line of battle. Our guns continued to pour it into their ranks. General Gordon with the First North Carolina, commanded by Colonel Thos. Ruffin, was ordered forward to charge and break the enemy's lines. The enemy had formed in three lines at the threatened point. These brave veteran troopers went down upon them by squadrons with a fearless yell, dashed against the first line and broke it at the point of the sabre, hurling it back in confusion on the second line, which in turn is likewise assailed, who receive the shock with great coolness, pouring a most galling fire into the pressing column, causing a temporary recoil. Their noble commander dashes to the front, and with his tall form raised high in the stirrups, his noble eye flashing fire, he earnestly called out: "My men, all I ask of you is to follow me," and had scarcely closed his lips when a fatal ball pierced him through and reeled him from his saddle. His men, as though inspired with his invincible spirit, with vengeful shout rush with redoubled fury upon this compact line of the enemy and with a few terrible surges throw it back in confusion on the last line; which is likewise broken and scattered before the clashing sabres of these fearless troopers. This successful effort now opened a way for our pent up columns. The artillery and all passed on safely out. General Gordon, who had borne himself most nobly in this fight, had captured a whole infantry regiment, but a superior force of the enemy arriving compelled him to release it. This charge has scarcely a parallel for gallantry and successful daring, and may well rival the most brilliant of Murat's gallant dashes. General Gordon had the heel of his boot shot away, and a spent ball struck him a hard blow on the side of the nose. Colonel Ruffin

was left mortally wounded, and died; he was a most gallant officer, a devoted patriot, and a gentleman in the highest traits of character; our other loss was small. The enemy's must have been considerable, as our troopers cleaved many down in the charge, and the artillery played upon them with good effect.

General Stuart made a detour still further round and came on the rear of the enemy's last corps. Keeping well upon its rear, captured a number of prisoners, and bivouacked near Warrenton.

On the same evening, A. P. Hill dashed for the enemy's front at Bristow Station—but who had made such extremely fast time for the last eight hours—but struck only his rear, which, though a small affair, failed to add anything to that officer's laurels.

The Yankee army now, by its remarkable celerity, had placed itself beyond the reach of Lee. He, however, was followed up by our cavalry the following day. General Fitz. Lee, with his cavalry, followed up and attacked the enemy at Blackburn's Ford, on Bull Run, the scene of the battle of the 18th July, 1861, where he skirmished and drove them off. General Stuart, with the other division, in the meantime, proceeded to Bates' Ford to cut off their wagon train; coming up with the enemy, had a severe fight, which continued for some time in the night, driving the enemy steadily before him across Bull Run. Here once more these old beaten plains were greeted by the faint notes of battle, which doubtless to our retreating foe conjured up the terrible scenes of the past, and placed them far from wishing to cross arms with us again upon those ill-omened plains.

The entire command bivouacked for the night on these waste and desolate plains, which from its thoroughly desolated appearance reminds one that it had really been plowed and sown in salt. Even the birds seemed lost in flying across it.

Meade now, by his remarkable speed, had placed himself beyond pursuit, from which our army now turned and gave its attention to interrupting his line of communication, in destroying the railroad, bringing it on with them as they leisurely retired to the Rappahannock.

On the next morning, the 16th, General Stuart left Fitz. Lee at Manassas to watch the movements of the enemy in front, and with Hampton's division he set out to make an expedition in

their rear. At Groveton he met the enemy's picket, which was driven in, and then moving to the left by Gainesville, he crossed the Catharpin and Little Rivers, and fell into the turnpike below Aldie, and then proceeded to the rear of Frying Pan, where he encountered a considerable body of infantry and skirmished with them for two hours; driving them back a short distance, he found himself confronted by the Sixth Corps, who encamped there, busily entrenching against an attack from Lee's army. General Stuart boldly pushed forward several pieces of his artillery, and complimented them with a number of shell and round shot, and then quietly withdrew, and marched back without any molestation, leaving the dumbfounded enemy standing off at long range, shelling the empty wood long after he had gone. It has been since definitely ascertained that "this expedition induced the enemy to *retire his whole force from Centreville to Fairfax Court House, under the impression that General Lee had gotten in his rear and was about to attack him.*"

On the 18th, General Stuart still was hovering round, watching the movements of Meade, who had now begun to face about after he had ascertained our army had retired. This late hero of this lightfooted retrograde movement after Lee had thus slowly withdrawn, and fully persuaded that his track was cold, with feelings apparently contradictory to his conduct, in bitter agony he is reported to have used the "pungent expression," "that it was like pulling an eye tooth not to have had a fight out of Lee;" and to keep up an apparent respect for this "pungent expression" of self-abnegation, he wheeled the cavalry and set them about to relieve somewhat the pain that assimilated the extraction of the most cherished grinder; but cunning, unfeeling Jeb with his cavalry was still in his reversed front, totally ignorant of the homœopathic mission of his dashing cavaliers, projected a mischievous manœuvre, the stunning results of which, doubtless, relieved but little the pungent grief of the disappointed Yankee chieftain.

General Stuart having left Fitz. Lee behind below Gainesville, retired with all the other cavalry before Kilpatrick, who was coming on raving like a hyena, boasting to a citizen on the road that "Stuart had been boasting of driving him from Culpeper, and now *he* was going to drive Stuart." He is described as about

sitting down to an excellent dinner that he had ordered, as he made use of the remark, when the sound of our guns from the direction of Gainesville attracted his attention; he unceremoniously took his leave, and with a few rapid strides he gained his horse, and in confused haste dashed dinnerless away. The preconcerted signal from Fitz. Lee was announced, when General Stuart, who had retreated before the enemy two miles below New Baltimore, who with Kilpatrick's whole division, with Custer's brigade in advance, were pushing rapidly after him, he faced Hampton's division about, throwing Gordon's brigade in advance, with the other two brigades, Young's and Rosser's, moving up in support. Pushing back rapidly he appeared suddenly before Custer's brigade that had deployed just this side of the village to receive us, with his sharpshooters thrown forward, awaiting a leisure skirmish, that usually precedes a cavalry action, but General Stuart was not disposed to await formalities. The old veterans of the First North Carolina, led by Colonel Rufus Barringer, were ordered immediately to charge the Yankee column, who were drawn up in a beautiful line, with the stars and stripes flaunting gaily in the breeze. Down upon them our column furiously pounced, and in the face of leaden hail from their pistols and carbines, after a few sabre clashes the enemy's line wavered and broke helter skelter down the pike; deafening yells rent the air, adding an impetus to their flight; on they went pell mell in one flying mass, goaded on by the sabre points of their eager pursuers. Their officers at some points attempted to rally their men, but Captain Cowles, a most gallant and dashing officer, who with the most fleet horse outstripped the advance, gave them no time to make a rally, would dash recklessly upon them, sabring them down or taking them prisoners. On the race went for several miles, driving them across a creek. Their broken line here again attempted to rally. It was indeed an amusing scene to have witnessed the efforts of the Yankee officers as they reached the opposite hill, dashing through their confused, jumbled up ranks, attempting to steady and rally their men, with curses and oaths intermingled with their buglers' confused notes, giving their variegated *tootings* more the domestic sound of a covey of cackling Guinea hens than inspiring martial airs. Our gallant captain, who still had a portion of the most fleet of the advance up

with him, dashed upon them, adding chaos to confusion, cleared the hills, capturing a number of prisoners.

In the meantime Fitz. Lee had tapped the enemy's flank from the right. They broke to the left at Buckland down Broad Run, and were so hotly pursued that they deserted their ambulance and wagon train that was captured in crossing the run. The pursuit was still kept up vigorously for two miles further, picking up frightened batches of prisoners all along the route. Dark now came on; still General Stuart pushed on, driving them back on their infantry near Haymarket. The moon was shining brightly. General Stuart with a small body of dismounted men went forward to reconnoitre. The conversation in their infantry camp could be distinctly heard. Our sharpshooters were engaging them. They shelled the woods all around. All demonstration finally ceased on our part, when a rich incident occurred. The enemy thinking we had entirely withdrawn, sent out a company to picket on the Buckland Road. After proceeding some distance down the road, the officer in charge of the picket, a major, rode up to our videttes inquiring for General Webster, who it seems was to show him where to place the picket. General Stuart, with the little party of twelve or fifteen men with him, was lying in the woods near by. Our videttes whom the major accosted were disposed to parley with him, when the latter impassionately exclaimed: "Where the h—I will I find General Webster? He was to show me where to place the picket." When General Stuart advanced toward him and replied: "Here, here, this way; won't General Jeb Stuart do as well?" Whereupon the little party bounded at the astounded major, who with his company immediately surrendered, and were safely carried to the rear.

This incident closed the "Buckland Races." Kilpatrick's division, the best in the whole Federal service, was killed, captured, and dispersed. In this affair about three hundred and fifty prisoners were taken, and a large proportion killed and wounded. Our loss was inconsiderable. And to cap the climax to this Yankee cavalier's misfortune, he lost his celebrated *race horse*. It seems he has a passion for racing, and kept a favorite thoroughbred mare, called "Lively," which in this famous *race* being led by one of his orderlies, somehow flew the track and took to

the woods and fields, and was a few days after picked up by some of Mosby's men, and also two of his soldiers whom he had sent to scour the country for her; and Lively's chagrined master may not be surprised should she cause him to fly the track before this war is over.

In the same connection there is another happy incident connected with this affair. The Yankee General Custer,* who led Kilpatrick's advance after Stuart from Buckland, is described as being quite exquisite in his person—long, curly, flaxen hair, dripping with unguents, flowing down round his shoulders, *chapeaued* with a high black felt, freighted with an undue proportion of feathers, dressed in blue velvet, trimmed with a profusion of gold lace, with glistening patent leather boots up to his knees, bedecked with silver spurs, dashing along with a similarly exquisite staff at the head of his column. He reined up with a pompous air at a lady's door on the roadside near New Baltimore, and inquired if all Stuart's cavalry had retreated beyond that point. The lady replied that she thought not. And in the most *hauteur* spirit he responded: "Well, d—n 'em, they had better be a making quick time, for we'll put the ragged scoundrels before us faster than they came down." and then spurred off in dashing style to overtake the head of his column, which he had scarcely reached, when the "ragged scoundrels" had the presumption to give him notice that they were in his front, causing him and staff soon to exercise that form of tactics anything but complimentary to his boasted *threats*. Leaning forward, digging his spurs into his horse at every jump, hat in hand, curls streaming wildly in the air, staff and all dashed through the town (as a little urchin standing by describes it, "jest a siftin"). Every rebel yell from behind but increased his pace to such a pitch as to challenge the devil to take the hindmost, and where the poor tarleton stopped there is "no telling"; probably he may have had himself expressed to some experienced barber on Broadway, to have his disheveled curls arranged for another onward to punish the "ragged scoundrels" for their rudeness in so badly disarranging his toilet. But the "unkindest cut of all": Among the wagons captured was the

*This officer acknowledged, on the entire expedition, a loss of three thousand horses from his command.

headquarters baggage of this exquisite officer, containing his papers, clothes and everything. The papers gave us some interesting facts connected with their cavalry, showing much heavier loss in the recent campaigns than we expected.

With the "*Buckland Races*" terminated the cavalry part of the campaign, which was one unbroken series of successes from the time it crossed the Rapidan and Robinson Rivers till the last finishing stroke at Buckland, alone placing *hors de combat* between two and three thousand of the enemy.

The excellent plans of our cavalry chieftain—the nice calculation of time, chance, and material, and the manner in which they were so beautifully executed by those entrusted with them, is indeed remarkable; and the frequent sudden emergencies that arose, and the manner in which officers and men met them, will not fail to challenge the respect of the country. An excellent comment upon the services of the cavalry in this campaign is given from the pen of another:

"They have met and fought the enemy all along the roads from the Rapidan to the Rappahannock, advancing upon the Federals by two routes. They guarded the flanks of General Lee as he marched to intercept Meade, doing the work so perfectly that the Federal general never at any time could ascertain a single fact in relation to Lee's movements. They drove the enemy, after a fierce and final struggle at Brandy, clear across the Rappahannock; they did the same next day at Warrenton Springs; they damaged the retreating columns seriously, to say the least, at Auburn; they drove them across Bull Run, and took possession of the fords in front of Centreville; they penetrated to the enemy's rear at Frying Pan, and made them fall back from Centreville to Fairfax C. H. and entrench, under the impression that the rebel army was in their rear; they got Kilpatrick 'between two fires' at Buckland, and broke to pieces his entire command, killing, capturing, or driving them back on their infantry reserve—the best cavalry in the whole Federal service. They effected these results, besides furnishing General Lee with thorough and reliable information of every movement and design on the part of the enemy.

"And yet, these services of the cavalry have not been more important than upon other occasions. The high reputation for courage and efficiency which they have received has not been the

result of better generalship on the part of the commanders, or greater gallantry on the part of the men. It has resulted from the circumstance that the infantry of the army had an opportunity *to see the cavalry at work, and observe the results.* * * * Far from the field of cavalry operations, which are generally on the flanks of the army, or in the rear or front, some honest-minded men repeated sneers emanating from some regiments, and ended by believing every calumny that was circulated. The only explanation that can be given for the *naive* and enthusiastic applause that greeted the charge at Warrenton Springs—a gallant and dashing little affair, it is true—but only one of many such which occur on every expedition of the cavalry. The infantry broke out in rapturous plaudits on that occasion, and evidently thought that such things rarely occurred—that the cavalry had ‘turned over a new leaf.’

“We repeat, that the misfortune has been heretofore that the brave boys of the infantry did not see their comrades of the cavalry at work, and not finding them prominent in the big battles, believed they preferred the rear, and did no fighting. It is fortunate this hallucination is exploded. The gallant blood of the noble hearts which flows in every cavalry fight cries aloud against this cruel calumny. While the infantry are resting after their toils, the cavalry are fighting; and it would astonish some of those who have been in the habit of repeating the sneers alluded to, if they could know how much precious blood of field officers, company officers, and noble men in the ranks is shed in almost every skirmish which occurs on the outposts.”

Our command withdrew at its leisure, and recrossed the Rappahannock without the least molestation, and was placed on the upper fords of the Rappahannock and Hazel Rivers.

“There is a plant most fragrant when trampled on,” has a most beautiful aptitude in the following instance of the devoted heroism of one of Culpeper’s noble daughters. After vacating Culpeper, General Kilpatrick made his headquarters at the house of Mr. H. Triplets, near Stevensburg. The mother and two interesting daughters comprised the family, whose rare devotion to our cause extended by no means a free-willed hospitality to *such* guests, whose special kindness had been lavished upon the other party far beyond their means, and will be remembered by many

a grateful Confederate soldier long after the war is over. Their Yankee guest is represented as one strictly after the Puritan school—stern and unrelenting in his decrees—and his name was a terror to the helpless man or woman whose open expressions of “disloyal sentiments” should reach his ears. Notwithstanding his well known character for severity, the eldest daughter, Miss Eliza,* was far from being unnerved at his presence, and gave frequent and unreserved expressions of her devotion to our cause before these Yankee lordlings, of which the Yankee general was duly apprised; and in punishment of such open heresy, he ordered the “stars and stripes” to hang from the young lady’s chamber window. The officer and party entrusted with the execution of the order were proceeding to execute it, when the young lady met them at her door, and defiantly forbade them entrance. The affair was immediately reported to the *chivalrous* Yank, who peremptorily ordered the execution of his order, and if the young lady persisted, to arrest her and ship her to Washington. The officer returned, and found her still as obdurate as before, and informed her of General Kilpatrick’s decree. She sternly declared that the hated flag should not float from her window, and she was willing to resign herself to her fate, and nothing but the tears and entreaties of her mother could persuade her to desist from her purpose. The hated emblem was unfurled from the window, and the Yankee officials were chuckling over their victory over this “rebel she adder;” when the noble girl’s mortification gave way to desperation, and she rushed up stairs, and was proceeding to tear down the hated emblem, and was only prevented by a Yankee officer rushing in, who capitulated by removing it himself. The Yankee officer indulged the insult, which finally resulted in challenging his highest respect.

*This same young lady, during the Brandy fight of the 9th June, while a furious artillery duel was raging over the village of Stevensburg—one of our men having fallen severely wounded in an orchard near by, and the shells of each party were bursting thickly near the spot—the poor man was seen attempting to drag his shattered limb after him to some more secure place. This noble girl seeing his awful situation, insensible to her own personal safety, boldly ventured out and assisted the wounded man away beyond the reach of these awe-inspiring missiles, that were screaming and bursting in mad fury hard by.

CHAPTER XVIII.

THE UNFORTUNATE AFFAIR AT RAPPAHANNOCK STATION—THE EVACUATION OF CULPEPER COUNTY—GENERAL HAMPTON RETURNS TO HIS COMMAND AND COVERS THE RETREAT—TAKES THE OLD LINES ON THE RAPIDAN—GENERAL HAMPTON MAKES A SUCCESSFUL FORAY IN THE ENEMY'S LINES, SURPRISES AND CAPTURES A CAMP—MEADE ADVANCES AND CROSSES THE RAPIDAN—OUR CAVALRY HARASS HIS FLANK AND REAR—HE PRECIPITATELY RETREATS BACK ACROSS THE RIVER—AN UNKNOWN HERO—CONCLUSION.

After forcing the enemy back upon his works near Washington, our army took up its old line on the Rappahannock, and lay quietly for several weeks. Detachments were engaged, in the meantime, in tearing up the railroad beyond the river. On one occasion the Yankee cavalry made a reconnoissance toward the river and came on the party at work, who promptly met them and drove them back with considerable loss, while our loss was trifling. A brigade of infantry was kept just on the north bank of the river, in the old works of the enemy. Here a most unhappy episode occurred. Suddenly, on the 6th of November, an overwhelming force of the enemy made their appearance in front of the works, which were held by the veteran brigades of Hays and Hoke, and drove in the pickets, who were stationed but a short distance from the main body. The main column of the enemy moved on rapidly, and before reinforcements from the camps—about six miles distant on the other side of the river—could reach, the enemy, with his heavy columns, had completely invested the works, and gradually closed in upon them, and after a most desperate resistance the greater portion of these two gallant brigades were killed and captured. But the enemy paid most dearly for his advantage—his first lines were literally torn to pieces. Our men displayed the utmost heroism; after their ammunition had become exhausted they clubbed their guns, and not till they were hopelessly overpowered did they surrender—really killing and wounding more of the enemy than their own number. The enemy were allowed to cross over Saturday night without any opposition. Our forces fell back to Stevensburg and awaited them in line for two days. The enemy showing no disposition to attack, our forces retired across the Rapidan.

To the cavalry was entrusted the bringing up of this retreat. They gallantly met the enemy's advance, and held them in check.

General Young's brigade encountered a heavy body of the enemy on the right, near Stevensburg. General Hampton arriving from his long absence, in consequence of the severe wounds he received at Gettysburg, General Stuart ordered him to his favorite old command, and he immediately repaired to that part of the field. The skirmish was in full blast as the old scarred hero coolly rode along the battle line amid the welcome shouts of his devoted men, and the whistling of bullets that were shredding the air. The enemy made nothing in that fight, Hampton's boys showing their cherished leader

That the valor shown on former fields,
With the true hero never yields.

The cavalry too moved over with the rest of the army and resumed the picket lines.

The Yankees were not doomed to rest with impunity in their regained limits. On the night of the 17th November, General Hampton, with a detachment of about five hundred picked men from each brigade, crossed over at Ely's Ford, penetrated the enemy's lines, and surprised and captured a part of the Eighteenth Pennsylvania cavalry, among them an adjutant and one lieutenant, two flags, one hundred horses and mules, several wagons, and all the camp equipage. General Rosser's brigade pursued the remainder, and drove them back upon their main body near Stevensburg. In this gallant exploit we lost only one man killed. The command was withdrawn by way of Germanna Ford safely, with the prisoners and the other captures.

The yahoo authorities at Washington had been vainly casting about for some success from *somebody* or from *somewhere* to hang a reasonable hope of their radical rebellion-crushing ideas upon; and in solemn conclave they ordered Meade with his grand army to cross the Rapidan for that favorite purpose; and how far he succeeded in satisfying the yahoo's wishes, the sequel will show.

The grand advance reached the lower fords of the Rapidan on the 25th of November, and were allowed to cross over with little opposition; but in the little opposition shown them, our artillery worked terrible havoc at every passage they made.

General Lee swung back his army, resting the right at Vidiersville, on the Orange and Fredericksburg Plank Road, eight miles

from the river, and left on a line from Vidiersville to the river, coursing along a little stream known as Mine Run; thus as it were politely opening a door for his ingress. On Friday, the 27th, while Johnston's division was going down to take position on the right, they were suddenly attacked by two full corps of the enemy. The column was wheeled by the left flank, and charged the enemy at once. Their fierce onset broke the enemy's entire line, and drove them back a mile and a half, leaving the ground strewn with his dead and wounded; and also several hundred prisoners fell into our hands. Our loss was about five hundred in all, mostly wounded. No affair of the war can lay claim to higher gallantry, for promptness and fierceness of the onset, which successfully carried the enemy in most overwhelming odds in confusion before them. General Lee strengthened himself in his position, and awaited the attack. The lines of the enemy were advanced in close proximity to ours on Sunday, giving every indication of an early battle.

Our cavalry, in the meantime, were thrown round on their right flank. Gordon and Young attacked them on Saturday, and after a sharp engagement, making a successful reconnoissance of their position, they withdrew their commands back up the plank road.

On the same day General Rosser, with his brigade, made a daring circuit round on the enemy's rear—fell upon a large wagon train—captured and destroyed about seventy-five wagons, and brought off one hundred and fifty fine mules and several prisoners.

On Sunday, General Hampton took the whole division and made another circuit round on the rear of their left, dashed on Gregg's division, severely using it up, driving them through and beyond their camps, capturing the entire camp equipage, some two hundred prisoners, and a large number of horses.

The command was moved back and resumed its position on our right flank, and on Monday, joined in with our infantry, and was engaged in hot skirmishing throughout the day. All day Tuesday the usual monotony of long-ranged skirmish firing was wearing away the patience of officers and men, and General Lee determined to await the attack no longer, and prepared his columns for action on the ensuing day. His advance was set in motion,

when, lo! and behold, nothing but a thin line of skirmishers could be seen retreating rapidly before him. The main column had quietly withdrawn during the night, leaving the outside pickets in our front. Their columns had doubled-quickened beyond pursuit, and had combined to place the Rapidan between themselves and Lee's forces. Meade certainly came to fight, but made a poor apology to the God of War, and left in indecent haste. This movement, from the statement of their own prisoners, including the havoc our artillery played among them at the different fords in crossing, cost him over two thousand men. Our loss, with the exception of the engagement, was trifling.

In passing over that portion of the ground where our advance skirmish lines had engaged the enemy, one of our soldiers was found lying in a lonely nook of pines, a victim to the sharpshooter's fatal ball. A faint beam of the sun's rays peered through the umbrageous pines, playing dimly in his cold, pale face. His handsome features still wore a calm, sweet, earnest expression, with his pale hands gently folded, and his lustreless eyeballs heavenward, as though in his last moment his dying gaze had lingered on the far-off spirit land. He was sleeping death's noblest sleep, an *unknown hero*.

— On the field of strife,
Battling for his country's dearest rights.

Which elicited from General Young, as the party was gazing "in mute grief" on the sad spectacle, the following heartfelt soliloquy:

"There sleeps the *true hero*. Who knows but he has an anxious father, a fond mother, and tender sister, or a dear little brother, or perhaps a loving young wife at his far-off sunny home, whose hearts at this moment are anxiously throbbing for his welfare? While here he lies in this wild nook, far from home and friends, weltering in his blood on the frozen ground; no fond face cheered him in his dying throes—no tender hand soothed his death-bed cares." Turning sadly away, he continued: "My boys, bury him the best you can."

With their sabres alone they sorrowfully dug his grave, and gave him the soldier's rude burial, leaving the wintry winds

chaunting his requiem through the tops of the thick standing pines.

No name marked the lone spot
Where thus war's poor victim fell;
Let it never, no never be forgot,
That down in that lonely dell
A hero's ashes, without an urn,
Rudely rest, unknown to fame.
But such sacrifice will ever burn,
As long as liberty bears a name.

The Yankees, during their short visit, perpetrated every species of outrage upon the district of country their army occupied. Says a correspondent: "They re-enacted the scenes of last December at Fredericksburg—fields were made desolate, houses first sacked and then burned, and negroes carried off tied; in a word, everything that devilish malice could suggest or do was perpetrated upon the peaceful and non-combatant denizens in their line of march. A few outrages I will mention. Captain Beale, Mr. Lockwood, and Captain Dick Johnston were seized and carried off to prison. They burned the houses, kitchens and barns of Reuben Gordon, besides taking all his cattle and grain; they burned and destroyed many other houses in the vicinity; they sacked the houses of Mrs. Willis and Colonel Rowe; the Locust Grove house was several times fired, but the lady in it managed to put it out. A most respectable gentleman, who has been over the entire ground overrun by the enemy, tells me he thinks they carried off every living four-footed animal. To such straits were the people brought by the acts of the enemy, that a gentleman whose character for veracity is undoubted, tells me that he saw some poor children pulling off the fat from the thrown away entrails of slaughtered animals, in order to subsist, and I have heard of one of the leading citizens of that section, once in great affluence, who was compelled to make application the day after the Yankees left to General Hampton's commissary for bread and meat to feed his family. I also heard of a well vouched case of rape upon the person of a negro child eleven years old, with other disgusting recitals of the barbarous conduct of this loathsome race, who carry fire and sword in this cruel crusade, more, if anything, against unarmed and unoffending women and

children and non-combatant men than our soldiers in arms, whom they are by no means anxious to meet in the field in honorable conflict."

This brings us to the close of another year's campaign. The increasing vindictiveness and malignity of our cruel and unprincipled foe, only foreshadows the hellish intentions that in the event of his success he has in reversion for us, which instead of goading our spirits to despair, only adds additional strength to our disgust, and new energy to our resistance—such a resistance as knows no end, save in success.

We now close our sketches of 1863; which leaves us much the same in relation to an early termination of these troubles as at the end of the campaigns of 1862. The preponderant material and mighty appliances of our foe have been brought, with all his energy, to bear against us, but we have manfully stood the terrible shock. Entirely relieving our own Capital, we have twice flaunted our battleflag around his own, and carried it far upon his own soil, and only withdrew it when compelled by extraneous causes. And we can justly congratulate ourselves that we are still "unterrified, unbroken, and unbent," while the boasted armies of the tyrant at Washington have done but little more than add destruction in their former beaten tracks, and their most advanced outposts extend but little beyond those of the preceding year.

The blood of the best of our land has flown again upon our numerous battlefields; but the Moloch of war seems not yet satisfied with the holocaust of death—

But still frowning sits,
And with his red right hand
He breaks the bloody wand—
Calling for more victims still.

The heart upheaves an anxious wish for something to hinge a reasonable hope for an early peace upon; but it returns again, like Noah's dove, and rests in the ark of our holy cause.

Our foe still adheres to the hell-gotten principle of subjugation, and is seemingly resolved to push us to the last extremity, which must be met with deeper corresponding spirit. We have seen that all outside influence has been vain and illusory—clearly

demonstrating, in our case, that "they who would be free, must themselves strike the blow."

The cheerless scenes of winter privations are again on us. The cutting blast, with aching fierceness, plays over the white sheeting around us. The third winter our bivouac fires still lighten up our border hills; and the sweet comforts of home seem distant still. Had we not better live a lifetime thus, in holy hope, contending to preserve ourselves from slavery the most hateful to be conceived?

When we reflect that our foe gloats in devilish satisfaction upon the event of enslaving us and placing us beneath the negro in the social scale; "better far would be a slavery to the English, for they are noble and brave; better slavery to the French, for they are gallant and chivalrous; aye, even to our own negroes, for they at least know what labor is, and would have some compassion as task-masters." But should we be but *true* to ourselves, no contingency of this sort need ever overshadow our anticipations. Listen to nothing that the desponding may say, or any proposition that would tend to lure us from the stern path of duty, although that path may be tracked, like that of the heroes of Valley Forge, with blood and suffering. Let us press on, resolved that the past sufferings of our ragged soldiery—and all the toil and blood of the past three years—shall lose none of their hallowed influence, and show to our foes

"That a breath of submission we breathe not—
The sword we have drawn we will sheathe not;
Its scabbard is left where our martyrs are laid,
And the vengeance of years has whetted its blade;
That they shall never, no never, make us slaves;
If they rule it will be over our ashes and graves.
Accursed may his memory blacken,
If a coward there be that would slacken
'Till we've expelled our foe, and show ourselves worth,
Beings sprung from the God-like of earth.
Strike home, and the world shall revere us,
As heroes descended from heroes."

THE THIRD SOUTH CAROLINA CAVALRY

An interesting chapter is yet to be written on the coast defence of South Carolina during the Civil War of 1861-65. Then only will full justice be done the men whose restless energy and unceasing vigilance protected the tidewater section of this State, and preserved inviolate the Charleston and Savannah Railroad throughout the war, so this artery of food supply to centres of more conspicuous activity and this highway of troop transportation along the seaboard, was defended against repeated attacks of a watchful enemy attempting to break the line of communication linking Charleston with Savannah and the West.

What pen, however, can adequately describe the patient endurance of the faithful sentinel-guard of the coast frontier, who for four long and eventful years were exposed to the venomous denizens and malarial poison of Southern swamps, their inspiration the conviction that theirs were the eyes to watch through burning days of summer's sun and flood and blast of winter's storm, and theirs the ears to hear on long nights of lonely vigil—life frequently imperilled—the movements and sounds of a determined foe, waiting an opportunity to break their cordon of defence, and strike a blow fatal to Southern hope of achieving Southern success. Nor were they lacking in the bold heart to confront, and the strong arm to arrest, vastly superior numbers of the Federal forces, who, impatient of inactivity, and despairing of finding the Confederates sleeping, relying on their own strength and valor proved on many battlefields elsewhere, advanced themselves on occasion against this long thin line of grey—so invitingly few in numbers and unexpectedly formidable in resistance—to encounter a stone wall not to be broken or surmounted, transformed in action to a living force repelling the invaders and compelling a return to their ships. The enemy, hopeless of succeeding in their purpose, finally ceased these fruitless and costly attacks, awaiting the co-operation of Sherman's army. Only then, assailed in front and rear, sword worn to the hilt but courage undaunted, the faithful guardians of the coast line were overpowered by overwhelming numbers.

In the future, when all things are estimated at their true values, viewed through a perspective of distance against a background of time, an appreciation commensurate with the magnitude and importance of its service may be extended to the determined band which protected to the close of the war the southern frontier of South Carolina, masking its hopes and fears under a calm and careless exterior while performing its arduous picket duties under conditions of danger and privation, and revealing in battle in the steely glint of the eye that could not quail and the crimsoned flash of the sword wielded in a cause deemed holy, its stern purpose to maintain to the bitter end a righteous struggle.

On that day will be written in the annals of its State's history the narrative of the prolonged patriotic defence of Carolina's "litoral zone." This chapter is limited to an attempt to place on record what fragments can be gleaned of the part borne in this coast defence by the Third South Carolina Cavalry, which, stationed opposite the Federal forces massed at Hilton Head and Port Royal islands, and scattered through Colleton District, and Johns and James islands, constituted part of such a formidable barrier to the Federal attacks that not a rail of the Charleston and Savannah road was disturbed until Sherman's advance into South Carolina. While engaged in this important service, requiring vigilance and unflinching resolution, the regiment supplied two companies in defence of Charleston, sent, on demand, five companies to Georgia, was invariably victorious in its battles fought to protect the railroad, distinguished itself at "Honey Hill," and finally assisted in acting as a rear-guard for the Confederate forces evacuating Savannah and Charleston, fighting many skirmishes and small battles, as—always on the danger line—it interposed itself to aid in checking the rapid advance of Sherman pressing on Hardee's flank and rear.

When the war first opened, Colonel Charles Jones Colcock, captain of a cavalry company in Charleston, S. C., assisted by Lieutenant-Colonel Thos. N. Johnson, of Barnwell, and Major John Jenkins of Edisto, set about organizing a regiment of mounted troops. In the early spring of 1862, this regiment—the Third South Carolina Cavalry—had been formed, and the greater number of its companies were mustered into service at Grahamville.

The Third South Carolina Cavalry was a fine body of troops, with full company rolls, aggregating 1,200 men and over, composed principally of independent planters and farmers from Barnwell, Beaufort, Colleton and Charleston, furnishing their own splendid mounts of highly bred horses.

It was organized as follows:

FIELD AND STAFF.

1. Colonel Charles Jones Colcock, from Barnwell, Beaufort and Charleston. He acted as brigadier-general from 1863 to 1865, in charge of the Third Military District extending from the Ashepoo to the Savannah River, succeeding Gen. W. S. Walker, who had been ordered elsewhere.
2. Lieutenant-Colonel Thomas N. Johnson, from Barnwell District.
3. Major John Jenkins, from Edisto Island. He was the first captain of the "Rebel Troop."
4. Adjutant William F. Colcock, from Charleston and Beaufort. He was transferred in 1863 to the First Regiment of Artillery in the regulars and stationed at Fort Sumter; and was succeeded by Adjutant Thomas H. Colcock, from Charleston.
5. Surgeon Thomas W. Hutson, M. D., from Beaufort District.
6. Assistant-Surgeon N. F. Kirkland, M. D., from Barnwell District.
7. Quartermaster-Sergeant R. F. Warnock, from Beaufort District.
8. Commissary-Sergeant William D. Gregorie, from McPhersonville.
9. Sergeant-Major Thomas Dunbar, from Barnwell District; in 1863 he was succeeded by Sergeant-Major John Colcock, from Charleston and Beaufort District.

COMPANIES AND THEIR OFFICERS.

1. Co. A. Captain, A. M. Lowry.
First Lieutenant, Thomas E. Boynton.
Second Lieutenant, R. H. McAvoy.
Third Lieutenant, Moses M. Boynton.
2. Co. B. Captain, Archibald L. Campbell.
First Lieutenant, Saxby Chaplin.
Second Lieutenant, Campbell Henderson.
Third Lieutenant, Stobo Perry.
This company was from Colleton.
3. Co. C. Captain, John C. Howard, of Grahamville, who, long over age, resigned in 1864 and was succeeded by Captain James McPherson Gregorie.
First Lieutenant, Thaddeus G. Buckner. He was seriously wounded at "Coosawhatchie," shot through the intestines, but saved by skillful surgery; forced by his wound to resign he was succeeded by—

First Lieutenant, Joseph M. Farr.

Second Lieutenant, Thomas Heyward Howard.

Third Lieutenant, William N. Heyward, detailed as an officer of the regiment's section of mounted artillery.

This company was from Beaufort.

4. Co. D. Captain, Ben Lawton; resigned in 1863 and succeeded by Captain George H. Kirkland.

First Lieutenant, Joseph Erwin.

Second Lieutenant, R. C. Roberts.

Third Lieutenant, B. F. Miller.

This company was from Barnwell.

5. Co. E. Captain, Alfred M. Martin. He resigned in 1863 and was succeeded by Captain Henry C. Raysor, now the sole surviving captain of the regiment.

First Lieutenant, J. P. Youmans.

Second Lieutenant, Henry W. Jaudon.

Third Lieutenant, Isaac Bostick.

This company was from what is now Hampton County.

6. Co. F. Captain, E. C. Smart.
First Lieutenant, David A. Warnock; succeeded by First Lieutenant R. H. Gifford.

Second Lieutenant, William F. Mole; succeeded by Second Lieutenant D. Holbrook Platts.

Third Lieutenant, Leroy Youmans.

This company was from Barnwell, now Hampton.

7. Co. G. Captain, Theodore Cordes; succeeded by Captain F. Fremder.
First Lieutenant, F. Fremder.

Second Lieutenant, H. Wohlken.

Third Lieutenant, ————— Gerkin.

This company was the German Hussars from Charleston.

8. Co. H. Captain, George Cuthbert Heyward.
First Lieutenant, Hopson Pinckney.

Second Lieutenant, Thomas Savage Heyward.

Third Lieutenant, Albert Morrall.

This company was the "Ashley Dragoons" from Charleston.

9. Co. I. Captain, John Lawton Seabrook.
First Lieutenant, Thomas Waring Mikell.

Second Lieutenant, J. M. Jenkins.

Third Lieutenant, Benjamin Bailey.

This company was "The Rebel Troop" from Edisto, Wadmalaw, Johns Islands, Charleston and the contiguous main land.

10. Co. K. Captain, William B. Peeples.
First Lieutenant, Richard Johnson, who was detailed to command the section of Light Artillery.

Second Lieutenant, W. H. Hewlitt.

Third Lieutenant, Milledge A. Rountree.

This company was from Barnwell.

As there were no cannon between the Coosawhatchie and Savannah rivers at that time, Colonel Colcock obtained permission from General Beauregard to form a section of Mounted Artillery, equipped with two English Wizzard guns of great range. He organized the section by calling for six volunteers from each company, and to command this section detailed:

11. Lient. Richard Johnson, from Co. K;
 Lient. Wm. N. Heyward, from Co. C;
 Ordnance Sergeant Harry D. Burnett; and
 Orderly Sergeant J. C. Heyward, from Co. H.

The section was thoroughly drilled and trained by Lieutenant Nash, sent down from Richmond; was reviewed and complimented by Colonel Lay, of General Lee's staff, as not excelled by any artillery in the army. It rendered good service on many occasions during the war as an important addition to the regiment. When Sherman reached Briar Creek, Ga., Lieutenant Dick Johnson, with his guns, was sent to Hudson's Ferry, and engaged the enemy there in a sharp artillery duel, and farther down at Izard's on the Savannah River. Not able to reach "Honey Hill" in time for the battle, two of its officers, Lieutenant W. N. Heyward and Ordnance Sergeant H. D. Burnett, served on Colonel Colcock's staff during the fight and rendered valuable service as couriers.

Johnson's Mounted Artillery took part at the fights of Coosawhatchie, Tulifinny and Huspa Creek, where W. W. Cox was left for dead, but reviving in the hands of the enemy was sent a prisoner to Fort Warren. These guns were the last to leave the Pocatigo works, and with the regiment, continued during the retreat of Hardee's army from Savannah, to strike the Federals at every crossroad and branch, particularly at Broxton's and Rivers's bridges, at Darlington, and until the surrender at Greensboro, N. C.

The Third South Carolina Cavalry was never together at any time. It was stationed continuously under command of Colonel Colcock along the coast from Red Bluff, near Savannah River, to Port Royal Ferry, and with Major Jenkins near Charleston, as follows:

One company at the head of the Fording Island Road, near Bluffton, doing picket duty on New River, May River, and the Colleton River; five companies at Grahamville, defending the railroad at this point, and picketing the Coosawhatchie River and western shore of Broad River and its tributary creeks; two companies in McPhersonville, picketing the Tulifinny River and Port Royal Ferry; one company at Johns Island Ferry, picketing the Stono, and one company on Johns and James islands, participating in the battle of "Secessionville" and other engagements on land in defence of Charleston.

The writer of this chapter is indebted to Mr. Robert E. Seabrook, a gallant member of his command, for the following contribution:

"Company 'I' (The Rebel Troop) was organized in January, 1862, as an independent body of mounted riflemen by Captain John Jenkins. It was merged with others and became one of the ten companies which formed the Third S. C. Cavalry of mounted riflemen, as the men were armed with rifles and fought frequently on foot as infantry. Whilst nine companies of this fine regiment did valiant service between the South Edisto and the Savannah rivers, and even in Georgia, the Rebel Troop, being composed of men from the sea islands and contiguous main land and the City of Charleston, were retained for service near that city. Captain John Jenkins, who had been elected major of the regiment, was placed in command of Johns Island, and, with this company as a part of his forces, did noble duty in preventing the enemy's occupation of this island, a much desired base of operations against Charleston. From Johns Island the company was ordered from time to time to other points. They were present at the battle of Secessionville, and some of them did service on that occasion as a body-guard and as couriers for General N. G. Evans, in command of the troops on James Island. From this company there were many men detailed for special service during the war. Some were in the Signal Corps, doing service at Johns Island, at Fort Pemberton on James Island, and the Battery House in Charleston, at Fort Sumter, and at Morris Island during the hottest fighting at these latter places. Four or five surgeons of the army in Virginia and on the coast were sent out from this company. Some of them were detailed by General Hagood and formed into a corps of guides and scouts. These were stationed at Adams Run, performing valuable service in placing troops in position and in making incursions into the territory occupied by the enemy, bringing important information to Generals Hagood, Beauregard and Wise. Later on, as the end approached, the Rebel Troop (Co. I, of the 3rd S. C. C.,) was sent to Pocotaligo and served in that section until the coast had to be abandoned. At Honey Hill, Tulifinny, Huspa Bridge, in defence of the railroad between Coosawhatchie and Pocotaligo, and wherever placed they always did their duty.

"When Sherman sent a part of his right wing up the west bank of the Salkehatchie River, this company with the Ashley Dragoons and Campbell's company (all belonging to the 3rd S. C. Cavalry) resisted and retarded the advance of the enemy to the best of their ability. When Sherman's men attempted to cross the Salkehatchie River at Rivers's Bridge, these companies came near being cut off in the swamp and escaped by a timely and gallant charge of some of Wheeler's men, several of whom willingly gave their lives to save the men fighting in the swamp from capture. After the passage of the river by Sherman's men, the Rebel Troop and Ashley Dragoons were deflected so as to keep between Sherman, on his way to Orangeburg, and Charleston. It was due to the watchfulness of these companies that Hardee was apprised of Sherman's advance to Columbia, supplying information which enabled Hardee to evacuate Charleston in time to get ahead of Sherman at Florence, where Colonel Colcock, with Major Jenkins and a few men of Company I and other companies around Florence, drove the enemy out of Florence in a fierce fight of several hours, thus saving the depot and town.

"After Sherman had burned and abandoned Columbia, Company I and the Ashley Dragoons moved up to that city and thence to North Carolina by way of Chester and Yorkville. They passed on through Concord, Salisbury, Lexington, and nearly to Raleigh, where Stoneman appeared in the rear, and the two companies were hurried back to defend Charlotte, threatened by Stoneman. When they reached Charlotte it was reported that Stoneman had gone for the Catawba Bridge, and the men were pushed for that point, reaching it only to see the bridge a mass of flames. We here had a spirited engagement with the enemy, when they left in the direction of Yorkville, S. C. At this time a locomotive from Charlotte came to the river bearing an officer with a white flag, who said that an armistice had been declared between Sherman and Johnston. A trooper with this message was sent after Stoneman and reached him just in time to save Yorkville. We crossed the river, marched to Rock Hill, and were there furloughed to our homes."

On this expedition to Charlotte and the Catawba Bridge these two companies served under General Ferguson, in command of some of General Wheeler's troops.

Ex-Lieutenant Harry D. Burnett, now of Grahamville, S. C., in a sketch of the Third South Carolina Cavalry contained in a letter to the writer, states as follows:

"The Third South Carolina Cavalry was organized and mustered into service at Grahamville, S. C., in the early spring of 1862. . . . Johnson's Battery of Horse Artillery was organized by permission of General Beauregard in 1863 by request of Colonel Colcock. The battery was formed by taking six men from each company of the regiment."

(Lieutenant Burnett's account of this battery having been introduced into this chapter previously will not be repeated.) He continues:

"In the fall of 1863, the enemy sent gunboats up Bee's Creek. Companies C, D and H were sent to engage the landed party, and in the skirmish which ensued Lieutenant Buckner, of Co. C, was seriously wounded, Private Tom Fripp was killed, and Lieutenant Tom Farr was shot in the leg. (John Colcock likewise had his finger split open by a ball as he was waving his hand to some of the men to follow him into the fight.)

