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# THREE YEARS IN THE CONFEDERATE HORSE ARTILLERY

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GEORGE M. NEESE

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Three years in the Confederate



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THREE YEARS  
IN THE  
CONFEDERATE HORSE  
ARTILLERY

BY  
GEORGE M. NEESE

*A Gunner in Chew's Battery, Stuart's Horse Artillery  
Army of Northern Virginia*



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## INTRODUCTION

**WAR**, no doubt, is very effective in cooling the ardor and soothing the enraged passions of ambitious men; perhaps it is the only sure method of settling great national disputes, yet it openly bears the birthmarks of a crude barbarism in all its phases.

It is a shame to civilization and a disgrace to modern Christianity that war is even sometimes considered a necessity in adjusting national or internal difficulties, especially between nations that glory in the appellation of Christian. Still, though strange it may seem, there are plenty of men that are willing and eager to adopt the same methods that our far-off progenitors resorted to, in the dim dawning twilight of civilization, when they were still struggling to peel off the first stratum of savagery.

I am individually opposed to war, and intend to go slow to get there, though it seems to be fashionable to rush to the front and then to play sick and slink home to see mother.

When imperative duty calls me to the field of actual war to resist the onward march of an invading foe, then, and not until then, will I respond to the demands of patriotism voluntarily.

I have always looked upon war as a dangerous and desperately destructive affair, especially when it is well played on both sides, therefore battle-fields have no charms for me. But if our pious friends in the North, whose sham philanthropy for Southern slaves is excelled by avaricious envy and legislative meanness, still refuse to listen to the pleadings of reason, and mock

at the offerings of Justice, then all that is left for the South to do is to cry, like a certain people of old once did, "To your tents, O Israel!"

On Sunday, July 21, 1861, the first great battle of the war between the States was fought, at Manassas. The Southern forces won, crushed the great Federal army and hurled it back to Washington. But the great disaster sustained by the Federal army had no appreciable effect in quelling the surging tide of human passion that has lashed itself into furious war; if anything, it only veiled the star of peace in a deeper gloom and made both sides more determined to die in the last ditch.

The war-cloud is growing darker and thicker, and more threatening every day. All over the land, both North and South, great preparations are in progress for a long and bloody struggle; and at this juncture of affairs nothing but the sacrifice of rivers of human blood and thousands of noble lives will smooth the frowning wrinkles on war's fiery front. These latter days of autumn, 1861, that are creeping slowly away, and drifting the season into winter, find me in the militia camp at Winchester, Va., playing soldier with a flintless flintlock musket; but if all reports are true concerning the vast and careful preparations that our former Christian-like friends on the north side of the Potomac are making for the butcher business, then this playing soldier in the militia, like these autumn days, is too bright to last.

A thousand thoughts are chasing one another through my mind, filling me with embarrassing anxiety, and tossing me to and fro on the restless billows of indecision as to what part—and how to play it—in the coming tragical struggle will be best for me to choose. For I will surely have to take part in the great drama that is already rehearsing on the

boards, and in doing so my great and longing desire is to render my performance under the supervision and direction of an efficient manager, one who has studied the entrances and the exits, the advantages and disadvantages of positions, the probable effects of casualties, the dangers of delay, the efficacy of timely evolutions, —and one who knows, sees, and feels the all-important moment to call *exeunt*.

As for the militia officers, the great majority of them have had no opportunity to unbuckle their genius for evolving and executing intricate maneuvers on the field, and from the observations that I have made in field maneuvers since I have been in the camp, I have come to the conclusion that the talent for military science in this particular portion of the militia died aborning.



## I

### I JOIN CHEW'S BATTERY

FOR the last two weeks I, with four militiamen, have been on detached duty guarding a siege gun in position at the Smithfield house, on the eastern outskirts of Winchester. But to-day, December 11, 1861, in the Smithfield house I volunteered to join Chew's Battery, an artillery company that was organized in Jefferson County about the first of November, for the express purpose of operating with Colonel Ashby's regiment of cavalry.

December 13 — This morning I bade farewell to my militia comrades, took the stage at the fair ground, and came to Martinsburg. James H. Williams, who is recruiting for the battery and who induced me to join it, came with me. I arrived in Martinsburg this afternoon, and at once came to the camp of the company, which is near the railroad shops. Everything is strange to me, town, country, people, officers, and not a man in the company that I have ever seen or heard of before.

I had an introduction to Captain Chew, who is sick in his tent, but from the little conversation that I had with him, and from the soldier-like appearance of his environments and his gentlemanly deportment, together with the courteous welcome he gave me as a stranger to his command, I am almost convinced already that what I have done to-day will in the end prove to have been a prudent act, as I will be under the immediate command of one who has studied the art of war.

R. P. Chew is from Jefferson County, a young man, and a graduate of the Virginia Military Institute, the latter fact being the great incentive that induced me to join a company of entire strangers.

The principal part of the men in the company are from Jefferson County, with a few members from Loudoun and Berkeley counties.

December 17 — Left Martinsburg at noon and marched to Dam No. 5, which is one of the dams on the Potomac that feeds the Chesapeake and Ohio Canal, and seems to be one of the objects that General Jackson has marked for destruction. We are camped in the woods about half a mile from the dam, without tents or fire. This is my first night of roughing it, and a rather cheerless opening of a campaign for a raw recruit, as the night is cold and no friendly camp-fire casts its genial gleam athwart the chilly darkness.

This seems to be one of Jackson's secret moves, and camp-fires would betray our presence. After we had repaired for the night to our blankets and the ground, I heard a great rustling among the dry leaves right in our camp. When I raised from my blanket bed to ascertain its cause I saw Jackson's infantry marching through the woods, close by our camp, going toward the dam. Soon after Jackson's men passed toward the river a desultory firing commenced between our men and the Yanks, shooting at each other across the river.

December 18 — General Carson, who has command of a militia brigade, came to the battery to-day and stated that he had a picket of twelve men in a mill down the river near Falling Waters, and that the Yankees had placed some artillery in position on the opposite side of the river, and were firing on the mill, and his men were afraid to venture out. He seemed to be very anxious about their safety in their, what he deemed, perilous predicament, and asked Captain Chew to take

his battery down and drive the Yankee battery away, and let his picket out.

A few moments after General Carson requested our services found us on the way to Falling Waters, which is about five miles from Dam No. 5. Before we got to the mill that held the captive picket we saw the Yankee artillery in position. They had but one piece in a large field that slopes toward the mill, about half a mile from the river. We opened at a mile distance, with one gun, and fired six rounds. These were the first shots I helped to fire; Heaven only knows where the last ones will be. The enemy hastily left the field after we opened, without making any pretension to return our fire. General Carson came riding up to the field where we were in position, and thanked Captain Chew for the service rendered in rescuing his pickets, and said that his men were certainly very glad to make their escape from what they considered a dangerous situation. This evening we came back to Dam No. 5 and arrived at seven o'clock.

December 19 — This morning we went on a little reconnoissance to a large field that slopes away from the river a little distance below the dam. The edge of the field and the river is fringed with a dense thicket, and is much higher ground than the Maryland side. Here and there were small open spaces in the undergrowth, and from one of these we plainly saw the Yankees' infantry and a battery of artillery. In a very few moments after we spied them we had impressive information that they saw us about as plainly as we saw them, for they sent us their compliments in the form of a few shell from rifled guns. These were the first shell that ever flew over me. Though oblivion may blot all else from my memory, its darkest waters can never erase the remembrance of the tremor of fear that rushed all over me, and crept into every little

corner about me, from my hat to my shoes, when I heard the frightful screaming whiz of the first shell. Somebody remarked that it was a twelve-pounder. Of course I am not used to hearing these things, but from the way it sounded to me I think it was about the size of a nailkeg — or a little larger.

It is wonderful how close to Mother Earth a raw recruit can get when he hears the "Hark from the tomb" of the first shell. When the first shell passed over our heads to-day I laid so close to the ground that it seems to me I flattened out a little, yearning for a leave of absence. Our battery was not in position when the Yanks opened on us, and they did not even see our guns; but four of us Rebel curiosity-seekers had stuck our heads above the bank, which was the sole object that drew the enemy's fire, with the expectation, I suppose, of finding bigger game behind the bushes.

The Second Regiment of Virginia Infantry was bivouacked in a field back of the one we were in, and in range and line of the Yankee shell. The men had their arms stacked, and were grouped around their fires, a great many with their blankets spread in the sunshine, but when the Yankee shell screamed across the field — one of which exploded over the regiment — it created a lively scene for a while, and caused a general stir among the men. Bivouac, equipage, and spread out blankets were ready to move in a very few moments after the report of the shell died away.

We did not reply to the fire of the Federal battery, but remaining on the field about an hour after they ceased firing, went back to camp about a mile from the dam.

This evening after dark we went above the dam on a hill for the purpose of firing on the riflemen and battery, while Jackson's destroyers were working on the dam, but with their artillery the Yankees set a mill

on fire on this side of the river near the dam. The burning mill threw a light on the dam almost as bright as day, which made it too hazardous for the destroyers to operate.

The light of the burning mill had no effect on our position, as a hill covered with thick woods screened us, and we were in perfect darkness, and a good distance from the mill. Yet I heard a bullet whiz over my head, and I have been wondering what the man was shooting at that fired it; and have come to the conclusion that it must have been fired by one of these angelic philanthropists of the North who has been taking lessons in religion from "Uncle Tom's Cabin" and has come down here to gratify his saintly prejudice by shooting at the Southern Confederacy in the dark.

We remained in position until we learned that the work on the dam had been abandoned, then we fell back a little distance and slept in a wood, without fire.

December 20 — Went to the highland near the dam, and had a spirited and lively duel with a Yankee battery across the river. We had one man slightly wounded. After the firing we fell back a little distance and bivouacked in a field.

December 21 — To-day we came back from Dam No. 5 to our old camp in Martinsburg.

December 23 — Moved into winter quarters, in a good house in the southeastern suburbs of town, and near a good spring.

December 30 — Late this afternoon a squad of men was detailed to go to Winchester after a new gun for the battery. I was one of the detail, and at dusk we left Martinsburg, nearly all of us riding bareback. It was about ten o'clock when we arrived at Winchester. We hitched our horses in the depot yard and the men scattered over town seeking quarters for the night. As I have recently taken practical lessons at Dam No. 5

in roughing it, I did not put myself to any inconvenience nor waste any time in searching for quarters, but wrapped my blanket around me and crept into a stack of baled hay in the depot yard, and there wooed Nature's sweet restorer. It was a little coolish, but I slept well. A horse eating hay near my head when I went to sleep was my slumber song.

December 31 — The men were a little slow in bunching this morning, but eventually we all got together and proceeded to an old stone church at the eastern edge of town on the Berryville pike, which was used as an arsenal. There we got a new gun, ammunition, harness — a full equipment for a new detachment. Heretofore we had but two pieces in the battery, both rifled guns. This new one is a twelve-pound howitzer, a valuable and necessary adjunct to the battery, as howitzers are very effective at close range, and especially adapted for grape and canister.

After we got everything arranged in good condition we struck out for Martinsburg, where we arrived this evening, New Year's Eve.

January 1, 1862 — New Year's Day, and orders to go to Dam No. 5, with Ashby's cavalry. This was a bright sunny day, but a cold west wind made it disagreeable marching. This evening we are camped in a field near Dam No. 5, with cold beef, bread, and plenty of good water, and an old barn full of soft downy hay to sleep in to-night, all of which brightens the cheer of the glad New Year.

This is a beautiful bright night. The moon hangs in a clear sky, and it is nearly as light as day. A few tiny fragments of dissolving clouds, that look like little bunches of snowy lace, are scudding across the azure dome chasing each other toward the gates of morning. Now as I am ready for my soldier bed, the wintry wind is howling fiercely around the old barn, the pickets

are firing along the river not far away, a memorable hymn for the natal day of 1862.

January 2 — Last night after everybody in the barn had settled down to the slumber point I heard a horseman hurriedly approach the barn. I was very uneasy for fear it was a courier with a dispatch for the battery to turn out and go to the river, as the pickets were still firing. It was a courier, but he called for the Brock's Gap Rifles, some of which were with us in the barn, to go to the river, sharp-shooting.

The Brock's Gap Rifles is a company from Brock's Gap, Rockingham County, Va., commanded by Captain Winfield (Dr. W.). The majority of the members are first-class marksmen, and if a Brock's Gap rifleman gets good aim at a Yank at a reasonable distance he generally gives him a pass for immediate use to that "country from whose bourne no traveler returns," or else invites him to report at the hospital for repairs.

To-day we moved to a woods two miles from the dam, where we camped to-night.

January 3 — Sunrise found us on the march in a northwestern direction across the northern portion of Berkeley County. We passed North Mountain depot on the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad, and came through Hedgesville, a small village about eight miles north of Martinsburg, crossed Back Creek this afternoon, and this evening we are camped in a pine thicket in Morgan County.

The weather is cold, disagreeable, and very unfavorable for outing; we have no shelter save some pine brush thrown together on the hog-shed fashion.

This afternoon a company of our cavalry passed us, armed with lances, which consisted of a steel spear about ten inches long mounted on a wooden shaft about eight feet long. These were some of the identical weapons

that the saintly martyr, John Brown, had at Harper's Ferry, to place in the hands of liberated slaves for the purpose of murdering men and women and perhaps children.

And yet, if all accounts be true, there are long-faced men and women in the North to-day who think that they are worshiping the great Jehovah by singing the praises of John Brown. O ye prejudiced, hypocritical souls, if you would have lived a little over eighteen hundred years ago you would have been in the crowd that shouted, "Crucify Him! Crucify Him!" especially if you would have had a lamb or two to sell.

January 4 — Snowed last night, and our hog nest shelter did nothing but sift snow on us all night. We did not leave our camp till nearly midday, then marched over a rough mountainous country. We crossed one mountain over a rough steep road. At some places it meandered through deep and wooded ravines and at others it wound along the craggy sides of steep rocky ridges, like a huge serpent feeling its way around insurmountable barriers.

On top of the mountain we had a grand and imposing view of wild and picturesque scenery, mountains piled up in every direction, ridged and ravined and covered with new-fallen snow, the rocks and trees all mantled in the crystal garb of winter. Looking to the north, ridge succeeds ridge and mountain follows mountain, like mighty waves on some storm-swept ocean, until way in the dim distance the snowy crests touched the bending sky and softly blended with the dull leaden wintry haze that hung along the horizon.

There are people living all through these mountains and uplands. Here and there I saw little cleared spots, hanging along the hill and mountain slopes, with small, low wooden houses on them, weather-stained, gray with

age, that constitute the homes of these dwellers in the highlands.

It is hard to comprehend how these mountaineers can be contented to spend their lives in these isolated, solitary, dreary spots in this mountain wilderness, but I suppose they, like all highland dwellers, love the lofty slopes that lift their humble homes to the storm.

It was nearly sunset when we arrived at Bath, and General Jackson's men had already driven the enemy away an hour before our arrival.

Bath is the county-seat of Morgan County, and also noted as a summer resort and watering-place, bearing the name of Berkeley Springs. It is almost entirely surrounded by steep little mountains close by, and on top of the nearest one to the little village the Yanks had a few pieces of artillery in position, from which they fired a few rounds at Jackson's infantry when it first approached the town. The Yanks, without making much resistance, fled toward Hancock, Md., which is six miles away due north from Bath. Jackson's men pursued them, and just at nightfall we started from Bath toward Hancock.

It was drawing toward midnight when we arrived near the river opposite Hancock. Some Yankee sharpshooters in or near the town were firing at the dark hills on the Virginia side of the river, and some of Jackson's batteries were replying to the Yankee fireworks at midnight. The scene was grand. The light that flashed from the cannon darted around the hills and lighted the frosty landscape just like regular old-time lightning would do it when it is playing from the clouds.

The trougy road is crowded with Jackson's shivering infantry, standing in the cold and dark. The snow is about four inches deep, and the night is very unfavorable for an outdoor performance; and to add to

the disagreeableness of the situation, an icy breeze is creeping over the frozen hills and feels like a breath from the North Pole.

At last, about two hours after midnight, an order came around permitting us to make fires, and I never before saw fences disappear so fast. In twenty minutes after the "You may make fires" was spoken there were a hundred friendly camp-fires cheerfully blazing along the snowy hillside.

January 5 — We did not camp last night, but lay on the road-side about a mile from Hancock, trying to sleep a little, but it was too cold for the business, and moreover it was way after midnight before we were allowed to break ranks.

At daylight this morning the troops were all ready for what next. About nine o'clock I saw Colonel Ashby going toward the river under a white flag. He crossed the Potomac, and I suppose demanded the surrender of the town, which, from all appearances, was refused; for as soon as Ashby returned Jackson commenced planting his batteries in position on the heights this side of the river.

About two o'clock this afternoon Jackson's guns commenced a slow fire across the river. The artillerists did not fire promiscuously on the town, but directed the shots to points where they were most likely to find Yankee game with guns.

I saw a company of Yankee cavalry in a churchyard on the farthest side of town, with their sabers drawn. I suppose they were ready to charge the whole of Dixie Land, and would have done it if it had not been that the river was in the way. The artillery failed to develop anything of a serious character, and after firing slowly for an hour or so, ceased altogether.

This afternoon I went through a small Yankee camp which they had left in double-quick time last night,

on this side of the river, a little below Hancock. The Sibley tents are still standing, and their former occupants bequeathed us their camp kettles, bed-ticks, and even some of their clothing. In one tent I found a sheet of letter paper, with a pen and an open inkstand close by; on the paper was the beginning of a letter in the following words: "Dear Father, I am glad to inform you that this evening finds me on the soil of Virginia," — then left, and pulled for the other shore.

January 6 — Last night it commenced snowing very fast, and snowed all night, which made it very disagreeable for outing, especially without tents, and we all snowed under about six inches. This morning before daylight some of our boys went down to the Hancock depot on the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad, which is on the Virginia side of the Potomac, and captured some splendid army shoes, jackets, and coats, all new and of good quality. They went in the dark, for the reason that there were Yankee sharpshooters on the other side of the river ready to plant bullets in any Rebel that would be despicable enough to dare to touch any of Uncle Sam's goods.

About ten o'clock this morning the Yanks commenced passing some shell from Maryland to Virginia, and as we were close to the State line we moved back about a mile, and are now camped about a mile and a half from Hancock. Our camp is hanging way up on a steep hillside where the winter wind has a good whack at us.

Jackson's men have all moved back beyond the range of the Yankee shell. His batteries did not reply to the enemy's fire, which was slow and desultory, and from indications they had but two guns engaged. They threw their shell all over these hills and fired at nothing in particular.

January 7 — A cold north wind that felt like winter's best swept furiously over our camp last night.

This morning Jackson's troops commenced their march back toward Bath. A Tennessee band played "The Mocking Bird" as the infantry began to move away. Our battery was rear guard, and we did not move out of camp until noon. The road was very slippery on account of the packed, frozen snow, consequently we made poor progress, marching only about a mile an hour. It was dark when we passed Bath. We marched until ten o'clock to-night, and are camped four miles south of Bath. Very cold, and our beds are made on fence rails, to keep out of the snow.

January 8 — We renewed our march this morning, and, like yesterday, made slow progress. We were in rear of the infantry, and it moved very slowly all day. We passed through a very broken, hilly country and marched about eight miles. Camped on Sleepy Creek.

January 9 — Weather is getting warmer. It rained all last night. This morning we renewed our march over a very muddy road. At eleven o'clock we passed the camp of the Seventh Brigade of Virginia Militia.

This afternoon we passed Jackson's camp. We marched till nearly night, and are camped on top of a high hill, from which we can see Jackson's and General Loring's camps not far away. Loring's Brigade came recently from Valley Mountain in Southwest Virginia, and is operating with Jackson in this winter mountain expedition. This camp is on the Martinsburg and Romney road, near Unger's store, on the southern edge of Morgan County, about twenty-two miles north of Winchester. We remained in this camp until the morning of the 13th.

January 13 — This morning was rough and blustering. We left camp early, and marched through a hilly country in the direction of Romney. When we had proceeded about five miles Colonel Ashby met us and said, "Boys, you can go back to Martinsburg into

winter quarters." That was welcome news, and gladly received, for this is wretched weather for marching over these snow-clad hills and mountains and camping without tents. We counter-marched instantly, and are now on our way to Martinsburg.

We marched until after dark, and to-night we are camped in a deep ravine in a dense woods. I do not know how far we traveled to-day, nor where we are. I do not believe any one else knows, only that we are somewhere in the woods of Northern Virginia, west of the North Mountain.

January 14 — Snowed last night and this morning till ten o'clock, then cleared up with a very cold and unfriendly wind that swept fiercely over the bleak hills and mountains. We renewed our march, crossed Third Hill Mountain, the top of which was one vast stretch of pine thicket gracefully bowing under a crystal shroud of beautiful snow and glittering hoarfrost.

We reached Shanghai a little before sunset, and camped here for the night. Shanghai is a little hamlet on Back Creek, about twelve miles west of Martinsburg. That little old faded cap that General Jackson wears may shelter a brain that is filled with skeletons of strategic maneuvers, war maps, and battle-field plans, but if he thinks that we are India-rubber and can keep on courting Death with impunity, by marching in the snow with wet feet all day, and then be snowed under at night, he will find that by the time the robins sing again half of his command will be in the hospital or answering roll call in some other clime.

This morning when I got up I crawled from under four inches of snow on my blanket, and this was the third time we were snowed under in the last two weeks. We marched in the snow all day, and this evening I stood barefooted in the snow, on a little plank however, wringing the water not only out of my socks, but shoes

too. My shoes are Confed. and the leather is only half tanned. I wrung them out this evening like an old heavy dish rag, and now they look like dog-feed. Looking at my dog-feed shoes sitting by the camp-fire is what causes the pessimistic reflections to troop through my brain.

January 15 — Wet and dreary, rained and sleeted all day. Renewed our march early this morning, forded Back Creek near Shanghai, crossed the North Mountain, and at noon we arrived at Martinsburg, wet, but glad to get into comfortable winter quarters once more. I never saw it sleet faster than it did to-day when we were ascending the North Mountain. The Bath trip is over. We were gone just fifteen days, and never fired a single shot.

January 26 — This morning we received orders to go with Ashby's Cavalry on a scout. At nine o'clock we were on the march. We went up the Winchester pike ten miles to Bunker's Hill. There we left the pike and came by Smithfield to Charlestown, where we arrived after dark. We are quartered in the Court House. This is the town where the insurrectionist, John Brown, obtained a permit to paddle his canoe across the Styx.

January 27 — Remained at Charlestown awaiting orders.

January 28 — Early this morning we started toward Harper's Ferry, through a cold and drenching rain. We got wet, and our clothes were stiff with ice, which put us in a first-class condition for fight — as wet hens fight well.

When we got to Bolivar near the Ferry the rain had ceased, but a heavy mist hung like a lacy pall over the river, through which we could dimly discern a Yankee encampment on the Maryland side, and near the canal I saw the bluecoats moving around among the tents, and from all appearances they were preparing break-

fast. We went to the lower end of Bolivar and silently turned into a lot on the left of the street near a brick house and put our guns in position unobserved by the enemy.

We opened fire and landed a live twelve-pounder in their camp, which proved to be a regular surprier. It stirred up the whole camp in general and stopped the breakfast business short off. I saw the men rush out of their tents, gazing about for a moment to ascertain where the unwelcome, noisy visitor hailed from. Just then we repeated the dose with another twelve-pound percussion shell.

They seemed then to comprehend that we meant business. They had also located our position, and hastily seizing their long-ranged rifles they ran hurriedly down the hill to the canal, some of them behind trees along the river, and opened fire on us. We were in range of their rifles, for I heard the dull thud of the bullets as they struck the ground around us. We fired five rounds, and then retired from our exposed position. After we ceased firing I heard it thunder over on Maryland Heights, and I also heard a few nailkegs whiz fearfully through the air. The Yanks had a battery of heavy rifled guns — twenty-four-pounders, I think — in position halfway up the mountain on the Maryland side, from which they fired some eight or ten rounds. They did not fire at our battery, but threw all their shell to our right; I suppose at some of Ashby's cavalymen. After the firing all ceased we returned to Charlestown, and are again quartered in the Court House.

The natural scenery around Harper's Ferry is strikingly grand and picturesque. There the bright waters meet and laughingly lave the foot of a disrupted mountain. The Loudoun Heights spring from the right bank of the Shenandoah, like a mighty giant adorned

in the sylvan garb of primeval splendor, and lifts its rocky crest far above the murmuring rapids of the river, and watches the Daughter of Stars mingle its limpid waters with the River of Swans. On the opposite side of the Potomac Maryland Heights lifts its craggy head still higher and pushes boldly out its adamantine breast till it almost overhangs the rushing river, and like a faithful sentinel it ever guards the single gateway that permits the waters of the Shenandoah and Cumberland valleys to pursue their winding way to the sea.

Bolivar Heights, with its Jefferson's Rock apparently hanging in the air, lends enchantment to the scene of rippling silvery waters rushing around huge boulders in the river, and a rifted mountain with its rugged breach and delectable environments, where nature revels in her wildest beauty.

January 29 — We came from Charlestown to-day, and this evening we are home again in our winter quarters in Martinsburg.

## II

### LEAVE WINTER QUARTERS—WINCHESTER

**FEBRUARY 23**—This morning we left Martinsburg with all our household and camping utensils, and from all noticeable indications we have said our last farewell to winter quarters for this season, and who can tell where we shall dwell to be merry another winter?

This evening we are quartered in a church at White Hall in Frederick County, about seven miles north of Winchester.

**February 24**—This morning we renewed our march. The weather was calm, warm, and bright, with not a speck of cloud staining the sky, but we had not proceeded very far on our way before dark and threatening thunder clouds came rolling from the west, and soon broke over us in a drenching rain storm, with thunder and lightning in a regular midsummer style. But as our movement was not urgently important, the benignant humanity of our captain allowed us to stop, until the storm passed over and the rain ceased, and shelter ourselves in an old deserted house on the roadside.

We reached the Winchester and Pughtown road before night and quartered in a vacant house on the Pughtown road about six miles from Winchester, and near a little winding stream wearing the euphonious appellation of Hog Creek. The weather is beginning to grow warm, mild, and sunny. The boys are in good spirits and lively, and seem to be utterly unmindful of the hardships and dangers, deadly encounters and bloody conflicts, that are the attending concomitants of an active and vigorous campaign, which from all ominous

appearances is ripe and nearly ready to open, for the breezes that sweep from the north already bear on their bosom the sounding echoes of the approaching footsteps and measured tread of a formidable and determined invading foe. Soon, ah, too soon, the demons of war will be brandishing their glittering blades and fiendishly slashing for human blood, and the dead and dying be scattered over the fields that are now ready to don the blooming livery of spring.

But hie away, ye gloomy reveries, distracting thoughts, and perplexing fears, and let the soothing touch of hope revive my drooping spirits. The war cloud may burst with all its fury and the red fiery eye of battle may glow in all its fiercest wrath, yet I may withstand all its destructive ravages, pass through all its fiery ordeals unscathed and untouched, and live to see the last fragment of war cloud drift away and dissolve in the radiant glow of freedom's peaceful light.

February 28 — Moved to Winchester this morning and arrived there before ten o'clock. Remained in town awaiting orders till nearly night, then moved down the Berryville pike one mile, and quartered in a house on the south side of the road.

March 1 — Late this evening we moved to the fair ground, which is at the north end of Winchester on the Martinsburg pike. We pitched our tents this evening for the first time this year.

March 2 — To-day we moved back again to the same place on the Berryville road where we moved from yesterday evening. Snowed all day.

March 6 — We moved from our quarters south of the Berryville road to a woods north of the road. All is quiet, but from various indications, and from our short movements from pike to pike, first to the Berryville pike and then to the Martinsburg road, forebodes that all is not well.

A private in the rear rank has very little opportunity of knowing or learning anything concerning the movements or strength of an approaching enemy, but I have a sort of unexplainable intuition that the Yanks are advancing on Winchester with a heavy force, and that within the next few days we will see either a fight or a fall-back.

March 7 — About three o'clock this afternoon we heard the boom of a cannon in the direction of Bunker's Hill. Events of a startling character are crowding around the threshold of the near future. Little before sunset we got orders to march out on the Martinsburg road, as the Yankees were advancing on Winchester, and that their advance guard was within five miles of town; but before we proceeded far on the Martinsburg road we learned that Ashby's Cavalry met and repulsed the enemy's advance guard and drove it back to Bunker's Hill. Jackson's men were out under marching orders, standing in ranks, ready for fight at a moment's notice. We returned to our camp on the Berryville road after dark. Our tents are folded and on the wagon, consequently we are camping to-night without shelter. The cannon we heard to-day were some of Pendleton's battery firing at the enemy down on the Martinsburg road.

March 8 — To-day we moved four miles below Winchester, on the Martinsburg pike. Quartered in a house.

March 11 — At ten o'clock this morning we heard that the Yankees were advancing in force. We received orders to move toward Winchester, to go within one mile of town and await further orders. Immediately after we arrived within a mile of town we were ordered to return down the pike, to check the enemy's advance guard. We went about two miles below town and put one gun [the howitzer] in position, and awaited the

approach of the Yanks. Our first position was nearly two miles in advance of Jackson's army, which was then near Winchester.

We did not have to wait long before we saw the enemy, an immense force steadily advancing on the Martinsburg road, and a column of infantry with waving banners winding along the hillsides west of the pike, like some huge shiny snake in a coat of mail, reflecting the bright afternoon sunlight that flashed with shattered splendor from thousands of glittering muskets and burnished trappings. The magnificent splendor of the scene was truly fascinating, yet danger lurked in the approaching panoramic sheen.

The cavalry was in front in solid column, which once or twice threw out bodies of skirmishers that scoured the woods and fields on their left. The infantry marched in splendid order in columns of four, close in rear of the cavalry. Now and then I saw little bunches of white smoke rising from their line of sharpshooters as they sped their bullets at some daring Rebel cavalymen that ventured too near the coming warish anaconda.

They advanced cautiously and slowly. As soon as their cavalry came within range of our gun we fired two shell at them, then fell back to the fair ground, taking a position which we held till after dark. It was nearly sunset when we arrived at the fair ground, and just as the sun was sinking behind the hills Jackson's men began to move in various maneuvers, marching and counter-marching around the fair ground and through the fields at the north end of Winchester.

When the twilight began to grow into dusk I saw some of the infantry regiments march into the breastworks on the hill west of town. We remained at the fair ground with our guns in battery ready for action at a moment's warning until some time after dark.

Then, all being quiet in our front, we retired slowly through the silent streets that were soon to echo the martial tread of the invaders. We fell back to Milltown Mills on the Valley pike, and remained until midnight, then retired to Bartonsville. From all appearances Winchester is evacuated, and will be occupied by the enemy to-morrow morning.

Jackson's forces are retreating up the Valley. Their camp-fires are blazing all along the pike south of Kernstown by Bartonsville and toward Newtown.

It is now nearly two hours after midnight, and the air is cold and chilly. A few moments ago I saw General Jackson bending over a dying camp-fire by the roadside warming his hands. After standing there a while apparently in deep meditation, and as silent as the glow that was playing over the embers, he drew his faded cap closer over his brow, mounted his horse, and rode slowly away toward Newtown.

Here at Bartonsville, which is six miles from Winchester, we, at two o'clock in the morning, wrapped our blankets around us, weary and fatigued, and dropped on the bosom of Mother Earth to snatch a few hours of balmy sleep.

March 12 — We left Bartonsville at eight this morning and moved slowly up the pike to a hill half a mile south of Newtown, where we are still camped this evening. To-day we had a little panic in camp, which came very near bordering on a stampede among the wagoners. Cavalrymen and some of the artillery were mixed in it too, Company Q in general. It was caused by a hasty report from the front that the Yankees were rapidly advancing in force and that they were already near our camp. The alarm was partly false, however. A Yankee scouting party drove our pickets in and approached to within one mile of our camp, and would undoubtedly have come nearer but the ever watch-

ful and gallant Ashby at the head of his troopers with drawn sabers charged them and drove them back to Kernstown.

Some of our cavalrymen captured a drummer boy and brought him to camp. It is something unusual to find a drummer so far away from the infantry. It looks a little as if he was operating with the cavalry, either trying to deceive somebody or else the Yanks think that Ashby's men are as easily frightened as old women. If they think the latter, they will learn something beneficial to their well-being before they get two months older.

Colonel Ashby is a splendid horseman, and as I looked at him to-day when he started to charge at the head of his column, riding superbly, with drawn saber flashing in the sunlight, and his long jetty beard floating in the wind like wavy silk as he dashed by, he was a striking representation of a princely knight of the Middle Ages, and the sight made me feel a little fightish myself.

March 13 — Went on picket this morning two miles below Newtown. All quiet in front. Returned to camp this evening.

March 14 — Went on picket at same post as yesterday.

March 15 — This morning the enemy advanced with cavalry and artillery. We put our battery in position at our camp on a hill half a mile above Newtown. We fired some eight or ten rounds; then fell back to Cedar Creek. Quartered in an old house on the hillside near Cedar Creek bridge.

March 16 — At twelve o'clock last night an alarm reached us that the pickets were fighting near Middletown, two miles from our camp. We were ordered to get ready to march at a moment's notice. The alarm was false, and we remained at an old house till day,

but did not unroll our blankets nor sleep the remainder of the night. Early this morning crossed Cedar Creek, which is the boundary between Frederick and Shenandoah, and moved about two miles up the pike from the creek bridge and camped. The enemy did not advance farther than Newtown yesterday.

March 18 — Everything was quiet in front until the middle of the afternoon. Then a report reached camp that the Yanks were advancing. We were ordered to pack up as quickly as possible and get ready for action. The enemy advanced rapidly, and we were ordered to Cedar Creek to oppose their onward march. We put our guns in position about half a mile from the creek on the west side of the pike, on a hill which commanded the bridge and its approaches.

The enemy advanced with artillery, cavalry, and infantry. When they came within a mile of our position we opened fire on them with our rifled guns. Their artillery wheeled four guns into battery immediately after we opened and returned our fire. Both sides thundered with a lively exchange for about twenty-five minutes. Then the battery ceased, either to change position or seek a more sheltered one, as the one they occupied was on the exposed face of the hill, and we had the range of their position, and perhaps we hurt somebody on their side of the creek.

When they ceased firing we held our position a few moments, when, in consequence of approaching night, we fell back to Strasburg, which is four miles from Cedar Creek and eighteen from Winchester. We quartered in a house on Main Street till midnight, when a report from the front reached us that the Yanks were advancing. We rolled up our blankets and had everything ready to march at the word "Forward." We left the house and moved about two hundred yards south of town, and lay there on the roadside until day.

Our men burnt the Cedar Creek bridge to-day before we turned the creek over to the Yanks. The bridge was burning when we were firing on their battery.

March 19 — Early this morning we moved to the top of Fisher's Hill, two miles above Strasburg, put our battery in a good commanding position, and awaited the advance of the enemy. We did not have to wait long before their advance guard appeared over Hupp's Hill, nearly a mile north of Strasburg. Close behind their advance guard came their artillery and infantry, with steady tread, in solid column, and in overwhelming numbers. We had nothing but one battery and Ashby's regiment of cavalry to oppose the mighty host that was approaching with floating banners.

They marched in one body till they arrived in town. Then one column flanked out on their right and advanced up the railroad and the other one came up the pike. When the one on the pike came within range of our guns we opened fire on the head of the column, which checked, mixed, and muddled them, and they retired, not quite in as good dress parade order as they had advanced just a moment before. But in the meantime the column that came up the railroad was about flanking our position, and about a mile northeast of us they put an eight-gun battery in position at almost the same altitude as ours.

When they opened fire on us with eight guns,— and from the clear-cut whiz of the shell they were all rifled pieces at that,— with an infantry column advancing on our left and one in front,— eight rifled guns playing on two,— we quickly arrived at the conclusion that discretion being the better part of valor, we would retire without delay. We fell back about a mile and took another position. The enemy advanced their battery, and we opened on them again. They returned our fire, doubling the amount. We fell back to another

position and opened again, and they also repeated their tactics, and so we kept on falling back, firing at them from every hilltop for six miles.

When we left our last position it was nearly night, and we came to Narrow Passage, three miles south of Woodstock, and camped for the night. The Yanks fell back to Strasburg, which is twelve miles from Woodstock.

At some of our positions to-day the cannonading was what a raw recruit considers severe and unwholesome. Their ten-pound Parrott shells exploded all around us and threw the fragments in every direction with a whiz and a ring that made music—of its kind—in the air.

Our cavalry burned three railroad bridges to-day — Tumbling Run, Tom's Brook, and Narrow Passage.

March 20 — This morning we went below Woodstock on picket, but saw no Yanks. This evening we are quartered in the Court House at Woodstock.

March 22 — Yesterday evening we heard that the Yanks had nearly all left Winchester. This morning we started early en route down the Valley. Some of our boys were light-hearted and even merry, as they fully anticipated with the utmost confidence of entering Winchester this evening without any serious opposition or difficulty.

Between Middletown and Newtown we met a boy from Winchester, who told us that the Yanks all left town this morning; but that boy evidently lied, for we had very strong proof, and plenty of it, to that effect before night. About the middle of afternoon we sighted the southern end of Winchester. We saw a few tents and some few infantrymen strolling about, but apparently the town seemed to be evacuated by the enemy, sure enough. We advanced to within about a mile of town and put our guns in position, and fired a few

rounds at the infantry that was scattered around the fields near town. After we fired a shell or two we saw a carriage or ambulance surrounded by a few horsemen come from town and drive on the field. Captain Chew said, "Give that carriage a shot; it may be carrying some important game." We turned one gun on it, and our shell exploded near the vehicle, and it soon after disappeared from the field. Even after our firing, from all appearances, there were no forcible indications that there were many fighting Yanks close around, and we were almost certain that they had no artillery. But in war things are not as they seem, for at this juncture of affairs a few companies of Ashby's Cavalry charged down the pike with the expectation and intention of going into Winchester. But just before they got to the edge of the town a regiment of Yankee infantry rose from behind a fence and fired a volley at them at close range; but fortunately the Yanks were excited to the buck fever heat, consequently too hasty with their aim and fire, and our cavalry came out without sustaining the least damage or injury.

After the cavalry came back we fired at the infantry, but in about twenty minutes after their infantry fired from behind the fence the Yanks put an eight-gun battery in position on a hill west of town, which thoroughly commanded our position and the pike.

They opened on us with their eight guns from the hill, and we had but two, and down on a level field much lower than their position, and exposed to their direct fire, which rendered our situation untenable, consequently we left forthwith and immediately.

Up to this time I never heard such thunder as those guns on that hill kept up until we passed out of range. The shell came thick and fast, exploding all around us, every fragment shrieking, "Hark from the tomb." It was now about sunset, and we started back to Newtown,

where we arrived about an hour after dark, and quartered in a church.

March 23 — This morning we ate breakfast at four o'clock, and daylight found us on the march for Kernstown. We arrived at Bartonsville by sunrise and remained there about two hours; then went within half a mile of Kernstown and halted. From there one gun went still a little farther on toward the town. Just a little south of town, and where the pike makes a little turn, stands a small brick house on the west side of the road. In front of that house our first gun went in position, and fired the first and opening shot of the battle of Kernstown.

The Federal artillery was in position on a range of hills northwest of the town and replied to our opening shot with a vim which at once bespoke that they meant business. In the meantime a body of sharpshooters and two pieces of artillery advanced on our position from the east side of town and a little to right of our front. When the sharpshooters opened on us with their long-range rifles, and the two pieces of artillery commenced firing on us, we abandoned our position and retired under fire. We fell back about half a mile.

The first shell they fired at us from the battery on our right was a twelve-pounder, and I saw it flying in its graceful curve through the air, coming directly toward the spot where I was standing. I watched it until it struck the ground about fifteen feet in front of me. I was so interested in the sky ball, in its harmless appearance, and surprised that a shell could be so plainly seen during its flight, that I for a moment forgot that danger lurked in the black speck that was descending to the earth before me like a schoolboy's innocent plaything. It proved to have been a percussion shell, and when it struck the ground it exploded and scattered itself in every direction around me, and threw up dirt

and gravel like a young volcano. Some of the gravel struck me on the arm. Then I left that place instantly, as I did not have any inclination whatever to watch any more shell just then, and my gun had already retired.

Soon after we fell back from our first position the cannonading became general. The Yankee batteries on the hills west of town opened fire on our cavalry, and one four-gun battery came up the pike and planted its guns east of the road and not far from where we fired the first shot this morning.

We opened fire on it when it entered the field, and it wheeled in battery under our fire. The Yanks were expeditious and lively in getting ready, and in a very few moments they briskly returned our fire with all four of their guns at close range. We had only three pieces — two near the pike and one about two hundred yards farther to the right, all on the east of the road.

The artillery fire now became terrific. Hundreds of shell went just over our heads, howling and shrieking in the air like demons on their way to deal death and destruction to Rebels. Some of their shell exploded over our heads and sowed their fragments and leaden hail in the sod around us. Others exploded close in our rear and thundered like batteries in the air where the furies of battle were fiendishly hissing the weird dirge of death and destruction. Just then I was ready to run without further notice.

Our twelve-pound howitzer shell exploded right among their guns, and eventually, unable to endure our fire any longer, the Yankee battery left the field. I was just about as glad as a raw recruit can possibly expect to be on a day like this, and under like circumstances, when I saw the Yankee battery limber up and leave the field. About midday Jackson's troops began to arrive on the field. His infantry and artillery went to the left of our position and on the range of hills west of

the pike. His men were not in first-class condition to take their places in line of battle, which they were required to do almost immediately after their arrival on the field, from the fact that they were weary and tired, and almost broken down with over-fatigue from hard marching. Since yesterday morning they marched from three miles south of Mount Jackson, which is about forty miles from Kernstown.

The hills west of Kernstown were blue with Yankee infantry. When Jackson began to form his line a regiment of the Yankee infantry double-quickened from Kernstown across the fields toward our left. They had a large and conspicuous flag. When Colonel Ashby saw it he came riding rapidly up to the battery and cried, "Fire on that flag." In a moment we sent a shell through the center of the regiment. We fired at it some four or five times. About half of the regiment bowed humbly to the ground every time we fired, and to say that they double-quickened after we fired the first shell does not begin to express the movement of that regiment until it disappeared behind a low ridge.

It was a little after four o'clock when the principal battle between the infantry commenced in earnest. The musketry was fearful. One continued roll raged fiercely for two hours, with now and then a slight lull which for variety was broken with the deep thunder of artillery. When the musketry opened so suddenly along the line one of our boys, almost in despair, exclaimed: "My God, just listen to the musketry! There will be no fighting between these armies after to-day, for they will all be killed on both sides this evening."

But it is utterly astonishing and wholly incomprehensible, especially to a tyro, how men standing in line, firing at each other incessantly for hours like they did to-day, can escape with so few killed and wounded, for when Jackson's infantry emerged from the sulphurous

bank of battle smoke that hung along the line the regiments appeared as complete as they were before the fight.

It was nearly dusk when the firing ceased, and Jackson gave up the field, repulsed but not vanquished, defeated but not routed nor demoralized, for his troops are camped for the night around Newtown, not more than three or four miles from the battle-field.

To-day was the first time that I experienced the realities of an actual battle-field, and am willing to admit that to see two armies in battle array is an imposing sight. The glittering flash of burnished arms, the numerous battle flags floating over the forming lines, the infantry marching with measured step in close order taking their places in the growing battle line, with here and there a group of artillery in position, is so inspiring as to almost fascinate even a timid freshman as he stands ready to take his place for the first time in the human shambles. The enchantment act transpired before the battle opened, but when the firing commenced and they began in earnest to pass the bullets, shot, and shell around promiscuously, the fascination and all its kindred suddenly took flight from me faster than forty suns can rout the most delicate morning mist. Mother, Home, Heaven are all sweet words, but the grandest sentence I ever heard from mortal lips was uttered this evening by Captain Chew when he said, "Boys, the battle is over." We are camped this evening on the first hill south of Newtown.

### III

#### CEDAR CREEK

**MARCH 24** — This morning at daylight we hear the deep boom of a cannon in the direction of Kernstown, which plainly indicated that the Yanks were out early Rebel hunting, shelling the road as they cautiously advanced, searching for ambuscades or masked batteries, of both of which they seem to be most awfully afraid, consequently their advance guard is never without a battery in close proximity to shell every suspicious thicket along the road that might hide a Rebel.

At about nine o'clock they came in sight. We moved about a mile south of Newtown, went in battery and fired on their vanguard. As usual, they had the indispensable battery in front and returned our fire forthwith. At this position we had a lively and stubborn artillery duel. We held our own until we saw that the Yankee army as a whole was advancing. Then we withdrew to the next hill and opened on them again, and so we skirmished with their artillery and devilled their advance from every hilltop until we arrived on the Shenandoah side of Cedar Creek. There we found Jackson's infantry and wagon train in camp, but were preparing to move up the Valley. The Yanks charged one of our guns to-day, but found that the fire was a little too warmish and dangerous to accomplish the capture of a live Rebel gun. The Yanks have no relish for canister.

We took the same position at Cedar Creek that we had on the 18th, and the Yanks put their battery in

the very same place that they had it in then, and judging from the accuracy of their fire and the precision with which their shell exploded just at the intended point and time, I am almost certain that it was the same battery that fought us before from that position. It was a very short time after we went in battery until the Yanks were ready to open fire on us. However, the opening fire of both batteries was simultaneous. The fire was severe. Their shell exploded all around us, and some of them too near to feel good or to be agreeable and consistent with a healthy body, sound limbs, and whole bones.

While we were firing, Jackson's wagons and infantry, which were just in rear of our position, however not in sight of the enemy's battery, moved out on the pike and started up the Valley. Then the Twenty-Seventh Virginia Infantry moved out and halted a few moments on the pike in our rear, and right in range of the Yankee battery that was firing on us. A shell that was directed at our guns oversped its intended mark and exploded in the regiment. It killed and wounded some five or six men. One man, a member of the Rockbridge Rifles, still lay in the road when we retired from our position. He had his leg cut nearly off above the knee, and his trousers, which had been ignited by the explosion of the shell, were slowly burning. I suppose his comrades were a little excited, or else perhaps had no way to take him along, and had left him in the critical condition that I found him. I extinguished the fire and lifted him out of the road and put him in a seemingly easy position against the fence. When I was about leaving him he handed me his rifle, with the remark, "Here, take my gun and don't let the Yankees have it."

True and sincere patriotism of such quality as that, manifested under such trying and painful circumstances,

ought to merit the lasting commendation of a grateful country. He thought then, and so did I, that he would fall into the hands of the enemy, as we were rear guard, and there was nothing between his fence corner and the Yanks to prevent his capture. But I learned this evening that after I left him some one went back with an ambulance and brought him away. After Jackson's men had all moved away and were out of sight we retired and fell back to Woodstock. Quartered in the Court House.

March 25 — Moved to Taylortown, four miles south of Woodstock. Quartered in a house.

March 26 — Moved back to the Court House again. The shell we fired at the carriage near Winchester on the evening of the 22 wounded General Shields.

March 27 — To-day we went on picket two miles below Woodstock. We had a little skirmish with the Yanks and exchanged a few shell with them. This evening we came back to the Court House, ate our supper, and then moved two miles south of town and camped in a woods on the east side of the pike.

March 28 — Went on picket again at the same place we were yesterday. No Yanks in sight.

March 29 — Only one gun went on picket to-day.

March 30 — This morning we went to Maurertown, which is some three or four miles below Woodstock. From the lower end of the little hamlet we fired three shell into a bushy woods that looked like a good cover for game, as Yankee finders, but our shell failed to stir up anything of the Yankee kind. We came back to camp soon after we fired the three shots.

April 1 — A few hours after sunrise the report reached camp that the Yanks were again on the advance. We were ordered to pack up double-quick and start our wagons up the Valley. We started down the pike with the battery, but before we got to Woodstock

the Yanks had already made their appearance in sight of town. We halted on the hill at the south end of town a few minutes, then fell back to Narrow Passage, three miles south of Woodstock. When we started back a Yankee battery in position on a hill north of town fired some shell at us, but they all fell short.

One gun of Pendleton's battery was in position at the south end of town and fired at the advancing skirmishers, but the Yanks had a four-gun battery in position on the hill north of town, which opened with all four guns on Pendleton's piece and it retired under fire.

On the hill south of Narrow Passage we went in position and fired at the advancing enemy as it came in range. Their four-gun battery replied to our fire and we played ball with them a while with two guns to four, then fell back to a hill a little south of Edenburg. Edenburg is a little village on the north side of Stony Creek, five miles from Woodstock.

The Yanks followed our retreat and put their battery in position on the hill at the north end of Edenburg. Their position was higher and consequently commanded the one we occupied. Here we had a repetition of what we have been doing from nearly every hilltop between here and Winchester. We shelled the Yanks and the Yanks shelled us. The firing was rapid for a while, and right across the center of town. Our cavalry burned the railroad and pike bridge at Stony Creek. When that was fully accomplished we retired from our position, as the fire from four guns on a commanding elevation was getting too hottish for two on a lower and exposed altitude.

We fell back to Red Banks, eight miles from Woodstock, on the north fork of the Shenandoah, and camped.

April 2 — This morning we went on picket one mile from the Yankee line, which is established along the north bank of Stony Creek. However, some of their

cavalry were on this side of the creek early this morning, but they did not tarry long. We had a lively and interesting little game of shelling with the Yanks this morning. We came back to camp at Red Banks this evening.

April 3 and 4 — On picket. Colonel Ashby rides along his picket line every day. I heard him say today that when the Yankee pickets fire at him, which they sometimes do, he stops and sits on his horse right still, without dodging or moving in the least, and he advised his picket to do likewise. He said that he has observed that if at long range he holds still without evincing any sign of fear or danger by moving or dodging, a sharpshooter or picket will hardly ever fire more than once at him from the same position, as his bold and unconcerned demeanor convinces the Yank at once that the object of his fire is beyond the range and reach of his rifle.

April 5 — On picket. Late this evening we moved camp, and are now quartered in a barn a mile below Mount Jackson. Mount Jackson is a little village on the north side of Mill Creek, seven miles from Edenburg.

April 6 — On picket.

April 7 — First detachment went on picket. Fired a few shell into the Yankee encampment to apprise them of the fact that there is life in the old land yet.

April 11 — Two guns went on picket. This forenoon an oily-tongued regular talking machine in the shape of a sandy-haired Yankee appeared in our camp, handing himself around in a bold, loquacious, and exhibitory manner as a deserter from the Yankee army. He represents himself to be a sugar merchant from New Orleans, and was in Chicago selling sugar when the war broke out. The reason he gave for joining the Yankee army was that they are very strict in the North about Southern men coming through the lines, and he

adopted the method of joining the army and then deserting when the first opportunity presented itself, as the surest way with the least inconvenience and danger to get back to Dixie. He wound up his fluent little speech by saying that he had seen all he wanted to see in the Yankee army, and was tired of war, anyhow, and now he wants to see what the Southern army is made of. A nicely put up little job, Mr. Talking Machine, but a wee bit too thin. He came to our camp riding a splendidly equipped cavalry horse, and while he was talking at greased lightning speed he fortuitously, with regular Yankee shrewdness, called attention to his horse and its equipments of splendid bridle and saddle, and said he knew where there were one hundred Yankee horses similarly equipped that could be captured without much risk or danger, and that if he could get a hundred Rebels to go with him to-night he would pilot them through the lines and insure them a hundred Yankee horses safe in the Rebel lines to-morrow morning.

It seems that he came to our company on a special errand, and after delivering a few nice little speeches, he said, "Is Mose Faris a member of this company?" The question was answered in the affirmative, as Moses Faris is a member of our battery, and was present. Then the talking machine said, "Come here, Mose," then taking off his hat he turned the lining down and showed Mr. Faris a card, and asked, "Do you know this handwriting?" Mr. Faris recognized the handwriting at once as that of his sister, who lives in Illinois. Then the sugar merchant said, "That is right, Mose," and took Mr. Faris aside and had a conversation with him, the topic of which will perhaps remain a secret.

This afternoon I saw the deserter riding around through the cavalry camp with Colonel Ashby, and I heard him say that he wanted to see Stonewall Jackson,

of whom he has heard so much of late, and wanted to see his army and his headquarters.

I heard Captain Chew say that if he had his way he would not allow the Yankee deserter to ride freely all over our camps and openly acquire all the information that the most zealous spy could desire. Chew believed that he was a spy, for I heard him say so.

April 12 — Went on picket. After we were at our picket a while, which is on the Valley pike a mile from Edenburg, Colonel Ashby came riding from some of his places of observation up the creek and said to Captain Chew: "I want you to take a gun up the creek about half a mile,—I will show you where I mean,—and fire five shell in as little time as possible into an infantry camp of the enemy's. Get your five shell ready, and as quick as you fire them, retire."

We proceeded to the place indicated by Colonel Ashby. It was an open field from which we plainly saw, half a mile away, a Yankee camp of infantry that was to be stirred up. We did it effectively and in double-quick time. When we went in position there was a band playing in an old barn that stood in the camp. Our first greeting shell cruelly cut the music short off, to be concluded, I suppose, at a healthier and more convenient season. After we fired the five shell and started away a Yankee battery opened fire on us and gave us a few parting shell for spoiling their band music and making their infantry go through with the intricate evolutions of a sure enough war dance.

April 17 — This morning, an hour before day, the same old alarm that has waked us so often in the last month was brought into requisition and sounded in our ears again, "Get up! The Yankees are coming. Pack up and get ready to stand to your guns." This thing of being rear guard of an army and operating on the immediate front of the enemy is a service both

active and arduous, full of alarms, hardships, and excitement.

Before daylight we were out on the pike in position, and before sunrise we saw the Yankee skirmish line coming through the fields on our left and their cavalry advancing up the pike at the same time in our immediate front. When the cavalry arrived in the street of Hawkinstown, which was about half a mile from our position, we opened on them with our howitzer, and soon scattered and checked them, but the infantry skirmishers on our left advanced slowly. We fired on them until they disappeared from sight by filing into a ravine.

The whole Yankee army was advancing, and when they brought their artillery to the front to fire on us, we left and fell back to Rude's Hill, two miles south of Mount Jackson. At the south end of Mount Jackson where the Valley pike crosses Mill Creek our men burnt the bridge, but its destruction offered very little resistance to the progress of the enemy's advance, as the creek is small and there is a very good ford just below the bridge. Consequently, we knew that destroying the bridge would present no serious obstacle to the advancing cavalry, but we thought that it would at least for a while check the column of infantry; but it did not in the least, for I saw the leading regiment of the infantry column march down the hill to the ford in quick time and dashed into the creek and through it without the least hesitation or faltering.

They seemed to be familiar with the situation, and acted with a boldness heretofore unshown and wholly unequalled. The creek was no more hindrance to the onward march of their footmen than it would have been to a herd of cattle. We were on a hill about half a mile from the creek when they crossed, and their infantry was close up with the cavalry, and advancing so de-

terminedly and rapidly that meant business all over, that we did not deem it judicious nor very wholesome to go in position just there and then before a column of cavalry and infantry, backed with batteries of Parrott guns. At the southern base of the hill we were on the turnpike crosses the north fork of the Shenandoah. The bridge was already prepared for destruction. The proper quick inflammable material was all in place ready for the igniting match, but the enemy pressed us so vigorously and dashed so boldly over the bridge that they captured the man who set it on fire, and extinguished the kindling flames. When the Yanks rushed impetuously across the bridge like wild men, flushed by the success of its passage, with drawn sabers and firing as they came, our cavalry was rather surprised by the sudden appearance of the enemy in their midst,— as it was a foregone conclusion that the bridge would be destroyed,— consequently our men were incautiously not looking for the unexpected irruption that was so momentarily thrust upon them so unceremoniously.

As soon as the front of the column had crossed the bridge the fight commenced in earnest, with saber, pistol, and carbine. Our men stubbornly resisted the advancing foe with saber and pistol, and at one time were mixed up with the Yankee cavalry, fighting hilt to hilt.

One Yankee cavalryman rode boldly toward Colonel Ashby with the deliberation of a desperado, pistol leveled ready to fire; but just as he was in the act of firing Captain Koontz saw him and, surmising his intentions, quickly drew his pistol on him and fired, unhorsing him just in time to save Ashby.

In the meantime the Yankee cavalry were still coming across the bridge, overwhelming our men in number, who at last succumbed and fled from the field. We were in

position with our howitzer on the pike nearly half a mile from the bridge, but did not fire, as our men were mixed up with the Yanks.

When our cavalry began to break away we double-quickened for Rude's Hill, which was a mile away, just about as fast as our horses could travel in an extraordinary emergency. The Yankees were then charging us. When Colonel Ashby galloped past us on his bleeding horse, he called, "Good-by, boys; they will get you this time." I think his remarks were partly intended as an effective incentive to make us run faster, which we surely did. I ran one mile just a little faster than I ever hoofed it before. The Yanks gained on me at first, and I could hear their clattering arms close behind me.

But when Ashby passed us and said, "Good-by, boys," it gave me such an impulse and incitement for running that it really seemed to increase my speed without extra exertion. As we drew near Rude's Hill, which was to us the goal of freedom, the Yanks gave up the chase and we were safe. The Yankee cavalry then retired to the north side of the river, and nothing in the shape of an enemy remained on our side of the river except a few scattering footmen sharpshooters, with long-range rifles, creeping along the fences in derailed chipmunk style, trying to conquer the Southern Confederacy by shooting now and then at a daring careless Rebel.

Just as we reached Rude's Hill the Yankees opened a battery of rifled guns on us, which they hurriedly placed in position on the hill a little below the bridge on the north side of the river. When we reached the top of Rude's Hill we put our Blakely gun in position and fired a few shots at their battery, but the distance was too great for anything except noise and wasting ammunition.

While I was sitting on the ground watching a Yankee battery firing, I heard and saw a shell coming, and from its course and trajectory I knew that it was searching for me, so I moved away as quickly as a man can when a shell is after him. When I got away about eight feet from where I had been sitting a ten-pound Parrott shell struck the ground at the very spot that I so hurriedly vacated a moment before, but fortunately the shell did not explode, and laid there still and harmless.

It is wonderful and almost inexplicable how a man can slip between and slide around danger unscathed. If I had not seen that shell coming it would have shattered the clod that anchors me to earth without giving me time to say farewell to the Southern Confederacy.

This afternoon the Yanks put a battery of Parrott guns in position about a mile above the bridge on the highlands that bound the bottoms on the west, and about a mile and a half from our position. When they opened on us with that battery we replied with a few rounds, then left Rude's Hill and fell back to Sparta, about eleven miles from Rude's Hill, where we arrived a few hours after nightfall. Weary and nearly exhausted, we laid ourselves away for the night.

The man who so undauntedly approached Colonel Ashby to-day with leveled pistol and was shot by Captain Koontz just in time to save Ashby, bore such a striking resemblance to the Yankee deserter, spy, New Orleans sugar merchant, that it is now admitted and believed that he was the very man that was permitted to ride all through our camps a few days ago without proper surveillance, a dangerous spy, locating camps, bridges, and roads, out-talking and out-lying all creation.

But alas! Mr. Spy, if our deductions are correct your deception and boldness were quickly followed by dis-

astrous consequences, that never fail to settle the spying business, and requires its gathered victims to give an account of their stewardship at the bar of the "Kingdom Coming," where Rebels cease from troubling and sugar merchants desert and spy no more.

April 18 — This morning we went a little below Sparta, took a position, and waited for the advancing foe. About midday we saw a Yankee battery go in position on a hill west of the pike and about two miles distant from us. It was too far away for us to do any effective execution by firing on it, consequently we slowly retired from our position. Just after we started to retire a shell from the Yankee battery, nearly spent and almost as noiseless as a bird, flew over our heads and harmlessly dropped in a field, not more than thirty feet from us.

The rear guard duty we are doing now does not require us to fight the whole Yankee army, nor even their vanguard unless they press Jackson's rear on his retreat, and as I have not seen a live sign of Jackson's rear for a week, we allow the Yanks to advance almost undisputedly as long as they do it slowly and decently, without in any way interfering or intermeddling with Jackson's movements.

After we left our first position we moved leisurely up the pike to Harrisonburg, which is sixty-seven miles from Winchester. There we turned east and moved down the Standardville road five miles, where we are camped this evening.