"In the fall of 1864, Companies C, H and another company were ordered to picket along the Oconee River in Georgia, and while there struck the left wing of Sherman's Army, and in a desperate battle to save the Oconee Bridge, Co. H lost old Mr. Peter Manigault, a veteran of seventy years, and Willie Baynard (a veteran of Virginia, both of whom positively refused orders to take shelter behind trees, and insisted on remaining in the open road swept by the enemy's fire of shot and shell).

"These companies were later ordered back into South Carolina, and Company C was in time to participate in the battle of Honey Hill. Again the Third South Carolina Cavalry engaged the enemy at Port Royal, Huspa Bridge, Broxton Bridge, and Rivers's Bridge, when Woods, of Company C, was killed and Shuman of Company E was badly wounded. The Third continued on the flank of Sherman's army, picking off stragglers, and driving in his pickets, until we reached Darlington, when we had a sharp fight with the enemy. The Third finally surrendered at Greensboro, N. C."

Mr. William Ferguson Colcock, lieutenant of the First South Carolina Regular Artillery, who until the summer of 1863 was adjutant of the Third South Carolina Cavalry, writes as follows:

"The regiment was organized in the summer of 1862, having been raised by Colonel Charles J. Colcock, assisted by Lieutenant Colonel Johnson and Major Jenkins. It was composed of companies entirely from the lower districts of the State: Barnwell, Colleton, Beaufort and Charleston. . . . The regiment did arduous picket duty during 1862 and 1863 (and 1864), along the coast, protecting the Charleston and Savannah Railroad and maintaining the link of communication between Charleston and Savannah. A portion of the regiment was engaged in repulsing the raids at the battles of Pocotaligo and the simultaneous movement at Coosawhatchie.

"The regiment was never all together while I was adjutant. It was stationed along the coast from Port Royal Ferry to Red Bluff near Savannah, as follows: Campbell's and another company at Pocotaligo; Captain George C. Heyward's, Captain H. W. Raysor's, Captain Wm. B. Peeples, Captain John Howard's and Captain Kirkland's companies at Grahamville; Captain Smart's at the head of the Fording Island Road, near Bluffton.

"My connection with the regiment ceased in June, 1863, when I was appointed to a lieutenantancy in the First South Carolina Artillery (Regulars) stationed at Fort Sumter."

The above letters are of recent date. Extracts that follow are taken from answers to letters written in 1897, asking for information of the Third South Carolina Cavalry.

Mr. Thomas S. Heyward, of Charleston, who was second lieutenant of Company H, the Ashley Dragoons, commanded by his uncle, Captain George C. Heyward, writes as follows:

"I can reply to your letter giving information of all the companies as far down as Company H, being the same that are on file in the State Department. . . . Company H was sent to Georgia, say, in June, 1864; Company G, the German Hussars, was in Savannah, Ga.; Company F, Captain Henry Smart, was sent a short time after Company H, and stationed on the then Gulf Railroad on the Georgia coast. The outposts being surprised by the enemy, this entire company was captured. Company H returned to South Carolina just before the fall of Savannah. Company G came out with General Hardee, but some of the men remained to the end."

The following letters were from Mr. Thomas H. Colcock, adjutant of the regiment during the last two years of the war:

"Yours of August 11th has been received, and in reply will state that Companies B, C, D, G and H were sent to Georgia, first below Savannah, to guard the Gulf Railroad from that point as far down as the Altamaha River. Later Companies B and C were withdrawn and returned to South Carolina, and H was sent up on the line of the Central Railroad, and there met Sherman's advanced guard at a ferry, 'Balls,' I think, on the Ogeechee River, and it was at this point that Mr. Peter Manigault was killed in the middle of the road, having refused to obey several orders from Captain Heyward to take some protection on the side of the road. This company was later brought back to the State and did duty on this side of the Savannah River. Our men fought in the trenches around Savannah, where several of them were wounded."

Lieutenant-Colonel Johnson was in command of the part of the regiment sent to Georgia.

Soon after this, on the 30th of November, 1864, the battle of Honey Hill was fought. It was the largest battle outside of the vicinity of Charleston which occurred during the war within the limits of South Carolina, and the most important, as by this victory General Hardee's entire army was saved from being penned in Savannah and captured. Although General Gustavus Smith technically commanded in the battle as the ranking officer, Colonel Colcock was the actual commander, and by the universal

testimony of all officers and men who have written upon the subject, placed all the men in position, and by his excellent management with only 1,400 effective Confederates won a brilliant victory over 6,000 veteran Federal troops. Four companies of the Third South Carolina Cavalry, fighting as infantry, formed a very important part of this remarkable engagement, which was designed by the enemy to take possession of the railroad at Grahamville, S. C., prevent Hardee's retreat from Georgia, and co-operating with Sherman, to capture his entire army.

The brilliancy, the magnitude, and the importance of the battle of Honey Hill has never been properly appreciated by Southern writers of history, but there exists at least four lengthy and detailed accounts of Northern writers paying ample tribute to the good management and bravery of the Southern officers and condemning the bad management of the chief officers of the Northern forces, while praising the splendid courage of the Federal troops who were veterans in many bloody fights elsewhere. The only Southern account of the fight at Honey Hill was written by Charles J. Colcock, Jr., and published in about twelve columns of the *Sunday News*, of Charleston, in the issue of December 10th, 1899, and is a tribute to Southern heroism exhibited on the eve of the sunset of Southern hopes. There is a misprint in this version which should read: "General Gonzalez, General Hardee's chief of staff, was present," in lieu of: "General Gonzalez, General Hardee, chief of staff, was present." General Hardee was not at the battle, but in Savannah facing Sherman.

The following account by Lieutenant Thomas H. Colcock, adjutant of the regiment, will best explain the part taken by the Third South Carolina Cavalry in the closing hours of the war:

"After the battle of Honey Hill, Colonel Colcock was ordered to guard the coast from Savannah to Red Bluff, on the New River. Generals Wheeler and P. M. B. Young were guarding the Savannah River. After the evacuation of Savannah, he was ordered to Yemassee Station, his command picketing the coast from the Pocotaligo to the Combahee River. The pickets reported one morning that the enemy were crossing in large numbers at Port Royal Ferry. Colonel Colcock was ordered to take all troops he could collect and to check the advance of the Federals wherever he could do so. He first met them at Huspa Creek about four miles from Old Pocotaligo, and was successful in holding them there until about 2 o'clock p. m., when he found he was being flanked on the Sheldon Road.

He then fell back to Old Pocatigo in the works there. Later that night, General McLaws sent him word that he must fall back on the Salkehatchie Road to Broxton's Bridge. He camped the first night about five miles above the Savannah Railroad. The next day the enemy made an advance on that road and a strong skirmish took place which was stopped only by a heavy rain. We captured here one lieutenant from an Ohio regiment, who had gone into a small house between the two lines to read some letters and get out of the rain. Sergeant Tuten, of Company C, made the capture. General McLaws ordered Colonel Colcock to retard the enemy's advance as long as possible, and that he would send General Wheeler to relieve him. The enemy advanced about 9 a. m., but soon forced our small command of four companies back, but did not continue to advance against our resistance. Wheeler's men relieving us, we crossed at Rivers's Bridge (at which place there was a sharp fight), and were now ordered to Walterboro to picket all points below there. While there Colonel Colcock was ordered to report to General Hardee at Charleston. There he received orders from General Hardee to fall back to Summerville, as Charleston was to be evacuated (and do what was possible in opposing the enemy's advance, and to burn all bridges across streams and rivers in their route)

"From Summerville we fell back from time to time to Florence. Our companies were picketing on Lynch's Creek, west of Florence and Darlington, until ordered to join the army at Cheraw. The order came too late, and we got only as far as Society Hill when we were ordered to fall back to Florence, to join General Robertson, and cross at Mars Bluff and try to unite with Generals Hampton and Butler.

"General Robertson crossed the Pee Dee River on that evening and left Colonel Colcock in command of the troops on this side with an order to bring them over the next morning.

"The artillery, with their horses, and a part of the cavalry, with their horses, were loaded on the cars when Lieutenant Boynton, in charge of a scouting party going toward Lynch's Creek, reported the enemy at Pettigru's house, about a mile from Florence. Colonel Colcock sent Major Jenkins to check them, so as to give time to get the horses off the cars. It took but a short time to do this, and to form the command in time to meet the charge of the enemy coming into Florence.

"Colonel Colcock met them with a countercharge, and very soon, bringing the balance of the command into action, a fight of about two hours ensued. At the end of this time, Major Jenkins reported the enemy falling back on his side, and Colonel Colcock ordered Lieutenant Colonel Keitt and infantry to advance our right. The enemy then fell back, rapidly followed by Major Jenkins with the cavalry in pursuit. In this fight at Florence, which saved the depot and railroad, the enemy acknowledged the loss of seven wounded and eight missing. (See their report given presently.)

"From Florence the command of the Third South Carolina Cavalry and other troops march via Camden to Charlotte, N. C., and thence to Greensboro. We arrived there the Sunday on which President Davis met General Joseph E. Johnston.

"As soon as Colonel Colcock reported to General Beauregard, Colonel Otey, on the latter's staff, informed Colonel Colcock of General Lee's surrender, and our command was ordered back with General Sam Ferguson's command to follow General Stoneman and prevent his cutting the railroad between Greensboro and Charlotte. We reached the Catawba River just too late to prevent the burning of that bridge, and had a fight with Stoneman in which we lost a man. When about one-half of our command had crossed, and the rest were in the act of crossing, an officer arrived from Charlotte with information that a flag of truce had been agreed upon. Our command was next ordered to Union Court House and there met President Davis, who spent the night at General Wallace's house. The President sent for Colonel Colcock the next morning and told him the war was virtually ended, that there was no use to attempt a union with General Kirby Smith across the Mississippi River, but to give his men furlough for ninety days unless called upon sooner to reassemble. Colonel Colcock, in an address to his men, bade them farewell and the parting was sad and pathetic. President Davis left that morning, declining from us an additional escort.

"The officers and men of the Third South Carolina Cavalry were then furloughed and they returned to their homes. So ended the services of our regiment."

Ex-Adjutant Thomas H. Colcock, since deceased, enclosed with the foregoing account the following report of the fight at Florence from the Northern standpoint, with his own comments in parentheses:

"REPORT OF COLONEL REUBEN WILLIAMS, TWELFTH INDIANA INFANTRY, OF OPERATIONS FROM MARCH 4-6, 1865.

"Headquarters Twelfth Indiana Infantry Volunteers,

"Phills Creek, March 6, 1865.

"Sir: In obedience to orders received from corps headquarters, I have to submit the following report of the expedition to Florence, S. C., for the purpose of destroying the railroad and station at that point, and that portion of the trestle work on the road from Society Hill to Florence. The expedition, consisting of the Seventh and Ninth Illinois, and Twenty-ninth Missouri Mounted Infantry, and a detachment of the Fifteenth army corps foragers under command of Major Mahon, in all 546 men, left the cross-roads seven miles from Cheraw at 11 a. m., on the 4th March, and proceeded to within seven miles of Darlington and went into camp. On the morning of the 5th of March the command proceeded to Darlington, destroying all the trestle work between Dove's Station and that place, burning the depot station building and 250 bales of cotton, and destroying the printing office at Darlington. The command immediately proceeded to carry out the instructions received from headquarters to go to Florence and destroy the depot, rolling stock, etc., at that place. I proceeded steadily forward until I came to near where the wagon road crosses the railroad, where a

train was discovered coming in the direction of Darlington. The Twenty-ninth Missouri immediately deployed on the side of the track for the purpose of capturing it as soon as it came up. The engineer, however, must have discovered us, as he turned the train back to Florence.

"The command moved rapidly forward, and when within about two miles from Florence, began skirmishing with the enemy. I immediately formed in line with proper reserves and ordered a charge, which was made in good style, some of the men gaining the depot building (a mistake) but were unable to either hold or fire it.

"About this time the enemy reinforced his left with infantry (Lieutenant-Colonel Keitt's battalion) and drove back our right in some disorder. I had, in the meantime, thrown the Seventh Illinois on the left to prevent a flank movement which I discovered was being made by the enemy. I here received notice from an officer who was on picket on the railroad to my rear, that a train was coming from the direction of Kingsville, and a few minutes later I was informed that a party of about 400 men with artillery were getting off the train. (Two guns of the section of mounted artillery of the Third South Carolina Cavalry must have been these guns, and Colonel Colcock's command was as follows: Sixty men of the Tennessee Cavalry, 40 men of the Third South Carolina Cavalry, 20 men of Captain Gaillard's Battery, who were not engaged, though ready and anxious to fight, 60 men of Lieutenant-Colonel Keitt's Infantry, who did good fighting—in all 180 Confederates, considerably magnified by the enemy, who largely outnumbered us). Finding that I was outflanked and outnumbered (?) by the enemy, and with a force of 400 men (save the mark!) moving to my rear, I concluded to withdraw my men, and at once proceeded to do so. I fell back in good order, leaving the Ninth Missouri to cover the rear, and proceeded in the direction of Darlington. The enemy pursued both my rear and right flank, charging on my rear guard two or three times between Florence and Darlington. (Colonel Colcock's family were refugeeing in Darlington, which made him doubly determined they should not stop there.)

"On arriving at the latter place, I had intended to halt and rest the command, and had given the order to do so, when I received notice that the enemy were approaching in force, and so I concluded at once to fall back to Black Creek, which was done, and the bridges over the streams in my immediate vicinity were destroyed. About 8 p. m. the pickets informed me that the enemy were moving across Black Creek on my left in force, and the report was confirmed by negroes who came within our lines. The evident object of this move was to reach Society Hill and cut us off at that point, which, if successful, would necessitate a long march to the left before I could return. I therefore concluded to move at once to Society Hill, which I did, arriving there at 12 o'clock on the night of the 5th. From the best information I could gather, the enemy consisted of two brigades of cavalry and a regiment of infantry, besides a number of militia or refugees who were at that time on the place. The whole force of the enemy were in immediate command of General Robertson (should be of Colonel Colcock, as General Robertson had crossed the Pee Dee River the

day before, leaving Colonel Colcock in command). The citizens and negroes informed me it was a portion of the army cut off from the main army by the capture of Cheraw. There were ten pieces of artillery said to have returned from Society Hill to Florence, and the fact of troops arriving from the West would seem to indicate they were receiving reinforcements from that direction. * * * Our casualties were seven wounded and eight missing."

What higher tribute to the courage and prowess of this small force of 180 men—of which number only 100 were cavalry engaging in the pursuit—than this account of his expedition to Florence by Colonel Reuben Williams of the Twelfth Indiana Infantry! Less than 200 men magnified into two brigades and a regiment. Falstaff must henceforth take a back seat!

It may be seen, in the light of these few fragments culled from a half century ago, that the officers and men of the Third South Carolina Cavalry always did their duty. At one time Colonel Colcock made application that he and the regiment be transferred to Virginia, but was informed it was important that the Charleston and Savannah road be protected, and the men of his regiment having lived in that section, would be best fitted to aid in guarding it and their homes, and that personal ambitions should be sacrificed to the good of the Confederate cause.

Whatever duties fell to the regiment were well done. Honey Hill, where 6,000 of the enemy were defeated with a loss of 746 in killed and wounded, will serve to testify to the bravery and determination of those men who were present from the companies of Captains Peebles, Raysor, Campbell, Gregorie and Seabrook, under Major Jenkins of the Third South Carolina Cavalry, the Beaufort Artillery under Captain Hal Stuart, and a section each from Kanapaux and Earle's batteries under Lieutenants Christopher Zealy and ——— Graham, and a few Georgia troops, numbering 1,400 men in all. Every man in this desperate fight was a hero, but to win against such odds required great personal bravery of all officers as well as men, and excellent management by Colonel Colcock, who planned and conducted the battle, appointed to the chief command by General Gustavus Smith, who recognized his ability and familiarity with geographical and topographical conditions in the Third Military District over which he had had charge for the previous three years or more, preventing its occupation by the Federal troops.

May what has been said of this regiment give the Third South Carolina Cavalry, or mounted infantry, the place in history it deserves, and rescue from oblivion the services of its officers and men.

CHARLES JONES COLCOCK, JR.

ODE TO THE HEROES WHO SLEEP

Sing o'er in song and story,
The deeds of gallant braves;
Who peacefully now are sleeping
In Hero graves.
Campfires of love still burning
Above each sacred mound;
While mem'ries garlands verdant
Twine hearts around.

Furled is the gory banner,
Its beauty gone and worn;
Yet ones who died to save it,
In love we mourn:
Unfurl! and proudly hail it,
As those who long ago,
Hailed and bled and bore it,
And loved it so.

Past is the din of battle,
And thro' the hill and plain;
Where fell in countless numbers
Hosts of the slain,
There rings the swelling echo,
Resounding from above;
Past foes and friends united,
In Peace and Love.

Life's swelling tide rolls onward,
Mem'ries leaves turn with age;
But hearts long since united,
Warm each dead page,
And keep with sacred passion,
Love's most holy fire,
A holy inspiration,
To son and sire.

A BRILLIANT LITTLE CHARGE

Of a Squadron from the Fifth Regiment, South Carolina Cavalry, of General M. C. Butler's Division.

On the 20th June, 1864, General Hampton conceived the idea of surprising and capturing the Yankee fort at White House, Virginia, situated on the Pamunkey River. A large amount of supplies for Grant's Army were stored there. Hampton's object was to surprise the garrison, capture the fort and burn the supplies before the gunboats could land sufficient marines to defend same. The fort had a small garrison, but was further protected by several gunboats in the river.

In this attack, which was a surprise to the enemy, Hampton took with him portions of General M. C. Butler's division of cavalry, also of General Fitz Hugh Lee. After a night's march we struck their pickets a little after daylight; they were stationed on the edge of a body of woods, about half a mile from the fort, an open field between them and the fort. Hampton's plan of attack was to make a feint in front of the works with Butler's command, while Fitz Lee was to make a detour and strike on flank. The Fifth South Carolina Cavalry, commanded by Colonel Zimmerman Davis, was in advance of Butler's command. This regiment struck the Yankee pickets, about twenty men, while they were cooking breakfast. All were captured, and they were promptly sent to the rear, their breakfast being devoured by the boys of the Fifth.

Colonel Davis halted his regiment, after the capture of these pickets, on the edge of the woods and sent a courier to notify General Butler. The general rode up to the front, and while looking across the field towards the fort the long roll was heard beating, and a body of men, about eighty, came out of the sally-port, deployed as skirmishers, and advanced towards the woods where the Confederate cavalry were mounted. They were in easy reach of the Enfield guns of the Fifth, but not a shot had been fired. General Butler then said to Colonel Davis: "Colonel, as soon as those fellows get far enough from the fort for you to catch them, take a squadron of your regiment and charge them."

The Fifth regiment had been much depleted by hard fighting, and, as a squadron only numbered about thirty men, it looked like certain death for all. If the Yanks had been veterans they could easily have emptied every saddle before the Confederate boys got within pistol shot of them. They were some new troops from New Jersey who had never been in a fight.

When the order to charge was given, the squadron from the "fighting fifth" went after them with a yell, making a cloud of dust. The Yankees broke into a run to regain their fort, firing but one volley, hitting no one. We shot some of them, but as they surrendered as fast as we came up to them, we gathered them in as prisoners. Our men charged up so near the fort that its guns could not be depressed so as to rake us with cannister.

Colonel Davis gave the order, "Fall back, men, and bring out your prisoners." We brought out forty-seven "blue coats." While nearing our lines the guns of the fort killed four of the prisoners and one man and a horse of our squadron. General Butler, who witnessed the charge, complimented us and said to Colonel Davis, "Well, Davis, that was a brilliant charge."

Fitz Lee, who was to attack the fort in flank and rear, through some mistake was delayed by taking a wrong road, and the gun-boats landed men in the works and shelled us so vigorously that the attack was abandoned, as the place, if captured, could only have been held at a great sacrifice of life.

An interesting incident is connected with this squadron charge of the Fifth South Carolina Cavalry. Lieutenant John P. Deveaux and Glenn E. Davis, of Charleston, were both expert shots. The smoke from their pistols generally meant an empty saddle. They were riding together in this charge. When the Yankee were caught up with they threw down their arms and cried that they surrendered. Our men shot all who retained their rifles. One of the Yanks held on to his gun, and Davis shot at him, his bullet striking the fellow's gun which was held across his breast. Seeing that he had surrendered, but was only too excited to throw his weapon down, he did not shoot at him again; but Deveaux, seeing the man still holding his gun, concluded to shoot him, having his pistol a few inches from his head. Glenn Davis saved the Yankee's life by knocking Deveaux's pistol up just before he fired, telling Deveaux not to shoot the man, as he

had surrendered. The Yankee was very grateful to Davis for saving his life and so expressed himself. Davis told him it was all right, but he could just swap hats with him—he had a new one and the one Davis wore was rather the worse for wear.

Many years after the war Glenn Davis was in New York. One day riding on a car he sat next to a gentleman with whom he commenced to chat. When the gentleman found that Davis was a Southerner the talk drifted to the war. Davis told him that he was a veteran of Lee's army. The Northerner said that he was in the Union army, but his career as a soldier was a short one. He said he was taken prisoner in the first and only fight he ever was engaged in, and that it was in Virginia at a place called White House. He then related to Davis the incident of his capture and of his life being saved by a Confederate soldier, who knocked up the pistol of another who was about to blow his head off. He also told of the incident of swapping hats on the battlefield, and said that before he got to the prison at Richmond his hat had been exchanged five times, finally arriving at prison he had no hat; his shoes had been exchanged three times. He said it was fortunate Richmond was near, or he might not have had on anything on his arrival there. He was not kept a prisoner long, and when exchanged put in a substitute and never went back into the army.

When Davis informed him that he was the man who saved his life, he was very much gratified to meet him and insisted upon his lunching with him. They had a mutually pleasant reunion.

Verily as the "Good Book" says, "Truth is stranger than fiction."

How Some of the South Carolina Rangers Gobbled a Fine Gobbler.

During the attack of the Federals on Fort Sumter they landed a force in barges on the rocks around the fort, thinking to take it by assault. They were all captured by the garrison of the fort, and being sent to Charleston, a detachment of the South Carolina Rangers, who were doing courier and guard duty in the city under General Ripley, were detailed to convey the prisoners to Columbia, S. C. They arrived in Columbia about dark, turned

the prisoners over to the prison, and were to return to Charleston next morning.

While waiting for the train some of the boys wandered about the city, looking for fun and excitement. They strolled into a barroom and restaurant, and found that the proprietor was about to raffle off a fine fifty-pound turkey, sixty chances at fifty cents a chance. The few chances not taken were soon subscribed to by the fun-seeking soldiers. The crowds in the place agreed that the fortunate winner should stand treat for all present. Dice were produced and the raffle commenced. While this was in progress Andrew Cunningham, a member of the Rangers, went into the back room to take a look at the turkey, which was in a coop there. Finding no one there but the turkey and himself, he got out his knife and decapitated the gobbler, leaving his head sticking up through the slats of the coop, and went through the back yard into the street, with the fat turkey under his arm. In the meantime in the front part of the barroom the raffle was going on. When the result was announced it was found that the turkey had been won by a very fancifully dressed tenderfoot who was not in the army, and who immediately began to carry out the agreement that the winner was to stand treat to those present. The boys all took a very liberal portion of whiskey at his expense, and then all adjourned to the turkey room to look at the fine bird that he had just won. When only the head was found, there was much excitement. Guns were drawn and the landlord accused of fraud. He protested his innocence, but the boys commenced to shoot out the lights, and during the darkness looted his place of all his liquor, each carrying several bottles. They met Cunningham with the headless turkey and took the train for Charleston, where they enjoyed a fine turkey spread, washed down by the varied contents of numerous bottles.

Four Scouts of the 5th S. C. Cavalry Got Away from the Yankees.

In May, 1864, a party from Company D, Fifth S. C. Cavalry, consisting of N. G. B. Chafee, John Tharin, J. W. Ward and Glenn E. Davis, were scouting between our lines and those of General Sheridan's. Early one morning they were riding through

some woods when suddenly, in a turn of the road, they came right up to a company of Gregg's cavalry, of Sheridan's corps. The four Confederates wheeled their horses and dashed down a narrow road. They were fired upon and pursued by the Yankees, but, being better mounted, they succeeded in reaching a small body of thick woods. The enemy did not follow the Confederates into the woods, but divided their men into squads of from eight to ten each and completely surrounded the piece of woods, stationing their squads from three to four hundred yards apart. After being in the thicket for some time the Confederates, creeping to the edge of the woods, saw that they were in a trap and could not escape without breaking through one of the guarding squads, a desperate undertaking, as each squad numbered twice as many as they did. They held a council of war to try and determine what was best to be done. Two of the Confederates decided that there was nothing to do but to surrender. When it came to Davis, who commanded the party, to speak, he said that the others could do as they pleased, but he had always made up his mind to risk his life every time rather than be taken prisoner; that this determination had pulled him out of some very tight places. He told the boys that if they would stick together and shoot as straight as they knew how the chances were that some of them could get away, perhaps all. They agreed to abide by his advice, which was to dash out, attack the nearest squad and run by them if possible. All of the Confederates were fine shots, and Davis calculated that they could knock out several of the enemy in the mix-up. The plan was not to stop to fight any longer than was possible, but to try and break through, and run for their lives. They dashed out and as soon as they struck the guarding squad dropped their reins over the pommel of their saddles and with pistols in each hand did some lively and accurate shooting, emptying four saddles. The Yankees were, as a rule, poor shots as compared to Confederates. They then dashed at full speed. The whole company of bluecoats, attracted by the firing, pursued them over three miles, finally abandoning the pursuit, as they were getting near the Confederate advance picket lines. Practically none of the Confederates were hurt. Tharin had a slight scalp wound; Ward's horse was shot in the neck, not badly; a piece of Davis's horse's ear was shot off, and a bullet cut his

stirrup leather, causing him to lose his stirrup; he also had a pistol ball to penetrate his belt and clothing, lodging without any harm next to his skin. Chafee had two shot to go through his hat and a slight wound in his side. After he had emptied both of his pistols he knocked a Yankee off his horse who was about to cut him with his sabre, smashing his teeth out.

The boys of the Fifth S. C. Cavalry had many exciting experiences, but perhaps the above incident was as thrilling a one as they had to tackle during the war. It was learned from a prisoner captured some weeks after this little brush that only one Yankee was killed, though the others knocked out were very badly hurt.

How a Member of Company D, Fifth S. C. Cavalry, Exchanged Courtesies with One of Sheridan's Men.

In 1864, when Hampton's and Sheridan's cavalry were facing one another and were having almost daily fighting near Richmond, Va., a member of Company D, Fifth S. C. Cavalry, on one occasion was sent out to locate the position and strength of Sheridan's picket line, and to gather in whatever information he could that would be of use to the Confederate cause. He was alone and, being near the Yankee lines, was cautiously moving along, his horse in a walk. While riding a path in a body of woods, he suddenly came up to five of the enemy's cavalry. It was a surprise to both parties, and the lone Confederate saw that he was in a very tight place. During the temporary confusion he wheeled his horse, putting spurs into him, and dashed to the rear. Just as he turned his horse to escape the sergeant commanding the squad, seeing only one Confederate, and wishing to capture him, called to his men, "Don't shoot him, boys." The Confederate was pursued by the squad and shot at by one of them, but escaped unhurt, regaining his lines without getting the information he was sent for. The Yankee squad in all probability could and would have shot him when they first met, but whatever the motive of the sergeant, ordering his men not to shoot, the Confederate attributed his escape from death due to the sergeant.

Some weeks after this incident this same Confederate was out again between the lines. While cautiously riding along his keen ear caught the sound of a horse's feet evidently coming towards him. He drew back some feet out of the road, getting behind a large tree. A lone horseman came along, suspecting nothing. It was an easy matter for the Confederate, having the drop on the Yank, to gather him in, making him unbuckle his pistol belt and hand over his arms. The Yankee was very much surprised and deeply chagrined at being captured, and so expressed himself. After a little talk he recognized the Confederate as the same man that had gotten away from him a short time before, and told the Confederate that, hoping to capture him, he had given the command to his men not to shoot; that if he had let his men have their way he would not be a prisoner now. The Confederate told him that he appreciated the fact that his action that day saved him from being killed or captured, and that he would not be outdone, so informed the Yankee that he was free, giving him back his arms, only stipulating that he should "go his way, and tell no man." They parted, each going his way. Before the Yankee left he gave the Confederate much valuable information that he was scouting for. During their talk he said: "Johnnie, you are a good fellow, and it is a pity we are obliged to fight one another. I hope the war will soon end. The trouble is, you fellows fight like hell, and when we get the advantage of you, you don't seem to know it, or don't care a damn, but keep on fighting, eventually getting us on the run. We can always tell when we strike Butler's South Carolina Cavalry."

The Yank told the truth. General Butler could always depend up his command to fight whenever, wherever and as long as he wanted them.

GLENN E. DAVIS.

REPORT MADE BY MAJOR JENKINS,**Of the "Rebel Troop," of the Reconnoissance of Edisto Island.**

Columbia, S. C., February 13, 1911.

Colonel U. R. Brooks, City.

Dear Sir: As promised, I am herewith sending you an additional paper having reference to my old company, namely, Company I, Third South Carolina Cavalry. It is a report made by Major Jenkins, then captain of the "Rebel Troop," and Brigadier-General Johnson Hagood of the reconnoissance made of Edisto Island on the 18th of August, 1862, shortly after the battle of Port Royal (November 7, 1861,) and the seacoast between Charleston and Savannah were, under the orders of General Lee, then commanding, abandoned by the planters. Some time during the winter of 1862 Edisto Island was occupied by the Federal troops and quite a system inaugurated for the cultivation of that island by the negroes who had assembled there. During the summer, however, the island was evacuated by the Federal forces and shortly after this a reconnoissance was ordered by General Johnson Hagood in order to ascertain the condition of things there.

From the date appended at the foot of the report (June 4, 1897), it is evident that this report was rewritten by Major Jenkins for the use of General Hagood, but the original report was submitted at the time indicated at the head, namely, August 18, 1862. As I was with the company at that time, I have a very vivid recollection of the facts stated in this report.

Yours very truly,

W. A. CLARK.

(Copy.)

Adams Run, August 18th, 1862.

Brigadier-General Johnson Hagood.

General: In obedience to orders I left Adams Run on August 15th, to make a thorough reconnoissance of Edisto Island. Having previously collected at Mr. Grimball's Grove Plantation a sufficient number of flats to simultaneously transport the troops across the river to Aiken's Mill. We were detained for a considerable time, and compelled to make extra trips

in consequence of injuries received by one of the largest flats in passing over the piles which obstruct the navigation of the Pon-Pon River just below Wilton Bluff. We landed, then, at Jehossee late in the day, and at dark crossed over Watts' cut bridge (which we had hastily rebuilt the day before) to the Old Dominion—the extreme upper plantation on Edisto Island. Advancing down the public road to "Frogmore," the place farthest up on the island, which had been occupied in force by the enemy—and it commencing to rain hard—I halted the troops at "Bailey's Farm," where we stayed until 4 o'clock the next morning, when we resumed our march for the sea coast. Throwing out parties to the right and left, as we moved down the main road which runs through the length of the island, to scout every plantation. I halted at the Baptist Church until the detachments had all come in, and turned to the left, visiting, with the intermediate plantations—Seabrook's, Hopkinson's and Legare's, situated on the North Edisto Inlet. While at Seabrook's place, I saw from the upper story of the house, ten men leave the gunboat, which was anchored directly opposite the Point of Pines, and go ashore. Supposing that it might be a foraging party. I led the company to the plantation adjoining the Point of Pines, and there found two Yankees whom we captured, Carpenter, a Philadelphian, the chief engineer of the gunboat "Mohawk," and Hornsby, from the State of Maine, the captain's mate, who had four shots fired at him and was wounded in the hand. They appeared to be persons of the better class. The mate exhibited great coolness under the circumstances, and is, I take it, a man of cool, unblenching courage—he was in a fig tree when first discovered, and after he was wounded continued his endeavors to escape and to preserve his liberty at the hazard of his life, but was tripped up by the luxuriant growth of woods through which he ran, and fell, and before he could recover his feet was overtaken, and surrendered himself to me—he had been shot by the orderly sergeant. Carpenter had started some five or six hundred yards on his return to the boat when first seen, but a few shots from our long-range rifles brought him to the ground without a scratch. The capture was made within a half, or perhaps three-quarters, of a mile of the gunboat and in the open field. I suppose the fear of shooting their own men may have prevented their firing upon us. There were, just after we had fired, several reports from exploding powder, but we heard no whistling of shot or shell, and were subsequently informed by the prisoners that the party of ten men I had seen landing were engaged in blasting a dead oak (near the wharf) for fuel. Carpenter had fallen headlong as if shot dead, and I did not think it proper to expose the company to the fire of the gunboat to ascertain whether he was killed or wounded, and withdrew my men into the woods some little distance off, and returned with four of them to make the search and found three others (who had stopped back) out in the field on horseback with a servant, hunting for the man, and driving off a drove of mules. Shortly afterwards Carpenter was discovered squatting in the fennel by the negro, who, seeing him put his hand in his pocket—presumably for a pistol—hollowed to my men; but Carpenter took out a white handkerchief and waved it, saying :

"I give up—I give up—I give up." Surrendering to a slave—a legal slave, whom he had come to emancipate, had made him prisoner. The shot which had arrested his flight was fired by private Robert Seabrook. Carpenter was badly frightened, and apprehensive as to the treatment he would receive. He asked what had been the fate of his friend, and what would be his own destination. I reassured him as to their personal safety, when he recovered sufficiently to suggest that he had no military position; he did not think he should be held as a prisoner; and when I told him he would be promptly forwarded to Charleston, and kept until duly exchanged, objected that he "was not dressed to go anywhere." I endeavored to satisfy his mind upon that point by assuring him that he was better dressed than many a Confederate officer and would not be put to shame on that account in the presence of his captors or custodians. The prisoners stated that the "Mohawk" had on board seven guns (one a deck pivot gun), and a hundred and fifty men, and told that the "Planter" was expected in on that or the following day from Port Royal. Hornsby appeared to bear his mishap cheerfully, or with nonchalance, only expressing his regret that it should have chanced just as he had been promoted; that his commission was to come on in the "Planter," and that their pay would be stopped until they were released, as they had been made prisoners while they were out on a pleasure excursion, and not in the discharge of a duty—said that it was not more than a week since they had been allowed to go on shore or any distance from the boat. In reply to my inquiries of what they had done with the negroes who had been cultivating the crops we found abandoned on Edisto, he said they had been carried to Hilton Head, and added: "Damn the negroes. I wish they were all fastened to Hunter and sunk with him to the bottom of the ocean; that but for the negro he would consider himself as fighting for a high and holy cause, the preservation of the Constitution and the Union,"—said the North, by the end of this month, would have fourteen ironclad gunboats completed and would soon possess the most formidable navy in the world; admitted that if we had a navy and our Jack Tars fought as bravely on water as our soldiers on land had done, that the Federal Government would soon be whipped, but that the large numerical majority of population, backed by their massive gunboats, gave them such a preponderance of power as must eventually ensure our subjugation; and Carpenter enquired with an air of incredibility and surprise whether we really believed we could succeed in establishing our independence, and much to that effect. Carpenter had, while hiding in the weeds, removed the insignia of his rank by cutting off his shoulder straps and throwing them away, with a fine navy revolver, which we found. A similar weapon was taken with Hornsby. I would respectfully request that I be authorized to give them to Orderly Sergeant R. I. LaRoche and Private Robert Seabrook.

We succeeded in driving off some fourteen mules—eleven of them young and untamed—belonging to Mr. Townsend, but they broke down the pen in which they were corralled for the night. We brought off three others, one of which, carried to Edisto from Port Royal, has the Confederate

brand. It might be worth while to send a company back and gather up the mules and bring them off for identification by the coroners for the public service.

I detached ten men to escort the prisoners to Jehossee and across the river, four of them to accompany them from that point to Adams Run, where they safely arrived. With the rest of the company I examined the north side of the public road, and took down a small Federal flag which was flying from the cupola of Bleak Hall, Mr. Townsend's residence. Reached Edingsville at dark, and, having thoroughly examined the place, every house and lot, dismounted about 9 o'clock p. m., after a long and laborious day spent in the saddle. The houses in the village (of some sixty odd families) appear to be in the condition in which they were left by the owners. There is no trace, we could perceive, of their having been since occupied. We had been informed that the higher officers lived down there after the sickly season set in. If so, they have scrupulously respected the property they used. The causeway connecting the village with Edisto is intersected by two creeks, spanned with bridges. The bridge nearest the village has been pulled down and the materials removed; whether to be used as firewood or for the purpose of additional security (rendering the passage of the creek impossible, except in boats and at low tide, when it is fordable), I had no data for determining.

Early next morning we set out on our return, examining the plantations not yet visited, on the south side of the island. The entire island has been given up to solitude. Except three old negroes, one of them a cripple, it was without inhabitants. We saw but two tracks of negroes in the road going towards the coast. Crops of cotton, corn, peas and potatoes, with an abundance of finest melons, were planted on the seaside plantations, commencing from the place on which stands "the central landing." The crops, from being abandoned earlier than they should have been, were considerably injured by grass, especially the cotton. They have been cultivated chiefly with the plough, and those crops are not as good as the few worked with the hoe on large beds—the island mode of cultivation. Some crops of corn are good—the potato crop excellent. The negroes, upon arriving on the island, were required to report immediately at the Point of Pines, their boats taken from them, and were assigned to particular plantations, and a number of plantations put in charge of a government agent—over all a "special agent" was superintendent. The negroes were furnished with rations of bacon, molasses, salt and soap, corn and peas being ready at hand on the plantations (six children drawing one ration). The hands were rated as whole, three-quarters, half and quarter hands, according to age and capacity. There appears to have been considerable system in their arrangements. Negroes employed at the wharves in unloading vessels received wages at eight dollars per month. What, or whether any, wages beyond rations were given for field labor does not appear from any of the papers found. The services of the negroes were not limited to their labors. They were employed for other purposes than the cultivation of the land. A written order from General Wright himself, addressed to government

agent at Clark's plantation, calls for "a fugitive slave for a few days for important government services." And one Phillip A. Warner writes to his colonel that he "should like to take charge of and drill a company of contrabands if he thought him capable," showing that they were also to be fitted and employed as soldiers.

The buildings on the island, I am mortified and constrained to say, were not as badly damaged (and appear not to have been at all wantonly damaged) as they have been on Wadmalaw and Johns Islands, occupied by our own troops. This station does not apply to my personal command. The time on which it was made was August, 1862. The Rebel troops and other companies, the "advanced troops," did not move to Johns Island till the 29th March, 1863—months afterwards. They seem indeed to have been injured to the extent necessary or unavoidable in the accommodation of troops. Some out-buildings were stripped of weather boarding—but to furnish material for bunks. Bailey's (Blue House) furnished, was occupied for six weeks by Company C. New Hampshire Volunteers, and entirely uninjured—both house and furniture. One exception—one dwelling, estate Charles Bailey, where a cavalry company had been stationed, has every weather board, and plastering, both off, and with the yard outbuildings burned. But the churches did not fare as well as the residences. The village chapels were deprived of benches which were moved to the different dwellings on the island, used for schoolrooms, in which we found the alphabet printed in large letters on pasteboard, and primers and other rudimentary books. And Mrs. Eding's handsome residence was where Barnard had his headquarters. There we found a large number of Testaments, and an outbuilding was fitted up as a chapel, with the benches, chandelier, church bell and village pulpit of the Presbyterians. The Presbyterian Church on the island was uninjured. The organ, however, we found packed in boxes ready for removal. The Episcopal Church has been horribly desecrated. The pure white walls are defaced with vile inscriptions. The gilded cross of Christ furnished a target for some sacreligious wretch. Around the altar horses had been stabled. The organ was hacked to pieces, and, crowning indignity, sixteen corrupt carcasses, polluted with their odious presence the sacred soil—the selected spots where our buried families repose.*

I have been minute to tediousness, but you desired a detailed report. All of which is respectfully submitted.

JOHN JENKINS, Captain R. T.

June 4th, 1897.

*NOTE.—The bodies above referred to as buried among the graves of the whites, we were informed, were of negro soldiers. We know now they were negroes.

RECORD OF HART'S BATTERY FROM ITS ORGANIZATION TO THE END OF THE WAR

When and Where the Company Was Formed.

Just after the bombardment and reduction of Fort Sumter in Charleston harbor, on the 12th and 13th of April, 1861, Colonel Wade Hampton received authority from the War Department of the Confederate States to organize the "Hampton Legion." Several members of the old Washington Artillery of Charleston, anxious that their command should have a representation in Virginia, where the war storm seemed about to burst, conceived the idea of organizing a battery of light artillery to compose a part of the legion for service there. The enterprise was taken actively in hand by a few of the prominent members of the old Washingtons, and by the middle of May, 1861, a nucleus of some fifty men had been placed on the rolls of the new company. A correspondence with Colonel Hampton disclosed a favorable inclination on his part to accept this organization, which was composed largely of artisans and mechanics, and proposed to be officered by men educated to the profession of arms.

As soon as this fact became known, and the assurance of active service in Virginia given, the ranks were filled up to the full complement, and Lieutenant Colonel B. J. Johnson, about the first of June, 1861, inspected and received the battery into the Legion as the "Washington Artillery Volunteers."

Its organization at this time was as follows:

Stephen D. Lee, Captain.

James F. Hart, Senior First Lieutenant.

S. Gilman Horsey, Junior First Lieutenant.

W. R. Marshall, Senior Second Lieutenant.

Paul Hamilton, Junior Second Lieutenant and Adjutant.

Capers M. Rivers, First Sergeant.

Johnson Walker, Second Sergeant and Quartermaster Sergeant.

J. F. Kendall, Third Sergeant.

W. C. Tilton, Fourth Sergeant.



MAJ. JAS. F. HART.
Hart's Battery.

At the battle of Upperville, Va., in the artillery duel, the Federals did some excellent target practice, repeatedly striking the stone wall protecting the South Carolina troops and plowing up the pike around Hart's two pieces.

Just about the time the flanking force got in position to compel a retreat by the Confederates, a Federal shell struck Hart's Blakeley rifle right in the muzzle, disabling and putting out of action this fine English gun. This is recorded as the only gun Hart gave up in the four years of intense campaigning, in which that battery made a world record of being engaged, in action and under fire one hundred and forty-three times. No field battery having excelled this record in four years in any nation or any war.—G. N. Saussy in Watson's Magazine.

E. L. Halsey, Fifth Sergeant.
Wm. M. Leak, Sixth Sergeant.
Walter Curry, Seventh Sergeant.
W. T. Adams, Eighth Sergeant.

The position of commander had been tendered respectively to Colonel Arthur Manigault, Colonel Wm. C. Heyward, Captain Villepigue, Lieutenant John Pegram, and other West Point graduates from the old United States army, and declined. Captain Lee was then on the staff of General Beauregard and signified his immediate acceptance of the command, when tendered him, but owing to his connection with the quartermaster's department was not able to assume the command until after the arrival of the company in Virginia.

On the afternoon of the 10th of June, 1861, the company left its camp at Hampstead Hall, and under the escort of the Washington, German and Lafayette Artillery proceeded to Military Hall, where it was the recipient of a handsome guidon (presented on behalf of certain ladies of Charleston) and of a collation provided by the military.

The Guidon

was received by Lieutenant Hart, commanding—and transferred to the guardianship of Louis Sherfessee, who was thus destined to be its bearer through the fierce conflict that it afterwards encountered, until higher duties compelled him to relinquish it into the hands of others. Upon nearly every battlefield from the James to the Susquehanna, in the three subsequent years, this precious emblem was unfurled; until finally torn into shreds by a shell at Brandy Station, August 1st, 1864, it was laid away as a sacred memento of the trying scenes through which it had led its noble little band of followers. Its tattered fragments are now sacredly preserved by its first custodian, Louis Sherfessee.

After the collation at Military Hall, the company embarked for Columbia, arriving there on the 11th. On the 13th it was formally mustered into service by Captain W. R. Calhoun, officered as before stated, and with a roll of one hundred and forty-seven men, rank and file. The original muster rolls have been obliterated by the casualties of war, otherwise the insertion of its names here would be a pleasing record.

Preparing for Action.

On the 24th of June, 1861, the Legion began to embark for Richmond and the battery moved with the first detachment, under command of Lieutenant Colonel Johnson. Colonel Hampton followed soon after with remaining companies, and by July first the Legion was encamped at Rockett's, in the suburbs of Richmond. Here the officers of the battery at once began their efforts to effect its equipment. Horses were selected from the government stables, harness, saddles and other appliances collected, and the training of both men and horses for the arduous duties of the field begun. In this labor the officers had the aid of the venerable and gallant Captain Richard Ward, of Edgefield, whose long experience in such equipments rendered his services invaluable. The pieces for the battery were being manufactured at Tredegar Foundry, in Richmond, and were not completed until about the 18th of July. These consisted of two rifle pieces, 3 1-12 inches bore, and four 12-pound howitzers. Besides these, Colonel Hampton had ordered at his own expense in England a field battery of the celebrated Blakely rifled ordnance, which was to supersede the Tredegar guns whenever received. Four pieces of this ordnance reached us in November, 1861, having been landed in Savannah, Ga., from the "Bermuda."

Owing to the failure in receiving its armament, the battery was detained in Richmond while the remaining companies of the Legion were engaged in a hot field of Manassas, July 21st, 1861. About this time Captain Stephen D. Lee arrived and assumed command of the battery. Every exertion was made to complete the armament, and difficulties of no ordinary character were in a few days surmounted and the little command took up the line of march about the last days of July for the rendezvous at Manassas. Its first permanent encampment was at Bacon Race Church, on the right wing of Johnston's army, where Colonel Hampton had been ordered to station his command.

Here, with no enemy immediately in our front, Captain Lee began the admirable course of discipline and training, which, though to the volunteer it seemed unnecessarily rigorous, was the preparatory course for the splendid achievements of later years. Daily field manœuvres with the piece, and a rigid exactitude of soldierly duties from officers and privates soon began to



GUIDON OF HART'S BATTERY, HAMPTON'S HORSE ARTILLERY.



LOUIS SHERFESEE,
June 10th, 1861. Guidon.



LOUIS SHERFESEE,
Major and Aide-de-Camp.
July 2, '96. Richmond, Va.

show the advantage of military science over a mere voluntary association of soldiery.

On the Potomac.

Early in September, 1861, the Confederate forces began the construction of batteries at Evansport, on the Potomac, to blockade the river. The Federals maintained a flotilla on the river of seven or eight small vessels, but well armed and equipped. In order to mass the operations at Evansport, Captain Lee was ordered to gradually unmask his battery at Freestone Point for two days, behind a copse of wood which we were gradually cutting away. On the morning of the 25th of September a small gunboat, discovering our position, ran close to the point to reconnoitre. After firing one or two shots, which we did not reply to, she made off up the river, and in less than an hour returned in company with six other armed vessels.

The First Fight.

At about 10 a. m. they ranged in line of battle in front of our earthen works and began a furious cannonade. As soon as it became manifest that they meant to dislodge us, we returned the fire from the two rifle field pieces and "Long Tom," captured at Manassas, and manned by a detachment from Purcell's Battery, of Richmond, Va. The engagement lasted from 10 a. m. to 1 p. m., when the enemy's flotilla began to steam off, taking one of their gunboats in tow badly disabled. One of their gunboats was beached and sunk during the night within view of our position, but beyond the range of our fire.

This was our baptism. The engagement was a hot one, and reflected great credit upon the officers and men engaged in it. The results inspired confidence in the men in the use of the piece, in their officers, and in each other.

Bachman's Battery, from South Carolina, soon after joined this Legion and Captain Lee was promoted to major of the artillery, his command consisting of his old battery and Bachman's.

At Cockpit, on the Potomac, November 9th, 1861, we held an artillery duel for some hours with some of General Sickles' batteries across the river without results. This was the first trial of our new Blakely guns.

November 27th, 1861, Lieutenant Hart was elected captain, *vice* Captain Lee, promoted. Lieutenant Marshall became junior first lieutenant and Philip W. Hutchinson was elected junior second lieutenant and adjutant.

Typhoid fever prostrated a large part of the command during the fall, and many were left to their last sleep on the cold hills of the Occoquan during that first winter in camp. Among them were Sergeant Curry and Privates Ponteus, Gilliam, Breland and Rozier.

The Spring of '62.

As the army of General Johnston fell back from the line of the Rapidan, in the spring of 1862. Colonel Hampton's command moved towards Yorktown via Fredericksburg and Bowling Green. The battery was reorganized at Yorktown in April, 1862, under the Act of the Confederate Congress, and the men enlisted for three years. The company selected the following officers:

Captain—James F. Hart.

First Lieutenant—E. Lindsay Halsey, Charleston.

Junior First Lieutenant—Frank M. Bamberg, Orangeburg.

Second Lieutenant—William T. Adams, Beaufort.

Junior Second Lieutenant—Jeremiah Cleveland, Greenville.

In Johnston's famous retreat from Yorktown we covered the rear to Williamsburg; from thence moved to West Point, and engaged the enemy there; hence with the rear of the army to Richmond. During the siege of the latter place it was engaged in frequent skirmishes and artillery duels, in which it rendered effective service.

The Seven Days' Battle.

During the seven days' contest around Richmond it was posted south of the Chickahominy and participated at Mechanicsville on June 26th, at Golden's Farm and Savage Station on the 29th of June, and at Malvern Hill July 1st, 1862. It lost in killed in these engagements Henry F. Cohen, Philip Schroder and others, and several wounded.

In July, 1862, the Hampton Legion was dissolved and the different arms composing it distributed to other commands. Colonel Hampton was promoted to brigadier-general and assigned to the command of the First Brigade of Cavalry, Army of

Northern Virginia, composed of the Second South Carolina Cavalry, First North Carolina Cavalry, Jeff Davis Legion Cavalry, Cobb Legion Cavalry, and Philip's Legion, and was afterwards augmented by the First South Carolina Cavalry, in the place of the Tenth Virginia Cavalry, temporarily assigned to it. Immediately upon being promoted to this command, General Hampton applied to the secretary of war to have his first old battery converted into horse artillery, and to be assigned to duty with his brigade. It was at this time it became known to the army as "Hart's Battery," a name assumed from its commander, and by common consent still adhering to it.

The First Maryland Campaign.

It carried the first piece of artillery that crossed the Potomac, crossing at Crousd's Ferry, in September, 1862. It engaged the enemy at Monocacy on the 12th of September, at Frederick on the 18th, and at the famous stand on Cotoctin Mountain on the 14th of September. Supported by Hampton's brigade of cavalry and perched upon the highest point of the Cotoctin, commanding the turnpike from Frederick to Hagerstown, it met the enemy's cannonade at daylight of that morning, and at one time engaged the fire of twelve batteries from McClellan's army on the plain below. Although the odds were great, the Cotoctin was held by the battery and General Hampton's gallant cavalry skirmishers until 1 p. m., when to avoid being cut off by a rear attack, a rapid retreat was effected to Middletown. Skirmishing until after nightfall brought us under cover of South Mountain. The exhaustion of its ammunition prevented a very active participation by the battery in the battle of Sharpsburg on the 17th of September.

On the 8th of October it started with one section under General Stuart on a raid into Pennsylvania, crossing the Potomac at Hancock's at daylight on the morning of the 9th. Chambersburg was reached at 8 p. m. In the celebrated march around McClellan's rear the unprecedented time of ninety-four miles in twenty-four hours was made on the 10th, reaching Chambersburg at 8 a. m., passing through South Mountain by Gettysburg, thence by Emmetsburg and Poolesville to the Potomac. Here, after a brilliant skirmish with General Stoneman's Federal division, General

Stuart succeeded in forcing his passage across the river. As the last gun was struggling up the steep embankment emerging from the river, General Stuart dismounted and put his shoulder to the wheels to aid the tired and struggling cannoneers. The act was magical. The piece bounded up the steep ascent and in a minute more was belching its iron missiles across the river at the baffled enemy. The battery did not lose a man in this brilliant campaign.

General Lee's army lay near Winchester after the battle of Sharpsburg, and Stuart and Hampton watched his front along the Potomac with their cavalry and horse artillery during the next six weeks, skirmishing almost daily with the enemy. In November it covered General Lee's left wing as he recrossed the Blue Ridge towards Culpeper Court House, engaging the enemy at Barker's Crossroads, Washington, Sperryville, and along the line of the Hazel River.

A Veteran Command.

The men and officers, through the experience of such continuous service, had become trained veterans. Composed of some of the best material of the State, thoroughly disciplined and instructed in their duties, capably officered, and having acquired that confidence in their officers and in each other so necessary to efficient soldiership, the writer can truthfully say that from thence to the close of the war "Hart's Battery" was the best organized and most efficient command of the kind known to him in the Confederate service. One instance of the perfection of its gunnery will serve as an illustration. At Little Washington a number of the enemy's skirmishers had secured a position on Hampton's right, and were giving great annoyance. Under cover of a thick wood they could not be dislodged by a charge of cavalry. One of them armed with a Whitworth rifle was firing explosive balls from behind a tree at the caissons with dangerous accuracy. Turning to Corporal Blount, one of the gunners at one of the pieces, Captain Hart asked him if he could not punish the Whitworth rifle. Blount modestly replied, "I'll try, sir." Ranging his piece with great accuracy at the smoke from the rifle, some seven hundred yards off, he waited until another puff of smoke disclosed his position. Just as Blount gave the command "fire"

another puff of smoke went up from behind the tree, and a Blakely shell from Blount's piece was accurately speeding to the same spot. As the smoke from its explosion lifted away, the Federal skirmishers were seen rapidly retiring. Gaining possession of the ground shortly afterwards, we found that Blount's shell had torn into the side of the tree some two feet above the ground and exploding with concussion had literally torn in pieces the man who had been firing the Whitworth rifle from behind its cover, and had demolished even the piece he had been firing. Many of the gallant Second South Carolina Cavalry will doubtless remember the event.

Cavalry Routed by Artillery.

After a new base had been established at Fredeicksburg, in December, 1862, occurred an event worth noting, as illustrating the prompt soldiership and courage of the command. Having been ordered a day or two previous to guard the crossing of the Rappahannock at Richard's Ferry, together with the First North Carolina, Jeff Davis and Cobb Legions, and the First South Carolina Cavalry, these commands were on that morning relieved and took up their line of march at daylight up the ridge towards Kelly's Ford. Arriving opposite Ellis Ferry, one and one-half miles distant, the brigade was halted to feed and rest the men and animals. The battery had moved out a short distance in the direction of Ellis Ferry to be convenient to provender provided there. Just after the men had disposed of themselves to rest, our pickets from the First South Carolina Cavalry came in from Ellis hotly pursued by a considerable force of the enemy's cavalry. The "assembly" call was instantly sounded, and the men dashed to their pieces. Captain Hart rode to the front to gather up the scattered pickets and to endeavor to check the advancing enemy with them until the horses could be harnessed or supports reach us. The cavalry regiments were scattered at distances of half a mile or more to the rear of the battery. Lieutenant Halsey, being left in command, hastily advanced two guns by hand, to bear upon the road, just as Major VanBuren, in command of a regiment of New York cavalry, dashed into view, within two hundred yards of the guns, in hot pursuit of Captain Hart, and the five pickets whom he had intercepted. As the heavy column

charged forward not a man at the guns flinched, but delivering a rapid and steady fire in the faces of the charging column, doubled it back upon itself and in less than five minutes had put it to rout. Hastily limbering to the front, these two guns started in pursuit at a gallop, and, delivering their fire from every position gained, were giving them a parting salute across the river as the gallant old First North Carolina Cavalry, under command of Colonel Baker, rode up to their aid. The courier sent to notify Colonel Baker of our dangerous situation, misinformed him as to the position of the battery, and he had marched his company in the opposite direction, until the roar of the guns pointed out the true position. In this daring charge the enemy lost several of their number. Captain Hart narrowly escaped being captured while trying to check the enemy in front. The men at the battery escaped without a casualty. It was one of the few instances of the war where a battery of artillery, although surprised at the outset, and without support, fought, routed and pursued for one and one-half miles a mounted force four times its strength. At the time of this occurrence General Hampton was absent with the Second South Carolina and detachments from the other regiments, on his celebrated raid to Dumfries, in the rear of Burnside's army.

The winter camp of the battery was located at this time near Stevensburg, and that remained its permanent camp until February 1st, 1863, when the First Brigade was relieved and ordered to the valley of Virginia to recruit its emaciated animals.

Kilpatrick's Raid.

After a brief rest, orders were received from General Stuart early in March, 1863, to report at Gordonsville. The opening of General Hooker's campaign, which afterwards resulted in the disaster to him at Chancellorsville, had called back to the front the relieved command. During this campaign General Hampton's brigade, not having got over from Lynchburg Valley, the battery was reported to the courteous and gallant soldier, General W. H. F. Lee, at Kelly's Ford, on the Rappahannock. From thence it followed, with Lee, General Kilpatrick in his daring raid upon the canal above Richmond, in close pursuit. Returning, still in pursuit, the enemy was encountered near Louisa Court-

house. General Lee, in a gallant charge here, passed entirely through the enemy's line with the whole of his small cavalry force, and was unable to return to where he had left the artillery. By skillful manœuvering and marching day and night, a part of the time pursued by a heavy force, we finally succeeded in eluding the enemy and brought our guns safely to Gordonsville the following day.

The Gettysburg Campaign.

The army of General Lee in the early days of June, 1863, began to rendezvous at and around Culpeper C. H., preparatory to that chivalric and sad campaign culminating at Gettysburg. General Stuart's splendid cavalry division, composed of Hampton's, Fitzhugh Lee's, W. H. F. Lee's and Robinson's brigades, occupied the ground around Brandy, seven miles in front of the army. On the 8th of June General R. E. Lee reviewed this splendid cavalry force on the plains near Brandy, as also Hart's, Breathed's Griffin's, Moorman's and McGregor's batteries of horse artillery, all under the command of Major R. F. Beckham. At the close of the review, the Hart's, McGregor's and Griffin's batteries were ordered to move into bivouac on the road leading to Beverly's Ford, on Hazel River, one mile therefrom. The artillery was parked at the near edge of the wood to the left of the main road, Hart's battery occupying the right immediately upon the road, and the remaining batteries with their train extending to the left.

The Battle of Brandy Station.

Just as dawn began to peep on the morning of the 9th our sentries awoke us with the announcement that the enemy were driving in our pickets. Simultaneously with the information came the enemy pell-mell into camp, among our flying tents. That gallant raider, General Averill, had found an unguarded fort, over which he had passed a large force during the night, and, taking our pickets in the rear at Beverly's, had ridden, unopposed, at day dawn, upon these batteries of horse artillery that promised an easy reward for his gallantry. The men of Hart's Battery, except the sentinels, were asleep as the enemy

rode upon them. The first half dozen men, awakened, in their shirt tails manned the piece nearest the road and moved it by hand to bear upon Averill's column. As the first discharge rang out on the morning air it gave the signal of our danger. A steady fire from the piece caused our assailants to recoil in order to form a line of battle and capture us systematically. In their caution and our cheek we found our safety. The gallant detachment at the first piece held it in the road under an annoying fire of musketry until every gun and wagon had been put in marching order and had moved back to a line of battle selected, and established half a mile to the rear. Just as the enemy had gained our tents and we emerged from thickets to the right and left of this piece, its mission having been accomplished, it was successfully retired upon the newly formed line. During that day men never fought better or more successfully. The cavalry having come upon the newly formed line, the battle soon became general. At about 10 a. m. a regiment of regular cavalry (Federal) made a gallant charge striking the left section of Hart's Battery (Lieutenant Bamberg's section) in full front. The cannoneers sought cover under their pieces until the charging column passed over them, and then promptly responding to the command, "Change front to rear on right pieces," this gallant section swung around, and was instantly pouring its destructive missiles into the flanks of the charging column. Here the assailants were met by the gallant First South Carolina Cavalry and another regiment, not now remembered, and most of the survivors gobbled up.

A Gallant Charge.

A half hour later heavy firing was heard in our rear, in the direction of Stevensburg. General Averill had adroitly deployed Meade's corps of infantry in our front and led the larger part of his cavalry force to pierce our rear. He was met at Stevensburg by Colonel M. C. Butler with his Second South Carolina Cavalry and a part of Robinson's North Carolina Brigade. After a stout resistance these were brushed away and almost before Stuart knew there was an enemy in his rear Averill was in possession of Fleetwood Heights and General Stuart's headquarters. The greater part of Hampton's brigade was at this time dismounted and engaged with Mead's infantry in front. Hastily

mounting and forming, under the command of its gallant leader it faced about and moved to a trot against the new foe in the rear. Hart's Battery, forming in line on its right, trotted briskly abreast with the brigade, until within two hundred yards of the enemy's column it dropped into position and began to pass its missiles with fearful accuracy into the depths of the enemy's massive formation. Although the battery went into position moving with a charge, it had delivered three rounds of case shot from each piece before Hampton had closed with the enemy. The manœuvre and its results disordered the enemy's formation and gave Hampton's gallant brigade a broken instead of a compact column to oppose and rendered victory certain. Still it was bought dearly. The sharp clang of sabres rang across the plain for fifteen minutes from full three thousand combatants engaged face to face on this part of the field. At last the Federals gave way in front, and were hotly pursued in the direction of Kelly's Ford.

Into the Jaws of—Certain Capture.

We were now almost under Fleetwood Hill to our right—Stuart's headquarters of that morning, and a heavy force of the enemy had held possession of it, pouring upon us a galling fire until the line in front gave way. They then apparently retired behind the hill, and the battery was galloped to its summit in order to gain a favorable position to deliver its fire upon them. Just as we were reaching its summit, our commanding officer was astounded to discover that the enemy had only fallen back some thirty yards, and that his battery would in an instant more gallop headlong into the jaws of—certain capture. Holding up his sabre as a signal to halt, it was misunderstood by the gallant cannoneers, now thoroughly in earnest, and, raising a shout, they dashed upon the summit of the hill, just in the face of the enemy. Instead of taking us, their line melted away at a gallop, and we were left in possession of a battery of splendid rifled ordnance, some of which we manned and turned upon their former owners a few minutes later. Still further to their right their line (the enemy's left) remained unbroken. The gallant Virginians under General Jones has assaulted it heavily, but with only partial success. Hampton's regiments were led off in pursuit of the

broken right. Presently the enemy's left, following the example of their right, came thundering down the narrow side to the rear of which ran a small boggy stream. McGregor's battery, which had gained the hill almost simultaneously with us, was in position on our left. A part of this new force rode boldly for the gun, and began to slash their way through. Our cannoneers fought them with such sidearms as they had, and those who had none used their sponge staffs. The writer was an eye witness to the fact that more than one rider was unhorsed by the new application made of this implement of warfare.

Lieutenant-Colonel Shelmire (or Selmire), commanding a regiment of New York cavalry, led the charge and fought his way gallantly among the guns, but determined foemen resisted his passage, and after receiving several wounds he was shot by LeGrand Guerry, captain's orderly, with a small revolving pistol and died a few minutes afterwards. The papers found on his person disclosed his person and rank. The attack having been successfully resisted, our guns were turned upon the retreating assailants with good effect.

It is now 1 o'clock p. m., and the battle has raged fiercely since dawn. From this time until near nightfall a straggling fire was kept up with Mead's infantry and its accompanying batteries, whom we had left in our rear in repulsing Averill's daring attack. They were finally driven across the river. General Hampton's command lost the brave and accomplished Lieutenant-Colonel Frank Hampton, of the Second South Carolina; Colonel Sol Williams, of the Third North Carolina Cavalry, and Major John Farley of the staff. Colonel Butler, of the Second South Carolina, lost a leg from a cannon shot, and a number of gallant officers and men purchased with their lives our dearly-bought victory.

Hampton's Thanks to the Battery.

It would be improper to close this brief sketch of one of the unwritten battles of the late war without appending the following note, which explains itself. The original having been lost, a copy made from memory, and fortunately preserved, is substituted:

Headquarters 1st Cavalry Brigade,
A. N. Va., June 10th, 1863.

Captain Hart, Commanding Hart's Battery.

I cannot let this occasion pass without expressing to you, and through you to your gallant command, my high appreciation of their services in the engagement of yesterday. To their steadiness and valor is due in great part the success of the day. I shall ever hold their action in grateful remembrance.

WADE HAMPTON,
Brigadier General.

Fights at Warrenton and Upperville.

A few days for rest and re-equipment were afforded General Hampton's command after this brilliant encounter, and on the 16th of June its columns took up the line of march northward, covering the right flank of Lee's army as it moved across to the lower valley of the Shenandoah. At Warrenton, on the 17th, we skirmished with the enemy during the afternoon, repulsing a reconnoissance made to ascertain the position of our forces. On the 18th we reached the vicinity of the turnpike leading from Manassas to Snicker's Gap, and on the 19th covered it with our cavalry and horse battery. At daylight on the 20th, while Hampton's brigade, with Hart's battery, were holding the enemy's light troops consisting of their cavalry, under General Averill, and Meade's corps of infantry, with several light batteries, our light line was slowly pressed back: the artillery retiring its guns and taking new covering positions by attachments. During these movements one of the pieces of the battery, having limbered to retire under cover from the skirmish line, was struck upon the ammunition chest by a shell, and the chest exploded. All the horses were either killed or disabled, the driver stunned by the concussion and the carriage dismounted. Lieutenant Halsey, to whose section the piece belonged, made every exertion to save his gun, but the rapid advance of the enemy's line compelled its abandonment before a fresh team could be brought up to rescue it. During its eventful career this was the only gun the battery ever furnished to the enemy—until its armament was surrendered at the close of the war. The battle lasted until nightfall, the enemy's superior forces slowly pressing it back over the open plains below the Gap. During this hotly contested day every

piece except one was disabled, and two were dismounted and borne off on the caissons. Our casualties among the men were trifling, but we lost heavily in horses. A single shell from the enemy killed a team of six horses at one of the pieces during the day. Just before sunset, General Hampton, reforming his line, just below the little town of Paris, made one of those splendid dashes that distinguished his career as a cavalry leader, and as his five regiments rode successively upon the enemy's column with the sabre they gave way and fell back upon their infantry supports.

Somebody Blundered.

The following day General Stuart, with his four cavalry brigades, struck towards the Potomac, crossing below Leesburg, and moved in sight of the spires of Washington, having the enemy of General Hooker between himself and Lee. He did not reopen communications with Lee's army until the hostile lines were closed at Gettysburg on the second of July. This movement was, in the opinion of the writer, the principal cause of the disaster of that memorable campaign. Had Stuart watched and reported the movement of the enemy, Lee could have foiled him in his attempt to secure the splendid position at Gettysburg. Who was responsible for the blunder, the writer does not say, but a blunder it was.

Repairing Damages.

Hart's Battery did not accompany this movement of the cavalry, owing to its disabled condition. Following the rear of General Lee's trains through the lower valley, we reached Martinsburg, on the Baltimore and Ohio railroad, on the 24th. The artisans and mechanics of the command took possession of the extensive railroad shops at the place and lighting up the forges soon had the work of repair under way. Large U rails from the track were cut, and the spindles from the old axles were welded upon them, whilst the necessary repairs to the wood work of the gun carriages were being made. In six hours after taking possession of the shops our three disabled guns were substantially remounted, Corporal Arnot, Artificers Phelph and Enslow and Privates Kissell, Freany, Kenedy and others directing and

accomplishing the work. From Martinsburg the battery marched, without an escort, in the wake of Lee's army, the rear of which was twenty-four hours in advance of us. Passing through Williamsport, Hagerstown and Green Castle, it reached Chambersburg on the 26th, and was reported at once to General Lee for service. On the evening of the 30th it was ordered to accompany Longstreet's corps to Gettysburg, leaving the former place shortly after dark, and emerging upon the plains in front of Meade's army (who a few days previous had succeeded General Hooker), at sunrise on the first of July.

Service at Gettysburg.

The history of the great battle that followed has been written so often that its repetition here is unnecessary. The battery was not in action on the first, but on the second was engaged the entire day on the right wing, resisting a flank attack of the enemy. On the third there was further desultory skirmishing, and on the night of the fourth of July orders were received to retreat with General Inboden's command via Chambersburg, covering the rear of our army trains. Three days of weary marching and manœuvring brought us into Williamsport, when the trains and their escort were stopped by a flood in the river.

The Battle of the Teamsters.

Within an hour after packing our pieces here, Kilpatrick's daring cavalry rode upon us in pursuit of the trains. Wagon drivers, bummers, ambulance corps and all sorts of non-combatants came to the front with equipments from the ordnance trains, and were organized into companies and thrown forward. Several disabled batteries also went into position, together with the Sixty-first Virginia, Lieutenant-Colonel Smith commanding. A sharp engagement followed. Our improvised force fought well. It was fight or certain capture, as the surging river beyond made further retreat impossible. The brave Sergeant Newton was killed by a cannon shot in this engagement while serving one of the guns of a Louisiana battery. His loss to us was a severe one. No better or truer soldier ever marched under the Confederate battle flag than this true-hearted Irishman. The

attack had lasted for upwards of an hour, and we had successfully maintained our line, when General Stuart, riding in front towards Hagerstown, struck the enemy's left and rear and put him to flight. Lee's army reached the vicinity on the following day. The battery was reported to General Fitz Lee for duty. General Hampton had been severely wounded at Hanoverstown, and the remnant of his gallant brigade was under the command of Colonel Young of the Cobb Legion. Covering the retreat of General Lee, we crossed at Falling Waters, on the 13th of July, and occupied the line in front of Martinsburg for the next two weeks, skirmishing almost daily with the enemy's light troops.

Second Fight at Brandy.

Towards the latter part of July we accompanied the cavalry covering Lee's rear across into Culpeper, and once more bivouacked on the plains near Brandy Station. Here, on August 1st, with Hampton's old brigade, and upon the same ground that witnessed the struggle of June the 9th, we engaged three brigades of the enemy with three light batteries from 8 a. m. until 5 p. m. Stubbornly resisting every inch of ground, we slowly retired from the pressure of their flanking columns, until being reinforced by infantry regiments, the enemy were forced to retire.

The Fall of '63.

From thence until September we participated in one or two minor skirmishes, but nothing important occurred to disturb our rest. On the 10th day of September, 1863, General Meade began to push across the Rappahannock, and his advance forces gave us active work. Lee had previously retired across the Rapidan, and we compelled the enemy to develop his strength as much as possible as we resisted his advance. Crossing at Raccoon's Ford, the battery, with Hampton's brigade, under command of General Gordon, took position on the heights south of the river. Here, on the 11th and 12th, we repelled every effort to force a passage of the river, and the enemy finally retired. On the 13th, we were transferred to Lee's left, and during the remainder of the month engaged the enemy in several severe encounters, the most notable of which occurred at Jack's Shop on the Madison Turnpike,

where Lieutenant Adams and some others were wounded. Orderly Sergeant Wm. Whetstone, of Barnwell, and Louis Ton-yers, of Charleston, were killed in encounters during this month, and Corporal Charles Stewart, of Barnwell, and several others, were wounded. In October General Lee made an advance towards Warrenton, and the cavalry and horse batteries pressed Meade's retiring columns, and pelted them at every opportunity.

Stuart's Narrow Escape.

Again on Fleetwood Heights, near Brandy Station, for the third time this year (1863), the old first brigade and Hart's Battery met the enemy. The battery in the engagement at Jack's Shop and in this and others during October was under the command of Lieutenant Bamberg and was handled with skill and gallantry. Driving the enemy from Fleetwood, the advance was continued via Warrenton Springs and Bristow Station to Aldie.

During this campaign an incident occurred somewhat unusual in warfare. General Stuart, with 1,500 cavalry, and Hart's and McGregor's batteries, had secured a position at Mt. Auburn, near Catlett's Station, in advance of Meade's line of retreat. Night coming on, he moved his command to a bivouac some five hundred yards from the main road, in order to be able to better observe the enemy's movements. An hour or two after dark the heavy tramp of the infantry and the rumbling of artillery announced the approach of a heavy force along the highway in our front. Stuart began to retire along towards another road to our rear a mile or two, but his advance came in with the information that this road, too, was swarming with Meade's forces. As these two roads converged a short distance beyond, we were literally environed and our destruction seemed certain. Stuart moved his force cautiously back to a position overlooking the road, and had the artillery posted to command it. Each horseman was instructed to prevent the least noise, even the neighing of his horse, and picked men and officers were put on guard in front. Twelve reliable couriers were started at different intervals, on foot, to work their way through the enemy's columns under cover of darkness, and report to General Lee at Warrenton our perilous position, and also to inform him of the movement of the enemy. The first of these reached General Lee about midnight, but his

story seemed so incredible that no action was taken. Before morning every one of the twelve couriers had worked their way through the enemy's columns and delivered Stuart's message. Orders were sent, after some delay, to General A. P. Hill to move to Stuart's rescue, and before daylight his columns were in motion in the direction of the beleaguered cavalry and artillery, but too late to aid us. In the meantime Stuart's command were silent observers of the enemy's heavy columns tramping by the entire night. Some staff officers and couriers, in search of a suitable camp, about midnight rode upon the eminence where we were posted and were quietly captured.

As dawn began to approach the position seemed perilous in the extreme, as daylight would disclose us to the enemy. Both roads in front and rear were filled with hostile troops in immense force, and a division had bivouacked just across the road in our front and lighted their camp fires to prepare breakfast. A few minutes after dawn some straggling shots were heard just beyond the enemy's bivouac and our little force was cheered with the promise that it was the advance of their comrades to the rescue. Stuart silently mounted his cavalry, ordered the artillerists to charge their pieces for action. At the command for attack a sheet of flame lit up the hill on which we were posted, and a rapid and well-directed fire from our pieces soon opened a wide gap in the roadway in our front. Dashing forward at a gallop, regiment after regiment and the two batteries passed through the opening made by the fire of the latter. There were troops to the right and to the left of the opening made who had not been demoralized by our fire, and these hastily forming poured upon us a sharp fire as we galloped through. Colonel Ruffin, of the First North Carolina Cavalry, and several other gallant officers and men fell in this short and sharp encounter. Our battery came out without the loss of a man.

On the Rapidan.

Meade having avoided a general conflict, General Lee recalled his forces a day or two later, and towards the latter part of October we resumed our camp in front of Culpeper Court House. Meade, having received reinforcements, began early in November to press his way towards the Rapidan. Our battery

moved with the first brigade, under General Young, to the vicinity of Stevensburg. Here we encountered the enemy's advance, and fought all day of the 10th of November. At the close of the day, General Hampton, who had sufficiently recovered from his wound to assume the field again, rode upon the ground, saluted by the hearty cheers of his admiring command. He had been promoted to major-general of the division, and his command consisted of Young's, Gordon's and Robinson's brigades of cavalry. We took up a position on the following day south of the Rapidan, and remained inactive until the first of December. General Meade then again took up the advance, crossing the Rapidan at Germania Ford, and deploying his forces at our front at Wine Run. Here the battery was actively engaged for the next two days harassing Meade's advance, participating in an attack upon the rear at Park's Store, and finally pursuing in his retreat. This closed the operations of 1863.

Campaign of 1864.

One battery of the celebrated Blakley guns had been worn out by the constant firing, and the second one was now in use. These two were seriously impaired. One section was changed for the serviceable three-inch rifle piece borrowed from our force. Later in the year we obtained a full complement of three-inch rifles from the splendid equipment left in our hands by General Wilson at Ream's Station.

In December, 1863, the battery went into quarters at Hamilton's Crossing and in January moved back on the R. F. & P. railroad near Panola Station. Whilst occupying its temporary winter camp here the company voluntarily and unanimously re-enlisted for the war. Their three years of service under their first enlistment would have expired in the following June. This voluntary action on the part of the members of the battery was the subject of complimentary orders from army headquarters, and exerted a favorable influence upon other commands that afterwards followed their example. The re-enlisted were under their organizations as then existing, and no claim was made for change of officers or organizations, as in many other commands made a condition of their action.

During February, 1864, it went in pursuit of Kilpatrick in his raid on Richmond, and opened a night attack upon his camp near Atlas Station. Lieutenant Halsey commanded on this occasion and managed his guns with a coolness, skill and gallantry that distinguished his career as a soldier.

Wilderness and Yellow Tavern.

Towards the latter part of April the battery moved forward and bivouacked on the Rappahannock near Hamilton's Crossing. A few days later we began to exchange shots with the enemy on the confines of the "Wilderness," during the progress of that eventful engagement. Here, on the 12th of May, Lieutenant Halsey's section engaged the enemy in the fierce onslaught on Spottsylvania Court House, having been detached with General Fitz Lee's division. This section accompanied Stuart in his pursuit of the enemy to "Yellow Tavern," where Stuart and the brave Gordon fell. Thence in front of Richmond it engaged in daily encounters until the hostile raiders had relinquished their designs upon the Confederate capital.

Lieutenant Bamberg's section remained with Hampton in front of Spottsylvania, and as General Grant's movement compelled us to retire towards Richmond, the two sections were reunited before reaching Hanover Junction. This campaign was a severe one and many casualties occurred. The details of these not being at the writer's command must be omitted.

Hawe's Shop.

The next engagement was at Hawe's Shop, below Cold Harbor, on May 28th. General Hampton having succeeded to the command of our cavalry force after Stuart's death, had moved his command rapidly, by night from Hanover, to get in front of Hancock, who was reported to be crossing the Pamunkey at Germantown, twelve miles from Richmond. With the divisions of Butler and the two Lees, the enemy were met below Cold Harbor and a terrific encounter lasted from 11 a. m. until sunset. Our gallant horsemen and artillerists held their ground firmly, and during the night of the 28th General Lee placed his force between the enemy and Richmond. The importance of the engagement

has never been fully appreciated. Had Hampton failed, Richmond would then have fallen. A cavalry raid intended to strike Lynchburg was next intercepted at Ashland and repulsed after a severe engagement. Our battery in this encounter operated with Butler's division and did effective service.

A Profitable "Swap."

A few days later General Sheridan, in command of the Federal cavalry, renewed the attempt on Lynchburg by striking further north by way of Gordonsville. Hampton, moving rapidly on parallel lines, stopped his advance near Louisa Court House on the 11th of June and gave him battle. Our caissons left in rear of the line of battle were struck by the enemy and captured. Whilst moving them off our guns were turned upon the captors and two caissons with four of the enemy's supplied with like ordnance fell into our hands. We had made a profitable "swap" and were content with the bargain. Several of our command captured were rescued. Night closed the indecisive action. Lieutenant Halsey commanded, Captain Hart being left sick in the camp. He reported the next morning for duty. In this engagement Lieutenant Adams was again painfully wounded and Privates Willingham, Maybush and McMichael were killed.

Trevillian's Station.

On the following day the battle was renewed from a new position in front of Trevillian's Station, where General Hampton had concentrated his forces. The battery was posted on the right of General Butler's division, and opposite the famous battery of the enemy known to us as "Tidball's Battery." We had the advantage in position, and soon forced the enemy to cease their fire when we directed ours to their line of battle. The hostile battery soon resumed its fire and Lieutenant Bamberg was ordered to play upon it with his section while Lieutenant Halsey's section operated upon the enemy's advancing line. Bamberg's pieces soon silenced the enemy's battery, whose fire was resumed again soon after the respite. Finally the gunners of Bamberg's section, thoroughly aroused, poured a continual fire into the stubborn enemy, disconnecting all of his pieces, explod-

ing a caisson and driving its shattered remains from the field, leaving eleven of his men and nearly all of his horses dead upon the ground. To our left Captain Thomson's battery, from an exposed position, had attempted to fire a house five hundred yards distant, occupied by the enemy's sharpshooters. He lost heavily in men in the effort, and was compelled to retire all his guns but one. The detachment of this gun was finally disabled and a gun detachment, with Corporal Paul Sojourner as gunner, was sent from our battery to man the piece. It was a three-inch rifle, with the use of which Sojourner was familiar. At the eighth shot the house had been fired, the enemy driven from the stronghold, greatly to the relief of General Butler's line, and not a man hurt in Sojourner's detachment. Soon after this the enemy were in full retreat and we began the pursuit. They were not brought to an engagement until reaching the cover of their gunboats on the York River, where we attacked them again on the 20th of June. In this engagement John Lewis, S. J. Joy and C. H. Prentice were killed from the battery and several wounded. These were tried and fearless soldiers, two of whom, Lewis and Joy, were veterans in the service. Their loss threw a sadness over our command that even yet is not wholly effaced from the hearts of its survivors.

Again, on the 24th of June, Sheridan's forces were encountered at Samaria Church, having left the cover of his gunboats in the York for a hasty ride under cover of the Federal infantry on the James. In the encounter Gregg's division of the enemy was severely punished and put to rout and the enemy hotly pursued until darkness afforded him a safe cover.

We were now transferred to the south of the James, where Generals Grant and Lee were facing each other, in front of Petersburg. It would be difficult to detail the operations of the battery on the field during the summer. They were principally skirmishes without serious or important results. Towards the middle of August we were ordered to march to the Shenandoah Valley to reinforce General Early, who was heavily environed by our familiar foe, General Sheridan. Arriving at Orange Court House by rail we were ordered to halt for further orders. Towards the first of September we were ordered back to the south of Petersburg. These movements afforded the command a rest

and relief sorely needed, and they resumed their post on the line near Reeves Station reinvigorated and refreshed.

McDowell's Farm.

The first serious work after our return was in the engagement at McDowell's Farm, near Hatcher's Run. The battery came into action here while our line of battle was forming, engaging the enemy's battery across the run at a distance of 800 yards. Just as Hampton's line had been formed and was moving under fire an explosion of the caisson at the enemy's batteries silenced their guns and threw a part of their forces into confusion. Corporal W. J. Verdier, gunner of the first piece, had been ordered to fire at their caissons and at the third shot after receiving the order this practiced gunner accomplished his work. Hampton's line was moving forward at the moment—and observing the disorder in the enemy's ranks and elated at the successful artillery practice, these gallant fellows pressed forward with a cheer and soon cleared the field of the enemy. Our opponents in this encounter were Gregg's division of Federal cavalry with six pieces of artillery.

Death of General Dunovant.

A few days later, October 1st, 1864, the enemy drove in our pickets at Armstrong's Mills and seriously menaced our line. Hampton attacked early in the morning in front and up to 10 o'clock p. m. had made but little impression upon the enemy. Arranging a flank movement on their right, the gallant riders in Butler's and W. H. F. Lee's divisions doubled up his right wing in a handsome charge. Our line in front moved forward at the same moment and the field was gained. The enemy effected a lodgment in their earthworks a mile to the rear, and the effort to force them from their stronghold closed with the approach of night. General John Dunovant, commanding Butler's old brigade, was killed in this engagement a few yards from our guns while riding at the head of a regiment in a charge upon the enemy's works. Our loss in wounded was small and none were killed.

“Hold the Bridge at All Hazards.”

Desultory skirmishing followed almost daily during the month of October. On the 27th, at daylight, the enemy in heavy force of cavalry and infantry swept over our line along Hatcher's Run and in a few minutes more were upon our reserve. The battery had the previous day been received from the lines and was in camp near the Dinwiddie plank road. At the first alarm it was hastily put under march and moved towards the front. Reaching the military road, a mile in rear of our line, and running parallel with it, the commander of the battery was informed that a heavy cavalry force had gained this road and was sweeping unopposed upon our wagon trains. Dispatching Lieutenant Bamberg's section to the support of the troops in front, Captain Hart, with Halsey's section under command of Lieutenant Adams (Lieutenant Halsey being absent on leave), moved out to meet and hold in check this new foe. About sixty dismounted men were hastily collected from the wagon trains by Major Theodore G. Barker, A. A. G., and sent as a support to this section. Taking position at the head of the bridge across the boggy little stream of Gravelly Run, the enemy soon came up on the opposite side at the same moment and attempted to force a passage. A courier had been dispatched to General Hampton to notify him of the situation at this point, and soon returned with a verbal message, "Hold the bridge at all hazards until I can support you."

A sharp fire of musketry was poured into this gallant section at a distance of 150 yards, but a steady fire of canister swept the enemy from the bridge until their efforts to force it had evidently become fruitless. Pouring in upon us a heavy fire from front, right and left, it seemed that our little band of cannoneers must soon be demolished. Several had already fallen at their pieces, but the guns were still rapidly served and committed fearful execution in the enemy's columns across the run. Several attempts were made to cross the bog above and below the bridge, but the dismounted men, under cover of a temporary barricade, punished the enemy severely and two or three times compelled them to recoil.

Captain Hart Wounded.

The engagement had lasted nearly an hour, when General Young, in the command of the old First Brigade, came in view at a run on our left, hastening to our relief. Captain Hart was at this moment wounded and carried from the field, suffering the loss of a leg. This event terminated his active connection with the battery.

The wagon train having been extricated, and Butler's Division having concentrated upon a new line, the perilous post at the bridge was abandoned. Lieutenant Bamberg temporarily took the command, and during the remainder of the day did gallant work upon the enemy's line. Towards nightfall a combined attack from Hampton's force in front, and Mahone's Virginia Division on his right and rear, forced a rapid retreat of the enemy to his work near Ream's Station.

Our losses in this day's engagement were:

Killed—Privates Daniel Morgan, LeGrand Guerry, Wm. Robinson.

Wounded—Capt. J. F. Hart, — Brown, and Sergt. Wm. Arnot and several others.

Captain Halsey in Command.

Lieutenant Halsey returned from furlough on the following day and succeeded to the command of the battery. Captain Hart was shortly afterwards promoted to major of the artillery, and Lieutenant Halsey to the captaincy of the battery. Under his gallant leadership it participated in all the principal cavalry operations during the remainder of the year. Whilst the writer is not sufficiently familiar with the details of its history after the engagement of October 27th to venture upon their narration, he can well say that it maintained its high and dearly bought honors, and at Bentonville and elsewhere, under Captain Halsey's leadership, won new and enduring laurels.

Conclusion.

During its eventful career the battery, on most occasions, operated independently of battalion organization, its commander receiving its orders direct from brigade or division headquarters. It was nominally attached to the battalion of Horse Artillery, commanded by the gallant Major John Pelham. He was never

in action with it except on one occasion. After his lamented death, in 1863, Maj. R. F. Beckham, of Virginia, became battalion commander. He was present with the battery occasionally in 1863, and was succeeded in 1864 by Maj. R. P. Chew, a gallant and meritorious officer. The nature of the operation in which we engaged was such that the horse batteries could rarely be concentrated into battalions, and the chief of the artillery in this service often had a command scattered hundreds of miles apart, and his duties, therefore, became nominal.

The foregoing sketches have only attempted a detail of the principal operations of the battery in Virginia. That they are imperfect from the loss of materials, out of which its history should have been written, the writer is painfully aware. It is a source of regret to him that full rolls of those serving its guns cannot be given with accuracy, and a matter of deeper regret that a full list of the killed and wounded in the various engagements cannot be attempted with any hope of accuracy. Such facts as are here detailed can be relied upon as correct.