April 19 — We remained in camp till ten o'clock, then moved to Conrad's Store on the Shenandoah River, seventeen miles east of Harrisonburg. Jackson's troops are all camped here. This is the first time on this campaign that we have camped with or near Jackson's infantry.

April 26 — To-day a party of Yanks almost succeeded in capturing a train of forage wagons that was gathering supplies in the neighborhood of McGaheysville, seven miles from Conrad's Store, in the direction of Harrisonburg. But as usual some of Ashby's ubiquitous watchdog cavalymen were there, fought and drove the Yanks away and saved all the wagons, to the great delight of some scared teamsters.

April 28 — This morning we, together with the Tenth, Thirty-Seventh and Twenty-Third Regiments of Virginia Infantry, went with a train of forage wagons as a guard to protect them from Yankee scouting parties that are prowling around searching for something to snatch. We went within a mile of McGaheysville, and remained there until the wagons returned.

I think that the Tenth Regiment of Virginia Infantry has just recently joined Jackson's army, and has quite lately arrived from the Rappahannock. To-day was the first time I saw it. It carries a large and splendid Virginia "Sic Semper Tyrannus" flag, the first one I have seen in the army.

April 30 — This morning at daylight we started out on picket. We went within ten miles of Harrisonburg, but saw no sign of Yankee game. We returned to camp a little after midday, then moved up the river two miles and camped. Some of the sentinels that were guarding at the bridge which crosses the Shenandoah at Conrad's Store, had their guns set up, leaning carelessly against the side of the bridge, and when we crossed this morning the jar from the artillery threw them down, one of which was discharged when it fell, wounding three of the guards.

Jackson's whole army is on the march up the river. Heaven only knows where he is bound for now. I know

that ninety-nine out of a hundred of his men have no more idea of where they will turn up next than the buttons on their coats.

From here where we are camped this evening we can see the old camp that Jackson left to-day, and there are hundreds of camp-fires blazing there, which at first seemed a little puzzling, as Jackson has certainly gone up the river, and the camp-fires that I see right now are surely not spectral. But here comes a very satisfactory solution. Somebody whispers that General Ewell's division crossed the Blue Ridge to-day from east Virginia, and his men are camped in the very same camp that Jackson's men vacated this morning. Just a little piece of pure strategy fresh from under the little faded cap.

## IV

### SHENANDOAH VALLEY CAMPAIGN

MAY 1 — Rained hard all last night; we renewed our march this morning up the river over a very muddy and almost impassable road. In fact, at some places we had to go through the fields and meadows in consequence of the wretched condition of the road. We marched about nine miles to-day, and are camped this evening on the Shenandoah five miles below Port Republic.

May 3 — Remained in camp yesterday, but renewed our march this morning over the muddiest and worst road that I ever saw or dreamed of. So far, this has been a wet, rainy spring, and the roads in general are in a bad condition. Just two days ago Jackson's trains passed over the road that we traveled on to-day, and when his trains pass over a road they generally succeed in knocking the bottom out, especially when the weather is wet.

Our road to-day hugged the base of the Blue Ridge nearly all the way, through a brushy stretch of country, with here and there low, wet swampy places. At some points the mud was too deep in the road to venture in, and we cut saplings and brush away with our pocket knives to make sort of a roadway around the bottomless mud holes.

I know that we pried our pieces and caissons out of mud holes a dozen times to-day, and at some places we made bridges with cordwood. It may seem incredible, but twice to-day I helped to pry out with fence rails a horse that was in mud up to its shoulders. I think these deep muddy places belong to the quagmire family,

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as it is the deepest and softest and blackest mud I ever saw. We marched and worked hard all day, and made only six miles.

This evening we are camped one mile above Port Republic, a small village situated at the confluence of North and South Rivers which form the Shenandoah.

May 4—Our camp being in the immediate vicinity of one of Virginia's most beautiful curiosities, Weyer's Cave, some eight or ten of our battery and some thirty or forty cavalymen visited the caverns to-day. It certainly is the most beautiful hole in the ground I ever was in, and the environments on the outside are strikingly picturesque. Here nature was lavish in bestowing its wild charming beauties on the flower-bedecked wooded hillside, as well as its sparkling gems that glow and so profusely adorn the caverns inside, where the mystic goddess has been weaving her brightest jewels in silent gloom for thousands of years and is still at work putting delicate touches of lace-work as white as the virgin snow on every glowing ornament.

At four o'clock this evening we received marching orders, and renewed our march, turning westward toward the Valley pike. We forded South and Middle Rivers, both head streams of the Shenandoah. Camped this evening in a beautiful country a few miles east of Mount Sidney, a village in Augusta County, twelve miles north of Staunton.

May 6—This morning we renewed our march through a beautiful country. We struck the Valley pike one mile below Mount Sidney, then marched down the pike to North River, and camped on the south side of the river.

This camp is a half mile south of Mount Crawford, eight miles from Harrisonburg. I have not heard or seen anything of Jackson's army since we left Conrad's Store.

May 8 — At midday our pickets reported that the Yankees were advancing up the pike — only cavalry, I suppose. We went in position with our guns on a hill east of the pike and south of North River. We had a first-class position, for it thoroughly commanded the ford and its approaches on the north side of the river. The Yankees did not advance any further than Harrisonburg. We remained in position till four o'clock, then returned to camp.

May 10 — This afternoon it was again reported that the Yanks were advancing. We went to the same hill we were on on the 8th, and put our guns in battery, but the game failed again to come in sight.

May 15 — We left camp this morning and moved down the Valley eighteen miles to Lacey Springs, nine miles below Harrisonburg. Quartered in a barn.

May 17 — Renewed our march down the Valley. At New Market we left the Valley pike, turned east and moved down the Luray pike two miles to Smith's Creek, and camped. The Yanks destroyed nearly all the fences along the Valley pike and around New Market.

May 19 — The battery was reorganized to-day, officers elected, and non-commissioned officers appointed.

Chew was re-elected captain. We might search over the whole State, and it is very doubtful whether we could find his equal in every respect as a commander of artillery. For competency and skill in handling a battery on the field his equals, according to my judgment, formed by observation, are few and difficult to find. He is gallant and brave, a strict disciplinarian without the least sign or flavor of arrogance or overbearing haughtiness, as calm and cool on the battle-field as on dress parade, and generous and impartial to his men, always manifesting a care for their welfare on the battle-field as well as in the camp and bivouac. All these characteristics are of much importance to men on

the field and in camp, and are hardly ever found in one bunch, consequently he has now the esteem and utter confidence of every man in the battery.

I was appointed first corporal, which means first gunner in the battery. I know very little about gunnery — in fact, nothing except that a gun in good health never shoots backward. This gunnery business is something new to me, and will be a new field for my brain to browse in. I am afraid it will take a dogwood mallet to beat even the elementary principles of efficient practical gunnery into my skull. I heard it thunder, and do not know where, but the echo of the reverberation seemed to whisper strange words to me, like these: “The trajectory of projectiles, the windage of shot or shell during their flight, application of scientific principles to practical gunnery on the field.” All these strange things will come crowding on my brain in one flock when the next Yankee battery opens on us, if I am called on to direct the response. Yet I can plainly see that if I ever acquire any efficient knowledge of practical gunnery it will have to be gathered on the battlefield, a rather dangerous place for experimenting with fireworks in the hands of a rawish green tyro. If any Yanks should happen to get hurt by my first attempts at gunning, it will be their fault, not mine.

May 21 — Jackson’s army came down the Valley today, turned east at New Market and crossed the Massanutten Mountain, marching rather rapidly toward Luray. This is the first time I have seen any of Jackson’s troops since they left Conrad’s Store on the 30th of April. Old Stonewall has been in the West Virginia mountains, teaching General Milroy how magnificently Jack can be turned up in the laurel bushes on the mountain side and burst the neatest game and calculations of the shrewdest Yank that attempts to sneak through the mountains trying to catch a Rebel army asleep.

General Ewell's division recently — to-day, I think — joined Jackson's army. The troops are all in light marching order, having left all their surplus baggage, even their knapsacks at New Market, and as the Romans of old used to say of their gladiators, they are stripped for fight.

The opportunities of a private to obtain information, either in the rear or front rank of Jackson's army, are very meager, and few indeed even to try to surmise or guess at where and what next. However, from all appearances and indications old Stonewall is going down the Luray Valley to give General Banks, who is at Strasburg, his first object lesson in flanking. As Jackson's army passed our camp to-day I for the first time saw some of the much talked about Mississippi Tigers. They were in the Eighth Louisiana Infantry. They looked courageous and daringly fearless.

May 22 — We left camp at noon to-day and crossed the Massanutten Mountain, and are camped this evening at Luray, fourteen miles east of New Market. Jackson's forces went down the Luray Valley, and this is the first time that we marched in the rear of an advancing army.

May 23 — We renewed our march this morning down the Luray Valley. We passed some of Jackson's infantry this afternoon. They were marching toward Front Royal. We are camped eight miles above Front Royal.

May 24 — This morning we started from camp at three o'clock. It was very dark, but we passed on through the darkness and arrived at Front Royal by sunrise. Front Royal is situated near the western base of the Blue Ridge, one mile from the Shenandoah River, twenty-five miles below Luray, and eighteen miles from Winchester. Yesterday evening we heard cannon in the direction of Front Royal. We learned this morn-

ing that it was a Yankee battery shelling our cavalry near town.

This morning I saw about four hundred prisoners that were captured yesterday.

Captain Sheetz of Ashby's Cavalry, a gallant, daring, and brave officer, was killed at Waterlick, a station between Front Royal and Strasburg on the Manassas railroad. I saw his body this morning in Front Royal. We crossed the Shenandoah near Front Royal on a bridge that the Yankees built. They attempted to burn it yesterday, but our men pressed them so hard they failed to destroy it.

We went in pursuit of the enemy on the Winchester pike some six or seven miles, then returned to the Shenandoah River without seeing any Yanks. Then we were ordered to Middletown, on the Valley pike, at which place we arrived about two o'clock this afternoon. Before we got in sight of the pike we saw a line of Yankee skirmishers. We fired on them, and at the first fire they ran away like wild men. When we came in sight of the pike we saw heavy clouds of dust rising all along the road, which we soon learned was caused by a hastily retreating army — with cavalry, artillery, infantry, wagons, ambulances, and sutler shops all in one mixed-up caravan—fleeing toward Winchester like clouds scudding before a driving storm. At a half mile range we opened on the flying mixture with all four of our guns, and as our shells plowed gap after gap through the serried column it caused consternation confounded, and vastly increased the speed of the hurrying mixed fugitive mass. When we first attacked the enemy at Middletown we had a company of the Eighth Louisiana Regiment of infantry, in which were some of the Mississippi Tigers, as a support, and sharpshooters for our battery. When we opened fire a Yan-

kee captain of cavalry left the fleeing fugitives, jumped his horse across a fence, flourished his saber, and beckoned to his comrades to follow him, but his mixed-up troop kept on down the pike as if they were deeply impressed with the idea that the safest and surest way to save their country's flag was to run away with it.

The Tigers saw the Yankee captain when he jumped into the field. They opened fire on him with their long-ranged rifles. I saw him fall soon after, and heard some of the Tigers say, "That will do him. Fire at the others in the road."

It was fun for the Tigers to fight cavalry, but it looked a shame to shoot down the lone Yankee captain as he was vainly trying to rally his men, to defend the running remnant of Banks' army, but alas! such is war. Immediately after the last Yanks passed Middletown we double-quickened to the pike and pursued them, firing on them from every available position until we arrived at Newtown, which is five miles below Middletown. In the pursuit I saw abandoned baggage wagons, commissary wagons, wagons laden with medical stores, sutler goods, and all sorts of army equipments strewn along the track of the hastily retiring enemy.

Just above Newtown in a field on the west side of the pike I saw where a whole regiment shelled off their knapsacks and left them lying in a well-formed line and apparently in good order. A little below Middletown and about six hundred yards to our left, in the edge of a woods, we saw a company of Yankee cavalry under a Confederate flag. They were behaving themselves nicely, and no doubt making observations and taking bearings. As quickly as Captain Chew convinced himself that they were Yanks he ordered me to unlimber and fire on them. I did so, and that was my maiden shot, my first effort at gunnery, and a lovely

maiden it was. The shell I fired was way too high and went at least half a mile beyond the Yanks, and exploded, but it surely made the Yanks "git."

It was drawing toward sunset when we arrived at Newtown, and as our horses had not been fed since three o'clock this morning we halted in town and fed them in the street. But before our horses were done eating some Yankee infantry rallied just below town, threw out a line of sharpshooters, and advanced on us. We fired on them with one piece from the street, but we had no support and their sharpshooters were creeping up along fences and behind sheds and houses, which rendered our surroundings a little dangerous and our situation hazardous and unhealthy, as we had no support of either cavalry or infantry. Our Tiger support had not come up yet, and I do not know just where our cavalry was at that time. All the events that transpired in the last five hours came in quick succession.

When we found that we could not hold our position in town against the advancing sharpshooters, we retired to a hill just south of town, went in position and fired on the line of sharpshooters, which was still advancing and firing on us. They had long-range rifles, and made it a little too sickly for us on the first hill, and as we limbered up and started away I saw a sharpshooter in the middle of the street drop on one knee and shoot at us at a distance of nearly half a mile. When he fired I heard the bullet whiz close by my head. It struck the lead driver to my team and went clear through him, from back to breast, but it did not kill. We put him in a farmhouse near by.

Just after we left our position Jackson's infantry came up and drove the enemy back in a sort of double-quick style. About a mile below Newtown the Yanks attempted to rally for the special purpose of defending some commissary wagons that were disabled, but Jack-

son's men pressed them so hard in a skirmish that sounded very much like a young battle that the enemy hastily turned the wagons over to the yelling Rebels and fell back toward Winchester. This last skirmish of the day occurred after dark. After Jackson's infantry came up and passed to the front and while our battery was awaiting orders, a few of us got permission from the proper authority to go on a twenty-minute pilfering raid among the débris and spoils scattered all along the road of Banks' routed army.

The first prize we struck was a wagon standing in a wheat field, loaded with large square boxes full of military clothing. The first box we opened was full of dark blue frock coats with brass eagle military buttons.

I got four coats, but they were too blue for a Rebel to wear on the field, and too bulky to carry, so after all I had nothing but a blue elephant on hand. I saw plenty of knapsacks strewn over the fields and road. However, the most of them had already passed through the raking process thoroughly applied by Confed. snatchers. After a real ragged Rebel rifles a knapsack I would not give a cancelled postage stamp for what he leaves.

Nearly all the wreckage was strewn on the west side of the pike, yet we found one wagon on the east side that was standing with the fore wheels in a deep impassable ditch. When we got to it a lone cavalryman was standing in the hind part of the wagon, pounding on a barrel head with a stone. Our first conclusions were that the barrels contained pickled pork, and awaited patiently the cavalryman's successful assault in gaining access to its contents, as a good chunk of pickled pork would have been a very acceptable and highly appreciated prize, for my external haversack was entirely empty and the internal one almost in the same fix. It did not take long for our gallant beating cavalryman

to "strike ile." When I heard the barrel head splash into something liquid the delighted cavalryman exclaimed, "Whisky, by George!" and I saw him bow down a willing worshiper at this lowly shrine of Bacchus, and he sampled without cup or canteen the mirth-inspiring contents of a full barrel. There were ten barrels in the wagon. I did not want any to be joyful on an empty stomach, I had no canteen, my twenty minutes' leave of absence had about expired, and the rosy glow of fading twilight was fast changing into the sable shades of night, so I struck a bee-line for the battery, with nothing but four blue coats that I had no use for.

At the lower end of Middletown I saw a dead Yankee lying against a stone fence, with a splendid-looking watch chain hanging from his vest pocket. From its appearance I am almost confident it was gold. I had a good opportunity to snatch it, but there was a kind of restraining superstition playing through my mind, which seemed to whisper dogmatically that it is unalloyed sacrilege to rob the dead. I heeded the silent monitor and left the chain and Yankee untouched. I am confident that there was a watch in the vest pocket. We are camped for the night at Newtown.

May 25 — Early this morning found us on the march toward Winchester. We had not proceeded very far before we heard heavy cannonading, which I knew was on the hills around Winchester. As we drew nearer I heard the incessant shrieking of shell and the deadly ping of the thousand fragments of exploding shell that filled the air. When we neared the battlefield the artillery fire was heavy, and I saw the shell exploding all over the field at every instant and in quick succession.

For a little while the musketry was fearful and heavy, as General Banks had a strong position on the

hill west of the town, and at first the men made a bold effort to hold it, but they did not long endure the withering musketry fire of Jackson's infantry, and his artillery was raking the hills along the enemy's line.

In the meantime Ewell's men were closing in from the Front Royal road and would soon pour a withering fire into Banks' exposed left. The moment was critical, but when Jackson's men rushed up the hill at a charge bayonet, like a wall of glittering steel, it was too much for the enemy to confront, and the blue lines gave way and broke, and Banks with his army struck pell-mell for Maryland and safety.

Our battery was not engaged in the battle, as the Yanks did not hold still long enough for us to get a whack at them.

As we approached Winchester I saw heavy volumes of smoke rising from the eastern part of town, which I learned was from some buildings on Market Street that were used for commissary stores which the Yanks set on fire before they left. They also attempted to burn their ordnance supplies, but Jackson's men had pressed them so vigorously that the flames did not reach their intended diabolical purpose, for when we passed through the street the fire department was out manfully fighting the flames, and succeeded in subduing them before they reached the danger point.

The Yanks retreated on the Martinsburg pike, and Jackson's men were at their heels in hot pursuit. As we came down the Martinsburg road we met refugees of the colored persuasion — men, women, and children. Each had a little bundle. They had evidently started for the land of sweet freedom and glorious ease, but had cut loose from home a "leetle" too late to make a success of it. Jackson's men overtook them and started the whole caravan back to Winchester, to see marse and mistus once more.

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I saw a Yankee breast-plate to-day that was made of steel. It was no doubt worn in the battle this morning, and from all appearances its value, virtue, and sheltering merits were worthless, as it had a bullet hole right through the center.

Camped to-night at Bucklestown, fifteen miles from Winchester.

May 26 — Marched to Martinsburg this morning without meeting with any obstacle in the shape of a blue enemy. The Yankees are all gone to the safe side of the Potomac. They left a goodly portion of provisions in the railroad depot here, such as bread, cheese, canvased beef, beef tongues, and cakes.

Camped at Martinsburg on east side of town.

May 27 — Returned to Winchester to-day. Camped in an orchard below town.

May 28 — Moved back to Martinsburg. Camped north of town.

May 30 — We remained in camp yesterday, but this morning we were ordered back to Winchester. We stopped to camp four miles below town, but we heard that the Yankees were advancing on Winchester from the direction of Front Royal, and we were ordered to that road immediately. We remained all night where the Front Royal road enters Winchester.

May 31 — This morning Jackson's forces were moving up the Valley, as the Yankees under the command of General Shields are advancing from east Virginia, through Chester's Gap near Front Royal. We marched toward Front Royal, and when we arrived within a few miles of town we saw a new set of Yanks posted on Guard Hill, which is an excellent and commanding position just about a mile from the town. They had one regiment of infantry, some cavalry, and two pieces of artillery.

We opened fire on them with two rifled guns. They

did not return our fire, but left their position and disappeared in an adjacent ravine.

We left them and moved across the country and struck the Valley pike at Newtown. When we arrived there the pike, as far as I could see, was crowded with Jackson's wagon train moving up the Valley. We joined the great caravan and moved with it to within one mile of Cedar Creek, where we camped for the night.

June 1 — This morning we renewed our march up the Valley. Near Strasburg we went in position on a commanding hill northwest of town. On top of the hill was a strong redoubt surrounded and protected by an abatis, that was constructed by General Banks' troops a few weeks ago. We had occupied the hill but a few moments before we heard the boom of a cannon in the direction of Cottontown, a small hamlet in a northwestern course and about six miles from Strasburg.

It was the van of General Frémont approaching us from the mountains of West Virginia. Their objective point was Strasburg, with the intent to intercept Jackson's retreat up the Valley. Immediately after we heard the first gun we received orders to move in the direction of the opening fight. After we had proceeded about a mile the order was countermanded, and we returned to the pike and moved to Fisher's Hill, where we remained until sunset.

Late this evening I saw a heavy skirmish line advancing on Strasburg from the east, which was the advance guard of Shields's army approaching from Front Royal.

Our infantry fell back slowly on the Cottontown road from before Frémont's advance, not, however, before the last of Jackson's wagons and men were on the safe side of Strasburg. Just about the same time that Shields's skirmish line advanced from the east I saw Frémont's men coming in from the northwest. But it was

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too late. The Rebel game had made its escape, for the last man, wagon, and sign of Jackson's army had already slipped through the jaws of the closing vice like a greased rat.

It was dusk when we left Fisher's Hill. We had fixed to camp at the Four Mile House, four miles from Strasburg, but received orders after dark to move to Tom's Brook, six miles from Strasburg.

June 2 — It rained all last night, and we were lying in it without tents. At daylight we renewed our march up the Valley. The road was very muddy and slushy.

We overtook Jackson's wagon train again, which thronged the road and moved slowly. I think that a shell or two in the right place would increase the speed of his trains, which would be highly beneficial just now to all concerned, as the Yanks are pressing our rear and itching for a fight. One mile south of Edenburg, on a commanding hill, we halted and went in position, which we held till nearly night. While we were there we heard cannon firing, which seemed to be below Woodstock. Quartered in a barn near Red Banks.

June 3 — It was cloudy and rainy last night, and when we were ready to go in the barn to creep into the sweet embrace of Morpheus' soothing charms it was so dark that we could not see nor tell what from which, nor who from where, too dark to go to bed decently and in order, especially in a strange hotel. But we soon remedied the gloomy appearance of our surroundings by scraping up a pile of straw in the middle of the barn floor, setting it afire, illuminating the barn all over, and giving a splendid and cheerful light by which to retire, with grateful satisfaction. This morning we moved to Hawkinstown. After we were there about an hour we saw the enemy advancing over the hills, about two miles north of us.

We moved a little below Hawkinstown and went into

position, remained there about half an hour, then fell back a half mile and took a position which we held until Jackson's forces had safely crossed the river south of Mount Jackson. Then we fell back to a hill south of Mount Jackson and remained there in battery until the Yanks entered the town.

We then crossed the river and burned the bridge, moved nearly half a mile south of the bridge and went into position and remained there until the bridge fell. Just before it fell the Yanks appeared on the hill on the north side of the river, with a few cavalrymen and a company of sharpshooters. The sharpshooters crept along the hillside and came close to the river and opened a brisk fire on us with long-range rifles. We opened fire on them with our howitzer, which stopped their fusillade and scattered the men. After the sharpshooters ceased firing, a small squad of Yanks bunched on the hill beyond the river. We had a shell in the howitzer that we did not want to keep any longer, as it was ready for action, and we were willing to hand it over to the Yanks as a farewell shot for the day. We aimed the old howitzer at the little blue bunch on the hill, and when we fired I saw a horse walk away from the squad riderless, and am almost sure that its rider received an unlimited pass to the happy hunting ground.

While the bridge was burning, Jackson's men were on Rude's Hill. He had a battery in position there, which fired a few rounds, but the distance was too great for much execution. After the bridge fell we moved back six miles to New Market and camped.

June 4 — Rained all last night and to-day. At four o'clock this evening a report reached camp that the Yanks were advancing. We went half a mile below New Market, took a position and remained there till nearly dark, then moved back a mile south of town and

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camped. The Yankees crossed the river this evening in boats, where we burnt the bridge yesterday.

June 5 — This morning we moved about a mile south of where we were camped last night, remained there till nearly midday, then moved up the Valley to within half a mile of Harrisonburg, and camped.

## V

### CROSS KEYS AND PORT REPUBLIC

**JUNE 6**—Early this morning we left camp and passed through Harrisonburg, turning off of the Valley pike half a mile above town on the Port Republic road. We had not left town an hour before the Yankee cavalry entered it. A little while after we left the pike I saw a Yankee cavalryman at the south end of Harrisonburg, sitting on his horse in the middle of the street, gazing about, making observations in a daring manner, and unconcernedly too prominent for his own or his country's welfare. A Brock's Gap rifleman was near me, and I saw that he was deeply interested in the Yankee's bold deportment and conspicuous display of adventurous intrepidity. The rifleman watched him a while, and then I saw him take aim at the Yankee. When he fired I saw the Yankee's horse walk leisurely away, and from all appearances the cavalryman had received a clear pass to that silent land from whose mystery-veiled fields no soldier e'er returns. It was a first-class shot, as the distance was about six hundred yards.

We moved out about a mile on the Port Republic road and put our battery into position on a high and commanding elevation, from where we had a good view of the country around Harrisonburg. There were twelve pieces of artillery on the hill, and as a support for the batteries the First Maryland Infantry was on our right in the woods. The Yanks did not advance on our position, and after holding it two hours we moved back about four miles toward Cross Keys. We

were then suddenly halted by heavy skirmish firing only a few hundred yards from us. We were ordered to wheel in battery immediately, on a hill where two of Jackson's batteries, a Baltimore battery and Rice's Virginia, were already in position. We were in position not more than half an hour before we were ordered to move to the front, where all our cavalry were. When we arrived within two miles of the Valley pike we went into position on a hill and in the edge of a woods, from where we saw the Yankee cavalry and infantry advancing and maneuvering through the fields south of Harrisonburg.

In the meantime General Ashby, with two regiments of infantry, the First Maryland and Fifty-Eighth Virginia, pushed through the woods on our right with the intention and object, I think, of checkmating the movement of a body of infantry that were thrown forward of their main army for the purpose of flanking and pressing our right.

It appears that Ashby's object was to strike the body of infantry on the left flank and drive it back whence it came. It seems that the enemy contemplated Ashby's movement, as they had already a line of infantry on their left posted along a fence hidden by a thicket at the edge of a woods, awaiting Ashby's advance. The fence along which the enemy was posted was right in front of the field through which Ashby advanced. The field sloped gently to the east, which was a decided advantage to the enemy, as Ashby's men had to approach their line over rising ground.

It seems that General Ashby was rather surprised to find the enemy in that particular locality, and it may have somewhat thwarted the original plan of his movement. However, as quick as he properly located the Yankee line he ordered up his infantry at a double-quick. When they arrived in the open field Ashby

placed himself at the head of the Fifty-Eighth Virginia, with the First Maryland Regiment on his left. As they advanced across the field the Fifty-Eighth Virginia poured volley after volley into the thicket, that glowed with the shining musket barrels of the Pennsylvania Bucktails.

The fire of the Fifty-Eighth was promptly returned by the enemy all along the line behind the fence. For a while the musketry raged furiously, when the gallant Marylanders opened on the left with a well-directed and raking fire and advanced on the Yankee line.

The enemy fought stubbornly, and was difficult to dislodge from his position, but after the musketry roared for about an hour our men charged the line and drove the enemy into the woods, which ended the battle.

Ashby's horse was shot from under him just before he ordered the charge. He then led the Fifty-Eighth on foot, and was in the thickest of the fight when he called on the Fifty-Eighth to charge, and as he was defiantly flourishing his saber at the Yankee line he was shot through the breast, and expired on the field immediately after. Thus fell the noble, brave, and gallant Ashby in the fore-front of battle, and the last command he gave was, "Virginians, Charge."

When the infantry opened, which was done without many preliminary remarks in the way of skirmishing or sharpshooting, a body of Yankee cavalry debouched from a woods about a mile from our position. We opened on them with our rifled pieces, and as our percussion shell exploded in the midst of them it got too hot for the Yanks. They scattered and slunk back into the woods. Then we advanced and fired on their infantry until it was too dark to see where our shell anchored. We remained in battery for some time after we ceased firing, to see if the Yanks had anything else to try in the way of experimenting in the dark. Our

position was in a low field which was thickly covered with rye nearly as high as our heads. A while after nightfall a line of Yankee sharpshooters fired in our direction, and I heard the bullets clipping through the rye like frightened grasshoppers. I have no idea what they were shooting at, as it was certainly too dark to see us in the rye, yet their bullets landed right in our neighborhood.

In the infantry fight where Ashby was killed there was no artillery engaged on either side. We were in position about half a mile to the left of the field where Ashby fell. The battle was fought late in the afternoon, and General Ashby was killed just before sunset, and the fighting ceased soon after he fell.

It was some time after dark when we left our last position, and as we were falling back a column of Ashby's cavalry was slowly passing along a winding road through a dark woods, singing with rather feeling tones, with subdued voices,

"He sleeps his last sleep,  
He has fought his last battle,  
No sound can awake him to glory again."

We had not heard then that our noble Ashby had fallen in the fray, but the ominous words of the song foretold that some brave spirit of the brigade had passed over the path of glory that leads to the grave, for the pathos of the voices engaged in singing evidently evinced that unbidden tears were stealing over cheeks of warriors who never wept in battle.

When it flashed over us that it was our beloved, generous, and brave leader, Ashby, who was sleeping his last sleep, the gloomy shadows of the night at once grew deeper, darker, and blacker, and the sable of grief hung like a slumbering pall over the whole command.

Ashby is gone. He has passed the picket line that is

posted along the silent river, and the genius of science, the ingenuity of man, earth, and mortality combined cannot invent a countersign that will permit him to return. He is tenting to-night on the eternal camping-ground that lies beyond the mist that hangs over the River of Death, where no more harsh reveilles will disturb his peaceful rest nor sounding charge summon him to the deadly combat again.

To-day the South lost a true, courageous, and fearless champion of the cause when Ashby fell, and Virginia a worthy and noble son who fell with his face to the foe and his sword unsheathed, who poured out his blood in watchfully defending her homes and firesides against the encroachment of a hostile invader. And we as members of his command deeply feel the irreparable loss of an affable and generous leader and a brave and valiant commander. But his spirit still broods over us and its silent but cogent inspiration will always actuate us to avenge his death by valorous deeds in standing bravely and fearlessly in the fiery surge of battle's deadly tide, sturdily fighting and daringly facing danger and even death for the home of the brave and the cause that our leader loved so well.

This afternoon by a little shrewd strategy and daring adventure General Ashby with a mere squad of men had captured Sir Percy Wyndham, an English officer, a real live Britisher, a colonel in the Yankee army, fighting for buncombe. A few hours afterwards, when Ashby passed us going to the front to lead the infantry, we wanted to cheer him for capturing a live Englishman from Great Britain. But Ashby surmised our intentions, and said, "Boys, don't cheer me." They were the last words I heard him speak. We are camped to-night about midway between Harrisonburg and Port Republic.

June 7 — This morning we moved about three miles

in the direction of Port Republic, then halted and remained in marching order all day, waiting for some war fruit, blooming all about us, to ripen.

Right from where I am writing I saw a signal flag on the summit of Peaked Mountain waving with a jerky fluttering nearly all day, which is generally a sure sign that a battle is getting ripe enough to open. I am not certain, but think that it is a Yank signal, and perhaps it is General Shields — as I heard to-day that he is moving up the Luray Valley — signaling to Frémont to hold the fort. About to-morrow Old Stonewall will show them how it is done.

June 8 — The war fruit ripened last night, and this morning the cannons commenced booming in front and rear. We were ordered to the Shenandoah River near Port Republic, as the advance guard of Shields's army — which is advancing up the Luray Valley — was there hammering at and threatening Jackson's rear — that is, if he has anything at present that can be properly designated a rear, as Old Stonewall showed two bold fronts to-day with very little rear to them. When we arrived at the river Jackson had already ordered a Yankee battery to change its position, and also had dodged a shell or two that were aimed at him personally, and his troops had driven back Shields's heavy advance guard on the east side of the river.

We remained in battery on the highlands west of the river, together with some four or five of Jackson's batteries and infantry, to hold back Shields's forces, which lay below on the other side of the river, checkmated.

We remained in position a few hours, then moved up the river two miles to Vernon Forge, to guard a ford. We remained there until four o'clock, then moved up the river a mile farther to guard another ford, and remained there until two hours after dark, when we moved to Middle River, and camped. From

about nine o'clock this morning until three this afternoon we heard the incessant thundering of booming cannon in the direction of Cross Keys, where a fierce battle has been raging nearly all day between General Ewell's and Frémont's forces. It is reported to-night that Ewell defeated Frémont.

June 9—Early this morning we received one hundred and fifty rounds of ammunition.

When we left camp old Stonewall's cannon were thundering on the east side of the river below Port Republic, in front of General Shields. Shields had his forces strongly posted about one mile below Port Republic, his right on the river and his left butted up against a spur of the Blue Ridge that jutted boldly out into the plain. A little way up the side of the spur was a coaling which commanded the whole front of his line from the mountain to the river. General Shields quickly availed himself of the utility of this vantage ground on the extreme left of his line, by placing an eight-gun battery on the apparently invulnerable shelf up the mountain side, from which his batteries could sweep the whole field.

As we drew near and hastened toward the field the roar of battle grew fiercer and louder, the musketry being fearfully terrific. Just before we reached the field a goodly number of our wounded were returning to the rear, limping, bleeding, and groaning. Some of them greeted us to the field with the unpleasing and discouraging expression of "Hurry up; they are cutting us all to pieces."

When we arrived in sight of the field and smelled the battle smoke one of Jackson's aids came dashing from the front with a ready and prompt inquiry, "Whose battery is this?" "Chew's," was the quick response. "Have you plenty of ammunition?" The last question was answered in the affirmative, and the

fleeing courier said, "Hurry to the front, captain." "Forward, double quick!" was the ringing command of our calm but gallant captain, and in a very few moments after we wheeled in battery on the battle-field, under a raking fire from the eight-gun battery strongly posted on the coaling against the mountain side, and with perfect command of the field we were in.

The fire of that battery was terrible for a while. However, we held our ground and opened on the coaling with all our guns, with the utmost endeavor to give the enemy the best work we had in the shop. Some of Jackson's batteries were in the same field with us, and were firing on the coaling battery. The air trembled with a continual roll of musketry and the thunder of the artillery shook the ground. The musketry right in front of us raged fearfully, far, far beyond the powers of description that my poor pencil can delineate. The shell from the battery on the coaling was ripping the ground open all around us, and the air was full of screaming fragments of exploding shell, and I thought I was a goner.

After we had been under this dreadful fire about thirty minutes I heard a mighty shout on the mountain side in close proximity to the coaling, and in a few minutes after I saw General Dick Taylor's Louisianians debouching from the undergrowth, and like a wave crested with shining steel rush toward the fatal coaling and deadly battery with fixed bayonets, giving the Rebel yell like mad demons. The crest of the coaling was one sheet of fire as the Federal batteries poured round after round of grape and canister into the faces of the charging Louisianians. Yet the undaunted Southerners refused to be checked by the death and carnage in their ranks which the Federal batteries were so lavishly handing around, but rushed up the steep slope of the coaling like a mighty billow of glittering

steel and closed in on the belching batteries and their infantry supports with the bayonet.

The fighting then grew dogged and stubborn. The opposing forces fired in each others' faces. Bayonets gleamed in the morning sunshine one moment and the next they were plunged into living human flesh and dripping with reeking blood.

The Federals held to the coaling with bulldog tenacity, fighting like fiends, recognizing the fact that the point they were so gallantly defending was an all-important one, as it was the citadel of strength in Shields's line and the key to his position. But the firm and unwavering courage and invincible prowess of Taylor's Louisianians made them as persistent and obdurate in gaining and demanding, at the point of the bayonet, full possession and control of the death shelf as the Federals were in their inflexible stubbornness to hold it, and for a while the hand-to-hand conflict raged frightfully, resembling more the onslaught of maddened savages than the fighting of civilized men.

The hand-to-hand death grapple raged furiously over and around the Federal guns for a few moments, then Northern valor began to succumb to Southern courage. The Federals wavered, sullenly gave back, and finally broke and retreated hastily, abandoning the batteries for which they had fought so valiantly, and left them in full and undisputed possession of the Confederates.

When the Louisianians charged we ceased firing on the coaling battery, and immediately directed our fire on the infantry in the left center of Shields's line.

Soon after the coaling battery was wrested from the Federals Shields's whole line began to give back, and his army retreated in an almost routed fashion. We pursued them about five miles down the river. The track of the retiring foe was strewn with the accouterments

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of a discomfited army. Guns, knapsacks, overcoats, haversacks, and canteens were scattered all along the road. About three miles from the battle-field the retreating enemy abandoned a twelve-pound brass cannon. The carriage was disabled, and the gun was nicely spiked with a horseshoe nail.

When we returned from the pursuit we passed over the battle-field. Then the hills on the west side of the river were blue with Frémont's infantry. There were several burying parties of our men on the field inhuming the slain, both Confederates and Federals, but they were sacrilegiously interrupted in their kindly service to the dead by being fired on by some of Frémont's batteries on the hill beyond the river, an act in itself so atrocious that it would make even a barbarous vandal blush with shame to be guilty of its perpetration and consider it an infamy of the first water. This morning the butchering had commenced some time before we reached the shambles, and in going toward the field we passed a farmhouse that had been converted into an operating field hospital; dissecting room would be a more appropriate name, for as we passed the house I saw a subject on the kitchen table, on whom the surgeons were practicing their skillful severing operations. They tossed a man's foot out of the window just as we passed.

The star of Stonewall Jackson's fame as a brilliant strategist is growing brighter day by day. It has already won a worthy setting in the dazzling galaxy that flashes with martial splendor around the hero of Austerlitz. In the last month he, by quick and strategic movements, forced marches, deceptive maneuvering, and effectual fighting, has defeated and discomfited four Yankee generals — Milroy at McDowell. Banks at Winchester,— which was a perfect rout that landed

Banks in Maryland and cast a tremor of fear over the Department of War at Washington — Frémont at Cross Keys; and to-day Shields, the ablest and most skillful of the four, was struck by lightning that flashed from the little faded cap, on the field at Port Republic.

Marched till ten to-night and camped halfway up the Blue Ridge on the Brown's Gap road.

June 10 — A while after daylight it commenced raining in torrents, drenching us to the skin and putting all our fires out. At ten o'clock we were ordered forward, and marched to the eastern base of the Blue Ridge in Albermarle County, and camped. Jackson's army is still on the mountain. His men are camped all along the Brown's Gap road.

June 11 — To-day we recrossed the Blue Ridge, and are camped this evening two miles east of Weyer's Cave. We passed General Jackson's army to-day, still camped all along the road high up on both sides of the mountain.

June 12 — Moved camp to-day to Vernon Forge on South River, near Weyer's Cave.

June 13 — This morning we left Vernon Forge, crossed the South River, and marched toward the Valley pike. We crossed Middle River and arrived at Naked Creek on the Valley pike by noon, then marched down the pike to within five miles of Harrisonburg, and camped.

June 14 — Renewed our march at daylight and moved to within a half mile of Harrisonburg, where Ashby's Cavalry is camped, on the west side of the pike.

June 15 — Remained in camp. The Rev. Mr. Avariati, chaplain of the brigade, preached two sermons in camp to-day. This was the first opportunity that presented itself for preaching in camp on Sunday since

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we left winter quarters in Martinsburg on February 23. The morning sermon was preached from the sixteenth verse of the third chapter of John.

June 17—To-day I went on the field where we fought on the 6th, and saw the very spot where our lamented Ashby fell.

June 20—To-day we moved camp two miles below Harrisonburg, then started down the pike to do picket duty. When we had proceeded a few miles on our way the order was countermanded, and we returned to camp.

June 22—We had preaching in camp to-day again, and we are getting in a goodly supply of heavenly ammunition from the arsenal of truth—in double doses, preaching in the morning and prayer meeting at night. The ammunition is fixed and ready to fire at all times and under all circumstances, and I hope that we may all pack at least some of it away in the cartridge box of fortitude for immediate and constant use, and not act like the great majority of the world, both saints and sinners, who use it all up in empty ceremonials on Sunday, having not enough left on Monday morning to make a decent skirmish against the inroads of wrongdoing, hypocrisy, and rascality.

This evening at dusk our chaplain held a prayer meeting in camp. It was in a beautiful part of the woods where his tent stood, and the quartermaster pro tem. of Heaven was standing in the door of his tent and issued with lavish supply the rations of holy manna from the Sacred Receptacle that was stocked by Moses, David, and Christ in the dim ages of long ago. Two little tallow candles stuck against the black bark of a rough oak tree, with vacillating and flickering gleam, was the grand chandelier that furnished the light. Mother Earth strewn and carpeted with last autumn's brown leaves provided vast and ample seating accommodations for the sun-tanned warriors that rode and

fought with Ashby through storms of shot and shell, but now had sheathed their trusty blades, and in reverence received their holy rations of moral rectitude in perfect silence and with good behavior, without the least murmur or complaint of who was to have first choice.

Bright stars that flashed their silvery light from the silent dome of the temple here and there peeped through the little interstices in the thick foliage of the overarching forest trees. A solitary cricket not far away chirped its vesper hymn in measured cadences in the same tone and strain that its kindred chanted in the crevices of the old brick fireplace around the hearthstone at home when I was a child. Oh, how nimbly and vividly thought plays on the harp of memory when its sleeping strings are touched by the fingers of the past!

June 28 — To-day we moved camp a half mile farther down the pike, on the east side in a wood.

July 12 — To-day we moved again, and we are now camped a quarter mile west of the pike, and two miles below Harrisonburg.

July 23 — To-day at noon we started on a scout to Page County with the Twelfth Regiment of cavalry. We marched down the Valley pike to New Market, then turned east and moved out two miles on the Sperryville pike, and camped for the night at the western foot of the Massanutten.

July 24 — Early this morning we renewed our march and crossed the mountain and moved in the direction of Luray. At the Shenandoah we found the Yankee pickets posted on the east bank of the river. We silently and unobserved approached the heights on the west side of the river which overlooked the picket post that was held by about a dozen Yanks. We unlimbered one gun and landed a twelve-pound shell right in the midst of them, which was a regular astonisher from the way in

which the Yanks, in the twinkling of an eye, scattered. It was an utter surprise to them, and in two minutes after we fired I did not see a single bluecoat. They all disappeared in the direction of Luray, without taking time to reconnoiter and ascertain where the little howling monster hailed from that came plowing through their picket post without permission and so unceremoniously. After we fired we fell back to a piece of woods about half a mile from the river and waited to see what else our shell would stir up beyond the Shenandoah. In about half an hour after we fell back a four-gun battery appeared on a high hill on the opposite side of the river, thoroughly commanding our position. They opened on us with all four guns. We did not return their fire, but fell back about a mile out of the range of their guns. They shelled our cavalry for a while and then ceased. I saw one of their shell tear up the ground and pass through right under Colonel Harman's horse, without doing the least damage to man or horse.

I think that the object of our scout was merely to let the Yanks know that some of us are still around. After the firing had all died away and we found that the Yanks would not venture to come to our side of the river, we fell back to the foot of Massanutten, and camped.

July 25 — This morning we started for our camp at Harrisonburg. At New Market Captain Chew generously granted me a leave of absence to remain at home for a few days. Home, friends, and haunts of childhood are as dear as ever, but cannot be fully enjoyed with entire satisfaction as long as a desolating war cloud hangs over the sunny South and mars and obscures the sweet light of independent freedom.

Most of my former friends and associates of my youth are away on the tented field, which makes me feel rather lonely and dissatisfied, although reveling in the abun-

dance of extra rations and environed by the comforts of home.

July 29 — This morning I left the peaceful haunts of home and am off again for the desolating scenes of war. I took stage at New Market at nine o'clock, and arrived in Harrisonburg at one. I fooled around town a few hours, and five o'clock found me in camp ready to answer evening roll-call.

July 31 — Received orders this evening to get ready to march to-morrow morning.

August 1 — Early this morning found us striking tents and packing up our all for a general move to eastern Virginia. From all appearances and indications we will bid farewell to the Valley for some time, as the shifting scenes of war seem to center at present in eastern Virginia, and Heaven only knows where the next tragedy will be put on the boards for enactment. When the bugle sounded for forward march we started up the pike, passed through Harrisonburg and Mount Crawford. At the Augusta County line we left the pike, turned to the left, and marched across the country to Weyer's Cave, where we camped to-night.

August 2 — This morning we renewed our march early, crossed the Blue Ridge at Brown's Gap, and marched till dark. We struck the Central Railroad at Meechum's River, ten miles from Charlottesville. Camped at Meechum's River on Central Railroad.

August 3 — Remained in camp. A train laden with soldiers passed here to-day, going to Gordonsville.

August 4 — Renewed our march. We passed Ivy Depot, a station on the Central Railroad, seven miles from Charlottesville. We passed through Charlottesville, the county seat of Albermarle. It is a considerable town. It has one street that has the appearance of something like a small piece of city dropped there among the foothills of the Blue Ridge. Nearly a mile

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west of town on a beautiful eminence is situated the University of Virginia, one of the most renowned institutions of learning in the South. Two miles southeast of town is Monticello, a conical shaped hill of considerable altitude. Right on the apex of the cone is a large brick house, where Thomas Jefferson lived and died.

There are some six or eight large hospitals in Charlottesville, for Confederate sick and wounded.

We halted in town about half an hour, then renewed our march toward Gordonsville in Orange County, and about a mile east of Charlottesville we crossed the Rivanna River. Camped near Keswick Depot on the Central Railroad, about eight miles from Charlottesville.

August 6— Remained in camp yesterday, but this morning we renewed our march toward Gordonsville. When we arrived within two miles of the town we turned to the left and went to the Madison Court House pike, marched about a mile on that road, then moved across the country to the Orange Court House road and marched about a mile on that road, then moved to the Standardville road. We passed through Barboursville after dark, and are camped one mile west of it on the Standardville road. Barboursville is a small village in Orange County, about five miles northwest of Gordonsville. To-day we passed General Hill's division, which was on the march toward the Rapidan.

August 7— We remained in camp all quiet until dark; then were ordered out toward Ruckersville, which is northwest of Barboursville. After we went about two miles it was reported that the Yanks were crossing the Rapidan five miles below us. Then we returned to camp and settled down for all night.

## VI

### CEDAR MOUNTAIN

AUGUST 8 — To-day we moved to Orange Court House. We passed through Summerset, a little hamlet eight miles west of the Court House. Orange Court House is a small town situated on the Orange and Alexandria Railroad, about nine miles from Gordonsville. We are camped in a field east of town. There are a great many infantry camped around here, and from all appearances the butcher business will be flourishing in a few days, and war that is budding for bloom will soon break out in a fresh place.

This is a beautiful night. The moon hangs like a great refulgent shield in a clear sky and bathes the dewy hills with a flood of silvery light. Not a speck of cloud stains the cerulean dome through which the brilliant night queen marches among the silent stars that glow along her pathway like tiny islands of gold floating in a pale blue sky. As she leads her shining train toward the crimson couch of dying day, the soft still air that breathes over the pasture fields and creeps through the shadowy woodlands and along the grassy hillsides, then plays over the cheeks of a thousand sleeping soldiers couched on nature's carpet, is as soothing and delightful as the zephyrs that play when the ocean storms cease.

At midnight a brass band which I think came on an incoming train played some five or six pieces, the last of which was "Home, Sweet Home." As the familiar strains of the grand old piece stole through the midnight air they seemed to me like sweet echoes from the

bending skies which wake a thousand thoughts of other days, of home and friends far away, that perhaps I will never see again; of happy scenes in the peaceful days of childhood that now return no more; all rushed in solemn troops through my memory as sadly as a weird night wind that sighs and moans through the strings of a broken harp. I know that there are hundreds of men lying on the silent hills around me who will never see home again nor hear the friendly voices of loved ones that are dreaming far away.

I tried to banish the reverie, but it sticks to me even after the music has died away, and I wish for the power and might to rise and shell off my blanket and smash to atoms every implement of war in all creation, so that we could all go home satisfied and gratified and dwell in peace forevermore with all mankind.

August 9 — The band that played last night belongs to General Anderson's Brigade.

This morning we were ordered to the front, which lies in the direction of Culpeper Court House. We started early, and even then the road was already crowded with baggage and ordnance wagons all headed toward Culpeper. At nine o'clock we crossed the Rapidan River, which is the boundary between Orange and Madison counties. We forded the Rapidan at Madison Mills, and passed through a corner of Madison County, then crossed the Robinson River into Culpeper County.

About three o'clock this afternoon we sighted the enemy nine miles from Culpeper Court House. Jackson's batteries were ordered to the immediate front, took position and opened fire on the enemy right away. I think this initiatory fire was for the sole purpose of inducing this great and pompous man, Pope (who is just from the West, and boasts that he has never seen anything of the Rebels but their backs), to disclose his intentions and feel his front. The enemy was prompt

in replying to Jackson's batteries, and the cannonading soon after became general along the front, and opened the battle of Cedar Mountain.

From the way the trains were running last night and bringing troops from the direction of Richmond, and from the bustle and stir in the infantry camps, I thought that Jackson was fixing to butcher, but I had no idea that the eventful sword measuring that of the mighty Pope would be drawn so soon. I have no idea what kind of timber is in the make-up of this military giant from the West who has been feeding on eagle meat, but unless he is awfully superior to the Yankee generals that operated in the Shenandoah Valley a few months ago and butted up against old Stonewall, he will find that by the time he bumps against the sticking qualities of Jackson's bayonets, and receives a few practical object lessons in flanking from the master of that art, he will be ready to soar to Washington and whisper to the Secretary of War that he (Pope) believes and is under the serious impression that he has had a peep at something of the Rebels on the fields of Virginia that did not exactly look altogether like their backs.

The field where the battle of Cedar Mountain was fought is a plain about two miles long and half a mile wide, skirted on each side with woods. On the south-east side is a large hill, or rather a little mountain, covered with timber. Nearly at the summit of the little mountain Jackson had a battery which did good and effective work during the fight.

At the northern extremity of the plain General Pope had his line of battle, at the edge of a beautiful field rather sloping to the south. Our infantry was thrown out on the right and left in the woods, and advanced on the enemy's line at least a part of the way under shelter of the woods.

Our infantry debouched from the woods about half a

mile from Pope's battle line and drove in the heavy skirmish line in its front, then advancing in splendid order and battle array on the enemy's main line, and soon after the storm of musketry began to rage furiously along both lines with the same fearful, terrific roar, only more of it, that I heard at Port Republic.

In the meantime our infantry on the extreme left advanced in quick time and promptly assaulted the enemy's right, which was composed of splendid troops that fought well and stubbornly clung to their position with obstinate tenacity and such undaunted courage that eventually they charged Jackson's left with a determined onslaught that caused an Alabama regiment to waver and about ready to do that which would permit them to fight some other day. They had already commenced to let Pope have a sly glance at their backs, which was a dangerous exhibition just at this juncture, as it came very near stampeding our whole left wing. I was near the place where this mixing affair occurred, and saw our men come rearward in a sort of wild, conglomerate, stampedy mass.

Just then, and in time to prevent a disastrous wavering and general stampede, General D. H. Hill, with drawn sword, appeared among the apparently disorganized troops, and with urgent appeals and persuasive demeanor he succeeded in rallying the wavering and started it in order toward the front.

After a strengthening plaster had been applied to the weak and shaky place in his line, by the ubiquitous and invincible Stonewall in person, the left wing again advanced with redoubled courage, and in turn swept back the Yankee line beyond its first position. The battle was now in full bloom all along the line. Jackson's batteries on the mountain side were still thundering away and doing good work, while on our right a continued blaze of fire flashed along the opposing lines

of infantry and the musketry raged with terrifying fury. The surrounding air was full of flying messengers that gathered in with a dull thud many inhabitants for the silent city of the dead. I saw our wounded pass to the rear. Some were able to walk and others were carried back on stretchers — among the latter General Winder, who commanded the old Stonewall Brigade, mortally wounded.

The battle lasted till about sunset, when the musketry ceased; but there was some artillery firing till nearly midnight. Our forces drove the enemy about four miles, and we held the battle-field.

At dark the first gun was ordered forward, and we went down on the field and bivouacked right where an Ohio regiment that was charged by a North Carolina regiment this afternoon occupied the Yankee line. Before the terrible fire of the Yanks slackened and their line began to waver and sullenly fall back under the severe pressure of Jackson's war machine, here the conflict had been desperate and severe; but as the gallant North Carolinians debouched from the woods they fired a volley into the Ohioans at close range, then rushed down the hill firing as they went, and before they reached the Ohioans close enough to work on them with cold steel the Buckeye boys had retired with thinned ranks.

The Federal dead lay all around our bivouac, and I heard the pitiful groans of the wounded and the low weakly murmurs of the dying. When I lay down on blood-stained sod to snatch a few hours of sleep it was then two hours after midnight, and the desultory artillery fire that was kept up in the fore part of the night had fully died away and the dogs of war were silent once more.

The sudden and abrupt vicissitudes of sanguinary war rush a man rough-shod from one end of the scale

of human experience to the other. Last night I was lulled to sleep, as it were, by the enlivening and inspiring strains of a band playing "Home, Sweet Home"; to-day I heard the hideous roar of battle, and to-night I am kept awake by the constant and pitiful murmur of the wounded and groans of the dying without any "Sweet Home" in it.

If this cruel war lasts seventy-five years, and the Yanks don't kill me before it ends, I hope that I will never be compelled to bivouac on another fresh battle-field.

The same silvery moon that flooded the hills of Orange last night hangs again in an unclouded sky and bathes the plains of Culpeper with a sea of mellow light, and the battle-field lies in a weird silvery glow nearly as light as day. The moonbeams that played last night with velvety fingers, penciling with silvery sheen the silent hieroglyphics of Hope that flashed over the cheeks of sleeping soldiers as they dreamed of home and loved ones far away, to-night silently falls and lingers on many upturned faces that are as cold as marble and wearing the pallid and ghastly hue that can alone be painted by the Angel of Death.

I wonder where that band is that played "Home, Sweet Home" last night. I wish it would come right here and play "Come, Ye Disconsolate," so as to drown this constant wailing of the wounded.

Our battery was not engaged to-day, but we were under fire of the enemy's batteries about twenty minutes.

August 10 — This morning when I awoke the wounded Federals were still lying on the field. Little after sunrise we started with Ashby's old brigade of cavalry, now commanded by General Robinson, on a general reconnoissance to the right of Pope's army. We moved off to the right of the battle-field and passed

around the end of Cedar Mountain to the east side, then moved out on a beautiful level plain traversed by the Orange and Alexandria Railroad. After we went about three miles we struck the railroad and followed it about a mile and a half. We were then near General Pope's army, and some of our cavalry that were scouting through the woods not very far from where we halted with the battery ventured unawares near Pope's headquarters. I do not know whether our scouting party was discovered by the enemy or not, nor how close we were to the Yanks; but we were ordered to go into position with as little noise as possible and were even not allowed to talk above a whisper. Danger must have lurked near; however, I did not see it.

When we fell back from the advanced position we did it by sections; one section remained in battery until the other one retired and went into position. There must have been something dangerously close around that caused such a silent and cautious movement. When we had fallen back about a mile we remained in battery about half an hour, then returned to the hill south of the battle-ground where we were yesterday when the battle opened. We did not come back over the same route we went this morning, but flanked farther east and had to cross Cedar Mountain to get back, as the Yankee cavalry were looking and feeling for us along our morning track. I heard this morning that General Pope is getting heavy reinforcements from the direction of the Rappahannock.

I know now that the main object of our reconnoissance was to ascertain what is transpiring in Pope's rear just at this particular time, after receiving his first military object lesson as taught by Stonewall Jackson.

We are camped this evening on a hill south of and overlooking yesterday's fighting ground.

August 11 — Remained inactive all day. The Yanks

came over under a flag of truce, asking permission to bury their dead, which was granted; and their burial parties were at work on the field under the friendly flutterings of a white flag, packing away their comrades for dress parade when Gabriel sounds the great Reveille.

Ah, my silent friends! you came down here to invade our homes and teach us how to wear the chains of subordination and reverence a violated constitution. In the name of Dixie we bid you welcome to your dreamless couch under the sod that drank your blood, and may God have mercy on your poor souls and forgive you for all the despicable depredations that you have committed since you crossed the Potomac.

Our troops are gradually falling back toward the Rapidan.

August 12 — Last night the infantry were all ordered to make camp-fires, and just after dark a thousand bright beacons blazed over the plains and along the hillsides all around our camp, yet I thought it strange that so many fires were necessary on a hot and sultry August night so soon after nightfall. Jackson's infantry began to move back toward the Rapidan soon after the camp-fires were in full blaze, and of the thousands of troops that were camped around us when we lay down to sleep last night not a single man was in sight this morning when we awoke, and the camp-fires were all dead. The camp-fire business last night was some of old Stonewall's sleight-of-hand performances, and the fire trick was a sort of transformation *excurent* scene — now you see it and now you do not — for the special benefit and amusement of General Pope.

Early this morning we moved to General Robinson's headquarters, which was about a quarter of a mile from where we camped. We remained there in an orchard

an hour, when the first gun was ordered out to check some Yankee infantry that were seen advancing. We had moved Yankeeward with the first piece but a short distance when the Yanks halted, spied our gun and saw that we meant business, then about-faced and left the patch.

We remained in the road about half an hour to see whether the Yankees had anything else that they intended to try soon, but it seems that they were satisfied for the time being, and were willing to settle down.

We returned to Robinson's headquarters, and soon after took up the line of march for Orange Court House, but before we left I saw a Yankee line of battle formed nearly at the same place where Pope had his line on the 9th.

General Pope received heavy reinforcements since the recent battle, and I suppose he was ready cocked and primed to-day to receive a charge from Jackson's campfires that he (Pope) saw last night, for when he formed his line of battle this forenoon Jackson was on the safe side of the Robinson River with all his movables except the ashes of his fires.

As we slowly fell back a few Yankee cavalymen followed us at a safe distance, until we crossed the Robinson, when we went in battery and waited a while for the Yanks to come in range, but they saw the preparation we had made for their special reception and heedfully concluded not to venture within reach of our guns. We then limbered up and renewed our march unmolested. Before we got to the Rapidan a heavy thunder-shower that drenched us to the skin poured water all over us. It even washed out my haversack.

We forded the Rapidan at Madison Mills and moved one mile south of Orange Court House, where we are camped this evening. Jackson's whole army is on the south side of the Rapidan.

August 13 — This morning we went on picket. First we went east of Orange Court House, on a high hill where the Seventh Regiment of Virginia Cavalry was. We remained there about two hours, when Colonel Jones ordered us west of town just in rear of the town lots. We got a splendid position on a hill commanding the Culpeper road. We remained there till nearly night, but no Yanks appearing we returned to camp. I saw General Longstreet to-day for the first time.

August 14 — It is strictly against orders to draw rations in a cornfield, but some how or way our mess commissary managed to procure a very toothsome meal yesterday that came from such source. I asked no questions how he got it, but I expect he smashed the army orders as well as one of the Ten Commandments in procuring the needed supplies, or else he bought it on credit and had it charged to Jeff Davis.

When we sit down to an extra meal in the army we never ask the landlord where it comes from, simply for the fact that the world considers it ill manners to always be inquiring of your host where he obtains his supplies; and, moreover, every soldier knows that his rations invariably come from the commissary department.

When the comforts, conveniences, and luxuries of life are few and far between, necessity is ever ready to step in like a kind mother, making gracious suggestions for the amelioration of man's condition under adverse circumstances and discomfoting situations. Yesterday evening I hearkened to the kind and motherly admonitions of the grandmother of inventions, and gathered up all the green corn shucks that were scattered around our kitchen, with the gratifying anticipation of indulging in the exquisite luxury of a soft, downy shuck pillow for at least one night. The partly wilted shucks made a good, sweet pillow, as the women would say, and it served the purpose splendidly till about midnight,

when I was awakened by something on the order of a blacksmith's bellows blowing in my ear. I thought perhaps some of Pope's Yanks were after me with a blowing machine, but when I raised my head to make observations I saw an old cow standing right by my head pulling corn shucks from my pillow. I saw some cows in the field when I retired, but had no idea that the fools would come and eat my pillow from under my head. The mother of inventions would have done very well this time if the old dame had kept the cow away, for I had a very good pillow until midnight—when the old cow ate it.

The foregoing incident caused some philosophical reflections on the utility and economy of nature and its pertaining affairs to creep through my brain. Yesterday morning the shucks that I used for a pillow last night shielded the juicy corn from the obnoxious deprivations of birds and the direful effects of raw sunshine and rain. Last night they supplied me with a pillow until an old cow ate them, and perhaps by to-morrow we will eat the cow; and anyhow by day after to-morrow General Pope would like to make fertilizer out of us suitable for raising corn; that would be but a short journey from corn to corn and shucks to shucks. However, it would require a little metaphysical analysis to trace the ramifications of the process of transformation.