It is estimated, from the requisition for ordnance stores, that the battery fired over thirty thousand rounds of ammunition during the war, and lost, by casualty and tear of a hard outpost service, nearly one thousand horses. Its rolls, from the first to last, embraced between five and seven hundred names; only twenty-six of the original complement of men being on duty with it at the close of the war. After being transformed into horse artillery, its gun caissons were drawn by six horses and the whole command mounted.

The battery fought in upwards of one hundred and fifty engagements and skirmishes, commencing with Freestone Point in September, 1861, and closing its honorable career on the 24th of April, 1865, in the last engagement in North Carolina, near Greensboro, two days before the surrender of General Johnston. There the battery fired the last shot fired by the Confederate forces on the 26th of April, 1865. Its armament was delivered to General Sherman's forces at Greensboro under the terms of capitulation, and its survivors returned to the pursuits of peace with a consciousness that the calls of DUTY had been performed, however disastrous the consequence. Its heroic dead sleep upon nearly every battle plain from Gettysburg to Bentonville, and its living are widely scattered.

W. H. GRIMBALL'S GLOWING TRIBUTE TO THE GERMAN FUSILIERS

In his address before the members of the German Fusiliers on the occasion of the company's 136th anniversary celebration, Mr. W. H. Grimball, a talented young attorney at the Charleston Bar, paid a glowing tribute to the organization. Mr. Grimball was the chief speaker of the occasion and his address was received with applause.

After enlarging upon the army and navy of the United States, which together with the militia make the country truly great and almost invincible, Mr. Grimball paid the following tribute to the German Fusiliers:

"There is in this country of ours no company of militia, no company of citizen soldiers, of soldier citizens, who have done more for their country than the German Fusiliers, of Charleston, S. C.

"It was in answer to the call to arms which was issued by the Provincial Congress in January, 1775, that in May of that year Alexander Gillon, Peter Boquet, Michael Kalteissen, William Livingston and Gideon Dupont collected one hundred Germans whose breasts were filled with love for their adopted land and desire to protect her from that oppression which had caused them to fly to her bosom. These men met on Meeting street near Broad and immediately in front of St. Michael's Church, a fitting place of rendezvous for the organization of a body of men who have since then taken such an active part in the history of Charleston and of South Carolina, July 12, 1775, found the German Fusiliers completely organized, armed and equipped, and active service commenced from that date. During the War of the Revolution the company made a record for conscientious service and devotion to their cause and their country of which all Carolinians should be proud. At the battle of Savannah, on October 9, 1779, they displayed a courage and a bravery which has never been surpassed in the history of the world. Under the orders of General Lincoln a combined attack was made upon the fortifications under a heavy fire. The South Carolina troops, including the German

Fusiliers, led by Captain Sheppard, carried the enemy's ramparts. Repulsed, however, at all other points, General Lincoln was forced to order a retreat. But Captain Sheppard and the Fusiliers, their fighting blood now at boiling point, refused to obey the command and continued to advance, their footsteps marked with blood and numbers of them falling at every volley, until the death of their gallant captain himself at last compelled them to retreat. The six hundred charged at Ballaklava because they were ordered to charge, the one hundred Fusiliers with their courage and their bravery charged at Savannah because they couldn't help it.

"At the outbreak of the war of 1812 with Great Britain, the Fusiliers, the spirit of '76 beating in their breasts, immediately tendered their services to the government. They were needed, however, only in the performance of extraordinary guard duty.

"Again, at the outbreak of the Seminole War, in 1836, the company immediately offered its services, which were gladly accepted and the company sent to the Everglades of Florida, where they took an active part in the war.

"In 1861, at the outbreak of the War between the States, many new organizations were formed in Charleston. One of these was the Charleston Battalion, which was composed of six companies, the German Fusiliers, the Charleston Light Infantry and the Calhoun Guards. The German Fusiliers were designated in the battalion as 'Company C.' The field officers of the Charleston Battalion were Peter C. Gaillard, lieutenant-colonel; David Ramsay, major, and Henry Walker, first adjutant. The battalion and the German Fusiliers made a splendid record in the war, taking an active part in the pitched battles of Secessionville, Battery Wagner, Fort Sumter, Petersburg, Cold Harbor, Weldon Railroad and Wilmington, besides numberless minor engagements and skirmishes in which the fighting is almost always hottest and fiercest. The loss suffered by the Fusiliers in the war was severe. Captain George Brown and Second Lieutenant George B. Gelling, with many privates, lost their lives on the altar of devotion to their cause. Among those captured by the enemy were: First Lieutenant James Campbell and Second Lieutenant H. W. Hendricks. The close of the war found the Fusiliers with General

Johnston's army in North Carolina, where they joined the general surrender in April, 1865.

“And that, gentlemen, is a slight outline of the war history of the German Fusiliers, a story of prompt response to their country's need, of duty conscientiously and efficiently performed, of courage and bravery and valor on the field of battle which can be equalled by but few companies of the United States today and surpassed by none. Born and raised in the City of Charleston, my breast fills with pride in contemplation of the history you have made. I am proud that you have been tried again and again on the field of battle and have been found equal to every occasion. I am proud in the knowledge that where the fighting is hottest and fiercest, and where most is demanded of men, there will be found Captain Schroder and the German Fusiliers. And I am proud in the knowledge that right alongside of you, shoulder to shoulder with you and vieing with you for honors, will be found Captain Withington and his Washington Light Infantry, Captain Clotworthy, with his Sumter Guards; Captain Burke, with his Irish Volunteers; Captain Adger, with his Charleston Light Dragoons, and Captain Wagener, with his German Artillery.”

SKETCH OF BACHMAN'S BATTERY

By that Gallant Soldier and Chivalrous Gentleman, Hon. James Simons, of Charleston, S. C.

When the Ordinance of Secession was adopted by the people of the State of South Carolina on the 20th December, 1860, it was evident to some, although apparently not realized by the vast majority of the people or their leaders, that the country would be involved in a civil war of vast proportions.

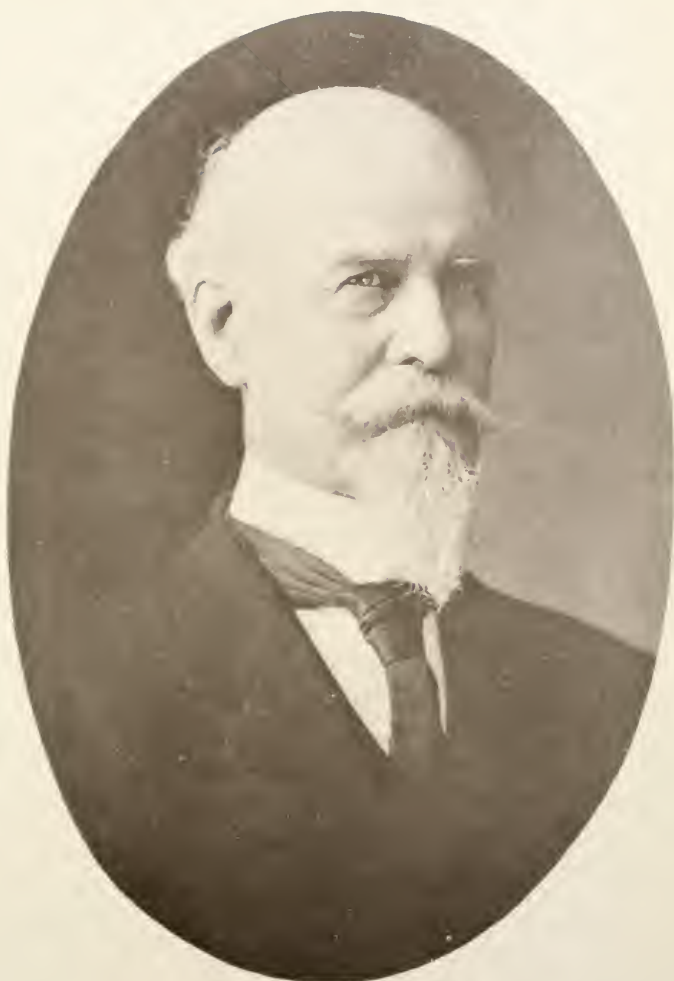
At this time the State of South Carolina possessed, of course, nothing bearing the least resemblance to a navy. The only military force at its disposal consisted of the militia of the State. The development of this establishment had culminated in the Act of 17th December, 1841, reorganizing this force, and at the time of the adoption of the Ordinance of Secession it existed as organized under this Act, with the amendments thereto up to that time.

Under this Act the State was territorially divided into Divisions, Brigades and Regiments of Infantry, the Artillery and Cavalry were organized within these divisions.

The writer remembers, as a youth, hearing men, in naming their respective places of residence, instead of saying they lived at such and such a place, say they lived in such and such a regiment.

With certain exceptions, all able-bodied males between the ages of eighteen and forty-five years were compelled to serve in the militia. Those who had served as officers for seven years were entitled to exemption from further service. This military service was enforced by severe penalties. Provision was made for volunteer companies under certain regulations, the number of officers and men in such organizations being limited. Such companies, as a general rule, were organized in the cities and towns, and their organizations were inspired by various motives.

In the City of Charleston, at the time above referred to, the militia consisted of the First Regiment of Artillery, the Seventeenth Regiment of Infantry, the First Regiment of Rifles, composed of volunteer companies, and the Sixteenth Regiment of



LIEUT. JAMES SIMONS,
Bachman's Battery.

Infantry, together with two companies of cavalry, both of volunteers.

Two of the companies of the artillery regiment, the German Artillery, Companies A and B; one of the Seventeenth Regiment, the German Fusiliers; two of the First Regiment of Rifles, the German Riflemen and the Palmetto Riflemen, and one of the cavalry companies, the German Hussars, were composed of the German citizens and residents of the City of Charleston, and it may be said that in proportion to numbers, this element of the population was very largely represented in this branch of the service of the State.

The State authorities having determined to occupy Fort Moultrie, on Sullivan's Island; Castle Pinckney, in the harbor near the city, and the then United States arsenal in the City of Charleston, on the afternoon of 27th December, 1860, a detachment of four companies of the artillery regiment, including one company of the German Artillery, of which detachment the writer was the adjutant, was sent to Fort Moultrie; a detachment of three companies of the regiment of rifles was sent to occupy Castle Pinckney, and a detachment of three companies of the Seventeenth Regiment was sent to occupy the arsenal.

Soon after the investment of Fort Sumter followed, in which the Charleston militia, together with troops which soon came from other parts of the State, were engaged.

After the fall of Fort Sumter and the formation of the Southern Confederacy, it soon became apparent that the first military operations of magnitude would be in the State of Virginia, and that an army had to be provided for the newly-formed Confederate States. Steps were at once taken to this end, and several of the Charleston militia companies raised duplicate companies for this service to represent them and their traditions.

The German citizens of Charleston, inspired by patriotic devotion to the country of their adoption, determined to raise and equip a company of young men to represent them in the Confederate Army. The leading spirit in this undertaking was General John A. Wagener, then colonel of the First Artillery Regiment, afterwards brigadier-general of the Fourth Brigade of South Carolina Militia, and subsequently the first Democratic Mayor of the City of Charleston during "reconstruction." He

was enthusiastically supported by his brother, Captain F. W. Wagener, Captain Jacob Small, Captain Alexander Melchers and all the German citizens in general.

Officers for the proposed company were selected and commissioned and authority obtained to recruit a company of infantry, the members of which were enlisted for a term of five years. The company was named by its promoters "The German Volunteers," and the German citizens of Charleston most generously and patriotically uniformed and, with the exception of the arms, which were furnished by the government, most adequately and handsomely equipped the company. The personnel of the company was composed partly of the members of the German militia companies above mentioned, especially the German Artillery companies, and partly of men who had never been previously connected with any military organization.

This company, during its formation, was encamped on what was then known as the "Half Moon Battery," the site of a work used in the Revolutionary War and located near the site of the present Union Station.

On the 22nd day of August, 1861, the company was mustered into the service of the Confederate States by Lieutenant Mills, C. S. A., at the Military (now German Artillery) Hall.

The following is the roll of the company for this muster:

Wm. K. Bachman, Captain.	D. Schlimmenmeyer, Third Sergeant.	
James Simons, Jr., First Lieutenant.	W. Schwers, Fourth Sergeant.	
R. Siegling, Second Lieutenant.	H. Campson, First Corporal.	
H. Wagener, Second Lieutenant.	A. vonHarten, Second Corporal.	
C. H. Bergman, First Sergeant.	M. Bartel, Third Corporal.	
J. Hahn, Second Sergeant.	T. H. Hollen, Fourth Corporal.	
Adicks, W.	Camman, C.	Hopke, E. J.
Albrecht, E.	Duhme, C.	Heintz, E. H.
vonArtsdalen, G. W.	Doscher, H.	Hirschman, A.
Breden, M.	vonDohlen, N.	Heitman, Theo.
Bischoff, J.	Engelman, G. F.	Hoffman, M.
Buggeln, J. F.	Fink, W.	Hackerman, W.
Bullwinkle, J.	Fleiner, V.	Hink, T. F.
Bullwinkle, M.	Fremder, J.	Hinken, A.
Berbusse, Ch.	Fischer, F.	Hage, A.
Bultman, F.	Geiger, F.	Jager, A. W.
Bottjer, D.	Graver, H.	Jacobs, L.
Bergheim, W.	Hafer, E.	Joosten, L.
Borneman, E. H.	Hettler, H.	Lubben, L.
Brockman, H.	Hollings, H.	Konig, J. H.
Brockman, C.	Hoffmeyer, G. M.	Kuck, J.
Bremer, H.	Heissenbutter, J	Kepler, J.

Meyer, Geo.	Reble, W.	Schumacher, F.
Meyer, J.	Slater, J.	Scheller, J.
Meyer, H.	vonSpreckelsen, H.	Straus, J. H.
Meitzler, W.	Schumacher, J.	Schultz, W.
Nordell, G.	Struck, H.	Stelling, G.
Nordmeyer, D.	Struck, C.	Twachman, H.
vonNewton, T. H.	Steffens, C.	Witjen, H.
Niemeyer, F. W.	Steffens, J.	Witjen, J.
Olhoff, H. F.	Steffens, M.	Weigand, T.
Olfers, B.	Schroder, N. H.	Wrede, H.
Phillips, I.	Steltz, A.	Wille, Henry
Phillips, M.	Steinbach, Ch.	Wille, Herm.
Portwig, F.	Schlobaum, W.	Wertheim, J.
Reineke, F. G.	Schmidt, H.	Wegman, J.
Ruben, J.	Schumacher, A. H.	Zerbst, C. G.
Rohde, G.	Schumacher, T. H.	Ziegler, E.
Rahders, J.	Schumacher, E.	Zeigler, G. H.

The Hampton Legion had previously been organized and was then in Virginia. It consisted of a squadron of cavalry, a battery of light artillery and a battalion of infantry, organized under the provisions of law for twelve-months men, and was commanded by Colonel (afterwards general) Wade Hampton. It seems that an additional company of infantry was needed for the infantry battalion, and by order of the War Department this newly recruited company was assigned to it and designated as H Company of the Battalion.

The company left Charleston on the 10th day of September, 1861, by rail for Virginia, and was escorted to the railroad depot by the German companies of the South Carolina militia, having first had presented to it a flag the handiwork of the German ladies of Charleston. On our arrival in Virginia we had to leave this flag in Richmond, as, of course, it was not permissible for a single infantry company to have a flag.

The company joined the infantry battalion of the Legion, which was then in camp near Freestone Point on the Potomac.

After serving for some time as a company of the infantry battalion of the Legion, it seems, as we were informed, Colonel Hampton, at his own expense, had imported from England a stand of Enfield rifles, and two rifled field pieces. He offered the rifles as a prize to the infantry company of his Legion which should be adjudged the best drilled in a competitive drill, which was appointed. The contest soon narrowed down to Company A (Washington Light Infantry) and Company H (German Volunteers). It was adjudged that the former excelled in the skirmish

drill and the latter in the other parts of the exercises. It was settled by the rifles being given to Company A and the two rifled field pieces to Company H, which, under authority from the War Department, was transformed into a light battery, and designated B Company, Hampton Legion Artillery, and with the original light battery of the Legion commanded by Captain S. D. Lee, now designated A Company, Hampton Legion Artillery, constituted a battalion under S. D. Lee, who was promoted major.

On the expiration of the twelve-months term of enlistment of the Legion, it was reorganized, and an election held for its officers. At this election neither the officers or men of the German Volunteers were permitted to vote, as they were under a different provision of law and enlisted for five years.

After this reorganization the company was separated from the Legion. The artillery battalion commanded by Major Lee was enlarged and he promoted. The company continued in this command until 22d June, 1862, when it was assigned to Pender's Brigade in the division then commanded by General A. P. Hill. On 28th July, 1862, the company was assigned to General Hood's Texas Brigade, in the infantry of which we found the infantry battalion of the Hampton Legion. When General Hood was promoted to the command of a division, of which his brigade formed a part, this company, together with the South Carolina battery commanded by Captain Hugh R. Garden; the North Carolina battery commanded by Captain Reilly, and later another North Carolina battery commanded by Captain Latham, constituted the artillery battalion of the division.

The company continued thus to serve until some time after the battle of Gettysburg, when troops from the Army of Northern Virginia were sent to other parts of the Confederacy.

This company was then sent to South Carolina and was stationed near Pocotaligo, S. C., on the Charleston and Savannah Railroad.

The officers of the company, in view of the peculiar circumstances connected with the raising of this company, had persistently declined promotion, but the exigency of the service at least required it. Captain Bachman was finally promoted to the command of a battalion of artillery in some other command, and

the writer became the commander of the company and so continued until the end of the war.

The company participated with the troops with which it was associated in all the service, and in common with them endured all the hardships required of the Confederate soldier. These can only be realized and appreciated by the actors themselves.

The company participated in the campaigns of the Army of Northern Virginia up until, as above stated, it was sent back to South Carolina, including, besides skirmishes and minor affairs, the battles of Seven Pines, the seven days battles around Richmond, Second Manassas, Boonesboro Gap, Sharpsburg, Fredericksburg, operations around Suffolk, Va., and after returning to South Carolina participated in the operations between Savannah and Charleston, including the affairs near Coosawhatchie, Tallifinny, etc.

When the troops were withdrawn from South Carolina the company went with the troops of this department and were concentrated with them in North Carolina. At Fayetteville, N. C., the company was temporarily attached to General Wade Hampton's Cavalry command and with it participated in the affair at Fayetteville. It was also present with the army at Averysboro and Bentonville, S. C.

When it became apparent that the army under General Johnston would be surrendered, the writer, then being in command of the company, happened to meet General James Conner, who informed him he had been ordered to South Carolina. There was some talk at this time of continuing the struggle in the trans-Mississippi Department, and it was supposed that if the company should be able to leave the army before the surrender there might be a possibility of its reaching this department. With the assistance of General Conner an order was procured for the company to report to General Conner at Camden, S. C. The country at that time was in a very disturbed condition, several officers on their way to South Carolina availed themselves of its escort on its march to Camden, among them was General Conner himself.

Soon after arriving at Camden it was ascertained that the armies of the Confederacy had surrendered. In view of this, on consultation with General Conner, it was concluded to disband.

The guns, carriages, etc., were taken to pieces and with the ammunition were thrown into a mill pond near Camden. A paper was given to each man, signed by the commanding officer, authorizing him to leave the colors, stating that if he was further needed before the expiration of his term of enlistment due notice would be given. The colors were taken by the guidon, A. W. Jager, and safely guarded by him. They are now in his possession. He is still living, one of the few survivors of the company.

As above mentioned, the original officers were William K. Bachman, Captain; James Simons, First Lieutenant; Rudolph Siegling, Second Lieutenant, and Henry Wagener, Jr., Second Lieutenant. When the company was transferred to the light artillery service Mr. Siegling was promoted to a first lieutenancy. Mr. Siegling was desperately wounded at the Second Manassas and was compelled to be absent for nearly a year on account of his wound. Lieutenant F. H. Wigfall, a son of Senator Wigfall, was assigned by the War Department to take his place. Lieutenant Wagener, after the battle of Sharpsburg, resigned on account of ill health, and Sergeant William Schwerts was promoted to a lieutenancy and took his place.

The losses in the company were filled up at first by recruits, enlisted for the purpose, and afterwards by the assignment of conscripts drawn from different parts of the State. With but few exceptions these proved to be excellent men.

The company records have been almost all preserved and are in the hands of the writer.

It can be said that this company was well known in the army and enjoyed a fine reputation. It is due to the men who composed it to say that, like their comrades of the Confederate Army, they bore their hardships and did their duty without flinching.

It would be impossible to give a detailed history of this company and the particulars of its service without unduly extending this brief sketch beyond the purpose for which it has been requested.

It may not, however, be uninteresting to mention a few incidents.

When Lieutenant Siegling was wounded his wound was pronounced mortal. As he was expected to die within a few hours,

some boards were stripped from a fence which happened to be near by and a box was made in which it was intended to bury him. He did not die as expected, and we were informed that Colonel J. M. Gadberry, who was killed in the same battle, was buried in it. Lieutenant Siegling rejoined the company shortly before the Battle of Gettysburg.

Among the most trying experiences of the company was their service in the Seven Days battles around Richmond; at Sharpsburg, when half of the battery was advanced within close range to the lines of the Federal infantry in an effort to break them with cannister, and at Gettysburg, when with Garden's South Carolina battery it accompanied the infantry of Hood's Division in the charge up Round Top, and when on the next day in the same battle this company sustained and repulsed the charge of the Federal cavalry led by General Farnsworth, who was killed.

Too much credit cannot be given to the patriotic Germans of the City of Charleston who raised this company to represent them, and too much credit cannot be given to the brave men who honorably discharged this trust.

Of the company there are but a very few living. In the City of Charleston there are of the survivors, James Simons, A. W. Jager, John Steffens, Fred K. Muller and John I. Horlbeck. The last two joined the company later in the war. There may be a few others, not living in the city.

AMBROSIO JOSE GONZALES.

Distinguished Cuban Patriot and Confederate Soldier—Chief of Artillery of Department of South Carolina, Georgia and Florida—Acting Chief of Artillery of Johnston's Army at Surrender.

Of him Jefferson Davis, President of the Confederacy, wrote: "A soldier under two flags but one cause." The "cause" to which Mr. Davis referred was that of the weak and oppressed struggling for liberty and independence; the flag besides the Stars and Bars of the Confederacy was that of "Cuba Libre." For the Confederate officer had been a most conspicuous figure in Cuba's first revolt against Spain, a revolution that lived in spirit through fifty years of dungeons, confiscation, starvation and slaughter, and finally triumphed when the United States went to the support of the oppressed.

The career of Ambrosio Jose Gonzales was so interwoven with historic events at the most momentous period in American history, so involved in the American struggle between the "free" and the "slave" States, and so romantic as to be, of more than usual popular interest. He was born in the city of Matanzas, Cuba, in 1818. His family was one of the most prominent on the island; his father, bearing the same name, was an eminent engineer, a planter, and the founder and owner of the first daily newspaper published in that city. At the age of nine he was sent to New York to be educated at a noted military school, where he remained four or five years. One of his classmates was G. T. Beauregard of Louisiana, and the friendship then formed lasted unweakened during their lives. When Beauregard opened the greatest war of modern times by firing upon Sumter, Gonzales, a volunteer on his staff, was by his side.

Upon his return to Cuba young Gonzales completed his education at the University of Havana and took the degree of bachelor of laws. He, however, chose education as his profession, and was a professor in a Matanzas college when the service of his country demanded of him exile and sacrifice.

A brief history of the first Cuban revolution, with details of the important part played therein by gallant young Southerners, was published in the *Memphis Commercial Appeal* in May, 1902, and is here drawn upon. "The conspiracy and fighting was not begun by the poor or those in the lower classes, but by men who were in high station, who had fortunes to lose, with nothing to gain but the patriot's freedom. The ambition of those who raised the cry, 'Cuba Libre', was not for a republic of their own, but to become a State within this Union."

The first conspiracy for annexation was formed in Cuba in 1848, with some of the most enlightened and wealthy men at its head. General Narciso Lopez, then in retirement after having been commander-in-chief of the Cristina Cavalry in the Carlist war in Spain, Governor of Madrid, Captain-General of Valencia, and Governor of the central province in Cuba and President of the Supreme Military Tribunal, took sides with the oppressed. To avoid arrest General Lopez escaped on an American brig and was landed at Bristol, Rhode Island.

A. J. Gonzales was at that stage delegated by the revolutionary Junta (Council) to proceed to the United States and offer General Worth, then returning from our victorious war in Mexico, three million dollars with which to raise an expedition of 5,000 men from the disbanded American soldiers, and land in Cuba to support a movement by revolutionists. At the risk of his life Gonzales, unable to secure a passport, walked on board a steamer and entered a stateroom where he remained until landed in New Orleans. Death would have been the penalty for his discovery by a Spanish official.

General Worth had passed New Orleans when the Cuban ambassador reached that city. He was overtaken at Bristol, Rhode Island, and was won over by the Cuban envoy and took Gonzales with him to his home at Hudson, New York. A few days later General Worth met General Lopez and Gaspar Betancourt Cisneros, Editor of *La Verdad*, the Cuban revolutionary paper published in New York City.

General Worth and Gonzales proceeded to Washington, where the Cuban patriot commissioner met President Polk, Secretary of the Navy Mason and Secretary of the Treasury Walker. At his request, General Worth sent to Habana Colonel Henry

Bohlin of Philadelphia, who had been a volunteer aide on his staff, to get proof of the ability of the Cubans to furnish the immense sum of money promised. Colonel Bohlin returned with satisfactory assurances. But the movement for annexation could not be kept secret, and the "free" States violently opposing the strengthening of the South by the introduction of another slave State into the Union, powerful influences were exerted against the movement in Washington, and to such influences the Cubans attributed the appointment of General Worth to the command of the Department of Texas, where he soon after died.

On General Worth's death the wealthiest Cubans withdrew the tenders of their fortunes. But those of greater perseverance, if smaller means, contributed, the patriot women sold their jewelry, and a considerable sum was raised.

In 1849 the first Cuban Junta was established in New York, Gonzales and Lopez being two of its five members. Sentence of death was immediately passed on the members of the Junta by the Spanish military commission at Habana. Meanwhile, A. J. Gonzales had been commissioned as general, second in command of patriot forces to Lopez. This Junta proclaimed the independence of Cuba and adopted a flag that has remained the flag of Cuba.

Early in 1850, when attending a levee of President Taylor, General Gonzales met General John Henderson, ex-senator from Mississippi and then a prominent lawyer in New Orleans, who volunteered the suggestion that when another movement for Cuba's liberty was contemplated he be called upon. A few days later several young Kentuckians, among them Colonel Theodore O'Hara, later editor of the Louisville Democrat and author of the "Bivouac of the Dead," called on Gonzales and tendered their services. They offered to raise, equip, and take to New Orleans, at their own expense, a regiment of Kentuckians. This party proceeded across the mountains by stage to Louisville, where General Gonzales, in the capacity of chief of staff of General Lopez, issued a commission to Colonel O'Hara to raise men for an expedition. Representatives of several noted Kentucky families joined O'Hara in this perilous enterprise. Generals Lopez and Gonzales proceeded to New Orleans, where they met such Cuban sympathizers as General John A. Quitman, Governor of Missis-

Mississippi, Judge Cotesworth P. Smith, of the Supreme Court of Mississippi, Chief Justice Sharkey, and Judge Boyd of Natchez.

The first Cuban bonds, signed by Lopez, Gonzales and Sanchez for the Junta, were issued and sold in New Orleans, and with the proceeds the little steamer "Creole" was purchased, provisioned, officered and armed. The bark "Georgiana" was chartered as a transport. Colonel Bunch and Lieutenant-Colonel Smith, son of Justice C. P. Smith of Mississippi, were authorized to raise a skeleton regiment in that State. Colonel Robert Wheat, a Louisianian who had served in Mexico, asked permission to recruit a skeleton regiment of Louisianians. On being told there was no transportation for him, he removed that objection by himself chartering and provisioning the brig "Susan Loud."

There were 500 Southerners in this expedition under Lopez and Gonzales, many of them men of position and means. There were 200 Kentuckians and 300 hundred from Louisiana, Mississippi and Tennessee. As General Lopez did not speak English, the immediate command devolved upon General Gonzales. Cardenas, Cuba, was chosen for attack. The coast was approached at night. The "Creole" had no pilot and was taken to a wharf when the water was shoal and grounded a few yards away. One of the men swam to the wharf with a rope and a plank and so established communication. In black darkness the entire expedition, headed by Gonzales and Lopez, walked across a board twenty feet long and ten inches wide. The delay was so great that the alarm was given and the Spanish garrison had time for defense. The railway depot was seized and roads leading to the country occupied by detachments of Americans. The rest of the expedition attacked the Spanish garrison. At the first volley Colonels Wheat and O'Hara were wounded; the Spanish fell back to the Governor's building, firing from terraces and windows. The Americans with their Cuban leaders battered in the iron doors and took possession of the lower part, the Spanish holding the upper portion. General Lopez, wishing to give the Spaniards an opportunity to surrender, walked into the open court, accompanied by his chief of staff, but the besieged, refusing to listen to the offered terms, fired a volley and General Gonzales fell, struck by two musket balls. The garrison was captured and the governor and his officers sent on board the "Creole."

In the succeeding fifty years many thousand Cubans gave their lives for that great cause, liberty, but Ambrosio Jose Gonzales was the first to shed a drop of blood for Cuban independence.

Cardenas was held that day, repeated assaults of Spaniards from the interior being repulsed, but the rising of Cubans in support of the expedition had been surprised and suppressed, and the town could not be long tenable. So the expedition re-embarked. The "Creole" was pursued to Key West by the "Pizarro," the fleetest man of war of the Spanish navy, General Gonzales, from a cot on the deck, continuing to issue orders. On reaching the wharf the wounded Cuban officer was borne to the residence of Stephen R. Mallory, then a prominent lawyer, later United States Senator and afterwards Secretary of the Confederate Navy.

When Admiral Armero, on the "Pizarro," demanded the surrender of the filibusters from the Key West authorities, Mr. Mallory, captain of the Key West militia, immediately occupied Fort Taylor, and manned the guns. On advice of the Spanish consul, the "Pizarro" quit the harbor. While recovering from his wounds at Mr. Mallory's home, citizens of Key West feared this government would surrender Gonzales to the Spanish, and two vessels were held in readiness by two merchants of that city to carry him to any part of the world.

When he recovered, General Gonzales surrendered to the Federal authorities at New Orleans, where General Lopez had preceded him. The charge was violating the neutrality laws. An ovation was given the Cubans at the St. Charles Hotel by the people of New Orleans, and in concluding his speech to the people General Lopez said:

"If it be a crime to solicit the aid of freemen to achieve the liberation of oppressed and enslaved Cubans—men like themselves—and to place the Queen of the Antilles in the path of her magnificent destiny, I am determined to be a criminal now and to the very last moment of my life—a pertinacious, unrepenting and open criminal—for I shall implore that assistance from noble and sympathizing men wherever I shall meet them—from my judges, from President Taylor, from his cabinet and from Congress—as I shall ever beseech it from God, with every pulsation of my heart."

The grand jury found true bills against a remarkably distinguished body of men, as follows:

General Lopez, General Gonzales, Governor John A. Quitman of Mississippi, Justice Cotesworth Pinckney Smith of the Supreme Court of Mississippi, John Henderson, ex-United States Senator from Mississippi; Laurent J. Sigur, editor of the *New Orleans Delta*; Judge Boyd of Natchez; John L. O'Sullivan, since United States Minister to Portugal; Colonel Theodore O'Hara, major in the United States Army in the Mexican War; F. Pickett, ex-consul of the United States at Turks Island; Lieutenant-Colonel Peter S. Smith, son of Justice Smith; Major Thomas T. Hawkins, Lieutenant-Colonel W. H. Bell, Colonel H. J. Bunch, J. R. Hedden, General Donatien Augustin, commander-in-chief of the Louisiana Legion in New Orleans; Colonel Robert Wheat and Captain A. J. Lewis.

After the third mistrial, with one juror holding for conviction, the proceedings were quashed.

Immediately the patriots resumed their labors, but the seizure of the "Cleopatra," purchased and equipped in New York by the Cubans, brought to naught weeks of recruiting amid hardships and danger by General Gonzales on the Georgia coast.

While General Gonzales was recuperating at the Virginia springs from a severe fever contracted in Georgia, General Lopez, deceived by false reports conveyed to him by agents of Spain, hastily left New Orleans on the steamer "Pampero," with five hundred men commanded by Colonel Crittenden, a graduate of West Point and nephew of the Attorney General of the United States. They were led into a trap and after desperate fighting against overwhelming odds, the remnants were captured. The execution of Lopez and butchery of the Americans is a chapter of international history. That it was not then avenged is a dark spot on the record of this country, but is accounted for by the tension already existing between the two great factions that a few years later met in a colossal death struggle.

The question of Mr. Calhoun's attitude toward the annexation of Cuba being raised by the *New York Journal of Commerce* and the *Charleston Mercury*, General Gonzales, writing to *The Mercury* under date of August 24, 1851, said:

"When General Lopez made a visit to Washington in the spring of 1849, the Hon. J. C. Calhoun was the first gentleman in that

city who called on the general. He even carried his civility to the extent of making a second call before the first had been returned. In his conversation with General Lopez, through Mr. Sanchez and myself, he expressed himself as warmly in behalf of Cuba and her annexation as has any other man in this country either before or since.

“A short time after a prominent Southern senator favored me with an appointment in the recess room of the senate. Mr. Calhoun was invited thereto, as were also four other senators—three Democrats and one Whig. The purpose of the gentlemen, as it seemed to me, was principally to learn Mr. Calhoun’s views upon a subject of such vital importance to the country. Mr. Calhoun then expressed himself decidedly as to the justice of our cause, and the assistance which would be lawfully proffered by the American people in case of insurrection, and his non-apprehension of European interference, as he had done on former occasions. Such were the opinions and sentiments of John C. Calhoun in the spring of 1849.”

General Gonzales quoted Mr. Calhoun as saying to him in a personal interview :

“You have my best wishes, but whatever the result, as the pear, when ripe, falls by the law of gravitation into the lap of the husbandman, so will Cuba eventually drop into the lap of the Union.”

General Gonzales had become a citizen of the United States in 1849. In 1856 he married Harriett Rutledge, youngest daughter of the Hon. William Elliott of Beaufort and Colleton, and there made his home.

Parenthetically, it is of interest in South Carolina to find in “The History of Cotton by E. J. O’Donnell,” a standard work and authority in the Congressional Library at Washington, this reference to the grandfather of General Gonzales’s wife: “First successful crop of cotton in South Carolina [and, therefore, in America] was raised this year (1790) on ‘Hilton Head’ Island by William Elliott. The success of Elliott caused many to engage in cotton culture, and many of the largest fortunes in that State were thus realized.”

In 1857 General Gonzales was endorsed for the Chilean mission in strong letters by senators and representatives from nine

Southern States, including Senators Jefferson Davis and Henderson and General Quitman of Mississippi; Senators Hammond and Evans, Representatives Boyce, McQueen and Keitt of South Carolina; Senators Toombs and Iverson and Representatives Crawford and Lumpkin of Georgia; John Forsyth of the Mobile Register; Senators Nicholson of Tennessee, Clay of Florida, Slidell of Louisiana, Rusk of Texas, Mallory of Florida, Sebastian of Arkansas, and by General Beauregard, the mayor and aldermen of Savannah and many others. He was offered several minor positions but declined them.

As a Confederate Soldier.

The cause of the South was overwhelming in its appeal to the heart of the Cuban patriot who had made the South his home. It was his cause—for self-government, for independence. The official records show he was perhaps the earliest volunteer, and among the last in service—three weeks after “Appomattox.”

War Department,
The Adjutant General's Office,
Washington, July 10, 1911.

Dear Sir:

. . . The Confederate records show that on November 30, 1860, A. J. Gonzales offered his services to the State of South Carolina; that on June 4, 1862, he was appointed lieutenant-colonel of artillery, Confederate States Army, and ordered to report to General Pemberton at Charleston, South Carolina; that on August 14, 1862, he was appointed colonel of artillery and assigned to duty by General Pemberton as chief of artillery, Department of South Carolina and Georgia, and that on February 10, 1865, he was serving as colonel and chief of artillery in the Department of South Carolina, Georgia and Florida.

The Union records of prisoners of war show that A. J. Gonzales, Colonel, Chief of Artillery Hardee's Corps, General Johnston's Army, was paroled at Greensboro, North Carolina, April 30, 1865, in accordance with the terms of the military convention of April 26, 1865.

Very respectfully,
F. C. AINSWORTH,
The Adjutant General.

War Department,
The Adjutant General's Office,
Washington, September 1, 1911.

The records of this office show that in his report, dated April 27, 1861, of the bombardment and surrender of Fort Sumter, General Beauregard gave the personnel of his staff as follows: Regular staff: Major Jones, C. S. A., Captains Lee and Ferguson, and Lieutenant Legare of the Army of S. C.; volunteer staff: Messrs. Chisolm, Wigfall, Chesnut, Manning, Miles, Gonzales and Pryor.

The records further show that in a letter to the President of the Confederate States dated September 14, 1861, A. J. Gonzales stated that he had been acting inspector general on Morris Island "and since up to this day as inspector of the troops and defences on the Coast of South Carolina by Governor Pickens." It is further indicated by the records that some time prior to December, 1861, he was in charge of a siege train. . . .

F. C. AINSWORTH,
The Adjutant General.

From the *Charleston Courier*, April 12, 1861.

General A. J. Gonzales, a classmate and friend of General Beauregard, has been added, by his own offer, to the staff of General Beauregard, and has been assigned to important duty.

Monday, May 6, 1861. Official Report of the Bombardment of Fort Sumter.

"To my volunteer staff, Messrs. Chisolm, Wigfall, Chesnut, Manning, Miles, Gonzales and Pryor: I am indebted for their indefatigable and valuable assistance, night and day, during the attacks on Sumter, transmitting, in open boats, my orders when called upon, with alacrity and cheerfulness, to the different batteries, amidst falling balls and bursting shells, Captain Wigfall being the first in Sumter to receive its surrender.

I am, sirs, very respectfully,

Your obedient servant,

G. T. BEAUREGARD,
Brigadier General Commanding.

Charleston *Courier*, May 15, 1861.

Defensive Preparations. General Beauregard was accompanied on his tour to the new works here referred to by many friends, personal and military, who were consulted in reference to local and topographical knowledge. On his return he was accompanied by a friend and volunteer aide, General A. J. Gonzales, now and for some time acting inspector general.

Charleston *Courier*, May 28, 1861.

General A. J. Gonzales has been appointed and commissioned a special aide-de-camp by Governor Pickens, with reference to the control, supervision and direction of the seaboard defenses between Georgetown and Savannah. As a volunteer aide to General Beauregard, and acting inspector general, he has served the State efficiently and acceptably, and has acquired a thorough knowledge of the conditions, resources and extent of our seacoast defenses. His services have been acknowledged in emphatic terms by General Beauregard, and all officers with whom he has been associated.

We congratulate our seaboard friends on finding their interests and defenses in such competent hands.

General Gonzales, under this appointment, will have full powers and the rank of lieutenant colonel.

Charleston *Courier*, May 31, 1861.

General Gonzales and Colonel R. S. Duryea, secretary of the coast police, are now on a visit of inspection along the coast for the purpose of determining suitable locations for erecting fortifications and preventing the entrance of the enemy.

The Charleston *Mercury*, June 24, 1861.

The Calhoun Artillery, Captain Murray, having been recently relieved from active duty at one of our forts on the seaboard by the St. Paul's Rifles, Captain Smith, General A. J. Gonzales addressed them a few words in behalf of His Excellency Governor Pickens, whom he had the honor to represent on the Carolina

coast. He thanked them for their voluntary services, the sacrifices they had made of their planting interests to protect the seaboard; their generous contribution of labor for the works laid out by General Beauregard; their liberality in furnishing themselves with arms, tents, provisions, accoutrements and ammunition, without charge to the State.

Charleston *Courier*, October 8, 1861.

Messrs. Editors: I have just returned from Port Royal, and am grateful to be able to state that, thanks to the energy and activity of Generals Ripley, Gonzales and others of their co-operators from civil life, further anxiety is in a great measure relieved, and great confidence is felt in our ability to repel any attack that the enemy can make on us.

Charleston *Mercury*, October 8, 1861.

General A. J. Gonzales. The people of South Carolina owe a debt of gratitude to this gentleman, special aide to Governor Pickens, for his very efficient services in procuring arms, ammunition and equipments for the seacoast defense of the State. He has spent two whole months in Richmond procuring orders on the Tredegar Works, superintending the manufacture, and forwarding the most effective pieces of our armament. The prompt and cheerful compliance of Colonel Gorgas, the admirable chief of ordnance, with the requisitions made, the energy and attentions of Major Ashe, of the transportation department, combined with the untiring patience and urgent and watchful zeal of General Gonzales, have furnished us with artillery sufficient to our security. Bomb proof for protection of the artillerists, hot shot furnaces, and adequate forces organized for rapid movement to meet troops landing, perfect the system. General Gonzales is well entitled to our warmest thanks for his very successful labors in the part he has undertaken to perform.

Charleston *Courier*, May 2, 1862.

Messrs. Editors: . . . I am very much pleased with your notice of General Gonzales. His valuable services, varied knowl-

edge and experience, should have been long since appreciated in a more marked manner. I had the pleasure of having him as a tentmate for a short time on Morris Island, and have rarely been more impressed than by the evidence he gave of the qualities which make the soldier, and the modest demeanor which marks the gentleman. I know, personally, that the great chief whom our State delights to honor holds him in very high estimation.

Winnsboro, S. C., March 15, 1862.

Charleston *Courier*, June 16, 1862.

Lieutenant-Colonel A. J. Gonzales. No citizen, native or adopted, has labored more zealously, efficiently and disinterestedly for South Carolina since the opening of the war than General A. J. Gonzales, as he is known to his friends. He bears the title of general not from a militia pastime, but from active and honorable service under another flag for the cause of independence and self-government, now involved in the contest of the South against the North. Although of military studies, habits and experience, General Gonzales was not in the line of promotion, not being a West Pointer, and has accordingly served thus far without adequate commission or reward, beyond the conscientiousness of duty, and the flattering testimonials of all under whose commands he has acted. In the prosecution of the measures deemed necessary to obtain adequate supplies for this State he exhibited a perseverance and importunity which overcame difficulties that repelled others, and performed what was considered impossibilities. A portion of the fruits of his assiduous and importunate application at Richmond was lost—not through any fault of his—at Port Royal, but a great portion remains.

We are pleased to learn that his merits and devotion to the cause have been in some degree recognized at length, and he is now appointed and commissioned Chief of Artillery for the Department of South Carolina and Georgia with the rank of lieutenant colonel.

Charleston *Courier*, June 27, 1862.

Lieutenant-Colonel A. J. Gonzales has submitted to the general commanding his department, plans for the efficient use and appli-

cation of barbette and siege guns, with special reference to the speedy change of batteries and the concentration of fire towards any required point.

It is not proper that we should say anything of the details which have been for some time well considered by the author who has devoted himself zealously and perseveringly to the matter.

The Battle of Honey Hill.

From the Charleston *Courier*, Dec. 5, 1864.

. . . We made a visit to the field the day following and found the swamp and road literally strewn with their dead. . . . We counted some 60 or 70 bodies in the space of an acre, many of which were horribly mutilated by shells. . . . The artillery was served with great accuracy, and we doubt if any battlefield of the war presents such havoc among trees and shrubbery.