This morning we went on picket again near Orange Court House and remained just south of town all day. This evening at four o'clock we had preaching at the headquarters of the Sixth Virginia Cavalry, which was camped near our picket post. It was a sermon of thanksgiving, and by a special order of General Jackson. Text I. Samuel vii: 12. Late this evening we, through a mistaken order, started back to our wagons, which are six miles from Orange Court House on the

Gordonsville road. We passed four large infantry camps and a train of about eighty wagons in camp. When we arrived within one mile of our wagons we learned that our order was a mistake. We stopped right on the spot and camped.

August 15— This morning we went back to the Court House again on picket, and remained all day and night. We have been subsisting for the last week on one meal a day, and sometimes a very poor and scanty one at that.

August 16.— This morning at daylight we moved out to the Rapidan. When we arrived there the pickets were firing at each other across the river. The Sixth Virginia Cavalry crossed the Rapidan and captured seven of the Yanks' cavalry that were on picket, and drove the rest back to their camp. After our cavalry drove in their pickets we heard their infantry drums beating the long roll, which was a certain indication that the Yank infantry camp was not far away, and slightly stirred up. The Sixth Virginia fell back and recrossed the river, and soon afterwards I saw a skirmish line march out of a woods about a mile from us. We held a splendid position with a first-class command of all the fields over which they would have to advance in attempting to drive us away or force a passage of the river.

We opened fire on their skirmishers with two of our rifled guns and drove their line back in the woods whence it had come. Soon after we settled their skirmishers we moved back to the Court House and remained there under marching orders till night, then moved to the southern edge of town and camped near the railroad.

This evening a train came in from Gordonsville, filled with conscripts from North Carolina.

August 17 — This morning another load of soldiers came in from Gordonsville. I think old Stonewall is

fixing to go on a big hunt before many days roll by. All the indications point that way.

August 18 — Last night we had our blankets to sleep under again, which was the first time since the night of the 7th. To-day we moved a mile southeast from town, to cook three days' rations. This evening Captain Chew paraded the company and issued haversacks, in which we were ordered to put three days' rations immediately, and were also ordered to load all our household effects on our wagons, so that if an alarm or order should break in on us during the night we could be ready to march in thirty minutes.

August 19 — Last night just as we were getting into sleep deep enough to feel good, that confounded old bugle bleated out for us to get up and get ready to march at eleven o'clock. Soon afterwards found us on the march through pitchy darkness, stumbling slowly down the Fredericksburg road. We marched till four o'clock this morning, halted about two hours, counter-marched, and went back again over the same road, picketing within one mile of Orange Court House. We remained there until two o'clock this afternoon, then moved back again to where we halted this morning, which is thirteen miles east of Orange Court House. This seems to be see-saw day in the marching business. We did not halt there more than about fifteen minutes, then marched on toward Fredericksburg. We followed the main road about five miles, then turned off to the left and moved about four miles in a northerly course. We marched until two hours after dark.

The road we passed over this morning is hilly and rough and creeps snake-like through a dense pine thicket. The Lord only knows where we are camped to-night — I don't — but I believe we are somewhere in the north-eastern part of Orange County. This morning at daylight the First Regiment of Virginia Cavalry

It is General J. E. B. Stuart's old regiment. This morning was the first time I saw it.

August 20 — This morning at three o'clock we renewed our march, and from all appearances through a poor country. At about nine o'clock we crossed the Rapidan at Mitchell's Ford, which landed us in Culpeper County and in a beautiful level plain and good land. We marched on in a northeastern course, crossed the Culpeper and Fredericksburg road, and still pressed toward the Rappahannock. When we halted we were only about a mile from the Yankee lines. While we halted some of our cavalymen brought in a few Yankee prisoners that had just been captured, who reported that the enemy was strongly posted not far ahead and was preparing to charge us; but these same prisoners lied.

However, on the strength of the report, General Stuart formed a line of battle in a beautiful level grassy field and splendid fighting ground for cavalry. Captain Pelham's battery was in position on the right of the line.

There were about three thousand horsemen drawn up in line, all with drawn sabers, ready to receive a charge or make one. A glance over the field and along the battle line was at once grand, magnificent, and inspiring. Three thousand burnished sabers glittered in the sunlight, ready to be wielded by determined men whose steady and silent gaze to the front, where the enemy was supposed to lurk, pre-signified that every man was spellbound, fascinated, and inspired by the splendor of the sheen and the grandeur of the warlike martial array that was as gorgeous as a dress parade. Yet every man was ready and expecting to receive the shock of battle. We remained in battle line about two hours, waiting for the Yankee charge they did not make; and

I understand that the Yankee prisoners wilfully

lied to-day when they said that their cavalry was preparing to charge General Stuart's in that particular locality, because the Yankee cavalry is not so awfully chary when they find something a little dangerous to charge. After General Stuart found that the Yankee charge was a myth we were ordered to move up toward the Orange and Alexandria Railroad. In moving up we passed through a little hamlet called Stevensburg. When we passed there I saw some of General Hill's infantry marching toward the Rappahannock. We struck the railroad a few miles below Culpeper Court House, then moved down the railroad to Brandy Station, which is about six miles below the Court House.

Our cavalry had a fight with the Yanks this afternoon, and repulsed them, below Brandy Station.

We fell back about three miles toward Culpeper Court House and camped for the night. The country around Brandy is beautiful. Looking east and south the land is as level as a lake.

## VII

### ENGAGEMENT AT THE RAPPAHANNOCK

**AUGUST 21** — This morning we went down the railroad and had a very spirited and warmish fight with a Yankee battery. They had the advantage of us both in the number of pieces and position, but we stuck to our position for a while, under a hot and well directed fire, and for about forty minutes gave them in return the best work we could furnish at short notice, then cried enough and withdrew under fire.

After the fight we moved up to the Hazel River, crossed it and went nearly to the Rappahannock, then moved back a little distance and camped near the Hazel River.

At dusk this evening we heard heavy cannonading and some musketry down the Rappahannock. The whole country around here seems to be full of Yankees. We will tree some of them before long; perhaps tomorrow.

**August 22** — This morning we went to the Rappahannock and drove into a large hilly field that sloped to the river. When we arrived on a rather prominent knoll in the field there was a horseman there who said to Captain Chew: "Put some of your guns in position here and fire a few shell into that piece of woods you see yonder on the other side of the river. I think perhaps there is something in there." The piece of woods referred to was not very large, and somewhat lower in altitude than the hill we occupied, and there was nothing visible around or about the woods that indicated

in the least that there was any dangerous game lurking within its peaceful borders. I unlimbered the first gun and landed a shell near about the center of the woods, which waked up the lion sure enough. The shell we fired was a twelve-pounder percussioned, and it exploded near the enemy's lair.

The Yankees had a battery of six or eight rifled guns in position in the innocent little piece of woods, and opened fire on us with all of them immediately after our shell exploded. When I saw six or eight little piles of white smoke rising from the brush and heard the thunder of the guns, and the terrible screaming of the shell overhead, I thought the infernal regions had suddenly opened just on the other side of the river. In the twinkling of an eye our other two rifled guns whirled in battery, and for two hours we fired as fast as we could, and so did the Yanks. Their fire was terrific, and would have been unendurable, but fortunately for us the Yankee gunners aimed their guns too high and cut their fuses too long to seriously injure us much or silence our guns. Some of their shells exploded in front of our guns and some over our heads, but the great majority of them passed harmlessly over us and, with a thud, buried themselves without exploding in a hill about a hundred yards in our rear.

During the time we were engaged the Yanks fired about one thousand shell at us. I fired about one hundred rounds with the first gun. We had one man killed and two wounded. We also had two horses killed. An unexploded shell or solid shot cut in two the pole to one of our caissons. We had an extra pole and repaired the damage before we left the field. When the fight was on well General Fitzhugh Lee came on the field and rode boldly up to the battery and fearlessly sat on his horse watching the progress of the duel amid the fierce howling of shell and shrilly pings of flying fragments.

## 100      ENGAGEMENT AT RAPPAHANNOCK

When he observed that some of our cannoneers were becoming fatigued to the exhausting point, he dismounted his horse, threw off his coat, and acted number one at one of our guns, and he performed his part well, ramming the shell home with the promptness and dexterity of a born cannoneer. Captain Pelham, the gallant and courteous young Alabamian, commander of the old Stuart Horse Artillery, kindly took my place for a while and fired my gun.

After we had fought about two hours we received orders to withdraw our pieces and go with General Stuart on a raid in the direction of Warrenton. When we retired from our position the Yankee battery was still firing, but when we came away I saw another Confederate battery drive on the field and take the same position that we vacated and open fire on the Yanks before we got out of the field.

Soon after we received orders to go with General Stuart we were on the march up the river to Waterloo Bridge. There we crossed the Rappahannock into Fauquier County and marched to Warrenton, where we arrived a little before night. We had some heavy showers this afternoon, and when we got to Warrenton we were as wet as water could make us. Just about dusk we started for Catlett's Station, which is the first station below Warrenton Junction on the Orange and Alexandria Railroad. Soon after nightfall it commenced raining again, and shower after shower of the heaviest sort from the blackest clouds I ever saw kept pouring down till nearly midnight, while blinding flashes of lightning leaped in quick succession from the inky-hued clouds overhead and shot their fiery streams like burning rivers through the thick gloomy darkness that draped the chamber of night. At one moment the lightning's dazzling glare rent the curtain of night and flashed its brilliant glow over the landscape, mak-

ing the woods, fields, and hills appear as though they were basking in the full glory of a midday sun; the next moment the black tide of night rushed over the scene and blotted everything into nothingness. On account of the darkness, rain and deep mud we made slow progress in marching for a raid. The cavalry were all 'way ahead of us. We did not see or hear a sign of them anywhere, consequently toward midnight we halted in the road where the water and mud was just half knee deep. I was wet all over, and through. Cold, chilly, hungry, and sleepy all at the same time, I put myself in as small a package as I could and sat on the limber chest for three long weary hours, with wakeful dreamy visions of a good, warm, dry bed chasing one another all over me.

We were then about three miles from Catlett Station, our objective point. About midnight, or a little after, General Stuart through rain, storm, and darkness charged into the enemy's encampment at Catlett's, surprised the Yanks and drove them from their tents scattering into the darkness, captured some prisoners and about one hundred horses, and destroyed eighty wagons.

General Pope has his headquarters at Catlett's, and I heard that General Stuart captured his uniform coat and his code of signals to-night. If General Pope wants to save his shirt he better keep his headquarters in the saddle or else he will see something of the Rebels some of these fine nights besides their backs.

When the cavalry returned from the station we struck out for the Rappahannock. The ditches, runs, and ravines along the road were all overflowing from the heavy rain in the fore part of the night. When we forded Silver Run the water came within six inches of running in the limber chests. Our return march was wearisome and slow. Long before we reached Warren-ton morn unbarred the gates of day.

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August 23 — The sun was an hour high this morning when we arrived at Warrenton from the ever-memorable raid on Catlett's Station last night. Raiding with General Stuart is poor fun and a hard business. Thunder, lightning, rain, storm, mud, nor darkness can stop him when he is on a warm fresh trail of Yankee game. This morning our battery, guns, horses, and men, looks as if the whole business had passed through a shower of yellow mud last night.

We remained at Warrenton about an hour, then moved to the Fauquier White Sulphur Springs, which is on the left bank of the Rappahannock about five miles from Warrenton. This afternoon about four o'clock we went in an orchard a little below the Springs hotel and opened fire on a Yankee ordnance train that was moving back from the river in the direction of Warrenton. It was heavily guarded and proved to be something more than an ordnance train, for immediately after we opened the Yanks returned our fire promptly and in a businesslike manner with a six-gun battery, but their gunnery was very indifferent and wild. They scattered their shell all over the adjacent fields, ranging in altitude from the earth to the moon. We kept up a steady fire for two hours. Then my gun, like a fidgety, naughty child, kicked loose from its mounting and had to be taken from the field for repairs. The other guns in the battery were fired at intervals until dark.

When I left the field with the disabled gun the Yanks were still firing, shooting all over the surrounding country, and just as we passed the large hotel at the Spring one of their shell struck one of the chimneys and knocked some half dozen bricks off.

Jackson's troops are camped near the river on the Rappahannock side opposite to the Sulphur Spring. Some of his men were building a bridge to-day across

the Rappahannock near the Spring. The location of the bridge happened to be in the line of fire of the Yankee battery that fired on us. When the Yanks opened fire on us most of their shell were much too high and oversped their intended mark. Some of them whizzed over and near the heads of the bridge builders and scattered them like a hawk does a flock of chickens.

Down the river and not far away the whole country is full of Yankee infantry and artillery. I have not seen any of their cavalry to-day. I suppose they are hunting for us somewhere around Catlett, where we left our tracks last night. We have nothing on this side of the river but cavalry and our battery, and the river is past fording. If the Yanks knew how easily they could undo and rout us in our present situation they would make us get away from here quicker than lightning can scorch a cat.

Camped to-night a mile north of the White Sulphur. This makes five days that we have subsisted on three days' rations, and I have no idea where our commissary wagons are. I have not seen any of our wagons since the evening of the 18th, at Orange Court House.

August 24 — This morning we went up the river to a ford a few miles below Waterloo bridge and crossed the river. All our cavalry that were on the dangerous side of the Rappahannock crossed to the safe side. This morning after we forded the river I took my gun to a blacksmith's shop and had it repaired.

This afternoon we moved up the river to Waterloo bridge, in order to protect it from Yankee incendiarism. It seems they have marked it for destruction by the torch. If I were a Yankee general and had made the bombastic announcement, just three weeks ago, that I had never seen anything of the Rebels but their backs, I would certainly be ashamed to resort to bridge burning to keep the Rebels from getting to me. When we

arrived at Waterloo the Yanks had a battery in position on the Fauquier side of the river, on a hill commanding the bridge and its approaches on this side of the river. They also had three regiments of infantry near the bridge. One of our guns and one of Captain Pelham's guns went into position and fired on the Yankee battery. They returned our fire forthwith, and the Yankee artillery must be getting cross as they fired solid shot at us, trying to break our guns; but unless they get better gunners than they had this afternoon we will never receive much damage from such wild, scatter-gun shooting as they did to-day from all the solid shot in Uncle Sam's pocket.

Late this evening we were ordered to put the first gun into position in a direct and raking line with the road that approaches the bridge on the Fauquier side of the river. We did it rather clandestinely, by winding through a thick brushy woods, in the edge of which we planted our gun unobserved by the enemy. Yet they were in full view of our position. The Yanks had a battery in position bearing on the bridge and two companies of infantry in column in the road fronting toward the bridge also.

I aimed my gun at the infantry in the road and loaded it with a percussioned shell and was ready to open and awaiting orders to fire. After waiting about fifteen minutes General Fitzhugh Lee came riding through the brush. When he got up to our position he dismounted and looked over the sights of the loaded gun and observed its line and range, then said: "Who aimed this gun?" After being told who did it, he remarked that it was very well done, and if fired with its present aim and range it would kill some of that infantry over there in the road.

He then called me up to the piece and said, "I do not want to hurt anybody; turn your gun on that bat-

tery and open fire on it," which I did. The infantry referred to were the two hundred Yanks standing in the road in columns of fours, and the battery we fired on was on the left of the infantry in a field and a little higher up the hill. When we opened on the battery the infantry broke and flew for the woods. In two minutes after we fired the first shot every single one of the infantrymen were in the woods and out of sight. The Yankee battery promptly returned our fire, with four guns. We fired three shell at their battery, then withdrew from our position. At sunset we were ordered by General Fitzhugh Lee to take a position to rake the bridge in case the Yanks should attempt to burn it during the night. We got a commanding position and aimed the gun right at the bridge. At dark we loaded our piece and lay down and slept by it. However, we kept a sentinel on post near the gun to report alarms and receive orders during the night.

August 25 — The sharpshooters were firing at one another across the river all night. The Yanks made three attempts during last night to burn the bridge, but our sharpshooters drove them back every time.

This morning the Yanks on the hill near the bridge were firing swivels at us. A swivel is a species of young cannon, light, and mounted on a tripod that looks something like a surveyor's compass. The barrel is fixed on a swivel or turning point. The ones the Yanks fired at us this morning threw a shot about the size of a walnut. However, I did not see any of them. I judge the size only by the keen whiz they made as they sped past us. I wonder what these Pope Yanks will try on us next — shoot a blacksmith shop or a buzz saw at us, I expect.

This forenoon we moved back to our wagons, about three miles from Waterloo bridge. When we left, the sharpshooters were still firing at one another across the

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river. In coming back to camp we passed some of General Hill's infantry going toward the bridge. This evening we cooked three days' rations.

August 26 — Last night at one o'clock our old bugle bleated around camp and waked us from a very sweet sleep to weary marching, and I felt very much like choking the man that dares to make such a blasted blowing noise at the stilly hour of midnight; but such is war when well followed. Whenever our haversacks are loaded with three days' rations we may look for marching orders at any moment, day or night. Soon after the bugle sounded we were on the march toward the Blue Ridge. At daylight we arrived at Amisville, a small village in the southeastern edge of Rappahannock County. We halted there for the brigade wagons, which came up at nine o'clock. Then we renewed our march and moved to Gaines' Crossroads, and camped. Gaines' Crossroads is in Rappahannock County, twelve miles west of Warrenton. A great many of Jackson's wagons are camped here.

August 29 — We are still in camp at Gaines' Crossroads, waiting for ammunition. We have no ammunition at present suitable for our Blakely gun, and there is none in the brigade ordnance train. This morning we heard heavy cannonading in the distance toward the east.

August 31 — Last night at nine o'clock we received marching orders, and half an hour afterwards found us on the move through the dark. The sky was overcast with thick clouds, and the night all through was as dark as black could make it. We went to within a mile of Amisville, then turned to the left and moved in a north-eastern direction over a rough road until we crossed the Rappahannock. Then the road was smoother. We forded the Rappahannock just before day. The ford was very rough and the Fauquier side was very slippery

and steep, consequently some of the army wagons that were in front of us stalled, and we were detained some little time before we cleared the river. We marched till night, and camped one mile west of Salem in Fauquier County.

September 1—We renewed our march early this morning, passing through Salem on the Manassas Gap Railroad, in an eastern course, frequently touching the railroad, and passed the Plains, a station on the Manassas road. We came through Thoroughfare Gap, which is a rugged gorge in Bull Run Mountain and the western gate to the plains of Manassas, through which the Manassas Gap Railroad passes. At Thoroughfare Gap the Yanks had the pass blockaded a few days ago, attempting to prevent General Longstreet from reënforcing General Jackson, who, playing a bold game with a good hand in General Pope's rear, executed smashing havoc to his haversack ammunition and general supplies at Manassas Junction.

The gorge in the mountain is very narrow and abrupt and looks as if it could be successfully defended by a few hundred determined riflemen against almost any force that would assail it. The enemy had barricaded the main road that leads through the pass with felled trees and large rocks which they had rolled from the almost perpendicular side of the gap into the narrow road; behind the barricade they had a line of infantry, and behind the rocks and trees on the mountain side sharpshooters with long-range rifles were ready to pour a deadly fire into any assaulting party that would dare to approach the dangerous gate from the west or south side. On the east side of the mountain, or rather in rear of the Gap, they had another line of infantry, ready to support and protect the men immediately behind the barricade. When Longstreet's column, hastening to the urgent relief of Jackson, dashed

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like a storm-driven wave against the blockaded mountain gorge and demanded a pass with the thunder tones of artillery and the crash of musketry, his victorious column swept everything before it like a flood of rushing water and passed through the Gap and over the plains of Prince William County like a mighty stream that has overcome and swept away some opposing barrier. Directed by the deep thunder of booming cannon that came rolling from the east, Longstreet pressed on his onward way to where old Stonewall was unfolding the science of strategic war and still successfully baying the hosts of the mighty Pope. Toward evening we struck the plains of Manassas, and soon after arrived on the field where a few days ago General Jackson fought one of his hardest battles.

The first indications that I observed of a recently fought battle were hundreds and hundreds of small arms of all descriptions that had been gathered on the battle-field and piled up along the road. When we got to the part of the field where the struggle had been the most desperate and destructive the Federal dead still lay there by the hundreds. At one place I could distinguish where the enemy's line of battle had been, by the many dead lying in line where they fell. Where their batteries had been in position dead horses lay thickly strewn around. A disabled gun and the wreck of blown-up caisson marked the spot where the fire of the Confederate batteries did its destructive work.

At one place I saw the guns of a Yankee battery that had been charged and taken by the Confederates, still in position. White flags were flying all over the field to-day, and the Citizens' Relief Committee of Washington, with two hundred ambulances, were on the field burying the dead and gathering the wounded. I saw at one place where they were burying eighty men in one trench. Some have lain on the field four days

and their upturned faces were as black as African negroes.

I saw one wounded Federal lying under a little white oak bush out in the open field. I suppose he had been there for at least forty-eight hours. He was nearly perished with thirst and begged me for a drink of water. I did not have a drop and did not know where to get any. I did not see any farmhouse near nor far, and we were under marching orders, liable to move at any moment. I told him that water was scarce in his present neighborhood, but that was sad news, poor consolation, and poverty-stricken comfort to a man who is dying for water. It was enough to cruelly crush his last hope. I told him that the Citizens' Committee from Washington was on the field and I would tell the first man I met where to find him, and he would administer to his pressing wants. The poor wounded man exclaimed: "Oh, I have heard that for the last twenty-four hours, and they have not found me yet." Ah, what a striking object lesson on the horrors and probable vicissitudes of cruel war! One moment a strong robust man may be wielding the saber or bayonet like a Hercules and the next instant he may be lying on the field as helpless as a babe and begging his antagonist for a drink of water.

Soon after I left the helpless soldier I met some of the Washington Relief men and told them of his critical condition and exactly where to find him. As a couple of us were passing over the battle-field we met a well-dressed, fine-looking man, probably he was a surgeon belonging to the Relief Corps. He stopped and in a snappish manner, remarked, "Well, you have defeated us again, and this is the second time on this field, but it will have to be tried over." We replied, "All right, give us a fair shake and we will thrash you again." That shot was a surpriser and silenced his mouth-piece.

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He drove on then, looking as sour as if his mother-in-law had drenched him with double-proof crab apple vinegar for a month.

Late this evening we were ordered to move toward Fairfax Court House. When we had marched about four miles in that direction it grew pitchy dark and we dropped by the roadside and camped.

September 2 — This morning we renewed our march and moved within six miles of Fairfax Court House. We passed a great many wagons moving toward Fairfax and also some infantry marching in the same direction. We are now in Fairfax County, and camped on the Little River pike.

September 3 — This morning we renewed our march, and were on the move nearly all day. We passed a great many troops, all marching toward the Potomac. We halted at Dranesville and remained there till nearly sunset, then moved one mile west of the village and camped. We crossed the Loudoun and Alexandria Railroad to-day.

September 4 — This morning we started on a scout. We went nearly to Falls Church, within about eight miles of Washington. We struck a small body of Yanks about two miles from Falls Church. We drove them back to Falls Church, where they had a considerable force, some of which were infantry. They made a bold and obstinate stand there and stood our fire much better than they usually do. We fired on them some six or eight times, when they threw out a flanking party and we had to retire with our little force, as our scouting party was small and not prepared to fight infantry.

There was a regiment of Yankee infantry packed in a narrow trougny road that was lined on both sides with large locust trees. The place was about a mile and a half from our position, and I could not discern

them with the naked eye through the foliage of the trees. Some officer in our cavalry called my attention to the spot and said that there was a Yankee regiment standing in the road under the locust trees. I still could not see them until he handed me his field-glass, and told me where to look. As soon as I got the glass to bear on the place I saw about a regiment of infantry standing in close order and facing from us, ready to march. I gave them a shell, and they marched off right away, and double-quick at that.

My gun again kicked loose from its mounting to-day, and I had to take it off the field for repairs. We passed Vienna to-day, a station on the Loudoun branch of the Alexandria Railroad. We got back to camp at ten o'clock to-night.

September 5—Last night at one o'clock we started for Leesburg. The road was crowded with wagons and consequently we made slow progress. We were detained three hours at Goose Creek, a small stream two miles from Leesburg, where the ford was deep and miry, and the water came near running over our guns. We arrived at Leesburg in the middle of the afternoon and fed our horses, then moved about a mile from town to a large spring, remained there till sunset, when we returned to town and camped. This evening we passed a great many infantry marching toward the Potomac. There are thousands of soldiers camped around Leesburg this evening, and all seem to be in joyous gayety, caused, I suppose, by the eager desires and bright anticipations of crossing the Potomac and entering Maryland. As I am writing I hear soldiers shouting, huzzahing all around us. Just now a brass band has struck up, which helps to swell the cheer of the merry throng.

Leesburg, the county seat of Loudoun, is situated three miles from the Potomac, in a beautiful country.

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From the town to the river the land is almost as level as a lake. On a little hillock south of town is a small fort, or rather earthwork, that commands all the country around town and between the town and the river. It was constructed by the militia last fall after the memorable fight at Ball's Bluff.

September 6 — To-day we remained in camp at Leesburg until we had our guns repaired; then we moved to the Potomac, where we arrived a little before sunset; but it was impossible for us to ford the river immediately after our arrival in consequence of the vast number of wagons and artillery there waiting for an opportunity to ford.

The road between Leesburg and the river was so dusty to-day as to make it impossible to discern a man three rods distant.

## VIII

### WE INVADE THE NORTH—SOUTH MOUNTAIN

**SEPTEMBER 7**—It was midnight when we left the Southern Confederacy last night, forded the Potomac, and landed in the United States, in Montgomery County, Maryland.

We marched till the after-part of the night, and to-day till two o'clock, when we arrived at Frederick City. We halted there an hour or so, fed our horses, then moved to Urbana, seven miles southeast of Frederick.

Where we forded the Potomac last night it is about two and a half feet deep and four hundred yards wide, a gentle current and smooth bottom. In our march to-day we only touched the suburb of Frederick and did not go into the city, but saw its spires and cupolas. This town is situated in a beautiful country and surrounded by rich and fertile land, well cultivated. Two miles south of the city the main stem of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad crosses the Monocacy, which is but a small stream, yet the railroad bridge that spans it is not a small one, and is substantially constructed of stone and iron. Jackson's men were destroying it to-day when we passed. We arrived at Urbana at sunset, and camped.

**September 8**—This morning we started with the cavalry on a scout toward Poolesville, which is south of Urbana and eighteen miles distant. When we got to within one mile of Poolesville we spied the first Yanks that we saw since our arrival in the United States. They were cavalry, and showed fight right away.

We went in battery on a hill in the edge of a woods about a mile from the town, and fired some six or eight rounds at them, when they drew up their cavalry in columns with drawn sabers ready for a charge on our pieces, but we threw a shell which anchored dangerously near them, broke their ranks and scattered them rearward. They brought up a battery then and opened a well-directed fire on us, and eventually drove us from our position. Their battery was about a mile and a half from us, and every shell after the first two fell and exploded right in the midst of us. I believe that the confounded Yankees can shoot better in the United States than they can when they come to Dixieland. They did better shooting with their artillery to-day than any I have seen since I have been in service. For a while we seemed to be in a dangerous locality, for while the battery on our front was pouring in some good warm work some two or three regiments of Yankee cavalry closed in on us in our rear. Heaven only knows where they came from or how they got so completely in our rear, and on the very road we came over, and which was the only way of escape for us if there was to be any getting-out business in the game. Our situation was critical indeed, for the Yankees in our front were advancing rapidly and getting very bold and those in our rear charging and closing in on us, but at this juncture of affairs Colonel Munford, who had charge of the fight on that part of the field, became unduly excited, and as he galloped past us he shouted: "Cut loose from your pieces!" But the calm and gallant Chew, whose judgment could not be dethroned by a little danger or excitement, quietly unheeded Colonel Munford's hasty advice or suggestion and told us to stick to our guns. Just then a regular fusillade of pistols and carbines opened all around us, with some of our cavalry with drawn sabers rushing first one way

then another, not knowing whom to fight first, the ones in our front or the flankers in our rear. Fortunately, and just in time, the grand old Seventh Regiment of cavalry charged, with drawn sabers, in regular Ashby style and repulsed the enemy in our rear, and we slipped through the meshes of the dangerous web that the Yanks were weaving around us, and brought all our pieces out safely. Even then we were not on the dead sure side of safety yet, as the Yanks that were in our front at first attempted to flank and cut us off from the Urbana road, but the Twelfth Virginia Cavalry stubbornly held them at bay until we got past the cutting-off place and were once more where we felt the gratifying virtue of an open and unobstructed rear. After we wriggled out of the most hazardous and eventful situation the battery was ever in, we fell back a mile and went in position on the road, but the Yanks did not pursue us. After we remained in battery in the road until we found that the Yanks had settled down for the day,—and I know we had enough for one dose,—we fell back ten miles and bivouacked for the night at the southern base of Sugar Loaf Mountain. Our cavalry lost very few men to-day, considering the close and mixed-up encounter that we were all in. I saw some of the shell from the Yankee battery explode right in the ranks of our cavalry, but it seems they did very little harm, and our side sustained very little damage all through. If to-day's proceedings is an average specimen of the treatment the dear Yanks intend to give us in these dear United States, I think the best thing we can do is to go back to Dixie right away, for the Yanks seem to pop up out of the ground most anywhere, and if it had not been for the Seventh Virginia's gallant and timely charge to-day this evening some of our battery would be on the way to a delectable den called a Yankee prison, while others might be traveling on that gloomy

stream that unerringly drifts its silent passengers to that boundless mystery-veiled sea that lies beyond the outposts of mortal ken.

The country we traversed to-day is very diversified, at some places beautiful, at others hilly and rough. We passed through Barnesville, a small but pleasant village situated on a prospective eminence seventeen miles south of Frederick City.

Sugar Loaf Mountain bounds the beautiful valley of the Monocacy on the southeast, and is about three miles long and lifts its head above the valley in the Sugar Loaf style. On top of the mountain at the highest crest the Yanks have a signal station which affords a splendid view of the whole Frederick City country and all the country between the mountain and the Potomac, and also the greater part of Loudoun County, Virginia. The mountain is about six miles from the Potomac.

September 9 — Last night we slept in a straw stack. To-day we moved about half a mile from where we straw-stacked it last night. At about three o'clock this afternoon the cavalry reported that the Yanks were advancing, so we put our guns in position in the road and were ready to give our United States welcomers an explosive reception. If the Yanks advanced to-day they did it in some other direction, as they did not make their appearance on the road we are on.

September 10 — We moved back to camp this morning at Urbana. We were there not an hour before Colonel Munford sent for the battery to go back on picket, to the very same place we left this morning. We started back immediately after we received the order. We moved back to camp this evening.

September 11 — This morning we went on picket again on the same road, but did not go to the same place we were yesterday on account of an advance the Yanks made early this morning. We put our guns in

position at a schoolhouse about five miles from where we picketed yesterday and about three miles from Urbana. The country around Urbana is full of roads, and to-day the Yanks advanced on several of them at once, but not on the one we were on. They attempted the cutting-off business on us again, but this time we played the fall-back game in due season, before the Yanks had a chance to close in on our rear, like they did the other day at Poolesville. We fell back from our picket post to Urbana and from there to the Monocacy bridge, without firing a shot. We put the battery in position on the bridge,—where the pike crosses the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad,—which thoroughly commands the bridge where the pike crosses the Monocacy and only about three hundred yards distant, which is a first-class range for canister. We are camped this evening on the Monocacy, two miles from Frederick City.

September 12 — We had nothing to eat yesterday, and, contrary to general orders, our lieutenant told us last night that if we could find corn or potatoes that we might take enough to satisfy the requirements of the inner man. We soon found both corn and potatoes, twin brothers in diet that can be so happily devoured without bread. It is wonderful and almost inconceivable what an amount of corn and potatoes a soldier can engulf in his internal arrangements when they are properly adjusted by healthy, honest hunger after an all-day's march without a morsel to check the shrinkage of his musculo-membranous reservoir. This morning we were ordered to Jefferson, a small village about twelve miles west of Frederick City. We moved slowly all day, crossed the Catoctin Mountain, which divides the Middletown Valley from the Frederick City country. We arrived at Jefferson a little before night. Jefferson is in the Middletown Valley and in a pretty country,

but judging from the sourish frowns that played over the faces of the female population as we passed through the streets this evening the village must be strong Union in sentiment. However, I saw one bright-faced lady standing in her room before a window waving a white handkerchief at us as we passed, though she did it in a manner as not to be observed by her neighbors. Camped near Jefferson.

September 13 — Early this morning just at dawn we heard cannon and saw them flash as they were fired about three miles away on the National Road, where it crosses the Catoclin Mountain. The enemy also advanced on the road we came over yesterday. We went into battery near Jefferson and fired on them a while, then fell back slowly toward Middletown. About noon, by pressing and flanking, the enemy forced General Stuart to fall back on the National Road a little faster than the programme called for. Then we made a forced retreat in order to keep the Yankee flankers from interfering with our rear or cutting us off from the main body of our cavalry which was on the National Road.

In falling back to-day I think it was the intention to strike the Crampton Gap road at Middletown, but when we arrived within one mile of Middletown we learned that the Yankee cavalry, which is getting bold, adventurous, mighty, and numerous in these latter days, had forced our cavalry on the National Road back a little faster than common, and had possession of Middletown. Consequently we had to cut across the country on a narrow, lane-like, hilly road, leaving Middletown a mile to our right, and gained the Crampton Gap road without any serious inconvenience. After we struck the Crampton Gap road we moved to Burkettsville without encountering any Yankees. Burkettsville is a little village nestling at the eastern base of South

Mountain and right in front of Crampton's Gap. We halted in the village a short while and then went up on the mountain side and put our battery in position in the road at a point which thoroughly commands the Middletown road and the fields around Burkettsville.

The Yankees did not advance farther than to within two miles of Burkettsville, where our cavalry met, fought, and repulsed them. Immediately after the fight Hampton's Legion, a body of South Carolina cavalry under the command of General Hampton, came up the Middletown road in sight of our position. Colonel Munford thought it was a regiment of Yankee cavalry and ordered us to open fire on them. Just as we were ready to fire, a courier, with a Southern flag, came up the mountain and announced that it was Hampton's Legion that was coming up the Middletown road. The courier came just in time, for if he had been one single minute later he would have heard a shell screaming overhead on its way searching for Yankees, which would no doubt have found Hampton's Legion of South Carolinians. We remained in position till sunset, and no Yankees came in sight, when we crossed South Mountain and camped at its western base. We heard heavy cannonading nearly all day in the direction of Harper's Ferry.

September 14 — This morning the shades of night were still lingering over the landscape when we left camp, and early dawn found us on top of South Mountain, looking over the beautiful Middletown Valley that was lying before us like a diversified illuminated map, with its wooded hills, pleasant fields, hamlets, and towns reposing in the quiet calm of a peaceful Sabbath morning. But before the sun shot its first golden lance across the Catoctin range to kiss away the early dew, the booming of Yankee cannon came rolling across from the Catoctin hills, announcing in ominous thunder tones

that the Yankee hosts were advancing, and that there would be but little Sunday for soldiers to-day in this part of Uncle Sam's domain. As soon as we found that the whole Yankee army was on the advance we moved about halfway down the mountain and went in battery ready to work on the first bluecoats that ventured within range of our guns. The cannon we heard so early this morning were at Jefferson, where the Yanks were shelling the woods searching, I suppose, for masked batteries, of which they are most awfully afraid.

There are two principal gaps in South Mountain through which main roads pass that lead west through the Middletown Valley. Turner's Gap is the most important one, as the National Road which passes through Frederick City, Middletown, Boonsboro, and Hagerstown leads through Turner's Gap, consequently the heaviest portion of the Yankee forces was hurled against the defenders of that pass to-day. We were at Crampton's Gap, which is some four or five miles south of Turner's and, judging from the small force we had there for its defense, it was not considered of much importance from a Confederate point of view. However, the Yankees did not so consider it, from the heavy force of cavalry, artillery, and infantry they brought to bear against it before the day was over. We had only three companies of infantry, Munford's brigade of cavalry, and six pieces of artillery to defend the pass against at least two, perhaps three, divisions of Yankee infantry, with accompanying artillery and a big bunch of cavalry. At about ten o'clock we saw the first of the Yankee host, about three miles away, approaching our gap cautiously and slowly. As they drew nearer the whole country seemed to be full of bluecoats. They were so numerous that it looked as if they were creeping up out of the ground — and what would or could our little force of some three or four hundred

available men standing halfway up a bushy, stony mountain side do with such a mighty host that was advancing on us with flying banners? As they came nearer to the mountain they threw out a heavy skirmish line of infantry on both sides of the road, and were still advancing very slowly when their skirmish line came to within about a mile of our position, so we opened on it with our rifled guns. Our line of fire was right over the village of Burkettsville, and completely checked their skirmishers about half a mile from Burkettsville. The Yanks now brought up a battery and opened fire on us, but they were about two miles off and all their shell fell short. I fired at them in return, but in so doing I disabled my gun. The mountain where we were in battery was a little steep and my gun is a vicious little recoiler, and the recoil space of our position was too sloping, rough, and limited for a free kick, consequently with the second shot that I fired—with a two-mile range—at the Yankees my piece snapped a couple of bolts of its mounting, entirely disabling it for the day. After my gun was damaged there was nothing for me to do but leave the field of action, but before I left I stood for a while and gazed at the magnificent splendor of the martial array that was slowly and steadily moving toward us across the plain below like a living panorama, the sheen of the glittering side-arms and thousands of bright, shiny musket barrels looking like a silver spangled sea rippling and flashing in the light of a midday sun.

The remainder of the battery held its position, and when the enemy advanced to a closer range opened fire and kept it up until nearly night; but late this evening the enemy forced the pass by flanking and fighting, with overwhelming numbers, and compelled our little force to retire. To observe the caution with which the Yankees, with their vast superior numbers, approached

the mountain, it put one very much in mind of a lion, king of the forest, making exceeding careful preparations to spring on a plucky little mouse. For we had only about three hundred men actually engaged, and they were mostly cavalry, which is of very little use in defending a mountain pass like Crampton's Gap, where there is one narrow road leading up the mountain and all the remainder of the immediate surroundings heavily timbered and thickly covered with regular mountain undergrowth and large, loose rocks and boulders.

Crampton's Gap is really neither gorge nor gap, only a little notch in the crest of South Mountain, and nearly all the fighting to-day in trying to defend it was done on the eastern face of the mountain. It is marvelous how a few hundred of our men held in check nearly all day two divisions of Yankees, besides their artillery and cavalry, and I will venture the assertion that, as usual, correspondents of Northern newspapers will say that a little band of heroic Union patriots gallantly cleaned out Crampton's Gap, that was defended by an overwhelming force of Rebels strongly posted all over the mountain and standing so thick that they had to crawl over each other to get away.

In retiring our disabled gun from Crampton's Gap we went to Boonsboro and moved in a southwest direction about four miles on the Shepherdstown road to our wagons, where we arrived at ten o'clock to-night, and camped. In going from Crampton's Gap to Boonsboro we passed within about half mile of Turner's Gap, where a portion of General Longstreet's forces were engaged, fighting desperately right in the gap, which the enemy was assaulting vigorously with a heavy force. The artillery fire was very heavy and the deep-toned thunder of Longstreet's guns, mingled with the crash of fierce and incessant musketry, raged and roared and rolled along the mountain slopes and made

the craggy battlements of South Mountain tremble from base to crest.

Boonsboro is a pretty little town at the western base of South Mountain, on the National Road. The houses are nearly all built of brick and kept in good condition all through the town. Before we got to Boonsboro we passed through Rohrersville, a small hamlet in a pleasant valley, three miles south of Boonsboro. We also passed through Keedysville, a small village three miles southwest of Boonsboro.

Pleasant Valley is a beautiful little mountain vale a mile wide, extending toward Harper's Ferry along the western foothills of South Mountain.

## IX

### SHARPSBURG

**SEPTEMBER 15** — It seems that the Yanks gained possession of both gaps in South Mountain late yesterday evening. At one o'clock last night we were ordered to move to Martinsburg. We started immediately after we received the order. At Williamsport we forded the Potomac. It is about two feet deep, with a gentle current and smooth gravelly bottom. Williamsport is a town of about a thousand inhabitants, situated on the Maryland side of the Potomac, six miles from Hagerstown and twelve miles from Martinsburg. There is a natural embankment on the dike order about forty feet high between the town and the river, which entirely shuts from view the lower part of the town from the stream. We arrived at Martinsburg at dusk this evening and I left my gun there at a shop for repairs. We then moved about three miles down the Shepherdstown road and camped for the night.

**September 16** — This morning we moved to within a quarter of a mile of Shepherdstown and camped. Shepherdstown is right on the bank of the Potomac in Jefferson County, about ten miles east of Martinsburg. We are camped on the farm near the residence of A. R. Boteler. Morgan Spring, a large and beautiful spring, is near his house.

**September 17** — Early this morning the cannon commenced booming on the fields around Sharpsburg in Washington County, Maryland. Sharpsburg is about three miles from Shepherdstown, and from our camp

we plainly heard the opening guns of the great battle that raged fearfully all day between General Lee's forces and General McClellan's whole army. At times the artillery fire was so fierce and heavy that it sounded like one continual roar of thunder rumbling and rolling across the sky. The musketry fire was equally severe and raged furiously, almost incessantly all day, and its hideous deathly crash vied with the deafening roar of the thundering artillery. It is utterly incomprehensible and perfectly inconceivable how mortal men can stand and live under such an infantry fire as I heard to-day. Judging from the way the musketry roared the whole surrounding air between the lines must have been thick with flying lead. This morning my gun was still in Martinsburg undergoing repairs, which circumstance alone kept us from the battle-field to-day, for twice during the day an urgent despatch came for us to hasten to the front and help to play in the bloody act that was in full glow and raging over the fields around Sharpsburg. About three o'clock this afternoon my gun arrived from Martinsburg ready for fight, and we started immediately for the fiery vortex of battle that was still raging with unabated fury. Our progress was necessarily slow, and the ford in the Potomac is rough and narrow and the river was full of wagons going and coming. The road all the way between the river and the battle-field was crowded with ordnance wagons and ambulances. Shepherdstown seemed to be full of our wounded when we passed through. We had to go a mile below town to ford the river. Below Shepherdstown there are high bluffs along the river on the Virginia side, and right at the ford I saw a battery of artillery in position on top of the bluff, which thoroughly commanded the ford and its approaches on the Maryland side, which is much lower than the Virginia bluff. It was nearly sunset when we

arrived on the battle-field and the last firing for the day had just ceased. There were a great many of the wounded still on the field. We bivouacked just in rear of the battle-field and roughed it without blankets.

September 18 — Late yesterday afternoon some of the enemy's shell set some buildings on fire in Sharpsburg and the flames threw a red glare on the sky that reflected a pale ghostly light over the battle plain strewn with the upturned faces of the dead. Early this morning we went about a mile to the right of the Shepherdstown road, or rather down toward the right of our line, on picket. This afternoon there was some firing between the sharpshooters around and near our picket post. We bivouacked near our picket post. The Yankees came over to-day under a white flag and asked permission to bury their dead.

September 19 — Last night our army commenced to retreat across the Potomac, and by nine o'clock this morning our whole force had left Maryland, my Maryland — that the bands played so much a few weeks ago — behind, and we stood once more on the friendly hills of Virginia. We were nearly the last to cross the river, and about an hour after we forded the Yanks came near the ford with artillery and opened fire on everything that happened to be in range of their guns or in sight on this side of the river. The batteries that were in position on the bluff on this side of the stream commanding the ford promptly opened a brisk fire on the Yankee guns, and a lively artillery duel ensued; when we left both sides were still firing. From Shepherdstown we went to Martinsburg, and from there we moved two miles up the Winchester pike to Snodgrass Spring, where we are camped to-night.

September 20 — It was ten o'clock this morning when we left camp. We moved up the Winchester pike to Bunker's Hill, and remained there till dusk, when

we moved to Smithfield and camped. We passed about two hundred army wagons on the road between Bunker's Hill and Smithfield. There are a great many troops camped around Bunker's Hill. The whole country around there was ablaze this evening with camp-fires.

September 21 — This morning we moved to Charlestown, remained there about two hours, then went on picket a mile below town on the Harper's Ferry road. This afternoon we had preaching at our picket post, by a minister from Charlestown.

September 22 — Still on picket. From our post we can see the white tents of an extensive camp of Yankees, way up on South Mountain in Maryland, just beyond Maryland Heights.

September 23 — This evening at dusk we left our picket post and moved back to camp, which is in a wood four miles from Charlestown, on the Berryville pike.

September 25 — This morning we were ordered up the Berryville pike. We went about three miles toward Berryville, then came right back to camp. After we got back we moved camp to Leetown, which is seven miles from Charlestown, on the Smithfield and Shepherdstown road.

September 27 — The howitzer went to Berryville on picket.

September 28 — To-day we left Leetown at noon and marched till after dark. Camped three miles east of Berryville. Berryville, the county seat of Clarke County, is situated in a fine country ten miles east of Winchester and five miles from the Shenandoah River.

September 29 — Early this morning we renewed our march toward Leesburg. We arrived at the Shenandoah River about nine o'clock and remained there until noon, then forded the river and marched very fast all the remainder of the day until after dark. We crossed

the Blue Ridge at Snickersville, a little village nestling close to the eastern base of the Blue Ridge in Loudoun County. We passed through Purcellville and Hamilton, small villages on the Leesburg and Winchester grade. To-night we are camped in Leesburg.

September 30 — We renewed our march this morning and moved in a southern direction through a rather broken rolling country until we arrived at the Alexandria and Winchester pike; there the country was prettier and the land better. We followed the pike until we got above Aldie, then turned to the left, a move properly to the southwest of the pike, and traversed the southwestern portion of Loudoun County. Aldie is a small and very old-looking village on the Alexandria and Winchester pike; all the houses are old, and it has been a finished village for years, judging from the appearance of its antique habiliments. This afternoon we passed through Middleburg, a pleasant village situated in a fine country near the southwestern border of Loudoun. This evening we are camped at Upperville, a very old-looking place situated near the eastern base of the Blue Ridge, in the northern edge of Fauquier. It is a small village and the houses are scattering.

October 1 — This morning we renewed our march and moved in a northern direction, winding among the hills along the eastern base of the Blue Ridge. At midday we struck the Alexandria and Winchester pike again, near Snickersville. This afternoon we crossed the Blue Ridge at Snickers Gap. Camped near Berryville.

October 2 — This morning we moved to our old camp again, on the Charlestown and Berryville pike, three miles south of Charlestown.

October 3 — One gun went on picket, the remainder of the battery remaining in camp.

October 4 — This morning I went to Charlestown with my detachment to relieve the second detachment.

I returned to camp this evening, as the gunner of the second detachment refused to leave his piece, but took charge of my men.

October 11 — Went on picket one mile below Charlestown on the Harper's Ferry pike.

October 12 — On picket to-day we heard some cannon firing, which I suppose was in Loudoun County.

October 14 — Still on picket. This morning I saw a captive balloon anchored over the Yankee camp in the direction of Harper's Ferry. Balloon reconnoitering seems to be a safe way of making observations of an enemy's forces, movements, and encampments, and where the country is level and not too much wooded the information obtainable from such an elevated altitude is as valuable and correct, if not more so, than could be acquired by a regular reconnoissance on terra firma; and is accompanied with less trouble and danger. The balloon I saw this morning was about four miles from our post and looked to be about a thousand feet from the ground.

October 15 — We were relieved this evening from picket by the second section of our battery and a portion of the Richmond Howitzers. We came back to camp.

October 16 — This morning the Yankees advanced on our picket post with cavalry, artillery, and infantry. One gun of our battery and three pieces of the Richmond Howitzers fought them and held them in check until our ammunition was exhausted, then retired from action, as it is perfectly indiscreet to try to hold a position without ammunition, especially under fire. The Yankees advanced as far as Charlestown. We fell back two miles south of Charlestown on the Berryville pike, took a position commanding the pike, and remained there until night, when we moved back a mile to our old camp. We remained there but a little while

and moved back about eight miles from Charlestown, and camped. In the artillery fight this morning one man of the Richmond Howitzers was killed and two wounded.

October 17 — Last night was about as dark as they generally get in this country. I was on guard duty during the fore part of the night and it rained very hard all through my whole watch. We had no fire until after midnight, the ground, wood, and everything else being soaking wet; even the darkness felt like a wet blanket. I made my bed on top of a rock pile. It was a little hardish at first, but it was the driest place I could find and I had the sweet consolation of knowing that the ground all around the rock pile was soft.

Early this morning we were ordered to Summit Point to do picket duty. Summit Point is a station on the Winchester and Potomac Railroad, sixteen miles below Winchester. When we arrived at the station it was reported that the Yankees were advancing, and we put our guns in battery immediately and remained in battery until dusk, when we were ordered to Charlestown. We moved in that direction about two miles when the order was countermanded and we returned to Summit Point; camped. We heard cannon this afternoon in the direction of Martinsburg.

October 18 — This morning we moved to our old camp again, four miles from Charlestown on the Berryville pike. This afternoon the first piece was ordered to go on picket at our old post one mile below Charlestown, on the Harper's Ferry pike. This evening we left our post and came one mile south of Charlestown and camped with the Sixth Virginia Cavalry. They had prayer meeting in their camp in the early evening by candlelight, which I attended. The Sixth seems to be the citadel of religion of the brigade, as they have more religious service in the Sixth than in any of the

other regiments, yet I do not know as the plane of practical ethics in general is any higher in this than in any of the other regiments of the brigade. I suppose that their code of imprecations is of about the same standard as that adopted by the rest of the brigade, and perhaps employed with about equal frequency.

October 19 — This morning at daybreak we returned to our picket post again.

October 20 — On picket. To-day twenty-seven wagons came from Harper's Ferry through the Yankee lines and passed our post. They are wagons that the Yankees borrowed from General Jackson to convey their wounded from Harper's Ferry to Washington, after the fight at Harper's Ferry last month.

October 23 — Still on picket. To-day we had an alarm at the front, caused by the explosion of a shell which some of our outer pickets found and threw in the fire just to see whether it would explode; and sure enough they saw, for the shell exploded with a report similar to a cannon, and sowed the fire and iron fragments around like a young volcano. The explosion stirred up a lively scene for a while among the reserve pickets. We rushed to our guns with the full expectation of seeing a Yankee battery appear over a hill about a mile in our front and open on us, but when we learned the cause of the sudden alarm all anticipations of a Yankee advance were expelled and quietude again reigned along our picket line.

October 31 — Still on picket. The second gun was ordered to Leetown on picket to-day; now there is only one gun on this post. This morning about three hours before day a courier came in from the outpost and reported that the Yankees were advancing on us. We were all roused and ordered to put our guns in position immediately, which we did, and kept them in battery till daylight, but no Yanks appeared. The report was

false, and caused by some loose horses running in a field near the outpost. It is well enough to be very cautious and watchful on the outer picket post, but sometimes some of our cavalry picket men see the Yanks coming when it is really too dark to see anything.

November 1 — To-day we heard cannon firing, which we supposed to be at Leesburg.

November 2 — Heard artillery firing to-day again somewhere in Loudoun County.

November 4 — This morning at sunrise we were ordered to Snicker's Ferry on the Shenandoah River, five miles from Berryville. We struck out from our picket post immediately after we received the order, passed through Charlestown and Berryville, and went within a mile of the ferry and halted. The Yankees were on the Blue Ridge opposite the ferry, but some of D. H. Hill's infantry were guarding the ford and the Yankees had no artillery there, consequently we were not needed and we moved back to Berryville, where our wagons are, and camped. We arrived at Berryville after dark. The weather is getting cold.

November 6 — Last night was very cold, with a little rain. Six of us made a sort of sheltering shed out of rails and covered it with a tarpaulin. About midnight a horse ran over our house and played thunder with the roof. It tore a ruinous rent in the tarpaulin and came very near trampling on some of us. I never saw such crawling out of bed and house before as when the horse came through the roof.

November 7 — Snowed all day.

November 9 — This morning we were ordered to White Post. We started at daylight and arrived at White Post before midday, but continued our march through the village, toward Front Royal. We marched till night, and camped within four miles of Front Royal. White Post is a little village in the southern part of

Clarke County, near the Warren line, ten miles from Winchester. The village derives its name from a large post in the center of the place.

November 11 — This morning we started to Linden station on the Manassas Gap Railroad, seven miles below Front Royal. The country we passed through to-day after we crossed the Shenandoah River is poor and the road rough. We passed some of General Ewell's men that had been on the Blue Ridge destroying the railroad. We saw their work of destruction all along the road up the western side of the ridge. They burnt the ties and crooked the rails by heating them on a pile of burning ties. Camped to-night on the Blue Ridge within one mile of Linden.

November 12 — This morning we went on picket one mile below Linden. Our post is in the edge of Fauquier County and on the summit of the Blue Ridge right in Manassas Gap. The general aspect of the locality and country here on the mountain top is wildly grand and picturesque. Lofty peaks here and there lift their crests toward the clouds and bathe their breezy heights in the rosy tints of morning while yet the dusky breaking shadows of night still linger in the valley below. The Manassas Gap Railroad creeps in serpentine style around the mountain hills for a few miles along the summit, then plunges windingly down the western slope of the Ridge to the bright murmuring waters of the Shenandoah. We had a regular mountain storm last night from the south, with a little rain mixed in. It howled over the mountain top and swept fiercely around the wooded peaks with a force and velocity hardly ever assumed in the low-lying valleys. It gave us a fair specimen of how the storm king travels in its royal department when it roars untrammelled through the boundless realms of its native home.

November 13 — To-day we moved back to Linden, to

picket, so as to be in rear and command of the Flint Hill road. This is the highest picketing we ever did, and the view from here is grand and extensive. Looking east the eye skips from hilltop to hilltop until the sight is arrested by the dim outline of Bull Run mountain pictured against the eastern sky. Looking north and west the beautiful valley of the Shenandoah is spread out, a variegated map, interspersed with towns and villages, woodland and farms, hills and dales, all scattered indiscriminately over the panoramic picture that glows in the morning and evening sunshine like a vast sheet of gorgeous tapestry — the Valley bounded in the distance by the North Mountain, looking like an enormous blue wave ready to dash over the enchanting display.

November 14 — We remained on picket at Linden till nearly night, then moved to the western base of the Blue Ridge and camped for the night near the Shenandoah River.

November 15 — Renewed our march at sunrise. This morning when we forded the Shenandoah, General Ewell's infantry crossed the river to the east side. We were on the move all day and are camped this evening in Clarke County, little below White Post.

November 19 — This morning we left camp again for an all-day move. We passed through Millwood, a small hamlet in Clarke County, six miles south of Berryville, situated in a beautiful level country of fertile land that produces abundant crops. We also passed through Berryville. Camped this evening near Summit Point.

November 21 — Rained last night. I had some Yankee prisoners in charge over night.

November 22 — This afternoon it was reported that the Yankees were advancing from the direction of Harper's Ferry. Immediately after the report reached camp we moved to Rippon, on the Charlestown and

Berryville pike. We remained there about an hour, then moved to Berryville, where we arrived at dusk, and camped. The Yankees advanced to Charlestown this afternoon.

November 23 — We moved toward Winchester to-day. We are camped this evening on the south side of the Berryville pike, one mile from Winchester.

November 25 — A large lot of tobacco that was stored in Winchester was destroyed to-day by the order of General Jackson. I do not know who stored it or for what purpose, but it was destroyed to keep it from eventually passing into the hands of the Yanks and gratifying our late friends who are after us with guns. We are camped about a mile from where the tobacco was burned, but I smelled the burning sacrifice all day, and this evening at dusk I went to the great funeral pyre, which was beyond the southern limits of town near a group of weeping willows not far from the Front Royal pike. There was a large stock of fine-looking tobacco burning, when I saw it after dark, and many a glorious quid had then already gone up in the curling aromatic smoke from the fire that was burning all day. The sacrificial flame shot its dancing light through the dusky shadows of night and its golden lances were caught by the drooping branches of the willows that were weeping over the funeral pyre. A strong guard of soldiers were standing around the fire, with fixed bayonets, to keep sacrilegious sinners from snatching with irreverence the incense from the glowing censer. I heard to-night that the tobacco destroyed to-day was worth about seventy-five thousand dollars.

November 26 — Moved camp to-day. We passed through Winchester, and are now camped one mile west of town.

November 29 — I had some Yankee prisoners in charge last night. This afternoon an alarm reached

camp that the Yankees were advancing on Winchester. We were immediately ordered to pack up our all and load it on the wagons, then we were ordered with the battery east of Winchester, on the Berryville pike, at the eastern outskirts of Winchester. The Maryland Line of infantry formed a line of battle on the south side of the pike, right opposite our battery. After we were in battle line an hour or so, and everything had settled down to the quiet hush of stilly night, the Maryland Line struck up and sang a lively and sentimental, yet pathetic song — “Annie Lyle.” It was well rendered. The deep, rich, full, round bass voices blended harmoniously with the clear and flowing tenors, and the spoken melody that floated on the frosty night air was as delightful and agreeable to the ear as the whisperings of an evening wind when it breathes its vesper hymn for dying day. There is a charm and an inspiration about music,—even in a simple song,—that those that have never heard it steal along a battle line in the silent watches of the night cannot comprehend the fullness of its enrapturing and inspiring influences. When the alarm reached Winchester that the Yankees were coming it caused great excitement among the citizens. When we passed through town toward the Berryville road, where it was reported that the enemy was approaching, the town was all in a stirred-up bustle. Men were running to and fro on the streets. Some of them looked and acted as if they would like to pick up the town and move it deeper into Dixie. The Yankees did not advance to-night, and when we came back to camp, which was nearly at midnight, all the excitement in town had died away. The streets were dark and silent save the sound of the steady tread of the soldier and the rumbling of artillery wheels. The city was asleep.

November 30 — This afternoon I went through the

fortifications, or rather earthworks, situated on the hills west and northwest of Winchester. The earthworks were constructed by the Yankees and are about half a mile from town, and thoroughly command the town and all the surrounding country. There are five or six separate works, all of an octagonal form, surrounded by a ditch ten feet wide and twelve feet deep. One of the works is constructed of bags filled with clay, and I suppose that there are about two hundred thousand bags in the one work. The walls are thick and built with a careful precision as to proportions and angles, and all of them are perfectly shell-proof — at least against field guns. In the center of each work is an earth-covered magazine for ammunition storage, and in one of the works is a cistern for water.

December 2 — It was again reported to-day that the Yankees were advancing on Winchester. We packed and loaded our baggage, then moved with the battery to the south end of town and remained there until dusk, then came back to camp.

## X

### WINTER CAMPAIGNING

DECEMBER 3 — At ten o'clock last night a report reached camp that the Yankees had driven in our pickets at Front Royal. We were ordered right away to Strasburg. We marched nearly all night and just before day we halted one mile below Strasburg and camped.

December 5 — It seems that the Yankees that drove in our pickets at Front Royal a few days ago went back through Chester's Gap to eastern Virginia, and early this morning we were on the march again down the valley toward Winchester. At Bartonsville, six miles from Winchester, we left the pike and moved one mile east of Bartonsville and camped. This is very disagreeable weather for practical soldiering. It snowed all day and when we stopped in the woods late this evening to camp the snow was about four inches deep, and still snowing fast. This is a sort of scout we are on now, and we have no tent to shelter us from the inclemency of the wintry weather. Camping in a four-inch snow, without tents, is bordering on the verge of roughing it, like Indians; but old campaigners are nearly always equal to all the demands of all kinds of emergencies, even when mixed up with snow. It was getting dark when we drove into the snowy, cheerless woods to camp. It took but a few moments to unsaddle and hitch our horses; then we divided our mess into fatigue of twos. Two went in search of straw for bedding, two chopping wood, two getting supper out of almost noth-

ing, and two building shelter. The straw party soon got back with as much straw as they could carry, as they found a big stack not far away. Then the straw detail assisted the architects in constructing our castle for a night. In about an hour after we commenced operations supper began to smell good, and our house was finished and furnished and the bed-chamber ready for occupation. Our structure is built in the modern hog-nest style of architecture — a shed roof covered with a waterproof tarpaulin. The front is open and facing a rousing camp-fire of green hickory, and now as I am trying to write it is nearly ten o'clock. The fire is burning brightly in front of our house and flashing its cheerful dancing light all over our bed-chamber. The snow is still coming down fast and the woods are wrapped in a wintry shroud, but who cares for snow?

December 6 — Stopped snowing this morning before day. Clear, cold, and windy to-day.

December 13 — This morning we received marching orders again. We moved up the pike to Newtown. There we turned off to the east and moved across country until we struck the Winchester and Front Royal pike, six miles north of Front Royal. We marched on that road to the North Fork of the Shenandoah, two miles from Front Royal. We forded the river after dark and had some difficulty in fording, as nearly every team stalled. Where we came out of the river the bank was very steep, muddy, and slippery. Camped to-night two miles from Front Royal.

December 14 — Renewed our march this morning toward Strasburg. We crossed Passage Creek, a small mountain stream running through Powell's Fort Valley. The creek was frozen over and we had some difficulty in fording on account of the ice. Two or three of our horses fell down in the stream. We passed Waterlick, a station on the Manassas Gap Railroad three miles

below Strasburg and forded the Little Shenandoah River one mile below Strasburg. We struck the Valley pike at Strasburg, came through town, and are camped this evening at Locust Grove schoolhouse on the Manasses Gap Railroad, half mile northwest of Fisher's Hill.

December 18 — I was on Round Hill to-day, which is situated about four miles west by south from Strasburg. The hill is on the cone order, and very prominent in this part of the Valley landscape, and its summit affords a comprehensive view both up and down the Valley. On top of the hill is a rude observatory constructed of unhewn pine logs. It is about eighteen feet high and was built by General Banks' men last spring and used by his signal corps.

December 19 — This afternoon it was reported that the Yankees are advancing from West Virginia, with the seeming intention of striking the Valley pike at Edenburg, which is about fifteen miles to our rear. On the strength of the report we packed our wagons and they were started around by Front Royal. We drew five days' rations, and this evening just before sunset we started up the Valley pike on a scout. We marched until two hours after dark. Camped half mile below Woodstock.

December 20 — Very cold last night and to-day. At ten o'clock we renewed our march up the Valley. We passed through Woodstock and Edenburg. So far we have heard nothing; neither have we seen anything of any Yankees coming to the Valley from West Virginia. Camped at Jumping Run, four miles above Edenburg.

December 21 — Renewed our march this morning. We passed through Mount Jackson and moved up the pike to New Market, where we turned off on the Sperryville pike and moved out two miles east of New Market, to the foot of the Massanutten mountain, and camped.

December 22 — This morning we crossed the Massanutten. A little beyond the foot of the mountain on the Page side we met the brigade wagons that were sent around by Front Royal. They were bound for New Market. We halted about two hours where we met them, then recrossed the mountain and camped one mile east of New Market.

December 24 — I got a twenty-four hour leave of absence yesterday and went home. This morning as I was leaving home for camp a member of the battery came after me to go on a scout down the Valley. The battery started from camp immediately after I arrived there. We marched all day. Camped this evening at Tom's Brook, six miles below Woodstock.

December 25 — This is Merry Christmas. This morning we resumed our march early and moved down the Valley nearly to Kernstown, where we encountered the Yankees and gave them a Christmas greeting in the shape of a few shells. We took the same position we held at the battle of Kernstown last spring. About sixty sharpshooters advanced on our position and attempted to drive us away. We opened fire on them with two guns and fired three rounds, which thoroughly settled the sharpshooting business for this Christmas. Their line fell back in a rather stirred-up mixture, and that was the last I saw of the sharpshooters. We remained in battery till sunset, to see whether the Yanks intended to advance on us in force. Their infantry camp was not far away for I heard their drummers beating the long roll immediately after we opened fire on their sharpshooters. After dark this evening our cavalry kindled camp-fires all around the place we held to-day, to make the Yanks believe that we were many, and still holding the position. We fell back to Middletown and camped.

December 26 — We renewed our march up the Valley. Camped to-night at Woodstock.

December 27 — Renewed our homeward march and arrived at camp near New Market a little before sunset.

January 2, 1863 — This morning we left camp at sunrise and started on a scout to Moorefield in Hardy County, West Virginia. We marched hard all day over a rather rough road and through a broken rolling country. We passed through Brock's Gap, which is in the little North Mountain, twelve miles west of New Market. The gap is abrupt and so deep that the headwaters of the North Fork of the Shenandoah pass through it. The sloping sides of the gap are so regular that from a little distance it looks as if some giant woodman notched it with his ax for a gateway through the mountain. We passed Chimney Rock in Brock's Gap Settlement. It is a large rock in the form of an enormous chimney, about sixty feet high, and stands isolated from the surrounding broken descent; it looks like dark limestone. It is situated about a mile from the gap in the mountain. Brock's Gap Settlement is a small valley hemmed in by mountains. It is bounded on the west by the Shenandoah mountain. The greater portion of the little valley is in primeval forest, interspersed here and there with small farms. Most of the farms lie along the little streams that meander around the lofty foothills and wind all through the settlement searching for the Gap, where they form the Little Shenandoah and break the mountain fetters by gliding through the Gap into the open valley. The Brock's Gap farmers seem to be a happy and contented people, and nearly all of them are born hunters. Judging from the number of deer horns I saw to-day nailed up on house or stable at nearly every little farm we passed, the farmer-hunters must be successful in the chase of the fleet-footed deer. However, some of the antlers I saw were bleached white by sun and storm, indicating

that it has been many years since they went bounding over the mountain wilds.

The natural scenery throughout the settlement is strikingly grand, with its wooded, undulating ridges and steep broken hills, limpid mountain streams rushing laughingly over mossy rocks and pebbly beds, with here and there a glassy pool that mirrors in its crystal bosom the towering, piled-up, and almost overhanging bluffs and slopes that are adorned in the habiliments of nature's richest garb of pristine glory as if came from the loom of the Great Weaver. As yet untouched by the desecrating hand of the woodman, it is the peaceful haunts of deer and grouse and the happy hunting grounds of the Brock's Gap rifles. We crossed the big Shenandoah mountain after night. The moon hung in a cold, white, wintry sky and cast a pale light over the mountain side that dimly revealed the dark, deep ravines and the towering slopes that crowd around the narrow winding road.

It was near the hour of midnight when we reached the top of the mountain. It was freezingly cold, and the glittering hoar-frost on the mountain shrubbery glowed in the pale moonlight like crystals of silver.

Little after midnight we struck the South Fork about fourteen miles from Moorefield. South Fork is a rapid little stream winding through mountains and sweeping around hills in its whole course, and is full of bad, rough fords. It empties into the South Branch of the Potomac, near Moorefield. We moved down the Fork about two miles and halted two hours, from about one o'clock until three, and tried to eat a little midnight lunch. Our bread was frozen as hard as a bone and we had to thaw it by the fire to render it feasible for mastication.

January 3 — Three o'clock this morning found us on the road down South Fork toward Moorefield. We forded the Fork some six or eight times before day.

Little after daylight we drew in sight of Moorefield, and about the first thing of moment that I noticed in particular was a skirmish line of Yankee infantry advancing through the frosty fields. Then the maneuvering commenced for taking the town, and no one knew what the day would bring forth. Our battery was ordered to the northwest of town on a hill partly timbered and about two miles from the Yankee encampment. The Baltimore Light Artillery went into position southwest of town, and the cavalry was bunched in various places ranging from the south to the northwest of Moorefield, all looking with a sort of "Oh, how near and yet so far!" spirit at the nice little group of infantry tents, with a battery of artillery in position in front, on a hill just east of town. Moorefield is situated near the South Branch in a beautiful level bottom nearly two miles in width.

To gain the position we were ordered to occupy we had to pass over the bottom and ford the river in sight of the Yankee battery, and it opened fire on us before we reached the river.

The Baltimore Lights replied to the Yankee fire and drew it from us until we gained our position, when we opened with two guns on the Yankee battery and infantry encampment, which was right in rear of their battery. We fired about thirty rounds, but the distance was nearly two miles, a little too great to do much damage.

The Yankee battery at first attempted to return our fire, but they soon found that we were beyond the range and reach of their guns, and they quit firing usward and turned their fire on the Baltimore Lights. Our line of fire was right across Moorefield, and I suppose that to-day was the first time that the citizens of the quiet little mountain town heard the war dogs growl.

Just after we ceased firing and were wondering what

would be next on the programme, boom! went a cannon right in our rear, and opened the second act, scene the first.

A Yankee battery of artillery and about six hundred infantry came down from Petersburg to reinforce their comrades at Moorefield, and the first we knew of any Yanks being in that direction was when they were closing in our rear, and had already cut us off from the ford.

The Sixth and Seventh regiments of cavalry were on our side of the river and in the same fix we were — cut off from the ford. At first it looked to me as if we had another Poolesville affair on hand, only worse and more of it, as we had infantry in our rear this time, and at Poolesville it was cavalry alone.

The first thing proposed by our cavalry officers was to cut our way through the infantry. That would have been a very dangerous operation, as their infantry would have killed half of us and captured the rest. Preparations were already made for the daring, desperate charge in the face of six hundred infantrymen and a battery of artillery all waiting for us close by. Fortunately Captain Harness, of the Seventh Regiment of Virginia Cavalry, was with us, who knows every by-way and hog-path in that portion of Hardy County. He said that he could pilot us by crossing a mountain that was rough, steep, and rugged, and a little difficult for artillery passage, yet preferable to Yankee bullets and bayonets under a great disadvantage.

His proposition was accepted at once, and we struck out through the woods westward toward the mountain of deliverance, which was some four or five miles west of Moorefield. After winding through the woods a couple of hours we struck the mountain, which was rough and steep, sure enough, equally up to the full standard of Captain Harness' representations. However, we tried

the ascent. At first we followed an old wood road that was washed in gullies, and troughey, but toward the top of the mountain the road was nothing but a wide horse path, which had never been crossed by anything with wheels.

The declivities were so steep and rough that it was impossible for our horses to get the guns up without a goodly portion of extra force, consequently we fastened a long rope to the gun carriage and, with the aid of about thirty cavalrymen pulling at the rope, and as many of us pushing as could get to the wheels, we tugged up the rugged steeps a little on the Napoleon order when he crossed the Alps. Just as the sun slipped behind the Alleghanies we stood on the summit of the mountain, while the cannon were still booming at Moorefield.

We rapidly descended the mountain, which was rough and steep. The shadows of night were gathering fast, and it was dark before we reached the little valley of Luney's Creek, stretching along the western base of the mountain.

Luney's Creek is a small stream draining some high pasture lands, and then winds through a beautiful little valley of fertile land and empties into the South Branch a few miles below Petersburg. We crossed Luney's Creek and soon after struck the New Creek pike seven miles from Petersburg. After we got to the pike we moved rapidly until we arrived within a mile of Petersburg, when we halted to await developments in front, as there was still danger ahead. We were not entirely on the sure side of safety yet, for we had to pass through Petersburg, which was still occupied by the enemy. Petersburg is a small and old-looking village situated on the left side of the South Branch eleven miles above Moorefield. It is situated along the New Creek pike,

which is its main and only street, and runs at right angles to the river.

From the general deportment and the caution of our cavalry, I think that our cavalry officers were entirely at a loss even to guess or conjecture at the number or strength of the force that held the little village in our immediate front and right on our highway back to Dixie.

After a little careful reconnoitering our cavalry demanded the surrender of the town, which demand was granted without the least sign of resistance. There were about forty Yankee infantrymen in the place. They were left there to guard some commissary supplies. Thirty of them were made prisoners, but the rest either hid in the town or made their escape through the darkness, though not before they applied the torch to the commissary supplies which were stored in the Presbyterian church on a hill at the north end of the town.

When we entered the town with the battery the church was burning. A member of our company went to the church door to see what could be seen. He spied a large cheese a little ways up the aisle and rushed into the burning church with the intention of snatching the coveted toothsome prize from the destroying flames. He reached it, but just as he stooped to grasp it some unprincipled Union citizen that was standing near the church shouted "Powder!" and our man hastened out of the church without the cheese. The Union citizen lied, for there was no explosion. It was just natural meanness that caused him to do as he did; or perhaps he thought if our man got that cheese it would permanently establish the Southern Confederacy and destroy the Union forever.

We remained in the village about half an hour, then crossed the South Branch and moved about a mile south

of town and fed our horses. It is now nearly midnight and so freezingly cold that I can hardly write. We have not eaten anything since two o'clock last night, and have nothing in that line now, but are subsisting on pure imagination, which is a slim diet in the winter time when vegetables are scarce, anyhow. The Yankee force that cut us off near Moorefield to-day left Petersburg this forenoon, under the command, I think, of General Mulligan.

January 4 — We remained nearly two hours where we fed our horses last night, and little after midnight we renewed our march through a broken, or rather mountainous country. We forded Mill Creek at two o'clock last night. Mill Creek is a stream traversing a scope of hilly country that lies southeast of Petersburg; it empties into the South Branch two miles below Petersburg.

At about three o'clock the moon went down behind the Alleghanies; from then on until day it was very dark. Just about the time the moon set we struck Ketterman's Mountain, which is rough, rocky, and steep, but we pressed onward and upward, and when the first golden rays of the morning sun touched the distant peaks of the Alleghanies we stood on the summit of Ketterman Mountain, looking down the tortuous mountain-bound little valley of the South Fork. We descended the mountain and arrived on South Fork at ten o'clock this forenoon, where we had left our wagons and from where we had started at two o'clock night before last.

At noon to-day we got some bread and meat, and we were surely in a fine condition for its reception, as we had not eaten a morsel for over thirty-six hours, and marching nearly all the time. Sleep is cheap, but for the last two nights we did not get even the least snatch of doze, consequently I put in a good piece of work in

that line this afternoon, elegantly executed, and the soothing charms of Morpheus' embrace were never so sweet before.

January 5—Last night we slept on the frozen ground. Service such as we have been doing for the last few days and nights is enough to kill the healthiest Indian in creation, but, strange to say, I have never felt better in my whole life.

This cold, crisp, frosty mountain air is invigorating and makes the blood leap through the veins like young spring floods, carrying health, strength, and vigor to every muscle and fiber in the human machinery and causes the inner man to call loudly for commissary supplies oftener than once in thirty-six hours. Whoop! I feel like going vigorously into action on a twenty-pounder chicken pie and put myself on the outside of it, then whip my weight in wild cats.

I think it was the intention to attack the Yankees again this morning at Moorefield, but they were reinforced last night, which precluded all operations in that direction for the present. This morning we struck out for our camp at New Market. We crossed the Shenandoah mountain to-day. To-night we are camped on the headwaters of the North Fork of the Shenandoah in Brock's Gap Settlement.

January 6—Early this morning we renewed our march, and little before sunset we arrived at our old camp a mile east of New Market. It rained nearly all day. We traveled about one hundred and fifty miles on this little scout, and all that was accomplished on the whole expedition, discoverable by a private, is we stirred up the Yanks, and our cavalry on the night that we passed through Petersburg captured a large sheet iron bake-oven on wheels, and brought it along to camp.

January 27—Went on a scout down the Valley, to guard a forage train. Camped little below Woodstock.

**January 28** — Snowed last night and to-day and is still snowing this evening. Very disagreeable weather for outdoor sleeping last night, but I took my snooze in a barn. At noon to-day we moved in the Court House at Woodstock.

**January 29** — Stopped snowing last night, but this morning the snow was seven inches deep. We moved back to camp at New Market.

**February 14** — We moved camp to-day, down the Valley, to Edenburg, and are camped this evening half mile south of Edenburg, and about a quarter mile from the North Fork of the Shenandoah.

**February 18** — We drew new harness to-day for the whole battery.

**February 26** — The Yankees drove in our outer pickets this evening.

**February 28** — This evening the Yankees drove our pickets in again and advanced with a considerable force. We were ordered out immediately to resist the advancing enemy, and moved down the Valley pike with the Seventh, Eleventh, and Twelfth Regiments of Virginia Cavalry and Witcher's Battalion of Kentuckians. We went as far as Woodstock, and there we learned that the Yanks did not advance any farther than Fisher's Hill, ten miles below Woodstock. It was then about dark, and we returned to camp.

## XI

SPRING, 1863

**MARCH 1** — Last night we cooked three days' rations, and were ordered to be ready to march by daylight this morning. At daybreak we had everything packed and on our wagons ready for the word forward. Little after daylight we moved down to Narrow Passage Hill with the battery and awaited the approach of the enemy. We remained there until noon, then returned to our old camp again. The enemy that was expected to do some tall advancing to-day fell back to Winchester.

**March 5** — To-day a little before noon the Yankees advanced with two regiments of infantry, cavalry, and two pieces of artillery. They drove in our pickets at Fisher's Hill in a business-like manner and tried to make a big splutter, as though they intended to make a dashing advance and capture the Valley in one fell swoop. We were ordered out immediately and moved rapidly down the pike, but before we got to Woodstock we halted for further orders and tidings from the front. The Yankees' advance was like an old woman's dance,—powerful at first, but soon over. They fell back again toward Winchester this afternoon. We went back again to our old camp.

**March 10** — Snowed all day, but melted as fast as it fell.

**March 18** — This morning at sunrise we received orders for a general camp move. We leisurely packed up all our household chattels, and in about two hours after we received the order were on the move. The general

order for the brigade move was countermanded for the day just as we left camp, but through some mistake or negligence it failed to reach us in time, and we moved up the pike about five miles, and camped between Hawkinstown and Mount Jackson. All the rest of the brigade remained in their old camp.

March 19 — This morning we renewed our march up the Valley. At New Market we turned off on the Sperryville pike and moved toward Luray, crossing the Massanutten Mountain and fording the Shenandoah River. Camped quarter of a mile west of Luray.

Snowed all afternoon, which makes it very disagreeable for outdoor sport and renders the bosom of Mother Earth a little unfavorable for sleeping purposes.

March 20 — Snowed very fast nearly all day, with a chilly north wind. Remained in camp.

March 21 — Remained in camp. Drizzling and rainy all day. Dark and misty clouds are hanging low on the mountains around us. Such gloomy weather as we had to-day is enough to give even the jolliest outing party the blues before breakfast.

March 22 — Early this morning we renewed our march and moved down the Page Valley toward Front Royal. The road we traveled over to-day was very muddy, sticky, and tough. We marched all day and camped this evening about five miles above Front Royal. The clouds broke away this morning and we had a bright, warm, and pleasant spring day.

March 23 — We renewed our march, and about the middle of the day we halted and camped on the east bank of the Shenandoah River one mile above Front Royal. The country around our camp is very hilly and broken. Although we are camped right on the river bank, yet there is very little bottom or pretty land in sight on this part of the river. A little distance above our camp the encroaching hills push boldly to-

ward the river and end in abrupt bluffs, which rise almost perpendicularly from the water's edge.

March 27 — Thanksgiving day. I was at the Methodist church in Front Royal, and heard an exhortation by the Rev. Mr. Berry.

March 30 — Opened the season exercises this afternoon with a good, long battery drill, right on the bank of the Shenandoah.

March 31 — Commenced snowing last night and snowed very fast until noon to-day, then cleared up warm and melted all the snow. The mud in camp is about six inches deep and still rising.

April 5 — Commenced snowing last night about ten o'clock and snowed fast until ten to-day. The snow then was eight inches deep. This morning just before getting-up time our tent collapsed from the weight of snow on it. When it fell I thought an avalanche had struck us, and I wondered whether anyone else was buried under the snow.

About fifty Yankee sharpshooters appeared on the opposite side of the river two miles below our camp, and our pickets were exchanging shots with them all day. This evening one company of Yanks attempted to cross the North Fork of the Shenandoah, and partly succeeded, thereby gaining the south side of the river. From there they could have easily and without any serious opposition advanced up on the west side of the Shenandoah and fired into our camp. I was on camp guard to-day, and this evening Captain Chew gave me strict orders to be very vigilant during the night, and in case an alarm reaches camp, or if the enemy should attempt to rush on to surprise us, to rouse the camp immediately and unlimber a gun and fire as fast as possible.

April 6 — This morning one gun was ordered down the river to the cavalry picket post. The detachment

started with the gun, but before it got to the post the order was countermanded and it returned to camp. The Yankees fell back toward Winchester to-day.

April 11 — Early this morning we were ordered to prepare for a camp move, and by seven o'clock we were ready for the word forward. We moved up the Page valley and marched hard all day, camping this evening five miles below Luray. This evening after we halted to camp we had to walk two miles after hay, and had to bring it across the Shenandoah in a boat.

April 12 — Renewed our march early this morning, passing through Luray, and moved toward New Market. We crossed the Massanutten mountain and camped half a mile east of New Market.

April 13 — Moved camp to-day a mile west of New Market and are now camped near the North Fork of the Shenandoah.

April 14 — Turned over all our tents to-day, which means that we are to take the weather raw all through the campaign, with nothing to shelter us from storm and rain, sunshine and dew.

April 15 — Commenced raining last night and rained all day, with a cold wind from the north. This morning a dispatch came from headquarters that the Yankees were advancing with a heavy force from the direction of Fredericksburg. We broke camp immediately after the dispatch was received and started our wagons up the Valley pike. We went one mile east of New Market on the Sperryville pike and put our battery in position ready for fight. The Sixth, Seventh, and Eleventh Regiments of Virginia Cavalry were there also, ready for the fray at the first appearance of anything in the shape of an enemy. The dispatch this morning about the Yankees advancing in heavy force was a big, heavy, false report. We remained in battery about two hours, saw no Yankees, then moved up the Valley pike

to Mount Tabor Church, eight miles below Harrisonburg, and camped. It rained very hard all day and nearly everything we have is thoroughly saturated. There was not a dry stitch on me when we stopped to camp.

April 17 — I saw the Maryland Line of infantry drill to-day. The men are well drilled and their regimental maneuvers were as regular, and precise as clock-work.

April 18 — To-day we moved to our old last year's camp, two miles below Harrisonburg.

April 21 — This forenoon we started on a big mountain raid to West Virginia, with General Jones' cavalry brigade. We drew ten days' rations of hard tack when we started, and I suppose we are to obtain our meat by legitimate foraging in the name of the Southern Confederacy.

We left the Valley pike two miles below Harrisonburg and moved in a northwesterly direction toward Brock's Gap. Most of the country we passed through to-day is rolling and rough. We crossed Linvill's Creek this afternoon. The land along this little stream is beautiful and of an excellent quality. Camped near Brock's Gap.

April 22 — We renewed our march early this morning through Brock's Gap. We crossed one of the main branches of the headwaters of the North Fork of the Shenandoah some six or eight times during the day. At one ford the water was deep and the current rapid. The water ran into our limber chests, but fortunately did no serious damage, as it only wet the butt end of the shell. We followed one of the incipient headstreams of the Little Shenandoah until it dwindled down to a little mountain rill, and then we crossed a little ridge and struck the headwaters of Lost River, which flows through a narrow mountain-hemmed valley along the

southeastern edge of Hardy County. Camped this evening where the Mount Jackson and Moorefield road crosses Lost River, about twenty miles southeast of Moorefield and about twenty miles northwest of Mount Jackson.

April 23 — I slept in a little mountain barn last night. It rained nearly all night and a greater part of to-day. We renewed our march this morning toward Moorefield. Early in the day we passed Howard's Lick, or more properly the Hardy White Sulphur spring, which is situated four miles from Lost River and at the eastern base of Branch Mountain. It is a beautiful spring, boxed with white marble slabs, and the water is as clear as the purest virgin crystal, and very sulphury. The surrounding mountain scenery is wild, grand, and magnificent; spurs of the Branch Mountain and long wooded ridges thickly clad with laurel and ferns rise around the spring and its neighborhood in every direction which bounds the view of the beholder. On one side not more than fifteen or twenty feet from the spring a steep bank rises almost perpendicularly, covered with mossy rocks and mountain fern, all darkly shaded by overhanging spruce and pine, foot-noted by the ever present shiny green of mountain laurel. About a hundred yards from the spring is an old hotel, weather-stained, gray with age, and embowered with giant oaks that have swayed their spreading branches in a thousand mountain storms, and no doubt often looked down on the stealthy Indian hunter as he silently kindled his camp-fire to prepare his frugal evening meal beneath their own sheltering canopy that caught the evening dew; and at early dawn heard the sharp twang of the bow-string as it sped the deadly arrow to the heart of unsuspecting game. A dark heavy fog hung on Branch Mountain all day, at some places so dense that we could not see fifty yards, and the fog looked like wool packed

among the trees and shrubbery. After we had been some four or five hours in the damp, dense, cloud-like fog that hung around and hugged the rugged steeps, the rain ceased and the clouds partially broke away. We suddenly descended below the fog line on the western slope of the mountain, and the beautiful Moorefield Valley lay before us in all its smiling splendor, with its wheat fields, pasture lands, and grass fields all arrayed in different hues of living green. Gentle spring had already trailed her bright emerald robe along the grassy hillside and scattered the fragrant children of the sunshine along its balmy track. The South Branch and South Fork meandered with sweeping bends through the rain-cleaned landscape like bands of silver woven in a divers green carpet. Moorefield, almost in the center of the picture, looked in the evening glow like a bright jewel with an emerald setting. All of which was a delicious feast for eyes that have been befogged for four or five hours in the gloom of a wet, dripping mountain.

We forded the South Fork three times this evening; it is swollen considerably from the recent rains. The fords are deep and rough and the current so rapid that at one ford it swept some of us down stream. We marched till an hour after dark, then camped on South Fork, a mile and a half above Moorefield.

April 24 — Rained again nearly all day. The South Branch is past fording for artillery, and we, together with the Maryland Line of infantry and the Baltimore Light Artillery, remained near Moorefield while the cavalry all moved toward the Alleghanies.

April 25 — I took three Yankee prisoners — that had been captured by our cavalry — to the guardhouse in Moorefield.

April 26 — Moved camp to-day from the South Fork to the Petersburg grade, and are now camped about a

mile southwest of Moorefield. I saw about eighty Yankee prisoners who had been captured by our cavalry yesterday in a fight at Greenland Gap, at the foot of the Alleghany Mountain. I saw also Colonel Dulaney, of the Seventh Cavalry. He was wounded in the arm yesterday at the Greenland Gap fight.

April 27 — This morning we started back, by the way of Franklin in Pendleton County, to our old camp at Harrisonburg. When we had proceeded about five miles on our way it was reported that a raiding party of Yankees was pursuing us. We halted in the road at a good position ready to go into action, but the report proved to be false, as there were no loose Yanks near. We marched on through a hilly and mountainous region, crossing Mill Creek four or five times during the day. Late this evening we struck the Franklin and Petersburg pike. Now camped on Mill Creek in Pendleton County.

April 28 — We renewed our march early this morning and kept on a steady move all day, over a good grade, although some of the country we passed through is rough and hilly and the Valley is full of fragmentary mountain-like hills scattered around promiscuously. We forded the South Branch but once to-day, at Kile's Ford, which was very deep and rough. At some places the grade winds along at the foot of steep and rocky bluffs, and at other places through rich and beautiful alluvial bottoms along the river; then again through dense mountain forests of oak and pine, with a thick undergrowth of laurel and mountain shrubbery. We marched twenty-three miles to-day, and are camped this evening one mile below Franklin.

April 29 — Rained little last night, and this morning when we awoke a thick curtain of misty fog hung all around our spacious bed-chamber. We renewed our march early. At the lower end of Franklin we left the

grade and took the Harrisonburg road, which is rough and bounds over hills and mountains. About a mile from Franklin we forded the South Branch where on the east side the mountain comes down and dips its foot in the limpid waters of the rolling river.

Franklin, the county seat of Pendleton County, is nestled amid green hills and wooded mountains that rise majestically from the banks of the South Branch. The little town is situated on the left bank of the South Branch, twenty-four miles below Monterey and forty miles above Moorefield. Right opposite Franklin a beautiful mountain rises gently from the river bank, and with regular wave-like swell lifts its wooded crest toward the eastern sky. It is heavily timbered, which carefully conceals all the rocky protuberances, and from the streets of Franklin the western side of the mountain looks like an extensive wall magnificently upholstered and decorated in various shades of green. Trout Run empties into the South Branch on the east side about one mile below Franklin, and near the ford we crossed to-day. The limpid little stream of pure mountain water drains some mountain dells and pasture lands that lie high and far above the level of the Branch, its waters being as clear as crystal and full of mountain trout. The last half mile of its course is through a rough gorge with shelvy sides, ornamented with mossy rocks, with here and there a bunch of mountain fern clinging to a scanty bed, all darkly shaded with spruce and pine and at places form a thick canopy a hundred feet above the rocky bed over which the turbulent little stream rushes wildly, lashing its laughing waters into snowy spray a thousand times, when, with a death song, it gently glides into the quieter embrace of the South Branch that winds away to the Potomac.

We marched hard all day over hills and mountains. Early in the day we crossed between the South Branch

and South Fork a little mountain composed of knobby hills and rocky slopes, wooded ridges and grassy fields. Toward noon we arrived in the little mountain-environed valley of the South Fork, which is very narrow. The land along the little stream is of the first quality and produces abundant crops of corn and hay. We forded the South Fork some six or eight times and then struck into the foothills of the Shenandoah Mountain, and soon after we were winding up the side of the lofty Shenandoah. The road up the mountain is smooth and of an easy grade, but so crooked that at one place it appears like three parallel roads. When we were about halfway up the mountain a heavy thunder cloud that had been bombarding at long range for some little time opened on us, and for about thirty minutes the rain came pouring down in torrents and drenched us to dripping of the last stitch. Flash after flash of vivid lightning shot its fiery lances into the mountain sides close around us, and crashing peals of thunder made the rocky slopes tremble as the deep diapason roar rolled from cliff to cliff and leaped from peak to peak.

We are camped this evening at the eastern base of the Shenandoah Mountain, six miles from Rawley Springs.

April 30 — Rained nearly all last night, which it rendered very disagreeable, for we were without the least sign of a shelter. A trio of us, all old campaigners at that, were very indiscreet in choosing a bed-chamber on the lower floor of the outdoor hotel, and in a rather depressed portion of the floor, and the impressive consequence was that the water ran under us just before day, and we had to get out of bed an hour or two before reveille to keep out of the water. No more bed-making in a sink hole for me on a rainy night, after this little striking experience.

Renewed our march over a rough road, through a

long narrow ravine drained by the headwaters of Dry River, and filled with wild mountain scenery from end to end. At some places the steep, rugged ridges rise almost perpendicular from the roadside, and huge masses of moss-covered rocks stand out in bold relief from the evergreen tangle that hides the roughness of the craggy acclivities.

We passed Rawley Springs to-day, situated on a grassy hillside rising from the right bank of Dry River, twelve miles northwest of Harrisonburg. The environments of the Springs are delightful, the scenery is just picturesque enough to hang between the mountain hills and the plain, and its enjoyableness is greatly enhanced by the wild sweet music of the river's soft roar as it murmuringly rolls from its umbrageous mountain wanderings to roam among the sunny fields of the open valley near by. Rawley is a pleasant summer resort of local reputation, and judging from the thick coating of rust on the old tin cup that hung by the spring the water is strongly impregnated with iron, therefore has valuable medicinal qualities.

Little before sunset we arrived at our old camp near Harrisonburg, and as a fitting finale to our mountain expedition we had a hard thunder shower just as we reached camp. I had built myself a good shelter in our camp before we started to West Virginia, which was waterproof in any common rain. This evening after we came back to our old camp I went to my house with the intention of occupying it, but when I looked in at the door I saw an old sow lying in my bedroom, with at least a bushel of new pigs around her, and from all appearances my house is where they first saw the light.

May 2 — Moved camp to-day to near Dayton, a pleasant little village situated in a beautiful and fertile country on the Harrisonburg and Warm Spring pike four miles southwest of Harrisonburg. We are now

camped at a schoolhouse about half mile north of Dayton.

May 3 — About thirty of us members of the battery went to Harrisonburg to-day and attended the burial of a member of our company who died in the hospital at Harrisonburg.

May 7 — To-day some Yankee cavalry advanced up the Valley as far as New Market, eighteen miles below Harrisonburg. When the report of their advance reached our camp we were ordered to move immediately with the battery to the Valley pike and select a good stand for the butcher business. We marched in quick time down the Warm Spring pike to Harrisonburg, and then went two miles below town on the Valley pike and put our guns into battery on a hill that afforded a first-class position which commanded the pike for a mile and a half on our front. All our available force in the Valley was in line and ready for the fray. My gun was in position on the extreme right of the line, in the edge of a wood and in perfect range and line with the pike for a mile in our front. Our force all told is very small at present, as General Jones' brigade of cavalry is still raiding around somewhere in the mountains of West Virginia.

We remained in battery until after dark, then fell back a short distance and bivouacked for the night. The Yankees did not advance any further than little above New Market. As we were going to the front to-day great excitement and stir-up prevailed among the citizens in Harrisonburg and the country around. Refugees of all descriptions, sheep, cattle, and dogs, were streaming hastily up the Valley pike and out the Warm Spring road, conglomerated in one grand mixture of men, cattle, horses, negroes, sheep, hogs, and dogs, all fleeing from the invading foe and trying to escape the bluecoated scourge that was coming. One old

citizen from down the Valley somewhere undoubtedly saw the Yankees this morning before he started, for when he passed us as we were going to the front he did not stop to tell us the news, but shouted, as he hastened and pressed toward the West Augusta Mountains: "Hurry up! you ought to been down there long ago."

In Harrisonburg the excitement was set in the top notch. I saw men loading wagons with all kinds of furniture and household goods for removal to a more congenial clime, where war's dread alarms are not so frequent. I saw one man running through the street with a clock under his arm. I suppose he was determined to run with time. I saw another man hastily leaving town with a fine mirror, striking out toward the heart of Dixie. War is surely a stirring-up affair, especially when it breaks out in a fresh place among peace-loving citizens.

May 8 — The Yankee raiders fell back toward Winchester last night, and we moved back to our camp near Dayton to-day.

May 17 — About a dozen of us members of the battery went to Bridgewater to-day to attend church. The Rev. Mr. Carson, chaplain of the Seventh Virginia Cavalry, preached from the tenth chapter and twenty-third verse of Hebrews.

Bridgewater is a pretty little town of about five hundred inhabitants. It is situated on North River and on the Warm Spring pike, seven miles southwest of Harrisonburg. The little town is neat and the streets are clean, and a row of pretty shade trees, mostly maple, extends along both sides of Main Street, affording a grateful and inviting shade during the noontide of summer and autumn.

May 19 — This was a beautiful day. Nature has her grand glories on exhibition now, with azure skies and balmy air. Spring, the smiling young dame, is

decorating the landscape with new beauties every day, and the fair face of nature reveals a thousand unimagined beauties to those whose admiration has ripened into love for the beautiful children of the sunshine that unfold and display their charming beauties with a thousand lovely tints as they drink deep at the fount of gold that unlocked their treasure of fragrance and unclasped their enchanting loveliness.

We moved camp to-day, and are now camped two miles below Harrisonburg, and at the same place where we camped last June just after the battle of Port Republic.

May 20 — Moved camp again to-day, back to Dayton, from where we moved yesterday.

May 23 — I was at Dayton to-day and attended the funeral of a Maryland cavalryman who was buried by his comrades, with the honors of war. True, no sister's tear-drop moistened his grave, yet the funeral rites were sanctified by the presence of woman, for many ladies of Dayton were at the burial, to pay their last sad respects to a departed defender.

## XII

### GENERAL STUART REVIEWS TROOPS

**JUNE 1** — This morning we left our camp at Dayton and are now bound for eastern Virginia, where war seems to be in full bloom, and no doubt we will soon be in the midst of the throes and struggles of sanguinary war and hear the dreadful crash of battle, where barbarism will be trying to batter down and crush the fragile bulwarks of our boasted civilization and puncture our soft-shelled Christianity and enlightenment.

We passed through Harrisonburg and took the Standardsville pike, marching twenty-one miles to-day. Camped this evening on the right bank of the Shenandoah seventeen miles east of Harrisonburg, and on the same spot that we were camped in the latter part of April, 1862.

**June 2** — We renewed our march this morning and crossed the Blue Ridge at Swift Run Gap. We marched to Standardsville and there turned off on the Madison Court House road, moved out five miles from Standardsville and camped. Our camp is in the edge of Madison County.

Standardsville, the county seat of Greene County, is a small village situated in a very rolling, hilly country, thirty-five miles southeast of Harrisonburg.

**June 3** — Rained last night, which made the red yellow clay in these Tuckeyhoe roads almost as sticky as shoemaker's wax. We renewed our march this morning. Early in the day we passed Wolfstown, a little hamlet of some six houses. Yesterday we crossed Middle and South Ann, and to-day we crossed North Ann, in-

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significant little streamlets that come down from the Blue Ridge. Their confluence forms the Rapidan. We passed through Madison Court House to-day. The town is situated on a wave-like swell, considerably elevated above the surrounding country. The houses are comparatively small, and most, or nearly all of them, are built of wood. The town in general is on the scattered order.

This afternoon we passed through a very small nest of a village sporting the great big name of James City. It is situated in a rolled-up country in the western part of Culpeper County. We crossed Robinson River to-day in Madison County. We are camped this evening at Bethel Church, nine miles from Culpeper Court House.

June 4— We renewed our march this morning and moved to Culpeper Court House. Just before we got to town we passed the camp of a battalion of the German Artillery, from South Carolina. It belongs to General Hood's division, and is considered one of the best battalions of artillery in the Confederate Army.

Culpeper Court House is a pretty town pleasantly situated on the gently rising slope of a hill in a rather rolling and diversified section of country. West of the town toward the Blue Ridge the country is broken by wooded ridges, but looking east and south toward the lower Rapidan the country is beautiful and open, the land being nearly level and of good quality. The town is situated on the Orange and Alexandria Railroad about nine miles from the Rappahannock River. It contains about one thousand inhabitants. Main Street is wide and straight and in general appearance it resembles an embryo city street. We are camped this evening half mile east of Culpeper Court House.

June 5— General J. E. B. Stuart had a grand review to-day of all the cavalry and horse artillery be-

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longing to his corps. Early this morning we started to the field where the troops were to be reviewed by passing by the eagle eye of their great commander. The place where the review was held is a beautiful and nearly level plain about four miles northeast of Culpeper Court House and little over a mile southwest of Brandy Station, and on the west side of the Orange and Alexandria Railroad.

When we arrived on the field some of the cavalry regiments were already forming in dress parade order, for the review procession. At about ten o'clock the whole column, which was about two miles long, was ready and in splendid trim to pass in review before its illustrious and gallant chief and his brilliant staff.

As soon as the whole line was formed General Stuart and his staff dashed on the field. He was superbly mounted. The trappings on his proud, prancing horse all looked bright and new, and his side-arms gleamed in the morning sun like burnished silver. A long black ostrich feather plume waved gracefully from a black slouch hat cocked up on one side, and was held with a golden clasp which also stayed the plume. Before the procession started General Stuart and staff rode along the front of the line from one end to the other. He is the prettiest and most graceful rider I ever saw. When he dashed past us I could not help but notice with what natural ease and comely elegance he sat his steed as it bounded over the field, and his every motion in the saddle was in such strict accord with the movements of his horse that he and his horse appeared to be but one and the same machine. Immediately after General Stuart and staff had passed along the front of the whole line he galloped to a little knoll in the southeast edge of the field near the railroad, wheeled his horse to a front face to the field, and sat there like a gallant knight errant, under his waving plume, presenting in

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veritable truth every characteristic of a chivalric cavalier of the first order. He was then ready for the review, and the whole cavalcade began to move and pass in review before the steady, martial, and scrutinizing gaze of the great cavalry chieftain of America.

I do not pretend to know or guess at the number of men in line, but there were thousands, and it was by far the largest body of cavalry that I ever saw on one field.

Sixteen pieces of horse artillery marched at the head of the column, three bands of music were playing nearly all the time while the procession was moving, a flag was fluttering in the breeze from every regiment, and the whole army was one grand magnificent pageant, inspiring enough to make even an old woman feel fightish.

After the whole cavalcade passed the review station, at a quick walk, the column divided up into divisions, brigades, and regiments, which maneuvered all over the field. The last and most inspiring and impressive act in the scene was a sham battle, the cavalry charging several times with drawn sabers and the horse artillery firing from four or five different positions on the field. I fired ten rounds from my gun.

Hundreds of ladies from Culpeper Court House and surrounding country stood in bunches on the hills and knolls around the field, looking at the grand military display.

A special train from Richmond stood on the track just in rear of the review stand, crowded with people, and judging from the fluttering ribbons at the car windows the most of the occupants were ladies. General Hood's division of infantry was drawn up on the north side of the field, viewing the cavalry display, and also for a support in case the Yanks would have attempted to take a hand in the show. There is a heavy force of Yankees camped on the north bank of

the Rappahannock only about five miles from the review field.

By about four o'clock this evening the whole affair was over and the troops withdrew from the field and repaired to their respective camps. We were assigned to-day to Beckham's battalion of horse artillery, and we camped with it this evening. This is the first time since we have been in service that we have been assigned to a battalion of artillery. Heretofore our battery always operated and camped independent of any other artillery. Camped one mile south of Brandy Station.

June 6 — This afternoon our battalion was ordered to move toward the Rappahannock. We marched to within one mile of the river, on the Beverly Ford road, and camped in the south edge of a woods on the west side of the Beverly Ford road. However, this is more of a bivouac than a camp, as we are not allowed to unload our baggage, as we are within one mile of the Yankee line, which is on the north bank of the Rappahannock, and nothing between us and the enemy but a cavalry picket line. Hood's division of infantry passed us this evening, moving down the river.

June 8 — General Stuart had another grand review to-day on the same field, and similar to the one he had on the fifth, except the artillery did no firing. The troops to-day were reviewed by the great master of war and the famous chieftain of the Confederate Army, General Robert E. Lee.

I was trying to act in the capacity of first sergeant of our battery in the review to-day, and was riding at the head of the horse artillery, mounted on a mule with ears about a foot long. Just before we arrived at the reviewing stand the searching eye of General Stuart spied the waving ears of my mule, and he quickly dispatched one of his aides to Captain Chew, with the urgent request to order the mule and me with it off of

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the field, which was quickly done with neatness and dispatch. I cared very little about the matter, but the mule looked a little bit surprised, and, I think, felt ashamed of himself and his waving ears, which cost him his prominent position in the grand cavalcade.

No doubt General Stuart is proud of his splendid cavalry, and well he may be, for it certainly is a fine body of well mounted and tried horsemen, whose trusty blades have oftentimes flashed in the red glow of battle's fiery tide and stemmed the deadly wave of war. But my mule, too, has heard the raging battle roar and the dreadful musketry roll and seen the screaming shell tear the sod to smithers around his feet. True, a mule was not built for the purpose of ornamenting a grand review or embellishing an imposing pageant, but as mine so willingly bears the hardships and dangers of the camp and field I thought it not indiscreet to let it play a little act in some of the holiday scenes of war.

After the review we returned to our Beverly Ford camp.

June 9 — We had another grand military display to-day, of a very distinctly different kind from those of a few days ago, however, but not far from the same field. This time the Yanks played a very conspicuous part in it, and there were no friendly charges in it nor sham battle business with blank cartridges, but plenty of bullets, bloody sabers, and screaming shell. West Pointers may know all about the theoretical probabilities and concomitant intricacies of war, but I think that for the last few nights the horse artillery has been permitted to roost a little too near the lion's lair. As an evidence of that fact, early this morning the Yankees gathered in all the household and kitchen furniture, as well as some of the personal effects, belonging to our major, and came very near capturing some of the horse artillerymen in bed.

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Our camp last night was in the edge of a woods, and this morning at daylight, just as we were rounding up the last sweet snooze for the night, bullets fresh from Yankee sharpshooters came from the depths of the woods and zipped across our blanket beds, and then such a getting up of horse artillerymen I never saw before. Blankets were fluttering and being rolled up in double-quick time in every direction, and in less than twenty minutes we were ready to man our guns, and all our effects safely on the way to the rear. Before I got out of bed I saw a twig clipped from a bush by a Yankee bullet not more than two feet above my head.

Captain Hart's South Carolina battery was camped on the right of the battalion and near the Beverly Ford road, and some of his men rushed from their beds to their guns and drew by hand one of their pieces to the road and opened fire down the road and on the woods from where the bullets came. Their timely and considerate act alone checked for a little while the enemy's precipitate advance, and peradventure if it had not been for that precious little check some of us horse artillerymen would be on the weary road this evening to some of Uncle Sam's elegant hotels specially devised for the royal entertainment of Southern Rebels.

All of the foregoing events occurred before sunrise and before any of our cavalry appeared on the field in the immediate vicinity of our camp, but soon after Captain Hart's gun opened fire our cavalry began to arrive in double-quick time, and some of them with drawn sabers ready for business.

Just as we moved out of camp a portion of Jones' brigade of cavalry came rushing on the field and advanced with drawn sabers on the woods we had just left, which were swarming with the enemy's horsemen. We moved at a quick gallop march out into the open field, and about four hundred yards from the woods we

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wheeled our guns in battery on a little rising ground and prepared for immediate action. One of Beckham's batteries was there in position already and another wheeled in battery immediately after we did, all in close proximity and in line on the same wave-like swell of rising ground.

While we were getting ready for action our cavalry advanced to the edge of the woods, but had to retire immediately, as the woods were full of Yankee horsemen and dismounted sharpshooters. Soon after our cavalry fell back into the field the Yankee cavalry made a charge from the woods into the open field. Our courageous cavalry gallantly withstood the enemy's first determined charge, and the field in front of the woods was covered with a mingled mass, fighting and struggling with pistol and saber like maddened savages.

At that juncture of the fray the warlike scene was fascinatingly grand beyond description, and such as can be produced and acted only by an actual and real combat. Hundreds of glittering sabers instantly leaped from their scabbards, gleamed and flashed in the morning sun, then clashed with metallic ring, searching for human blood, while hundreds of little puffs of white smoke gracefully rose through the balmy June air from discharging firearms all over the field in front of our batteries.

During the first charge in the early morn the artillerymen stood in silent awe gazing on the struggling mass in our immediate front, yet every man was at his post and ready for action at a moment's notice; and as soon as our cavalry repulsed the enemy and drove them back into the woods, sixteen pieces of our horse artillery opened fire on the woods with a crash and sullen roar that made the morning air tremble and filled the woods with howling shell. Then for a while the deep diapason roar of artillery mixed with sharp crash of small arms

swept over the trembling field and sounded along the neighboring hills like a rumbling chariot of rolling thunder.

We kept up a steady artillery fire for awhile, until the enemy in our front disappeared from sight and retired deeper into the woods; then we ceased firing, but held our position some three or four hours.

The fields where the first fray of the day occurred are low and nearly level, and the enemy as yet had no artillery on the field, but from apparent indications they were seeking for suitable positions for batteries on our immediate right flank, consequently we retired from our first position to obviate a direct enfilade fire and also to obtain and occupy higher ground.

As we were falling back General William E. Jones, commander of Ashby's old brigade, but from some cause not in command to-day, passed us and made the following remarks as he was riding along: "Captain Chew, I am not in command to-day, but do you see that gap in the woods yonder. I think the Yankees are bringing a battery there; if they do, give them hell."

We moved back until we were nearly a mile from the gap in the woods to which General Jones directed our attention. We were still on low ground, but we halted, and I was ordered to put my gun into position, load and be ready to open fire as soon as the Yankee battery appeared in the little opening in the woods. The Yankees were a little slow, and I suppose very cautious in making their appearance in the little opening with their battery, and in the meantime our first lieutenant rode away to another portion of the field for the purpose of finding a better and more commanding position for our guns. While he was away the Yankee battery appeared in the gap and immediately wheeled in battery in double-quick time and opened fire on us. We then had no orders to fire, yet my gun

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was loaded, aimed, and ranged, and ready to fire. I was so anxious to open fire on the battery and try to accomplish that which General Jones told us to do,— to drive the battery away or silence it,— that my eagerness almost impelled me to dash away the barrier imposed by rigid army regulations which strictly forbid a gunner to fire without orders from a higher officer.

After the Yankee battery fired two shell at us we received orders to limber up and advance, but before we limbered up I asked the orderly sergeant to permit me to fire my gun before we advanced, but he replied that we had no orders to fire. I told him that my gun was loaded with a percussion shrapnel shell, and that it would be dangerous to move the gun any distance, as the shell might churn out at any moment on a move, explode, and hurt some of our mess.

He then told me that if I fired I would have to do it on my own responsibility and assume the consequences, all of which I was willing to do. Then I gave the command to fire. The next moment my faithful twelve-pound shell was whizzing through the air, speeding toward the enemy's position, where their guns were still thundering. My shell struck one of the guns in the Yankee battery and disabled it. The remainder of the battery abandoned the position, and we heard no more thunder of Yankee guns from the gap in the woods during the remainder of the day. We then advanced to a new position, but soon after we arrived there the enemy's cannon began to roar at Brandy Station, right square in our rear, and the cavalry in our immediate front instantly grew bolder and pressed us harder. The fire of the sharpshooters, with their long-ranged rifles, grew fiercer every moment, and for awhile the gloom of disaster and defeat hung like a smothering pall over the prospects of victory.

## XIII

### BRANDY STATION

WHEN the first inauspicious boom of cannon rolled over the fields from our rear and fell on the responsive ears of Ashby's old veterans, it was like an electric shock which first stuns, then reanimates, and in less time than it takes to relate it our cavalry was rushing toward the enemy in our rear, in regular charging speed, with nerves and courage strung to the highest pitch — every man determined to do or die. We followed close after them with the battery at a double-quick gallop.

The dust in the road was about three inches deep, and in our hurried movement my mule fell down and rolled over me, and I over him, both of us wallowing in three inches of dust, and for once I and my mule favored and looked alike so far as color was concerned. By the time I got my mule up and I was mounted again the battery had disappeared in a thick cloud of flying dust.

The body of Yankee cavalry — General Gregg's division — that appeared in our rear crossed the Rappahannock at Kelly's Ford about seven miles below Beverly Ford, and moved up on this side of the river, striking the Orange and Alexandria Railroad at Brandy Station, then advanced in our rear.

Nearly a mile from Brandy Station and in the direction of Beverly Ford is Fleetwood Heights, a prominent hill jutting boldly out from the highland on the west to an almost level plain on the east and south.

The enemy in our rear had already gained the

heights and were strongly posted on the crest, with a line of cavalry and a battery of artillery not far away ready to open fire, when our cavalry arrived in sight of the formidable hill that was crowned with threatening danger and almost ready to burst into battle.

There was not a moment to lose if our cavalry expected to gain the heights from the enemy's grasp and possession, and hold them, and it had to be done instantly and by a hand-to-hand and hill-to-hill conflict. The decision for a saber charge was consummated in a moment, and our cavalry gallantly dashed up the slope of Fleetwood, with gleaming sabers, and charged the formidable line of cavalry that had opened a terrific fire from the crest of the hill. Then commenced the hand-to-hand conflict which raged desperately for awhile, the men on both sides fighting and grappling like demons, and at first it was doubtful as to who would succumb and first cry enough; but eventually the enemy began to falter and give way under the terrible strokes of the Virginian style of sabering. Yet the enemy fought stubbornly and clung tenaciously to their position. They rallied twice after their line was broken the first time, and heroically renewed the struggle for the mastery of the heights, but in their last desperate effort to regain and hold their position our cavalry met the onset with such cool bravery and rigid determination that the enemy's overthrow and discomfiture was so complete that they were driven from the hill, leaving three pieces of their artillery in position near the crest of the heights and their dead and wounded in our hands. When we arrived with our battery on top of Fleetwood the Yanks had already been driven from the hill and were retreating across the plain toward the southeast. Squadrons and regiments of horsemen were charging and fighting on various parts of the plain, and the whole surrounding country was full of fighting

cavalrymen. Away to the southeast General Hampton had his South Carolinians in splendid battle line, with drawn sabers ready to charge the retiring foe. Clouds of dust mingled with the smoke of discharging firearms rose from various parts of the field, and the discordant and fearful music of battle floated on the thickened air. Several times during the day the battle-field presented a scenic view that the loftiest thought of my mind is far too low and insignificant to delineate, describe, or portray. The charmed dignity of danger that evinces and proclaims its awe-inspiring presence by zipping bullets, whizzing shell, and gleaming sabers lifted the contemplation of the tragical display from the common domain of grandeur to the eloquent heights of sublimity.

Stirring incidents and exciting events followed one another in quick succession, and no sooner was the enemy dislodged in our rear, than a heavy force that had been fighting us all morning advanced on our front, with cavalry and artillery. Their batteries at once opened a severe fire on our position, to which we immediately replied. Then the hardest and liveliest part of the artillery fighting commenced in earnest, and the thunder of the guns roared fiercely and incessantly for several hours.

At one time the Yankee gunners had such perfect range and distance of our position that their shrapnel shell exploded right over our guns, and two or three times I heard the slugs from the exploding shell strike my gun like a shower of iron hail. One shell exploded fearfully close to me and seriously wounded two of my cannonéers and raked the sod all around me. For about three long hours whizzing shot, howling shell, exploding shrapnel, and screaming fragments filled the air that hung over Fleetwood Heights with the music of war. After a severe cannonading for several hours

the fire of the Yankee battery slackened, and soon after ceased altogether, and the battery abandoned their position and withdrew their guns beyond the range of our fire. Just before the Yankee battery ceased firing a large body of Yankee cavalry moved in solid column out in the open field about a mile and a half from our position. They remained there about two hours in a solid square, for the purpose, we supposed, of making a desperate charge on the hill and our battery, if their battery would have succeeded in partially silencing our guns.

After the enemy's battery ceased firing Captain Chew ordered me to get ready to fire canister, and if the Yankee cavalry attempted to charge us I must reserve my fire until they charged to within three hundred yards of my gun, then open fire with canister, carefully aim at the horses' knees and fire as rapidly as possible. But after threateningly menacing our position for about two hours, the immense host of Yankee horsemen in our immediate front withdrew from the field, disappeared in a woods, and I saw them no more, for soon afterwards the battle ended, and the enemy retreated and recrossed the river. Several times during the day I saw General Stuart, when the battle raged the fiercest, dash with his staff across the field, passing from point to point along his line, perfectly heedless of the surrounding danger.

The Yanks cruelly rushed us out of camp this morning before breakfast, consequently we had nothing to eat during the whole day until after dark this evening, and strange to say I did not experience any hunger until after the battle was over. If the empty stomach telegraphed to the brain for rations during the battle the brain was so intensely engaged in something of far more importance than responding to an empty stomach that it heedlessly disregarded the signal and care-

fully concealed the cravings of hunger until it could be satisfied at a more convenient season.

We were on the field twelve hours, and during that time I fired my faithful gun one hundred and sixty times. This evening just before the battle closed, with the last few shots we fired I saw the fire flash from the cascabel of my gun, and I found that it was disabled forever — burnt entirely out at the breach. After my gun was disabled I was ordered to retire it from the field immediately, and I moved it back to our wagons near Culpeper Court House, and camped for the night.

A little while before the battle ended some of General Early's division of infantry of Ewell's corps came up and formed in line just in rear of our battery, but the enemy fell back and gave up the field soon afterwards, and General Early's infantry marched back toward Culpeper Court House.

The enemy's forces we fought to-day were under the command of General Pleasanton. He had three divisions of cavalry, with a complement of artillery — six batteries, I think — the whole backed by two brigades of infantry. His forces recrossed the river this evening and General Stuart held the battle-field.

June 10 — This morning I started to Brandy Station, but found the rest of the battery camped about a mile south of the Station. We passed General Early's division of infantry this morning marching toward Culpeper Court House.

June 11 — Last night at midnight we were waked up and ordered to cook three days' rations and hold ourselves in readiness for marching orders at any moment. But we remained in camp until this afternoon, then went on picket at Brandy Station with the first section of our battery, the remainder of the company moving camp one mile west of Brandy.

June 12 — Still on picket at Brandy Station.

June 13 — This morning two regiments of Yankee cavalry crossed the Rappahannock at Beverly's Ford and drove in our outer pickets. We were immediately ordered forward with our section of artillery, and went into battery on Fleetwood Heights at the very same position we held in the battle a few days ago. At first our two guns were the only ones on the field, but after we were in battery about an hour two batteries of Major Beckham's battalion came on the field.

General Stuart and staff and General Hampton arrived on the field immediately after we went into position. Fleetwood is about two miles and a half from the Rappahannock. It seems that the Yanks did not venture very far inland this morning after they crossed to our side of the river.

We remained in position about two hours, when the enemy recrossed the river, and we moved back to our picket post at Brandy Station.

June 15 — Still on picket at Brandy. All quiet in front along the Rappahannock. Weather clear and hot.

June 16 — This morning we were relieved from picket and started on a march with our old cavalry brigade. We moved in a westerly direction till we struck the Culpeper and Warrenton road, then moved on that road toward the Rappahannock. We marched until middle of the day, and then camped on Hazel River, eleven miles from Culpeper Court House. Weather hot and roads dusty.

June 17 — We renewed our march this morning toward Warrenton. We forded the Rappahannock at Waterloo, at Warrenton turning and moving northward, and to-night we are camped near Salem, on the Manassas Gap Railroad. The country between Warrenton and Salem is rolling and hilly.

June 18 — We renewed our meandering march this

morning through a hilly country, going to within four miles of Middleburg, in Loudoun County. We halted about six hours at Locust Grove, and while we were there the Yankee cavalry came to Middleburg, where our cavalry attacked and repulsed them.

We left Locust Grove late this evening and marched in the direction of Snickersville, passing through a little hamlet named Union. This evening we are camped at Bloomfield, a small hamlet in Loudoun County, three miles from Snickersville.

We had some heavy thunder-showers this evening, and it rained from four o'clock until nine. We were in it all, and took it with a soldier's grace, because we could not do otherwise.

Very hot and dusty this morning, but this evening the road is muddy.

June 19 — We waited this morning until the brigade wagons came up and passed, then we moved to Snickersville. We remained at Snickersville but a little while, when we were ordered back toward Union, as the Yankee cavalry were advancing in that direction. We marched to Union without seeing any Yanks, but we heard artillery firing in the direction of Middleburg, where General Fitzhugh Lee was fighting the Yankee cavalry nearly all day. General Jones fought and drove back a body of Yankee cavalry near Union this morning.

It is raining hard now and the night is gloomy and dark; we are quartered in a barn right in Union. A little while after dark General Jones came into the barn and slept on the straw with us, just like a horse artilleryman.

From all indications the Yankee cavalry is closing in on us from two directions, and we will have some hot work to-morrow.

June 20 — All quiet along the lines in front. Rained

hard all day and we remained in the barn here at Union.

June 21 — This Sabbath morning, instead of the peaceful tones of the church bells floating out on the quiet air, the deep harsh roar of booming cannon rolled over the hills and fields of Loudoun and proclaimed the opening of the butcher business for the day. The enemy advanced on us this morning from the direction of Middleburg, with cavalry and artillery. We fell back from Union and moved in the direction of Upperville, as the Yankees were advancing on the Upperville road too, with infantry, cavalry, and artillery. When we arrived within one mile of Upperville we encountered the enemy strongly posted on our right. Our cavalry made a bold and gallant charge on their position, but the Yanks received the charge stubbornly and did not give way in the least nor budge from their position, but in turn made a desperate charge on our cavalry, and soon after the fight became general all over the field. Sabers flashed all around us and the fire of small arms was raging all over the field and growing fiercer every minute.

It looked to me like as if the mixed-up men on both sides were charging in every direction, and at one time our battery came so near being captured that I thought we were goners. But as soon as the shock of the first charge had subsided and the cavalry unmixed themselves, we put our guns in battery and opened a rapid fire on the Yankee horsemen. Then their dismounted sharpshooters opened a heavy fire on us, and it seemed to me that the bullets flew at us from every direction, thick and fast.

The enemy drove us back slowly all day. Several times to-day I saw our shell plunge right in their advancing line, break their ranks, and check for a moment the oncoming host, but they quickly closed up and came

at us again. They were certainly the bravest and boldest Yanks that ever fought us on any field. But I think that the cause of their prowess was more in their belief in strength of numbers than in the efficacy of cool courage, as they had a great many more men engaged than we had.

During the last part of the cavalry fight the Yankee infantry flanked round on our right and attempted to cut us off from Ashby's Gap in the Blue Ridge. But we caught the gentlemen at their sly little game, put our guns in position and gave them a few drastic and effective doses of shell, which checked them completely and wound up the flanking business for the day.