From all indications it is estimated the loss of the enemy is fully five or six hundred. This is the lowest estimate we have heard. Many officers are of the opinion that their loss cannot be less than one thousand. Ours was eight killed outright and thirty-nine wounded, three or four mortally. . . .

As before stated, the general command was vested in Major General Gustavus Smith, of the Georgia State forces, though the line was immediately under the direction of Colonel Colcock, whose conduct on the occasion is spoken of as beyond all praise. The gallant Colonel Gonzales was an active participant in the fight, and might have been seen everywhere along the line posting the guns and encouraging the troops.

GENERAL GONZALES.

We regret that we cannot command the space to reproduce in full the sketch in this morning's *State* of the life of Ambrosio Jose Gonzales, who died in New York City on Monday last.

Although a Cuban by birth, General Gonzales spent so many much of his time and his services to the cause of the Southern years of his life in South Carolina and unselfishly devoted so

Confederacy, that he is with Southern patriots held in memory close up to the hearts of our people.

General Gonzales was among the first to enter the service for Southern independence and was with the last to abandon the heroic struggle when the swords sheathed at Appomattox gave the defenders of the coast of our State the final notice that the decision was against us.

He married the daughter of one of the oldest families in South Carolina. He leaves four sons and two daughters, ardent Southerners, devoted to the history and traditions of their country. They are justly proud of the active and gallant part their father bore in making the Lost Cause a cause of honor and the conduct of those who fought under the Stars and Bars a record of chivalry and unselfish patriotism.—*Columbia Journal*, August 2, 1893.

GENERAL GONZALES.

General Ambrosio Jose Gonzales, father of A. E., N. G. and W. E. Gonzales, of the *Columbia State*, died in New York on Monday, aged 75 years. He was a Cuban by birth and was the son of a prominent journalist of that country. In his early life he was a professor in a Matanzas college, but he took a prominent part in the uprising of Cubans against the Spanish in 1848 and since that time has been practically an exile from his country. He was engaged in the Lopez expedition and has had a prominent part in the many other movements to free Cuba. He was partly educated in New York, where he was a schoolmate of General G. T. Beauregard.

He married Miss Elliott, a member of one of the oldest and most prominent families of this State, and at the beginning of the war volunteered in the Confederate army. He was inspector-general on Beauregard's staff, and subsequently joined Johnston's army and surrendered with it.

His life was a very stormy and eventful one. Its fruits will, perhaps, be gathered hereafter when the purpose of his life work is accomplished and the country he loved and strove for takes her place among the free nations. He has left sons here who will do his name honor and his adopted State good service.—*Greenville News*, August 3, 1893.

General A. J. Gonzales, a classmate and friend of General Beauregard, has been added, by his own offer, to the staff of General Beauregard, and has been assigned to important duty. On the first intimation of the secession of South Carolina, General Gonzales tendered his services to Governor Gist.—F. G. deFontaine, in *Charleston Courier*, April 15, 1861.

South Kirkwood, DeKalb Co., Georgia.

Friend Gonzales.

MY DEAR SIR: YOUR noble father, Colonel Gonzales, inspected our battery near Charleston on Charleston and Savannah Railroad in 1863. He was a colonel of artillery and looked more like General Beauregard than any man I ever saw. He said our battery was an honor to any brigade. I have his inspection order and will send you a copy if desired. I prize it very much indeed. He was a model officer and knew his duties second to no man. We were camped between Edisto and Ashepoo Rivers, near old Jacksonboro, once the capital of South Carolina if I mistake not.

God bless you.

Sincerely,

GEO. W. HOWARD.

In the defense of the coast line between Charleston and Savannah, Colonel Gonzales had a conspicuous part. For nearly four years the Charleston and Savannah Railway, although crossing many navigable, tidewater streams, was held inviolate against the fleets of the invader lying only a few miles away. The siege train originated and organized by Colonel Gonzales was here used for the first time in warfare. It was, in brief, the mounting of heavy siege guns on special artillery wheels, attaching ropes and moving them from point to point with hundreds of men and horses. This method of handling heavy artillery was used a generation later in the Boer war, and thereafter by the Japanese at the siege of Port Arthur. As in iron clads and submarines, the South was also a pioneer in thus mobilizing heavy guns.

It is noteworthy that when the United States came to the assistance of Cuba in her last desperate struggle for freedom, the three sons of Colonel Gonzales, capable of bearing arms, served as volunteers, one as an officer under General Gomez in Central

Cuba, one at Santiago in the U. S. Army, and the third as an officer with the South Carolina troops under General Fitz Hugh Lee, in the war bringing the independence of Cuba for which their father struck the first blow fifty years earlier.

In closing the sketch of this officer it may not be inappropriate to quote these lines from the pen of his martyred son, N. G. Gonzales:

“Judged by the standard of material success the life of General Gonzales does not tempt to imitation. But by other standards it is not to be held a failure. To live beyond the allotted time of man and leave behind no shame; to have striven hard and roughly with the world and gone from it with open brow and unsoiled hands; to have given some good blows for liberty’s great cause; and to be conscious at the end of duty performed as seen—these are earnings greater than gold. And for an epitaph this adopted citizen would have chosen the words of Jefferson Davis, applied to him ten years ago: ‘A soldier under two flags but one cause; that of community independence.’”

U. R. BROOKS.

PART WITH REGRET

Headquarters Division S. C. V.,
Morris Island, April 20th, 1861.

General: While you were absent today, your staff held a meeting and appointed me to communicate to you that they have heard with great satisfaction of your appointment as Brigadier General in the Provisional Army, to take the command of the forces to be sent to Virginia. We all feel that your chief difficulty in accepting the appointment would be in regard to your staff. Having gathered around you, from all parts of the State, your friends as members of your staff, we felt that you would be embarrassed as to their disposition.

It gives me great pleasure to inform you that with entire unanimity and sincerity the staff have directed me to say that they earnestly request you to pursue that course which will best advance the cause of the South, maintain the honor of the State and promote your own reputation and interest. In responding to your call, we came to you as personal friends, anxious to contribute our aid in the defence of the State, and to afford you every opportunity in our power to promote this paramount duty.

As we understand that under the regulations of the Provisional army, you cannot select your staff as you have chosen us, although we are willing and anxious to serve under you, our chosen chief, we feel reluctant to be transferred to another, and part from you with great regret.

General Gonzales, of Brigadier General Beauregard's staff, attached to your staff on special duty, requests me to say he entirely concurs in this expression of our feelings. He also desires me to say that his association with you and the gentlemen of your staff has been so pleasant that he parts with you and them with sincere regret.

In taking leave of you for the present, General, we return you our most hearty thanks for the kind and affectionate courtesy which you have extended to us while we have been associated together. We beg to assure you, that on your return, if you need again our aid, we will respond promptly to your call.

Very truly and sincerely your Friends and Servants,

A. P. ALDRICH,

To MAJ. GEN. M. L. BONHAM.

For the Division Staff.

REPORT OF MAJOR GENERAL GUSTAVUS W. SMITH OF ENGAGEMENT AT HONEY HILL, S. C., ON NOVEMBER 30TH.

Headquarters 1st Division Georgia Militia,
December 6th, 1864.

The leading brigade arrived at Grahamville about 8 o'clock Wednesday morning, the 30th of November. You kindly tendered me the services of your chief of artillery (Colonel Gonzales) who upon our arrival at Grahamville introduced me to Colonel Colcock, commanding the military district; Major Jenkins, the commander of the immediate vicinity, and Captain DeSaussure, Colonel Colcock's adjutant general. To these four gentlemen I was indebted for the information upon which I based the direction of the whole operations of the day. Colonel Colcock reported the enemy rapidly advancing, skirmishing with some companies of his cavalry and a few pieces of artillery. He was just starting to the front and I requested him to select a position for my leading brigade as soon as I could despatch it to him. I awaited the arrival of a second train of troops, and the Forty-seventh Georgia, which was momentarily expected from Charleston. Having given the necessary orders to those troops, I joined Colonel Colcock a few minutes after 10 o'clock, some four miles from the Grahamville depot and about one-half mile beyond the position we finally assumed. Colonel Colcock informed me the enemy had already occupied the position he had selected as the best for defence before my troops arrived. This made it necessary that the leading brigade should be counter-marched at once and placed in a position in line with our main battery. The troops in rear were hurried up and placed in the same line to the right and left of the road. The enemy in the meantime steadily advanced along the main road upon our position. After a proper disposition of our forces had been made and a skirmish line ordered forward, Colonel Colcock, the commander of the district and the next officer in rank to myself upon the field, was assigned to the immediate executive command of the main line; Colonel Gonzales was placed in command of the artil-

lery, and Major Jenkins of all the cavalry. Captain DeSaussure, who was thoroughly acquainted with the whole country, remained near me. The Forty-seventh Georgia had not yet reached the field. Within five or ten minutes after these preparations had been made, the battle began by an advance piece of our artillery firing upon the enemy. Their line of battle was soon formed and from that time until dark made continuous efforts to carry our position. We had actually engaged five pieces of artillery, and it is due to the South Carolina artillerists that I should say that I have never seen pieces more skilfully employed or more gallantly served upon a difficult field of battle.

In an hour the enemy had so extended and developed their attack that it became absolutely necessary to place in front line of battle my last troops, and the Forty-seventh Georgia regiment, making in all about fourteen hundred muskets, and all engaged. From time to time alterations had to be made in our lines by changing the positions of regiments and companies, extending intervals, &c., to prevent being flanked; and while we could not from the dense woods accurately estimate the number of the enemy, it was clear their force largely exceeded ours, and I awaited with some anxiety the arrival of the Thirty-second Georgia and the forces expected from North and South Carolina.

Too much credit cannot be given Colonel Colcock, Colonel Gonzales, Major Jenkins and Captain DeSaussure; to all the officers of my own staff; to Colonel Willis, commanding First Brigade of Georgia Militia; Colonel Wilson, commanding State Line Brigade; Major Cook, commanding the Athens and Augusta Battalion of Reserves; Lieutenant Colonel Edwards, commanding the Forty-seventh Georgia Confederate Regiment; and to all the officers and men of every arm engaged upon that field. In short, I have never seen or known a battlefield upon which there was so little confusion and where every order was so cheerfully and promptly obeyed, and where a small number of men for so long a time successfully resisted the determined and oft-repeated efforts of largely superior forces. The flight of the enemy during the night and the number of their dead left upon the field, is evidence of the nature of the attack as well as the defence.

About 4:30 Brigadier General Robertson arrived with a portion of the Thirty-second Georgia from Charleston—a battery of

artillery and a company of cavalry. These constituted an effective reserve, but came too late to be used in the action. During the night the enemy retired rapidly in the direction of their gunboats.

Our loss in every arm of service was eight killed and forty-three wounded. The enemy left over two hundred of their dead upon the field, and their loss of killed and wounded is believed to be upwards of one thousand.

At midnight Major General Chesnut arrived at Grahamville Station with about 350 muskets of South Carolina reserves, and a little before the morning of the 1st of December Brigadier General Baker came with 860 of his brigade from North Carolina; the remainder of his command, about eleven hundred, reached Coosawhatchie at 9 o'clock on morning of 1st December.

The enemy having been beaten back on the 30th of November, and the Confederate forces having arrived, there was in my judgment no longer any necessity for my retaining the State troops of Georgia beyond their legal jurisdiction. I therefore asked and obtained leave to bring those exhausted troops back to their own State.

G. W. SMITH,
Major-General.

LIEUTENANT-GENERAL HARDEE, Commanding Department.

THE LAST DAYS OF THE CONFEDERACY.

I take for my theme the last days of the Confederacy, in complying with requests from my boys who wore the gray, and after the lapse of forty-five years it seems almost a dream, and in relating incidents no one need be surprised if I make mistakes, but my old comrade and friend, Colonel U. R. Brooks, who is a real traveling Confederate encyclopædia, will keep me straight.

The theme "Last Days" to my mind always carries sadness with it in many scenes of life. How sad to wife and I and thousands of others when we laid our loved ones deep down in mother earth: the last look—the last day! But I find I am getting too pathetic, and I turn to the last scenes of the Confederacy. To my mind Gettysburg was the turning point in our cause, and from that disastrous day the "Star of the Confederacy" began to wane slowly but surely. We had many grand victories after that day, but each one left us weaker. We had marshalled all our forces—had almost robbed the cradle; men bending with age were pressed into service, leaving the destiny of the homes entirely to the management of our women. Excuse me, reader, while I give thought to their incomparable heroism and devotion to a cause never equalled by any people upon the globe. The North claims they would have overpowered us eighteen months sooner had it not been for the Southern woman. In many respects she did more for the cause and complained less than the boys with their muskets. Hopeful to the last! But the iron hand of fate was against us—the edict of God had gone forth that the bondage of the negro had reached its limit. The world was against us; our resources exhausted; our armies reduced to a skeleton, with Sidney Johnson, Jackson and Stuart dead. Sherman had cut Georgia in two—had made war on the women and children and devastated South Carolina, leaving in the wake of his march smouldering houses and hungry children; had cut through North Carolina and made his base at Wilmington, where he was reinforced by General Terry with ten thousand fresh troops (so reported); in the meantime, Johnston had got together the fragments of Hood's army and gave Sherman a sore fight.

At Bentonville Hampton and Wheeler had joined forces and were making it hot for Sherman in many battles. While Sherman was replenishing his army at Wilmington, Johnston and Hampton were resting near Goldsboro, N. C. Horses and men, worn to a frazzle, waiting for the final struggle.

Let me digress a little and pay a merited compliment to the boys at Fort Sumter and Moultrie who had joined us for the last struggle. As all know, the war began at Fort Sumter, which withstood more shot and shell perhaps than any fort in the history of the world. Every Yankee device known to the science of that day was resorted to, trying to silence her batteries. But at the setting of the sun each day the signal gun was fired: *ALL IS WELL AND DEFYING THE WORLD!* After more than four years of unabated siege, being shut off by Sherman's army, the forts were evacuated, but never surrendered. And let me say, for most part they were manned by South Carolina boys and South Carolina officers.

Back to Goldsboro. What means that sound of artillery and beating of drums in the distance? The fire fiends are coming, fall in, boys! Hampton and Butler, with the destiny of the Confederacy upon them, listening and looking intently in the direction of this demonstration, and while drawn up in line of battle something occurred which I shall never forget. Our chaplain rode up in front of our line, cap off, and asked us to join him in prayer. I still remember his words, which in part were: "Lord help and protect our boys today in this coming conflict, and Lord reveal to our enemies the folly and hopelessness of ever conquering our armies." I don't know how much faith the preacher exercised in that prayer, but I do know that not one of our boys had a particle of faith in that prayer—they had more faith for the moment in that old musket which had done effective work on a hundred fields of battle. But yonder they come—banners flying, drums beating and the rumbling of the artillery. The order comes: "Lieutenant Hough, form your company in skirmish line!" I had been in battles and skirmishes before, but never did my heart so fail me as on that occasion, with ten men to our one, and every private in our depleted army knowing the thing was up. Reader, can you appreciate as we did the force of the situation? I have ever contended our authorities did

wrong in running the conflict to the bitter end. But back to my devoted little band of skirmishers. All day, for ten or fifteen miles we swapped bullets with them till we crossed a little river (perhaps Haw River), and how they did close in on us while I was trying to get all my boys safely landed just in time to burn the bridge. We fired our last gun. Night was on us as we crossed the river. Reader, don't get the impression that I have made myself conspicuous on that day. A hundred more had the same or perhaps more trying experience. I am only giving mine from a private's standpoint. According to my memory, this almost ended the firing for several days. We fell back through Raleigh and halted near Hillsboro, where, for a few days, there was a dead calm in camp. But hush! Upon the wings of the wind, as it appeared, a message comes from somewhere somehow that Lee has surrendered. An army that had withstood the combined powers of the world for four years—time after time had snatched victory out of defeat, but attrition had done its work; every victory was leading to defeat. Thousands of unmarked graves tell the story. The following little sonnet may be appropriate:

"The railroad is finished,
 Cars are on the track;
 Took our boys off
 But never brought them back."

One day, while resting at Hillsboro, Hampton formed his cavalry in a hollow square and introduced General Joseph E. Johnston as a general, if not first, second to none in the Confederacy, and said though it was rumored that Lee had surrendered, which rumor he did not believe, and though it be true, there was no room for despondency, for in the trans-Mississippi we had plenty of territory and Dad Price still held a strong army and he would carry us there. How grewsome and sad the scene—how silent—no rebel yell—no dashing of couriers. Next morning Hampton, Johnston and Breckenridge, secretary of war, all gaily dressed in full Confederate uniform, rode past our camp in the direction of the enemy's lines. After they had passed, Lieutenant Taggart, of the Sixth Cavalry, said: "I would not show it so d—n plain." He only failed to appreciate the fact that the existence of the Confederacy was being carried in their hearts. They

were, as we afterwards learned, on their way to its funeral. The last day had come. Yesterday a power, today lying helpless at the feet of an ungenerous enemy. Captain Humphreys, the gallant commander of the cadets, said, a short while before, he had rather die than go home and tell his mother and sisters we are defeated! The poor fellow was spared the pain. He was killed a short time before the collapse of the army.

The night after the conference of our generals, about 9 o'clock, we were ordered to mount and forward march towards Charlotte, N. C. We had not gone far before Colonel Miller rode up to me and said: "Lieutenant, the thing is over. We are ordered to assemble in Greensboro tomorrow and surrender." I said: "Colonel, where are my men on the outpost—I am going back to get them." He said: "That has been attended to." But it proved to be a failure. One of these men was J. P. Laney, as brave as General Butler. He remained all night with two others till 10 o'clock next day—the last men to stand as vigils for the Confederacy. Citizens told them next day the army had surrendered and gone, and for the first time in their military career they deserted their post and followed the boys.

My brother, Captain M. J. Hough, and myself got our boys all together, rode all night and all next day, making sixty-five miles before we halted. We evaded Greensboro and made for Stokes' Ferry, where we crossed and camped with the remaining skeleton of our company. Part of our company was from Pickens. Next morning we bade them a long and last farewell. Have never met one of them since. Instead of going to Greensboro and surrendering, we made for home, saved our horses and have not surrendered yet.

I would like to drop a few thoughts on the reconstruction period, but space forbids. If this article should fall under the eyes of any of my boys who were with me the last days, I bid them a long farewell.

I must add one more word. If the great State of South Carolina can't give the dependent Confederate boys a pension commensurate with their deeds and sufferings, just abolish what you have done—call it a shame and throw the boys on the magnanimity of the women, and I will risk them being taken care of.

Truly,

J. M. HOUGH.

CAPTAIN R. ap C. JONES

The undersigned submits the following statement in regard to the killing of Captain R. ap. C. Jones at Brandy Station by a Yankee soldier while engaged in a cavalry charge on the 9th of June, 1863. Brandy Station is a small railroad station between Rappahannock and Culpeper. Pleasanton's cavalry had captured General Stuart's headquarters and General Hampton was ordered to retake the headquarters with his brigade at all hazard. I was a member of Captain Jones's company, Colonel Black's regiment, Hampton's brigade. During the charge our company came to a meadow and Captain Jones dashed into it, followed by a small number of his company. The rest seeing the horses getting through the mud with great difficulty, made their way through the marsh and joined Captain Jones in the charge. Just as Captain Jones got out of the meadow he encountered a dismounted cavalryman and struck him with his sword, cutting off his thumb, and then dashed past him in the charge. Immediately the soldier fired at him with his pistol and Captain Jones fell from his horse. I came up at once and took the man prisoner and disarmed him and delivered him at the headquarters of General Stuart, and told that this was the man who killed Captain Jones. I also delivered the pistol to Captain C. J. Iredell, who was a connection and was present at Stuart's headquarters when I arrived with the prisoner. I returned with a detachment and an ambulance, and found Captain Jones lying dead on the field, and delivered his body to the authorities at General Stuart's headquarters.

His horse, which was a very elegant animal, went on in the charge, and was afterwards caught by some of his men and turned over with saddle and accoutrements to his servant "Hercules." The power and fleetness of this horse accounts for the fact that Captain Jones was in advance of his men after making his way through the marsh.

I joined Captain Jones's company at Rock Hill, and served with it during the entire War between the States.

Captain R. ap. C. Jones was the youngest brother of the late Colonel Cadwallader Jones, and lived at Strawberry Hill, the residence now occupied by his nephew, Captain Iredell Jones.

This is a correct statement of all the facts connected with the unfortunate occurrence as related above as I personally remember them.

R. A. STEELE,
Corpl. Co. H, 1st S. C. Cavalry.

“LIEUTENANT-COLONEL” J. H. BROOKS

Ninety-Six, S. C., 1st March, 1891.

(Answered March 7, 1891.)

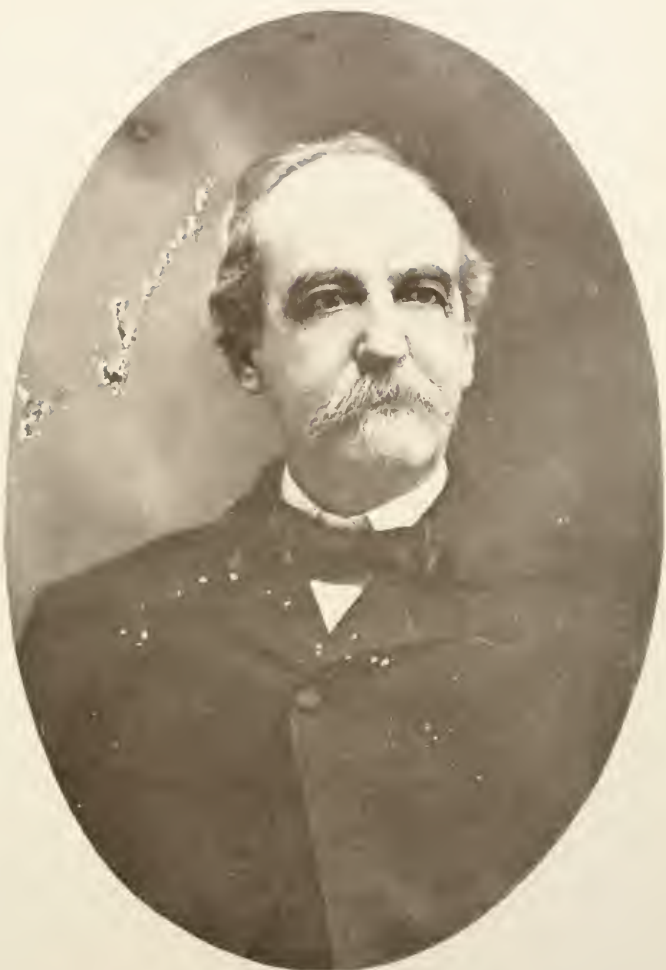
My Dear Sir: Please allow me to trespass upon your time and attention for a brief moment for the sake of old comradeship. I suspect you have forgotten me entirely, but I hope to recall myself to your recollection by mention of circumstances that you have not forgotten.

I served under you in the Seventh South Carolina Regiment, First Brigade, First Division, First Corps, Army of the Potomac. Again I served under you at Wagner, &c., in Hagood's brigade, and again in same brigade at Petersburg, Drewry's Bluff, &c. At the latter battle on the 16th May, 1864, I carried into the fight 75 men and lost in killed and wounded 68.

In this action I must have attracted your attention and obtained your commendation, for shortly after my return to the army, from leave of absence by reason of wounds, I was notified that upon your application I was detached to organize a "Foreign Battalion," and it was expressly stated to General Hagood that promotion was intended. I did organize a "Foreign Battalion" under the name of Brooks's Battalion Regular Infantry," and the command was mustered into service at Summerville, S. C., by Major Black of General Hardee's staff. I wanted the company officers appointed, but Congress decided that the men must elect. There was never an election, but I took some of the command into action at Savannah under line officers detached for the purpose from First Infantry and First Artillery, South Carolina Regulars. The experiment failed, the men deserting and showing generally no loyalty to the Confederate cause and were returned to prison.

I returned to my old command, Nelson's Seventh South Carolina Battalion, Hagood's Brigade, voluntarily, and by request took command of my old company and served with it till the close at Bentonville.

Now, my dear General, I am proud of this distinction awarded me by your request. Indeed, I value it higher than any circum-



COL. J. H. BROOKS.
Brooks' Battalion, Nine Companies.

stance connected with my service, but I have no record of the proceedings, nor did I get my commission. It seems to me that as the battalion of six companies, numbering in the aggregate six hundred and fifty (650) men, was regularly mustered into Confederate service as "Brooks's Battalion" and I recognized as its commander, I was clearly entitled to the rank of lieutenant-colonel, even though the command was disbanded. I laid no claim at the time for assignment to duty as lieutenant-colonel (though for a time I was placed in command of the "Reserves" in Charleston), for I thought we were more in need of men than officers, so I returned to the old command and fell into my old place without orders or suggestion.

Now, my dear General, you will observe that I don't value the title, but I do value the promotion and the cause of the promotion, and I write to you to substantiate my statement (if within your recollection) and thus give it authority. Your certificate will be more valued by me than would be a commission did I have one.

You asked that Major Bryan and myself be appointed to organize the battalion and that we be appointed its commanders. Major Bryan did not report for duty and never had any connection with the command. The favor I ask of you is for the benefit of my children and for no public display or glorification. Trusting that you will appreciate the motive that actuates this request, and with great admiration and regard for you personally and officially, I am, dear sir,

Yours very truly,

J. H. BROOKS,

Late Capt. Co. "H," 7th S. C. Batt.

Late Lt. Col. 2d Foreign Batt., C. S. A.

GEN. BAUREGARD.

19 March, 1891.

While the brigade to which he was attached was serving at Petersburg, Va., in 1864, Captain J. H. Brooks, of the Seventh South Carolina Battalion, was detailed to organize in South Carolina "The Foreign Battalion."

The detail was made upon the application of General Beauregard and upon enquiry made at headquarters of the Army of

Northern Virginia, before approving the detail, the brigade commander was distinctly informed that Captain Brooks's promotion would follow the detail.

JOHNSON HAGOOD,
Late Brig. Gen. C. S. A.

New Orleans, March 28, 1891.

I certify that, to the best of my recollection, the within statements of Captain Brooks and General Hagood are correct, and that the captain was entitled to the rank and commission of lieutenant-colonel in the Confederate States Army.

G. T. BEAUREGARD,
EX-General C. S. A.

Snell's Farm, Near Richmond, Va.,
May 19th, 1862.

Captain Brooks is a gentleman of high character and position, highly educated and of fine talent. He has established his character as an accomplished and gallant officer by efficient services in the field in command of a company for the last year. He is a brother of the late Hon. Preston S. Brooks, and connected with many distinguished families of South Carolina. I most cheerfully recommend his appointment to the position he seeks.

J. B. KERSHAW,
Brig. Gen., etc.

I cordially recommend Captain Brooks for appointment—or promotion in reference to his former grades—and the privilege of raising such troops for the war as he can.

J. E. JOHNSTON,
General.

Headquarters Hoke's Division,
March 30, 1865.

SPECIAL ORDER No. 29.

Captain J. H. Brooks, Seventh Battalion, Hagood's Brigade, will proceed with Brigadier-General Hagood to South Carolina on duty upon which he has instructions. At the expiration of forty days he will return to his command unless otherwise ordered.

R. L. HOKE, Maj. Gen.

Capt. J. H. Brooks, through Col. Rion.

STORY OF BROOKS'S BATTALION

To the Editor of The Sunday News:

The officers of "Brooks's Battalion of Regulars" have requested me to write an account of that short-lived battalion. In a recent letter to me Colonel Brooks wrote: "The disclosure of the plot at Savannah (published in The Sunday News, August 22d), is ascribed by Judge Thomas to a boy named Seymour, etc." * * * "His information did not come from me." * * * "Of course, I remember that Sergeant Sinner betrayed the conspiracy, and that he stated that he did so in your interest alone." A personal witness of, and actor in, these scenes, I can only describe them as photographed on my memory. A few of the incidents are supplied by the other officers.

Today, as "memory, like a tomb-searcher, runs through the vista of the years that are past, 'lifting each shroud which time has cast o'er buried hopes,'" it is difficult to realize that the young senior captain of this battalion, full of hope, joy and ambition, is the same as he who, almost hopeless, is pursuing the rugged path of duty, and who, lonely and sad on this festive occasion, apart from the joyous throng, is writing this narrative, which proves that "truth is stranger than fiction." I will, therefore, speak of this officer with the others in the third person.

Origin of the Battalion.

In 1864, when the Northern armies had the world from which to recruit their ranks, and even our slaves had been armed against us; while the Southern armies were being rapidly depleted, and perhaps four-sixths of those who were fighting had been wounded, the authorities in Richmond conceived the idea of enlisting in our ranks foreigners among the Federal prisoners, hoping that, like the redoubtable Dougal Dalgetty, they would care very little on which side they fought. To command such an organization no ordinary officer was needed. Courage was a sine qua non, and he should have military knowledge, experience and judgment. Covered with wounds and with honor, Capt. J. Hampden Brooks, who, in his own person, had illus-

trated the courage of the Brookses and Butlers on many a bloody battlefield, was selected to command one of them. On his visits to Sullivan's Island to see his brother-in-law, Lieut-Col. Warren Adams, of the First South Carolina Regiment Infantry, Captain Brooks's attention had been attracted to the officers of that regiment, and he offered the three highest ranking captaincies in his line to first lieutenants of that command. Major Black, of General Hardee's staff, kindly assisted in selecting the men from prison, but a serious mistake was made in allowing a large number of Northern men to enlist, many pretending to be Englishmen.

Among those selected were Irishmen, Germans, Spaniards and one Italian, who could scarcely speak English.

The Organization.

The battalion was organized at Summerville, S. C., during the fall of 1864, with the following officers, to wit: J. Hampden Brooks, Edgefield, lieutenant-colonel; Charles T. Goodwyn, Richland, adjutant; Vincent F. Martin, Charleston, captain Company "A"; John C. Minott, Charleston, captain Company "B"; J. Lewis Wardlaw, Abbeville, captain Company "C"; Eldred Simkins, Beaufort (formerly of Edgefield), first lieutenant commanding Company "D"; B. G. Pinckney, Charleston, captain of Company "E"; — Toutant (nephew of General Beauregard) and U. R. Brooks (who had not reported for duty), lieutenants.

The battalion was soon well organized and drilled, and the officers were anxious to be sent to Virginia, where the men, sandwiched in between Southern regiments, would fight to more advantage and be in less danger of being captured. In December four companies, about 250 men, were ordered to Honey Hill, and arriving too late for that fight, were sent on to Savannah—a perfect trap, the city being nearly invested by the enemy, and its capture a certainty. Here they were placed under officers, mostly militiamen, who did not appreciate the peculiar position of the officers, as a few instances will show.

Service Near Savannah.

Wardlaw was placed, at one time, in command of a portion of the picket line, with his company and some other troops. They

were much annoyed by a sharpshooter who wounded one man, but could not be located. Finally Wardlaw discovered him and ordered several of the men to fire on him, and he soon tumbled out of a tree.

Martin was anxious to commit his company as soon as possible, and was granted permission to go into an earthwork on which an attack was expected. As the men marched into the fort, with head erect and steady step, they presented a fine appearance. Captain Martin was soon notified that at dark he must go out and "feel the enemy," that is, march on in the darkness until shot into. It was brought to the colonel's attention that the men would most probably kill the officer and desert to their former friends. With the obstinacy of one unaccustomed to authority, he repeated the order. Captain Martin determined to obey, well knowing that ere the morrow's sun arose he would be numbered among the slain, for, as the sequel will show, these officers accepted these positions with the firm determination to die rather than dishonor themselves by surrendering to the men under their command. At sundown the enemy discovered themselves by making a demonstration on the earthwork. These officers have been called foolish by some for accepting these positions, but the experiment had to be tried by some one, the compliment was appreciated and the promotion great. They knew the danger, but what was that to men who lived constantly under fire and had learned that "speedy death was quick promotion?" What difference did it make whether death came from the bullet of the mutineer or the shell of the enemy, so that it was in the path of duty and honor and in defense of home and fireside?

Desertion of Sixty Men.

One night Captain Martin was sent with his company to work on some entrenchments so near to the enemy that the men were compelled to talk in whispers. About 3 or 4 o'clock in the morning the company was marched back to camp, several miles through the forest. Several times men dropped out with the evident intention of deserting. Each time the company was halted and the officer went back and compelled them to "fall in." At this time the battalion was encamped on one side of a rice pond and the enemy on the other. On each side of the camp

there was a causeway leading across the pond, on each of which two militia pickets were stationed. At the head of the causeway, on the left, Lieutenant Simkins was stationed in charge of one field piece. One night sixty men crossed over the causeway on the right, and pushing the pickets aside, all except two, who were captured, deserted to the enemy. On the next day these two were tried by a drumhead courtmartial composed of Captains Martin, Minott and Wardlaw. Being desertion in face of the enemy, the penalty was death, and there being no guardhouse, they were confined to a log until the sentence could be carried out. On that afternoon permission was received from General Mercer to move the battalion nearer to Savannah, and just after dark the men were notified to be ready to move at 8 o'clock p. m.

A Conspiracy to Mutiny.

Just after this announcement Sergeant Sinner told Captain Martin that he wished to see him alone. They went into the officer's tent, and Sinner then said that the men had determined to desert in a body at half-past 7 o'clock, and that they intended to buck and gag the officers and take them with them, and if they resisted, which they expected them to do, intended to kill them and take them anyhow. Captain Martin asked him if he was certain, and remarked that when in the earthwork a few days before the men acted like men who intended to fight. Sinner replied: "They would have stood to you to a man on that day, but General Sherman has sent an emissary among them and told them if they will come over to him he will spare them, but if they do not, when he captures the city he will shoot every one of them." He then said: "For God's sake do something quickly, for if they find me here they will murder me at once." Sinner was a splendid specimen of the Teuton, about six feet three inches in height, well proportioned, and with a handsome face, with blue eyes and golden hair. On account of his courage and strength he was feared by the men.

As he looked on this splendid specimen of manhood, shaking like an aspen, with excitement, Captain Martin was convinced that he told the truth. At Sinner's request Captain Martin called the ordnance sergeant to bring several bayonets, as Sergeant Sinner wanted one. In presence of the men he selected one and

returned to his company—"A." Up to this time everything was quiet and the men and servants were busy with their preparations to move.

Pluck of the Officers.

Brooks was called into the tent, and after a caution to speak in a low voice and express no surprise, the terrible secret was communicated to him. He said: "Martin, if any other officer had told me this I would be in doubt, but you have been so sanguine that I am convinced," and then and there they planned the capture which was afterwards so successfully carried out. It was necessary to communicate with the other officers without attracting attention, and they walked until they came about to the left of the second company, where they met several. Here Colonel Brooks sat down, and about that time Orderly Sergeant Foraker, of Company "B," passed by on his way into the encampment. He was a Northern man, but had been very active in organizing the battalion, and Colonel Brooks always spoke kindly to him. Colonel Brooks said to him in a natural, pleasant voice, "How do you feel tonight, Sergeant?" To which Foraker, without stopping or saluting, replied, "Bully." Colonel Brooks said to Captain Martin: "If I had any doubts, that would convince me." By this time evidences of insubordination were seen on every hand. Some of the men broke the stacks and took their guns, others threw cartridges in the fires, which exploded with a loud noise, and loud and boisterous laughter was heard—Company "A" was the most quiet, Company "B" the most boisterous. Wardlaw was officer of the day, and when a yell would be sounded or a cartridge thrown into the fire he would sing out: "Who in the —— did that? I will severely punish such conduct if it is not stopped." Then a roar of laughter would follow and a few more cartridges would be thrown in; then a call from Wardlaw: "Sergeant of the guard, arrest those men," to which there would be no response. Once he became excited, drew his sword and threatened instant decapitation if any more cartridges were exploded. Matters soon became too grave and serious for "bluff."

Assistance Sent For.

Minott and Goodwyn had been sent for assistance, but it occurred to Captain Martin that the troops would be slow to leave their positions without the most positive orders, and he urged Colonel Brooks to go in person, as he would have more influence and could do no good in the camp, and would only add one to the sacrifice.

The urgency of the necessity for assistance was so apparent that after some hesitation Colonel Brooks went. Lieutenant Toutant was then sent out of the camp by Captain Martin as an unnecessary sacrifice, and Martin and Wardlaw stationed themselves by a huge oak in front of the tent. Wallace took a seat on a camp chest and Martin stood up, but sometimes walked to and fro, always keeping near the tree. Between the preparations for moving and the mutinous conduct of the men, the camp was now in an uproar. Scouts had been thrown in rear of the officers to prevent their retreat. One man refused to return a rope which he had borrowed from Minott's servant, saying that he wished it to tie Captain Martin with. Simkins, at the head of the causeway, had turned his gun on the encampment, and several times came into the encampment to see how his friends were getting on. When he heard of this he said: "Why did you not shoot him?"

Standing the Men Off.

Numerous questions were asked by the men, but understanding their motive, Captain Martin answered them in such a way as to lead them to suppose that they would "fall in" in a few moments. One question repeatedly asked was whether they would have time to boil some rice. From the confessions it was afterwards ascertained that as the battalion was to move at 8 o'clock the men concluded to wait until the officers stepped in front of their companies and then capture them or shoot them. This change of plan was the main reason why the officers were not killed, for it practically placed in their hands the signal for the uprising. On one of Simkins' visits he insisted on seeing whether the men confined to the log had been turned loose, and Captain Martin could not dissuade him. It was a trying position for the young officer, under such peculiar circumstances, but to go would probably be

the signal for the death of the officers. As he walked off Captain Martin said: "Simkins, I am in command of this camp and I order you not to go." Spoken in the quick, firm, decided tone of the regular officer on duty, Simkins stopped instantly, turned, and slowly retraced his steps, but his countenance was clouded and his feelings deeply hurt. Captain Martin then said: "Simkins, if the men have been turned loose and we say anything it will precipitate the rising, and if we say nothing they will know of the conspiracy and are afraid to say anything, and they will rise anyhow." He said: "I did not think of that. How did you happen to?" Instantly his countenance cleared and the genial, hearty manner returned.

Awaiting the Signal.

The camp had now sunk into sullen silence. All parties were awaiting the signal. Captain Martin remembered his new coat, the making and trimming of which had cost \$500, exclusive of the material, and he said: "Wardlaw, if I am saved I intend to save my new coat, and if I am killed, I intend to die, like Lord Nelson, in full feather." Although not thought of by him the sudden appearance of this officer in a brilliant, handsome uniform helped to convince the men that the hour was at hand. All expedients to delay the uprising had now been exhausted. Strange, weird, unreal scene being enacted in the heart of the forest! Two officers opposed to nearly two hundred well-armed mutineers! Wardlaw had only a sword, Martin had a sword and pistol. As Captain Martin thought of the man with the rope ready to tie him, the treachery and perfidy of these men, who, not content with desertion, were willing to commit murder in order, as they thought, to ingratiate themselves with General Sherman, every faculty was concentrated into the desire to kill at least two of them as they approached. He also knew that by this act his friends, and especially his father, would understand the end. The men of Company B nearest the officers, took their guns and commenced to advance. Captain Martin said: "Wardlaw, our time has come; let us sell our lives as dearly as possible," and drawing his pistol, he placed his back against the oak. Wardlaw drew his sword and took his position on his left. The conflict could be but for a moment. No earthly aid can help them

now! In bold relief the officers stood, plainly visible to the men. All sense of danger had long since been lost, and death now seemed a matter of course, but two of the mutineers must die with them. Their lips were firmly compressed, their eyes looked steadily on the advancing foe and the hands which grasped sword and pistol were firm and steady.

The Mutineers Falter.

Unexpectedly the mutineers stopped, consulted together, disbanded, still, however, holding their guns, or having them close to them. From the confessions it afterwards transpired that the absence of so many officers from the camp and the coolness of those who remained caused the mutineers to suspect that assistance was at hand and an ambuscade prepared for them. The heart of Foraker, the leader, failed him, and he no longer felt "bully." A German barber, who had often shaved the officers, told him that if he was afraid he (the barber) was not, and called on Company B to follow him, but suspicion and distrust had been aroused, and they only went a few steps. Of course this was not known to the two officers at the time. Hope began to revive in their breasts, however, and life again appeared of value, but their position was still most precarious, for the general signal might be given at any moment, or a bullet sent through brain or heart. Wearily and in great suspense about a half hour passed. The sentinels had deserted their posts and the fires burned low, when a body of armed men were plainly seen moving in the direction of Company A. This was the company most to be dreaded, being composed of about two-thirds Irish and one-third Germans.

Succor Arrives at Last.

Captain Martin said: "Wardlaw, our time has come at last; Company A has risen," and again the two officers prepared for defence, or rather to sell their lives as dearly as possible, when the voice of Colonel Brooks rang out on the silent air commanding the rescuers to disarm Company A. A few minutes later Minott was seen stepping high, with head erect and a stern countenance, entering the camp and walking in the direction of Company B. When in front of the company he turned and, with a

commanding flourish of his hand, ordered the Georgians with him to capture and disarm Company B. His countenance was a picture when he found that he stood alone. The Georgia reserves had stopped outside of the encampment, and afterwards explained that they knew that they were no match for the well-armed and well drilled regulars. The delay was only momentary, however. Goodwyn had also entered the camp with a portion of the troops.

Coolness of a Mutineer.

No resistance was made, but when Colonel Brooks approached Orderly Sergeant Wilson, of Company A, who was lying on his back reading, and said to him: "Sergeant, I am sorry to see you engaged in this conspiracy." He sprang to his feet and said fiercely: "What conspiracy? I have been engaged in no conspiracy." The evidence and his own conduct, however, were against him. He was a cool, brave, determined man, with a good mind and some education. Had he been the active leader this tale would not now be told. Natural curiosity would have prompted an innocent man to exhibit some interest when strange armed men entered the camp. He over-acted his part, and did not raise his eyes from the book until spoken to by Colonel Brooks. Too brave to commit murder himself, he held his company well in hand, and was willing, when consummated by others, to profit by the assassination of the officers with whom he had always been a favorite. Simkins was much disappointed that he could not open fire on the insurgents from his one-gun battery.

The troops who came to the rescue were Georgia reserves.

Duration of the Meeting.

The time occupied by these proceedings may be differently estimated by the officers. The impression made on Captain Martin's mind at the time was that it was about two hours from the time the secret was divulged until the men were captured, and that he and Wardlaw were left alone in the camp about one and a half hours, and he has now no reason to change his opinion. The disclosure was made by Sergeant Sinner, just after dark, which is early at this season, and it was after 8 o'clock when the German barber took the leadership of Company B, and it was at least a half hour after that, therefore, the rescuers arrived.

After All Was Over.

Colonel Brown, adjutant general on General Mercer's staff, rode into the camp after the mutineers were captured, and Toutant also returned. The prisoners, with the exception of five ringleaders, the two men who had been captured in the act of desertion, and those who had been faithful (including Sergeants Sinner and Hernandez and the colonel's orderly, Seymour) were marched away under guard. The testimony of Sergeant Hernandez and the confessions of the men agreed with what Sergeant Sinner had said, and the minute details of the reasons why the uprising was delayed were obtained from that source. As one orderly sergeant (a very small Englishman, with rings in his ears,) finished his confession, Minott said to him in the most contemptuous way: "And whom were you to carry over?" The reply came quickly: "Toutant, sir: Lieutenant Toutant."

Execution of the Ringleaders.