While we were being driven back this afternoon, at one place the Yankee cavalry made a charge, and one of our guns had to go through a gap in a stone fence that was under the fire of a line of dismounted sharpshooters; but our gun dashed through at the top speed in horse artillery style, under the fire of the sharpshooters, which however was not very sure on a snap shot, as our boys came through the fence unscathed. After our gun passed the stone fence and got on a little rising swell in the next field it was whirled in position in the twinkling of an eye and we fired a few shell in quick succession into the line of cavalry that was still pressing on in hot pursuit. The shell broke their charge, and their line faltered, when our cavalry, which had kept up a running fight, made a bold stand, redoubled their fire and held the Yanks in check and saved our gun. We had one man of our company killed there. He was shot through the head by a sharpshooter.

It was nearly night when the fight ended, and we moved back to Paris, which is about a mile from where we did the last firing, and camped for the night.

Some of General Longstreet's infantry came to our

relief late this evening. However, they were not engaged in the fight, but were stationed on different slopes of the Blue Ridge commanding the Ashby Gap road.

Paris is a small village situated halfway up the eastern side of the Blue Ridge, and on the Ashby Gap road, on the north corner of Fauquier County.

June 22 — The enemy that drove us so persistently yesterday fell back last night, and this morning we started in their pursuit. We moved toward Middleburg.

We marched down toward Upperville a mile, then waited in the road until about ten o'clock, when we advanced rapidly toward the retreating foe. We passed through Upperville and went as far as Middleburg. Near Middleburg we shelled a while with a Yankee battery, but they still kept falling back and we gave up the pursuit and moved back about four miles to Rector's Crossroads and camped. Middleburg in Loudoun County is a beautiful little town, a row of locust trees on each side of Main Street extending from one end of town to the other.

June 23 — This morning we marched to Union, which is about five miles in a northerly direction from Rector's. We halted there some four hours and then moved to Snickersville. There is some beautiful land around Union and between Union and Snickersville. Camped in an orchard at Snickersville.

June 24 — We are still at Snickersville. A squad of about forty dashing Yankees drove in our pickets today, five miles from Snickersville. It seems that driving in a few outer pickets satisfied the Yanks, as they retired again immediately after the performance of that great feat.

June 29 — This morning we left Snickersville and crossed the Blue Ridge on the Berryville road. We forded the Shenandoah River early in the day, came

through Berryville, and are camped this evening on the Charlestown pike four miles below Berryville. A heavy fog hung on the Blue Ridge this morning when we crossed.

June 30 — We renewed our march this morning on the Charlestown road. At Rippon we left the road and came by Summit Point and Smithfield. We struck the Winchester and Martinsburg pike at Bunker's Hill, then moved toward Martinsburg. Camped this evening on the Winchester pike, two miles above Martinsburg. Rained nearly all day, and a few times during the day the clouds grew dark and lowering, and then the rain renewed the attack with redoubled vigor and came down in torrents. We took it all without making any resistance or returning the fire of the pelting storm.

## XIV

### ENTER PENNSYLVANIA—GETTYSBURG

**JULY 1** — We renewed our march this morning toward the United States, and we passed through Martinsburg and moved down the Williamsport pike. We forded the Potomac at Williamsport, then passed through the town and moved out on the Greencastle road about five miles and camped.

Our camp to-night is in Washington County, Maryland, and not very far from the Pennsylvania line. The country we passed through this evening along the Greencastle road is beautiful, the land fertile and the farming good.

**July 2** — Renewed our march this morning and moved toward Chambersburg, Penn. Early this morning we crossed the State line and passed into Franklin County, Pennsylvania.

The country south of Greencastle is pretty, the land fertile and well cultivated, and the barns look like churches. We passed through Greencastle, which is a beautiful clean town of about three thousand inhabitants, situated on the Chambersburg and Hagerstown Railroad, and in a rich and fertile country. The streets are wide and straight, the houses nearly all built of brick, and kept in good condition. I saw some beautiful, rosy-checked, bonny lassies on the street in Greencastle, but they looked as sour as a crab apple, frowns an inch wide and warranted pure vinegar playing over their lovely faces, like the shadow of a cloud that flits across the blushes of an opening rose. I wonder what

made them look so frownful. We did not come here to harm nor molest the charming creatures, but we may hurt some of their relations if they get after us with guns.

The country between Greencastle and Chambersburg is a little rolling and rough. Chambersburg, the county seat of Franklin County, is situated in a beautiful country. The land around the town is under a state of careful and good cultivation. The little city contains about seven thousand inhabitants, and the buildings are nearly all brick. The Franklin House is a large and spacious hotel, built of brick, three stories high. The streets are wide, straight, and level, with good solid brick pavements on each side. Camped this evening on the Baltimore pike a mile from Chambersburg.

July 3 — Last night an alarm reached camp that the Yankees were pressing General Imboden's brigade of cavalry, which was about ten miles in our front. We were ordered to march at once, which was at about one o'clock last night. We marched down the Baltimore pike, and when we drew near where Imboden's men were camped we learned that the report which reached us last night was false, as there were no enemy near General Imboden. His command was camped on the western slope of the Blue Ridge. We passed it and pressed on toward Gettysburg.

This morning just before day we passed through Fayetteville, a little village at the western foot of the Blue Ridge. As we passed through there were two men chopping down a large flagpole that stood in the center of the little town. We crossed the Blue Ridge and moved down the pike toward Gettysburg, as far as Cashtown, a small village eight miles from Gettysburg. We halted at Cashtown about two hours, cooked and ate our breakfast, and while we were eating our

morning meal a furious battle was raging in the direction of Gettysburg, apparently some five or six miles distant. From the way the artillery howled and thundered the conflict must have been fierce, furious, and sanguinary. At one o'clock this afternoon we were ordered, with Jones' Cavalry, to the right of our army. We moved round on a road that passes through a little village named Fairfield. At one point of the road from a high hill we had a distant view of the battle-field, yet we saw nothing but a vast bank of thick battle smoke, with thousands of shell exploding above the surface of the white, smoking sea. The sight was grand beyond description and awe-inspiring in the extreme. Our line looked to me from our point of observation to be about three miles long and enveloped in thick smoke, from which came a fearful roar and clash of musketry accompanied with a deep continuous roll of booming artillery, such as an American soldier never heard before on this continent. The artillery fire at one time was so heavy that the hills shook and the air trembled, and the deep thunder rolled through the sky in one incessant roar like as if the giants of war were hurling thunderbolts at each other in the clouds and rushing their war chariots across the trembling, sounding welkin. On our way we encountered the Sixth Regiment of United States regular cavalry on the road, between Cashtown and Fairfield.

The regiment had flanked around the right of our army and were already in the rear of General Lee's line, and just ready to capture or destroy some of our wagon train when we met them. The enemy instantly perceived that they were checkmated in their undertaking, and commenced firing on us and our cavalry, instead of destroying wagons and frightening teamsters. We immediately put our guns in battery and opened on them, and our cavalry also opened with small arms,

and for a while the conflict was fierce and hot. The old regulars fought stubbornly and well, but our cavalry completely frustrated their design, and almost demolished the regiment, killing and wounding many of them and capturing about two hundred prisoners.

After the fight we moved to Fairfield, a small village on the Cashtown road, and remained there till nearly night, when we moved a mile from Fairfield and camped for the night.

In the fight to-day we had our guns in position in a wheat field where the wheat was standing thick, and nearly as high as my head, and dead ripe. It looked like a shame to have war in such a field of wheat.

July 4 — It seems that the great battle is over and from all appearances our forces intend to strike out for Dixie's fair land. The last reverberations of the deep booming thunder of the artillery that shook the hills around Gettysburg have died away, and the thick sulphury folds of the battle cloud that hung like a canopy over the battle-scarred plain and hugged the bloody crest of Cemetery Hill had dissolved in the soft summer air before General Lee's army unwound itself from its deadly coil, and like a huge and dangerous serpent glided slowly and defiantly away toward the Potomac.

As soon as the Federal commander was thoroughly convinced that the Confederate forces were withdrawing from his front, he dispatched his cavalry on missions of destruction, to harass our rear and if possible destroy the immense trains of commissary and ordnance stores that were on the road toward the Potomac, by the way of Hagerstown valley.

Vast squadrons of the enemy's horsemen soon swarmed and hung along our track like hungry vultures, ceaselessly watching for vulnerable points to attack and to seize booty, to the great terror and consternation of quartermasters, clerks, servants, cooks, and teamsters.

The arduous and responsible duty devolving on the Confederate cavalry during the retreat was to guard and defend the retiring trains of wagons and ambulances against all inroads and attempts that the Federal cavalry were liable to make for their capture or destruction, and more especially to strenuously oppose and foil all efforts of the enemy to make any advantageous interposition between General Lee's army and the Potomac.

At sunrise this morning we moved to Fairfield and remained there until General Ewell's wagons and ambulances passed, and then we followed them as a rear guard. It was nearly night when the last ambulances passed Fairfield, and at about six o'clock this evening we took up our line of march and followed them, the great caravan moving on the Hagerstown road.

At dark we struck the foot of the Blue Ridge. The road was muddy and slippery, the night dark, rainy, dreary, and dismal. The train moved very slowly, with halts and starts all night. Every time an ambulance wheel struck a rock I heard the pitiful groans of the wounded. Now and then an ominous and inauspicious boom of a Yankee cannon came rolling through the thick darkness from the top of the mountain, and apparently on the road we were on, which unmistakably indicated that the enemy was seriously interfering with the movements of our wagon train.

To-day while we were at Fairfield a drenching thunder-shower passed over, and we went in a stable for shelter during the rain. While we were in there some of our boys played marbles for amusement. Eventually one of the marbles rolled through a crack in the floor, and in order to get it we raised one of the boards in the floor, and under there we found a large store-box full of good, clean, nice bed-clothes, sheets, blankets, counterpanes as white as snow, and beautiful quilts, all

of which had been recently hidden from the supposed desecrating hands of prejudged thieving Rebels. We left everything in the box and reported our find to the family that owned the stable, and told them to move their goods to the house and fear no danger of being molested. The family seemed to be astonished at our find and utterly surprised into coyish silence to learn that their goods were safe even when discovered by the dreaded Rebels.

I am almost convinced that a strong sentiment prevails throughout the whole North that the Southern army is composed of thieves and robbers mixed with barbarians and savages, and this malignant spirit is instilled into the populace and encouraged by irresponsible, mean lying newspapers that are published by men who have never been south of Mason and Dixon's line.

Just yesterday, after the little fight with the Yankee cavalry near Fairfield, a young lady came to me and asked whether our men would allow her to take care of a wounded man that was lying in the road near her father's barn.

I told her to go and take care of as many wounded as she could find, and assured her that our men would not disturb her nor willingly interfere with her humane and laudable mission. I also told her that we did not come to Pennsylvania to make war on women.

July 5 — We were on the march nearly all last night, and most of the time we were mixed up in an ambulance train. Our march was very slow, and seemed more like a dead march than anything we have done in the marching business since the war. The surroundings were about as cheerful as a tomb.

The cannon we heard in the forepart of the night belonged to the Yanks, and they were shelling some of our wagon trains on top of the mountain. This morning just before day Colonel Thockmorton, com-

manding the Sixth Virginia Cavalry, came down the mountain with his regiment in a rather stirred-up condition, as if something wild and very dangerous had been seen in front. Captain Chew asked Colonel Thockmorton where he was going. He replied, "Down the mountain. A Yankee battery fired canister into the head of my command, and I am not going up there again until daylight." Captain Chew then remarked, "Colonel, my battery was ordered up here to support your regiment, and if you go back, I will too." Accordingly we went back down the mountain a short distance, fed our horses and waited for day. Immediately after daylight we renewed our march up the mountain, and when we arrived on top the Yankee destroyers had vanished from the scene of their last night's destructive operations, and all was still and quiet on the mountain highlands. From all accounts and appearances the Yankee force that struck the wagon train on top of the mountain last night was considerable and overwhelming, as we had but few men to protect the train at that point in particular. It was not the train that we were guarding that was destroyed. The Yanks destroyed about ninety wagons, and they did their work well. Some of the wagons were chopped to pieces and others were burned. I saw the débris, such as skillets, frying pans, camp kettles, and all sorts of camp furniture scattered all along the road.

I made a little tour of inspection this morning where the Yankee raiders attacked the wagon train last night, merely to see whether I could find any evidence or trace of the resistance our few wagon train guards offered to the overwhelming force of Yankee cavalry that swept along the road. I found very few battle scars or marks on the trees and bushes, but behind a rock in a thick clump of trees lay one of our sharpshooters, still and silent in the bivouac of the dead, and no earthly reveille

will ever wake him again. He was shot through the brain, and no doubt was killed by his adversary firing at the flash of the sharpshooter's gun, which still lay by the dead body and pointed to the front.

After we were on the summit of the mountain about two hours we went down a mile on the Emmitsburg road on picket. We had about five hundred infantry of McLaw's division with us for support. The infantrymen threw up breastworks along the front of our position. We remained on picket all day, and this evening we moved back a mile and camped at Monterey Springs on the summit of the Blue Ridge, sixteen miles east of Hagerstown. General Longstreet's infantry came up the Emmitsburg road this evening.

July 6 — This morning we started for Hagerstown, passing through Lighterstown, a small village six miles from our destination. We did not go the direct road to Hagerstown, as the Yanks held the town and were on the principal roads leading to it from the east and north, consequently we flanked, and moved on different by-roads east of town during the fore part of the day, through a rolling country and over some hilly roads.

Late this evening we first sighted the town, and the most interesting object that attracted our earliest attention was a body of blue cavalry, drawn up at the edge of town ready for business, and to give us a warm and lively reception. We unlimbered two of our rifled guns and opened fire on their cavalry, and soon after our cavalry charged into the southern suburbs of town and dislodged the enemy there.

Then we advanced our battery and flanked around the southern outskirts of town and moved to the Williamsport pike. Immediately after we arrived on the pike the Yankees placed a battery of Parrott guns in position in the Female Seminary yard on the outskirts of the town, and opened a rapid fire on us, to which we

responded with our battery forthwith, and gave them the best fresh work that our establishment could supply at short notice. For awhile the artillery fire was severe, the range was short, and their ten-pound shrapnel whizzed fearfully and exploded all around us. The artillery duel was hot and lively, yet it was but a prelude to a more severe conflict that raged for several hours along the Williamsport pike, in which the cavalry and some infantry on both sides took a hand.

A body of the enemy's cavalry — I do not know from whence it came — appeared in our rear and struck the pike between us and Williamsport, and for awhile we were between two fires. Just at dusk the fire of their dismounted sharpshooters in our front was heavy and severe. The bullets zipped around us as thick as hail. At the first volley my lead driver fell fatally wounded.

Night, fight, shell, and bullets at last settled the enemy in our front. Then we moved back just a little distance and quickly turned our guns on the cavalry in our rear and opened fire on them with a few rounds of canister and short-range shell. The Yankees soon wavered under our artillery fire and began to break and retire. We kept up a running fight for about four miles, and at last about ten o'clock to-night they were forced from the road in our rear, and retreated in the direction of Harper's Ferry, which left the Williamsport road clear of Yanks. After the fight we moved back toward Hagerstown and bivouacked for the remainder of the night.

During the latter part of the fight we were so close to the Potomac that I saw the camp-fires blaze on the Virginia hills not far away, yet the Yanks were between us and the river. No doubt the cavalry we fought this evening and to-night were the same set of gentlemen that destroyed some of our wagons night before last, and were trying the same trick to-night, as a great many

of our wagons are parked around Williamsport; but this time the raiders struck another sort of game quite different from defenseless teamsters, a few guards, and Company Q.

Night fighting is a perilous business and full of guess-work; oftentimes it is difficult to distinguish friend from foe in the darkness, and it is resorted to only in cases of extreme emergencies or pressing exigency. The artillery firing to-night was certainly beautiful and grand. The flash from the gun brilliantly illuminated all its immediate environments, and the burning fuses of the shell spun threads of sparkling fire in graceful curves across the somber face of night. The whole scene was a splendid display of dangerous fireworks.

The first position we fired from to-day on the Williamsport pike was right close to a small country house about a mile from Hagerstown. Before we commenced firing there was an old cow grazing quietly and leisurely in sweet contentment in front of the house, which was the only sign of life about the premises. The house was closed and apparently deserted.

The enemy was pressing us, and we opened a rapid fire, which abruptly broke the old cow's quietude, imbued her with a frenzied war spirit that caused her to run wildly about the yard. Then an old man and an old lady came rushing out of the little house and ran after the cow, trying to drive her in a stable, and they had a lively and exciting race around the house, the cow in the lead and by far the best runner, the old woman next doing her very best on a short heat, and the old man brought up the rear, slow but sure.

After the race had been in progress some four or five minutes the enemy opened fire on us with twelve-pounders at close range, and the shell came shrieking through the evening air, exploding all around us in showers of whizzing fragments and pinging slugs. Yet like a

heroine that old lady still pursued her cow amid the storm of shot and shell, perfectly heedless of the danger around her on every side. At last a shell exploded over her head, causing her to fall to the ground, and as she fell she screamed and cried, "Oh, God!" With that the old man gave up the chase and ungallantly left the field and struck a bee-line into the house, without even looking back to see what had happened. We all thought that the old lady was killed, but after she had laid on the ground a moment she jumped up and renewed the race after the cow, determined to succeed in her undertaking. Such bravery and cool courage as that old woman manifested is highly commendable and rarely found among the female sex in any land. No doubt to-day was the first time she ever heard a cannon fired, and certainly the first time that she ever was under an artillery fire hot enough for tried men. An army of such plucky women could be killed, but never conquered.

July 7 — A great many Yankee prisoners passed us to-day, marching for Dixieland. About the middle of the day we were ordered to Williamsport, to have our horses shod. Camped to-night near Williamsport, on the Conicageague, a small stream that empties into the Potomac at Williamsport.

July 8 — Rain fell in torrents all last night. Early this morning found us on the march again. We went near Hagerstown, then moved across the fields to the National Road, then marched down toward Boonesboro. We passed through Funkstown, a small village on the National Road, two miles below Hagerstown; it is situated on the Antietam, and contains about six hundred inhabitants. At about eleven o'clock we encountered the Yanks near Boonesboro, and opened fire on them immediately and at first sight, and they promptly opened a battery on us and returned our fire with a business-like energy. For a while the cannonading was

spirited and lively, which proved to be an introduction and preliminary remarks to a fight that lasted till nearly night. Soon after we opened fire the cavalry on both sides commenced sharpshooting and fighting and kept up a desultory fire all afternoon. We drove the enemy back slowly, from the time the fight commenced until nearly night, but they fought stubbornly all afternoon and contested every inch of ground we gained. Late this evening the Yankee cavalry was reinforced by infantry, and then they in turn drove us back about a mile, and to the same position we had when the fight commenced. Sometimes during the day the artillery fire was heavy for a small fight, for the enemy had ten pieces of artillery engaged and our side had about a like number in the fight.

Nightfall ended the fray, and we moved back near Funkstown and camped for the night. Boonesboro is eight miles from Hagerstown.

July 9 — We remained near Funkstown until nearly night. Everything was quiet along the front until about five o'clock this evening, when the Yankees advanced and drove back our cavalry, and we were ordered to the front to meet the advancing enemy. We marched about three miles below Funkstown and sighted him, put our battery in position and fired two rounds, which completely checked the advance. It was getting dark when we fired, and we remained in position until an hour after dark, then fell back and camped a mile below Funkstown.

July 10 — The Yankees advanced again this morning on the National Road, and we moved about two miles below Funkstown and opened fire on their advancing cavalry. We did not hold our position very long, as the enemy had too many dismounted sharpshooters crawling up on us, and their long-range rifles rendered our position untenable for artillery, and we retired.

We fell back a mile and took another position. We were then only a mile below Funkstown. The Yankees advanced on us again, and we opened fire on them, and held our ground until we fired the very last round of ammunition we had; then we moved back across the Antietam. Just at that juncture of affairs a brigade of our infantry and several batteries came to our relief, and they kept up a lively skirmishing and sharpshooting with some cannonading until night. When the firing ceased at dusk both sides held the respective positions they had when the firing commenced.

In consequence of being entirely out of ammunition we were ordered to the rear. In moving to the rear we passed through Hagerstown, the county seat of Washington County. The town is situated in a section of beautiful country, on the National Road, sixty-five miles from Baltimore and six miles from the Potomac River; it contains some five or six thousand inhabitants. The buildings are mostly of brick, close together, well built and kept in good condition; the streets straight, run at right angles, and are almost level; the sidewalks are well paved with brick.

Camped between Hagerstown and Williamsport.

July 11 — In camp to-day. Weather hot. General Lee's army is in line of battle about two miles from our camp, and near Hagerstown.

July 12 — We have no ammunition yet for our battery. General Lee's army is still in line, with breastworks thrown up along the front. The Yankee army is in the immediate front of our line, and both sides have been skirmishing all day. It looks to me as if the Yanks are afraid to attack General Lee when he is prepared for their reception.

July 13 — We remained in camp until late this evening, when we were ordered to cross the Potomac. We forded the river at Williamsport. It was very deep

fording, and the river was still rising from the recent heavy rains. The wagons of the whole army are ordered to the Virginia side of the river; they were crossing all last night and all day to-day. We crossed at dusk this evening, and the ford was then crowded with wagons. The water was then most too high for safe fording, as I saw some wagons wash down the river. We are camped to-night on the friendly hills of old Virginia, near Falling Waters, on the Martinsburg pike.

General Lee's army is still in battle line near Hagerstown.

July 14 — General Lee abandoned his position near Hagerstown yesterday evening or last night, and by daylight this morning the greater part of his forces were on the Dixie side of the Potomac. Some of the troops waded the river, which was deep and rising, but the greater part of the army crossed on a pontoon that was thrown across the river at Falling Waters, four miles below Williamsport.

We renewed our march this morning and moved toward Martinsburg. As we passed Falling Waters, where General Lee's troops were crossing the river on a pontoon, some of our soldiers were throwing up breastworks around some batteries that were in position on a hill near the pontoon, which thoroughly commanded the bridge and its approach on the Maryland side.

We passed through Martinsburg to-day, and are camped this evening at Smithfield, in Jefferson County.

July 15 — Early this morning we were ordered to Charlestown, as the Yankees were pressing our cavalry there yesterday evening, which caused an urgent demand for artillery and our presence. When we arrived at Charlestown our cavalry was there waiting for us. We immediately proceeded about a mile below town, on the Harper's Ferry pike, and put our guns into position

ready for fight. We were not in position very long before the Yankees advanced on us with cavalry and dismounted sharpshooters. Their line of sharpshooters advanced first and opened fire on us with long-ranged rifles, and kept up a lively fire for about ten minutes directed at my gun,—which I had ready for action, but reserved my fire for bigger and more important game,—for at the same time the Yankee cavalry, which was about a mile away in our front, was preparing for a charge on our position. After they had formed their column to charge and were ready to go into active business I opened fire on them with my piece, and the first shell I fired exploded in their ranks and played regular scatteration with the bluecoated column that was prepared and ready to charge us. My shell completely stopped and broke up the show, their line of sharpshooters also ceased firing and fell back, and when our cavalry advanced the enemy retreated toward Harper's Ferry. We remained in battery until nearly night, then moved back about four miles south of Charlestown on the Berryville pike, and camped.

July 16 — In camp all day. Heard some heavy cannonading late this evening in the direction of Shepherds-town.

July 18 — Moved camp to-day two miles toward Berryville.

July 20 — Moved camp to-day again, and we are now camped near Berryville. All quiet in front.

July 21 — To-day we moved camp two miles east of Berryville, on the Leesburg pike.

July 23 — This afternoon we moved toward White Post. We heard cannonading this evening at Chester's Gap near Front Royal.

July 24 — The enemy forced Chester's Gap late yesterday evening, consequently we had orders to march at daylight this morning. We passed through White

Post, crossed the Winchester and Front Royal pike, and moved in the fork of the Big and Little Shenandoah near Front Royal. The Yankees were then in Front Royal, and soon after we arrived in the fork of the river their sharpshooters advanced on us in a heavy line, and we retired toward Strasburg without trying to hurt any of them.

We passed through Strasburg late this evening. Just before we arrived there General Early's infantry marched up the Valley pike. We are camped this evening on Fisher's Hill.

July 25 — It was late to-day when we left our camp on Fisher's Hill, yet we marched twenty-five miles up the Valley pike. We passed through Woodstock, Edenburg, and Mount Jackson, and marched till ten o'clock to-night. Camped on Rude's Hill three miles south of Mount Jackson.

July 26 — Renewed our march this morning up the Valley pike as far as New Market, where we turned off on the Sperryville pike, crossed the Massanutten Mountain, marched until dusk, and camped on the Hawksbill, two miles southeast of Luray. The Hawksbill is a small stream winding through a fertile and beautiful section of country lying between Luray and the eastern foot of the Blue Ridge.

We passed General Early's command to-day; it was moving toward Rappahannock County.

July 27 — We renewed our march this morning and moved toward Culpeper Court House. We crossed the Blue Ridge at Thornton's Gap, passed through Sperryville, a small village situated at the eastern base of the Blue Ridge in Rappahannock County, twenty miles northwest of Culpeper Court House.

Camped two miles below Sperryville on the Culpeper road.

July 28 — Renewed our march this morning and

marched to Culpeper Court House. The country between Sperryville and Culpeper Court House is mostly hilly and the farming land is undulating and rolling. We passed through Woodville, an apparently old village, situated seven miles from Sperryville.

Camped at Culpeper Court House.

July 29 — This morning we moved out five miles from Culpeper Court House on the Warrenton road, and camped. We passed through General A. P. Hill's infantry camp this morning, which is strung along the Warrenton road not far from the Court House.

July 30 — Went on picket this morning on the Warrenton road and near Hazel River; all quiet in front. Late this evening we moved back about four hundred yards from our picket post and camped for the night.

July 31 — This morning we went to our picket post again on duty. We saw a few Yankee cavalrymen to-day on the opposite side of the Hazel. They were looking quietly around, and behaving themselves, so we did not molest them.

## XV

### CULPEPER COURT HOUSE

**AUGUST 1** — We were on picket to-day until noon; were relieved then by the second section of our battery. We came back to camp and were there about two hours when orders came for us to move camp, as the enemy was advancing on Culpeper Court House. Soon after we received orders to move camp we heard artillery and musket firing in the direction of Brandy Station. In quick succession the boom of cannon came rolling across the fields of Culpeper, which was a clear and self-evident indication that there was a sharp conflict transpiring not far away.

We had our horses hitched to the battery and were ready to move at a moment's notice, and were waiting with momentous anxiety for a summons to hasten to the field of action.

We did not have to wait long, for the firing grew fiercer every moment, and soon a courier came post haste for us to hurry to the fray. We started at once and moved rapidly for about four miles, then we drew in sight of the battle-field, which was already piled full of bunches of white battle smoke. When we first arrived in sight of the field two Yankee batteries were shelling some of our infantry and a battery on our right. We were directly on the right flank of the Yankee line, and we opened a square enfilade fire on their batteries, which compelled them to abandon their position immediately after we opened. We advanced then and took another position and opened fire, and the Yanks again retired, and so we kept up a running fight for two hours,

in which time we drove the enemy back about three miles. Then the shades of night were already falling fast, and the gathering darkness lulled the wavelet of war to quietude and rest. The field where the little fight occurred is a level plain about two miles long, with the Orange and Alexandria Railroad on one side and a body of woods on the other. It is identically the very same field where General Stuart held his grand reviews last June.

The engagement to-day was principally between cavalry, with some artillery mixed in on both sides.

General Hampton's cavalry and General Jones' brigade were in the fight on our side. For the last few days the weather has been oppressively hot, in fact, too hot for an active butcher business. However, if the bluecoats can endure it the gray jackets can do the same thing.

After the fight this evening we moved back about two miles west of Brandy Station, and camped.

August 2 — All quiet in front. We remained in camp until this evening, then moved back to the brigade wagons, to have our horses shod. The brigade wagon camp is on the Orange Court House road, a mile south of Culpeper Court House.

August 3 — In camp. General R. E. Lee passed our camp to-day; he rode leisurely along the road unaccompanied by any one, and seemed as unconcerned as an old farmer going to his daily toil.

To-day General A. P. Hill, with his corps of infantry, passed our camp.

August 4 — At sunrise this morning we were ordered to the front. We started immediately after we received the order. We passed through Culpeper Court House and moved out on the Brandy Station road. After we had proceeded about four miles on that road we were ordered back to Culpeper Court House, as the

Yankees were advancing on the Ricksey road from the direction of Hazel River. We went back nearly to town and halted on a commanding hill and awaited orders.

Late this evening General Jenkins attacked the Yankee cavalry at Brandy Station and drove them back a mile. At dusk we were ordered forward again toward Brandy Station. We moved in that direction through a hard rain, accompanied with thunder and lightning; at some places on the road the water was two feet deep. It was ten o'clock to-night when we halted to camp, one mile west of Brandy Station. Camping to-night is a cheerless affair, as thunder-showers after shower passed over us all afternoon and evening and everything we have, and everything around us, is wet from the ground up to the tree tops.

August 5 — On reserve picket near Brandy Station.

August 6 — On reserve picket until late this evening, when we went on outpost picket <sup>1 1/2</sup> mile below Brandy, on Fleetwood Hill. From our picket post we can see a Yankee encampment about four miles away and near the bank of the Rappahannock.

August 7 — We were on outpost picket until sunset, and were relieved then by the second section of our battery. We came back on reserve and camped quarter of a mile west of Brandy Station. From our picket post we saw the Yankee line of pickets to-day, which was only about a mile from our post.

We had a hard thunder-shower this evening while we were returning from picket; rain fell in torrents, which soaked us all over.

August 9 — On reserve picket until nearly night, then moved to the outpost on picket.

August 10 — On outpost picket till late this evening, were then relieved by the second section.

August 12 — On reserve picket till late this evening,

then moved to the outpost and relieved the second section. I wish the Yanks would do something to break up this monotonous picket business.

August 13 — We remained on outpost picket until late this evening, were relieved then by the second section, and we moved back to Brandy Station on reserve. It commenced raining last night at one o'clock and rained very fast until daylight, with just enough thunder and lightning mixed with it to make it interesting.

August 14 — Moved our reserve post this morning half mile west of Brandy Station.

August 15 — Late this evening the first section went on outpost duty. I, being on the sick list, remained at the reserve.

August 16 — The second section relieved the first this evening. I am still on the sick list, and feel sickish, bad, and dull; brookiness is creeping and crawling all over me, the zest and vivacity that render camp life worth living have been gone on a scout and left me dispirited and languid.

August 17 — I was sick sure enough to-day, and in bed, or more properly a blanket, and wallowed around on the bosom of Mother Earth all day, with now and then a little grunt thrown in for a cradle song.

August 18 — The first section went on outpost picket this evening. I am still on duty, and remained at the reserve post, but I am beginning to feel very much like answering twice to a double feed call.

August 19 — Second section relieved the first this evening; then we moved our reserve back to the brigade wagons, two miles north of Culpeper Court House.

August 20 — On reserve. The second section was relieved this evening by a section of Magreggor's battery.

August 21 — Late this evening the first section of our battery relieved a section of Magreggor's battery

from picket on Fleetwood Hill. I am well again and on picket duty. This was Thanksgiving Day.

August 22 — We were relieved from picket at dusk this evening by a section of Magreggor's battery. After we were relieved we came back and camped with the battalion, near Culpeper Court House.

August 26 — We are on outpost picket again this evening at Fleetwood.

August 27 — We were relieved from picket this evening, and came back near Culpeper Court House to camp.

August 30 — This was a beautiful, bright, pleasant day. I was at preaching at Moorman's battery camp. Text, "If ye know these things, happy are ye if ye do them."— John xiii. 17.

September 1 — Came to Fleetwood this evening on outpost picket.

September 2 — We were relieved this evening by a section of Captain Moorman's Lynchburg battery.

September 4 — Last night at midnight we left camp and started with Jones' brigade of cavalry on a prospective raid on a Yankee cavalry encampment near the Hazel River, and in close proximity to the Yankee line. I think the objective point of the movement was to surprise the Yanks in their camp before daylight. But it was ascertained by some underground means that their infantry were camped dangerously near the cavalry camp, which circumstance rendered it most too perilous for our cavalry to venture an attack in the darkness, without assurance of success. Consequently the raid was abandoned, and we retired to camp to-day without bloodshed or Yankee prisoners.

September 7 — We are on picket again this evening on Fleetwood.

September 8 — On picket until late this evening; were relieved then and moved back to camp.

September 12 — In camp. We had a heavy rain

this afternoon, accompanied by thunder and lightning, and a severe storm which uprooted a large tree near my shelter, that came very near falling on me. It was so near that a change of a few feet in my direction would have been "Farewell to the Star Spangled Banner" for me sure enough. In gratitude for my narrow escape I went to prayer meeting this evening like a good boy.

September 13 — This morning an hour before day we were roused from sleep by a blast from the bugle, and ordered to get ready to march at a minute's notice, as the Yankees on our front manifested unerring signs of making a general advance in force. We hurriedly snatched a little breakfast, then packed up our all, and at daylight we moved Yankeeward with the battery, down toward Brandy Station. We went within a mile of Brandy and halted for fresh developments and further orders and remained there until about ten o'clock. Up to that time everything was as quiet and peaceful along the front as a sunbeam that kisses the cheek of a sleeping babe; in fact, a Sabbath calm and stillness had apparently settled down on the whole surrounding landscape. But as the storm king suddenly leaps from its mountain lair and sweeps across the bosom of a placid lake and rolls the glassy water into a thousand dashing waves, so the storm of battle broke the Sabbath calm and raged in roaring surges across the wavy fields of Culpeper.

A little after ten o'clock the Yanks made their first appearance, by debouching from a wood only about half a mile from our position. We quickly opened fire on them with two guns, to which they immediately replied with a brisk fire from a four-gun battery. That was the thundering introductory and overture to the first act in the opening scene of to-day's real drama. The enemy advanced rapidly, with overwhelming num-

bers, and compelled us to abandon our first position in double-quick time, which we did, and fell back in the same manner. The broad rolling plain that spread out in our front was literally blue with Yanks, and we had comparatively very few forces to oppose the immense host that was advancing on us with flying banners. Yet we gave them the best and warmest that we had on hand, and fought them stubbornly nearly all day, obstinately disputing every inch of ground that they advanced over; however, they drove us about six miles.

Soon after the battle opened a small squad of Yankee horsemen appeared prominently on a hill within the range of our guns and in advance of the enemy's line of fight. Captain Chew told me to try to scatter the little assembly that was congregated and boldly standing on the hilltop gazing intently toward Dixie.

I turned my gun on the little blue bunch and aimed it very carefully, and the first shell I fired exploded at the right place, and emptied at least one saddle. I saw the man fall, and the remainder of the squad suddenly disappeared from the hill and moved back to a healthier clime.

We held our position to-day just below Culpeper Court House until the dismounted sharpshooters advanced to within a hundred and fifty yards of us. They opened a hot fire on us, and the bullets sung and zipped around us like a swiftly moving colony of bees in a storm.

I saw three Yankees run across the field right in our front. They were running toward an old house that stood in the field about two hundred yards from our position. Just before they got to the house all three of them halted and fired right at the little squad of cannoneers around my gun. When I saw the three riflemen take aim at us a peculiar thrill of disquieting anxiety rushed all over me, as the chances were first-

class to receive a ticket to the silent city, and I was not quite ready for a journey of that strange and mysterious sort. The three men fired simultaneously. Two of the bullets whizzed harmlessly and unceremoniously past us without calling, but the third one struck one of my cannoneers — number three — in the ankle, making a very painful wound.

We were then shelling a body of cavalry that was moving around to our right flank, but when the line of dismounted sharpshooters in our front, backed by a body of cavalry, advanced on us, firing as they came, we turned our guns on them and opened a rapid fire with canister. I fired six rounds of canister, when we had to abandon our position and fall back double-quick to save ourselves from capture, for the enemy in our front was still pressing us, and their cavalry on our right flank were preparing to charge and cut us off. The Yankee cavalry fought well to-day; they meant business every time. However, they far outnumbered us, and they well knew it, and that alone bears with it a kind of intoxicating inspiration which makes men bold, and boldness in danger is the foundation element of bravery.

Near the middle of the day we drew near Culpeper Court House and the Yankees were still advancing and pressing us, and stubbornly refused to be checked. They had two or three batteries in commanding positions and were firing at everything they saw. One of our rifled pieces and one of Captain Moorman's guns were in battery at the northern outskirts of Culpeper Court House, firing rapidly at the advancing cavalry. Eventually the guns drew the fire of the Yankee batteries, and for a while the artillery howled fiercely and the fight raged all along the line.

The Yankee gunners overshot our guns that were firing from the edge of town, and I saw the Yankee shell

crashing through buildings and exploding all over and through the northern and eastern portion of town. I know that this was a wild and boisterous stirred-up Sunday that the citizens of Culpeper Court House will not forget for years to come. After a heavy artillery fire of about half an hour a body of blue cavalry charged the guns at edge of town and succeeded in capturing them. One gun, six men, and four horses of our battery were captured in the charge.

When the Yankee horsemen dashed on the guns they came firing their pistols, and some few had their sabers drawn. The fray soon became a mixed-up affair of firing pistols, flashing sabers, and excited men contending and wildly struggling like maddened demons in a furious *mêlée* for the mastery of the situation.

The first lieutenant of our company was emptying his pistol at the excited bluecoats when a Yankee officer shouted to his men to "shoot the damned Rebel officer," but the Rebel officer deliberately emptied his pistol and came out without being touched by bullet or blade. While the spirited encounter was transpiring around the captured pieces the first section of our battery was hurriedly passing up the main street of Culpeper when a body of Yankee cavalry made a dashing charge at us through the street, and came very near being successful in gathering in another bunch of boarders for some of Uncle Sam's magnificent boarding palaces, where they feast tamed and docile Rebels on oysters, beef à la mode, and fried eggs with ham. Nothing but good Rebel wind and first-class pluck for racing saved us from capture, for I heard a mighty clattering of sabers and scabbards, mingled with a din of rushing horses right close behind us, when we were running our best. The fight lasted till nearly night, and ended about three miles south of Culpeper Court House. We had two men of our company wounded in the fight, one mortally.

Late this evening the first section of our battery was detached and ordered to the Robinson River, with the Twelfth Virginia Cavalry, to guard the ford on the Orange Court House road. We arrived at the river at two o'clock to-night, and bivouacked near the ford.

September 14 — This morning at sunrise we forded the Robinson and put our guns in battery at a commanding position on the Madison side of the river, but we saw no enemy to-day except a few scouts on the hills about three miles away, on the Culpeper side of the river. We heard artillery firing this evening down the river in the direction of Rapidan Station. Bivouacked near the Robinson.

September 15 — Still guarding the ford on the Robinson.

## XVI

### OUR BATTERY IS TRANSFERRED

**SEPTEMBER 16** — To-day our battery was transferred to General Fitzhugh Lee's division of cavalry, which is camped at present about twelve miles east of Orange Court House.

Late this evening we said farewell to our old brigade of cavalry and started to join our new command. We left the ford little before sunset, and marched to Barnett's Ford on the Rapidan and camped for the night.

**September 17** — Renewed our march early this morning and moved four miles northeast of Orange Court House, where the rest of our company was camped, then we marched down the old plank road in the direction of Fredericksburg. We moved as far as Verdiersville, where General Fitzhugh Lee's command is camped, twelve miles from Orange Court House. An old-looking hotel and one dwelling house is all there is of Verdiersville. It is located in a rather poor-looking country, on the Fredericksburg and Orange plank road.

**September 18** — Rained nearly all last night, and to-day it poured down incessantly until ten o'clock, then the clouds rolled away, and for a while the sun shone from a bright midsummer-like sky; but it was too bright to last, for it soon again was curtained with dark, thick, angry-looking, piled-up thunder clouds that broke overhead in copious, drenching showers, accompanied with thunder and lightning. This evening we moved toward the Rapidan, and we are now camped on Mountain Run in Orange County, five miles from Raccoon Ford.

**September 22** — Early this morning we were ordered

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to Barboursville, which is about ten miles southwest of Orange Court House. We hurriedly packed up all our kitchen goods and camp chattels and were on the march early in the day, following General Fitzhugh Lee's cavalry. We passed through Orange Court House, came by Summerset, and at sundown we arrived at Barboursville.

All afternoon we heard artillery firing up the Rapidan. From all indications it seems that the Yankee cavalry is getting ready and ripe for a raid on Charlottesville or some other adjacent point on the Virginia Central Railroad, and we were ordered up here to Barboursville so as to be at a more convenient point from which to give the dear Yankee raiders a cordial and courteous welcome to Dixieland. When we arrived here this evening we put our battery in position near a church at the western edge of Barboursville, our guns bearing on the Standardville road.

General Jones' cavalry fought the Yankee raiders to-day at Liberty Mills, on the Rapidan, which, I think, checked the raiders somewhat and cracked the backbone of the contemplated raid. We are quartered to-night in a church, with our guns in position near the church doors.

September 23 — The raiders advanced to within six miles of us last night, then fell back toward the Robinson River.

We started in pursuit of the Yanks early this morning, but were unable to overtake their fast-retreating column, until late this evening, when our advance guard encountered their rear about five miles from the Robinson River. Our side gave chase and drove the whole concern across the Robinson, without much fighting or resistance. Our route to-day led us through a very rolling and hilly section of country, and we passed through nearly the whole length of Madison County.

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Sometimes we passed over hills and through farms, and kept as near the trail of the retiring raiders as possible, which sometimes led us along little winding dells, and then plunged us in deep ravines thickly covered with dense undergrowth and copse-wood. At various places along the track of the retiring raiders I saw dug-up sweet potato patches, robbed gardens, and raided corn-fields, which are all telling and striking evidences of the moral stamina, religious principles, and ethical sentiments that pervade the locality whence the raiders hail.

We crossed the Rapidan early in the day, some fifteen miles above Barnett's Ford. After the Yanks retired behind the Robinson we struck out for Orange Court House, crossed the Rapidan at Barnett's Ford, and arrived at Orange Court House at ten o'clock to-night. Camped two miles west of Orange Court House. We marched about fifty miles since we left camp this morning.

September 25 — A division of infantry passed our camp this morning, moving toward the Rapidan. We moved to our old camp on Mountain Run again to-day. The weather is getting coolish.

September 27 — Pleasant weather for soldiering. We had a hard frost this morning, the first of the season.

September 30 — We had company inspection to-day.

October 2 — Commenced raining this morning, and we had frequent and copious showers all day, and it is still raining this evening. Much rain in this particular section of country means roads deep with tough sticky mud.

October 4 — We were ordered to move camp this morning. We got everything ready to move, hitched up our horses to the battery and when that was done and we were all ready for the word forward the camp

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moving order was countermanded, and we undid all our packing and hitching up, with the conclusion to stay here a while longer.

October 9 — This evening our wagons were ordered to the rear and the battery to the front. We took three days' rations in our haversacks and marched to Raccoon Ford on the Rapidan. When we arrived at the Ford we immediately put our guns in position in an earthwork which thoroughly commands the ford, and is only about two hundred yards from the river. Along here by Raccoon Ford the land on the south or Orange side of the Rapidan is much higher than it is on the north or Culpeper side, or, in other words, the country along the river on the Orange is high and hilly, while on the Culpeper side it is low and level. If the Yankees take a notion at any time to fight us here, we will have decidedly the advantage in position.

There are great many earthworks thrown up on the hills along the south side of the river, both above and below Raccoon Ford. The Yankees have a strong picket line posted along the north bank of the river, and we have a line of pickets strung along the south bank. To-day the pickets were friendly and talking to each other like brothers, and, I think, doing some trading, bartering tobacco for coffee, and exchanging newspapers; to-morrow they may be shooting at each other like savages, for such are the possible amenities and incongruities of intestine war.

On the opposite side of the river and in front of our position is a beautiful level plain about three miles long and a mile wide. Looking from our present standpoint across the fields of Culpeper, we can see an immense Yankee encampment about seven miles away in the direction of Culpeper Court House, the white tents shimmering in the sunshine like little pyramids of snow.

Raccoon Ford is about ten miles from Culpeper Court

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House due south. We sleep by our guns to-night, which are in battery ready for action.

October 10 — All quiet in front, except some picket firing this evening after dark, at Mitchell's Ford, two miles below Raccoon.

October 11 — The Yankee picket lines along the north bank of the river stole silently away last night, like a ghost when it scents the morning air. Early this morning a brigade of Yankee cavalry crossed the Rapidan at Mitchell's Ford and drove our pickets back a mile; then General Lomax's brigade of cavalry and the first piece of our battery hurried to the rescue, and were soon engaged in a spirited fight. We opened fire on their cavalry with one gun, and after an hour's fighting we drove the enemy back across the river. There they held a strong position, with two pieces of artillery in battery. We advanced our gun to within about a thousand yards of their battery and opened a rapid fire on their position. The Yankee battery had the advantage in position, as it was on higher ground than we, and their shell and shrapnel shot raked the sod and tore the ground around our gun; but at last they were compelled to abandon their position, both by our artillery fire and General Fitzhugh Lee's cavalry, which had crossed the river and successfully charged and routed their cavalry support, which rendered their artillery position untenable, and the two Yankee guns struck out for the Rappahannock. After the enemy was dislodged from the banks of the Rapidan they commenced to retreat toward Brandy Station. Then we crossed the Rapidan at Mitchell's Ford, pursued and fought the retiring foe all day, with cavalry and artillery.

The enemy at a few places retired slowly and fought stubbornly; nevertheless we drove them back ten or twelve miles to-day, sharpshooting and skirmishing

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nearly all the way. At Brandy Station they made a desperate effort to check and stay our advance, by making a bold stand with dismounted sharpshooters, artillery, and cavalry drawn up on a little elevation in a splendid line of battle. Like a tiger that is pursued too dangerously near its lair and at last turns in desperation on its pursuer and offers deadly combat, so the Yanks that we chased all day at last turned and attacked us with such determined vigor and dashing intrepidity that for a little while it was difficult to see or tell how the spirited little struggle would terminate, and in which camp the bird of victory would roost to-night. When our cavalry first assailed the Yankee line it stood firm and received the fire of our cavalry with undaunted firmness and courage, and very soon afterwards advanced with a bold front on our position. Our cavalry wavered under the vigorous onset and at last gave way in a sort of stampedy, mixed-up, conglomerate style. Our men were falling back rapidly before the Yankee fire, some of them mounted and leading horses, others were dismounted and trying to sharpshoot; but the Yanks still kept coming on in good order and firing as they came, which hastened the ripening of our disordered mixture into that which came very near proving to be a full-fledged stampede. At that critical juncture of affairs Captain Chew, who had gone toward the front, came hurriedly back to where our guns were halted, and said to me: "For God's sake unlimber your gun quick, and fire; and rally this cavalry, or we are gone." I had nothing to fire at, as the struggling mass of mixed-up cavalry was right in our front, in a low strip of woods not more than a hundred yards from our guns. However, I unlimbered my gun and fired a few rounds across some pasture fields on our left, where my shell could neither do any good nor harm. Our firing had the desired effect of rallying our cavalry,

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and the sound of my gun also quenched the ardor and partially checked the vehemency of the blue line in our front, which but a moment before was boldly moving toward an anticipated victory.

When the enemy's line was checked, and while they paused for a moment in hesitation whether to hold their ground or advance and taste some Rebel canister, our cavalry rallied, took a long breath, assaulted the halting Yankee line, and drove it back whence it came. Just as the fierce conflict was subsiding at that point, it received a fresh impulse from another direction. General Kilpatrick, with a host of Yankee cavalry, came rushing down from the direction of Culpeper Court House, and rather in our rear, with General Stuart at his heels in hot pursuit, driving the Yankee column in whirlwind style toward the Rappahannock.

I saw General Kilpatrick's troops pass over the fields on our left seeming to move in tolerable good order for a large body, but were traveling at a top speed, without making any endeavors to check or resist the pursuing Rebels that were yelling on their trail; and in order to favor the retreating true blue with timely assistance in keeping up their rapid pace before the flashing sabers of Stuart we fired a few shell into the flying column as it passed us.

Little below Brandy Station Kilpatrick's command formed a junction with Buford's, and both together made their last stand for the day. They formed their line along a low ridge and rising ground, with their horse artillery in a strong position on higher ground in rear of their cavalry. After a little reconnoitering and careful maneuvering General Stuart and General Fitzhugh Lee attacked the enemy in their new position. For a little while the fight was severe, and the crash of small arms crept out over the evening air with a similar fierceness and frightful roar of an infantry battle, and

the deadly music was well interspersed with a deep hoarse growl of booming cannon on all sides. When our cavalry first attacked the enemy's position the Yankee batteries opened a rapid fire from the crest of the ridge, to which we promptly replied with a fire of like vigor. When the fight was in full blow General Stuart came up to our battery and requested a rifled gun to follow him to the Barbour house on a prominent hill on the right of the Yankee line, which position afforded an almost enfilade fire on the enemy's batteries. Consequently the first gun was detached, and we followed the feather to where the great and indomitable Stuart led. As soon as I saw the situation I at once perceived that the position, though a commanding one, was circumstantially hazardous in the extreme, from the fact that we had an enfilade fire with but one gun, on a four-gun battery. The position was prominent, the range comparatively short, and an enfilade fire never fails to draw a redoubled fire from an enfiladed battery.

When we put our gun in position right near the Barbour house the Yankee battery was firing on our cavalry and artillery in its immediate front, and paid no attention to us; but when we opened fire the whole Yankee battery turned its fire on my one lonely gun, and before I could make my third shot a thunderbolt from a twelve-pound gun struck my piece and crushed one of the wheels to smithers, and slightly wounded two of my cannoneers. We had just loaded our gun and were ready to fire when the twelve-pound solid shot came crashing through a little house that stood near our position and struck the gun carriage, then whizzed past us at a fearful speed and unhealthily close. When I saw the débris of the little house, such as shivered weather boarding, pieces of window sash, and fractured glass flying at us, and very sensibly felt the concussion of the solid shot, I thought that the hill had exploded.

The Yankee battery fired some six or eight shots at our position after our gun was disabled, but they were wasting their ammunition on a dead gun, for the time being. Soon after the Yankee battery ceased firing at our hill our cavalry made a bold advance on the enemy's whole line, and successfully charged and captured the battery that disabled my gun.

This last fight occurred just as the sun dipped behind the crest of the distant Blue Ridge, and by the time the twilight changed into the dusky shades of night the last sound of battle had died away and the Yankee cavalrymen were moving once more with their faces turned toward the friendly infantry camps along the banks of the Rappahannock.

We are camped to-night one mile south of Brandy Station.

October 12 — This morning General Stuart's and Fitzhugh Lee's cavalry started on a flank movement up the Rappahannock and around through Warrenton. The first section of our battery, with about two hundred cavalrymen of the Fifth Virginia Regiment under Colonel Rosser, were ordered to the Barbour house to serve and play as a sort of feint to detain, try, and deceive, and hold the Yankee cavalry in our front and on this side of the Rappahannock as long as possible, and until they get ready to look for General Stuart in their rear.

Our ruse business at the Barbour house played very well until about three o'clock this afternoon, when the Yanks discovered the hollowness of our pretensions and advanced on us in force and cleaned us off of the hill in short order and in double-quick style.

When they first came in range of our guns we fired some three or four rounds at them, but they meant business and refused to be checked by a few shell, but threw their heads down into the notch of stubborn determination and came on. We limbered up and left the

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hill in double-quick time and for about two miles we fell back about as fast as horse artillery can travel under extraordinary and emergent circumstances with a rear pressure under full steam.

After we had retired about two miles we unlimbered our guns and fired a few shells into a railroad cut through which the pursuing Yankee horsemen were approaching, but they saw how few men we had to oppose them and still refused to be checked by a few shells, but maneuveringly advanced on our position and compelled us to renew our retiring schedule, running about on the same time as we did before.

When we arrived within about two miles of Culpeper Court House in our precipitate retreat, we were reinforced by Colonel Young, of Georgia, with a regiment of cavalry and five pieces of artillery. Colonel Young is a doughty and courteous commander and a valiant and gallant fighter. When we arrived at his position he had his artillery in battery and his cavalry in line ready for action. As we were nearing his line, which was drawn up along the crest of a low ridge, we passed through a strong line of dismounted sharpshooters that were posted and rather concealed along a row of cedar bushes that extended across the field at right angles to the road, and about three hundred yards in advance of his artillery.

As we passed through the line of sharpshooters I heard some of the men exclaim: "Let the Yanks come; we are ready for them." It was but a few moments after we passed the waiting line of riflemen until the Yankee cavalry that pursued us some five or six miles came in sight, and soon afterwards in range of the sharpshooters' rifles, who opened a steady fire on the van of the approaching enemy. The fire at first was slow, but like the big drops of rain that skirmish for an approaching thunder-storm, merge into the incessant

roar of the descending shower, so the slow fire of the sharpshooters soon changed into the roll of a young battle, with booming cannon on both sides. The enemy put one or two batteries in position and opened a rapid fire on our line, to which we quickly replied with seven guns, and for a while the artillery fire was fierce and the roar of the guns almost drowned the sharp crash of small arms. Colonel Young's men fought well, and gallantly withstood the onslaught and repulsed our pursuers at last.

At dusk the Yankee fire began to slacken, and soon after ceased altogether, and the foe fell back toward the Rappahannock. We remained on the field in position about an hour after the firing ceased, and until everything in front had quieted down to peaceful silence; then we struck out for the Hazel River. We marched until way into the night. Camped to-night at Rickseyville, near the Hazel, about six miles north of Culpeper Court House.

October 13 — Early this morning we moved to the Hazel River. There we bought corn and hay and fed our horses. We remained there until noon, then renewed our march toward Warrenton. We passed through the village of Jeffersonton, forded the Rappahannock at Warrenton Springs, came through Warrenton, and are camped to-night four miles east of Warrenton. The Yankees burnt the large hotel at Warrenton Springs and also destroyed the gas works. A great many of our army wagons passed us to-day while we halted on the Hazel. This afternoon we passed General Ewell's infantry encamped just below Warrenton.

## XVII

### BRISTOE STATION

OCTOBER 14 — This morning at daylight we heard heavy firing in front and not very far away. General Ewell's forces passed our camp this morning just at daylight, going to the front at a double-quick whence came the thrilling sounds of actual war.

When we left camp this morning we turned off to the left of the Catlett Station road, and went to the Warrenton and Alexandria pike; just as we arrived at the pike General A. P. Hill's troops were passing to the front. Then the ominous sound of booming cannon still came rolling from the east through the quiet morning air, and the deep growling thunder of the war dogs swept over the Fauquier hills and died away among the distant peaks of the Blue Ridge. [We moved to New Baltimore, a small hamlet on the Warrenton pike, situated eleven miles below Warrenton. We halted there for our brigade, which arrived about two o'clock this afternoon, when we fell in with our cavalry and moved down the pike toward Manassas. We passed through Buckland, a small village of a few scattered houses, situated on Cub Run, in the eastern part of Fauquier County. We moved on the Warrenton pike as far as Gainesville, then turned to the right and marched toward Bristoe Station. It was then nearly dark and we were on the enemy's right flank and about three miles from their main body.] Some of General A. P. Hill's forces attacked the Yankees late this evening at Bristoe Station. We heard heavy cannonading and a fierce

roar of musketry in that direction this evening, but as yet have no tidings of the result. We are camped to-night in Prince William County, about three miles northwest of Bristoe. Bristoe is a station on the Orange and Alexandria Railroad, five miles south of Manassas. The firing we heard so early this morning was some of General Ewell's battery and Rhodes' division of infantry. They attacked the Yankees near Auburn Mills, in order to assist General Stuart and his cavalry to cut and force their way out through a column of Yankee infantry that was retreating during the night between Stuart's cavalry and our army, and which had entirely surrounded our cavalry unknowingly. This morning at daybreak General Stuart, with his command, surprised the Yankee infantry and cut his way through their column so successfully that his loss is not worth mentioning. A section of our battery was in there too, and got out safely.

— [October 15 — It was nearly noon to-day when we left our bivouac. We moved in the direction of Manassas and marched rapidly. At two o'clock we were on the broad and almost level plain of Manassas. The plain of Manassas proper is about five miles long and some three miles wide, with scarcely anything on it to show or tell that it is an inhabited section of country; here and there I saw a few old deserted dwellings on which Time is busily and successfully plying its destroying hand.

— At a few places I noticed some earthworks and field fortifications that were constructed by General Beauregard's forces in the summer of 1861. The works, too, are in the hands of the great destroyer, their faces being deeply seamed, — the work and ravage of passing rains and winter's frost, — the parapets thickly overgrown with weeds. I saw the house in which General Beauregard had his headquarters during the sum-

mer of 1861. It is a brick structure with a little grove in front, situated on a small eminence or swell that rises from the surrounding plain, about a mile north of Manassas Junction.

If it is true that the spirit of man loves to linger around the spot where the earth-imprisoned soul was released from its fetters of clay, then the gray gauze-like October haze that hung over the plains of Manassas this afternoon may have been full of invisible flitting spirits hovering over the scene of their last footsteps on earth and watching their own sleeping dust that is so thickly strewn over the silent plain where they shuffled off their mortal coil.

[We did not sight any Yankees to-day until late this afternoon, about a mile north of Manassas Junction; they were retreating toward Centreville. We pursued them until they crossed Bull Run at Blackburn's Ford, and then and there they said by actions, which sometimes speak louder than words, "This far you may drive us, but no farther." On the north side of Bull Run at Blackburn's Ford a wooded hill or bluff-like ridge rises abruptly from the bank of the little stream, and the hill affords a first-class position for artillery, as it thoroughly commands all the adjacent fields on the south side of the run.

Notwithstanding the impregnableness of the enemy's position our cavalry assailed it from the south side of Bull Run, with a heavy line of dismounted sharpshooters in advance; but we soon learned by striking experience, and plenty of it, that all efforts to dislodge the enemy with our small force, however discreetly they might have been made, would have proved perfectly futile, for when our line of sharpshooters got within rifle range of the enemy's position a line of infantry opened fire from the underbrush along the north bank of the run, and it seems that the whole hillside was full

of infantry hidden among the trees and bushes. When we first heard the infantry fire and saw the puffs of white smoke rising from the underbrush we put our guns in battery and fired a few shells into the hillside just to ascertain what was hidden along the verdant slope. We soon found out, for we stirred up a brisk and lively fire from a Yankee battery that was concealed in the thick brush about halfway up the hill, and from the way their guns thundered and their shells howled, they were heavier than common field pieces. I saw one shell plunge through a little clump of oak sprouts near my gun, and it mowed them down like a young tornado armed with a scythe, and judging from the way projectiles tore up the ground around us, and threw clods and gravel, their battery was hurling something at us about the size of a nailkeg, and regular ditch diggers.

The field we were on was perfectly level and our position was wholly and openly exposed to a raking fire of the enemy's battery, which was strongly posted on a higher and more advantageous commanding situation. Consequently after we had fired about half an hour and found that the enemy intended to remain on the defensive, we withdrew our guns under fire and fell back toward Manassas Junction. We are bivouacked to-night near the old headquarters of General Beauregard, and wood of every description is so scarce here that we could not find enough for stakes to make hitching places for our horses.

The position we occupied to-day when we were firing on the Yankee battery near Blackburn's Ford is on the same field where General Beauregard fought and repulsed the Yanks on Thursday evening, July 18, 1861, just a few days before the battle of Manassas. To-day as we were nearing Blackburn's Ford I saw a man's foot lying, with sole up, in the middle of the road. I

have no idea of how it got there, or whether it was severed from its owner by a shell or the surgeon's knife. All I know about the foot is that it was fresh, and its owner kept his feet much cleaner than I do mine, for it was the cleanest foot that I have seen since the war began.

[October 16 — Rained nearly all last night, and we had not the least sign of a shelter. This morning we moved back about two miles, then halted to graze our horses near the Manassas Gap Railroad, about two miles west of the Junction, and we drew our rations from persimmon trees, as we have been doing for the last few days.

This evening at dusk some Yankee cavalry crossed Bull Run and drove in our pickets. On the strength of the alarm we were immediately formed in line and put our guns in battery ready for action; but soon after driving in our pickets the Yankees recrossed to their side of Bull Run again, which left everything quiet along the front.

We bivouacked where we were in position, about a mile west of Manassas Junction.

This evening while we were in line the rain just poured down and put out every spark of fire that we had a little in rear of our position, and we were in total darkness the remainder of the night, with not even fire enough to fry our persimmons.

[October 17 — All quiet in front. We moved back about six miles this evening and camped on Broad Run, three miles northwest of Bristoe Station. Broad Run is a small miry stream traversing the western part of Prince William County.] This is Saturday evening, and we drew rations to-day for the first time since we crossed the Rapidan last Sunday morning. Our company has subsisted on the spontaneous productions of the country all this week, which means that we have feasted on

acorns and first-class persimmons ever since last Monday morning. The principal reason why we drew no rations all week is that we left our brigade commissary wagons behind the Rapidan when we started after the Yanks, and we have been moving so rapidly all week that the man who furnished filling for our haversacks lost sight of us entirely until to-day.

[October 18 — We forded Broad Run this morning and marched to Bristoe. Immediately after we arrived there we put our guns in battery, and about noon we first saw the enemy in the distance, advancing on us slowly from the direction of Manassas. They advanced on us steadily and very cautiously, with their indispensable, everlasting line of dismounted sharpshooters in front.

They came on and on, but we reserved our fire until their line arrived within about four hundred yards of our position, when we opened fire on them with four pieces and repulsed them speedily, and they retired toward Manassas. We remained in battery till dusk, then moved back to Cattle Run and bivouacked for the night. Cattle Run is a small ditch with water in it that crosses the Orange and Alexandria Railroad a few miles south of Bristoe. From our position to-day we saw the village of Brentsville, the county seat of Prince William; it is situated about two miles east of Bristoe Station.

October 19 — Rained fast this morning until ten o'clock, and the remainder of the day was clear and pleasant. Early this morning we moved back toward Warrenton, unpursued by the enemy; we fell back to Auburn Mills on Silver Run five miles east of Warrenton, where we halted and fed our horses.

After we were at Auburn Mills about two hours we heard cannon firing in the direction of Bull Run Mountain; I afterwards learned that the cannon we heard were General Stuart's guns. As quick as we heard Gen-

eral Stuart's opening gun we were ordered to move in the direction of its foreboding boom, and when we arrived within about a mile of Buckland we encountered the enemy, with cavalry and artillery posted right on the road. We instantly wheeled our guns in battery and opened a spirited fire on their cavalry, which was drawn up in column in the road. Soon after we opened fire the crash of small arms from our cavalry ran along our line, to which the Yankees responded with promptness, and in a moment after we opened fire the fight was in full bloom, carbines and pistols answering each other all over the field, and bullets zipping and whizzing in every direction; now and then the odious din of the fray was interspersed with the deep boom of cannon. Our cavalry fought valiantly and the enemy did not long withstand the vigorous and determined attack of Fitzhugh Lee's veterans, but soon began to waver, and at last broke away in full retreat, with our cavalry in hot pursuit. We followed them, and by dusk this evening we had driven them back to their infantry, when we abandoned the chase.

The main fight was near Buckland. General Stuart drew the Yankees after him, then General Fitzhugh Lee came in on their left flank, and as soon as General Stuart heard our guns in the rear of the column of Yanks that was following him he turned and pressed them toward Fitzhugh Lee's command. General Fitzhugh Lee is a gallant, doughty, and fearless commander, ever careful and always ready to meet the foe and measure swords.

We are camped to-night on the Warrenton and Alexandria pike eleven miles below Warrenton.

October 20 — Early this morning we were on the march for the south side of the Rappahannock. We crossed Silver Run at Auburn Mills, then moved in a southerly direction, leaving Warrenton to the west.

Silver Run is a small winding brooklet running through the central portion of Fauquier County. We struck the Rappahannock at Beverly Ford, and crossed to the south side this evening. It was deep fording, as our smallest horses had to swim or tip-toe it, and the current was a little strong, but we all landed safely on this side of the stream.

The Yankees have good earthworks and rifle pits on the north side of the Rappahannock, commanding Beverly Ford. The country we passed through to-day is all rolling, with a little narrow level strip along Silver Run, and that is about all the level land we saw to-day in Fauquier.

General A. P. Hill's troops are camped in Culpeper County near Beverly Ford. We are camped to-night near Beverly Ford, and in sight of A. P. Hill's camp.

October 21 — This morning we moved away from the Rappahannock, and we are now camped about two miles west of Brandy Station.

October 25 — To-day I was at General A. P. Hill's infantry camp, to see some of my old friends and acquaintances of ante-bellum days; they belong to Captain Rice's New Market Battery, which is connected with A. P. Hill's corps. While I was in their camp General Pendleton held religious services in the woods, and preached from the seventh chapter and seventeenth verse of John. His sermon was genial, mild, and full of unadorned truth, but the cold, raw northwest wind that swept through the woods and moaned a death song to Autumn with an icy breath through the bare leafless branches of the forest trees, rendered the condition of its reception most too uncomfortable and coolish to properly and fully appreciate the grandeur of its intended virtue.

October 28 — We moved camp to-day, and are now about one mile west of Brandy Station, and not far

from the residence of John Minor Botts. His house is situated about a mile and a half nearly west of Brandy Station and about half a mile from the Orange and Alexandria Railroad. It is located on a beautiful eminence which slopes gently down to a level plain that lies in front of the house and extends to the railroad. The house is large and plain, nearly square, built of wood and painted white; it faces toward sunrise and the railroad, and it has a large and stately portico in front. John Minor Botts is an eminent lawyer and politician, and a strong and pronounced Union man.

November 3 — To-day we were ordered to rejoin the battalion of horse artillery. This war business is full of mysterious — and to a high private in the rear rank — unaccountable movements. The horse artillery camp is only about three miles from where we were camped to-day, yet we started so late this evening that it will require two moves to reach it, for darkness overtook us before we moved a whole mile, and we stopped by the wayside and camped for the night, about half a mile north of the Botts house.

November 4 — We renewed our move this morning, and joined the battalion in camping about three miles northwest of Brandy Station.

## XVIII

### GENERAL LEE REVIEWS THE TROOPS

NOVEMBER 5 — We had a grand review to-day. General Stuart's cavalry corps and horse artillery passed in general review before General R. E. Lee and John Letcher, Governor of Virginia. We arrived on the field early in the day. A great many of the cavalry were then already arriving on the review ground from two or three different directions, and the whole field was soon covered with bodies of horsemen in their cleanest attire and best appearance, all carefully prepared and trying to look pretty for review. Some of us men tried to blacken our shoes by rubbing them over a camp kettle.

On the east side of the field on a small wave-like hill was a flagstaff with a large, new, beautiful Confederate flag proudly floating in the crisp November breeze. At twelve o'clock the troops were all formed and ready for the grand reviewing exhibition. General R. E. Lee and staff, General Stuart and staff, and Governor Letcher rode in a gentle gallop along the whole length of the line, then quickly repaired to the review station and assembled in the rippling shadow of the large Confederate flag that moved above their heads.

When the resplendent and brilliant little cavalcade, with the grand old chieftain, R. E. Lee, in the center, had settled down for business, the column of horsemen began to move like some huge war machine. The horse artillery moved in front, then came the cavalry in solid ranks and moving in splendid order,—horsemen that

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have followed the feather of Stuart in a hundred fights. General Wade Hampton's mounted band was on the field and enlivened the magnificent display with inspiring strains of martial music. The review was held on John Minor Botts' farm. After the review we came back to camp, when the first section of our battery was detached from the battalion and ordered to report to our old brigade, now commanded by General Rosser.

We immediately prepared to march after we received the order, and at dusk we left the battalion camp and started for Rosser's brigade. At ten o'clock to-night we arrived at Rosser's camp near Major's house on the Rickseyville road, about eight miles north of Culpeper Court House. We had very dark and difficult marching to-night on a cut across the country road; at one place one of our horses fell in a ditch, which detained us some little time to extricate it from its doubled-up, hors de ditch situation.

November 6 — Renewed our march this morning with Rosser's brigade. We crossed the Hazel, passed through Amissville, a small village on the Sperryville and Warrenton road, and arrived late this evening at Gaines' Cross Roads, in Rappahannock County, about fifteen miles east of Front Royal.

We are camped one mile west of Gaines' Cross Roads, in one of General Rosser's old camps.

November 7 — Remained in camp. This is a lovely and delightful place to camp, situated among the piled-up and rolling foothills of the Blue Ridge, where the roaming mountain wind that sweeps over the wooded slopes of the Blue Ridge dips down and breathes its pure, balmy, pine-laden breath around the grassy hill-sides and through the winding dells.

November 8 — Last night at twelve o'clock we received orders to march at daylight this morning to Culpeper Court House. The Yankees have crossed the

Rappahannock and our army is falling back toward the Rapidan. At daydawn this morning we started for Culpeper Court House; we had rough road part of the way, as we came through a hilly country. As we neared Culpeper Court House we heard artillery firing in the direction of the Rappahannock. We halted at Culpeper Court House for further orders and remained there until nearly sunset; then we were ordered to Stevensburg, a little village about three miles south of Brandy Station and about six miles from the Rappahannock River.

We started for Stevensburg immediately after we received the order, but before we got to the little village we learned that the Yankees had already taken possession and were holding it, consequently we took a circuitous route and moved back toward the Court House; when we arrived within a mile of the town we were ordered to Brandy Station. It was then night and very dark, but we moved a mile in the direction of Brandy, and our horses being tired and fagged we came back to the Wallet house and bivouacked for the night. The Wallet house is near Culpeper Court House, and on the direct road to Brandy Station.

It was about eight o'clock when we arrived here and camp-fires were blazing and gleaming in every direction by the hundreds, yes, thousands, kindled by General Lee's infantry. Here at the Wallet house all the negro quarters and outhouses are on fire and burning rapidly, which throws a dancing golden-reddish glare on the black curtain of night.

I heard cannonading on our left this evening at dusk. This evening as we were going toward Stevensburg I saw some of our infantry throwing up breastworks about a mile southeast of Culpeper Court House. From infallible indications and general appearance of all the surroundings and movements to-night I think that our

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army is preparing to move behind the Rapidan. Cold and windy to-night.

November 9 — Our army fell back last night and to-day to the south side of the Rapidan. All the blazing camp-fires that glowed on the fields of Culpeper last night was nothing but a programme of deceptive pyrotechnics for the special benefit and amusement of our Northern friends and visitors. We were rear guard to-day and covered the retreat of our retiring army. The Yanks advanced very slowly and cautiously all day, and we fell back just as slowly as the enemy advanced; we put our guns in position twice during the day, but did no firing. We fell back along the Orange and Alexandria Railroad. Camped to-night one mile from Rapidan Station. Very cold, with a little snow mixed with the weather. The country along the north side of the Rapidan here is low, wet, and a little marshy.

November 10 — This morning we forded the Rapidan at Rapidan Station, then moved in an easterly direction all day toward Fredericksburg. We marched on the old Fredericksburg pike, now a very rough road; at dusk this evening we struck the Orange plank road, about eighteen miles east of Orange Court House, and camped. The weather is very cold.

November 11 — We renewed our march this morning and moved down the plank road about four miles, then turned off to the left and moved in a northerly course through an almost barren section of country. About middle of the day we struck the Culpeper and Fredericksburg plank road at Wilderness Run, five miles west of Chancellorsville. We halted here and camped for the remainder of the day and to-night. We are now near the old field hospital in which General Stonewall Jackson's arm was amputated after the battle of Chancellorsville last May. The house stands on Wilderness Run, in a lonely place about half a mile

south of the Culpeper plank road; it is a good-sized farmhouse, built of wood, square, with two porticos and painted a dove color. From the apex of the roof a hospital flag still flutters in the cold November wind.

November 12 — Renewed our march this morning down the Culpeper plank road toward Fredericksburg some three or four miles, then turned off to the right and marched in a southerly course, crossed the Orange plank road and arrived at Spottsylvania Court House little before sunset; then moved down the Fredericksburg road and camped three miles below Spottsylvania Court House. The village of Spottsylvania Court House is composed of three dwelling houses, one church, the court house, and jail. The court house is brick, very small, and only one story high; a little portico at the side entrance and one at the front compose all the superfluous ornamentation on the exterior.

The country right around the village is nearly level, but the encroaching hills are not far away; from the general appearance of the land it is not very fertile. The principal part of our march to-day was through the Wilderness, a scope of country so called from its resemblance to a wild and barren waste. For miles and miles to-day we saw nothing but a vast plain nearly level, and covered with a thick growth of a kind of scrubby oak, averaging about fifteen feet in height and so thick and bushy that a man can hardly pass through the tangled mass. Here and there I saw a few cleared little patches, with a live hut in the center of each, that looked dismal, dilapidated, forlorn, and ought to be forsaken. The whole of the Wilderness is in Spottsylvania County.

November 13 — Remained in camp. This camp is nine miles southwest of Fredericksburg and right in a clearing full of dry pine brush piles and rabbits. In attempting to smoke out a rabbit some of our boys set

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the clearing on fire, and the whole company had to turn out and fight the roaring flames in order to save our pieces and harness from the ravages of the devouring conflagration. After the fire was subdued we took an invoice of our stock to ascertain the damages sustained, and found that we lost nothing but a few bridles and one or two horse collars.

November 14 — This morning we were ordered back to Orange Court House to report to the battalion of horse artillery again. We started for Orange Court House and marched about twelve miles to-day, and camped about nine miles west of Spottsylvania Court House.

November 15 — We had some hard thunder-showers last night, but to-day the weather was clear, with a cold northwest wind blowing all day. We marched all day and are camped this evening six miles east of Orange Court House.

November 16 — About the middle of the day we arrived at the battalion camp near the residence of Colonel Willis, one mile south of Orange Court House and half a mile west of the Orange and Alexandria Railroad.

Since we were detached from the battalion ten days ago we marched from Gaines' Cross Roads in the foothills of the Blue Ridge, by Culpeper Court House and Rapidan Station, to the vicinity of Fredericksburg, passing from the extreme left and beyond the extreme right of our army, a distance of over fifty miles.

November 18 — Yesterday evening at dusk we were ordered to report for immediate duty to General Fitzhugh Lee. In a few moments after our bugle sounded we were ready for forward march, and by the time that dusk donned the deep shade of night we were on the march with Fitzhugh Lee's cavalry, headed for the Shenandoah Valley, to intercept, repel or use up a

Yankee raiding party that is reported to be advancing up the Valley pike. Our speedy expedition is wholly under the superintendence and command of the invincible and gallant Fitzhugh Lee in person. The true cause and reason of the hurried and unexpected movement was occasioned by a raiding party in the Shenandoah Valley, and I think that it was Fitzhugh Lee's object to strike the Valley pike at New Market unsuspected by the raiders, cry havoc and unleash his veterans of war, and strike terror to the hearts of the raid and raiders, or, in other words, clean up the raid in regular Fitz Lee style. We marched rapidly all night, crossed the Rapidan at Liberty Mills, passed through Madison Court House at midnight, and at daylight struck the eastern base of the Blue Ridge, where the cavalry had made a halt. While we halted there with the cavalry General Fitzhugh Lee received a dispatch stating that the Yankee raiders were falling back down the Shenandoah Valley. Then and there the order to move to the Valley was countermanded, and we were ordered back to camp at Orange Court House. We countermarched forthwith and moved all day on the back track. Camped to-night two miles south of Madison Court House.

November 19 — Renewed our backward march this morning and arrived at our camp near Orange Court House, where we started from on the evening of the seventeenth. We crossed the Rapidan at Liberty Mills, about six miles west of Orange Court House.

November 25 — I was on guard duty last night, and observed an almost total eclipse of the moon; the eclipse commenced at two o'clock and ended at six this morning.

November 27 — The Yankee army crossed to the south side of the Rapidan yesterday, and late last night we were ordered to the front. All our baggage and

wagons were ordered rearward to Gordonsville, which is a strong indication that there will soon be a large fine battle on hand somewhere not far away, and from the way our infantry is moving there is fight in the air. At nine o'clock last night we left camp and marched down the plank road; little before daylight this morning we arrived at Verdiersville, twelve miles east of Orange Court House.

At sunrise we left Verdiersville and moved in the direction of Germana Ford on the lower Rapidan. We marched on an old road that leads from the plank road to the old Fredericksburg pike; we struck the Fredericksburg pike at Mine Run, and halted for further orders.

This morning we passed General Early's division of infantry going to the front. A great many of our infantry passed us to-day moving toward Mine Run and falling in line of battle as they arrived at the front. Our line of battle extends along Mine Run, and General R. E. Lee is ready and fixed to give the Yankees a warm reception if they dare to advance on his line.

We remained all afternoon just in rear of General Lee's line of battle, awaiting and ready for orders. There was some cannonading and sharpshooting in our immediate front during the afternoon, and some heavy cannonading and musketry fire about a mile to our right.

We are bivouacked to-night on Mine Run.

Mine Run is a small streamlet, as crooked as a snake track, traversing the northern part of Orange County, and empties into the Rapidan about five miles below Raccoon Ford. Weather very cold.

November 28 — We were ordered to be ready to march this morning at three o'clock; at two o'clock the confounded old bugle's shrilly sound screamed through the cold darkness with a chilling thrill, and the orderly

sergeant was running through the bivouac with his everlasting "Get out and get ready to march."

About an hour before daylight an order came for us to report to General Fitzhugh Lee near Moton's Ford, which is about two miles above Raccoon Ford and on the left of our line. We moved immediately after we received the order, and reported to Fitz Lee early in the day near the Moton house, and about four miles southwest of Moton's Ford. A little while after we reported to Fitzhugh Lee the Yankees made a demonstration as though they intended to make an attack without delay. We went in position right at Moton's house and kept our guns in battery all day, but the enemy made no advance on our part of the line, yet the country is blue with Yanks between us and the Rapidan. This evening at dark one of our guns advanced and shelled a piece of woods in which the Yanks had kindled their camp-fires and fixed to spend the night, but when our shells exploded among the tall trees and gently scattered a few whispering fragments of Dixie casting impartially around the camp-fires the enemy hastily bade us good night and disappeared toward the river.

Some little artillery firing along the lines to-day on the right and some sharpshooting near Raccoon Ford. Rained all day. Bivouacked with our guns in battery ready for action, near Moton's house.

November 29 — We moved our guns about four hundred yards to-day, to a more commanding and better position. Our battery now commands all the immediate fields around us. Some firing of small arms in the direction of Raccoon Ford to-day; at all other parts of the line quiet reigned. A cold, chilly, north wind that pierced to the bone swept over the fields all day. Bivouacked right by our guns to-night.

November 30 — This morning just as the first sunbeams touched the frosty hills heavy booming of can-

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non came rolling from the right of General Lee's battle line, and the fierce howling of the war dogs as it floated over the cold, crisp morning air, sounded very much like the opening chorus of an overture to a general engagement. But after the artillery fire was kept up for about three hours it gradually died away. Both armies are still in line of battle and ready to butcher. The weather is freezing cold.

December 1 — Both armies are still in battle line, but everything is peaceful and quiet along the lines, except some little artillery firing in the direction of Raccoon Ford.

December 2 — Late last night the whole Yankee army withdrew from General Lee's front and recrossed the Rapidan. I suppose that the Yanks learned from strict observation and practical experience that the ever-watchful and ubiquitous Lee, like a tiger crouched, showing its teeth, and ready to spring on its prey, was fixed and ready to strike an effective and telling blow at the first move that an enemy would make to creep closer to the heart of Dixie.

After the Yanks retired behind the Rapidan our forces broke away from the battle line and went into camp at the same place they were before the Yankees advanced. Most of the army wagons that had been sent to the rear came up to-day.

December 3 — This morning we were ordered back to camp with General Lomax's Brigade. The brigade moved back to the same camp it occupied previous to the enemy's recent advance. The camp is on the north side of the Rapidan, one mile below Barnett's Ford, and on the south side of the Robinson River. We arrived at General Lomax's camp this evening after dark. We forded the Rapidan at Paton's Ford; the current of the river there is rapid and the ford is very rough and rocky. This morning we passed the winter

quarters of a brigade of infantry. The camp is laid off in regular streets like a town, and the houses are all built of logs, with the interstices neatly and tightly daubed with clay, which make the houses all appear very comfortable. Every house has a fireplace, with a shapely chimney plastered on the outside with mud.

December 4 — We left Lomax's Brigade to-day and moved back to the horse artillery camp, which is in the same woods we left on the night of November 27 — one mile south of Orange Court House.

We forded the Rapidan at Paton's Ford, which is the first ford below Barnett's.

December 7 — As we have very few tents, nearly the whole company was engaged in the peaceful avocation of building quarters to-day.

December 13 — We had copious showers of rain last night, with a strong south wind, but the weather to-day was warm, clear, and pleasant. This morning our battery was ordered to report to General Lomax again, and at ten o'clock we left and started for Lomax's camp. We passed through Orange Court House and moved out on the Rapidan Station road till we arrived within about a mile of the river, where we were informed that the Rapidan is not fordable on account of the recent heavy rains. We halted then, and here, and camped. General Lomax's camp is on the north side of the Rapidan.

December 14 — General Lomax moved camp to-day to the south side of the Rapidan near Barnett's Ford. We moved up the river and are now camped a mile south of Barnett's Ford.

December 15 — As wood was very scarce where we camped last night, we moved this morning, and we are now camped little below Barnett's Ford, right on the bank of the Rapidan.

December 16 — We were busy to-day building

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quarters again, but we are getting rather discouraged with the building business, as we had to leave our houses that we built a few days ago the very next day after we finished them, and we have no positive assurance that we will remain here more than a few days.

December 17 — Rained all last night and to-day. A cold freezing wind blew from the north all night and froze the rain into a slippery sheet of ice nearly as fast as it fell. I got wet from top and bottom in bed, the torrents of rain that fell causing the water to run under me, which rendered my bed so uncomfortable and disagreeable that I had to leave it and seek the comforts of a camp-fire long before day. I was working in the rain all day, carrying rocks up a steep slippery hill for a chimney to our house, and by the holy Joshua, if we have to leave this house in a few days, like we did the first one we built, I build no more chimneys this winter.

December 21 — This morning we were ordered to Charlottesville, to go into regular winter quarters, sure enough. We left our house and chimney on the Rapidan and marched to Orange Court House; there we fell in with the remainder of the battalion of horse artillery, and struck out for Charlottesville. The roads are in a bad condition, the hills are rough, and the low places are deep with mud.

Some of our artillery horses are weak, worn out, worthless or false; they stalled several times during the day, and we had to push, pull, and start the pieces by man motor. Beautiful work and very desirable for an artillery man on a cold day, to push at a wheel thickly covered with two kinds of freezing mud. We passed through Summerset, Barboursville, and Stony Point. The latter place is merely a post office in Albemarle County, ten miles northeast of Charlottesville. We marched till ten o'clock to-night, and camped one

mile west of Stony Point and near the North Rivanna River. The country along the Rivanna is very hilly.

December 22 — We renewed our march this morning, but made little progress, as it took us the entire day to march six miles. Our horses stalled at every hill on the road. At one place one of the drivers became so vexed and aggravated at his balking horses that he dismounted and drew out his pocket knife with the determination to cut their throats; however, before he proceeded with the deadly operation he asked me what I thought of his intention. I told him it was 'most too late in the campaign, and that we were near the end of our march for this year, for anything of that kind. He hesitated a moment, with his knife open and ready to cut. I saw that he was in earnest, so I advised him not to commit the rash deed, as it might prove to be a serious affair in the end, when the officers of the company heard of the murder. He then put his knife in his pocket and went to work on his horses with a hoop pole.

We forded the north fork of the Rivanna this morning, which took us just three hours, in consequence of the ford being very icy and the south bank on coming out place slippery and very steep. One of our artillery horses fell down in the middle of the river and was very near being drowned before we could extricate it from the harness. One of the cannoneers stripped off his clothes and plunged into the icy water and assisted the struggling horse to rise from its perilous submerged situation. Late this evening we crossed the south fork of the Rivanna at Rio bridge on the Earleysville road, five miles from Charlottesville. We are camped this evening in a woods on the Earleysville road, about four miles from Charlottesville, and at the place of our intended winter quarters.

December 23 — Very cold last night and to-day.

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Nearly the whole company was busily engaged in building houses for winter quarters. Each mess puts up its own domicile. However, I am building one of my own without a chimney, as I have sworn off from the chimney-building business for this winter; I will be a boarder with my mess, but I furnish my own lodging.

## XIX

CHRISTMAS, 1863

**DECEMBER 25** — Bright Merry Christmas is here again, and so am I, right in the breezy woods to enjoy it, unhampered by the restraints of custom, the fetters of fashion, and thralldom of etiquette, ready and willing to hide away a first-class Christmas dinner if I had it. I am glad I am alive and whole, for during this year many a poor soldier whose sun of life glowed in the very zenith of manhood and glory was cut down and immolated on the altar of his country, like the full blown rose that sacrifices and casts its beauteous and fragrant petals on the altar of the passing storm. At sunrise this morning we fired two rounds from our guns in commemoration of the birth of Him who said, "Peace I leave with you, my peace I give unto you, not as the world giveth."

The menu of our Christmas dinner was composed wholly of beef with gravy and corn bread. Our mess was afraid to try anything new, as it might throw us headlong on the sick list in the busy season of house building. I was hard at work all day, getting raw material for the business end of our culinary department.

**December 26** — To-day we finished up our winter quarters ready for occupation, and discharged the building committee.

**December 30** — The whole company was engaged to-day in building and thatching brush sheds for our artillery horses.

January 1, 1864 — We finished our horse stable to-day. Snowed all afternoon, and is still snowing at nine o'clock this evening, as I am writing this by the dancing light of a pine knot in a little hut in the snowy woods of Albermarle.

January 12 — The company policed camp to-day. Some few of these soldiers that would like to belong to the human family and race are actually too trifling to keep their back yards and kitchens clean. They act as if they never heard the golden precept that "Cleanliness is the next thing to godliness," but practice and manifest every day that a hog loves to wallow in mud.

January 24 — I was at preaching to-day at Ivy church, in the country about two miles west of camp. The church is of an antique appearance and almost in a thorough readiness for ruins, and is small, low, and built of hewn logs. The windows are very small, with paper as a substitute for glass, which tempers the light most too severely and renders the church rather dark and gloomy; the walls inside are papered with newspapers.

In striking contrast to the dim, shadowy light in the little church, brilliant strain after strain of burning eloquence flashed and flowed from the unassuming little pulpit, as the preacher delineated and depicted how the beauties of truth, the virtues of unfeigned charity, and the unswerving practice of right and justice shed a sweet, golden, and unfading radiance on the pathway of the truly righteous and those that are Christians indeed, in worthy acts and honest deportment. He preached from the fifth chapter and twentieth verse of second Corinthians.

January 31 — I was detailed to-day with four men to guard Rio bridge on the Rivanna, about one mile from our winter quarters.

February 1 — I was relieved from guard at Rio

bridge at noon to-day. It was dark and rainy last night, and a heavy gloomy fog hung over the Rivanna from eve till morn.

February 28 — We had preaching in camp this afternoon by the Rev. Mr. Beach of Charlottesville. Text, eleventh chapter and twenty-eighth verse of Matthew.

February 29 — To-day the Yankees attempted a raid on Charlottesville and the Virginia Central Railroad. A force of about twenty-five hundred cavalry and two pieces of artillery, all under the command of General Custer, advanced on the Earleysville road and came within one mile of our camp before we were apprised of their approach. They were then advancing rapidly, and we were wholly unprepared for any such winter surprise in this part of the country. However, we hurriedly mixed up a drastic dose and administered it under unfavorable and difficult circumstances, yet it eventually had the effect of saving Charlottesville from the hands of the marauders. The raiders rushed in so suddenly on our camp that we had no time for preparation, even for a forced leaving, consequently many of our company lost all their baggage, and some of the men even lost their blankets. Our artillery horses were scattered all over the fields and we had scarcely time to get our guns out before the Yanks were right on us; in fact we had to fire some of our pieces in park, before we had our horses hitched up, in order to check the oncoming raiders long enough to give us a little precious time to say good-bye to our winter quarters and get our guns moved to a more advantageous situation. As it was, we had to leave our caissons in the tender care of the enemy, and abandoned all baggage and kitchen utensils.

By the time we had our horses hitched to the pieces and were ready to move, bluecoated horsemen were riding excitedly among our quarters, firing their pistols

and brandishing their sabers, trying to play thunder in general with the horse artillery. We rapidly got our guns out and to a good position, and opened a rapid fire on our own camp, which was then full of Yankee cavalymen destroying our winter home.

Our artillery fire completely checked the raiders, and they did not proceed any farther in the direction of Charlottesville than our camp. We had no support whatever in the way of sharpshooters or cavalry, and about two hundred horse artillerymen, including the lame, sick, and Company Q, with no sabers, very few pistols, and one old battle flag, with our guns successfully defended Charlottesville against the brave and gallant Custer, with his twenty-five hundred well-armed horsemen and two pieces of artillery. A little strategy seasoned with a large proportion of the finest kind of deception were the principal weapons and instruments with which the backbone was entirely and efficiently extracted from the great Custer's raid on destruction bent, without bloodshed on our side.

The undoing of General Custer's raid was accomplished in the following manner: We had sixteen guns in our battalion, all in position and ready for action after we got out of our camp. The guns in the artillery were served with as few men as possible, and Captains Breathed and Chew formed the remainder of the artillerymen into a newly composed regiment of cavalry, and drew them up in battle array just in rear of the artillery, with an old Confederate battle flag waving over the center of the pseudo cavalry line. There was not one rifle or carbine in the whole crew, a few pistols and one or two sabers composing all the dangerous arms; the rest of the men had sticks and clubs. Some of them had pieces of fence rails, and all sorts of representative sabers and carbines were on exhibition to make the command appear warlike, formidable, and danger-

ous. We kept up a rapid artillery fire until the enemy's cavalry begun to waver and retire toward the Rivanna. When they got beyond the range of our guns our motley cavalcade advanced and retired the enemy beyond the Rivanna. As a parting deception, with good effect, Captain Chew called out with a loud voice and commanding tone: "Tell Colonel Dulaney to bring up the Seventh Regiment." The Yankees heard it and struck for the safe side of the Rivanna. That ended the last act of the raid. Colonel Dulaney's regiment is at Mount Crawford in the Shenandoah Valley, but calling for it in the range of a Yankee's ear had the desired effect of discomfiting the doughty raiders at their last stand on our side of the Rivanna. The whole Yankee force retired beyond the Rivanna late this evening.

We moved back four miles south of Charlottesville, on the Scottsville road, and camped.

March 1 — The raiders have all retreated toward the Rappahannock, and about the only thing that they accomplished for the benefit of the United States is that they burnt our winter quarters, with such a stupendous loss to the sunny South that I think the Southern Confederacy is ruined and that it might as well take down its shingle at once and retire from business.

We came back to our old camp to-day and found nothing but desolation and ashes where our winter quarters stood yesterday morning. Personally I lost nothing but the best Confederate jacket that I have had since I have been in service. The marauders took it out of my knapsack and burnt it; I found the buttons to-day in a little pile of ashes near my lonely house, which is one of the few that escaped the fiery ordeal of yesterday's conflagration.

I suppose that the devout Yankee who burnt my Sunday jacket thought that he was immolating a precious and costly sacrifice on the altar of his country,

and that it would prove to be an acceptable offering to Uncle Sam's God, which of late years seems to be a demon of destruction.

March 3 — A flying report came to camp to-day that the raiders were again advancing on Charlottesville. We hitched up hurriedly on the strength of the report, and were ready with our guns to give them an old Virginia greeting, with shot and shell mixed in it. The report proved to be false, as there were no Yankees in sight or hearing, and we settled down again in the ashes of our old winter quarters.

March 4 — Another alarm reached camp to-day, that the raiders were advancing on our camp. We moved out on the Charlottesville road and were ready for their approach, but like yesterday the report was false. I wonder how and where all the flying rumors and false reports originate; I would certainly like to find the nest where they are hatched, just to see what kind of egg or germ it takes to produce such fallacious reports and how they are developed.

March 20 — This morning we were ordered to Gordonsville, to camp there until the campaign opens. We packed up at ten o'clock and left our winter resort en route to Gordonsville. We passed through Charlottesville, crossed the Rivanna half mile east of town, and camped to-night ten miles from Gordonsville.

March 21 — Renewed our march this morning and moved to within two miles of Gordonsville, and camped.

Gordonsville is a little railroad town situated in the southwestern edge of Orange County, and at the junction of the Virginia Central and the Orange and Alexandria railroads. The country right around the little town is level, and some of the land seems to be of good quality; but on the east side of town the chincapin bushes are close by, which is not a very good indication of a deep or fertile soil.

March 22 — Commenced snowing this forenoon, with a cold north wind sweeping over the bleak fields, which sends chilly feelings to the bones of soldiers without houses or shelter. It is still snowing very fast this evening.

March 23 — It stopped snowing last night, and every speck of cloud drifted away from the azure dome this morning before sunrise. Our common Mother Earth, on whose bosom we slumbered, was calmly reposing this morning under a white crystal counterpane ten inches thick.

April 2 — Rained all last night, with a cold freezing wind blowing from the north; this morning it commenced snowing, and snowed until midday. We have had a great deal of rain and snow since we moved to this camp; the ground is well saturated with water, and our camp is in the same fix, with deep adhesive mud of the finest grade.

April 3 — We had preaching in camp to-day by the Rev. Mr. Zimmerman. Text, Hebrews ii: 1.

April 4 — Left camp this morning on a fifteen-day furlough, the first thing of the kind I have had since the war commenced. There is a charming euphony and sweet music in the words, "Going home," such as those who never soldiered nor roamed ever yet have heard.

I took the train at Gordonsville. It was raining very hard then, and before the train reached the Blue Ridge the rain had changed to snow, and here at Staunton gentle spring is reveling under a mantle of snow four inches thick. When we were coming up the eastern side of the Blue Ridge it was snowing very fast, and the snow scene was beautiful and grand; every evergreen bush and shrub and the branches of the trees were gracefully bending and drooping under a burden of beautiful snow, and in a thousand places on the moun-

tain side the shiny green leaves of mountain laurel peeped out from under the glittering crystal shroud that was spread and hung over the mountain's rocky, irregular, and slopy breast.

The Central Railroad passes through the Blue Ridge in a tunnel seven-eighths of a mile in length; when the train shot suddenly into the little black hole to-day from the dazzling white outside it was like leaping from the brightness of midday and plunging into the blackness of midnight. The train arrived in Staunton this evening at six o'clock, and we furloughed men, of whom there are five, put up for lodging at the Virginia Hotel; we all slept in one room and our lodging cost us five dollars each. A meal here costs five dollars, and I will have to browse in order to satisfy the longings of the inner man or else I will not have enough Confed. to get me back to my command; five dollars for a nap and five dollars for a meal will soon, ah, too soon, clean up the contents of my pocketbook and ruin my credit.

Staunton, the county seat of Augusta County, is peculiarly situated in a kettle-like depression, environed nearly all around by abrupt and undulating hills in close proximity. The town contains some three or four thousand inhabitants, and is located ninety-two miles south of Winchester, and at the southern terminus of the Valley pike.

April 5 — I took stage-coach in Staunton this morning at six o'clock and arrived in New Market at six this evening. It snowed very fast until noon to-day, and the snow is about four inches deep here at New Market.

April 6 — At home now, and what next? Eat, sleep, and be merry,— who cares for war when I have a fresh furlough in my pocket?

April 20 — I wish this cruel war were over, for my furlough is out and I will have to strike out once more

for the tented field and be off for the war again. I left home this evening and came to New Market. These beautiful, bright, peaceful spring days of citizen life glided swiftly by like golden bubbles on the stream of time; they glowed and flashed and lo! they are gone.

April 21 — Took stage this morning at New Market and arrived in Staunton at sunset. When I got on the stage this morning I noticed a man on it wearing a Yankee uniform. He asked me whether I was going to Lee's army; I told him that was my destination. He remarked then that there would be some hard fighting this spring and summer, as their side was making great preparations for an aggressive, vigorous, and an active campaign, by filling up their regiments with new recruits, and, if anything, were increasing the size of their armies. He was in good humor, and I saw that he was no prisoner. I asked him what he was doing here in Dixie, and where he was going. He said that he was very tired of war and that he knew that there would be a great deal of hard marching and hot fighting this year, and the easiest way out of it all would be to desert and come South, which he did; and was now on his way to the south side of the Virginia Central Railroad, where, he said, Yankee deserters are allowed to roam at will.

I put up for the night at the American Hotel, but just for lodging, as meals cost five dollars and my pocketbook is now struggling in the last stage of consumption, and I am almost certain that the consumption will be sure to win, especially if I would do any eating at this house, as one meal would clean me up on the currency question until next pay-day. This is a beautiful, bright, balmy, spring night. Luna, queen of the stars, is sailing in a cerulean sea full of diamond-like isles, and not a single speck of cloud or mist stains the azure dome. The roofs and the spires and the verdant

hills that are piled up around Staunton all glow and shimmer in a silvery sea of moonlight. After nightfall I strolled through the principal streets, most of which as they approach the suburbs bend skyward as they mount the encircling hills.

I saw the lunatic asylum, institute for the blind, and the deaf and dumb asylum — all good substantial brick structures.

April 22 — I took the train this morning at Staunton and arrived at Gordonsville at noon. In passing through the Blue Ridge tunnel to-day I perceptibly felt the difference in the climate between the west and east side of the mountain; the west side was considerably cooler.

This morning when I got on the train at Staunton I met a citizen, an old acquaintance from New Market, who remarked that if I had any money about my person or pockets I would better be careful and look out a little for pickpockets, as he had just been relieved of fifty dollars in a rather mysterious and unexplainable manner. My purse was very flat and emaciated indeed, but I pushed it down a little deeper in my pocket for future reference. However, its inherent vitality was very low and its powers nearly exhausted. I stepped from the train at Charlottesville to buy a pie, but found that my poor flat purse was gone, sure enough, and I got no pie. Some hocus-pocus and sleight-of-hand performer without my permission extracted it from my pocket between Waynesboro and Charlottesville; the performance must have taken place while the train passed through the tunnel. My purse contained two Confederate postage stamps, three dollars in Confederate currency, and three quarter dollars in silver. " 'Twas something, nothing; 'twas mine, 'tis his "; he robbed me of that which not enriches him, but made me too poor to buy a pie. It must be a depraved and

despicable grade of rascality fortified in a big bunch of meanness that will rob a Confederate soldier in this year of 1864.

I arrived in camp this afternoon, two miles west of Gordonsville.

April 26 — We had artillery target shooting to-day; it was the first time we ever had anything of the kind since the war.

April 29 — I was on a spring ramble to-day on Peter's Mountain, about three miles west of Gordonsville. The mountain is smooth, but steep; the greater part of it is arable and some portion of it under cultivation. Peter's Mountain is a sugar-loaf knob rising from a range of hills or low mountains known as South Mountain; the range runs nearly parallel with the Blue Ridge, and is about twenty miles distant. The peak I was on far exceeds in elevation every other part of the whole range, and the crest of the peak, which is cleared and under cultivation, affords a grand and magnificent panoramic view of all the surrounding country. To the north, east, and south a broad expanse of undulating country stretches away to the dim distance, until the bending blue stoops down and kisses the verdant hills. A thousand fields are spread over the variegated and diversified sea of living green that was basking in the golden, genial sunshine of spring; here and there a dash of snowy spray is cast up by an orchard with a treasure of blooms in full array that gleam like dazzling islands of snow swimming in an emerald sea.

Five or six miles to the east the white tents of General Lee's army looked like vast herds of roaming sheep taking their midday siesta on carpets of nature's brightest and loveliest green. To the west the Blue Ridge lifts its bumpy and notched crest skyward, with its hollowy and ridged side studded with sunny fields and rural homes that hang like pictures on a crumpled,

mossy wall. One hundred miles from where I stood, and in a southwest direction, I saw the Peaks of Otter, the highest points of the Blue Ridge, in Virginia. With graceful sweep and gentle curve they shoot their storm-swept crests far up into the blue realm, piercing the home of the clouds. The Peaks of Otter are in the northwestern part of Bedford County. There is a signal station on Peter's Mountain and the red flag has been fluttering all afternoon, a sure indication that there will be some important movements on hand before many days roll by. I was at the station this afternoon; while I was there I saw some troops in the distance, marching in the northwestern part of Louisa County. I asked the signal man who they were, and he told me that it was General Longstreet's corps coming up from the direction of Louisa Court House and moving toward Gordonsville.

May 1 — I was in Gordonsville at church to-day. The Rev. Mr. Ewing, post chaplain, preached a fine and wholesome sermon from the eleventh chapter and seventeenth verse of Hebrews. He also preached in our camp this evening.

May 2 — A violent thunder-storm passed over our camp this evening. The storm raged severely for about two hours; it blew down all our tents and shelters and uprooted several large trees right in camp, which in their fall killed two of our horses.

May 3 — Our battalion of horse artillery was inspected to-day by General Stuart.

May 4 — I heard to-day that the Yankee army is crossing the Rapidan in great force, and that General Lee is on the march to meet it; if that is true, we will soon be in the middle of some bloody work. This evening at sunset we broke camp and are now marching to the front. Farewell, my peaceful cabin.

## XX

### THE WILDERNESS

MAY 5 — We were on the march all last night, moving in the direction of the Wilderness. I was so sleepy this morning just before day that I dozed and came very near falling off my horse. To-day about eleven o'clock we sighted the first new goods of the season in the way of live bluecoats; near the Wilderness we encountered a force of the enemy consisting of cavalry and artillery. They opened fire with their artillery and fired on our cavalry at first sight and right away, without wasting any time or opportunity, and were trying to do some ugly work from the start. We put two of our rifled guns in position and replied to their battery, but they had decidedly the advantage of us, both in position and the number of guns. We had only two guns engaged and the Yanks had eight, yet, as unequal as the first fierce conflict was, they did not budge us from our position with our two pieces. After fighting about an hour they ceased firing and we put in the last word and remained on the field an hour after the firing ceased; then we moved our battery to their left and flanked their position, thereby causing them to retire their guns and wholly abandon their first position. Undoubtedly the Yankee batteries did the best and most accurate firing to-day that I have seen or been around since the war; their shrapnel shot exploded all around and over us, and the everlasting ping and thud of slugs, balls, and fragments of shell filled the air with horrid screams for an hour, and the death-dealing mixture tore and raked

up the sod all around us like a raging storm of iron hail. We had three men wounded, two horses killed, and several disabled.

From the way the shell howled closely around me to-day, if the Yanks keep on handing them around with the same familiarity and accuracy that they did this afternoon I am afraid that they will harvest me before I will be ripe, and gather me in before the season is over and the campaign ended.

The field that we were in was covered with dry broom-sedge about two feet high, and the cowardly Yanks, although they had the best position and eight pieces to our two, attempted to drive us from the field by setting the dry broom-sedge on fire by shooting some kind of a something of the firework family at us, which, from its appearance as it came flying slowly and emitting a thick volume of inky black smoke, and blazing with glaring red fire, looked like a little bunch of hell. It ignited the grass, which burnt rapidly all over the field and right around, and even under our guns, but we stuck to our position and kept up our fire on the Yankee battery.

Late this evening we had a spirited little fight on the banks of the Po, a sluggish little stream and one of the headwaters of the Mattapony; at first we repulsed the enemy and drove them across the Po and back on their infantry. Then and there they made a bold stand and successfully resisted our assault and further advance. We recrossed the little rivulet then and camped for the night. The whole country between here and the Rapidan seems to be full of Yankees, and I expect that there will be some hot work in the fighting business to-morrow. To-day's operations transpired in the north-western part of Spottsylvania County just in the edge of the Wilderness. We did our fighting to-day under the supervision of General Rosser and in conjunction

with his brigade of cavalry. Our cavalry fought well and stubbornly this afternoon.

May 6 — Very heavy musketry and some cannonading for about three hours this morning, in the direction of Chancellorsville, which was the opening chorus of a general battle that raged furiously all day along our lines. Our battery was engaged nearly all day, and had some very warm and dangerous work on hand just on the right of General Longstreet's line. We fought cavalry and infantry, and were under the fire of a battalion of Yankee artillery for awhile, but held our position all day, and so did the Yanks in our immediate front. The fierce, sharp roar of deadly musketry filled our ears from morning till night, and a thick white cloud of battle smoke hung pall-like over the fields and woods all day along the battle lines. The smoke was so thick and dense sometimes during the day that it was impossible to discern anything fifty paces away, and at midday the smoke was so thick overhead that I could just make out to see the sun, and it looked like a vast ball of red fire hanging in a smoke-veiled sky. The country all along the lines, which is mostly timber land, was set on fire early in the day by the explosion of shell and heavy musketry; a thousand fires blazed and crackled on the bloody arena, which added new horrors and terrors to the ghastly scene spread out over the battle plain. A thousand new volumes of smoke rolled up toward the sky that was already draped with clouds of battle smoke. The hissing flames, the sharp, rattling, crashing roar of musketry, the deep bellowing of the artillery mingled with the yelling of charging, struggling, fighting war machines, the wailing moans of the wounded and the fainter groans of the dying, all loudly acclaimed the savagery of our boasted civilization and the enlightened barbarism of the nineteenth century. Even the midday sun refused to look with anything but a faint red glim-

mer on the tragical scene that was being enacted in the tangled underbrush where the lords of creation were struggling and slaughtering each other like wild beasts in a jungle.

We are bivouacked to-night just in rear of General Lee's infantry. The night is dark, and the woods around us are all on fire; all the dead trees scattered through the woods are ablaze from bottom to top, and the fire has crept out on every branch, glowingly painting a fiery, weird scene on the curtain of night, while the lurid woods throws a glare of sickly yellow light on the smoky sky.

It is now ten o'clock at night and the dreadful sounds of battle that rolled along the lines all day are stilled at last by the hush of night.

May 7 — The infantry armies have been quiet nearly all day, but the cavalry was fighting and skirmishing from early morn until dewy eve. Early this morning the Yankee sharpshooters charged to within a hundred yards of my gun and fired a volley at us, but did no harm. I fired a shell at them, which broke their line and retired them in disorder. We fell back then about half a mile, out of the brush and woods, to a better and open position; we remained in battery there all day, but the enemy did not show fight nor advance after we drove their sharpshooters back this morning.

Late this evening there was some heavy musketry on the right of General Longstreet's line, just to the left of our battery. Our orders to leave bivouac and hasten to the front this morning at daylight were urgent and pressing, and we had no time to prepare or eat any breakfast, which greatly ruffled some of our drivers. When we neared the enemy's line we awaited orders, and one of our drivers was still going through with the baby act about something to eat and having no breakfast. Just then General Stuart and staff came along

rather on the reconnoissance order, and halted a moment in the road right where we were, and heard the gallant grumbling and childish murmuring of our hungry man, and the General rode up to him and through pure magnanimity gave our driver two biscuits out of his own haversack.

This evening at dusk we left our position and moved a little distance to the rear, and bivouacked.

May 8 — This morning we went back to the same position we left at dusk yesterday evening, but the Yankees seem to be getting very uneasy in the Wilderness and are trying to back out or flank out, and in their maneuvering to-day they flanked around our right and compelled us to abandon our position. Consequently we fell back and moved to our right too, in order to intercept and if possible rebut their flanking advance. We pierced their flank and had a spirited little engagement early in the day, but the enemy proved too strong for our force, as their cavalry advanced in conjunction with their ever present infantry, and we had nothing but cavalry and our battery. We retired about a mile and took a good commanding position at the Dobbins house, and awaited the approach of the huge wriggling war machine that was trying to extricate itself from the intricacies of the Wilderness by stealthily gliding around the bristling bayonets of General Lee' infantry.

The enemy did not advance on our new position until late this evening, when they came with a very heavy line of infantry skirmishers in front; I fired about forty shell from my gun at the slowly and cautiously advancing line, which at last yielded to my fire and fell back, and soon after made a flank movement on our position. We held our ground until their sharpshooters advanced to within three hundred yards of our guns, and were still coming on; then I fired one charge of canister at their line, after which the battery was ordered to lim-

ber up and fall back. When we started back from our position the Yankee line halted and did not advance any farther this evening. I suppose that they were afraid of some hocus-pocus, spider, fly, and parlor business, and fell back. This evening at dusk we fell back a little distance from the Dobbins house and bivouacked. The whole country in our front is full of Yankees.

May 9 — The orderly sergeant and I bivouacked last night about two hundred yards from the company bivouac and in a secluded little nook of brushwood. At midnight the company received marching orders and moved away and left us, in our leafy chamber unfound, plunged in the profound and velvety depths of nature's charmed restorer, where we unconsciously lingered under the dreamland trees until broad daylight.

When we awoke everything around was still, and quiet reigned supreme; the battery was gone, and we had no idea when it left or which way it went, and as we were not far from the Yankee line when we arrived yesterday we were not certain this morning at first thought but that the blue lines swept past us during the night. We hurriedly put ourselves in marching order and cautiously proceeded in the direction of Spottsylvania Court House, as men without a company searching for our command; after about a two hours' hunt we found our battery at Shady Grove on the Spottsylvania Court House road, some four or five miles from where we bivouacked last night.

General Grant, who is in command of all the Yankee forces in the army of the Potomac, is getting out of the Wilderness by moving to his left and toward tide-water. His first forward march to Richmond through the Wilderness went up in death, defeat, and frustration, and the next move will be by the Wilderness, on toward the Rebel capital. But before he fights another week he will learn that he is not fooling with General Pemberton at

Vicksburg. Our army is moving rapidly to the right, trying to keep up with General Grant's flanking process and base-changing business. General A. P. Hill's corps passed us at Shady Grove, marching rapidly toward Spottsylvania Court House. About two o'clock this afternoon some Yankee batteries commenced shelling some of General Lee's wagon trains on the Spottsylvania Court House road about five miles northwest of the Court House. A whole corps of Yankee infantry was advancing toward the same point in the road at which their battery was firing. We were ordered there in double-quick time, and when we arrived at the point in the road that the enemy was shelling we went in battery and immediately opened a rapid fire on the Yankee battery; when we opened we were under the impression that there was nothing there but a battery, and perhaps a few cavalry raiders, but after we fired about forty shell I saw a column of infantry debouch from a wood on our left front, headed for our position and coming right at us. When they arrived at a point for good rifle range they threw out a heavy skirmish line and opened fire, and still came on with overwhelming numbers. We had no support whatever, but we stuck to our position until the Yankee infantry commenced pouring a heavy fire into us at close range; then we left in double-quick style amid a storm of Yankee bullets and shell. Just as we were limbering up to leave, a shell from one of the Yankee batteries exploded right over one of our teams, and the fragments screamed fearfully for a moment. One of our drivers was struck by a fragment and rolled off his horse, frightened and fully convinced that he was seriously wounded. He looked as white as a sheet, and I knew that he already felt the pangs of his terrible wound; but when he looked for blood and was searching for the gaping flesh he found nothing but a half-pound fragment of warm cast-

ing in his trousers pocket, which had lodged there from the exploded shell, and that was happily the whole extent of his serious wound. After we were driven from our position we moved back to Shady Grove and camped for the night.

May 10 — This morning the Spottsylvania Court House road was clear of Yanks. We moved out on the road and put our guns in battery near the same place where we were driven from yesterday. We remained there in position until midday, and sighted no game; then we moved round to the Louisa Court House road southwest of Spottsylvania Court House.

May 11 — We were inoperative to-day, until late this evening, when we were ordered to the front, as the Yankees were advancing on our left. When we arrived at the front the enemy had already retired, and we returned to camp. Thunder-showers this evening.

May 12 — This morning at two o'clock the cannon commenced booming in front, which was the ushering in of the preliminary performance and introduction of the bloody battle of Spottsylvania Court House. As the deep foreboding roar of artillery came rolling through the midnight darkness, it bore the thrilling message that another horrible slaughter was tapping at the door of the near future and that its bloody footsteps were already sounding on the threshold of the tragical arena. At daybreak we were ordered to the front to take part in the great death play that was then already fiercely inaugurated and howling with a hideous roar. Before we arrived on the field the battle had commenced in earnest, the musketry raging furiously, while roll after roll and volley after volley surged and raved along the lines with a deafening roar and fearful crash.

The artillery fire was not near so heavy as it was at Gettysburg, yet at some places along the lines the cannons boomed rapidly and fiercely and the screaming

shell filled the trembling air with whizzing fragments and pinging slugs. The musketry was undoubtedly the heaviest that I have ever heard on any field, and it is utterly incomprehensible how men can face the storm of lead, and stand under such fire and live, as raged along the lines to-day. When we arrived on the field our battery was ordered to the extreme left of our battle line; we immediately proceeded to our assigned position and put our guns in battery in a good commanding position on a gently sloping hill, which also afforded us a fine view of the enemy's line on their extreme right and the northwest portion of the battle-field. We were not engaged until this afternoon, when we opened fire on a Yankee battery of eight guns that was in position, in a good field fortification on the right of their battle line, and a little lower in elevation than our position. The Yankee gunners that fired on our battery certainly put in some fine work in the shooting business; nearly every shell they fired at us exploded either just in front of our guns or right over our heads, and sometimes their exploding shrapnel sowed the leaden slugs around us apparently as thick as hail.

After we were firing about an hour a shell from the Yankee battery exploded right in front of my gun, and I saw a good-sized fragment that was whizzing fearfully and searching for something to kill. It came right at me as though I was its sure game, but I quickly jumped across the trail of my gun in order to clear the path for the little whirling death machine that was after me and was ready to call me its own dear Rebel. It passed me with a shrill snappish ping, and with a thud it ripped up the ground just in rear of where I had been standing; if I had not seen it coming and quickly jumped out of its path it would have struck me square in front just below the breast, which would have undoubtedly labeled me for transportation to the silent city. But a

miss is as good as a mile, and when the fragment that was courting familiarity had passed over me I jumped back to my place at the gun, and the very next shell I fired struck and exploded a limber chest in the Yankee battery; immediately after I fired I saw a dense telltale column of smoke shoot up in the air from the enemy's position, and then I knew that my shell had done some ugly work among the ammunition boxes of our brethren in blue.

We had no way of ascertaining the extent of damage that the explosion scattered around, but it must have been considerable, as it silenced the Yankee battery for the remainder of the evening; if they were satisfied to wind up our little act in the great tragedy by ringing down the curtain for a little explosion I am sure that I had enough, and was willing and glad to quit.

After the firing ceased we held our position until nearly dusk, and when we left the field the Yankee battery was still in the breastwork from which it fired at us this afternoon — until we planted a young volcano among their ammunition chests.

During the battle I saw a Yankee shell explode in front of one of our batteries. The butt end of the shell struck one of the drivers in the breast and went through him; when it struck him he jumped up about a foot from the saddle, then fell to the ground stretched out in full length, and never struggled.

The battle-field of Spottsylvania Court House is undulating and diversified by hills and hollows, woods and fields, brushwood and thicket. It rained nearly all day, and sometimes when the rain poured down the hardest and almost in torrents the musketry was heaviest. It looked as if Heaven were trying to wash up the blood as fast as the civilized barbarians were spilling it.

The engagement was general along the whole line and the battle raged furiously all day. I have no idea

what General Grant expected to accomplish to-day, but if he thought that he could break through General Lee's line and slip to the citadel of Dixie by pounding on the front door with a sledge hammer he is a much disappointed and mistaken general this evening, for General Lee's line is as impregnable this evening as it was this morning, if not more so.

We had but one man wounded in our battery in the fight to-day. This evening at dusk we withdrew from the field and moved to the rear about two miles, and bivouacked by the roadside.

May 13 — Last night at two o'clock we received marching orders, and soon afterwards we were on the march through rain and thick darkness. We moved farther to our right and marched to within about two miles of Spottsylvania Court House, and in front of the enemy's works. Some little sharpshooting along the lines to-day, with now and then a cannon shot mixed in, but no other fighting of any consequence. Our battery did no firing to-day. It rained all last night, the ground is very wet and soft, and the roads very muddy. We bivouacked to-night in front of the enemy's works, with our guns in battery ready for action.

May 14 — We were in position in front of the enemy's works all day, until late this evening, when we fell back just a little distance to the rear of our position and bivouacked. There was some sharpshooting along the lines during the day, and some artillery firing. I think that General Grant has arrived at the place where he does not exactly know what to do, nor how to do it. The stubborn and unyielding wall of bayonets of the strategical and ubiquitous Lee is forever interfering with, and very seriously interrupting, every step of the blue host's onward march to Richmond.

Thunder-showers this evening.

## XXI

### AFTER THE BATTLE

**MAY 15** — All quiet along the lines to-day except some little skirmish firing to our right.

The Yankees have abandoned their works on the right of their line in our immediate front, and it seems that General Grant is once more changing base by moving to the left. He has entirely abandoned his Richmond trip through Spottsylvania Court House. For ten days General Grant, with an overwhelming force, has been thundering, thumping, and hammering with unabated vehemency at the little barrier of Southern steel that is day after day unwound and unfolded, and opportunely interposed and nicely maneuvered by the master hand of General Lee, between this modern Ulysses with his well equipped host and the heart of Dixie. But the living wall still stands and is as dangerous as ever, and General Grant is still searching and hunting for a weak place whereby he may butt his way through and onward to Richmond.

To-day I wandered over a portion of the battle-field in front of our works where the bloody and sanguinary conflict raged in its wildest frenzy three days ago. Hundreds of the enemy's dead are still unburied, lying on the field where they fell, and as evidence of the enemy's desperate and furious assaults to break through General Lee's line some of their dead are lying within six feet of our breastworks.

At several places I saw where the musketry fire had been so heavy and terrific that all the bushes and under-

brush along and in rear of the lines were cut down clean, and there is not a twig on the trees that does not show the nipping bite of a bullet. The trees that stood in the leaden shower are all splintered and shivered, and look as if all the woodpeckers in creation had been at work on them for a month. Some men — and not a few — when they get under a heavy infantry fire become wild with excitement, while others are frenzied with fear, and while in that state they shoot any and everywhere; some of them fire at the moon. I saw large pine trees that stand just in rear of where our infantry line stood, and the trees are full of Yankee bullets from bottom to top; a great many of the bullet marks are fifty feet from the ground. At one place a thick growth of pines covered the ground in rear of General Lee's breastworks, and in front is a sod field, dipping with a gradual slope toward our works; the pine trees along the line and for a hundred and fifty yards or more were all cut down by a terrible artillery fire from the enemy's batteries. The trees were from four to eight inches in diameter and were cut off about twelve feet from the ground. In front of that place the enemy made several desperate charges across the open field trying to break our line, but were repulsed every time with fearful slaughter, and to-day the field is still covered with the dead in blue sleeping their last sleep. The whole country around here is covered with breastworks and field fortifications. Damp, rainy day.

May 16 — Rainy this morning; clear and pleasant this afternoon. All quiet along the lines.

May 17 — Our army is still in battle line and ready for fight, but I heard no firing of any kind to-day.

May 18 — Both armies are still in position facing each other and ready for fight. There was some heavy cannonading at several parts of the line this morning and also some musketry.

May 19 — Both armies are still in line, growling and skirmishing. It seems that General Grant is afraid to strike when he knows that General Lee is watching him. This afternoon our battery started on a reconnoissance with General Rosser's brigade of cavalry, to the right and rear of the Yankee line. When he drew toward the rear of the enemy's works some of General Ewell's forces that were on a little flanking excursion, and feeling around some dangerous point, struck up a severe little battle with some Yankee infantry that were looking for Rebels in the rear. For about an hour the musketry was very heavy; we fired only two shots in the fray merely to cool the ardor of the Yankee infantry and to acquaint them of the fact that we had something around there a little heavier than a common musket. The encounter occurred late this evening, and immediately after the fight we started back to camp, where we arrived at midnight.

May 20 — We were inoperative to-day, but the battle lines are moving. General Grant is still changing base by the left flank, and is wriggling his great war machine toward tide-water.

May 21 — This morning we left the field of Spottsylvania Court House and marched for Milford, a station on Richmond and Fredericksburg Railroad; Milford is situated near the center of Caroline County. The Yankees took possession of Milford to-day, and late this evening we encountered them two miles west of the station. They were in a pine thicket, and we fired some six or eight shell into their covert, in order to draw them out and show their hand, and also to ascertain their strength and intentions; but they took our fire in silence, behaved themselves, and remained in the thicket.

We are camped this evening about four miles southwest of Milford, on the Hanover Junction road. The

country we passed through to-day is rolling and the land is apparently of a rather poor quality.

May 22 — This morning we put our guns in position on the Hanover Junction road about four miles from Milford. After we were in position about two hours the enemy advanced on the road slowly and cautiously, and we retired without firing, to the south side of the Pole-cat, and took a good commanding position near the little stream; but the enemy did not advance on us there. We remained in position until nearly night, then fell back to the North Anna, and camped for the night.