The four orderly sergeants, the German barber and two deserters were condemned to be shot. The firing party, composed of Georgia reserves, was under the command of Captain Chapman, a brave, cool, officer. The aim was bad, and two of the men were not killed. Then on the midnight air there arose such wails and dismal cries as never were heard on the field of battle, and might have proceeded from the damned in Hades. Unnerved, or through a mistaken idea of mercy, the men fired at random until an officer stepped forward and said: "For God's sake, put them out of their misery. It will be kindness, as they are too badly wounded to recover." A few well directed shots ended this terrible tragedy. The firing party marched away, and then, with the dead bodies exposed, the few who had been reserved near by, and the enemy within hearing, without sentinels to guard them, the officers laid down and slept until morning. Such is war.

The Day After the Tragedy.

On the next day, the dead having been buried, the officers, "their occupation gone," wandered around, and in the afternoon went to Savannah, where they were kindly received at the "Soldiers' Home." But their dangers and trials were not ended.

They were ordered to take charge of the prisoners and make them work on the pontoons, as "they could control them better than any one else." It was now certain that Savannah would be evacuated in a day or two. The officers were informed that the prisoners were making threats, "loud and deep," that they intended to kill them as soon as General Sherman entered the city.

The night of the 20th of December, 1864, was one of most painful suspense to the officers—to one at least (Captain Martin) greater than on the night of the mutiny. It is one thing to die in the path of duty with your face to the foe, striking back when struck. It is another to be ignominiously butchered like a hog in cold blood. It was known that the city was to be evacuated before morning, but still no orders to march could be received. Colonel Brooks made repeated visits to General Beauregard's and General Hardee's headquarters, and each time the report brought back to the anxiously expectant officers was that the generals were holding a council of war and could not be seen. Finally Major Black, who had always been a friend of the officers, told Colonel Brooks that they were in so much danger he would take the responsibility of telling him to be the first to cross in charge of the prisoners. About 4 o'clock on the morning of the 21st the command crossed on the pontoons, the floors of which were covered with rice straw to deaden the sound. For some distance on this side Wheeler's cavalry and the enemy were fighting, and the prisoners were much elated, expecting to be recaptured, and inclined to mutiny, as the guard was a small one, under charge of Captain Sims, of Cook's battalion of Georgians. Several miles from Savannah they stopped for breakfast. As Captain Martin passed in front of Company A one of the men called out: "Remember Sergeant Wilson, of Company A." The threat was evident, but the man could not be detected. Tom, Wardlaw's servant, had divided his load with a boy by the name of Shelton, who had been a member of Company C. In some manner he managed to escape, taking with him Wardlaw's knapsack, containing his money and clothing, including a \$1,800 uniform. While breakfasting General Wheeler rode up and advised them to move on, as the enemy was pressing his men, and there was danger of capture. Just before sundown they arrived

at Hardeeville. Martin was appointed for duty, as officer of the day, but as he was suffering from an old wound, received while a member of the Charleston Light Dragoons, Minott took his place.

Boarding a Train.

On the next morning it was found that the cars had been taken possession of by members of the reserves and convalescents, many of whom said they were too sick to move. In vain were they told that they were in danger, while the officers of Brooks's battalion were in imminent peril. Colonel Brooks appealed to the quartermaster, who said that he could do nothing. For a week or more murder had pursued the officers, and after all of the dangers, trials and vicissitudes had apparently passed, and they thought that they were in safety, they were now about to be sacrificed. Seeing that it was a case of "*sauve qui peut*," Captain Martin asked Colonel Brooks's permission to take his company on, even if he had to separate from the rest of the battalion, which was readily granted. Marching guard and prisoners on the platform, Captain Martin ordered them to get on top of a car. About one-third had ascended when, with a tremendous crash, the roof gave way and pell-mell down came guard, prisoners, guns, bayonets and fragments of the roof, and a lively set of sick men jumped out of the car. Reforming at once, they were marched to the next car, where it was necessary to ascend by the window. To this aperture a large man rushed and, gesticulating fiercely, said that he would kill the first man who attempted to get on the top of the car. Standing within four feet, Captain Martin drew his pistol and said that he intended to take those prisoners through, or break in the top of every car, and ordered the men to ascend. At that moment an old gentleman on the car asked Captain Martin to wait a few minutes while they consulted together, and then they did what they should have done at first, made room for all of the prisoners. Mr. Thomas Bibb, of Oconee County, was one of the guard who fell through the car, and he says he did hate to have to get up on the next one. On account of fighting along the railroad, the troops were disembarked at one point, and after a considerable detour got on the cars again at Pocotaligo (if the writer is not mistaken). While marching around the officers met

many of their friends, including a company from Charleston, under command of Captain George Heyward.

The Officers' After Career.

Having arrived in Charleston, Martin and Wardlaw were ordered to take the prisoners to Florence, which they did, and, parting on the train near Columbia, have never met since. Colonel Brooks was assigned by General Hardee to the command of the unattached troops, department employees, etc., about Charleston, but, getting tired of inactivity, was relieved at his own request and returned to his old company, with the intention of serving in the ranks as a private, but the company insisted on his resuming command, which he did, and served gallantly in this and other positions until the end of the war.

When the battalion was being organized at Summerville General Ripley had sent lieutenants from the First regiment of artillery to take the positions of Martin, Minott and Wardlaw, and objected to their leaving Sullivan's Island. These officers indignantly protested against this seeming injustice, but General Ripley stood firm, and said that he had no confidence in the success of the organization to which they were going, and that their absence at that time would "endanger Charleston, as they knew the range of every point in the harbor." General Hardee overruled General Ripley, but still he declined to receive their resignations, and granted them indefinite leave of absence. General Ripley's action (as he intended) now proved a benefit. Martin and Minott returned to Fort Moultrie, and for some time before the evacuation of Sullivan's Island, and on the march from Charleston, commanded Companies C and G. On account of his old wound Martin was not in the Averysboro fight, and was sent home with the wounded after the battle. Minott was severely wounded at Averysboro by a fragment of shell. Wardlaw did not return to the First South Carolina regiment of infantry, as he was disabled by the breaking out of an old wound. Just before General Johnston's surrender, at the head of a company of convalescents, he attempted to reach his old regiment, and narrowly escaped capture by General Stoneman's command. Simkins returned to the First South Carolina regiment of artillery, from which he had been detached, and served bravely until the

end of the war. Captain Pinckney, who had been left in command of the camp at Summerville, after the collapse of the battalion took the remainder of the men back to prison.

After Many Years.

Looking back after the lapse of many years there is nothing surprising in the courage displayed by these officers, for, with the exception of the two junior lieutenants, although several were very young, they were all veterans in service and accustomed to danger. The high sense of duty and soldierly pride which made a few officers plan and successfully carry out the capture of nearly two hundred mutineers, when at first they could easily have made their escape, the thorough concert of action, readiness to do whatever was expedient, whether it was necessary to leave or remain in the camp, the maintenance of discipline and respect for rank under such peculiar and dangerous circumstances, and the determination to die rather than to be dishonored, although they had been told by Lieutenant Sinner that their lives would be spared if they did not resist, are, indeed, remarkable. The demeanor of the officers during this terrible ordeal was striking and characteristic.

Colonel Brooks was cool and collected, spoke in a gentle, well modulated voice, and it was only in his eye and perfect self-control that the spirit and temper of the man could be seen.

Minott was brave, alert, showy, and even at that moment had an eye for everything ludicrous, for comedy and tragedy are strangely mixed through life.

Wardlaw, at first impulsive, and excited by the disobedience of his orders, after fully realizing the gravity of the situation, was brave, silent, determined, and calmly faced death when there appeared to be no possible hope of escape.

Simkins was bold and impetuous, disposed to be imprudent in his desire for vengeance, but exemplifying the gentleman and regular officer by yielding, even at that moment, ready obedience to one many years his junior.

Goodwyn was brave, active, modest and eager to carry out any measure deemed expedient by the veteran officers over him. With the exception of Toutant these officers represent families identified

with the history of South Carolina, and all, except two, are now alive.

Colonel Brooks is a prominent planter in Edgefield. Martin is a farmer and county superintendent of education in Oconee; Wardlaw and Goodwyn are business men in Columbia, and Captain Pinckney is prominent in business circles in Charleston. The gallant, genial, whole-souled Minott, the best shot with a cannon in that regiment of skilled artillerists, the First South Carolina regular infantry, acting artillery, has gone to his last account, his deeds in Charleston harbor, with those of Warren Adams and many others "unrecorded and unsung," because they fought on the wrong side of the channel from the historian to whom their courage, military skill and fidelity to duty were unknown. The bold, impetuous Simkins died several years ago in Florida.

After the war, when under military government General Mercer was tried in Savannah by court-martial for the shooting of the two deserters, the officers of Brooks's battalion of regulars were summoned as witnesses. Colonel Brooks and Wardlaw went as far as Augusta, but hearing that the trial was over went no further. Minott did not go, and Martin did not receive the summons, as it was withheld by his father. Captain Martin was at that time planting in Beaufort District, near the Savannah River, and read with great interest the account of the trial, in which the names of the officers of the battalion were constantly mentioned. General Mercer was acquitted, the blame being laid on the officers of the battalion, especially Colonel Brooks and Captain Martin, who was president of the drum-head court-martial which condemned them to death.

Some time afterwards Colonel Brooks met Captain Martin in Charleston and said: "Martin, you know the danger in which we are. What do you expect to do if arrested?" To which Captain Martin replied: "Meet the issue firmly, and stand on the army regulations, which make death the punishment for desertion in face of the enemy."

VINCENT F. MARTIN.

Walhalla, S. C., December 25, 1897.

THE DEAD CONFEDERATE SOLDIER

Hustle and jostle him out of the way,
He's only a ragged Soldier in grey;
A phantom he is, of the long dead past,
Only a Rebel, who fought to the last,
Whose dinner oft-times was a crust of bread,
His couch the cold ground, twixt dying and dead;
Somebody's darling he was long ago,
A requiem sing in minor chords low,
For a Knight who fought for a land so fair,
So gallant he was who is lying there,
A Soldier so brave, of valor and might,
Now hustle him off, away out of sight,
Far off with never a mourner save one,
With never a prayer when the strife is done,
Out of the silence and out of the night,
Out of the shadows and into the light,
Soldier, rest arms! and sweet thy slumber be,
In brighter lands of God's eternity.

—ELLIE BROOKS JONES.

REPORT OF THE COMMITTEE APPOINTED TO
COLLECT TESTIMONY IN RELATION TO
THE DESTRUCTION OF COLUMBIA, S. C.,
ON THE 17TH OF FEBRUARY, 1865.

By Chancellor James Parsons Carroll.

BURNING OF COLUMBIA.

COPY OF THE LETTER OF DR. T. J. GOODWYN, MAYOR OF COLUMBIA,
TO MAJOR-GENERAL WM. T. SHERMAN.

Mayor's Office,
Columbia, S. C., February 17, 1865.

To Major-General Sherman :

The Confederate forces having evacuated Columbia, I deem it my duty, as mayor and representative of the city, to ask for its citizens the treatment accorded by the usages of civilized warfare.

I, therefore, respectfully request that you will give a sufficient guard, in advance of the army, to maintain order in the city, and protect the persons and property of the citizens.

Very respectfully,
T. J. GOODWYN, Mayor.

A public meeting of the citizens of Columbia was called, April 22d, 1867, at Carolina Hall, at which Hon. E. J. Arthur presided. A committee was appointed to collect evidence as to the burning of the city on the night of February 17, 1865. The names of the committee are as follows:

Chancellor J. P. Carroll, chairman; Hon. Wm. F. DeSaussure, Hon. E. J. Arthur, Dr. John Fisher, Dr. Wm. Reynolds, Dr. D. H. Trezevant, Dr. A. N. Talley, Prof. W. J. Rivers, Prof. John LeConte, Col. J. T. Sloan, Col. L. D. Childs.

The committee decided to accept only the testimony of those who could make sworn affidavits as to the events of which they were eye-witnesses. As stated in the subjoined report, more than sixty (60) depositions and statements in writing, from as many

individuals, were placed in the hands of the committee, from which the following report was compiled.

The report, with the affidavits, was presented to the City Council during Mayor McKenzie's term of office, who was elected November 17, 1868, but who went out of office, April 5th, 1870, before his term expired, by reason of an Act of the State Legislature, approved February 26, 1870, whereby the city limits were enlarged, and a new election of mayor and aldermen ordered.

In April, 1870, Major John Alexander succeeded him as mayor of the city of Columbia. From that time the Republicans held possession of the municipal government and archives of the city until 1878, when Captain Wm. B. Stanley was elected mayor.

Soon after Mayor Stanley came into office, search was made in the city archives for the report and affidavits concerning the burning of Columbia, but not a vestige of either could be found. Fortunately, more than one copy of the report was in existence, but, unfortunately, there were no duplicates of the affidavits. That this is so, is matter of profound regret, as they would make a most interesting book, and be a valuable addition to the truth of history.

S. P. C.

REPORT OF THE COMMITTEE APPOINTED TO COLLECT TESTIMONY IN
RELATION TO THE DESTRUCTION OF COLUMBIA, S. C.,
ON THE 17TH OF FEBRUARY, 1865.

The committee who were charged with the duty of collecting the evidence in relation to the destruction of Columbia by fire, on the 17th of February, 1865, submit the following report:

By the terms of the resolution appointing them, the committee do not feel authorized to deduce any conclusion, or pronounce any judgment, however warranted by the proof, as to the person responsible for the crime. Their task will be accomplished by presenting the evidence that has been obtained, with an abstract of the facts established by it.

More than sixty depositions and statements in writing, from as many individuals, have been placed in the hands of the committee. The array of witnesses is impressive, not merely because of their number, but for the high-toned and elevated character of some of them, the unpretending and sterling probity of others, and the

general intelligence and worth of all. The plain and unvarnished narrative subjoined is taken from the testimony referred to solely and exclusively, except so much as refers to certain declarations of General Sherman himself, widely circulated through the public press, and to the ravages of his army in this State, *after* their departure from Columbia: matters of such notoriety as, in the judgment of the committee, to dispense with the necessity of formal proof.

The forces of General Sherman's command while in Georgia seem to have anticipated that their next march would be through South Carolina. Their temper and feeling towards our people, a witness, Mrs. L. Catharine Joyner, thus describes: "The soldiers were universal in their threats. They seemed to gloat over the distress that would accrue from their march through the State. I conversed with numbers of all grades, belonging to the Fourteenth and Twentieth corps. Such expressions as the following were of hourly occurrence: 'Carolina may well dread us. She brought this war on, and shall pay the penalty. You think Georgia has suffered, just wait until we get into Carolina; every man, woman and child may dread us there.'" Of General Sherman himself, the same witness informs us that, addressing himself to a lady of his acquaintance, he said to her: "Go off the line of railroad, for I will not answer for the consequences where the army passes."

The threats uttered in Georgia were sternly executed by the troops of General Sherman upon their entrance into this State. For eighty miles along the route of his army, through the most highly improved and cultivated region of the State, according to the testimony of intelligent and respectable witnesses, the habitations of but two white persons remain. As he advanced, the villages of Hardeeville, Grahamville Gillisonville, McPhersonville, Barnwell, Blackville, Midway, Orangeburg and Lexington were successively devoted to the flames. Indignities and outrages were perpetrated upon the persons of the inhabitants. The implements of agriculture were broken; dwellings, barns, mills, gin-houses, were consumed; provisions of every description appropriated or destroyed; horses and mules carried away; and sheep, cattle and hogs were either taken for actual use, or shot down and left behind. The like devastations marked the progress

of the invading army from Columbia through this State to its Northern frontier, and the towns of Winnsboro, Camden and Cheraw suffered from like visitations by fire. If a single town or village or hamlet within their line of march escaped altogether the torch of the invaders, the committee have not been informed of the exception. The line of General Sherman's march, from his entering the territory of the State up to Columbia, and from Columbia to the North Carolina border, was one continuous track of fire.

The devastation and ruin thus inflicted were but the execution of the policy and plan of General Sherman for the subjugation of the Confederate States. Extracts from his address at Salem, Illinois, in July last, have appeared in the public prints, and thus he announces and vindicates the policy and plan referred to: "We were strung out from Nashville clear down to Atlanta. Had I then gone on stringing out our forces, what danger would there not have been of their attacking the little head of the column and crushing it. Therefore, I resolved in a moment to stop the game of guarding their cities, and to destroy their cities. We were determined to produce results, and, now, what were those results? To make every man, woman and child in the South feel that, if they dared to rebel against the flag of their country, they must die or submit." The plan of subjugation adopted by General Sherman was fully comprehended and approved by his army. His officers and men universally justified their acts by declaring that it was "the way to put down the rebellion, by burning and destroying everything."

Before the surrender of our town, the soldiers of General Sherman, officers and privates, declared that it was to be destroyed. "It was," deposes a witness, Mrs. Rosa J. Meetze, "the common talk among them, at the village of Lexington, that Columbia was to be burned by General Sherman." At the same place, on the 16th of February, 1865, as deposed to by another witness, Mrs. Francis T. Caughman, "the general officer in command of his cavalry forces, General Kilpatrick, said, in reference to Columbia: 'Sherman will lay it in ashes for them.'" "It was the general impression among all the prisoners we captured," says a Confederate officer, Captain J. P. Austin, of the Ninth Kentucky Regular Cavalry, "that Columbia was to be destroyed."

On the morning of the same day, February 16th, 1865, some of the forces of General Sherman appeared on the western side of the river, and, without a demand of surrender, or any previous notice of their purpose, began to shell the town, then filled with women, children and aged persons, and continued to do so at intervals throughout the day. The Confederate forces were withdrawn, and the town restored to the control of the municipal authorities, on the morning of the 17th of February. Accompanied by three of the aldermen, the mayor, between eight and nine o'clock A. M., proceeded in the direction of Broad river, for the purpose of surrendering the city to General Sherman. Acting in concert with the mayor, the officer in command of the rear guard of the Confederate cavalry, General M. C. Butler, forbore from further resistance to the advance of the opposing army, and took effectual precautions against anything being done which might provoke General Sherman or his troops to acts of violence or severity towards the town or its citizens. The surrender of Columbia was made by the mayor and aldermen to the first general officer of the hostile army whom they met; and that officer promised protection to the town and its inhabitants until communication could be had with General Sherman, and the terms of surrender arranged.

By eleven o'clock A. M. the town was in possession of the Federal forces, the first detachment entering being the command of the officer who had received the surrender. They had scarcely marched into the town, however, before they began to break into the stores of the merchants, appropriating the contents or throwing them in the streets and destroying them. As other bodies of troops came in, the pillage grew more general, and soon the sack of the town was universal. Guards were, in general, sent to those of the citizens who applied for them, but in numerous instances they proved to be unable or unwilling to perform the duty assigned them. Scarcely a single household or family escaped altogether from being plundered. The streets of the town were densely filled with thousands of Federal soldiers, drinking, shouting, carousing, and robbing the defenseless inhabitants, without reprimand or check from their officers; and this state of things continued until night. In some instances guards were refused. Papers and property of great value were in the

vaults of one of the city banks, while the apartments above and in the rear were occupied by women and children with their food and clothing. For a guard to protect them, application was made by one of our worthiest and most respectable citizens, Edwin J. Scott, Esq., first to the general officer, who had received the surrender of the town, Colonel Stone, and then to the Provost Marshal, Major Jenkins. The response made to the applicant by the former officer, though standing idle in the crowd, was that he "had no time to attend to him," and the answer of the latter was, "I cannot undertake to protect private property." Between two and three o'clock P. M., General Sherman in person rode into Columbia, informed the mayor that his letter had been received, and promised protection to the town. Extraordinary license was allowed to his soldiers by General Sherman. In the afternoon of the 17th of February, 1865, and shortly after his arrival in Columbia, the mayor of the town, at the request of General Sherman, accompanied him on a visit to a lady of his acquaintance. While proceeding to her residence, General Sherman began to express his opinion very freely upon the subject of our institution of slavery. In the midst of his remarks he was interrupted by the sudden and near report of a musket. Immediately before them, in the direction they were going, they observed a group of Federal soldiers seeming to be excited, and upon approaching they saw a negro lying dead directly in their path, being shot through the heart. "General Sherman (the mayor, Dr. T. J. Goodwyn, narrates) asked of the soldiers: 'How came the negro shot?' And was answered that the negro had been guilty of great insolence to them, and that thereupon General Sherman remarked: 'Stop this, boys. This is all wrong. Take away the body and bury it.' "General Sherman," continues the mayor, "then stepped over the body of the negro, and observing to the deponent that 'in quiet times such a thing ought to be noticed, but in times like this it could not be done,' General Sherman resumed his conversation in relation to slavery, and no arrest was ordered or any censure or reprimand uttered by him, except as above stated. About sundown," as the mayor deposes, "General Sherman said to him: 'Go home, and rest assured that your city will be as safe in my hands as if you had controlled it.'" He added, that he was "compelled to burn some of the public build-

ings, and in so doing did not wish to destroy one particle of private property. This evening," he said, "was too windy to do anything." An esteemed clergyman, Rev. A. Toomer Porter, testifies that the same afternoon, between six and seven o'clock, General Sherman said to him: "You must know a great many ladies—go around and tell them to go to bed quietly; they will not be disturbed any more than if my army was one hundred miles off." He seemed oblivious of the fact that we had been pillaged and insulted the whole day. In one hour's time the city was in flames.

Meanwhile the soldiers of General Sherman had burned, that afternoon, many houses in the environs of the town, including the dwelling of General Hampton, with that of his sisters, formerly the residence of their father, and once the seat of genial and princely hospitality. Throughout the day, after they had marched into the town, the soldiers of General Sherman gave distinct and frequent notice to the citizens of the impending calamity, usually in the form of fierce and direct threats, but occasionally as if in kindly forewarning. A lady of rare worth and intelligence, and of high social position, Mrs. L. S. McCord, relates the following incident: "One of my maids brought me a paper, left, she told me, by a Yankee soldier; it was an ill-spelled but kindly warning of the horrors to come, written upon a torn sheet of my dead son's note book, which, with private papers of every kind, now strewed my yard. It was signed by a lieutenant, of what company and regiment I did not take note. The writer said he had relatives and friends at the South, and that he felt for us; that his heart bled to think of what was threatening. 'Ladies,' he wrote, 'I pity you. Leave this town—go anywhere to be safer than here.' This was written in the morning, the fires were in the evening and night." One of our citizens, of great intelligence and respectability, William H. Orchard, was visited, about seven P. M., by a squad of some six or seven soldiers, to whose depredations he submitted with a composure that seemed to impress their leader. Of his conversation with this person, the gentleman referred to testifies as follows: "On leaving the yard he called to me, and said he wished to speak to me alone. He then said to me in an undertone: 'You seem to be a clever sort of a man, and have a large family, so I will give you some advice:

if you have anything you wish to save, take care of it at once, for before morning this d—d town will be in ashes—every house in it.' My only reply was: can that be true? He said, 'yes, and, if you do not believe me, you will be the sufferer; if you watch, you will see three rockets go up soon, and, if you do not take my advice, you will see h—ll.'" Within an hour afterwards, three rockets were seen to ascend from a point in front of the mayor's dwelling. But a few minutes elapsed before fires, in swift succession, broke out, and at intervals so distant that they could not have been communicated from the one to the other. At various parts of the town, the soldiers of General Sherman, at the appearance of the rockets, declared that they were the appointed signal for a general conflagration. The fire companies, with their engines, promptly repaired to the scene of the fires, and endeavored to arrest them, but in vain. The soldiers of General Sherman, with bayonets and axes, pierced and cut the hose, disabled the engines, and prevented the citizens from extinguishing the flames. The wind was high and blew from the West. The fires spread and advanced with fearful rapidity, and soon enveloped the very heart of the town. The pillage, begun upon the entrance of the hostile forces, continued without cessation or abatement, and now the town was delivered up to the accumulated horrors of sack and conflagration. The inhabitants were subjected to personal indignities and outrages. A witness, Captain W. B. Stanley, testifies that, several times during the night, he saw the soldiers of General Sherman take from females bundles of clothing and provisions, open them, appropriate what they wanted, and throw the remainder into the flames. Men were violently seized, and threatened with the halter or the pistol to compel them to disclose where their gold or silver was concealed.

The revered and beloved pastor of one of our churches, Rev. P. J. Shand, states that, in the midst and during the progress of the appalling calamity, above all other noises might be heard the demoniac and gladsome shouts of the soldiery. Driven from his home by the flames, with the aid of a servant he was bearing off a trunk containing the communion plate of his church, his wife walking by his side, when he was surrounded by five of the soldiers, who requested him to put down the trunk, and inform them of its contents—which was done. The sequel he thus nar-

rates: "They then demanded the key, but, I not having it, they proceeded in efforts to break the lock. While four of them were thus engaged, the fifth seized me with his left hand by the collar, and, presenting a pistol to my breast with his right, he demanded of me my watch. I had it not about me, but he searched my pockets thoroughly, and then joined his comrades, who, finding it impracticable to force open the lock, took up the trunk and carried it away. These men," he adds, "were all perfectly sober."

By three o'clock A. M., on the night of the 17th of February, 1865, more than two-thirds of the town lay in ashes, comprising the most highly improved and the entire business portion. Thousands of the inhabitants, including women delicately reared, young children, the aged and the sick, passed that winter night in the open air, without shelter from the bitter and piercing blasts. About the hour mentioned (3 o'clock A. M.), another highly esteemed clergyman, Rev. A. Toomer Porter, personally known to General Sherman, was at the corner of a street conversing with one of his officers on horseback, when General Sherman, in citizen's attire, walked up and accosted him. The interview is thus described: "In the bright light of the burning city, General Sherman recognized me, and remarked: 'This is a horrible sight!' 'Yes,' I replied, 'when you reflect that women and children are the victims.' He said, 'Your Governor is responsible for this.' 'How so?' I replied. 'Whoever heard,' he said, 'of an evacuated city to be left a depot of liquor for an army to occupy? I found one hundred and twenty casks of whiskey in one cellar. Your Governor, being a lawyer or a judge, refused to have it destroyed, because it was private property, and now my men have got drunk, and have got beyond my control, and this is the result.' Perceiving the officer on horseback, he said: 'Captain Andrews, did I not order that this thing should be stopped?' 'Yes, General,' said the Captain, 'but the first division that came in soon got as drunk as the first regiment that occupied the town.' 'Then, sir,' said General Sherman, 'go and bring in the second division. I hold you personally responsible for its immediate cessation.' The officer darted off, and Sherman bade me good evening. I am sure it was not more than an hour and a half from the time that General Sherman gave his order, that the city was cleared of the destroyers." From that time until the departure of General

Sherman from Columbia (with perhaps one or two exceptions), not another dwelling in it was burned by his soldiers, and, during the succeeding days and nights of his occupation, perfect tranquility prevailed throughout the town. The discipline of his troops was perfect, the soldiers standing in great awe of their officers.

That Columbia was burned by the soldiers of General Sherman; that the vast majority of the incendiaries were sober; that for hours they were seen with combustibles firing house after house, without any affectation of concealment, and without the slightest check from their officers, is established by proof, full to repletion, and wearisome from its very superfluity. After the destruction of the town, his officers and men openly approved of its burning, and exulted in it. "I saw," deposes the mayor, "very few drunken soldiers that night; many who appeared to sympathize with our people told me that the fate and doom of Columbia had been common talk around their camp-fires ever since they left Savannah." It was said by numbers of the soldiers that the order had been given to burn down the city. There is strong evidence that such an order was actually issued in relation to the house of General John S. Preston. The Ursuline Convent was destroyed by the fire, and the proof referred to comes from a revered and honored member of that holy Sisterhood, the Mother Superior, and it is subjoined in her own words: "Our convent was consumed in the general conflagration of Columbia. Ourselves and pupils were forced to fly, leaving provisions, clothing and almost everything. We spent the night in the open air in the church yard. On the following morning, General Sherman made us a visit, expressed his regret at the burning of our convent, disclaimed the act, attributing it to the intoxication of his soldiers, and told me to choose any house in town for a convent, and it should be ours. He deputed his Adjutant-General, Colonel Ewing, to act in his stead. Colonel Ewing reminded us of General Sherman's offer to give us any house in Columbia we might choose for a convent. We have thought of it, said we, and of asking for General Preston's house, which is large. 'That is where General Logan holds his headquarters,' said he, 'and orders have already been given, I know, to burn it tomorrow morning; but, if you say you will take it for a convent, I will speak to the

general, and the order will be countermanded.' On the following morning, after many inquiries, we learned from the officer in charge (General Perry, I think,) that his orders were to fire it, unless the Sisters were in actual possession of it, but, if even a 'detachment of Sisters' were in it, it should be spared on their account. Accordingly, we took possession of it, although fires were already kindled near, and the servants were carrying off the bedding and furniture, in view of the house being consigned to the flames."

Although actual orders for the burning of the town may not have been given, the soldiers of General Sherman certainly believed that its destruction would not be displeasing to him. That such was their impression, we have the authority of a personage not less distinguished than the officer of highest rank in the army of invaders, next after the Commander-in-Chief himself. The proof is beyond impeachment. It comes from the honored pastor of one of our city churches, Rev. P. J. Shand, to whom reference has already been made, and it is thus expressed in his written statement, in the possession of the committee: "As well as I recollect, in November, 1865, I went, in company with a friend, to see General Howard, at his headquarters in Charleston, on matters of business. Before we left, the conversation turned on the destruction of Columbia. General Howard expressed his regret at the occurrence, and added the following words: 'Though General Sherman did not order the burning of the town, yet, somehow or other, the men had taken up the idea that, if they destroyed the capital of South Carolina, it would be peculiarly gratifying to General Sherman.' These were his words, in the order in which I have set them forth. I noted them down as having great significancy, and they are as fresh in my remembrance as they were immediately after they were spoken. My friend (whose recollection accords fully with my own) and myself, on our way home, talked the matter over, and could not but be struck by the two following facts: First, that although General Howard said that General Sherman did not order the burning, he did not state that General Sherman gave orders that the city *should not be burned*. Second, that it was surprising, if General Sherman was opposed to the burning, that his opposition should have been so disguised as to lead to the conviction,

on the part of his soldiery, that the act, so far from incurring his disapprobation or censure, would be a source to him of peculiar gratification."

The cotton bales in the town had been placed in the center of the wide streets, in order to be burned to prevent their falling into the possession of the invaders. But, upon General Hampton's suggesting that this might endanger the town, and that, as the South Carolina Railroad had been destroyed, the cotton could not be removed, General Beauregard, upon this representation, directed General Hampton to issue an order that the cotton should *not* be burned. The proof of this fact is to be found in the written statement of General Beauregard himself. Accordingly, and in due time, the order forbidding the burning of the cotton was issued by General Hampton, and communicated to the Confederate troops. The officer then acting as General Hampton's Adjutant (Captain Rawlins Lowndes) speaks as follows: "Soon after General Hampton assumed command of the cavalry, which he did on the morning of the 17th of February, he told me that General Beauregard had determined not to burn the cotton, as the Yankees had destroyed the railroad, and directed me to issue an order that no cotton should be fired. This I did at once, and the same order was extended to the cavalry throughout their march through South and North Carolina." The general officer commanding the division forming the rear guard of the Confederate cavalry, General M. C. Butler, deposes, that he was personally present with the rear squadron of his division; that Lieutenant-General Wade Hampton withdrew, simultaneously with him, with a part of this deponent's command, and that General Hampton, on the morning of the evacuation, and the day previous, directed him that the cotton must *not* be set on fire; and this order, he adds, was communicated to the entire division, and strictly observed. A clergyman highly esteemed at the North, as well as at the South, Rev. A. Toomer Porter, thus testifies: "General Hampton had told me at daylight, in answer to the the question whether he was going to burn the cotton, 'no, the wind is high; it might catch something and give Sherman an excuse to burn this town.'"

"Between eight and nine o'clock, on the morning of the 17th of February," deposes the mayor, "General Hampton, whilst sit-

ting on his horse, observed some cotton piled, not far off, in the middle of the streets. He advised me to put a guard over it, saying: 'Some careless ones by smoking might set it on fire, and in doing so endanger the city.' From that hour, I saw nothing more of General Hampton until the war was over."

Not one bale of the cotton had been fired by the Confederate troops, when they withdrew from Columbia. "The only thing on fire, at the time of the evacuation, was the depot building of the South Carolina Railroad, which caught fire accidentally from the explosion of some ammunition." This is the statement of General Beauregard himself. It is sustained by the testimony of the officer, high in rank but higher still in character, who commanded the rear guard of the Confederate cavalry, General M. C. Butler, and is concurred in by other witnesses, comprising officers, clergymen and citizens; witnesses of such repute, and in such numbers, as to render the proof overwhelming.

The fire at the South Carolinat depot burnt out without extending to any other buildings. Shortly after the first detachment of General Sherman's troops had entered the town, and, whilst the men were seated, or reclining, on the cotton bales in Main street, and passing to and fro along them with lighted cigars and pipes, the row of cotton bales between Washington and Lady streets caught fire, the bales being badly packed, with the cotton protruding from them. The flames extended swiftly over the cotton, and the fire companies, with their engines, were called out, and by one o'clock P. M. the fire was effectually extinguished. While the fire companies were engaged about the cotton, an alarm was given of fire in the jail, and, one of the engines being sent there, the flames were soon subdued, with slight injury only to one of the cells. "About five o'clock in the afternoon," as deposed to by a witness, Mrs. E. Squier, "the cotton bales in Sumter street, between Washington and Lady streets, were set on fire by General Sherman's wagon train, then passing along the cotton." But that fire was soon extinguished by the efforts of the witness referred to, and her family.

"I saw," says a witness, John McKenzie, Esq., "fire balls thrown out of the wagons against Hon. W. F. DeSaussure's house, but without doing any damage." No other fires in the town occurred until after night, when the general conflagration began. As

already stated, the wind blew from the West, but the fires after night broke out first on the west of Main and Sumter streets, where the cotton bales were placed. "The cotton," it is testified and proved by Edwin J. Scott, Esq., "instead of burning the houses, was burnt by them." General Sherman, as has been shown, on the night of the 17th of February, and while the town was in flames, ascribed the burning of Columbia to the intoxication of his soldiers, and to no other cause. On the following day, the 18th of February, the lady to whom reference was first made, Mrs. L. S. McCord, at the request of a friend, having undertaken to present a paper to General Howard, sought an interview with that officer, second in command of the invading army, and found General Sherman with him. Her narrative of a part of the interview is as follows: "I showed him the paper, which he glanced at, and then, in a somewhat subdued voice, but standing so near General Sherman that I think it impossible that the latter could help hearing him, he said: 'You may rest satisfied, Mrs. McCord, that there will be nothing of the kind happening tonight. The truth is, our men last night got beyond our control; many of them were shot—many of them were killed; there will be no repetition of these things tonight. I assure you, there will be nothing of the kind; tonight will be perfectly quiet.' And it *was* quiet—peaceful as the grave, the ghost of its predecessor."

"The same day, 18th of February, General Sherman," deposes the mayor, "sent for me. I went to see him about ten o'clock. He met me very cordially, and said he regretted very much that our city was burnt, and that it was my fault. I asked him how? He said, in suffering ardent spirits to be left in the city after it was evacuated, saying: 'Who could command drunken soldiers?' There was no allusion made to General Hampton, to accident or to cotton." On the succeeding day, Sunday, 19th February, 1865, the mayor and six of the citizens visited General Sherman, in order to obtain food for the subsistence of the women and children, until communication could be had with the country. General Sherman, upon that occasion, talked much. "In the course of his discourse," deposes one of the gentlemen, Edwin J. Scott, Esq., "he referred to the burning of the city, admitting it was done by his troops, but excusing them because, as he alleged, they had been made drunk by our citizens—one of whom, a drug-

gist, he said, had brought a pail full of spirits to them on their arrival. Again, on our leaving the room, he expressed regret that the liquor had not been destroyed before his men entered the place: but he never mentioned or alluded in any way to General Hampton or the cotton, or gave the slightest intimation that they were instrumental in the destruction of the city. At that time," deposes the same witness, "the universal testimony of our people was, that Sherman's troops burned the town. Since then I have been in the habit of daily intercourse with all classes in and about Columbia, high and low, rich and poor, male and female, whites and blacks, yet I have not met with a single person who attributed the calamity to any other cause. If," he adds, "a transaction that occurred in the presence of forty or fifty thousand people can be successfully falsified, then all human testimony is worthless."

As evidence of the general distress and suffering which resulted from the sack and burning of our city, and the desolation of the adjacent country, the committee refer to the fact, established by unimpeachable testimony, that, for about three months, daily rations, consisting generally of a pint of meal and a small allowance of poor beef, for each person, were dealt out at Columbia to upwards of 8,000 sufferers.

Of the suffering and distress of the individual inhabitants, some conception may be collected from the experience of one of them, Mrs. Agnes Law, a lady more venerable for her virtues even than for her age, whose narrative, almost entire, we venture to introduce: "I am seventy-two years old," she deposes, "and have lived in this town forty-eight years. My dwelling was a brick house, three stories, slate roof, with large gardens on two sides. When Columbia was burned, my sister was with me, also a niece of mine, recently confined, who had not yet ventured out of the house. When General Sherman took possession, I got four guards; they were well-behaved and sober men; I gave them supper. One lay down on the sofa, the others walked about. When the city began to burn, I wished to remove my furniture; they objected, and said my house was in no danger. Not long afterwards, these guards themselves took lighted candles from the mantel-piece and went up stairs; at the same time other soldiers crowded into the house. My sister followed them upstairs, but came down very soon to say: 'They are setting the

curtains on fire.' Soon the whole house was in a blaze. When those who set fire upstairs came down, they said to me: 'Old woman, if you do not mean to burn up with your house, you had better get out of it.' My niece had been carried up to the Taylor house, on Arsenal Hill. I went to the door, to see if I could get any person I knew to assist me up there. I had been very sick. I could see no friend, only crowds of Federal soldiers. I was afraid I should fall in the street, and be burned up in the flames of the houses, blazing on both sides of the streets. I had to go alone. I spent that night at the Taylor house, which a Federal officer said should not be burned, out of pity for my niece. The next two nights I passed in my garden, without any shelter. I have been for over fifty years a member of the Presbyterian Church. I cannot live long. I shall meet General Sherman and his soldiers at the Bar of God, and I give this testimony against them, in the full view of that dread tribunal."

The committee have designed, by the preceding summary of the more prominent events and incidents connected with the destruction of Columbia, to present only an abstract of the numerous depositions and proofs in their possession. The proprieties imposed upon them by the very nature of the duties to which they have been assigned, have precluded their doing more. In the evidence thus collected may be read, in all its pathetic and heartrending details, the story of the tragic fate that has befallen our once beautiful city, now in ashes and ruins.

Impressed with the historic value of the proofs referred to, and their importance to the cause of truth, and with a view to their preservation, the committee respectfully recommend: That they be committed to the guardianship of the municipal authorities, and be deposited with the archives of the town, trusting that, in after and better times, they will yet be found effectual, as well to vindicate the innocent as to confound the guilty.

J. P. CARROLL, Chairman.

[On Wednesday, February 15, 1865, Sherman's Army was detained by Butler's and Wheeler's Cavalry, under General Hampton, at Congaree Creek on the Lexington side of the river.

That night, at 10:30 o'clock, Butler's Cavalry had crossed the bridge at the foot of Gervais street, and by his order the bridge

was burned by Dan Leahy and W. P. Lake, of the Jeff Davis Legion of General Young's Georgia brigade. They then marched through the city and camped at Barhamville. Next morning, Thursday, the 16th, they continued their march, going down Garner's Ferry Road into Lovers' Lane and on to the river below Granby.

This same morning (Thursday) Wheeler's Cavalry fought Sherman's Army above Columbia in the Lexington Fork, between the Saluda and Broad rivers, until late in the afternoon, while Butler's Cavalry fought from the Columbia side, at Granby, firing across the river; and returning that night to the city by route traveled in the morning, in order that General Butler might make his headquarters with General Hampton at the house of John S. Preston on Blanding street (now the College for Women).

That night General Wheeler's Cavalry crossed Broad River, burning the bridge after them as fast as they could. Some of them had to run through the flames, scorching their hair and beard.

As is usual on like occasions, such of the Confederate stores as could not be carried off were destroyed at the old South Carolina Railroad Station, a mile from the residence and business portion of the city.

On the night of the 16th, General Hampton held a conference at his headquarters, at which every precaution was taken to evacuate the city as quietly as possible.

Early on the morning of the 17th General Hampton, with Wheeler's cavalry and Young's brigade, commanded by Colonel Gid. Wright, left Columbia by way of the Winnsboro Road, leaving Butler with the other brigade to bring up the rear guard.

General Butler remained in the city three hours after General Hampton left, and personally saw that nothing was done of a hostile character, and he positively states that at the time he and his cavalry left the city there was "no cotton burning" (Page 572, "Butler and His Cavalry"). A large quantity of cotton, in bales, was piled in the middle of Sumter street for several blocks toward Blanding. This cotton *was not touched* by the Confederates, and yet Sherman felt justified in afterwards saying that "General Hampton set fire to his own city." He later admitted that it was

not true; he only made this charge to discredit Hampton with his people.

On leaving Columbia, General Butler moved toward Killians, eleven miles from the city, where he camped that night. Early Friday morning, the 17th, Sherman's Army crossed Broad River on pontoon bridges. While they were crossing Wheeler's men were firing on them from the hill just opposite, the Yankees returning fire. Wheeler lost some eight or ten men, who now rest in unmarked graves on the hill where they made their last stand.

Stone's brigade, of Sherman's Army, was the first to cross the river, Sherman and O. O. Howard riding side by side behind them. A deputation from the city council, headed by Mayor Goodwyn, met them just beyond the city limits and surrendered the city.—U. R. B., EDITOR.]

THE KU KLUX KLAN

(Speech delivered by the author at Ridge Spring, 1910.)

History is a brilliant illustration of the past, and leads us into a charmed field of wonders and delight. It reflects the deeds of men and throws its rays upon the just and the unjust, and leads upward and onward to that mention of facts bearing upon a brilliancy surrounding our everyday life as it was and as it is.

We are gathered together today to talk about the gallant deeds of Confederate soldiers who descended from patriots of Revolutionary fame, partisan leaders who fought on this very historic ground during the bloody period from 1776 to 1783—the Watsons, Ryans, Corleys, Wises, Butlers, Brookses and others too numerous to mention, whose achievements threw such a halo of glory and gorgeous chivalry over the war in this very section.

In December, 1781, "Bloody Bill Cunningham," with a band of Tories, came up from Orangeburg and burnt houses, murdered some of the best people then living in this community, and stealing horses and cattle. Captain James Butler gathered about 30 men and gave chase to Bloody Bill, and captured everything that he had stolen. Cunningham had about 300 Tories under him, who rallied and caught up with Butler's spartan band about two miles from Leesville and massacred the last one of them.

Early in 1782 "Bloody Bill" made another raid through this section, and when Captain Michael Watson, with only a few men, met him, the gallant Watson was mortally wounded during the hottest of the fight and cried out to William Butler: "Billy, don't let the Tories get my body." Butler, with the assistance of Lieutenant John Corley, rallied the men and routed the Tories, who ran for their lives.

Butler had a splendid horse named "Ranter," and Bloody Bill Cunningham was riding a beautiful mare called "Silver Heels." Butler had emptied his pistols and was trying to overtake Cunningham in order to kill him with his sword, but when he reached the road Cunningham said: "Damn you, Bill Butler, I am safe; but mark, the next chase will be mine!" when

Away, away dashed Silver Heels,
Upon the pinions of the wind,
Leaving Ranter far behind,
She sped like a meteor through the sky,
When with crackling sound the night,
Is checquered with the Northern light.