The North Anna is one of the principal head streams of the Pamunkey, and is the boundary line between Caroline County and Hanover. The Pole-cat is a little run-like rivulet in Caroline County, between Milford and the North Anna; the country along the little stream is level and the land is of good quality. Weather hot.

May 23 — Early this morning the Yanks advanced on us at the North Anna River. We put our guns into battery on the north side of the river and opened fire on the advancing cavalry; we held them in check for a few hours. We had two regiments of infantry supporting our position, and General Rosser's brigade of cavalry was in front between us and the advancing enemy. But as the morning wore away toward the middle of the day the Yankee infantry advanced in force and fixed for business; then we fell back to the south side of the North Anna, and put our guns in battery on the southern heights in a good commanding position.

Where the Hanover Junction road crosses the North Anna the country is low and level on the Caroline or north side of the river, and on the Hanover side the land is much higher, and rises in bold bluff-like hills right from the river bank. On top of one of the hills we had our pieces in position, close to the river and not far from

the ford. There are some old earthworks on the hills along the south side of the river; I suppose they were thrown up in the summer of 1862, when General McClellan tried his hand on Richmond.

The enemy in our front advanced to within about a mile and a quarter of our position and established a battle line along the edge of a woods, with their cavalry in front of the infantry line. We opened a slow and steady fire on their line and shelled it for a while, but when their line clung to the woods and did not advance usward any farther we ceased firing in order to save our ammunition for close work in case the enemy would have attempted to force the river.

After we ceased firing and were looking with uneasy anxiety every moment for the Yankee line to advance on us and attempt to ford the river, our cavalry in the meantime was busily engaged in clearing the decks for action, by tearing away fences and piling up rails in a sheltering breastwork fashion on the hills around us.

A spirit of disquieting uneasiness and subdued excitement seemed to prevail among officers and men as they gazed at the glittering line of the foe that was menacing us and ready to rush across the plain in our front at any moment and attempt to crush and wipe us out. To enhance the awe-inspiring grandeur of the martial scene and array, a flashlight of friendly relief gleamed across the threatening battle-cloud that was ready and throbbing to burst into battle's fiery storm at any instant. Then I heard the beating drums sounding the alarming thrill of the long roll in General A. P. Hill's camp, about a mile away in the direction of Hanover Junction, which meant "to the rescue" of the cavalry and horse artillery. After we had endured the nerve-trying suspense for an hour or so, and every man was standing at his post ready for the fray and to do or die, some one remarked: "Yonder comes a carriage

across the field." As it was an unusual occurrence to see a carriage drive on a field that was stripped ready for fight, I looked to the rear and saw a carriage with a single horseman riding behind it, coming right toward our position where we had our guns in battery. The carriage drove up close to our guns and stopped. When the door opened who should step out but our beloved and confidence-inspiring General Robert E. Lee, and the first glimpse of the grand old chieftain instilled new life and vigor into the whole command and dispersed the gloomy mist which was gathering around the star of Hope and lifted a burden of momentous anxiety that had settled along our line; I felt like a new man all over.

General Lee came right to where my gun was in position and leaned against a large pine tree not more than ten feet from my piece; he then, without the least sign of agitation, slowly drew his field glass from the case and carefully scanned the enemy's battle line; he commenced the scrutinizing gaze at the right of their line on that part which was farthest up the river. After he swept from end to end with his glass he turned around and remarked to the horseman that accompanied him, "Orderly, go back and tell General A. P. Hill to leave his men in camp; this is nothing but a feint, the enemy is preparing to cross below." Then he put his glass back in the case, got in his carriage and went back toward Hanover Junction. A single glance from the old warrior's eye, like a flash of genius, instantly penetrated and fathomed the depths of the enemy's design, for in less than ten minutes after he left his carriage he was back in it again and on his way to some other point lower down the river. As the day rolled by the developments of the enemy's manipulations and maneuverings proved the infallibility of General Lee's judgment and quick perception, for the enemy is now this evening

crossing the North Anna below, just as he predicted, and the demonstration at the ford where we were was nothing but an extensive and well-planned feint.

We remained in position until nearly night, then we were relieved by a couple regiments of infantry and a battalion of artillery, and we moved back to Taylorsville, four miles due south of Hanover Junction, and camped. Taylorsville is composed of half-a-dozen houses situated on Little River and on the Richmond and Fredericksburg Railroad. Little River is a small stream between the North and South Anna, and empties into the North Anna. Weather hot and roads dusty.

May 24 — We remained in camp all day. The Yankees are on our side of the North Anna in great force, and from all accounts the country along this side of the river is thick and full of them.

May 25 — We were ordered to the front this morning, southwest of Hanover Court House. The Yankees are in heavy force in our immediate front. However, we did no firing to-day, as all seems to be quiet along the front. We are camped this evening near Hanover academy, about six miles from Hanover Junction. We passed Fork Church to-day, one of the oldest churches in Virginia, and it is still a good substantial building. It is built of brick that was imported from England. The church is built in a style that resembles very much our modern country churches, except that it has a portico in front like a dwelling house. Heavy thunder this evening.

May 26 — Rained very hard this morning for about three hours. We remained in camp to-day.

May 27 — Last night the enemy abandoned their position in our front and are still moving by the left flank, and to-day we moved farther to our right in order to keep an eye on the enemy's base-changing operations.

We crossed the South Anna, one of the principal head-streams of the Pamunkey, draining the southwestern portion of Louisa County. The North and South Anna unite and form the Pamunkey near the southern point of Caroline, about three miles, the way the bird flies, northwest of Hanover Court House.

We were on the march and prowling around until midnight. Camped near Hughes' Cross Roads, about ten miles from Richmond, and near the Chickahominy. We passed through Ashland to-day, a beautiful little town pleasantly situated on the Richmond and Fredericksburg Railroad, sixteen miles north of Richmond. To-day we passed long trains of General Lee's army wagons, moving toward our right.

May 28 — We renewed our wandering march this morning and marched toward the Pamunkey. We crossed the Virginia Central Railroad, at Atlee's Station, about eight miles from Richmond, then moved on a road that leads nearly due east through Hanover town to the Pamunkey. To-day the enemy crossed to the south side of the Pamunkey, with a large force of cavalry, infantry, and artillery. We saw the Yanks, and the whole country swarmed with them in our front; we had nothing to oppose their onward march but a small force of cavalry and two batteries of artillery.

General Hampton attacked the van of the enemy's advance this afternoon at three o'clock near Old Church, about two miles from the Pamunkey. The fight was spirited, determined, and lasted till dark; the musketry was heavy at times on the Yankee side, as they had infantry engaged. Our cavalry fought gallantly and stuck to their position stubbornly, and repulsed two charges that the enemy made on our line, but late this evening we were forced to retire a short distance,— not more than three hundred yards,— as the enemy's force was overwhelming and composed of a heavy force of in-

fantry in addition to their cavalry. Our battery was under fire, but we did no firing, as the lay of the field and the peculiar conformation of the lines were unfavorable for artillery firing.

Late this evening we fell back to the south side of Tottapotamy Creek, a small stream just in rear of our line, and bivouacked for the night. General Breckinridge's forces passed our bivouac at dusk this evening, going to the front; they won't go very far before they will bump up against some lively game in the shape of Yankee infantry that General Hampton's cavalry were fighting this afternoon.

The country along the Pamunkey in the lower part of Hanover County is mostly level. Weather sunny and hot.

May 29 — We remained in camp to-day until noon, then moved in a meandering direction bearing westward toward the Chickahominy. I do not know where we have been to-day, only that we have been wandering over Hanover County. There are no prominent landmarks in this section of country such as high hills or mountains whereby a roamer may at all times get his bearing. I was so lost to-day as to directions that I sometimes thought that we were moving around in a circle. Late this evening we arrived at Hughes' Cross Roads, where we started from yesterday morning.

We did not encounter any Yanks to-day. However, we were on a very warm trail at one time and put our guns in battery, but did no firing. General Breckinridge fought a hard battle to-day and defeated the enemy on Tottapotamy Creek, where we fought yesterday.

May 30 — This morning we moved about a quarter of a mile out on the Hanover Court House road and put our guns into position, as there is plenty of game in that direction. The enemy was advancing slowly and

cautiously on that road this morning, but they did not come in range of our guns. Our horseless dismounted cavalry of the corps formed a line of fight in line with our guns, and immediately commenced digging like ground hogs. To get earth for breastworks they threw up earth works all along the line on both sides of the road. To-day was the first time I ever saw cavalrymen engaged in the ditching and intrenching business, and for a while this morning they made the earth fly. We remained in position until night, then moved back couple hundred yards and camped near Hughes' Cross Roads.

May 31 — All is well in our immediate front, and we remained in camp to-day.

June 1 — General Grant is still at his base-changing business and eagerly endeavors to get to Richmond on that line by moving, by the left flank, while at the same time he has hundreds of Union patriots slaughtered by rushing them up without much strategy against General Lee's breastworks that are always ready, manned, and loaded to give the blue host a shower of fresh warm bullets. We remained in camp, but on the lookout and ready for orders all day.

June 2 — Heavy thunder-showers this evening, with hail. We are still in camp near Hughes' Cross Roads. I heard heavy cannonading all afternoon in the direction of the Pamunkey.

June 3 — Early this morning we started with the cavalry on a reconnoissance around the right of the Yankee army. We made a circuitous march of about eighteen miles in the direction of the Pamunkey. While we were on the march General Grant's forces charged General Lee's whole line of works at Cold Harbor in the lower part of Hanover County, and as usual these latter days General Lee was ready for General Grant's onslaught and assault. The enemy made some four or

five gallant and desperate charges on Lee's line, and were successfully repulsed and hurled back every time with fearful slaughter. The way the musketry roared and raged the fire must have been terrific at times, especially during the desperate charges of the enemy, when the Union patriots rushed up against General Lee's line like maddened sea waves dashing against an adamant wall, and were slaughtered by the hundreds, yes, thousands.

If we had a Stonewall Jackson now, with fifteen thousand men, just to show the great fighter Ulysses a little Jacksonian flanking trick, I am almost confident that after to-day's slaughter Ulysses would be searching with more eagerness and anxiety for the friendly protection of the gunboats on James River than did General McClellan in 1862 when he heard old Stonewall thunder on his right flank and rear.

We passed to-day many and extensive earthworks that were constructed and occupied a few days ago by the enemy. The whole country along the south side of the Pamunkey is literally dug up and covered with breastworks, breastworks from which there never was a shot fired, and which have been abandoned in that oft-repeated movement by the left flank.

About middle of the day we encountered the enemy at Hawes' Shop. We had a warm and spirited artillery duel with them of a couple hours' duration; there was also some little sharpshooting among the cavalry. After fighting two or three hours both sides seemed to be satisfied, ceased firing, and withdrew from the field. We came back to the Chickahominy and camped about a mile above Meadow Bridge. In coming back this afternoon we passed the field on Tottapotamy Creek, where General Breckinridge fought and defeated the Yankees a few days ago. For about two miles the battle-ground is covered with intrenchments and heavy

banks of earthwork higher than a man's head. The whole field is a perfect labyrinth of thrown-up ridges running in every direction, and so constructed that men can pass from one to the other without exposing themselves to an enemy's fire.

June 4 — We remained in camp to-day. Some cannonading in front, in the direction of Cold Harbor.

Meadow Bridge is five miles north of Richmond and is just above where the Central Railroad crosses the Chickahominy. The country around Meadow Bridge is low, wet, and swampy. About three miles north of the bridge is a small scope of country of very fertile, rich and beautiful land.

The Chickahominy is a small sluggish stream winding through a low swampy section of country; its banks are covered with trees and fringed with a dense growth of thickets. The water of the Chickahominy is of a rich tannish brown color, something similar in shade to weak lye; the color is caused by the drainings of the swamps which are its principal feeders.

June 5 — Rained last night and this morning, but this afternoon and evening the sky is clear and the weather calm and delightful.

## XXII

### GENERAL J. E. B. STUART KILLED

**JUNE 8** — We moved camp this evening to the south side of the Chickahominy. We are now camped near the Brook Turnpike, in a section of beautiful, rich, and productive country of fertile land. The Brook Turnpike is an excellent macadamized road leading out of Richmond in a northwesterly direction through a gently rolling country of green fields and well cultivated farms and gardens. The pike proper is only six miles long and leads to the Yellow Tavern, where the road forks, one leading to Louisa Court House and the other, known as the Telegraph road, leading to Fredericksburg. The Yellow Tavern is six miles northwest of Richmond and is the spot that makes our memories bleed, for there a few weeks ago, on the eleventh of May, our gallant, brave, and dashing leader, General J. E. B. Stuart, fell, mortally wounded while fighting with his face to the foe. A braver and nobler cavalier never drew a sword or wielded a saber.

**June 9** — The Yankee cavalry disappeared from our front yesterday and it seems they have gone in force on an extensive raid toward the Blue Ridge. I suppose they are trying to nose around to our rear and go into the railroad-destroying business, or perhaps they intend to perpetrate some other devilment that would be more damaging to Dixie than railroad cutting. But whatever they intend to do they had better do quickly, for General Hampton with a good force of cavalry is after the raiders in hot pursuit, and when he strikes

a warm trail there is generally some blood left in the track and some game bagged. This morning at daylight we left camp on a forced march westward, to aid the Yankee raiders in finding something. We marched out on the Brook turnpike to the Yellow Tavern; there we took the Telegraph road and moved on it to within about two miles of Hanover Junction; then we left the Telegraph road and marched in the direction of Louisa Court House. Early in the day we forded the Chickahominy and South Anna, both crossed by the Telegraph road. After we struck out in the direction of Louisa Court House we crossed the head of Deep River and struck the Central Railroad at Hewletts just at sunset; we halted there and fed our horses, after which we renewed our march up the railroad and marched to Beaver Dam Station, where we arrived little before midnight and camped. We had a little shower of rain to march by just after dark this evening.

June 10 — This morning at daylight we renewed our march up the railroad. We passed Fredericks Hall, a small village and station on the Central Railroad, in Louisa County. The largest building in the little village is a tobacco factory, where a great quantity of smoking tobacco is manufactured.

This afternoon we passed through Louisa Court House, a pleasant little town of about four hundred inhabitants, situated in a fertile but rolling country and on the Central Railroad sixty-two miles from Richmond, by rail.

We marched until nearly midnight, and camped on the Charlottesville road about five miles west of Trevillian Station in Louisa County. Trevillian is on the Central Railroad and the first station above Louisa Court House; it is about seven miles northeast of Gordonsville. The Yankee raiders are not far from this section of country, for we scented them and heard from

them to-day; about to-morrow they will try to do something and we will be ready to assist them in the job.

June 11 — Early this morning we moved down to Trevillian Station. The fields around the little station were destined to become the arena on which the mastery of the present raiding business was to be decided, and determine who is to be boss of the expedition.

When we arrived at Trevillian this morning the skirmishers had already commenced firing, and the enemy was advancing slowly and cautiously, yet in a business-like shape and manner. After we were there a little while and the skirmish firing on both sides was getting warmish and interesting, the first section of our battery was detached to go with General Rosser's brigade in the direction of Gordonsville, to guard and protect our left flank. We proceeded immediately, and moved with General Rosser's cavalry about five miles from Trevillian in the direction of Gordonsville; there we halted for further developments. In the meantime a slow artillery fire between some of our artillery and the Yankee batteries was in progress right at Trevillian. The enemy did not appear in front of us, 'way out on the extreme left of General Hampton's line, but made a fierce and stubborn onset right at Trevillian Station, and for a while they fought like fury, as if they intended to do something this time sure enough, and they came very near doing it.

The enemy's object was to gain possession of the Charlottesville road, which leads direct from Trevillian to Charlottesville, but General Hampton, by adroit maneuvering and valiant fighting, blocked that game completely, by defeating and foiling the raiders in their first aggressive performance. While we were away with Rosser's brigade the raiders made a gallant and desperate charge on General Hampton's line, and for a while the conflict raged furiously; at one place the

blue line swept over the field with such bold and fearless courage that some of our cavalry, under a heavy fire of the oncoming exultant foe, wavered and fell back in a regular mixed-up flinch.

The enemy had already pierced General Hampton's line and captured two of our caissons and a goodly number of horses belonging to our dismounted sharpshooters and artillerymen when General Rosser, who had been hurriedly dispatched for, dashed on the field with gleaming saber at the head of his brigade of gallant and trusty veterans, all rushing to the rescue with naked sabers or drawn pistols, with set teeth and knit brow, determined to do or die. Then sabers clashed, pistols and carbines crashed, and for a while it looked like a free fight. The firing was quick and heavy for a short time; I heard the din of the conflict as we were hastening to the fray. The raiders fought well and gallantly, clinging tenaciously to the ground they had gained before the arrival of Rosser's cavalry, but eventually the blue line yielded and broke under General Rosser's vigorous and timely onslaught, and fell back discomfited from our line and position toward the base of their day's operation, thwarted and baffled in their desperate effort to force our line and clear the Charlottesville road.

The timely arrival of General Rosser at the head of his brigade is all that saved our side from sustaining a disastrous defeat, for when he arrived on the field the Yankees had already broken our line and captured about half of the horses belonging to the Seventh Georgia Cavalry, some of our company's horses, two of our caissons, and prisoners not a few, all of which were recaptured when General Rosser and his men rallied our line, repulsed and forced back the enemy. If General Rosser had been ten minutes longer in arriving, it would perhaps have been too late to retrieve the lost

ground and all the concomitants of defeat and snatch from the enemy the victor's palm with all its subsequent advantages and effects.

When we arrived on the field with the first section of our battery the fight was over, as we could not keep up with the cavalry after they sniffed the battle from afar and were cognizant of Rosser's urgent dispatch to hasten to the rescue. This afternoon the first section of our battery was again detached, this time to go with the Eleventh Virginia Cavalry up the Charlottesville road, to watch and guard our rear. As the urgent requirements of successful work in attempting to finish up a raiding party demands prompt action under all circumstances, we immediately, after we received our orders, were on the march to the rear on the Charlottesville road, with the first section of our battery, following the Eleventh Virginia Cavalry.

We crossed the South Anna River near its head and put our guns in position on a commanding hill just south of the river in a section of beautiful and fertile country drained by the headwaters of the South Anna.

After the fight this morning nothing of any importance transpired during the remainder of the day. The sharpshooters have been firing along the front all afternoon in a desultory manner, without any serious effects, however, though now and then they drew blood. General Rosser was wounded this evening, and I think it was done by a sharpshooter. It is now dusk, and night is fast falling down on woods and fields, and we are still in position on the South Anna way in the rear of our line, yet fixing to sleep by our guns, in case the raiders should take a notion during the night to do some flanking.

The sharpshooting along the front has died away, and from all appearances the day's operations are over, and as yet there are no serious or important results

observable on the surface of affairs concerning the final outcome of the expedition, only that the raid seems to be checked and the raiders are at bay.

The Yankee raiders are under the command of General Sheridan, and from the way the men in blue came up against General Hampton's line to-day, without much preliminary maneuvering or flanking intentions, this Sheridan must be a regular butter, and a much better actor in tragedy than he is in strategy. I am no prophet, nor the son of a prophet, but if General Sheridan fights to-morrow on the same plan that he did to-day, by to-morrow evening he will be a defeated general. I do not know what forces or strength the enemy has,—it may be far superior to ours in numbers,—but if General Sheridan attacks to-morrow without some extensive flanking General Hampton will repulse and defeat him in bulk. The probability is that there will not be much flanking done by the enemy, as this makes twice that we have been on the flank-watching business to-day, and we have found no game yet, and, judging from to-day's operations, we may expect nothing but sledge-hammer blows from the front to-morrow, as flanking in an actual battle does not seem to belong to General Sheridan's tactics. In these latter days it seems that Uncle Sam is depending on, and putting his trust in, the might of numbers to grind the armies and the rebellious Southland down by sheer attrition and brute force; consequently the powers that be at Washington select the commanders for their butting qualities instead of strategical capabilities.

June 12 — We slept by our guns last night, but no hostile tread disturbed our repose. This is the Sabbath day, and when the sweet light of morn with golden glow first bathed the woods and hills and spread a brilliant sheen on the dewy field, not a single harsh sound of war, nor thrilling bugle blast to charge,

marred the peaceful Sabbath calm. It was a beautiful morning, for Nature had donned her loveliest garb, and yards and gardens were bedecked with early summer flowers that had just unfolded their brightest and freshest hues; an odoriferous flood of rich perfume from a thousand fresh, sweet-scented June roses and sweetbrier bloom was wafted over the dew-bespangled fields by the wings of a balmy morning zephyr. Men may write and women may sing, "I would not live alway," but I would not woo nor welcome death on such a lovely day as this. After the early hours of morning wore away a slow but steady fire commenced and was kept up along the front, by sharpshooters on both sides, until after the middle of the day. About noon we were ordered to the front with the artillery, to take part in the conflict that was poulticed all forenoon with warm bullets from the sharpshooters' rifles, and the battle was ripe and ready to open. When we arrived at the front we put our guns in battery about five hundred yards from the enemy's position, and were ready for the curtain to rise and the game to uncover. A portion of the enemy's line was in a brush woods with an open field in front, but the strongest point of their line and the key of their position was a railroad cut which was full of dismounted riflemen.

At about three o'clock this afternoon the enemy made their first attempt to assault our position, and they came with the determination to break our line; we opened a rapid fire on them with all our guns, firing short-ranged shrapnel. Our cavalry also opened a heavy fire with something that sounded very much like musketry.

Three times the enemy charged from the woods and the railroad cut, firing as they came, and were repulsed every time. As the assaulting line came dashing out of the woods and over the field we opened on them with

canister, firing as rapidly as possible, breaking their line every time and hurling it back to the woods, while our cavalry poured a heavy fire into the Yanks until their broken line slipped into the woods.

Every time the assaulting line rushed out of the woods and charged into the field they opened a heavy fire of musketry on our line and position; then a storm of bullets zipped and whizzed and thudded around our guns, as thick as hail.

During the settled down part of the fight, when men stood and fired at each other like animated targets, that portion of the enemy's line that was in the railroad cut was in a secure position, well sheltered from our fire, and it took nice and scientific work on our side to-day to dodge the well-aimed bullets that were fired with such cool deliberation. The second gun of our battery was in position opposite the southern end, or rather in front, of the railroad cut and under a raking fire of the riflemen in the cut. About one hour after the battle commenced the gunner of the second gun was wounded, and I was hurriedly sent for, to take his place. The second gun was in position about three hundred yards to the left of where my gun was, and on higher ground, and the space between was all open field and fully exposed to the enemy's fire, and the death pellets were flying all over the field, for the Yankee riflemen were then firing at any and every thing that moved. Therefore I did not go straight through the field toward the second gun, but flanked rearward and struck a woods about fifty yards in rear of our line, which afforded me friendly shelter and a healthier clime whereby to pursue my way to the field of dangers new. I stuck to the woods until I got in rear of the second gun, where, as I climbed the fence at the edge of the woods to go into the field, a cannonball from one of the enemy's batteries whizzed through the fence right under me and snapped

in two the third rail from the ground while I was on top of the fence. If I had been a second later or a few moments earlier I might have lost a leg or two; but once more a miss was as good as a mile.

I jumped off the fence and ran to the gun, which was in position about fifty yards from the woods, and opened fire on the enemy's line at the south end of the railroad cut. There was a large house just in rear of the Yankee line and rather to the left of the railroad cut, which was occupied by a goodly number of the enemy's sharpshooters, who were firing from the upper windows with long-range rifles and doing some damage to our dismounted sharpshooters, and causing considerable annoyance to the left of our line by now and then dropping a cavalryman dead in his tracks. I saw the house and also saw the sharpshooters firing from the windows, but I had no orders to fire on the house, and, moreover, I was just then firing at closer game. After I fired some eight or ten shell General Butler of South Carolina came riding on the field where we were and glanced at the situation a moment, then rode up to my gun and, pointing at the house where the enemy's sharpshooters were, said to me, "Fire that house." I immediately turned my gun, and the very first shell I fired struck the house and set it ablaze; however, I sent another shell at it for quick work and good measure. Just after I fired the first shell I saw a thick volume of smoke rising from the roof, while a nice little stream of Yankee sharpshooters rolled out below, and that completely cleaned up the sharpshooting business from that point for all time to come.

The battle lasted from three o'clock until dark, when the general fight ended, but we remained on the field until ten o'clock to-night, firing an occasional shell to let the Yanks understand that we were still holding our ground and ready for business. Our side lost com-

paratively few men to-day, considering the severity and duration of the conflict; in our company we had three killed and six wounded. The battle was fought on the Central Railroad one mile above Trevillian Station, in a slightly rolling country, mostly farm lands, diversified with here and there small stretches of woodland.

When we left the battle-ground to-night we moved back a few miles and camped in the Green Spring country, a small scope of beautiful country of rich and fertile land that produces abundant crops of wheat, corn, and grass. We are camped to-night in a field where the clover is two feet high. The land here is nearly level, save where here and there a gentle wave-like swell breaks across the plain like billows on an emerald sea.

June 13 — Repulsed, defeated, and almost discomfited, the enemy made a precipitate retreat last night, leaving their dead unburied on the field, and also left some of their wounded behind. They evidently looked for and feared a night attack, for they blockaded the road in rear of where their line was yesterday, by felling trees across the way and rendering it impassable for artillery.

This morning when we passed over a portion of the battle-ground that the enemy occupied yesterday I saw several dead artillery horses that were killed by some of our shell yesterday.

This morning we started in pursuit of the retreating raiders, and moved down the Central Railroad, passing through Louisa Court House. Camped to-night four miles below Fredericks Hall. We are moving down the same road that we came up on a few days ago. The Yankee raiders destroyed about four miles of railroad between Louisa Court House and Trevillian Station, which is about all that they accomplished on their extensive raid.

June 14 — We moved only about two miles to-day,

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and camped near Bumpas Station. Late this evening the second and fourth guns were ordered to the front, in the direction that the raiders are retiring.

June 15 — Inactive with the first gun to-day, on account of an empty limber chest. Weather pleasant.

June 16 — We received ammunition for the first gun yesterday evening, and early this morning we left camp for the front, to rejoin the rest of the battery. We passed Beaver Dam Station early this morning, then marched in an eastern direction all day; we forded the North Anna river at Alexander's mill just above Chilesburg, a small village in the southwestern edge of Caroline County. We passed St. Paul's Church, situated in a beautiful grove half mile east of Chilesburg. We marched hard all day. Camped this evening at Mount Carmel Church, in Caroline County, about six miles north of Hanover Junction.

June 17 — We renewed our march at midnight last night, and it was pleasant marching; the night was cool and full of moonshine. A refreshing night wind whispered softly through the trees while the moonbeams dipped their silent pencils into the dewdrops that trembled on the bending grass, and made them flash and glow like globules of burnished silver.

Little after sunrise we arrived at White Chimneys on the old stage road leading from Washington to Richmond. White Chimneys is a large house on the roadside, with four conspicuous white chimneys. I suppose it is the name of a farm, or perhaps an inn. It is in Caroline County. We rejoined the rest of the battery this morning near White Chimneys; we remained there a few hours, and were then ordered to Vernon Church, but through some misunderstanding of the order we went to Mangahink Church, which is about seven miles east of Vernon Church. After we arrived at Mangahink and found that we were mistaken, we left

there immediately and moved to Vernon Church. Mangahink Church is in a section of beautiful country in the northwestern part of King William County. General Grant had his headquarters at Mangahink a few weeks ago. The church is built of brick, very common style. Vernon Church is situated in a beautiful level country; the land is low, but in a state of beautiful, clean cultivation. The weather is hot and the roads are dusty. Camped at Vernon Church.

June 18 — This morning a while after sunrise we moved down toward the Mattapony, to graze our horses. After we got about two miles below Vernon Church we came to a beautiful open country bordering on the Mattapony, a plain apparently as level as a lake, stretching for miles along the southwest side of the river. The fields are covered with a luxuriant growth of grass, with here and there large fields of golden wheat waving in the summer breeze ready for harvest. This afternoon we marched to the Pamunkey, where we arrived at dusk; we forded the river at Wickham's Ford, about six miles from Hanover Court House.

Our whole march this afternoon was between the Mattapony and the Pamunkey, through a beautiful and fertile country of level land and fine farms in a state of good cultivation. We are camped to-night at Wickham's Crossing on the Central Railroad, about five miles west of Hanover Court House.

June 19 — We renewed our march this morning and moved toward the rising sun. We passed Hanover Court House, which is situated about sixteen miles north of Richmond, in a rolling country, and half a mile east of the Central Railroad. There is no sign of a town around the court house; a large brick hotel, court house, and jail is all there is of Hanover Court House. The court house is built of brick, very small, square, and very common in style. The jail is almost

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small enough for a toy, and is built of free-stone cut in regular blocks two by three feet, which makes a beautiful structure and a strong and substantial cage for jail-birds.

We marched about twelve miles through a beautiful and fertile country; then we halted in the edge of New Kent County, on Mr. Ruffin's farm, and grazed our horses until night. Although this is war time, yet there are enough traces left of good husbandry on the farm to show that Mr. Ruffin is one of the finest scientific agriculturists in the State. There is now on his farm a large field of the finest wheat that I ever saw, about six feet high, with large, long, and heavy, well-filled heads. The farm is nearly level and the land of the first quality. The house is situated on a beautiful eminence, which affords a fine view of the farm as well as of the surrounding country.

I understand that Mr. Ruffin's patriotism induced him to espouse the cause of the South, so he left his beautiful home and volunteered in the Southern army early in our present unpleasantness, which of course was an atrocious crime in the estimation of our Northern brethren, consequently some of General Grant's patriots have been in the house recently armed with the despoiler's hand.

The house is deserted now, and desolation reigns in silence; the outer doors are standing open, with many books and magazines on agriculture and horticulture lying scattered over the floor and in the yard. The once fine garden is utterly destroyed, the fence is demolished, and the beds are growing up in weeds. There is a mulberry tree in the garden, with the finest and largest mulberries that I ever saw. They are ripe now, and I tried some of them to-day, and I know that they are fine and delicious, and about three times as large as our largest wild ones.

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At dusk this evening we renewed our march and moved in the direction of the White House on the lower Pamunkey.

We marched until midnight, then camped by the roadside.

## XXIII

### WHITE HOUSE LANDING

**JUNE 20** — We renewed our march last night at two o'clock, and when we arrived within two miles of the White House we halted until daybreak, then moved within close range of the White House. Before we reached the fields near the White House the firing of both musketry and artillery had commenced. When we reached the hills west of the house the lowland along the river was still covered with immense wagon trains in park. We immediately put our guns in battery and opened a brisk fire on them with half of our battalion,— eight pieces,— which quickly stirred up a lively scene among the horses and teamsters, and a busy scramble ensued as to who could leave first.

The trains left under our fire and rushed across the Pamunkey on a pontoon bridge that spanned the river just above the White House. Our fire also waked up a lion in the shape of a well fortified Yankee battery near the river, which opened a rapid fire on us, and the thundering sound of booming cannon rolled in a roaring flood across the lowlands of the Pamunkey and the York.

Just then the sight was grand and impressive, and the scene inspiring. There before us lay the placid waters of the Pamunkey, glowing in the opening morning light like a band of silver, reflecting on its bosom the mellow tinge of a morning sky. The silvery water was marred by the darker track of the pontoon, crowded from shore to shore with fleeing wagons jammed close

together, and all covered with white canvas, presenting the striking appearance of white water fowl gliding swiftly across the shimmering water. Beyond the pontoon and farther down the river toward the York a thin white morning mist hung over the water like a curtain of draping lace, under which the silent waters glided beyond our ken. When the bright lances of the morning sun shattered the veil of mist and melted the fragments into clear air, we discovered two Yankee gunboats on the river, which had been hidden in the folds of the mist and were then in plain view, and ready to open fire on us. This they did at first sight, and for one hour the artillery fire raged fiercely and in a business-like way on both sides, without the least lull, cessation, or break.

Among the armament of the gunboats was a thirty-two pounder, which the enemy fired at us frequently, and we soon learned that there was no virtue and less use for us to fool around such a war machine with our little three-inch rifle field pieces, and we ceased firing.

I saw several shell from the thirty-two pounder fly way above our heads, and they glittered in the sunlight like polished steel, and whizzed through the air with speed enough when they passed us to carry them a mile farther, and then have momentum enough left to dig a ditch that looks like a miniature railroad cut.

While we were firing, a shell from one of their gunboats exploded in front of my gun, and a half-pound fragment gave me a friendly call by striking me in the breast, just interesting enough to bruise severely, without drawing blood.

After we had ceased firing some four or five of us lay under a little apple tree, when one of the enemy's thirty-two pound shell exploded at least two hundred feet above us,—I saw it explode,—yet a slug from it wounded one of our men that was lying under the tree

close by my side. The Yanks were surely cutting close and trying to gather me in to-day, but I am still on the sunny side of the dead line this evening and ready for rations.

The Yankee gunboats shelled the country all around us after we ceased firing. This afternoon we withdrew our guns from under the fire of the gunboats and moved about a mile down the river and bivouacked for the night. The gunboats still lay in front of the White House when we left.

The White House is on the south side of the Pamunkey in New Kent County, about twenty-two miles a little northeast from Richmond and about thirteen miles from the head of York River. The confluence of the Mattaponi and the Pamunkey forms the York at West Point, at the southeast corner of King William County.

The White House is noted as being the place where George Washington wooed, won, and wed his wife a little over a hundred years ago.

June 21 — The enemy received reinforcements last night, and this morning we saw a transport laden with soldiers going up the river toward the White House.

About two hours after sunrise this morning the Yankees commenced to advance on us; at first we did not show fight, but fell back about two miles in order to get out of reach and range of the thunderbolts from the gunboats on the river. Right at St. Peter's Church, which is about three miles from the Pamunkey, we put our guns in battery and waited for the blue wave that was coming to overwhelm us and wipe us out. We did not have to wait long before we saw the enemy's line advancing in fine military order, and as soon as they arrived in range of our guns we opened fire on their line; our fire proved to be a great incentive in stirring up a lively and business-like scene along the enemy's front. Yet the blue wave dashed on and the

line advanced bravely in the face of our fire. After we fired about twenty rounds we were forced to yield and retire, as the enemy's sharpshooters were creeping up on us and rendering it too unhealthful for us to hold our position any longer. From the appearance of the blue specks, bunches, and lines in our front, the enemy far outnumbered our force, yet our cavalry fought boldly and kept the enemy well in check, with a lively skirmish fire, until near middle of the day; then the enemy gave up the pursuit and we retired leisurely toward the Chickahominy. Late this evening we forded the Chickahominy at Bottom's Bridge, about seven miles northeast of Richmond.

We are camped this evening on the Chickahominy, near Bottom's Bridge. The country around here is all devastated and shows the ruinous effects of actual war. There are still a great many old earthworks all over the fields that were constructed when General McClellan advanced up the Peninsula in the summer of 1862.

St. Peter's Church, down in New Kent County where we had our guns in position and fired from this morning, is about three miles southwest of the White House. It is a very old church, that stood there long before General Washington was married. The church is not used now for services, and from its general appearance it has been turned over to the tender care of the United States soldiers, and they have used it for quarters. The pulpit is almost demolished, some of the pews are broken in pieces, the chancel is all shattered, and the white plastered walls are shamefully defaced and look as if some one has been giving lessons on them in charcoal drawing.

The church is built of brick, in very old style, with low side walls, and at one end a kind of belfry, built tower-like from the ground, that terminates in a cupola with a spire that bears the representation of a large

key. It is an Episcopal church, and it is said that Colonel George Washington attended services in it on his wooing visits to the White House. To-day as I stood within the hallowed old walls, that now bear the autographs of a hundred Union patriots and the name and number of their regiments, and as I lingered in front of the old pulpit, my memory was playing with deep meditation on the scenes of a hundred years ago. Where are the worshipers whose footsteps pressed the sacred threshold then, and who gathered around the old chancel? All, all—even the most youthful then—have long ago drifted down the river of time, beyond the shadowy line of death, into the boundless ocean of eternity that rolls in the realm of the unknowable. Just as I, in my fanciful and imaginative reverie, was vaguely gazing at the manly form and noble features of Colonel Washington, who sat in yonder pew in a tranquil and unassuming demeanor, with eyes and attention riveted on the rector, and deeply absorbed in the pulpit theme, I heard someone outside of the church remark: “The Yankees are in sight; get ready for action,” and in less than ten minutes my gun was booming within ten feet of the bell tower at old St. Peter’s Church in New Kent County. As I passed out the old church door and looked in the direction of the Pamunkey I saw a line of Yankee sharpshooters advancing through the fields—a living reality that suddenly recalled my thoughts from roaming and musing in the misty depths of long buried years.

June 22 — To-day we moved two miles in the direction of Richmond and camped. This afternoon I went to Richmond with the first gun of our battery and delivered it at Confederate States Armory as a worn-out gun unfit for further use in the field. After I delivered my gun according to order, I came to our wagon camp, about six miles northwest of Richmond.

Richmond, now the temporary capital of the Confederate States, is pleasantly situated on the left bank of the James River at the head of tide-water, and about one hundred miles a little west of south of Washington. The country around the city is nearly level and the land seems to be fertile and of good quality. The site of the city is an undulating slope, dipping gently to the southeast.

June 23 — In camp, and resting. We have been on forced marches, and sometimes marching day and night, ever since the morning of the ninth of June, and in the meantime we had a few hard fights. Now for a glance at the two armies that were facing each other near Cold Harbor and growling a little when we left the Chickahominy on a chase after General Sheridan's crack cavalry. General Grant has stopped his sledge-hammer thumping business at the front door and has made a wonderful leap by the left flank, and is now trying to gain admittance to Richmond by the back way, and has settled down in siege order in front of Petersburg, twenty-two miles south of Richmond.

I heard that when General Grant arrived in front of Petersburg, as is usual of late he found General Lee in his front, ready for business at the old stand. The world may ask, but the great question will never be answered, why all this bloody fighting, waste of energy, and sinews of war, sacrifice of human life and vast treasures, merely to make a lodgment in front of Petersburg, which could have been accomplished without much fighting and sacrificial butchery of thousands of soldiers. 'Tis said that General Grant lost about sixty thousand men, killed, wounded, prisoners, and strayed, on the north side of the James since the fifth of May, the date of the opening of the campaign in the Wilderness.

The bulk of General Grant's army crossed the James

River about the 14th of June, at or near Bermuda Hundred, about sixteen miles below Richmond.

June 26 — It seems that the war business has all been transferred to the south side of the James. Even General Sheridan's cavalry is down nosing around Petersburg looking for a job, and I think that General Hampton's cavalry is down there ready to give the blue horsemen employment.

This morning we broke camp on the Chickahominy and struck out for Petersburg. We entered Richmond on the Brook turnpike, marched down Brook Avenue into Grace Street to within about four blocks of Capitol Square, then crossed Main Street above Capitol Square and moved to Mayo's bridge, where we crossed the James River to Manchester.

Manchester is on the right bank of James River right opposite Richmond, and looks like a part of the same city sliced off by the river. Just as we passed a large cotton factory in Manchester a bevy of about sixty fine young girls filed out of the doors going to dinner, forming the most attractive parade that I have eyed since the campaign opened, and the peculiar inspiring sight made me wish for this cruel war to end right now.

We marched down the Petersburg pike seven miles below Manchester and camped for the night.

June 27 — We renewed our march this morning, and about the middle of the day we crossed the Appomattox River and passed through the western edge of Petersburg. The Yankees were shelling the eastern part of the city when we passed through.

Petersburg is twenty-two miles south of Richmond, and situated near the south bank of the Appomattox River and on the north edge of Dinwiddie County. It is about ten miles from City Point, where the Appomattox empties into the James. The country around Peters-

burg is level, and where the city stands it is almost as level as a floor and not much above tide-water. The weather is oppressively hot at present, and the ground is dry and dusty; this afternoon as we crossed the low dusty fields lying just south of Petersburg the hot sunshine poured down with scorching intensity, and as I looked across the low, level expanse the quivering heat danced like as if it were playing around the roasting point. I am truly glad that I am a horse artilleryman, for I do not perceive how our infantrymen can endure the oven-like heat in the trenches.

We are camped to-night one mile south of Petersburg.

June 28 — It seems that General Grant has settled down to a regular siege, and intends to fight the remainder of the war right in front of Petersburg, without any more by the left flank business in it. Some cannonading to-day east of Petersburg. Late this evening we moved about five miles west of Petersburg and camped on the Southside Railroad.

July 2 — The Yankees throw some shell into Petersburg every day, and from the way the cannons boomed in that direction they doubled the dose to-day.

July 3 — To-day we moved in the direction of Dinwiddie Court House. We marched till noon, then grazed our horses the remainder of the day. Camped on Gravelly Run, five miles north of Dinwiddie Court House. The country that we passed through to-day was a little undulating, and poor land is in the majority, by far.

July 4 — Renewed our march this morning, still moving southward. We passed Dinwiddie Court House and came very near not seeing it as such, for it stands in the woods and looks like an isolated school building. There may be a village scattered around it somewhere, but I did not see it. The court house is about fifteen

miles southwest of Petersburg, and in a poor and brushy portion of the county. All the country that we passed through to-day looks like as if the land is very poor and unproductive; some of it is nothing but white sand with a few briars trying to creep over it. The woodland is composed of low squatty pines on the little ridges, with oak timber in the low places, standing in an undergrowth of bushes so thick that a twisty wind can hardly creep through it.

We marched till midday, then camped in a forlorn, desolate-looking place where we can see nothing but the sun and bushes. This camp is about three miles from the Nottoway River, and about twenty-five miles south of Petersburg. Weather, boiling hot.

July 5 — We renewed our march this morning and moved about three miles. We are now camped on the Nottoway River in Sussex County, one mile from where the Petersburg and Weldon Railroad crosses the Nottoway.

The country here is low and flat, the land along the river being of good quality. The soil is a sandy alluvial, and produces well; but away from the river lowlands the land is poor and the general appearance of everything is uninteresting. The whole country here has a semblance of monotony that is at once tiresome to anyone who hails from the mountainous or hill country. The landscapes here are all alike and wear about the same aspect — a few level fields bounded with woods is oft repeated, and is all that one can see for miles and miles. No green mountain looms up in the distance to catch the wandering vision, and no verdant hills bound from the seemingly limitless expanse of sameness to lend enchantment to the view.

July 14 — We are still quietly camping on the Nottoway.

July 15 — To-day our battery was ordered three

miles north of Stony Creek Station on the Petersburg and Weldon Railroad, for picket duty. Stony Creek Station is in Sussex County about twenty miles south of Petersburg and seven miles from our camp on the Nottoway.

July 16 — Still on picket, but no game in sight.

July 17 — We were relieved from picket this evening, and returned to our camp on the Nottoway.

July 25 — We had preaching in camp this evening at early candlelight. Text, "Behold I stand at the door and knock."

July 28 — From the 21st to the 27th of July I was on the sick list, with a painful abscess on my jaw. Just before the abscess burst it pained so acutely that I cried like an old woman, a beautiful performance indeed for a soldier in the field to go through with.

July 29 — This morning we left our camp on the Nottoway and moved in the direction of Ream's Station. When we arrived near Ream's we turned to the left, away from the railroad, and are camped this evening about four miles west of Ream's Station, and on the Rowanty, a little winding stream formed by Hatcher's Run and Gravelly Run. We crossed Stony Creek today, a small stream in Dinwiddie County; it empties into the Nottoway River about two miles southeast of Stony Creek Station.

Ream's Station is on the Petersburg and Weldon Railroad, about ten miles south of Petersburg. Stony Creek Station is ten miles below Ream's.

## XXIV

### THE CRATER

**JULY 30** — This morning between dawn and sunrise a deep, heavy, thundering roll of sound swept over the country from the direction of Petersburg. I wonder what in the thunder the Yankees have invented now, for, from the way the air trembled and the ground shook, the deep heavy boom was not caused by any common artillery. The thing went loose just as I was getting up out of bed, and I perceptibly felt a wave of air rush past me, not like a wind, but like a roll of compressed air pushing against me, although we are camped about nine miles from Petersburg, and the volcano was not far from the city.

Immediately after the first deep thunder-like roll passed away it was followed by the more familiar sound of a terrific artillery fire, that raged furiously for a while. A heavy crash of musketry also roared and rolled wildly through the morning air across the lowlands of the Appomattox and the quiet fields of Dinwiddie, speaking in unerring tones of blood and thunder, destruction and death.

This afternoon we got news from Petersburg. The strange heavy boom we heard early this morning was caused by the ingenious Yankees springing a mine under a small portion of General Lee's works a little over a mile from Petersburg. I suppose that General Grant's object in the burrowing business was to pierce General Lee's line and make a lodgment within his earthworks;

if that was the design, its execution proved to be an utter and costly failure, and the whole scheme was a total miscarriage in its final consummation.

After the explosion the Yankee infantry attempted to charge through the yawning breach, but they were met by our infantry and greeted with a storm of shell from General Lee's batteries. A regular fierce battle ensued, in which the charging Yankees were shot down by the hundred; from all accounts it was a regular slaughter pen and the crater of their homemade volcano became the threshold of death to hundreds of Union soldiers.

There was one division of colored troops in the charging column, and when they rushed and crowded into the extinct volcano and death trap our infantry slaughtered them fearfully at a wholesale schedule rate. I do not know whether the colored troops were former slaves or not, but I suppose that the survivors are deeply impressed with the striking idea that the road to Freedom's blissful goal lies through a blasted deadly hole. I do wonder what the gentle, sympathetic and philanthropical Aunt Harriet Beecher Stowe thinks of this sort of emancipation, of striking off the shackle of bondage one day and the next march the dear creatures into a hole and have them shot down by the hundred. Poor Uncle Tom! But the dear old lady ought to be perfectly satisfied and gratified, for the great butchery to-day was the effect of a grand and glorious Yankee invention for transferring the Uncle Toms from slavery and the fields of yellow corn to the blissful realms of freedom, by making angels out of them in bunches of five hundred at a time. I do not pretend to guess what the enemy expected to accomplish by their volcanic fireworks, but the whole affair was a sort of brutal monster, a hybrid between a blunder and a boomerang, for I heard that the Yanks lost about four thousand men in the little experiment, and those that made a

permanent lodgment in our line will never need any more lodging. Dust to dust.

July 31 — We moved camp this morning about a mile. To-day the Yankees advanced along the Weldon Railroad somewhere north of Ream's Station. We were ordered to Ream's Station, but before we got there the Yankees fell back, and we returned to camp. John Esten Cooke, a noted and interesting writer, and inspector-general of the cavalry corps and horse artillery of the Army of Northern Virginia, camped with the horse artillery last night. After night settled down on the thickets of the Rowanty our battalion glee club serenaded the distinguished writer with some of their best songs.

August 1 — To-day we moved back again toward the Nottoway River. This evening we are camped in a low pine woods on the right bank of Stony Creek, west of the Weldon Railroad, and about twenty miles south of Petersburg. The land around camp is poor, some of the fields being nothing but white shiny sand with a few sickly briars scattered over it.

August 7 — For the last week the weather has been oppressively hot in these low piny woods. The drinking water in this immediate section of country is warmish and tastes bad.

To-day I was at Sappony Church at preaching. "Lord, remember me when Thou comest into Thy kingdom" was the text to-day.

August 8 — A farmer from the neighborhood drove into camp to-day with a load of watermelons. He also had a keg of something in his wagon that he called cider-oil, but judging from the sportive effects it produced all over camp the cider had something else in it much stronger than common apple juice, for it had more fun and merriment mixed with it to the square inch than any cider that I ever saw or tasted. Soon after

the delicious and palatable draught passed the palate dull care and the wearisome monotony of camp life began to hie away and hide in the woods, while innocent mirth, jollity, and fun ruled the hour and hilarity reveled and reigned in its merriest glee. Some of the men were making happy little stump speeches, while others were singing comical songs, as "A little more cider for Miss Dinah," etc. Some of the boys got a little lower down and were crawling around on all fours and trying to squeal like pigs. The whole pleasant comedy commenced and ended in frolicsome fun, and it was undoubtedly the merriest afternoon that the old battery has ever seen, and in days and years to come cherished memories will oftentimes return and lift the curtain of time and gaze with playful delight on the joyous scene of cider-oil day on the banks of Stony Creek in the pines of Sussex.

August 11 — Last night a while after dark, and when we had already repaired to our blanket beds and were ready to enter the gates of dreamland, a blast from our bugle suddenly stirred up the whole camp. The first impression was that the Yanks were right on us, but happily such was not the case, for we were ordered to pack up our all and get ready for a moving march. The night was very dark for the marching business, nevertheless little after ten o'clock I heard the order, "Drivers mount, forward march," and we were on the move toward Petersburg. We marched until nearly dawn, then dropped by the wayside and took a little snooze until daylight, when we renewed our march, passing through Petersburg, across the Appomattox, and moved about five miles up the Richmond road, and camped for the night.

Everything around Petersburg looks, sounds, and feels warrish. The sharpshooters are almost incessantly pegging away at one another along the line of earth-

works, and now and then the Yanks throw a shell into the city to scare the women. I saw about thirty little mortars to-day in a field just below Petersburg. They are made of oak timber, the base lined with sheet copper, and are used for firing short range bombs into the enemy's fortifications and earthworks, which at some points are close to General Lee's line of defense.

August 12 — This morning at daylight we renewed our march and moved to Richmond, where we put our guns on the cars for shipment to Gordonsville; then we moved with our horses out on the Brook turnpike to Brook Church, some two or three miles northwest of Richmond, and camped.

The pike between Richmond and Petersburg almost touches the James River at Drewry's Bluff. Our battery halted near the bluff to-day, and I went and looked at the heavy battery there, and its environments. Drewry's Bluff, in the strict sense of the word, is no bluff, but only an abrupt dipping down, to the waters of the James, of an elevated and wooded plateau of a Chesterfield landscape. A little way from the top of the declivitous slope the battery is advantageously located by being countersunk into the face of the hill, giving the guns a sweeping command of the river below; of course the defense is no Gibraltar, by any means. The siege guns are of heavy caliber, and the whole battery has a first-class, sweeping range down the river. Right at the bluff the river makes a turn to the left,— the battery being on the right bank,— which gives the guns an excellent and perfect line range for several miles down the river. At the bluff the river is comparatively narrow, but widens out considerably into a broad and beautiful sheet of water just below the battery. Drewry's Bluff is about nine miles below Richmond, in Chesterfield County. From what little I observed to-day it seems to me that the service of a heavy artillery-

man at Drewry's Bluff is much easier than the service of a horse artilleryman in the field. There the men are in good comfortable quarters month in and month out, year in and year out, with rations regular, while we are everlastingly marching and racing through sunshine and rain, sometimes day and night, pursuing or being pursued, over hill and dale, mountain and plain, like the fleet-winged wind and sometimes almost as empty, especially so when the rations burn low in the haversack.

August 13 — We renewed our march this morning and moved up the Brook turnpike to the Telegraph road, then on that road to Deep River, where we are camped to-night.

August 14 — We renewed our march and moved up the Central Railroad. Camped to-night at Beaver Dam Station. The sun was scorching hot to-day.

August 15 — We were on the march all day. Camped to-night at Louisa Court House. We have been in the hot sultry lowlands for several months, where we did not get a glimpse of even a pretty hill, consequently to-day, when we first sighted the grand, cool-looking mountain peaks pictured against the western sky, the company gave three cheers for the Blue Ridge.

August 16 — We renewed our march this morning, and about middle of the day we arrived at Gordonsville. We are camped this evening one mile west of Gordonsville.

August 17 — Our guns came up on the train to-day.

August 18 — We moved camp to-day, two miles from Gordonsville on the Charlottesville road.

August 24 — The weather has been wet and rainy for the last week. To-day we moved to a land of better and greener pastures. We are now camped about a mile west of Barboursville, on the Standardsville road.

September 6 — In this camp we are spending some of our happiest soldier days. The weather is pleasant and the foraging is superfine; the cornfields are in first-class order and are giving the richest kind of milk just now.

Every few nights our singing club goes to some farmhouse or village cottage, to while away the gliding hours with mirth and song in mutual, voluntary, and pleasant exchange for milk and pie. Truly war can ever furnish a checkered pathway for mortal man to tread, its vicissitudinous winding course inevitably lying through the exciting scenes of the battle-field, where its bloody track is oftentimes thickly strewn with the dead and dying, and where many a stalwart castle of hope lies stilled in death, buried in the ruins and wreck of the fray. Then again, if fortune smiles and the storm of battle is successfully weathered, the pathway of duty often still leads to distant fields where space has to be annihilated by forced and weary marches, that may end in a successful raid or a ruinous rout. And when the spasmodic waves of war have rolled too wildly and high, and dashed themselves into harmless spray so that they have to sink back to the sleeping billow to gain and gather new strength, then the dull and heavy routine of camp life drags and creeps slowly by and the watch fires of contentment and happiness often burn low. But, with all the discomforts, privations, ennui, and onerous sameness of camp life, the fatiguing march, and the dismal horrors of the battle-field, the cloud of discouragement and despondency can never dip so low as to blot out every ray of cheering pleasure that now and then rifts the war cloud and peeps through the blackness and smiles and glows and shines with charming splendor, even between the wrinkles on war's grim front; for to-day we are sojourning in pleasure's cheering light, and to-morrow we may be on the way to the field of war's dread alarms.

Last night we were out on a serenade, and as the sentimental words,

“When in thy dreaming,  
Moons like these shall shine again,  
And daylight beaming,  
Prove thy dreams are vain,  
Wilt thou not relenting,  
For thy absent lover sigh,  
In thy heart consenting,  
To a prayer gone by,”

floated away on the wings of song through the shimmering moonlight, the soft stilly breathing of their inspiration evolved a chorus of milk and pie garnished with the smiles and charms of pretty, youthful maidens. Pleasurable amenities like these, fitted in with the duties of the field, make sunny spots that sparkle and glow in the mosaic patchwork that is spread along the soldier's ever-changing pathway, and their sweet light will tinge with roseate hue the distant skies that bend over the gateway of the future.

September 7 — To-day we moved camp to Madison Mills on the north side of the Rapidan. There are no Yanks at present in this whole section of country, and we are browsing around recruiting our horses, and recuperating them for the fall campaign.

September 15 — Our guns are parked at Gordonsville, and to-day I was detailed with a squad of six men to guard the parked guns, which duty we are performing this evening near the depot at Gordonsville.

September 19 — This morning some Yankee raiders burnt a bridge on the Rapidan — a railroad bridge, I think.

The occurrence caused considerable excitement here at Gordonsville and gave rise to various wildcat rumors flying around thick and fast, that the Yankees were advancing on the town with a heavy force. The employees at home, and the lame, halt and almost blind

from the hospitals all turned out to defend the town. It was a motley crew, some few of whom had guns, but most of the men were without arms of any kind, yet they looked as if they were nearly ready to die in the last ditch. My captain sent me word to defend the town at all hazards. When I received his dispatch I moved one of our guns about four hundred yards east of the town to a position that commands the road that leads toward the Rapidan, and I was ready for fight. But happily, after the raiders destroyed the bridge, they disappeared in some other direction and the battle of Gordonsville was postponed to a more convenient season.

September 23 — General Kershaw's division of infantry arrived here to-day, from the Shenandoah Valley; I think it is en route for General Lee's army at Petersburg.

September 24 — There has been a battle fought recently somewhere in the lower Shenandoah Valley. General Kershaw's division which was detained here for further orders started back toward the Shenandoah Valley this morning.

September 26 — To-day we heard some artillery firing to the westward beyond the Blue Ridge, in the direction of Waynesboro. There is actual war on the wing not far away.

September 27 — This morning we moved about seven miles in the direction of Charlottesville, and camped on the roadside.

September 28 — Renewed our march this morning and passed through Charlottesville. Camped this evening on the Scottsville road about two miles from Charlottesville.

September 29 — Rained last night, which put some of us to soak. There is evidently an important inroad or raid threatened by the enemy at some point some-

where south of us, for this morning we were ordered to Lynchburg by rail. We left camp early this morning and marched to Charlottesville, where we put our guns, horses, and men all on a train, and moved to Lynchburg by steam, where we arrived this evening little after sunset. Moving by steam is quite an improvement on the ordinary marching business, both for man and horse.

Lynchburg is situated on the south side of the James River, about sixty miles southwest of Charlottesville, and about one hundred and ten miles — the way the bird flies — west of Richmond.

The city is located in a very hilly country, and some of the encroaching hills are bold enough to stick their feet under some of the streets and bend them skyward. Most of the country along the railroad between Charlottesville and Lynchburg is very hilly, rendered so by the spreading out eastward of the foothills of the Blue Ridge. The railroad winds among and around the hills and ridges in a serpentine manner, and is as full of curves as a snake track, with cut and fill following each other in a thousand places. At one place — I think it is in Nelson County — the road passes through a considerable stretch of beautiful level country and good land. We are camped to-night in Lynchburg, with our guns still on the cars.

September 30 — Rained hard all last night, but I slept in the dry, by stowing myself away among some tobacco hogsheads under an old warehouse. We remained in Lynchburg all day, ready for business and waiting for orders, but have not heard one word about Yankee raiders since we have been here. Our guns are still on the cars.

## XXV

### LEAVE PLEASANT SURROUNDINGS

OCTOBER 1 — This morning we were ordered back to Charlottesville. We loaded our horses on the cars as quickly as possible, but the train was tired before we started and moved very slowly all day; it was after dark when we arrived at Charlottesville. We fooled around the depot in Charlottesville an hour or two waiting for something so inscrutable that a private can never fathom the what for, but at last we got orders to get aboard the train once more, and we moved up to Ivy Depot, the first station above Charlottesville, where we are now unloading our horses. The mud here in the railroad yard is about six inches deep and well stirred up. It is now midnight and we are still unloading horses, which seems to be a slow and tedious business in dark and rainy weather. The night is as dark as pitch, and the rain is coming down steadily, as it has been doing all day, which renders horse shipping a glorious business, especially when they have to be unloaded at midnight.

The falling rain is putting the mud in first-class condition to run in a fellow's shoes. I am wet, hungry, and sleepy, my shoes are full of mud inside and out, and I feel anything but comfortable. If the Yankees do not shoot me I will remember all the contents of this dreary night, many days hence.

October 2 — It took us all last night to unload our horses; we left our guns on the cars, for shipment farther west. This morning we left Ivy Depot and struck out for the Shenandoah Valley; we came by Meechum's

Station and crossed the Blue Ridge at Rockfish Gap. We are camped this evening near Waynesboro and on the east side of South River, one of the tributaries of the beautiful Shenandoah. Waynesboro is a pretty little town situated on the west side of the South River and in a good country of fine, productive land; it is about twelve miles east of Staunton.

October 3 — We unloaded our guns from the cars this morning, then moved two miles down the river and camped in a section of country full of good and well cultivated farms, on the west side of the river.

October 4 — This morning we received orders to move down the Valley. We left camp early in the day and marched once more for the Valley turnpike; we passed through Fishersville and struck the Valley pike at Staunton. We are camped to-night two miles below Staunton, on the Valley pike.

General Sheridan is in command of the Yankee army in the Valley of the Shenandoah, and if he has the men that he had at Trevillian Station, there will be some tough work on the boards yet this fall, for his cavalry is made out of first-class fighting stuff. We fought them at Trevillian last June.

October 5 — We renewed our march this morning down the Valley. At Willow Pump five miles below Staunton we left the Valley pike, turned off to the left, and moved in the direction of Bridgewater. I have no idea where we are camped to-night, only that we are in Augusta County, and plunged in among plenty of steep hills somewhere between the Valley pike and the North Mountain. The country we passed through to-day after we left the pike is very hilly.

October 6 — We renewed our march this morning, crossed the North River, passed through Bridgewater, and at Dayton, four miles west of Harrisonburg, we turned off toward the North Mountain and moved down

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the mountain through a very hilly country and over a rough road that hugs the mountain.

Camped to-night near Brock's Gap in Rockingham County.

We will soon strike some sort of game, though it may be ignoble, as I saw some fresh tracks in its slimy trail in the way of recently burnt barns and a few houses in ruins. These highly civilized and pious Yankees have at last gallantly and patriotically resorted to the torch as a glorious means through which to strangle the great rebellion, by trying to starve women and children of this Southland.