Captain Watson was carried to Orangeburg, where he died and was given a military burial by his brave followers.

When the tocsin of war was sounded in 1861 none were so prompt to volunteer as the men from old Edgefield, which at that time embraced all of Saluda and about half of Aiken County. Edgefield sent to the war about three thousand men, among who were four generals, viz.: Bonham, Butler, Perrin and Gary. Edgefield also furnished two war governors, Pickens and Bonham. The Confederate soldier was a venerable old man, a youth, a preacher, a farmer, a merchant, a student, a statesman, orator, father, brother, son—the wonder of the world, the terror of his foes. When we fill up hurriedly the bloody chasm opened by war we should be careful that we do not bury therein many noble deeds, some tender memories, some grand examples and some hearty promises washed with tears. The Yankee soldiers were abundant and good,—so abundant and good that they supplied both armies.

The Confederate soldier fought the trained army officer and the regular troops of the United States army, assisted by splendid native volunteer soldiers, besides swarms of hirelings, white, black, olive and brown, gathered from every quarter of the earth by steamer loads. The Confederate soldier laid down life for life with this hireling host, who died for pay, mourned by no one, missed by no one, and loved by none, who were better fed and clothed, fatter, happier and more contented in the army than ever they were at home, and whose graves strew the earth in lonesome places where none go to weep. When one of these fell two could be bought to fill the gap. The Confederate soldier killed these without compunction, and their comrades buried them without a tear. The Yankees are a great people, for they have without a doubt proven to the world that the Confederate soldiers were the greatest warriors that the world has ever produced.

By the ingenuity of the Yankees they have placed high up on the roll of fame a Lee, a Jackson, a Forest, a Hampton and a

Butler. They have also shown to mankind that they fought with great courage, and that it took four of them four long years to convince one Confederate that it would be murder to continue the struggle any longer. Therefore, at Appomatox on the 9th April, 1865, Lee ordered his 8,000 veterans to lay down their muskets and to cease firing. More than 160,000 Yankees witnessed the surrender, and immediately divided rations with their brothers in gray who were suffering from hunger, that most dreadful of human tortures. (These rations were captured from the Confederates.) None but a great people could have acted so magnanimously while the sound of the "Rebel yell" was so fresh in their ears—a yell which had caused them to stampede and leave many bloody fields which were strewn with their dead, with cannon, small arms, horses, saddles, blankets and wagons. I well remember that on the 16th September, 1864, about 2,500 head of beeves were turned over to Hampton, and the same Rebel yell caused (from 1861 to 1865) 270,000 Yankees to throw down their arms and surrender to the "Johnny Rebs," as they were pleased to call the Confederates. The Yankees are silent about the above facts for, on their own merits, modest men are dumb.

War is a dreadful thing—more horrible than any of the younger generation can ever realize. Many families were almost exterminated in our war. General Grant said (in the early part of 1864) that if he consented to exchange prisoners, that with two hundred thousand Rebel prisoners turned loose from Northern prisons, that Sherman's army would be destroyed and his own be in great danger, and that the Rebels would have to be exterminated before they would surrender.

The war records show that the Yankee army was composed as follows:

Whites from the North.. . . .	2,272,333
Whites from the South.. . . .	316,424
Negroes.. . . .	186,017
Indians.. . . .	3,530
	<hr/>
Total.. . . .	2,778,304
Total in Southern Army.. . . .	600,000
	<hr/>
North's numerical superiority.. . . .	2,178,304

On the third day of June, 1864, at the battle of Second Cold Harbor, Lee's incomparable infantry shot down 13,000 Yankees in thirty minutes, and when Grant ordered them to charge again they positively refused to obey the order. Mr. Wilkinson, a Yankee historian, said that he heard the order given and saw it disobeyed. The Yankee General Hooker said that for steadiness in action and discipline the Confederate soldier had no equal. This "is praise indeed from Sir Hubert."

When old soldiers gather together and talk of a great battle, they feel the old-time thrill of it,

And again the battle plains they see,
 Again they charge with Jackson and face the fight with Lee,
 And the shouting hills are answered by the thunder of the sea,
 And they rally to the ringing roll of "Dixie,"
 The nation for which our Heroes died is dead!

It died amid battle, its life crushed out by tread of overwhelming numbers; born to save constitutional liberty to the South, it lived a heroic struggle for independence and home rule and died. Its memories are its own. None other can appreciate them nor share them. Our dead are imperishable memories of what is left to us of a dead nation. In this terrible war thousands mourned for thousands slain. Towns and villages were razed, cities destroyed. The women of our country were left homeless and shelterless. Fruitful fields were turned back to wilderness, and it came to pass as the prophet said:

"The sun turned to darkness, and the moon to blood."

The course of the law was ended. The sword sat chief magistrate in half the nation. Industry was paralyzed. Whole States were ravaged by invading armies. The world was amazed, the earth reeled. But for the "Ku Klux Klan" we would have been ruined forever. Now, listen while I tell you about this great order.

A personal experience, though ever so plainly told, is, generally speaking, more attractive to listeners and readers than fiction. A circumstance from the tongue or pen of one to whom it actually happened is always more interesting than given second-hand.

The New Standard Encyclopedia, published in New York in 1909, defines—Ku Klux Klan: "A secret American organization

which, said to have been founded in 1866 at Pulaski, Tennessee, originally for purposes of amusement only, soon developed into an association of 'regulators' and became notorious for the lawless deeds of violence performed in its name: the proceedings of the Ku Klux in the Southern States are one feature of the determined struggle to withhold from the emancipated slaves the right of voting. The outrages and murders which convulsed the country in 1868-1869 ended in the calling out of troops and the formal disbandment of the society in March of the latter year, but its name and often disguises were used for years to cover the violence of political desperadoes."

Be it remembered that the Ku Klux never burnt negroes. In Delaware and Illinois they do burn negroes.

You ask me to tell you about the Ku Klux. What I know of the order is good. Time nor your patience will permit me to tell all about this great order which was organized by the very best people in the South. The Ku Klux Klan was so misunderstood by so many good people and so thoroughly understood by so many bad people that it was really and truly the salvation of society and law and order. There was no law to protect the Confederate soldier and those dependent upon him unless he surrendered his manhood and joined the Radical party. What was the Radical party and how composed? It was made up of thieves from the North, scalawags from the South and nearly all the negroes in the South. Their mission was to steal, murder and rob the white people under the cloak of law, which was backed up by the Federal soldiers, who were as thick as could be all over the South. Whenever any negro wanted a white person punished all he had to do was to go to the garrison, swear out a warrant and not less than four or five Yankee soldiers would repair to the home of the white person who had committed the imaginary wrong and take him before the captain of the garrison, who would not believe the white man but would invariably believe the negro just because he hated the Confederate soldier and did not love the negro, although the negro thought he did.

The Yankees acted as though they thought the Confederate soldier would again rise up in his might and overthrow the government. They were like the negro was when some devilish white boys rode their horses at a gallop through a Radical open-air

meeting: This negro ran at least a mile to his home, fell in the door almost out of breath and exhausted. His wife said, "Why, Bill, what in the world is the matter?" and he replied, as soon as he could, "The white people has ris." And rise they did.

Misunderstood by the world, but knowing his responsibilities, the Confederate was organized to protect his fireside, and well did he do it. Grant said that the white men of the South were as well organized as ever Lee's army was, and that was one time that Grant, the Butcher, as his own men called him, was right. In stating facts I mean no disrespect to any one. The soldiers in the Yankee army called Grant "the butcher" after the Second Cold Harbor battle was fought on the 3rd June, 1864, when Lee's matchless infantry shot down 13,000 Yankees in less than one-half hour, while the Confederates' loss was very little over 300. This is history.

White men in Radical times were called out of their houses at night and shot down in cold blood and the so-called officers of the law would make no arrests. "Forbearance had ceased to be a virtue," and the time had come to protect ourselves.

A negro United States marshal walked up behind a citizen in Edgefield, South Carolina, with a warrant, saying, "I have got you." The reply came from a Colt's navy and the negro was stretched dead. On one occasion I was called suddenly away from home and rested a while in Florida, where I remained a short time, and was suddenly called away and rested again in Louisiana.

While I was in Florida, Frank Lipscomb stopped at my father's house, in Edgefield, took dinner and had his horse fed. Now, Frank had himself left his home because he had had a few words with a negro and did not care to be dragged up before the commander of the garrison. That very night of the day that young Lipscomb dined with my father, a squad of ten or fifteen Yankees called at his house and took him out and made him walk a half mile barefooted, examined him carefully and admonished him not to feed any more white people, etc., and were kind enough to turn him loose in his night clothes to walk back home more in love with the Yankees than ever. They called him a d—d old gray-headed Rebel and other pet names that amused them no little.

In Florida they made a pen, which they called a "bull pen," to put my maternal grandfather in because he would not pay the fines imposed upon him and would read the riot act to them for putting so much meanness into the heads of the negroes. All these outrages were committed between 1865-1876.

The first Ku Klux I ever saw was in the year 1868, in the State of Louisiana, where I had a right to be, in the pretty little town of Minden. I was clerking in the dry goods store of Ardis & Wimberly. This store had a small hall upstairs. One dismal afternoon a very handsome man called at the store and asked the proprietor, Mr. Ardis, if he could hold a meeting upstairs that night. "Yes," was the reply. Major Blanchard thanked Mr. Ardis and said that he only wanted Confederate soldiers at this meeting. Men of character were what he wanted. Confederate soldiers were young then. About twenty-five young men responded to the call and were soon initiated into this wonderful order. Major Blanchard spoke with the eloquence of a Cicero, told us of the horrible crimes being then committed throughout our bleeding country, how we were misunderstood by the world, and that we must protect our firesides or our civilization would soon be gone glimmering through the dream of things that were. The brave and handsome major had already organized nearly the whole State. We were known as "The Knights of the White Camellia" to ourselves and to no others. We were drilled through what I may call the manual of the signs. Should a brother Knight give the sign of distress, at the peril of your life you must go to his assistance. An order from the captain of a company was obeyed as promptly as though it was given by the centurion of old, "Come and he cometh," "go and he goeth." Our uniform was the white helmet, black face and white sheet. The uniform of the horse was the white sheet, no matter what his color was. The sheet had to be on him while on duty. How thankful we were that horses would not talk.

To enter a lodge of the Knights of the White Camellia a certain knock was given. Just such a knock I have never heard before or since. It was one loud knock, a pause, two quick knocks, a pause, another loud knock.

The Ku Klux Klan societies had various names, such as "The Brotherhood," "The Pale Faces," "The Invisible Empire," "The Knights of the White Camellia."

One Ku Klux carried a flesh bag in the shape of a heart, and went about hollering for fried nigger meat: one of the Klan represented that he had been killed at Manassas and since then some one has built a turnpike over his grave and he "has to scratch like h—l to get up through the gravel." One Ku Klux carried an india rubber stomach to startle a negro by swallowing pailfulls of water.

We were a disfranchised body and did not intend to submit to such laws. This was the beginning of the Klan, and if we had failed in this we intended to fight a guerrilla war until our citizenship was restored, but the Ku Klux Klan of blessed memory served our purpose.

Henry Clay Warmouth, the carpetbag governor of Louisiana from 1868 to 1873, organized the negro militia all over Louisiana and in the summer of 1868 this misguided armed body of outlaws would not hesitate to shoot down white men whenever it suited their convenience. In September, 1868, at the Shady Grove Plantation, eight miles north of Shreveport, on the Red River road leading from Shreveport to Arkansas, two young white men—Bev Ogden and Jimmie Brownlee, by order of the captain of a negro company who called himself "John the Baptist," were shot to death. These young men were murdered because they had enquired for a yoke of oxen, not knowing that Captain John the Baptist had given an order to shoot down the first white men who passed by the plantation. Confederate soldiers from the surrounding country, including one hundred men from Arkansas, were soon on the scene, and no less than three hundred negroes were shot and the most of them were thrown into the river. The Yankee garrison was also seen on the scene and were told that it was not their fight, and it was just four years since we fought them four years. The captain promptly replied, "We are all white," * * * "you kill the negroes and we will bury them." This faithful captain kept his promise and did bury all that did not drown themselves in the river of this 300 misguided Warmouth militia.

This carpetbagger governor, Warmouth, was born in McLeansboro, Ill., May 9th, 1842, and when he ceased to be governor purchased a fine sugar plantation in Louisiana. He was of medium size and wore a large black moustache in 1868, and was a fluent talker. I wonder if he, like D. H. Chamberlain, the carpetbagger governor of South Carolina, turned his back, too, on the negroes?

After this riot in North Louisiana peace prevailed. Not a white man was arrested.

In January, 1871, Matt Stevens, a white man who had lost an arm in Confederate service, was driving his wagon near Union, S. C. On the public highway he met a negro company of Scott's militia. Now, Scott was one carpetbagger, the first one of the many thieves among the carpetbaggers to become the governor of South Carolina. Tell it not in Gath—whisper it not in the streets of Askalon. How the mighty carpetbaggers leaked out when Hampton was elected. The aforesaid militia company shot this unfortunate Confederate soldier to death because, as they thought, there was no law to punish them, but were somewhat surprised when they were put in jail by white citizens, and on the 4th January a party of Ku Klux shot two of the militia and on the 12th January, 1871, took out of jail eight more of the aforesaid militia and shot them to death. The mounted men retired as quietly as they had come, their ranks well kept and their movements marked by a precision which was strictly military.

From 1868 to 1876, the white people in South Carolina, their property, their liberties, their opportunities in life, lay at the mercy of an ignorant negro majority—under the leadership of corrupt carpetbaggers and scalawags. But for the white native judges who happened to hold these high positions, our people would have suffered much more than they did. Such men as Judge Maher, Judge Melton, Judge Vernon, Judge Graham, Judge Shaw and others, were our protectors so far as they could be.

I have been reliably informed that the Knights of the White Camellia accomplished much good simply by keeping quiet and obeying the law and compelling others to do the same. If a carpetbagger or a scalawag behaved badly he would get a letter something like this: "The moon drips blood and the Grand Cyclops was ready to walk, &c." Nothing more was necessary.

During Reconstruction or Radical times the Confederate soldiers found themselves in the same predicament that old Preacher Dicky Woodruff's mourners were. The reverend old gentleman called up the mourners. They came and all knelt around the altar for prayer. When the music ceased, he said: "Yes, here you all are, in a hell of a fix." Now, that was our fix exactly. Federal soldiers like so many bees all over the South, negroes, carpetbaggers and scalawags holding all the offices, and the Confederate soldier with no more chance for justice before a negro jury in a court house than a cat in the lower regions without claws. Something had to be done.

General N. B. Forrest, knowing the negro to be superstitious and easily frightened about ghosts and other strange things, organized "The Knights of the White Camellia," which was called the Ku Klux Klan for the want of the right name, as none but the members knew what it was. I have heard negroes say that the large white things they saw moving about at night were Confederates killed in the war and had come back to straighten out things. It was in the brain of this wonderful genius, General Forrest, that devised the plan to give the South relief.

The Confederate soldier has done his duty and acted his part well. He has established hundreds of National Cemeteries, which are his own monuments. He has up to this date placed about one million names on the pension rolls of his enemy. He has grown old now. This is what Frank L. Stanton said about him:

"Men do you know him? Grim and Gray,
 He speaks to you from far away.
 There he stands on the prison sod,
 A statue carved by the hand of God.
 And the death he dared and the path he trod
 Plead for him a voice that seems
 Wild and sad with battle dreams
 And Memory's river backward streams
 With its strange unrest and crimson gleam.

"There he stands like a hero—See?
 He bore his rags and wounds for ye;
 He bore the flag of the warring South,
 With red-scarred hands, to the cannon's mouth.
 By heaven I see, as I did that day,
 His red wounds gleam through the rags of gray.

Men of the South, your heroes stand,
Statue-like in the new-born land.
Will you pass them by? Will your lips condemn?
The wounds on their brave breasts plead for them.
Shall the South that they gave their blood to save
Give them only a nameless grave?
Nay, for the men who faced the fray
Are heroes in trust until the judgment day.
And God Himself, in the far sweet land,
Will ask their blood at their country's hand.
Soldier! You in the wrecks of gray
With the brazen belt of the C. S. A.
Take my love and my tears today;
Take them and all I have to give;
And, by God's grace, while my heart shall live,
It shall keep in its faithful way
The campfire lit for the men in gray.
Aye! Till the trumpet blast sounds far away
And the silver Bugle of Heaven play
And the roll is called on the Judgment Day."

THE STATE OF SOUTH CAROLINA.

To James C. Brooks :

WE, reposing special trust and confidence in your courage and good conduct, in your fidelity to the STATE OF SOUTH CAROLINA, and attachment to the CONFEDERATE STATES OF AMERICA, have Commissioned and Appointed, and by these Presents do Commission and Appoint you, the said James C. Brooks, Captain of Company I, of the Second Regiment, State Troops, Which said Company you are to Lead, Train, Muster, and Exercise, according to Military Discipline. And you are to follow and observe all such Orders and Instructions as you shall, from time to time, receive from the Governor, the Commander-in-Chief for the time being, or any of your Superior Officers, according to the Rules and Discipline of War, pursuant to the Laws of this State, and of the Confederate States. And all inferior Officers, or others belonging to the said Company are hereby required and commanded to obey you as their Captain.

This Commission to continue during pleasure. Given under the Seal of the State.

WITNESS His Excellency M. L. Bonham, Governor and Commander-in-Chief of the said State, this 18th day of July in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and sixty-three and 87th year of the Independence of the State of South Carolina.

By the Governor, M. L. BONHAM,

WM. R. HUNTT,

Secretary of State.

WILLIAM FORT,

Colonel Second Regiment, State Troops.

I do solemnly swear that I will be faithful, and true allegiance bear, to the State of South Carolina, so long as I may continue a citizen thereof, and that I am duly qualified, according to the Constitution of this State, to exercise the office to which I have been appointed, and that I will, to the best of my abilities, discharge the duties thereof, and preserve, protect, and defend, the Constitution of this State, and of the Confederate States—So help me God.

JAMES C. BROOKS.

Sworn to before me, this 22nd day of January Anno Domini 1864.

WILLIAM FORT,

Colonel Second Regiment, State Troops.

“Only a private—yet He who reads
 Through the guises of the heart,
 Looks not at the splendor of the deeds,
 But the way we do our part;
 And when He shall take us by the hand
 And our small service own,
 There'll a glorious band of privates stand
 As victors around the throne.”



CAPT. J. C. BROOKS, C. S. A.

BUILDING MONUMENTS TO HEROES

In No Other Way Can a People Preserve Its History and Traditions—An Address Delivered by Colonel U. R. Brooks, of Columbia, at the Confederate Reunion at Spartanburg.

A people by their deeds may write a noble history, but that history to be of worth to future generations must be perpetuated in some lasting form or other. It should not be allowed to sink into oblivion. Indeed, it may be said that those who make their country illustrious in peace or in war can not enough be held up as examples of emulation to posterity. Their memorials, whether written in story and song or shapen in marble and bronze, are inspirations to the unborn generations that shall follow them into the arena of life. A nation or people never amounts to much that preserves not its traditions or permits itself to forget and count as of no worth the heroic deeds of the men who once made its name great. It is only by building monuments to its illustrious dead, with inscriptions illustrative of their greatness of soul, that a people may hope to keep the children of their loins for generations to come up to the high-water mark of ancestral truth and honor. Unless this is done, a nation might as well be dead, for only by remembering the glory of the past is it possible to glorify the future to its uttermost day.

The Glory That Was Greece's.

Better than we, the ancients understood and appreciated the value of enshrining their country's history in such forms as would be of utmost benefit to their posterity. There is scarcely a nation of antiquity which has not made the world richer by its monuments, whether expressed in the form of splendid epics or of memorial stones perpetuating some great historical event or the names of its most illustrious citizens. From such monuments, left as legacies to the world, it is possible for the historian to reconstruct the life of almost any people of a past age and bring them back to earth reanimated with the same thoughts, feelings and purposes which influenced and controlled them even in the

twilight of their history. Without the memorials which mark the departed splendors of world-old civilizations, and with which all their most cherished traditions were linked, what could we in the light of the garish present know of Egypt or Greece or Rome? Their virtues and heroisms, together with the underlying principles of their actions, as well as their follies and mistakes, would have been forgotten and unknown; and the lessons of their histories thus lost to the world would have made us of today just that much poorer in thought and life.

For the Truth.

I have always been an advocate of a people's preserving its best traditions. The principles that their ancestors stood for and fought and sacrificed for, although defeat came to be their final portion, should never be allowed to fade from the memory, for a principle necessarily and always embodies a truth, and, as truth must and will live, it behooves a people to maintain their principles in the faith of their ultimate triumph.

"For truth is truth
To the end of reckoning."

Regardless of the opinions of the outside world or of what our aforetime enemies may still think, the Southland generally, and our own State in particular, can boast of a history of which any people might feel proud. Here in this old commonwealth, rich in all that makes for a high order of civilization, there has been built up a splendid record of achievement, both in the gentle arts of peace and in the stern duties of war. Traditions, the finest in the world, have come down to the present from generations of noble men and women; and to us, as the last inheritors of these traditions, has been committed the duty of transmitting them in their purity and strength to subsequent generations of Carolinians.

No Remote Time.

It is not my purpose to go back to a remote past in the history of the State to hunt for names worthy of monumental honor, easy as the task would be, but it is to take up a later day, a day far this side of the mid-region of legend and history, and, out of

the many heroes of that time who made South Carolina famous, to select a few that are most deserving of having accorded to them the State's gratitude expressed in lasting forms commemorative of their patriotic valor and devotion. They were men who illustrated to the highest degree the courage of their people in both war and defeat, a courage as fine as any to be found in history. In preserving their memory, therefore, in lasting form for the good of posterity, the State would simply honor itself, saying to the world that it proposes in this way to perpetuate what it has ever held as its most cherished ideals.

Monumental Bronze.

But there is a consideration aside from State pride and gratitude which, above all others, ought to constrain the present generation to put forth efforts towards preserving in a fadeless way the memory of those leaders of the '60s and '70s who wrought so nobly and self-sacrificingly in behalf of the State. For the sake of unborn generations, in stimulating them to highest endeavor and inspiring them to hold fast to ancestral virtues, it is our duty as a people to perpetuate in bronze and marble their splendid manhood and, at the same time, to preserve those principles for which they were willing to lay down their lives and fortunes. There is nothing on which the State could better spend money than to apotheosize by lasting monuments to its heroes the principles which we should want to see transmitted to posterity. We should not want our children's children ever to forget those principles, dead though they seem to be, nor the men who fought in their defense; for should they do so they would forget the best in their State's history and become an easy prey to the forces of corruption now abroad in the land. Only by keeping before the minds of coming generations the ideals of the "old South" can we hope for the building up of an imperial "new South."

Men of the Sixties.

While South Carolina has built monuments to some of her greatest soldiers and statesmen of the past, she has neglected too much in this way the brilliant men of the war period of the '60s—those epic days of her noblest heroism, which more than all other

times in her history called for the girding up of the loins of her strength. Here and there we find a monument to the Confederate soldier, commemorating the valor and devotion of a class, but rarely do we find one erected to some individual soldier, who, conspicuous alike for gallantry and generalship, led their people in the War for Southern Independence, and also in that later war which the State waged against the ignorance and corruption of a mongrel rule to preserve her civilization. With the exception of Wade Hampton, none of the State's leaders in those dark days of her history has met with the lasting recognition they deserve; and yet they are worthy to share with him the gratitude of our people, and to have built to their memory monuments of granite that shall remind future ages of their services in behalf of Carolina's homes and firesides.

A Noble Trio.

Were I called upon to designate three names most representative of our later history, forming a sort of trilogy to evoke State pride, if not a feeling akin to that of idolatry, I would unhesitatingly point to the names of Hampton, Butler and Gary. Of all the men who espoused the South's cause and went forth in defense of it they were easily the first among South Carolinians. Other sons of the State in those fierce times of war fought just as bravely, gave themselves to the cause of Southern independence just as freely, and suffered the hardships of camp and march just as uncomplainingly, but none of them developed either their genius for war or their superb leadership in battle. Far and away, they were the most typical soldiers that South Carolina ever sent to any war.

And when at last the four long years of bloodshed and sorrow ended in defeat and humiliation, when, after the firing of the last gun, faith and hope were crushed to the earth, and when the flag of the Confederacy that had crested many a wave leading to victory, sank in a sea of glory to rise no more, it was no accident that these three men, who commanded for the most part South Carolina troops and fought together on the ensanguined fields of Virginia, should have been impelled by the same patriotic motives which led them to the defense of the South to come together again with one mind and purpose, that of redeeming their native State

from the blight of negro rule. It was they who inspired the people of South Carolina to throw off the yoke imposed by hate, ignorance and corruption and to fly to the rescue of their State which, like some beautiful woman distraught and distressed, lay at the mercy of those who would ravish her. It was they who led in the revolution of 1876, which redeemed a State and placed her "clothed in her right mind" back into the position to which she was entitled by birthright, and which she had aforetime graced by her presence. Others, it is true, shared in this great work of redemption, but they more than any; for they took the initiative and consummated the State's salvation.

Peace Hath Her Victories.

It was said a while ago that it was no accident which brought Wade Hampton, Mart Gary and M. C. Butler back from the wars to take the lead in the redemption of their State from negro carpetbag rule. It was fate or destiny. As they were together to illustrate South Carolina in the War Between the Sections, so, in accordance with the law of Karma, it was fitting that they should be together in a work for their native State, far nobler than any which had hitherto marked their brilliant way. They were the instruments in the hands of a higher power to lift their people out of the slough of despondency and degradation, and thus save to them and their children the white man's civilization from the danger of barbarism which threatened it.

Debt of Gratitude.

South Carolina's debt of gratitude to these men has never been discharged, nor would it have been possible of payment had they lived a thousand years. For there are some things that men do in this life, the worth of which neither riches nor honors can measure. The only thing that can at all approach to a just recompense for their services is the gratitude of the people, for whom they strove while living, expressed in terms of the utmost endurance. While in this way the State has discharged in part her debt to Hampton, she still withholds the payment of her debt of appreciation from Butler and Gary. But, if there be any truth in the old Hindu thought embodied in the law of Karma, these

two men inseparable from Hampton in patriotism and devotion when the South called to arms, inseparable also in the work of redeeming their native State, are yet destined to have monuments erected to their memory on the capitol grounds like to the one which commemorates the worth and deeds of the immortal Hampton. The fate that linked their names together as the State's most representative citizens in peace and in war, on the field of battle and in the forum of statesmen, will see to it that their people shall inscribe their virtues on memorial stones assembled together at the same place for the contemplation and admiration of future generations of Carolinians.

In Death Not Divided.

Than this there could be no more fitting fulfillment of destiny. It satisfies, so far as such a thing can, our ideas of the law of compensation and expresses in a way the most appropriate what should be the thought and feeling of all the people of the State. As we can not think of any one of these men without thinking of the other two, especially in their relation to the troublous times of 1876, it seems only proper that the people of the State through legislative enactment, should hand down their names together to posterity in monumental stone and bronze commemorating the worth of their services to the commonwealth. Irrespective of all past political differences or animosities, now happily allayed, this is a work in which all may join heart and soul; aye, more, it is a work in the doing of which the people of the State would honor themselves immeasurably.

It is needless to say more than what has already been said regarding the motives which should constrain our people to build these monuments, but I can not dismiss the subject without a further word as to their duty to preserve the most thrilling and significant epochs in the State's history by building such monuments as those contemplated for the enlightenment for future ages. In matters of this kind South Carolina, I am sorry to say, is far more remiss than many other States. Massachusetts, with most of the other New England States, guards with jealous care her sacred traditions and memorializes with a simple stone or some lofty pile the names of those who in any wise wrought well and nobly in her history.

Rich in History.

We have a history fully as rich, illustrated by the names of soldiers and statesmen equally as distinguished, and yet our disposition is to let it fade out of the minds of even our own children. It is a pity that it is so; for only by commemorating through enduring memorial stones or splendid monuments the achievements of her distinguished dead is it possible for the State to count on raising up other sons in the future who will shed lustre on her name. This is the reason above all others why our people should insist on thus honoring the men who, after the war, made living worth while and pleasant in this grand old commonwealth. We should do as other States have done, build monuments to the memory of our distinguished men of the past, like Butler and Gary, that their services and deeds may live forever in the thought of the people. Georgia gave Henry Grady and General Gordon monuments immediately after they died. North Carolina erected a bronze statue to Bagly, the first American killed in the Spanish-American war in 1898. There stands at Vicksburg a beautiful monument to General Stephen D. Lee, which was erected before the grass began to grow on his grave. He, too, went from this State as a captain in the Hampton Legion, like Butler and Gary. And shall not these last two be remembered even as he has been? For my part, were it in my power, I would build a monument to every Confederate soldier who has crossed over the river, and to every one now gone to his last sleep, who rode with the red-shirt brigade that Hampton, Butler and Gary led for South Carolina's redemption.

Some History.

Will you pardon just here a little history relating to these three knightliest men the State ever produced— Hampton, Butler and Gary?

On the 23rd of March, 1877, President Hayes wrote a very friendly letter to General Hampton, asking him to pay a visit to Washington to talk matters over. So Hampton went to Washington, accompanied by General M. C. Butler.

Hampton's trip to the national capital was one continuous ovation. At every railroad station a crowd was present when the

train stopped to express their admiration. Seldom, if ever, has such a genuine, spontaneous, popular outburst been witnessed. It was not confined to places in his own State. The feeling was equally appreciative in North Carolina and Virginia. When in Washington, admirers wished to make a great popular demonstration in a serenade, but he persuaded them that it was better not to do this.

On the 29th of March, 1877, General Hampton had a most pleasant interview with Mr. Hayes. He dined that evening with Mr. Evarts; and was, during his stay in Washington, constantly meeting people, turning those hitherto opposed to him politically into personal friends and warming up to steam heat the hearts of old acquaintances, for he possessed in a most remarkable degree, as has before been pointed out, that wonderful influence over men, a very real, grand power, call it magnetic, psychic, or what you will.

At length Mr. Hayes was "hypnotized" by Hampton, and on the 2nd of April he was persuaded to withdraw the troops from South Carolina and let Hampton take possession of the State capitol. Hampton renewed his assurance of peace given Hayes, by letter, and wired Lieutenant-Governor Simpson as follows:

"Everything is satisfactorily and honorably settled. I expect our people to preserve absolute peace and quiet. My word is pledged for them. I rely on them."

The withdrawal of troops was fixed for the 10th of April. At exactly twelve o'clock on that day, these orders were heard in the capitol:

"Attention." "Take arms." "Unfix bayonets." "Carry arms." "Count fours." "Twos right." "March."

Thus ended the most deplorable drama, of using troops to carry elections in South Carolina. God grant that it ended thus forever in America. In His mercy, this time, He raised up Hampton, with courage, patience, temper and wisdom most wonderful, but human endurance has its limits. (See Wells' Hampton and Reconstruction.)

One of the most daring feats of the War of Secession was accomplished by Hampton, the great cavalry leader, on the 16th of September, 1864, when he rode behind Grant's great army with 1,500 men and captured 2,500 fat beeves, together with 400

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GEN'L M. C. BUTLER.

Yankee cavalry, which were guarding them. Hampton lost only ten men.

A Great Leader.

When General Hampton died, General Longstreet sent this telegram to Columbia: "He was the greatest cavalry leader of our or any other age."

General Hampton was born the 28th of March, 1818, and died on Friday morning, April 11, 1902, just twenty-five years to the day from the time he took charge of the State capitol, April 11, 1877.

Just a word more regarding this greatest of later day Carolinians. While the State, by the building of a monument to his memory, has in part discharged her debt of gratitude to him, there is something more yet to be done. In the hall of fame at Washington each State is entitled to place statues to two of its most distinguished dead. One of the two niches assigned to South Carolina has been filled with the statue of her greatest statesman, John C. Calhoun. Now, I would suggest, and urge it upon the Legislature of the State, that the other niche be given to Wade Hampton, South Carolina's most distinguished soldier. His statue is entitled to the place. It would be a fit companion to that of Virginia's peerless soldier, the immortal Lee.

General M. C. Butler,

Major General C. S. A. 25th of August, 1864.
1877—Eighteen years in the U. S. Senate—1895.

Major General U. S. A. 28th May, 1898.
Patriot, Lawyer, Orator, Soldier, Statesman.

"Knightliest of the knightly race,

That since the days of old
Have left the lamp of chivalry
Alight in hearts of gold."

Born 8th of March, 1836, Died 14th of April, 1909.

Service His Slogan.

General Hampton said that Butler was the best soldier he ever saw. While in the United States Senate, General Butler's whole thought was, "How can I best serve my people?" After much trouble and persuasion, he induced the Senate to give him an engineer to examine the port of Charleston and to report as to the advisability of opening the channel in the Charleston harbor by the building of jetties. The engineer, in his report, said it was practicable; and then General Butler's troubles began in earnest, namely, to get an appropriation, which was finally accomplished. The jetties are there, the channel is deep, and Charleston is destined to be the seaport town of the South Atlantic and the most direct route to Panama. But for the jetties, New Orleans, perhaps, would have been the shipping point. Butler did more to establish the United States navy than any one else, except Senator Hale. They worked together for years, and now we have one of the best navies in the world.

General Butler's greatest effort in the Senate was when he killed the "force bill." General Hampton spoke and Butler worked. The force bill meant that the South must surrender her civilization or fight another war—a war without an Appomattox.

While serving in Cuba on the peace commission, General Butler was told by President McKinley not to resign as major-general in the U. S. A., because he wanted him to retire on half pay, \$3,500 per year. Butler declined, saying that he volunteered to fight for his country and not for a pension.

General Gary.

General M. W. Gary, born March 25, 1831, died April 9, 1881.

When the tocsin of the bloody war was sounded in 1861, Hampton, Butler and Gary were among the first to volunteer, and raised the Hampton Legion. They fought together, bore their sufferings in silence, and covered themselves with glory in more than 100 battles.

When the tocsin of the bloodless war was sounded in 1876, these three great leaders led their people, like Moses of old, out of the wilderness of darkness, where were bitterness and humiliation, into the valleys of sunshine and happiness. They taught their

U S. 366 Columbia, S. C.,
Monument to Lieutenant, Gen Wade



HAMPTON ON HORSEBACK.

people to find the way of peace, telling them they must be meek and patient, even under the most violent provocations; they must not resent any wrong, nor return railing for railing, but return good for evil. Passion, they were told, was the worst of masters. The God of battles heard their cry and blessed their work, sending down upon the land the white-winged dove of peace, which, thank God, has reigned ever since.

This is not the time to say more than a passing word in regard to the military career of General Gary, or of the conspicuous part he took in the campaign of 1876. We may be pardoned, however, for citing one or two incidents connected with his life as a soldier, and as one of the three great leaders in 1876.

How He Became a Colonel.

Following Jackson in pursuit of Pope's army, he was in the battle of Chantilly. On the 13th of September, 1862, he led his command in the bloody fight at "Boonesboro Gap," and on the next day commanded General R. E. Lee's rear guard, as he fell back to Sharpsburg. The command had by this time been fearfully reduced by sickness, wounds and death, and at the battle of Sharpsburg, September 17, 1862, mustered only 77 men, rank and file. How this remnant fought is best told by the simple but touching record that of the 77 men who went into that great battle, only 21 came out alive and unhurt. Five times in a charge of 300 yards, their battle flag was shot down, but Colonel Gary raised it up, amid a storm of shot and shell, and, though the staff was struck by balls and the flag torn by a shell, bore it safely through the fight.

Such conspicuous service attracted the attention of Colonel Gary's superior officers, and, in recognition, his battalion was transferred to Jenkins' brigade of South Carolinians, the Fourth South Carolina was consolidated and added, so as to make up a full regiment, and he himself was promoted by General R. E. Lee to the rank of full colonel.

A Brigadier-General.

At the battle of Riddle's Shop, on the 14th of June, 1864, with a single brigade, he held a whole corps of Grant's army in check

until the advance of General Lee's army came up. This was of great service to the Confederate army, as it forced the enemy to cross the James river lower down than was intended, and by special request of General R. E. Lee, Colonel Gary was next morning commissioned a brigadier-general. There is no doubt but that General Gary possessed that decision or military instinct or genius of great military minds which grasps the situation and acts without doubt or hesitation.

The battle of Riddle's Shop is an instance of it, for, without orders to that effect, he had made a determined resistance with considerable loss, being confronted by infantry.

When General Lee rode up, the following conversation ensued: "Colonel Gary, I understand that you have had a severe engagement and have lost a good many of your men." "Yes, General, we have." "Well, sir, why did you make such a determined resistance?" "I knew that you were coming and thought it my duty to hold my position until you arrived." "How did you know that I was coming?" "Because, sir, I knew that Grant was moving by his left flank and you by your right. I knew that Malvern Hill was a very important strategic point, which you would not wish him to capture, and I knew as a military man that you were coming, because you ought to be coming, and I acted on my judgment as such." "Well, sir, you did right."

On the 6th of October, 1864, General Lee, proposing to attack the enemy on the north side of the James river, called a council of war at Drury's Bluff, composed of the general officers on that side of the river, the most prominent being Generals Anderson, Fields and Hoke. Several plans of battle were submitted, the one proposed by General Gary, though improvised upon the spot, he having no notice of the object of the council, was adopted without change by General Lee.

Campaign of 1876.

The following appeared in *The State* in October, 1909:

"An interesting contribution to the history of the State is the 'Plan of Campaign of 1876' printed below, throwing light on the 'Red Shirt' movement of the day:

"This plan of campaign was formulated by General M. W. Gary and was adopted by the Democratic Executive Committee

of Edgefield County, composed of General Gary, as County Chairman, Hon. Geo. D. Tillman, Captain Scott Allen, Dr. H. A. Shaw, Captain J. P. Blackwell and others.

“It is in the handwriting of General Gary and N. L. Griffin, his secretary. That portion having reference to the red shirt is in the handwriting of General Gary.

“This was the first official recognition of the red shirt by the organized Democracy as the uniform of the campaign and settles the vexed question as to whom the credit is due.

“The plan of campaign adopted by the Democratic party in Edgefield was the first in the State, and copies upon request were sent to every Democratic County Chairman in South Carolina.

“The first opportunity for wearing the red shirt as the uniform of the organized Democracy was at Edgefield on the 12th of August, when Governor Chamberlain, Judge Mackey and Smalls were present to address the Radicals. The speakers on the Democratic side were General Gary, General Butler, and John C. Sheppard, afterwards Governor of this State. Chamberlain and his party next spoke at Newberry, where they were met by Colonel D. Wyatt Aiken, afterwards Congressman, General Y. J. Pope, afterwards Chief Justice, and Colonel J. N. Lipscomb, afterwards Secretary of State.

“From Newberry Chamberlain and his crowd came to Abbeville, where they were routed by Colonel J. S. Cothran, County Chairman; General Samuel McGowan, and Colonel D. Wyatt Aiken. This is the last place where Chamberlain and his party spoke in the campaign of 1876.”

The Rupert of Campaign.

The following quotation is from the speech of Geo. D. Tillman on taking the chair to preside over the mass meeting held at Edgefield, S. C., on the 20th of June, 1881, shortly after the death of General Gary:

“But what should preserve Gary’s memory fresh and immortal, in the hearts of the people, is what he did for the county and State in 1876 towards throwing off the miserable carpet-bag tyranny that then trampled us in the dust.

“Until several weeks after the election, and not until envy and jealousy had had time to do their work, no one ever heard Gary’s

right to the palm of being styled the Rupert of the campaign called in question.

“General Butler’s name was the only one sometimes mentioned as being entitled to divide the first honor with him; and candor compels me to say that, in my judgment, he was the only leader that deserved to be mentioned at all in such a connection.

“General Hampton was enthusiastically and justly praised for the tact, moderation and wisdom with which he managed affairs before, and especially after, the election; but what color or pretext of title would or could Hampton and the other candidates for the State offices have had to their places but for the large and unexpected majority of 3,300 achieved by Edgefield?

“Many other conspicuous leaders were deservedly extolled for the part they bore, but Gary’s policy, Gary’s example, and, above all, Gary’s astounding support, decided the contest in the State.

“He had always contended that a straightout fight would win, and, as a result, Gary was followed, consulted, and obeyed, almost like a second Peter the Hermit.”

The following excerpt is from the speech of General Gary in 1878 at Edgefield, when Generals Hampton, Butler, Hagood and others of the State ticket were present, and published without exception from any one but General Hagood, to whom General Gary readily yielded what he considered an immaterial point as to the use of the word “the” instead of “our” plans in Charleston:

Some Secret History.

“As today has become a sort of political love-feast, I will tell you some of the secret history connected with the straightout movement. I went to the Centennial celebration in Charleston, on the 28th of June, 1876, to nominate General Butler for Governor. He had been informally announced in several newspapers, and desired to decline the nomination, in order that we might agree upon some one else. I put his nomination in the Journal of Commerce. John T. Gaston carried the notice to the paper from the Charleston hotel. When I started home I met on the cars General Hampton, General Kershaw, and General Hagood. I had a short conversation with General Hampton, in which I soon discovered that he was in sympathy with the movement General Butler and myself were trying to inaugurate. He told

me that he did not expect to return to Mississippi. I then said to him that I intended to try and have him (Hampton) nominated for Governor on the straightout ticket, that with Butler and myself on his flanks we could win this battle as we had won others in the war. He replied that he was poor, had come back to get the odds and ends of his former estate together, that he did not desire to run for the office, but that he had made sacrifices for South Carolina, but that if he was the choice of the convention he would run. I was delighted at his acceptance, for I believed that he could harmonize all of the differences of the Democratic party. The contest was between Kershaw and Connor for fusion, and Butler and myself for the straightout Democracy. We entered the war as captains under him as colonel in the Hampton Legion. He came out of the war a lieutenant-general and continued to rank all of us. I did not believe that Kershaw and Connor and Butler and myself could have agreed upon any one man, but I believed that we all would rally under Hampton. After this conversation, General Hampton and myself joined General Kershaw and General Hagood. I announced to them that General Hampton had consented, if nominated, to run on the straightout ticket for Governor. General Kershaw replied: 'Well, if the general is nominated, I will fall into line and support him. I always obey orders from headquarters.' At Branchville, General Kershaw and General Hampton parted with General Hagood and myself, they going on the Columbia road and we on the Augusta road. After dinner General Hagood and myself were on the same seat. He said: "Gary, you are an extraordinary man. This is another one of your off-hand moves, or sudden inspirations, if you please, that has knocked up in a minute all our plans in Charleston to run Chamberlain for Governor with a mixed ticket.' I replied that it was no off-hand move in regard to the straightout ticket; that Butler and myself and other men of Edgefield and the State had deliberately and maturely considered the plan to run a straightout ticket, but that I had suddenly concluded to run General Hampton for Governor, and that we would elect him. When I returned to Edgefield, I related this incident to General Butler, and he approved of it, and said that in his declination he would nominate Hampton. I thought it was just the thing, and accordingly did so."