October 7 — We renewed our march this morning, still moving down the Valley. We passed through Turlington, a little hamlet buried in the foothills of North Mountain just above Brock's Gap. We struck the North Fork of the Shenandoah two miles below Brock's Gap, then moved down the river to Timberville, a little village six miles west of New Market. At Timberville we left the river, turned to the left, and moved down through a section known in this part of the Shenandoah Valley as the Forest country. We passed through Forestville, struck across fields, and through woods to Mount Clifton. We are camped to-night near Mount Clifton, in Shenandoah County, about six miles northwest of Mount Jackson. We are close to the Yanks now, for our cavalry had a running fight with them this afternoon on the Howard's Lick pike between Mount Jackson and Mount Clifton. This evening I saw some dead and wounded soldiers dressed in blue. Captain Koontz, a gallant officer of the Seventh Virginia Cavalry, was killed this afternoon. The Yankees are burning all the mills and barns in this part of the Shenandoah Valley; I saw a hundred barns burning to-day. Just at dusk this evening I saw a Federal soldier lying on the field; from all appearances he was mortally

wounded. He was piteously lamenting his condition and said, "Oh, I want to see mother; I wish I would have stayed at home." I wished so too, but I did not let him hear me wish. He was from Vermont.

October 8 — We renewed our march this morning, in pursuit of the Yankee barn-burners, down the Valley. We struck the North Mountain road at Cross Roads Church, about eight miles northwest of Mount Jackson. We then moved down on the North Mountain road the remainder of the day, and passed Columbia Furnace on Stony Creek, six miles northwest of Edenburg; the furnace and some other buildings were burning when we passed. We heard some artillery firing this evening, in front. About to-morrow we will have some work on hand for our battery. We are camped to-night on the North Mountain road some five or six miles north of Woodstock.

General Sheridan is the boss burner of this continent, so far as destroying barns is concerned. It is estimated that his troops have burned two thousand barns in Rockingham and Shenandoah counties, and I have no idea how many mills; all that they could find, I suppose.

The principal object in this highly civilized warfare is the wanton destruction of hay and grain, and nearly all the wheat that was in the Shenandoah Valley for a distance of thirty miles is in ashes this evening. If the destruction of wheat is considered to be a military necessity by the powers that be at Washington, then it is an open acknowledgment that the United States feels itself too weak and incompetent to crush the great rebellion by the fair and simple force of arms and has resorted to the torch, a mode of warfare down level with savagery, for this destruction of bread means almost and perhaps actual starvation to hundreds, yes, thousands of women, children, and old men throughout the burnt district.

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It is true, General Sheridan, that you are now in the land of the swarthy captive; but if you will lift the curtain of the past and look well in the sands of time you will see the footprints of a Washington and a Jefferson who dwelt in this same land that held the dusky captive in bondage. And, moreover, these same mountain peaks that now silently look down on your hellish work of destruction once echoed the inspiring drum-tap that summoned our grandsires to the plains of Boston, where they willingly, voluntarily, and patriotically rushed to assist their New England brethren in tearing the claws of the British lion from the bleeding flesh of the young American eagle. Ah, but you scornfully say that we are Rebels. That is the same ugly word that George the Third's red-coated Britishers used on the field of Concord and Lexington, and applied it also to General Washington, Putnam, Patrick Henry, and the whole host of American patriots; that epithet of itself surely puts us in no mean company, and surely not so as to deserve the cursed calamity that you are now heaping on the women and children in the Shenandoah Valley.

In 1775 in yonder little town of Woodstock the Rev. Peter Muhlenberg, whose patriotism called him from the pulpit to the field, cast aside his clergyman's gown after pronouncing the benediction to his last sermon, and stepped from the pulpit in the full uniform of an American soldier. And as he moved through the aisle toward the door, distinctly and impressively uttering the stirring words, "There is a time to pray and a time to fight," and proceeded to the church door and ordered drums to be beaten, from his congregation on that memorable Sunday a large company of faithful men volunteered as recruits for the American army that was then struggling for independence. Colonel Muhlenberg marched his men north, and subsequently the crash of the rifles in the hands of Muhlenberg's sturdy and val-

iant Virginians on the fields of Brandywine, Germantown, Monmouth, and Stony Point unmistakably proclaimed the gallant and unselfish patriotism and true fealty of the Virginians in the cause of American freedom and independence, and without the least trace of sectional hatred, envious jealousy, or mock philanthropy. But now all these recollections of past little favors lie buried in the ruins and wreck of two thousand barns and their valuable contents, and somebody is trying to crawl to fame through the ashes.

## XXVI

### A PRISONER OF WAR

**OCTOBER 9** — This evening I am a prisoner of war, and I could curse a blue streak on several legitimate routes if I thought that there was the least speck of rectitude, virtue, or efficacy in the low-grade performance of swearing. First, the way our battery was managed and maneuvered on the field to-day was a censurable reflection on good judgment and a burlesque on practical military tactics. Second, the shameful way that our cavalry, especially that portion that tried to operate on the North Mountain road, fought, bled, and died a-running rearward was enough to make its old commander, General J. E. B. Stuart, weep in his grave. Ring down the curtain on that scene, for the cavalry played a regular exeunt act.

This was a gloomy October day all over. Rough fragments of dark wintry clouds came rolling over the North Mountain and scudded swiftly across the sky, now and then scattering a few snowflakes that were whirled through the crisp air by a chilly west wind. Before sunrise this morning we were ordered to the front, and we did not proceed far from our bivouac before we saw the fields blued all over with hosts of Yankee horsemen in full battle array in line and column, with a battery or two in position, all ready for business. We moved down the North Mountain road to within about a mile of the enemy's position and put our two rifled guns in position on the face of a hill that sloped toward the Yankee line. It is true the hill we

were on was considerably higher and commanded the enemy's position, but it was a mistake to put our guns in battery on the slope facing the enemy's battery and line, for we were at once fully exposed to a raking fire of their guns all the time and all over.

However, we opened a rapid fire on their battery, and they responded to our fire in the same kind of a business manner and their shell and shrapnel and solid shot raked and plowed up the sod all around our guns. One of my shell exploded right over one of their guns and silenced it for a while, but eventually the fire of their battery grew too hot for us, and a large body of cavalry was advancing on our position on both flanks, with but a few scattering cavalymen on our side to oppose them, consequently we were forced to retire from our first and dangerously exposed position with the insignificant loss of one mule, killed by a shell. And we left our position not a moment too soon, for it was not long after we retired until I saw the blue horsemen swarm all over the hill that we had just left. We fell back to the next hill, put our guns in battery and opened fire again on the oncoming host in our front, but we did not hold our second position long, as the Yankee cavalry pressed us to the yielding point soon after we opened fire, and our cavalry rendered us very little support, as they were scattered all over the hills and fields and preparing to make a dash to the rear, which they accomplished in fine style just before our guns were captured.

The third position from which we fired we did not hold more than thirty minutes before we were driven from it, and after we had limbered up someone cried, "Boys, save yourselves!" I suppose it was our first lieutenant who called out, but he was too late; the Yankee cavalry on our left flank charged, and five men of the Eighth New York Cavalry dashed on us with leveled

pistols, and brought my gun to a halt with me on the limber chest, and in less than five minutes there were a thousand Yankee cavalymen, with drawn sabers, around us. One of the cavalymen fired at me after I halted, and although he was only about ten feet from me when he fired he was so awfully excited that he shot wildly and missed me. He then rushed on me with drawn saber, lifted high and ready to strike, but something restrained him, and my life was saved. After the excitement died away a little the man that shot at me came to me and asked me to excuse him for shooting at me after I had halted. He acknowledged that he was greatly excited and hardly knew what he was doing, as that was the first piece of artillery he ever helped to capture. After making such an honest and open confession voluntarily, there was nothing left for me to do but excuse him, which I did with the humble grace of a subjugated captive.

Sometimes when a man is surrounded by gleaming sabers and in the midst of cracking pistols, and in the very presence of immediate and impending danger, his imagination can be wrought to such a pitch as to seem to move in the very trail of reality,— and is the same stuff that dreams are made of,— for when my captor shot at me and then rushed at me with his saber I thought that I felt the cold steel crashing through my brain, and the world had commenced to fade away. To show how badly and carelessly affairs pertaining to the movements of our battery were managed, I saw two regiments of Yankee cavalry about six hundred yards to our right pass us going to our rear just after I was ordered to cease firing. I did not know then they were Yanks, but I found it out subsequently, and the person that had command of our battery ought to have known, and not have held us in position until we were actually surrounded. When the regiments passed I thought they

were our cavalry falling back, but after I was captured I soon found out who they were — they were all dressed in blue, and no Confederate battle-flag floated over them. About fifteen minutes after we were captured the Yankee horse artillery came up the North Mountain road, in a quick walk in pursuit of our flying cavalry. A sergeant of their battery came dashing into the field where we were with our captured gun, and demanded, in an authoritative manner and tone, "Are there any chief of pieces captured? We intend to make you fight on our side." I thought perhaps he might have meant gunners, and I lied then and there, and told him No, that our non-commissioned officers were all well mounted and made their escape. But he made us fall in column with their horse artillery, and we marched with it about a mile and a half; but our cavalry disappeared so fast that fortunately we were not called upon to do any firing for Uncle Sam.

My gun was captured about two hundred yards east of the North Mountain road, in a large field about six miles north of Woodstock. I fired seventy-five rounds this morning before the Yanks captured my gun, and I was captured just a little before noon.

When the Yankee column halted, waiting for developments and orders, a gunner of their horse artillery came to me and told me that one of our shell exploded right at his gun this morning, and wounded four of his cannoneers, and said he, "I did not know what to do with you; my fuse was too long and too short, so I fired a solid shot." He did not know that he was talking to the gunner that fired the shell that played thunder with his squad, and he never will know; but the shell referred to was the very one that I fired this morning and saw explode near one of the enemy's guns. I knew that my shell did some good ugly work among the blue gentlemen, from the fact that after their piece opened fire

again I saw the solid shot digging ditches around us. We had two rifled guns captured, with nearly all their belongings, all we had in the fight, but most of the cannoneers were well mounted and made their escape.

About middle of the afternoon that part of the Yankee cavalry that had us at anchor fell back to where Tom's Brook crosses the North Mountain road, which point was rather a base of their day's operations.

There we bade farewell to the horse artillery and were moved down to a point back of Strasburg, under the surveillance of a heavy guard from the Twenty-Second New York Cavalry; in fact, our guard looked almost like a whole regiment. They double-quickened us about half of the way. I have no idea what their object was in such a proceeding, unless it was to try and test the endurance of a Rebel's wind. For two or three miles we passed through camp after camp of soldiers, some of which looked very much like infantry camps. It was 'way after night when we stopped to camp, or rather when our Yankee friends stopped and allowed us the same privilege.

After we had retired to our blanket beds and were about ready to enter the dreamland gates a Yankee marauder who had been out and robbed a bee stand came rushing into camp and reported that some of Mosby's guerrillas were in the neighborhood and got after him in his bee hunt. As quick as the alarm reached camp two or three bugles commenced sounding Boots and Saddles, which hurriedly roused the whole camp, Yankees and Rebels, and we were rushed back in trotting style to Tom's Brook, from where we had started. These Yankee cavalymen seem to be most awfully afraid of Mosby or any of his men. It is now past midnight and we have at last settled down for the night, in a freshly sown wheatfield on the North Mountain road, near Tom's Brook. We have marched

about sixteen miles since we were captured. There are about a hundred prisoners in our bunch, mostly cavalrymen. Soon after I was captured I saw General Custer, who is a very plain, common-looking man. He was dressed in a plain brown suit entirely void of ornament, and had on a broad-rimmed slouch hat. He has not had his hair cut for some time, for it hangs down on his shoulders, which gives him the general appearance of an old hunter more than the resemblance of a great soldier and general.

October 10 — Rations seem to be scarce in Uncle Sam's domain, especially on his army front. We got no supper yesterday evening, and rations were so slim and slow this morning that I breakfasted on a little green pumpkin that I found in the field close to where I slept; I sliced it up and roasted the slices by the campfire. It was delicious and no mean filling for an empty stomach. This forenoon the Twenty-Second New York Cavalry turned us over into the care of the Third New Jersey Cavalry. Soon after the new guard took charge of us we were put on the move down Tom's Brook to the Valley pike, then down the pike, through Strasburg, and this evening we are at General Sheridan's headquarters, at Belle Grove, a large stone house in Frederick County, situated between Cedar Creek and Middletown, and a little distance west of the Valley pike. At Strasburg we were counted and turned over to a new guard, detailed from the First Regiment of Rhode Island Infantry, to march us to General Sheridan's headquarters; then that guard turned us over to the Twenty-Sixth Massachusetts Infantry, doing guard duty around headquarters. We passed through a great many camps to-day along Tom's Brook and the Valley pike, between Tom's Brook and Fisher's Hill. The whole country seems to be full of infantry.

October 12 — We are still sojourning at General

Sheridan's headquarters, and under strict surveillance in the midst of an infantry camp. We are consigned to the limits of a little square patch out in an open field, without the least sign of shelter. So far our diet has been very simple. The quality of our rations is excellent, but the quantity is considerably below the danger line of dyspepsia. Uncle Sam, the dear generous old soul, is determined that we shall not suffer any pains or disagreeable uneasiness from indigestion or dyspepsia while we are under the kind and hospitable care of his faithful patriots. And our sleeping apartment is as airy as a mountain wind. We wrap our blankets around us and lie down to soothing slumber and pleasant dreams on the cold wet ground without the least shelter against storm or rain. General Sheridan burns a red light at his headquarters all night.

October 13 — Cold and windy to-day. I heard some cannonading this afternoon in the direction of the Rebels. A great many army wagons moved off toward Winchester to-day. This afternoon I saw General Sheridan leave his headquarters on a tour of inspection along his picket line. He is well mounted and keeps two fine horses.

From the florid flush that glows in his face I think he must be taking some powerful doses of some kind of drastic medicine, just for the stomach's sake. However, the red rosy hue may be only nature's true beacon light, displaying the grand signal of robust, perfect health.

Yesterday evening I heard two Irishmen quarrel until they got up to the fighting pitch, but they were afraid to fight then, for fear it would round up in the guard-house or end in doing double duty, consequently they made an appointment to meet at midnight and go through with the gratifying exercise of hammering each other without hindrance or foreign intervention until

subjugation proclaimed peace and honor fully vindicated and satisfied. According to arrangement the combatants stepped into the arena at midnight, close to our lodging place; I was awake and a witness to the conflict. When they met I heard one of them say, "Faith and be Hivin, now we will knock it out!" and they commenced vigorous operations without skirmishing. They fought in the dark, so I did not see them, but I heard the heavy blows fall thick and fast for some little time, then all was still; the engagement was over, and I heard no more. The men that fought belonged to a Massachusetts regiment of infantry.

October 14 — Before daylight this morning we were waked up and marched to a field near Middletown; we remained there until night and then we moved back again to our old little square near General Sheridan's headquarters.

The Yankee army here was reinforced to-day; I saw some of the infantry marching in from the direction of Winchester. Surely, General Sheridan has more than enough men now to clean up the whole Shenandoah Valley by civilized warfare, without again resorting to any further rapine or burning another mill or barn.

October 16 — This morning before daylight we were put in marching order without many preliminary remarks or extensive preparation, and when day began to dawn we were on the march down the Valley pike. A train of about two hundred wagons from General Sheridan's army came to Winchester to-day for supplies. We prisoners marched in rear of the train, wagons and Rebs all under a very strong escort composed of a whole regiment of infantry, the Sixth New York. Just before we arrived at Winchester a herd of well-dressed sleek-looking handbox clerks, orderlies, aides, and camp followers in general came out of town to see the Rebel prisoners. Some of the herd left all their manners and

good behavior at home, for if they ever had any true manliness or ethical culture it was all absent on furlough this evening, as they acted more like saucy, insolent school children than like men in their country's uniform. In their gibes and sneers they called us ragged, dirty Rebels, and that we looked more like a gang of beggars than soldiers. Even the old soldiers that guarded us were ashamed of the brassy exhibition of shameless cheek and vile indignities of the wayside rabble. One of the guards remarked to me, "Don't mind or take notice of what these kid-glove gentry do or say; they have never been to the front and have never seen a battle."

To-night we are quartered in the court house in Winchester, with our faces turned toward some dismal prison somewhere in Uncle Sam's vast domain. And as I am about to say farewell, and perhaps forever, to the green hills and lovely mountains of the Shenandoah Valley, the home of my childhood, I swear by yon pale crescent that hangs in the rosy twilight of a western sky that so long as the star of hope glimmers through the thickening gloom so long shall my fondest memories play across your pleasant bounding hills, and wander with delight along your silvery murmuring streams, and linger with soothing recollections around the sunny mountain peaks that silently sentinel and watch the haunts of my boyhood.

October 17 — We renewed our march this morning and moved to Martinsburg. I am weary and tired this evening, as the march to-day was very fatiguing, tasteless, and dull; the Yankee guards did not allow us to get as much water as we needed to drink, and I was thirsty all day. Camped in Martinsburg, near the Baltimore and Ohio depot. This evening our guard turned us over to the care of the One Hundred and Third New York Infantry.

October 18 — I slept very little last night, as we camped near the railroad and almost under a trestle, and train after train passed over the trestle and kept up a fussy rumbling all night. This morning our friends of the One Hundred and Third New York Infantry put us in a train and shipped us to Harper's Ferry. We were shipped in box cars, with sentinels with fixed bayonets on each side of the doors, to keep us from jumping off and breaking our necks. We are now quartered in an old factory building that stands right on the bank of the Shenandoah, in the suburb of Harper's Ferry.

October 19 — To-day we were marched from our quarters into a little hillside cross street in Harper's Ferry, to the Provost Marshal's office, where we went through the ordeal of a thorough search from cellar to garret, including knapsacks, haversacks, pockets, boots and shoes, hats and caps. Just to show how scrutinizingly the search was conducted, one man had a ten-cent United States greenback hidden in the toe of his sock and Mr. Yank found it.

The searching bee was held in a small room, and when I went through the shuffling process I saw about forty pocket-knives lying in a small tub, all of which had been extracted from the pockets of my countrymen that preceded me; and such an assortment of bygone cutlery I never saw before in one tub. The knives were in all stages of destruction and decay, and looked like a lot of ancient specimens from some old hunter's relic case. If the cutlery that was found in these fellows' pockets to-day bespeaks the condition of the Southern Confederacy, then Jeff Davis might as well take down his shingle now and go out of business before the cold weather sets in. However, I saw a few Yankee aides or clerks step up to the tub and select some of the best knives and put them in their pockets, without money and without

price. While we were packed in the little side street waiting for the searching operation, a lady stood on an upper porch near by and threw some apples down into the densely packed crowd. I never saw such pushing and scrambling before, and I came very near being squeezed into a speck, and then got no apple. What are a few apples in a bunch of a hundred famished men, anyhow; but blessed are they who feed the hungry. After we were all searched we were marched to Sandy Hook, the first station below Harper's Ferry on the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad, on the Maryland side of the Potomac. This evening at dark we were put on a train for shipment to Baltimore.

October 20 — The railroad ride that our Yankee friends so kindly furnished us last night was wearisome in the extreme, as we were shipped in box cars and had to strew ourselves on the floor like hogs. The night was cold and chilly, and although I tried to sleep some on the train, and knocked faithfully and perseveringly at the gates of dreamland, they failed to yield even for a respectable doze. At the Relay House, sometime about midnight, our train was side-tracked for about two hours, and in that time nine heavy freight trains passed us going west; our Yankee guard told us that the trains were all laden with supplies for General Sheridan's army.

Little before day we arrived in the suburbs of Baltimore, left our box car cage and were marched to Fort McHenry, where we were turned into the fort yard like a herd of cattle. Then and there I unrolled my bed, and sunk down on Mother Earth to snatch a little sleep and have a few pleasant dreams about the thick gloriousness that floats around Uncle Sam's prisoners of war. I slept until sunrise, and the first thing that my waking eyes beheld was a large three-masted ship, the *City of New York*, under full sail speeding like some-

thing alive across the harbor of Baltimore. That was the first ship I ever saw, and it was a beautiful and interesting sight; the thing moved as gracefully as a swan.

Fort McHenry is located on Whetstone Point near the City of Baltimore, and its guns command Baltimore Harbor. It is constructed of brick, and the present fort was built in 1799 and named in honor of James McHenry of Baltimore, who was President Washington's first Secretary of War.

We remained in the fort grounds all day until this evening at sunset, when we boarded a little sidewheel steamer, name *The Star*.

October 21 — Our little steamer left Baltimore yesterday evening just before dark, and was steadily plowing its way down Chesapeake Bay all night, until this morning about nine o'clock, when we arrived at Point Lookout, Md., the place of our destination, and one of Uncle Sam's delightful resorts for the accommodation of captured Rebels. Last night the air was damp, cold, and chilly, and when night fell on the Bay I wrapped my blanket around me and sat on top of our steamer, leaning against the wheel-house and rail, without sleeping a wink all night, gazing into the thick darkness that hung like a black pall over the silent water, with my thoughts busily engaged in plodding from whence to whither. After we disembarked we were subjected to another thorough search. This time we were formed in a hollow square and told to unwrap, spread out, and disgorge everything we had, and I saw more soiled shirts laid about on the sand than I ever saw before in one patch. After everything was on exhibition and ready for examination, the great chief of the searching board made the following little speech, with well measured and distinctly spoken words: "Now, men, if you have anything valuable about your person

or effects in the way of watches, jewelry, or money, we give you an opportunity to turn it over to us, and we will put your name on it and deposit it at the provost marshal's office and give you a certificate of deposit; and when you leave this prison, either on exchange or release, and present your certificate, we will return the goods left in our charge. But if you fail or refuse to comply with these regulations submitted in good faith, we will search you thoroughly right now, and if we find anything of the kind mentioned it will be confiscated for all time to come."

And now a single instance to illustrate how close these Yanks search when they are on the least scent of suspicion, or when they suspect anything not in strict conformity with their regulations. One of our men had a plain gold ring with which he did not want to part under any consideration or circumstances, consequently he hid the ring in a small piece of bacon that he had in his haversack. He had cut a small gash in the fat part of the meat and stuck the ring within it, then closed the cut nicely by pressing the meat together. I have no idea where he got the little piece of bacon — perhaps he saved it especially for a jewel case, and had had it ever since we were captured. I do not know when he did the hiding, possibly immediately after he was captured; it certainly was a neat job, but the Yank found the ring. In accordance with their inflexible regulations they were about to confiscate the ring after they found it, but our man pleaded so earnestly and affectingly that at last they put his name on the ring and deposited it at the provost marshal's office. He told them that it was not the intrinsic value of the ring nor any intention of evil upon his part that induced him to conceal it, but that it was through sincere admiration for the tender association connected with it that made him so loath to part with it. It was a precious

memorial of something nearer than friendship — a souvenir from his deceased wife.

After the search and before the men put up their exhibits one of the authorities made the following characteristic and interesting proclamation: "All you men that have no good shirt would better appropriate one now, as you may not have another opportunity soon to obtain one at our establishment."

Some of our men had three or four good shirts spread out on the sand, and that seemed to be more than our good Northern brethren thought that a poor Rebel was entitled to or needed, and, moreover, if we supplied ourselves from the superabundance of a comrade's knapsack it would be a shirt saved for Uncle Sam.

I left my knapsack in Dixie, and consequently I have but one shirt, and that is in a state of decay and ready to disintegrate at various places almost any day, but my finer sensibilities of genteel comeliness revolted at the idea of securing a shirt that had been worn and soiled even by a better and cleaner man than I consider myself to be; furthermore, I did not feel mean enough to deprive any of my comrades of their legitimate property.

## XXVII

### IN PRISON AT POINT LOOKOUT

ABOUT middle of the day all the preliminaries for incarceration were concluded, and being thoroughly divested of everything except pure cheek wherewith a sentinel could be bribed or cajoled, we were marched up to the prison wall, the gate swung open, and we soon after bobbed up serenely inside of prison.

Point Lookout is the southern extremity of St. Mary's County, Md., and at the mouth of the Potomac; it is a low narrow tongue of sandy land, washed on one side by the waves of Chesapeake Bay and on the other by the waters of the Potomac. It is about ninety miles from Baltimore, and almost the same distance from Norfolk, Va., and by the Potomac River route it is about ninety miles from Washington. The prison proper covers about twenty acres of ground, and is only some four or five feet above high tide. The prison wall is a tight board fence about fourteen feet high, with a sentry walk on the outside three feet from the top. Eight feet from the wall on the inside is a furrow ditch eight inches wide and six inches deep, which constitutes the dead line, and any prisoner who at any time steps across that line is liable to be shot by the sentinels on the wall without any further notice. There are twelve sentinels — all negroes — on the wall, walking their post all the time day and night, with loaded guns, ready and anxious to shoot the first Rebel that violates the rigid regulations of the prison camp. Large lanterns near the wall

on the inside throw a brilliant light along the wall, and on both sides of the dead line all night.

The prison is laid off into ten streets, and the prisoners are divided into ten divisions, and the divisions into ten companies. The divisions are numbered from one to ten, and the companies are designated by letter, as in a regiment in an army. Each division occupies one street and bears the street number; I was assigned to Company A, Ninth Division. Every company has an orderly sergeant and a sick sergeant, both Rebels. The sergeant's duty is to form the company and call the roll twice a day, evening and morning, superintended by a Yankee sergeant in each division, who looks over the roll and sees that the men answer to their names promptly. A while after morning roll-call our company sergeant forms us in double ranks and marches us to the cook-house, where we draw our day's ration of meat, already cooked. A day's ration of meat is four ounces, and as the meat is cooked the day before, we always get it cold.

When the company arrives at the cook-house the sergeant of the company and the landlord of the cook-house, one on each side of the door, count us every time we go in. That is done to keep stray sheep from flanking in and nibbling each other's pasture. In the cook-house dining-room is a table about fifteen inches wide, in shape a long hollow rectangle, with a few cooks scattered in the hollow to watch and see that we do the clean thing and act courteously toward each other, and especially to keep us from snatching our neighbor's meat.

The sole furnishing of the breakfast table is about one hundred tin plates, placed about two feet apart, and when the table is ready to be acted on each plate contains a day's ration of meat.

After we get in the cook-house we march up along

the table, and that is the time the cooks in the hollow square watch us like hawks to keep us from stealing, for they know that we are always hungry and apt to snatch somebody else's meat, especially those of us that do not belong to the church. By strict regulations we are not allowed to touch a ration of meat until the cooks or table managers have assigned each man to a plate; after the assigning is completed and a momentary silence reigns every guest, without any sign word or command, grabs up a ration of meat and leaves the hotel. Occasionally a man tries to flank in with a company not his own, but he is generally caught at it, and thrust aside, then put out, with little wailing and no picking of teeth.

About nine o'clock in the forenoon a detail from each company goes to the cook-house and draws the bread for the company. The bread is first-class, regular baker's bread, nicely baked in twenty-eight ounce loaves, one loaf being a day's allowance for two men; after the bread arrives at the company every two men draw one loaf, and the man that divides the loaf always gives his comrade first choice of pieces, which makes the divider very careful to cut the loaf as near the middle as possible. There are no messes here like there are in the army; every man has his own rations and keeps them separate, and eats what little he has when he pleases without calling in his neighbor, his bed-fellow, or his brother. Selfishness rules the hour and sways the whole camp, as everyone receives the same rations in quantity and quality. At twelve o'clock noon we are again formed in company and marched to the cook-house and ushered in by being counted; this time the table is furnished with tin cups full of what is here denominated bean soup, but it hardly deserves the name of soup, for by actual count on an average there are only six beans in a pint of thin bean water. A day's rations all told

is four ounces of meat, fourteen ounces of bread, and one pint of bean water. The rations we get are all good in quality, but much too diminutive in quantity; I have been hungry ever since I was captured. The meat we get is mostly pickled pork; twice a week we get fresh beef, and sometimes we get pickled beef, and that is salty enough to make a hound yell by biting in it. About once a week we get vegetable soup made of a mixture of dried cabbage, pumpkin, carrot, and some other ingredients too tedious to mention. Once every two weeks we get a gill of vinegar to the man. This is done to keep our appetites whetted to a keen edge, so that if we get back to Dixie before the war ends we will be well prepared and able to clean up Jeff Davis' whole commissary department in a few days; and the way I feel right now and the way everybody else around me feels, we could engulf all the edible resources of the Southern Confederacy in a few short weeks. The only remuneration the sergeant gets for his duty is double rations, and the soup he gets has more beans in it than we poor privates get; that alone is worth a considerable consideration in this lowly pen of starvation in a land of plenty.

The sick sergeant's duties are very light. All he has to do is to report the sick in the company every morning after roll-call and draw their rations if they are too sick to walk to the cook-house.

The cooks in the cook-house are all Rebel prisoners. I have not seen a Yank in any of the cook-houses since I have been here, although there may be somewhere behind the scenes a Yank overseer who is directing the machinery of the cooking establishment and keeping his eye on these wily Rebel cooks.

To be a cook here is a position of considerable distinction. I would rather be a cook than a company sergeant, from the simple fact that a cook has good

warm quarters to sleep and stay in, and they take good care of number one and help themselves to all the rations that they can devour.

I can tell a cook in camp anywhere I see him. They are all fat and greasy, and some of them are even a little saucy, and seem to be satisfied with prison life.

The prison is plentifully supplied with clear but bad water, obtained by digging holes in the sandy ground some ten or fifteen feet deep anywhere in the enclosure, the water seeping in from the river and bay. Nearly all the water is deleterious, rendered so by percolating through drifts of impure vegetable matter in the alluvial sand. The water is not fit to drink, as it produces a diarrhoea which sticks closer than a brother, and has already killed hundreds of our prisoners. The second day after I arrived here the water made me sick, with a violent diarrhoea that clung to me like a leech for several days, but I learned to do without drinking a drop of water, and by that means alone I survived the evil effects of its unwholesomeness.

The prisoners are domiciled in tents of all sorts and sizes, good, bad, and indifferent, old and new, Sibley, wall, and A tents, a regular assortment of all kinds.

The regulations for keeping the prison clean are of the first order, and are strictly enforced. Every week-day morning a detail of forty men is made in every division, for street-cleaning duty. The men are supplied with brooms, shovels, and wheelbarrows, and are required to sweep and clean the streets from side to side and end to end every day, and remove every speck of dirt of every kind and wheel it outside of the prison camp along the shore of the Bay, where the waves wash it away. On the Bay side of the prison are two large gates in the wall, which are thrown open every morning at sunrise and stand open until sunset. There is a strip of sandy beach about forty feet wide between

the prison wall and the Bay, where we are allowed to roam at will from sunrise to sunset.

Every Sunday morning all the prisoners in camp are formed in single line on both sides of the streets for general inspection by the provost marshal general of the camp. Every prisoner is then required to appear in ranks, with a washed face, newly cleaned hands, and looking in general as sweet as circumstances will permit.

When all is ready for inspection the provost general and his staff make their appearance, mounted on horseback, and ride through every street in a sweeping gallop. They do very little actual inspecting, but let the virtue of the formality do the rest. At other times, however, when the weather is favorable the inspector is a little more circumspect, and occasionally finds a Rebel in ranks who greatly needs a powerful dose of soap and water, and the cleansing application is ordered to be applied immediately. Since I have been in prison I have already lived and survived whole weeks without washing my hands or face, yet I always wash for Sunday morning inspection. Washing hands and face is no small matter here, especially when the weather is cold and a man has to use Chesapeake Bay for a washbowl and utilize his house roof for a towel. The inconvenience is no trivial affair, even if we are spending our days in pure idleness and reveling in the luxuriant comforts and ingredients of a Yankee hotel, well supplied with an abundance of scarcity, the products of a rich country filled with hospitable and generous people.

We have preaching in prison every Sunday, the preachers being all domestic, made of local material, and raw at that. According to my poor judgment some of the sermons are as devoid of interest as old straw, and as dry as a fresh lime-kiln. However, I am too young to know much about sermons, and perhaps

they are better than they seem under difficulties. Some of the men that try to preach are very young and are putting in their first shots in gospel gunnery. Their range is good and their aim first-class, but the ammunition is a little defective from the fact that the explosives used are too old and were damaged in their manufacture. However, if these gunners keep on shooting until they learn that the gun and ammunition both need a little improvement they will strike something after a while.

The house the preaching is held in is a long plank building and looks almost like a copy of our cook-houses. At one end is a little raised dais-like pulpit, which constitutes all the furnishing; there are no seats in it, and we have to take in the heavenly food just as we do our bean soup — take it standing.

The negro sentinels on the wall as a general thing are not meddlesome nor conspicuously insolent, yet some few of them occasionally manifest a spirit of low-grade tyranny which they ignorantly think naturally belongs to the dignity of the position they occupy — that of lording it over and governing the white folks. Several times I have seen sentinels strutting on their post, with a large yellow-backed pamphlet, perhaps a blood-and-thunder novel, conspicuously sticking under the cartridge box belt; but that did not hurt us. A yellow-backed novel backgrounded by a blue uniform crammed full with the raw material of a United States soldier draped in the midnight hue of Ham produces a wonderful color combination, and puts an innovation of recent evolution on the American sentry-beat to watch de white folks which was never dreamed of in the philosophy of our Revolutionary forefathers.

When I entered the prison gate I partially dropped dates of occurring events, as a life like this ought to be, in a man's career, a hiatus that may fittingly be termed

the "dark ages." When the pangs of gnawing hunger are incessantly raging within and the scurvy and itch, accompanied with a numerous colony of low-grade parasites, creeping and crawling over the outside, with freedom's sweet light blotted into blackness, and a man's every movement watched and noted under the strict surveillance of a dark sentinel, what more appropriate term could be applied to these weary days and slowly dragging months than dark ages?

The first day after I arrived here the whole prison camp experienced the hability of a shrewd Yankee trick, in all its freshness of duplicity and dissimulation of the first water. About nine o'clock in the morning a Yankee sergeant passed through the streets, making the announcement for all the prisoners to report at the gate with all their baggage. In about four minutes I was at the gate and ready to step on the boat and sail away for fair Dixieland, with all my personal effects packed in a little haversack, my blanket on my shoulder, and my hopes away up at blood heat and still heating. When the prisoners were all assembled at the gate a squad of Yankee soldiers filed in through the gate and went all through the camp gathering up all the sick, the lame, and the playing off poorly that remained in the tents; in fact, they swept the camp clean of Company Q in general, marched them out right before our eyes, and sent them to Dixie on exchange. After they were out we were told to go back to our tents; then my hopes tumbled down and crept way below zero and remained there pondering for days on the depths of human trickery.

A few days after I arrived in prison I heard a negro soldier read from a Northern newspaper the following sentence: "General Sheridan has converted the Shenandoah Valley into a waste and howling wilderness." That may be glorious news to a Northern editor or

newspaper man, but if his wife and children lived in the Shenandoah Valley he would dip his pen in blacker ink and turn on quite a different light to promulgate the barbarous deed. Just when the severe weather set in, some time about the last of November, all the prisoners were formed in line for the especial purpose of holding a blanket show. We were told to be sure and have all our blankets on exhibition, good, bad, and indifferent. When the parade was ready for the judges a Yankee squad passed along the line and, without much ceremony, took every blanket from us, save one to each man throughout the whole camp. I have often read and heard about the inhumanity of man to man and the cold charity of this world, but on shell-out blanket day was the first time that I ever saw the priceless virtue frozen up in solid chunks.

I never heard of any plausible reason assigned for the cruel performance, but I suppose that it was done in the true spirit of might makes right; or perhaps such inhuman treatment is what some of the pure and pious psalm-singing Puritans call freezing out the fires of rebellion. But for aught I know, Jeff Davis' benighted heathens may be practicing the same kind of meanness on Union prisoners this very day, but then our good people of the North ought to remember that they pronounce us Southerners "barbarians." Therefore exalted civilization and pious enlightenment ought to blush with shame to hang its priceless diadem so low that its kindly light still leads its sanctified devotees to the shrine of the great transgression of returning evil for evil. Whenever and wherever enlightened civilization willingly retaliates and gives like for like with barbarism, the transaction never fails to put Christianity, with all its cherished virtues, on the sick list.

The true aspects, experiences, and characteristics of prison life in general can never be described, even by

the most impressive writer, so that he who has never experienced its realities can form the faintest conception of the melancholy gloom that settles down like eternal night on the spirit of man and crushes hope to the dark recesses of its lowest stage, so that life itself becomes a burden that may be dragged, but too wearisome to bear. No painter's palette ever held a color black enough to truthfully delineate the shadows that constantly hang around and overarch the pathway that a prisoner of war in these United States is forced to tread. Many of the prisoners are thinly clad and all of them are scantily fed. I slept on the damp sand for two months without any sign of blanket or bedding under me, and nothing but my shoe for a pillow. Old Boreas fiercely sweeps and howls across the prison walls, with his front, center and rear whetted to a keen edge by gliding across the icy waves of Chesapeake Bay, and the searching blast with frosty needles creeps through every crack and crevice in the habiliments of a shivering prisoner and chills to the very marrow in the bone. Every cold morning I see hundreds of prisoners walking briskly back and forth through the streets and along the edge of the Bay trying to warm themselves by active exercise in the rays of the rising sun.

Every cold night some few men freeze to death in bed, one of the direful effects of robbing us of our blankets when the cold weather set in. Even wood seems to be a scarce commodity in Uncle Sam's vast realm, as we get a very scanty supply, and that is mostly green pine, which never fails to make more smoke than fire. The wood allowed each tent is not enough to keep a little fire more than a day in a week, and actually I have not seen nor felt a good fire this whole winter, and I have become so inured to the cold that I can endure it like a horse or dog.

There are about ten thousand prisoners in our pen,

and in that vast crowd I have not seen one man smile or heard a hearty laugh since I have been here. Everyone moves around in almost sullen silence, with a sad countenance, and the whole crew looks as if they had just returned from a big funeral. No more does rollicking song or laughing merriment cheerfully ring with gleeful mood among the tents of the camping host, like it does around the bright evening camp-fires that blaze and dance on the leas of Dixie's fair land, but all is hushed in grievous silence, for the austere discipline and rigid rules that govern this dismal prison life has dried up the very fountain of song; hunger, cold, and privations, in connection with bullets in the bottom of negro sentinels' guns, have thoroughly quenched the spirit of merriment and laughter. Oh, had I the wings of a sea-gull I would fly and speed away from this wretched existence, to new feeding grounds, and once more gather around a happy camp-fire where Rebels rule the ranch.

January 1, 1865 — This is Happy New Year. A cold northwest wind is sweeping through camp in a regular hurricane style, with all the fierceness and chilliness of a midwinter tempest.

To commence the new year with an inauspicious outlook we drew but half rations to-day. All of us in our tent went to bed at noon to keep from freezing; at sunset we got up and stood out in ranks and shiveringly answered evening roll-call, then went back to bed to spend the remainder of this Happy New Year in trying to have pleasant dreams of some warm, steaming, delicious New Year dinner somewhere far, far away. On Christmas Day a hungry Alabamian ate five pounds of raw bacon and six pounds of bread in one sitting, at the commissary department of this prison. The poor fellow was a large man and no doubt had been hungry a long time, but the enormous bulk that he stowed away was too much for his unused digestive apparatus, and

it partially failed to respond to the abrupt overfeeding process, which sent the man to the hospital, where he eventually died from the effects of his little Christmas dinner.

January 13 — This far in the new year the weather has been very disagreeable, windy, and cold. Last night about nine o'clock a man died, frozen to death or starved in bed, in the next tent to mine. The orderly sergeant of our company called for four volunteers to bear the corpse to the dead house; I volunteered for one. The night was bitter cold, with a full moon in a clear, wintry sky which rendered the night almost as bright as day. As we bore the body of our comrade through the silent street the pale silvery moonbeams with kindly light played softly over the cold thin white face of the dead. The moonlit wavelets of the Bay, as they kissed the pebbly strand, whispered a soft vesper hymn, a fitting requiem, as we moved away with our silent burden toward the house of the dead. When we arrived at the dead house, which is a large Sibley tent, the Great Reaper had already harvested seven sheaves garnered in silent waiting for the morrow's interment. The burial hour here is daily at four o'clock in the afternoon, and the man that we carried to the dead house made the eighth one that died from four o'clock until nine. Death with its fatal shears clips a brittle thread of life here, and with insatiable greed calls for "next" every hour of the day and night and gathers on an average twenty-five passengers for the daily train to the Silent City. The man that we carried to the dead house was a Virginian from Floyd County. He attended roll-call yesterday evening; I saw him standing in ranks, but he looked wan and frail.

January 17 — There were some prisoners taken out of the pen to-day for exchange. In order to find legitimate material for barter the whole camp was paraded

this forenoon, and the Yanks passed along the lines picking out the weakest and puniest men in camp as the best paying commodity on the market, for exchange, utterly disregarding when and where they were captured.

February 4 — Some more prisoners went out to-day for exchange; this time they were called in regular order and taken in turn as they were captured. But when the provost marshal stepped up on the wall this morning to commence the calling, he looked over the assembled crowd inside and remarked: "There are lots of good Rebels in there, and I hate to give you up."

February 22 — The Yanks fired thirty-four guns to-day somewhere close outside of the prison wall, in celebration of Washington's Birthday.

February 25 — To-day we heard the welcome sound of the exchange boat whistle again, and the joyful tidings stirred up the whole camp. Hope that had dipped and held its torch so long in the cloud of dismal gloom kindled a new flame, and its roseate light flashed and played sweetly over many a pallid cheek as the fingers of thought swept nimbly over the harp strings of freedom that had slept so long. Every man here expects that he may get out to-morrow.

February 26 — The lengthening days are beginning to furnish a little more sunshine and of a warmer brand, that has a slight touch of beautiful spring. According to expectation a boatload of prisoners was called out to-day for exchange, and as usual the call missed me all over.

There are acts and scenes transpiring within these prison walls which necessity rightly claims as its own true children, the divulgence of which may some day cause a blush of shame to creep over the cheeks of those who are directly responsible for the seemingly incongruous innovation of American usages in the

steady light of this nineteenth century, even on the light and North side of the Potomac. Right now as I am writing these words there is a rat vendor going along the street carrying three large rats by the tail, and every few steps I hear him cry: "Here are your rats, fresh and fat! I just now caught them at the commissary department, and I warrant them to be in fine order. Three for five cents, cheap! here are your rats!" Talk about the heathen Chinees eating dogs,—here men buy and eat rats to satisfy craving hunger right under the shadow of the proud Star-Spangled Banner and in a so-called Christian country and in a land of plenty. I have been hungry for six months now, and I could and would eat rat or snake on toast if I just had it. Only he who has been hungry for a long period knows what hunger is. I saw a man fish a scrap of beef from a slop barrel and devour it as if it were a morsel from a king's table.

One day I drew for my meat ration the upper part of a sheep's head, his eyes still holding their old position and the eyelids decorated with cleanly washed hairy-like wool, cleansed nicely by boiling the meat. I shaved off the wool and ate the eyes, lids and all; the eyes were certainly delicious. Oh, you fastidious epicureans that love to feast on rich and rare delicacies dressed in the livery of champagne sauce, try sheep's-eye boiled in bad well water and garnished with wool, and see whether it is not fit for a king! There are a great many prisoners here who are tobacco chewers, and the weed is a scarce article inside of prison, yet there is some little in the camp. I see it every day for sale, cut up in small square blocks about twice the size of a common dice. The little blocks are nicely arranged on a board and offered for sale at retail, a small slice of bread, weighing about an ounce and a half, buying one chew of tobacco. I have seen men walking along the street

gathering up chewed cuds of tobacco for smoking purposes. They pick the little ground-up quids to pieces and spread them in the sunshine until dried, then smoke the virtueless débris. There is a great deal of scurvy in this prison all the time, and the direful effects of scorbutic blood is apparent all through the camp. I have seen men with their gums swollen even with their teeth. Scanty diet, diarrhoea superinduced by the use of deleterious water, and scurvy from the use of salty meat furnish the drift that floats constantly away from here on the stream of Death.

Oh, I wish Harriet Beecher Stowe would come here and spend a few weeks with us, and dip her able pen in the essence of human misery and privations that prevail here! The dear old lady could write a very interesting volume about Uncle Sam's Starvation Shop, a volume that would make a fitting companion for "Uncle Tom's Cabin." Nor would she have to browse so dangerously near the precipice of pure fiction to find an extreme case in gathering thrilling material, as she did when she gathered up the "Cabin," for there is an abundance of acts played here, subdivided into scenes, and conditions existing that would furnish some very interesting subjects and themes for a true delineator's pen. The work would make a very readable book, although it might not prove to be as good fuel for an "irrepressible conflict" as "Uncle Tom's Cabin," but it would give an impressive lesson for thoughtful reflection on how cruel barbarism still revels in the lap of civilization, even in this so-called highly enlightened Christian land.

March 12 — Another boatload of prisoners was called out to-day for exchange. Nearly every time that prisoners are called out the call snatches a few cooks from the cook-houses, when new ones taken from the hungry host are put in to fill their places. To-day

one of the new men that was made happy by obtaining a position as cook killed himself before dinner by eating too many undone beans. The poor fellow sold his life to his stomach, then set sail and drew out over the gloomy, pathless waters of Death with an overload of beans on board.

Surrounded with beans dread hunger flies —  
With the pouch over-stretched the bean-eater dies.

March 27 — Another boatload — five hundred and fifty-five prisoners — was called out to-day for exchange. This time my name was called, and when I popped out through the prison gate my buoyant spirits boiled over and it was the happiest moment of my life: but alas! it was too bright to last. The clerk on the outside who made up the boat list had five hundred and sixty names enrolled, just five too many for the boatload, and I proved to be one of the unlucky overplus that had to be returned to the inside again. When I learned my fate despondency immediately chased my spirits down to the deepest place in the gulf of despair, where they are apt to remain until the next exchange day.

## XXVIII

### EXCHANGE OF PRISONERS CEASES

**MARCH 28** — Worse and more of it. A telegraphic dispatch was received here at headquarters last night from General Grant, stating that there are no more prisoners to be exchanged until after the summer campaign, which means after the war is over, for if all accounts be true the star of the Confederacy will set in eternal night before the summer will be half over. Sherman's march to the sea cut a deadly swath right through the heart of Dixie, which will cause the lifeblood of the Southern Confederacy to ebb quickly away.

**March 29** — The Second United States Artillery band from Washington was in our prison camp to-day and played for us. The members of the band are all finely uniformed, make a showy appearance, and play very well. After playing a few pieces some Rebel called for "Dixie," and the band at once struck up old "Dixie" and played it as well as I ever heard it. As the first sweet strain swelled over the listening throng the prisoners all over camp gave a regular Rebel yell that shook the prison wall and made the welkin ring. As soon as the band got through with "Dixie" they quickly covered it up with "Hail Columbia."

**April 5** — The Yanks say that General Lee has evacuated Richmond, and I expect it is true, as they fired one hundred guns to-day around the prison in commemoration of the wilting, withering event.

**April 10** — It is reported that General Lee surrendered the last remnant of the Army of Northern Vir-

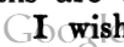
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ginia to General Grant at Appomattox Court House; if that is true the war is over, and I expect there is no doubt about the surrender, as the Yanks had some more fireworks to-day, and fired two hundred and twenty-five guns in glorification of the last act of the great drama in Virginia.

April 15 — The United States flags here were all floating at half-mast to-day. This morning when the Yankee sergeant came in to superintend the roll-call he tried to look sad, but from his snappish demeanor I at once saw that the biggest bunch of his grief was entirely composed of anger. After roll-call one of the prisoners in our company ventured the question: "Sergeant, why are the flags floating at half-mast this morning?" With a scowl-covered countenance the sergeant snappishly replied: "Some of you Rebels killed President Lincoln last night." With quick repartee our man replied: "We did not do it, for we were here in this pen all night." Ever since early spring we have been drawing raw dried codfish about twice a month for our meat ration. The way some of them look, smell, and taste, they must have been caught by Simon Peter when he went fishing with Jesus.

May 3 — The whole camp registered to-day for the purpose of taking the oath of allegiance to the United States. It seems that the war is over outside of the prison, but we are kept here and treated just as we have been before the war closed; it looks a little like as if the Yanks are afraid to turn us loose.

May 7 — The Rev. Mr. McCulloch of Baltimore preached here in prison to-day. Text, third chapter of John and eighteenth verse.

June 4 — A preacher from Massachusetts preached for us to-day. Preaching is a good thing when it is well done and its axioms and truths are well adhered to and its injunctions practiced,  that some

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great minister would come along here and preach a kind of redemption that would have the potential effect of getting us away from here, for Death is still swinging its fatal scythe with a deadlier stroke in this patch than it does beyond these prison gates, and many a man in here to-day will go through the prison gate dressed in a coffin before we all get out.

The weather is warm now and in a favorable condition for the musical buzz of the green fly that is already busy at its favorite occupation of blowing everything that it sees which suits its taste. The fresh beef rations that we get are some days full of the little fly's life-giving work neatly and evenly deposited in every little interstice throughout the ration, and so numerous, and too tedious to extract with any degree of satisfaction, that we eat the meat, fly-blow and all in conjunction, without any squeamish hesitation whatever, as this is no time nor place for the indulgence of bodily idiosyncrasy, fastidious appetite, or exquisite taste. Some of my comrades think that we might get the bots by eating hatchable fly-blow, but I know that I have eaten a thousand in the last month and I feel no sign of any bots yet.

June 9 — The authorities here commenced releasing prisoners to-day. The prisoners are released by taking the oath of allegiance to the United States. There were about eleven hundred released to-day.

June 29 — About twenty thousand prisoners have been released here since the 9th of June, and to-day I was released, one of the very last ones of the whole vast throng; when I came out through the gate wagons were driving in to haul out the tents. The releasing operation was conducted in the following manner: When thirty-two names were called and answered to, the men were formed in a double-line squaa and marched into the building that we used here for a church.

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After I arrived on the inside of the door I was measured, and my height, color of hair and eyes, and my complexion were all recorded on my certificate of release. When the squad of thirty-two had all gone through with the preliminary operation we were marched deeper into the building, where a large United States flag was stretched horizontally overhead. Under this we formed in groups of four, when a Bible was handed to each group, on which we took the following oath, administered to the whole thirty-two at one time:

“ I . . . . do solemnly swear that I will support, protect, and defend the Constitution and Government of the United States against all enemies, whether domestic or foreign; that I will bear true faith, allegiance, and loyalty to the same, any ordinance, resolution, or laws of any State, Convention, or Legislature to the contrary notwithstanding; and further that I will faithfully perform all the duties which may be required of me by the laws of the United States; and I take this oath freely and voluntarily without any mental reservation or evasion whatever.

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“ Subscribed and sworn before me, this twenty-ninth day of June, A. D. 1865.

“ A. G. BRADY, *Major and Provost Marshal.*

“ The above-named has fair complexion, brown hair, and hazel eyes, and is 5 feet 7 inches high.”

After we were through with the oath-taking we were turned loose on a green grassy sward outside of the prison gate, and the men were so wild with joy that old veterans playfully tumbled and rolled on the grass like young schoolboys. Every man is furnished free transportation as near home as he can go by boat and rail. Now as I have taken a solemn oath to love, adore,

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honor, and protect Uncle Sam with all my powers, I intend henceforth to stick to him through evil as well as good report, with all the patriotism and allegiance that I saved from the wreck of the Southern Confederacy.

The following is a certificate of release that was given to every prisoner:

**CERTIFICATE OF RELEASE OF PRISONER OF WAR**  
*Headquarters, Point Lookout, Maryland*  
PROVOST MARSHAL'S OFFICE, JUNE 29, 1865

I hereby Certify That ..... Prisoner of War, having this day taken the Oath of Allegiance to the United States, is in conformity with instructions from the War Department, hereby released and discharged.

In witness whereof I hereunto affix my official  
[*Signature and Stamp.*] A. G. BRADY,  
A. G. Brady Major and Provost Marshal.  
June 29, 1865.  
Major and Provost Marshal.

Just at nightfall the steam transport that is bearing us away from our winter resort drew up to the wharf, and the gangplank had hardly touched the shore before the newly made citizens of the United States rushed up the gangway like Rebels, crowding and pushing each other like cattle, everyone trying to get aboard first, for fear that the boat would not hold us all. At ten o'clock to-night our boat left Point Lookout, and now at midnight it is plowing through the long heaving swells of Chesapeake Bay, bound for Richmond, Virginia.

## XXIX

## RELEASED—HOME

JUNE 30 — I did not sleep a wink last night. The sweet thought of freedom, the bright hope of seeing homeland once more, and the glorious vision of new sorts of viands played around me and chased away every vestige of slumber. The soothing god refused to be wooed and positively declared that he could not be won by me on such a night as this. This morning about eight o'clock we passed Fortress Monroe, which is situated at the mouth of James River, or rather on Hampton Roads. It is on the north side of the Roads in Elizabeth City County, and right at the entrance into Hampton Roads; it is a delightful place, for the exterior escarp of the fortress is covered with sod and appears more like the grassy terrace of a pleasure ground than the front of chamber where the engines of war are sleeping. Right opposite the fortress, about a mile distant, is the Rip Raps, a pile of rocks with cannon on it, situated in midwater, commanding the entrance to Hampton Roads. About eleven miles due south and across the waters of the Roads is the City of Norfolk. Fortress Monroe is on Old Point Comfort, and about seven miles nearly southwest of it a point of land reaches out boldly into the waters of Hampton Roads, on which the little town of Newport News is pleasantly and advantageously situated; it is in Warwick County. Old Point Comfort and Newport News are both favorably located for seaside health resorts, being in a mild, genial climate where the refreshing and salubrious sea breezes sweep in from the blue waves of

the Atlantic, which makes a man feel good all over. This morning as we steamed through Hampton Roads a delightful cool breeze was blowing gently in from the sea. Hampton Roads affords first-class anchorage for large ocean steamers, and is one of the best harbors on the Atlantic coast. When we came through this morning an English man-of-war was anchored between Fortress Monroe and Newport News, and we passed close by its side. Everything about the whole ship, deck and all, looked as clean and fresh as though it has just come from the builder's hand.

We steamed up the James River all day. The land along both sides of the river is mostly low and flat and vast levels stretch away to the dim distance unbroken by hills. We passed Old Jamestown this afternoon; I saw nothing there but old crumbling ruins. Jamestown is about four miles a little west of south from Williamsburgh and in James City County. Our boat stopped for night at Harrison's Landing, which is on the left bank of the river, in Charles City County.

July 1 — This morning at sunrise we renewed our boat march. From City Point at the mouth of the Appomattox up to Drewry's Bluff the river is very crooked and winding, and the surrounding country is much more undulating than it is on the lower James. Coming up the river to-day I saw the Dutch Gap Canal — or at least the top part of it — that General Ben Butler was trying to dig a year ago. The canal was not finished,— the bottom of it is mostly rock,— and is now only a little lower than the surface of the water in the river at flood tide.

General Butler's object in digging the canal was to cut off some five or six miles of a big bend in the river that was good soil for Confederate torpedoes, and in the distance around the bend there are some first-class positions for batteries on the Chesterfield hills close to

the river, which the use of the canal would have shunned entirely. The canal is about three hundred and eighty feet long, and its completion would have enabled General Butler's flotilla to creep some five or six miles closer to the heart of Dixie without much peril. At Drewry's Bluff we had to wait several hours for high tide, which came in at last, and about midday our boat arrived at the Rockets at the lower end of Richmond. There we immediately disembarked and bade a hasty farewell to our craft, and marched up into the city, first to headquarters of the provost marshal to secure transportation, then to the Central Depot, and had not long to wait for the train that landed us in Gordonsville this evening at dusk.

There were twenty-one of us ex-Rebels on the train, and when the train stopped here at Gordonsville, United States soldiers garrisoned here, our brethren and comrades now, were very kind and friendly to us and hospitably welcomed us to Dixie and courteously conducted us to our quarters.

This is Saturday evening. If we would have remained in Richmond until Tuesday we could have gone on the train to Staunton, but as it is we had to stop here at Gordonsville, as the train runs to Staunton only twice a week. The transportation man in Richmond told us that if we would wait until Tuesday he would send us through to Staunton, but some of our ex-Rebels in the squad were so anxious to get home that they thought it a sin to waste a few days in Richmond merely to save a good long walk. I was willing, and wanted to stay in Richmond a few days, but the majority ruled, and I obeyed.

July 2 — This morning a lady in Gordonsville sent us a bucket of buttermilk, and some six or eight of us had a few crackers left, which we put in the bucket in a sort of joint stock soup company style. After the

crackers soaked a while we gathered around the bucket and squatted on the floor and cleaned up the soup in the twinkling of an eye. That was our last soldier meal together.

Soon after breakfast we said farewell, and disbanded, perhaps the last squad of the Army of Northern Virginia. We struck out in various directions, some with their faces turned to southwest Virginia, others to the upper Shenandoah. One man has a good long march to make, as his home is in Braxton County, West Virginia. Two Rockingham men went out on the Standardsville road; I am the only one on the New Market pike. I walked steadily all day, browsed once or twice in a blackberry patch, and about an hour before sunset I passed through Madison Court House, and to-night I am sweetly reclining on my blanket bed in a quiet balmy pine thicket about three miles northwest of Madison Court House.

July 3 — I renewed my march early this morning, with an entirely empty haversack, and I am ashamed to beg, consequently I walked all day without anything to eat except some spontaneous gatherings, such as fruit, berries, and cherries along the wayside. Between Crigglersville and the Blue Ridge I met a lady going to market with some pears. She gave me a dozen of them and as they were not very large I ate the whole dozen while I was talking to her.

I crossed the Blue Ridge to-day, and just little before sunset I struck the farm lands at its western base in Page County. I was then so hungry that I could just make out to tell the truth as I called at a wayside farmhouse for some bread and milk. The kind lady told me to tarry a while, and she set me a good supper, and that was the first square meal that I had eaten for nine months, and the first time that I sat at a table in fourteen months. I took my position without maneu-

vering and made the attack without any skirmishing, and it proved to be the most successful, pleasant, and satisfactory engagement that I have been in for many weary days. After supper I walked about half a mile, unrolled my blanket and nestled down in a fence corner to spend my last night of outing in this campaign.

July 4 — When the first rays of the rising sun gilded the Massanutten I had already commenced my last day's tramp. About four o'clock this afternoon I stood on top of the Massanutten Mountain, and once more fondly looked with enraptured gaze over the land of my native home, the grand old Valley of the Shenandoah, with its pleasant fields, winding, tree-fringed streams and verdant hills. Man and nature have both been busy in obliterating the ugly scars of war since the last sound of battle has died away.

The broad landscape, dotted with a thousand harvest fields and diversified with fields of growing corn, is fast shaking off the ashes of war and spreading its summer treasures in the golden sunshine, and ere long General Sheridan's "waste and howling wilderness" will again blossom as the rose. Summer with lavish hand has already spread a verdant robe on the fields and hillsides where charging squadrons devastated nature's finest handiwork on the ornate and adorning garb and where camp-fires blazing on emerald hearths stained and flecked the living carpet.

If I have written anything that may ruffle the placid temperament of my Northern brethren who stood in the forefront of their country's ranks and bravely bared their breasts to Southern bullets, I wish them always to remember that the sentiments expressed are but the honest thoughts of a humble private who stood in the ranks and fought for home and native land. There and then these reflections and impressions were woven into a variegated tapestry, while the gloomy war cloud

shrouded my native skies and dipped low over the land that gave me birth while now and then the fire of battle flashed fiercely across the forming woof. No, no, I never bowed at the shrine of a Southern fire-eater nor learned at the feet of a political Gamaliel who thought he knew it all; neither did I worship at the footstool of an out-and-out disunionist, nor welcome the last arguments of kings and potentates; nor did I applaud or wink at the expressed sentiments of traitors that boldly proclaimed the Constitution of the United States a "League with Hades."

I arrived at home this evening, and unslung the very same blanket that I started with to the war, on the 19th of July, 1861. Fifteen days more and I would have been in service just four years, and in all that time I never saw the inside of a hospital.

Now that our common country has been drenched with human blood, may the costly sacrifice so nurture our Liberty-tree that it will bloom brighter and bear sweeter fruit than it ever did before, and may it exhale and diffuse the incense of brotherly love, unity, and harmony, unalloyed by the poisonous breath of sectional hatred, which never fails to breed an arrogant and selfish spirit of I am better and holier than thou.

NX 000 208 759