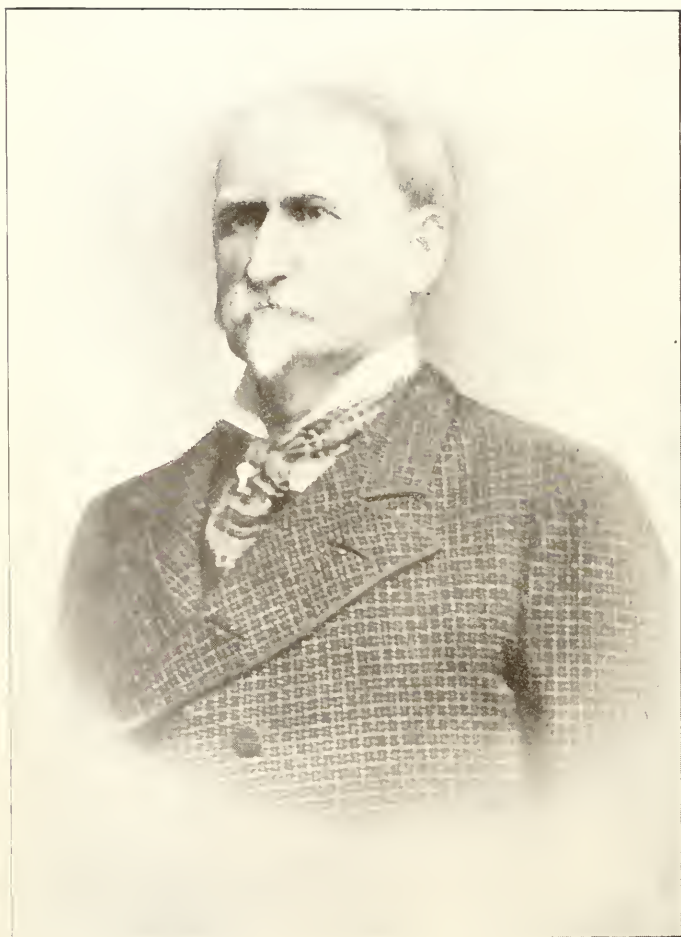
His Courage.

The following remarks were made by Senator Tillman in the Constitutional convention of 1895, in describing the daring of General Gary on the day of election in 1876:

“On the day of election there were 12 companies of United States infantry in our county. They had been sent there to overawe the whites and encourage the negroes to vote. Six of these companies had been distributed at various election precincts in the county, where the heaviest negro vote was usually cast. The other six were at Edgefield Court House, under command of General Ruger. The negroes in large numbers, probably 3,000, massed at the court house before day, the morning of election. Gary had anticipated this, and the evening before the election about 800 picked men, over half of them from Saluda, with their baggage wagons, provisions and arms, had taken possession of the court house and Masonic Hall, and were in readiness to obey the orders of their chief, whatever they might be. There was no sleep. The camp fires gleamed out brightly, for it was cold and drizzling rain. Oakley Hall, the general’s residence, was like a military headquarters, while fiddling and dancing were going on in the two buildings I have mentioned. It had been agreed between Ruger and Gary that the whites should vote at the box in the court house, while the negroes should vote at the school house, another precinct one-half mile away. A white company was detailed to watch the balloting at the latter place, and all day long the voting went on at both, very rapidly at the court house and very slowly at the school house.

“Late in the evening, Cain, the mulatto County Chairman, finding it would be impossible to vote his men at the school house, determined to make a desperate move and try to capture the other box. At the head of his black phalanx of 2,500 negroes, armed with clubs and pistols, he marched towards the public square. A swift courier notified Gary that they were coming. He immediately ordered that the court house be packed, steps, porticos and all; and so promptly and thoroughly was his order carried out that a flea could not have crawled between the men standing on the steps. The upper windows in the Masonic Hall, in which the rifles and other arms had been placed, were manned with sharp-

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GEN'L M. W. GARY.

shooters, and all the other men who could be spared were ordered to mount their horses and mass themselves on one side of the square.

A Test of Nerve.

"When Cain and his negroes reached the head of the street leading into the square, filling it completely, seeing this preparation to receive them, they halted and a message was sent to Ruger.

"Ruger left his quarters, some 200 yards on a side street, and came towards the court house. Gary advanced to meet him. After the two had saluted with military punctiliousness, General Ruger said: 'General, I am informed by the Republican County Chairman that he can't vote all his men at the other precinct. You must make your men give way and let these negroes get to the ballot box. My orders are to see that there are no obstructions to voting.'

"The one was dressed in the blue uniform of the United States army, and had been sent to Edgefield by Grant. The other had on the gray coat of the Confederate brigadier and military boots.

"It was the crucial test of nerve. South Carolina's destiny hung in the balance, and Gary saved her. The 'Bald Eagle' straightened up, his eyes gleaming and clear, and shrilly, for his voice always rang like a silver bell, he exclaimed: 'By God, sir, I'll not do it. I will keep the compact I made with you this morning, that whites and negroes should vote at separate boxes, and if you think your blue coats can make way for these negroes to vote again, try it.'

"There had been the stillness of death while these two confronted each other, but when that voice rang out, the whites caught up the yell of defiance and for several minutes pandemonium reigned. The negroes slunk away like a dissolving mist, and in less time than I have taken to tell it, not one of them was to be seen."

Some Lines.

The following beautiful lines on the death of General Gary were composed by James D. Tradewell, Jr., a scout under him:

1.

"The proud eagle of Edgefield is cold in his grave,
 His free pinions are fettered at last
 And the brave heart that nothing on earth could appall
 Has yielded to death's icy blast.
 The hearts of his soldiers are stricken with grief,
 And filled with the deepest regret,
 For full well they know what a friend they have lost,
 What a bright constellation has set.

2.

"All silent and still is his eloquent voice;
 Cold in death is the warrior's hand;
 The eagle forever has taken his flight,
 God grant, to a far better land,—
 And we, who so often have followed his plume,
 As it waved in the front of the fight,
 Can true witness bear to a splendid career
 Of this brilliant and chivalric knight.

3.

"As a leader of men he had scarcely a peer.
 In statecraft, on forum or field;
 And he died as he lived, a true knight without fear,
 With no sinister-bar on his shield.
 Wherever in battle we saw his proud plume,
 There we knew was the deadliest fight,
 And he ne'er sent his men, but himself led the way,
 An heroic and well-approved knight.

4.

"May he peacefully rest, his warfare is o'er,
 The eye of the Eagle is dim;
 His clarion voice we shall never hear more,
 Carolina will long mourn for him;
 And well may she mourn for her warrior son,
 And his name and his fame shall not die
 As long as our flag bears a palmetto tree,
 Or the Southern cross gleams in the sky.

5.

"He sleeps his last sleep—the soldier's at rest—
 The long roll can awake him no more;
 And in Mart Gary's breast throbbed as knightly a heart
 As Richard of England e'er bore.
 His soldiers his memory will ever keep bright,
 Guard his fame with affection and pride,
 And recount to their sons the brave deeds of the man,
 How he fearlessly lived, fought and died."

The Cid of the South.

On the 16th of November, 1863, in the fight at Campbell's Station, East Tennessee, General M. W. Gary was hard pressed, and while falling back, but contesting every inch of ground, he promoted a man in the most unique way, which doubtless has no parallel in history. The same day he had an order to that effect read on parade. It happened in this way: The general, as all knew him, was a paramount fighter. On this occasion, at Campbell's Station, his command had to retreat rapidly from overwhelming numbers, and his killed and wounded were left where they fell. A man in his command was shot and fell mortally wounded. His comrades left him on the field, but when a modest private soldier came along he stopped and, kneeling down beside the dying soldier, proceeded to offer up a prayer and to take his last message to his family. Some of the enemy, seeing him stop on the field, commenced a rapid fire upon him. He, regardless of the flying bullets, stayed the few moments until the soul of the wounded comrade took its flight. The God of battles heard his prayer, and the enemy stopped firing upon the pious and brave soldier, who was cheered by both armies. General Gary, complimented him upon his bravery, and the next day an order was issued promoting the brave religious man to be chaplain with the rank of captain.

The Rev. William Thomas, whose prayer over a dying comrade caused both armies to cease firing and cheer him on the battlefield because he represented Him who suffered and died on the cross for us all, died December 1, 1890. Mr. Thomas was a Christian. Christian is not a mere name or empty profession; it is a great and noble work of difficulty, which requires assiduous application and continual pains, and in which the greater our endeavors and advances have been, the greater will be the ardor with which we shall continue striving to advance higher towards perfection.

There is a tie between old soldiers that none can understand but old soldiers. After the war the Rev. William Thomas was called to Edgefield and when General Gary heard that the Methodist parsonage needed furniture, the necessary articles were in the house at no cost to Mr. Thomas or to the church. When General Gary died, his old friend and comrade, Mr. Thomas, preached his funeral.

More Than Coincidence.

Such, my friends, is the briefest outline of the services of these three great Carolinians. It seems to have been something more than a mere coincidence that they should have been born on the month dedicated to the god of war, symbolical of what they were amid the crash of arms and the smoke of battle. Nor was it altogether a coincidence that all three should have died in April, the month of tears, thus typical of the grief of a whole State when they passed away. Well do I remember these matchless soldiers, Hampton, Butler and Gary, fighting on the plains of Virginia as bravely as Arthur's knights fought in their last great battle. How vivid are the scenes of those battles! Ah, me! to some of us they seem like yesterdays—those of us who participated in them—and though these yesterdays are

“Gone, yet with us still they stay,
And their memories throb through life;
The music that bushes or stirs today
Is toned by their calm or strife.

“Gone, and yet they never go,
We kneel at the shrine of time;
’Tis a mystery no man may know,
Nor tell in a poet’s rhyme.”





COL. D. CARDWELL.

A HORSE BATTERY

(If You Want to Have a Good Time, Jine the Cavalry.)

I think history shows that artillery, that is field artillery, was first introduced by the "Lion of the North," Gustavus Adolphus, in 1610-1622, and has been growing in importance ever since.

I think Frederick the Great improved the system and enlarged the caliber and introduced horse artillery into his armies in 1740 to 1786.

Most people, in a general way, know what is meant by "artillery." It means, in a general way, big guns, cannon, and generally on wheels. Yet there is a great difference in artillery. We will cut out the big guns: that is seige pieces or such big guns as are in forts or permanent works; that is, guns that are not on wheels and movable. We will deal with field artillery, light batteries.

Well, there is the ordinary foot artillery, or, as it was called in the United States Army, "mounted artillery." In the Civil War these batteries operated with the infantry in the field and in rapid changes of position on the field. The cannoneers rode on the limber chest. Now, there was another branch called "horse artillery" in our war and was attached to the cavalry in the proportion of about a battery to a division of cavalry. In the Western army, under General Forrest, there were three or four such batteries under that splendid officer, Captain John W. Morton. These batteries did wonders.

In the Army of Northern Virginia there were, from beginning to end, seven or eight such batteries, first organized by the "gallant John Pelham." At first there was only one battery, but as the cavalry brigade grew into a division and the division into a corps, battery after battery was added, and all were commanded by a lieutenant-colonel. The last commander was Lieutenant-Colonel R. Preston Chew, now of West Virginia.

A "horse battery" was generally equipped with four 12-pound guns, sometimes Napoleons, sometimes three-inch rifled ordnance. Each gun was pulled by six horses and had a driver on each left-hand horse. There was a caisson to each gun, also pulled by six horses.

The complement of men to each gun, according to the United States regulations, was eleven men, and the "horse battery" dif-

ferred from the "foot" or "mounted" field battery in that the cannoneers were all mounted, having two extra men to hold the cannoneers' horses when they were dismounted to go into action.

A "horse battery" manuevred in action at a gallop and changed position frequently when practicable to save the men and horses when the enemy got their range too accurately.

Did you ever see a "horse battery" in action? A friend of mine wrote, some time since, that at the Battle of Fredericksburg, when Burnside crossed the river, he was upon the hill with A. P. Hill's Corps and had a full view of the crossing army, and when Franklin's Division got over he saw Pelham's battery gallop down and open on that division, firing point blank right into the faces of that advancing host. He said it was the grandest sight he had ever seen. The audacity of the attack, the dash, the coolness of commander and of the men was superb, and in the midst of the fight, above the roar of their own guns and the armament on the Stafford heights (which promptly opened on them), could be heard the voices of the French detachment singing the Marseillaise (in French).

*"Allons enfants de la patrie * * **

"Marchons! Marchons! qu'un sang impur abreuve nos sillons."

Of course these guns had soon to be withdrawn or all the men and horses would have been killed. They did not retire, however, until they had thrown Franklin's Division into much confusion. There was many a poor fellow in Franklin's Division who wished he'd never crossed the river, and many a one never saw his New England home again.

Let me give you a description, written by another, of a horse battery in action:

"Down the crowded highway galloped a battery, withdrawn from some other position to save ours. The field fence is scattered while you could count thirty and the guns rush for the hills behind us. Six horses to a piece, three riders to each gun, over a dry ditch where a farmer would not drive a wagon, through clumps of bushes, over logs a foot thick, every horse on the gallop, every rider lashing his team and yelling. The sight behind us makes us forget the foe in front. The guns jump two feet high as the heavy wheels strike rock or log, but not a horse slackens his pace, the cannoneer leaning forward in his saddle. Six guns, six caissons, seventy-two horses, eighty men race for the

brow of the hill, as if him who reached it first was to be knighted. A moment ago the battery was a confused mob, we look again and the six guns are in position, the detached horses hurrying away, the ammunition chest open, and along our line runs the command, 'Give them one more volley and fall back to support the guns.'

"We have scarcely obeyed, when boom! boom! boom! opens the battery and jets of fire jump down and scorch the green trees under which we fought and despaired. What grim, cool fellows those cannoneers are! Every man is a perfect machine. Bullets splash dust in their faces, but they do not wince. Bullets sing over and around them, but they do not dodge. There goes one to the earth, shot through the head as he sponged the gun. The machinery loses just one beat, misses just one cog in the wheel and then works away again as before. Every gun is using short fuse shell. The ground shakes and trembles. The roar shuts out all sounds from a battle line three miles long, and the shells go shrieking into the swamp to cut trees short off, to mow great gaps in the bushes, to hunt out and shatter and mangle men until their corpses cannot be recognized as human.

"You would think a tornado was howling through the forest, followed by billows of fire, and yet men live through it, aye, press forward to capture the battery. We can hear their shouts as they form for the charge.

"Now the shells are changed to cannister, and the guns are served so fast that all reports blend into one mighty roar. The shriek of a shell is the wickedest sound in war, but nothing makes the flesh crawl like the demoniac, singing, purring, whistling grape shot, and the serpent-like hiss of cannister. Men's legs and arms are not shot through but torn off. Heads are torn from bodies and bodies cut in two. Grape and cannister mow a swath and pile the dead on top of each other."

Now, I have given you an idea of the coolness of these grim gunners under fire. I will give you an idea of their *coolness under water*. In early December, 1863, the "horse artillery," under Colonel Chew, was ordered to Charlottesville, Va., to rest man and horses after the strenuous campaign which included Gettysburg. As the command reached the Rivanna River the lead team took the water and proceeded to the other side, and when they attempted to pull the gun up the bank of the river the horses' feet slipped on the ice which was formed from the drippings from the

lead horses and they could not budge the gun, which was yet in the river, which river was from three to four feet deep. The horses were whipped and pushed and the men shouted, but all to no purpose, the horses could not get a footing. When this was demonstrated, Captain Wilmer Brown, who was in command, turned in his saddle and gave the command: "Cannoneers, dismount." "By hand to the front." Now, there you were: get down into the icy water and put your shoulder to the wheel. Cold! Cold was no name for it. But down we got, up to our waists in the ice water. That's what I call a cool set of men. We finally had to attach prolonge ropes to the tongues of the limbers and pull them out separately by main strength, by the men.

Very little has been written about the horse artillery. It has only been incidentally mentioned in the history of the cavalry. There was in the horse artillery of the Army of Northern Virginia a splendid battery from this State, commanded by Major James F. Hart.

Colonel R. Preston Chew, of Charleston, West Virginia, the last commander of all the batteries, has in preparation a history of these batteries. It will be worth reading. In the horse artillery some splendid men served and died: Pelham, Breathed, Henry, McGregor, Ford, Chew, Wilmer Brown, Shumaker, Bamberg, Halsey, Johnston, Thompson, Burwell, Croxton, Shreve, Croyeau. All gone, or nearly so, since the bugles sang truce. No more "boots and saddles." No more starvation and glory. God rest their souls! These men, as was said by General Stuart of Pelham, had cast their eye over all of the battlefields in Virginia, Maryland and Pennsylvania.

Who of the cavalry corps does not remember them at Brandy Station, June 9th, 1863, when they charged with the cavalry, fought on the skirmish line and broke the record in the handling of field pieces?

General Theodore Garnett said once that there may a question as to who fired the first shot in the war, and who fired the last shot, but there can be no question as to who fired the most shots, and the most rapid shots: It was, without question, the horse artillery of Stuart's Corps, Army of Northern Virginia.

DAVID CARDWELL,
Late of The Stuart Horse Artillery,
Army of Northern Virginia.

APPENDIX

Reply to a Criticism of "Butler and His Cavalry"

Severe Arraignment of Col. U. R. Brooks, in "Journal of Military Service,"
Met and Answered—Errors of the Critic Pointed Out.
Facts Upon Which the History is Based

By U. R. BROOKS

In the March-April number of the "Journal of Military Service" is a critique of "Butler and His Cavalry in the War of Secession." The writer, presumably the editor of the above mentioned journal, indulges in some rather severe strictures on the compiler of "Butler and His Cavalry" and points out what he chooses to regard as unpardonable errors in the book. Of course, the editor of that book does not regard himself as infallible, and possibly some few things were allowed to creep into it the truth of which only time will make clear; but, nevertheless, throughout the work of collating and preparing his material he was actuated by a conscientious desire to state only those things which were well authenticated and squared with facts.

The critic, who, as will be seen further on, is himself open to criticism, comparing "Butler and His Cavalry" with "Mosby's Rangers," by Jas. J. Williamson, says that the former differs from the latter not only in purporting "to treat of important campaigns and participation therein, by regular troops of the C. S. A., but also in its tone." As "Mosby's Rangers" received quite a favorable review at the hands of our critic, who designated it as a "compilation the most thorough and comprehensive" of the "several publications based upon Colonel Mosby's exploits," the inference is plain that he thinks "Butler and His Cavalry" as something which only purports to be what it is not, and that it is lacking in the proper tone and spirit. Perhaps

the critic had some grounds for thinking thus; for it must be confessed that it was not the purpose of the editor, who compiled the material for "Butler and His Cavalry" to write a history of the war, but to give rather personal recollections of his own and his comrades of what they themselves saw and heard and experienced in the midst of those four years of bloody strife. While the book lays no claim to being history in the technical or scientific sense of the word, it yet consists of materials out of which history is made. It is simply a modest contribution to the stuff that must enter into the make-up of the history of that great struggle for Southern independence, the time for the writing of which has not yet come. As for the tone of the book, it doubtless does, as the critic says in another place, "breathe the spirit of '62—the sectional bitterness and the loose talk of the camp fire." Well, it could hardly do no otherwise and present a true picture of the times that tried men's souls; for the book does not deal with the present, in which the fever of men's passions has cooled and all sectional bitterness is supposed to have passed away forever, but with that dreadful past, when the passions of men were hot and hate was hearty and uncompromising. The fact that such states of mind and feeling are brought out in the lives of the soldiers portrayed makes "Butler and His Cavalry" all the more valuable as a contribution to that history of the War of Secession still to be written. The editor, as a true chronicler of those stirring times in the sixties, was compelled to project himself back into the dim past of hunger and cold, of bivouac and stubborn fighting. But while this is true, he can conscientiously say that his revival of memory over those scenes of bloodshed and heart-ache has left no trace of bitterness in his soul against his afore-time enemies. If the ugly thoughts and feelings engendered by war reveal themselves in the characters he portrays in his book, he should not be blamed; for with St. Paul he can truthfully say, "I am not mad, most noble Festus, but speak forth words of truth and soberness." He should rather be regarded as one faithful to chronicle events which so deeply stirred men that there was no escaping the grasp of primitive passions. It is this sloughing off of the veneering of civilization and the getting back to bestial instincts which lie beneath, that, in the language of one who had thus sunk, makes war "hell."

One expression of the critic should be protested against. He speaks of Butler's command as "regular troops of the C. S. A.," when, as a matter of fact, they were but volunteer troops. Perhaps this was a mere slip or inadvertence, and it may go at that.

Again says the critic: "This work (Butler and His Cavalry) is a careless compilation of biographical sketches, correspondence and anecdotes contributed by former members of the command—with and without signatures—much of which, we judge, has appeared in the Southern periodicals." Now, this is the "most unkindest cut of all." The compiler has been all along laying the flattering unction to his soul that those things were the most valuable features of his book, in that they set forth in well authenticated stories the personal courage and daring of both officers and men of the command to which he had the honor of belonging. To be thus rudely shaken out of such persuasion is painful; and yet may it not be said that those personal deeds, whether told in biographical sketches or in anecdote, constitute, so to speak, the "color schemes" of "Butler and His Cavalry?" Leave them out, and the story of that command would be very tame and uninteresting. Surely, our critic is hard to please.

Mutilates to Suit His Purpose.

But this is not all. The critic, in his quotations from the book he attempts to criticise, shows an utter disregard for the context—nay, for the text itself, which he uses. He does not hesitate to mutilate it in a way that will best suit his purpose. This is unpardonable in one who seeks to play the critic; and, no doubt, when attention is called to what looks like intentional slips, the reader will be surprised, perhaps amazed, at such audacity. For instance, speaking of the capture of Captain Leoser, whom General Butler, at the prisoner's request, sent under guard to the headquarters of General Rosser, a West Point classmate of Leoser's, the reviewer says: "On the way a Confederate battery was met, and the commander, Captain Thompson (said to be Hampton's chief of artillery), in spite of General Butler's 'safe conduct' and the consideration due a prisoner of war, 'went through Captain Leoser in the household of his friends, and took about all of his personal effects, changed coat, hat and boots with him, and left him in a most forlorn condition to meet his West Point associate.' We

confess to a mild surprise that the editor of this book should care to perpetuate the memory of this 'chivalrous' incident."

Now turn to the book itself (pp. 241-243) and see what it really says and how it has been twisted by our critic to make it mean something quite different from what is there written. Here is the passage: "Sheppard (the guard) reported that when he reached Gordonville road he halted with Leoser in a fence corner when he saw the head of Rosser's column coming down the road with Captain Jim Thompson's battery in front. When they discovered the Yankee officer sitting in the fence corner, one of Thompson's men rode up and said: 'Hello, Yank, I want them boots.' Sheppard remonstrated, repeating General Butler's orders, whereupon the artilleryman replied: 'I don't care a d—n about General Butler's orders,' and they went through Captain Loeser, etc."

The relation of this incident makes our critic "confess to a mild surprise that the editor of this book (Butler and His Cavalry) should care to perpetuate the memory of this 'chivalrous' incident." All that need be said in reply thereto is, that said editor is not at all surprised at his "mild surprise," when one reflects on the aptitude of genins of Northern writers in the art of suppressing or keeping hid facts that they don't wish known respecting the war. There is no question about it, our critic would have kept profoundly hid such a cowardly transgression of the rules of civilized warfare had that miserable artilleryman of Thompson's command been on the other side. Hence his "mild surprise" that the historian of Butler's Cavalry should have been so foolish as to publish it abroad. The editor feels rebuked in the presence of such transcendent virtue, and the only defence he can offer is that he is so guileless as to think that the truth ought never to be minced, even though it should cut to the quick our Southern chivalry. The relation of the incident was but a recognition on the part of the author of "Butler and His Cavalry" of the fact that all Confederate soldiers were by no means saints, nor were all Yankee soldiers sinners. Cruel as the war was, it revealed to us the fact that there were brave, noble men on both sides, just as there were on either side mean, cruel men.

Twistifications.

Our critic does not stop here; he proceeds to point out another error and at the same time to damn it. He says: "Perhaps the most reprehensible statement in this book is that made on page 239 and repeated on page 490, charging the late General Elon J. Farnsworth, U. S. V., (killed at Gettysburg, July 3, 1863,) with murder and cowardice. He is accused of shooting dead a Confederate scout after the man had surrendered and was lying on the ground pinned down by his horse, which had been wounded, in an affair near Warrenton in the spring of 1863."

Here again there are misquotations and twistifications. "T. F. R.," the critic, had evidently mislaid his spectacles when he wrote that the charge against General Farnsworth is to be found on page 239 of the book and repeated on page 490. Not a syllable is said about it on the first mentioned page. But this is a small matter, and so we go on to page 490, where the charge is made. It is only necessary to quote from the book to show how the account has been changed by the pen of our critic. The author of "Butler and His Cavalry" said: "Several members of the Black Horse Cavalry were surprised in Warrenton, and as the odds were against them they made a dash to escape capture, and rejoined their company. William Dulin's horse fell with him, and while in a semi-conscious condition from the fall he was immediately shot and mortally wounded as he lay prostrate on the street by Captain Farnsworth. The members of the Black Horse Company swore vengeance against this same captain, and he was told by Mrs. James Catlett, of Catlett Station, that every member of the company had his (Farnsworth's) name engraved upon their cartridge boxes, and that it would be only a matter of time until he met his fate."

The Warrenton Tragedy.

In the critic's account stated above and the one given in the book, marked differences appear. According to the first, there was an affair or fight, near Warrenton, in which Scout Dulin's horse was wounded, pinning him to the ground, and that Dulin had surrendered—four misrepresentations, which were doubtless made for a sinister purpose. The book says nothing about a fight,

lays the scene of the tragedy in the streets of Warrenton and not outside the town. says not a word about Dulin's surrender nor of the wounding of his horse. Dulin, along with his comrades, was trying to escape capture; but his horse fell and pinned him to the earth, and while he lay there in a half-conscious state this man Farnsworth rode up and shot him to death. The only shot heard in that imaginary "affair" or fight was the one fired by Farnsworth. If there was no fight, and all the evidence is to that effect, and Dulin was killed in Warrenton on that spring day of 1863, Farnsworth was the man who did it. The cold-blooded murder was the talk of the town. Dulin's comrades heard the shot and saw what had been done, else why did they swear vengeance against Farnsworth and engrave his name on their cartridge boxes? They said among themselves, "Remember Farnsworth," just as our soldiers of the Spanish-American war adopted as their slogan, "Remember the Maine." But if a fight could be invented or imagined, how easy to say that the boy Dulin got his death wound in battle, and thus release Farnsworth of the charge of having murdered him. It is a simple expedient, and has been employed by our critic, who, in addition to inventing a skirmish near Warrenton for his purpose, tries to make it appear that Dulin's murder is a fable. If he is still of this opinion, let him go and ask the old residents of that town, and they will tell him that Farnsworth shot the semi-conscious boy to death. Let him go and ask the survivors of the Black Horse Cavalry, and they will tell him by whose hand Dulin was murdered. Let him go and inquire of Mrs. Peyton Oliver how her young brother died, and she will tell him that he was butchered in cold blood by Captain Farnsworth. This thing was not done in a corner.

But why our critic should be so adverse to accepting as a fact this incident as told is a little incomprehensible. As was stated above, war arouses in the breasts of men the most hateful and violent passions, making some of them fiends of hell; and so it is not surprising that the correct college youth, after the hot blast of war had shriveled his moral nature, should have turned out a devil.

And the sequel to the Warrenton tragedy is what one might have expected. The man who murders another, if he is not wholly dead to moral sensibility, will ever afterwards be lashed

by the whips of a guilty conscience. There is no escape from the stings of his outraged better self, except in suicide, and suicide, says Webster, is confession. Given antecedent blood-guiltiness, and a high-strung man, desperately wounded and nigh unto death, will be more apt to end at once, with his own hand, the tortures of his mind and body. Captain Bachman saw Farnsworth fall at Gettysburg mortally wounded, but he did not tell General Graham what he told others, that he saw Farnsworth anticipate Atropos by a few short moments by cutting himself the brittle thread of his life. This can hardly be put down as a fable, for it was but one of the numberless tragedies that marked the fratricidal war.

What was written of this General Farnsworth in the history of Butler's command, and what is written here, was not done through love of disparaging. One thing, however, may be said for him; he was a brave and able officer, who, before his promotion to a brigadier generalship, commanded the Eighth Illinois Cavalry, one of the hardest fighting regiments in either army. The writer of this fought against these brave men and knows whereof he speaks.

Now, let us turn to the relative strength of the opposing forces in the two days fight at Trevillian. Our critic thinks the statement made on page 18 of "Butler and His Cavalry" and the more detailed account of the Trevillian battle on page 245 are exaggerated. In respect to the numbers of troops engaged on either side, he is of the opinion that our book underestimates the force of General Hampton and overestimates that of General Sheridan. He quotes from the "Memoirs" of Sheridan, who puts the forces led into the fight at 6,000 and Hampton's at 5,000.

Statistics on Forces.

Notwithstanding this evidence, upon which the editor of the "Journal of Military Service" seems to rely wholly, the present writer is not disposed to abate one jot what is said regarding the matter in his history of Butler's Cavalry. Hampton's command, according to Wells's history of "Hampton and His Cavalry," did not exceed 4,700 men all told in the two divisions—Butler's and Fitz Hugh Lee's. Of this force, Butler's division, consisting of

2,224, alone bore nearly the whole brunt of the fighting at Trevillian; for Lee, who was momentarily expected to come to the aid of our right, did not put in an appearance until towards the close of the second day, when the battle was practically won. When Lee arrived he sent Wickham's brigade to our assistance, of which only one regiment, the First North Carolina cavalry, became engaged. So, admitting for argument's sake General Sheridan's statement as to his strength being 6,000, it will be seen that there was the usual disparity of numbers in this battle as existed in every other battle fought in Virginia; in other words, the old ratio of about 3 to 1.

But with all due respect to General Sheridan, his statement cannot be admitted. If in his imagination he exaggerated the strength of Butler's force, stating in his report to General Grant, after his return from his ill-starred expedition against Hampton, that he found the Confederate cavalry chief with all the rebel cavalry at Trevillian and whipped him, "but," said he, "Breckenridge's division of infantry came to his rescue and as I was about out of ammunition I deemed it best to come back." Now, the man who could imagine the woods full of rebel cavalry and infantry, when there was no Confederate infantry nearer than Richmond, would naturally let that same imagination mislead him into the belief that his own force was very little in excess, if any, of the rebel cavalry.

However, one is not left to surmise in the matter, or to an exposition of the weakness of human nature to account for Sheridan's statement in his "Memoirs." General Butler, in his speech at the unveiling of the Wade Hampton monument, November 20, 1906, said this respecting the battle of Trevillian: "General Fitz Lee had about 3,000 men in his two brigades, Lomax's and Wickham's, at Trevillian. We were in a thickly wooded country unfit for mounted operation; consequently, we dismounted everything except one squadron, and opened the attack on foot with our long range Enfield rifles and drove the enemy a half mile or more, all the time expecting to hear Lee's guns on our right. Our left flank was about to be turned, when Young's brigade was sent in to reinforce it. Lee's division did not take position as I was assured it would."

So much for Butler's statement, which discredits Sheridan's, regarding the Confederate force really engaged at Trevillian. Now let us see what the military secretary of the war department at Washington has to say respecting the strength of General Sheridan's command. The following letter from him was written in reply to one he had received from General Butler making inquiries as to Sheridan's force at Trevillian:

“War Department, The Military Secretary's Office,
“Washington, November 8, 1906.

“*General M. C. Butler.*

“MY DEAR GENERAL: In response to your letter of the 5th inst., in which you ask to be furnished with a statement of the strength of General Sheridan's command at Trevillian Station, Va., June 11 and 12, 1864, I have the honor to advise as follows:

“A field return of the Army of the Potomac for June 1, 1864, . . . shows an aggregate present for duty in the cavalry corps commanded by General Sheridan of 12,420. As already stated, the number of men carried into action on June 11 and 12, 1864, has not been found of record, nor is there any return of strength on file bearing date between June 1 and June 11, 1864.

“Very respectfully,

“F. C. AINSWORTH,
“The Military Secretary.”

Thus it is seen that the author of “Butler and His Cavalry” did have excellent data on which to base his statement as to the relative strength of the opposing forces at Trevillian; but by what sort of arithmetic Sheridan figured his force at only 6,000 when on the 1st of June, 1864, his cavalry corps mustered over 12,000 strong, we are at a loss to know. Of course he did not take his whole corps with him to crush Hampton, for Wells states that he carried with him only the pick of it, numbering about 9,000, consisting of twenty-four regiments, and a large force of artillery. Between nine and ten thousand troops may be said to have composed his strength at Trevillian.

“Liquor Bottles and Jugs.”

As for the episode of empty liquor bottles and jugs found by our men at the enemy's camp just after he began his precipitate retreat, it is a small matter and calls for only a remark or two. Our fellows were not adverse to a wee taste of spiritus frumenti, a very scarce article at Confederate commissariats in the field, and doubtless, after so long a period of dryness, they went through the three Federal hospitals in search of it; but, alas! they found none, it was all drunk up. Along the whole way of Sheridan's circuitous route of a hundred miles back to Grant's headquarters empty whiskey bottles, jugs and demijohns were seen at every halting place of the enemy. Some were doubtless broken, but—

You may shatter the bottle or jug if you will,
The scent of the liquor lingers there still.

Very exasperating to the thirsty Rebs, who could smell, but not taste, wasn't it?

General Alger (McKinley's War Secretary), if he were living, and General Lomax, now of the Gettysburg cemetery commission, could give our critic some valuable information as to the respective numbers engaged on either side at Trevillian. It is suggested that he consult General Lomax.

Sheridan's Slaughter of Horses.

One thing more and this screed will end. If Sheridan was not routed at Trevillian on June 12, 1864, why did he shoot to death two thousand of his cavalry horses to keep our cavalry from getting them? It really seems that the little general should have been punished for cruelty to animals, if he was not afraid of what he called the “Rebel Cavalry.” When one of his men was captured on Monday evening, June 13, 1864, this scribe asked him to describe General Sheridan. His reply was: “He is a nervous little man and looks like your General John Dunovant.” “Where and how did you know General Dunovant?” “I served under him in the Tenth Regulars, U. S. A., before the war.”

T. F. RODENBOUGH VS. U. R. BROOKS.

Reply and Counter-Reply, in Discussion on "Butler and His Cavalry," Precipitated by Criticism Appearing in "Journal of Military Service."

Following is a reply by Editor Rodenbough, of the "Journal of Military Service," to the reply by General U. R. Brooks to a criticism on "Butler and His Cavalry"; also a counter-reply by General Brooks:

The Military Service Institution of the United States,
Governor's Island, N. Y., March 25, 1910.

U. R. Brooks, Esq., Columbia, S. C.

DEAR SIR: Yours of the 17th inst., with criticism of certain statements contained in a review of your book published in the March number of the "Journal of the Military Service Institution" is at hand.

While I do not wish to enter into a controversial campaign, yet one or two comments by you merit reply.

I do not question your "conscientious desire to state only those things which were well authenticated," but must maintain that in certain respects the result falls short of the intent. I am also actuated by a desire to be as impartial as one can who embraced the army as a profession, free from sectional prejudice and counting among my personal friends Generals Fitzhugh Lee and Lomax, Major H. B. McClellan, of General Stuart's staff, and other Confederate officers.

It does not add to the historical value of a book containing civil war reminiscences to repeat in the twentieth century what was excusable in letters, reports and diaries (like Calhoun's,) dated nearly fifty years ago, although it does add "local color" to camp fire gossip: it is in my opinion quite as objectionable as the "veneering of civilization," mentioned by you.

I plead guilty to an inadvertent error in referring to your account of Captain Leoser's capture and subsequent treatment by (as you say) "one of Thompson's men." The account of the incident (pp. 242-243) agreed in most respects with Leoser's

account (as often told me by him) and as described in a contribution to the history of his regiment (copy of extract enclosed) with the exception that Captain Leoser accuses Captain Thompson (and not Thompson's man) of taking the boots. Even as stated in your account the act was a grave breach of discipline such as might be expected of a "bushwhacker" or one of Sherman's "bummers," but not of first class troops such as General Butler commanded.

I trust you will accept my apology for the misquotation; your remarks under the circumstances are excusable.

Passing to the Farnsworth matter, I see no reason to change the language of the review and this without seeming to "invent" any detail. The incident is mentioned on pages 129, 489 and 490. On page 129, under the head of "The Murder of Billy Dulin," it is set forth that "early in the spring of 1863 at Warrenton, Va., a body of our scouts were charged by Colonel (afterward General) Farnsworth, of the Eighth Illinois Cavalry. A young scout by name Billy Dulin, only 16 years old, was caught under his wounded horse and in this helpless condition surrendered. Colonel Farnsworth shot the lad dead." . . .

The above agrees with the language of my review as to the four details which you style "misrepresentations made for a sinister purpose"; any sort of a collision between small parties of armed men in war may be properly called an "affair."

By the way, I noticed for the first time that the account quoted mentions "Colonel" Farnsworth; there was a Colonel J. F. Farnsworth, Eighth Illinois Cavalry; but on page 289 another account calls him "Captain Farnsworth." In your comment you use both titles and say that "before his promotion to a brigadier generalship he commanded the Eighth Illinois Cavalry, etc." You are wrong. Colonel J. F. Farnsworth commanded that regiment; General E. J. Farnsworth was promoted from captain in the same regiment four days before his death.

You ask "why our critic should be so adverse to accepting as a fact this incident?" Because, although it is possible, the reputation of the man makes it highly improbable and until the evidence of witnesses on both sides can be obtained I cannot believe Farnsworth guilty of the crime charged.

As to the other charge (suicide) it appears to be made out of a newspaper paragraph (see Captain Parson's statement enclosed). I prefer to believe that Captain Bachman did not withhold anything he saw of the incident.

I am willing to take General Butler's own statement as to the strength of Hampton's forces ("Cavalry Fight at Trevillian Station," "Battle and Leaders of the Civil War," IV, page 237.) (Captain Calhoun says 6,000, page 191,) and I pin my faith on General Sheridan's statement as to strength of his command actually engaged.

The shooting of a large number of disabled horses on the return march to the Army of the Potomac was our custom on all expeditions, to prevent their falling into the hands of the enemy after recuperation. As Sheridan brought back some 400 prisoners (permitting them to share the saddles, alternately, with his own troopers) the double duty may have added somewhat to the number. By the way, is it not stated in your book (page 380) that after Trevillian "many hundred horses of Hampton's command were unfit for service"? This was the natural result of continuous mounted service during the winter and spring.

The writer had the honor of opening the fight on the 11th of June in command of the Second United States Cavalry, at head of Torbert's column, was wounded early in the day, rode back with the column and can testify to the leisurely retirement of Sheridan's command; until West Point was reached we didn't hear a shot, although we understood that Hampton's men were moving on our flank and keeping us in sight.

However, there are admirable things in your book of which the space available in a magazine limits extended notice.

Yours truly,

T. F. RODENBOUGH, Editor.

Columbia, S. C., March 30, 1910.

General T. F. Rodenbough, Governor's Island, N. Y.

MY DEAR SIR: Like yourself, I have no desire to enter into a controversy relative to matters about the war. Life is too short for that, and, besides, it generally stirs up feelings of bitterness between those who ought to be friends. My only excuse for

replying to your review of "Butler and His Cavalry" was that I thought you a little astray in some of your statements, and I simply wanted to set you right, while at the same time feeling that you were as honest and sincere in your opinions as I was in mine. I am sure if we could meet and talk over those dark days of the past, we should find ourselves not so far apart as we imagine.

I find we differ somewhat as to the value of "letters, reports and diaries" written at the time the war was going on. You seem to regard them as of no value, at least as objectionable for historical purposes; while I look upon those things as the stuff that must necessarily enter into history. However, this is only a difference of opinion about which we will agree to disagree.

I accept in the spirit in which it was tendered your apology for inadvertent misquotations from my book. Only a soldier and a gentleman would confess to a wrong and handsomely apologize for it, as you have done, and it arouses within me a great desire to meet you.

Now, as to the Farnsworth matter. It appears from your letter that the Eighth Illinois Cavalry had two Farnsworths on its roster of officers—one, Captain E. J. Farnsworth, afterwards promoted to brigadier generalship, and the other, Colonel J. F. Farnsworth, who commanded the regiment. I can readily perceive how the names of these two men might have got mixed in the minds of our troops and the deed of the one ascribed to the other. So the probability is that both of us are right. It was not, as you said, General Farnsworth who shot the boy Dulin, but Colonel Farnsworth, as I stated. The fact that there were two Farnsworths in the Eighth Illinois Cavalry, both officers, which I didn't know until I received your letter, will also perhaps explain the report that the one who killed Dulin committed suicide on the field of Gettysburg. It is easy to understand how it originated. Our men, knowing of the crime charged against the colonel of the Eighth Illinois, very naturally jumped to the conclusion that it was he who fell at Gettysburg, and that pursued by a guilty conscience he took his own life rather than fall into the hands of the enemy, knowing what his fate would be. This explanation of the mistake gives me great satisfaction, for it is not in me to do a gallant officer an intentional wrong.

I am afraid you did not exactly catch the point I made with respect to the relative strength of the opposing forces at Trevillian Station. I do not question General Butler's statement, which you accept, as to the strength of Hampton's forces, nor did I minimize his estimate; but what I said was that nearly all the fighting done at Trevillian was by Butler's division, consisting of about twenty-two hundred men. General Hampton's other division, Fitz Hugh Lee's, did not take part in the fight until the battle was practically over and won, when he sent in only one regiment. As to General Sheridan's force, I know nothing except what General Ainsworth stated in his letter to General Butler, which I quoted in my former communication. I said he had between nine and ten thousand troops, giving my authorities. Possibly it was a wrong estimate; but, accepting General Sheridan's statement of the force he led into the battle, there still stands out the fact of the immense odds against which our force actually engaged had to contend. Until more light is thrown upon the whole matter, we will for the present accept Sheridan's statement.

Yes, we had several hundred horses unfit for service after the Trevillian fight, but I don't recall that we shot any of them. Such cruelty was never our practice.

I accept without question your statement that General Sheridan's "retirement" from Trevillian Station was "leisurely," and withdraw my statement that it was a precipitate retreat, bordering on a rout. In saying this, I simply want to get even with you in generosity.

Yours truly,

U. R. BROOKS.

Hampton C. H., S. C., August 16, 1911.

Colonel U. R. Brooks, Columbia, S. C.

MY DEAR COLONEL: I have read recently some correspondence (which was published some time since) between General T. F. Rodenbough and yourself in regard to statements in your book, "Butler and His Cavalry."

While I have no desire to engage in a discussion of any of the matters embraced in this correspondence, I have concluded to

write you of a conversation I heard some years ago, in regard to the death of General Farnsworth at Gettysburg.

In 1886, Colonel Batchelder invited a number of officers, both of the Federal and Confederate Cavalry, to meet him on the battlefield of Gettysburg, for the purpose of locating the positions occupied by the different cavalry commands during the battle. On returning to the hotel from the battlefield, I was in the same carriage with Colonel Batchelder and two of Custer's officers, Colonel Briggs and Colonel Stringfellow. In conversation the story of General Farnsworth's death was related by one of the party. The substance of it was that after his magnificent charge, while he was lying on the ground, under his horse, a Confederate soldier ran up and demanded his surrender. He refused to surrender, at the same time firing his pistol at the Confederate, but missing him. The Confederate soldier returned the fire, wounding him, and said, "Now you will surrender." General Farnsworth replied that he would never surrender, and turning his pistol on himself killed himself.

Colonel Batchelder was asked if this statement was true. He replied that it was; that he had, himself, hunted up the Confederate soldier referred to and had got the details from him. He also stated that he belonged to an Alabama regiment.

Coming from as high a source as the man who was employed by the United States Government to write up the battle of Gettysburg, and also had for years been engaged in a most careful preparation of the history of the battle, it seems to me to be proper to call your attention to this little scrap of history of that battle which happened to come to my knowledge in the way above stated.

Yours very truly,

JAMES W. MOORE,

Adjutant 2nd S. C. Cavalry, Battle of Gettysburg.

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