A LIEUTENANT OF CAVALRY IN LEE'S ARMY

G. W. BEALE

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BY

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FOREWORD

The title of this book is a correct one, except as to the first and second chapters, which relate to events which preceded the date of General R. E. Lee's assumption of the command of the Army of Northern Virginia in June, 1862. These events were preliminary to the formation of that army and disciplinary for its arduous and exciting duties. The narrative of them may well serve as an introduction to the account that follows of service on a larger scale under "Job" Stuart and Hampton.

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CHAPTER I

EARLY ENGAGEMENTS WITH GUNBOATS ON THE POTOMAC

IN June, 1861, there had been assembled in the vicinity of Mathias Point, on the Potomac, a regiment or more of infantry and several companies of cavalry. Two of the latter from Westmoreland and Lancaster Counties, and one of the former—the "Sparta Grays," of Caroline County—were under the immediate command of Major Robert Mayo, and the whole force commanded by Brigadier-General Daniel Ruggles, an ex-officer of the United States Army, who had resigned his commission and offered his sword to the Confederacy.

A number of gunboats and armed cutters and the more formidable ship *Pawnee* were patrolling the river and throwing shot and shells whenever and wherever any sign of the presence of the Confederates could be gained. The remarkable thing about this cannonading for two months or more was the enormous expenditure of ammunition without killing or wounding a single man on the Southern side. Picket stations were established along the shore for miles, and both infantry and cavalry videttes kept a sharp lookout for any attempt to effect a landing by Federal soldiers or marines, and the troops in the several camps were held in constant readiness to meet such an attempt.

On the early morning of June 27, while Henry Porter and another man of the Westmoreland Cavalry, were on watch at the picket station nearest the point, they were suddenly startled by the approach in the darkness of a small body of Yankees, who had landed under cover of the night and advanced so noiselessly as not to be heard until within a few feet of the men on watch. Porter and his companion discharged their guns in time to give

the alarm to the other pickets in their rear, but not in time to mount their own horses. These fell into the enemies' hands and were gotten aboard of a tender that had anchored nearby in the river during the night.

The landing and surprise of the pickets were promptly reported to General Ruggles and Major Mayo, and their respective camps were quickly astir with preparation for action. The Ruggles's camp was higher up the river, and separated from Mayo's three companies by a depression, or valley, in the land, that terminated near the river shore in a morass and pond. On the lower side of this marshy valley the ground was densely covered with pine woods, admitting the close approach to the river by Mayo's companies without detection or danger. In consequence, the "Sparta Grays" and the Westmoreland Cavalry, under Captain Saunders and Lieutenant R. L. T. Beale, were put into motion, and the cavalry company, having been dismounted and placed in line on the right of the infantry, were quickly advanced to within two hundred yards of the river bank. As yet, in this advance, no sight or sound had been gained of the presence of any enemy.

A halt was made, and Major Mayo and the officers commanding the companies appeared to be consulting whether to go forward, or to await orders from General Ruggles. Presently I was called into their presence, and directed to take a trusty man, proceed through the pines, ascertain the enemies' position, and bring back a report.

With Pete Stewart (an old soldier of the Mexican War), I proceeded to execute the order, having Stewart in the lead. We moved cautiously, with guns cocked, from tree to tree, till we came to an open space of stumps and low pine bushes, where we got a clear view of the gunboat *Freeborn,* the warship *Pawnee* and the tender. We had now to crawl on our knees to escape being seen, and paused every now and then to listen.

While thus crawling, I came to a large pine stump, which had been struck by a cannon ball, and saw a huge hole cut in one side of it—the first evidence I had ever seen of the tremendous force of a cannon shot.

When we had proceeded on our knees to within a few yards of the river bank, Stewart stopped, and whispered: "I hear them," significantly, pointing at the same time to a wooded bluff

a little above us. Listening, we could catch the sound of voices and that of picks and spades, as of men at work digging in the sand and making a breastwork.

Believing that we had an accurate knowledge of the enemies' position, we hastened back and reported. We were at once ordered to act as guides for the companies, and to direct them to where we had seen the enemy. My companion led the way for one company, and I for the other.

The sight of that line of armed men moving through those woods, down a gentle decline into a valley, and up a gradual descent to the bluff beside the river, was one never to be forgotten. There was the armed enemy, the gunboat with its cannon, the war vessel, and here were we advancing to open fire on them. My boyish dreams of battle seemed about to be fulfilled, the anticipation of my early soldier's life seemed to be turning into a stern reality. It was an exciting hour!

Presently, the order came, "Charge!" and up the slope rushed the men with a resounding yell. The infantry company opened with their muskets a rapid fire; the cavalry more slowly got their shotguns into action.

It quickly became apparent that Stewart and I had been mistaken in locating the enemy. They were not, as we supposed, on the lower side of the marsh and pond; but on the upper side, seventy yards away, where it was impossible for us to reach them, except with bullets.

At the first shot and yell they dropped their tools, leaped into their large boats and rowed for the gunboat, our men meanwhile pouring a continuous fire at them, as well as at the *Freeborn,* the guns of which had opened on us with rapid volleys of grape shot.

About the time the long boat with the fugitives got behind the *Freeborn,* her captain, J. H. Ward, fell dead on her deck, pierced in the abdomen by one of our bullets, and the command on board her was heard: "Slip the cable!" The vessel got at once into motion, heading up the river, having in tow the boat in which the landing had been made, now all bullet-ridden, blood-stained, and bearing the bleeding bodies of a number of desperately wounded marines, including William J. Best, seaman of the *Pawnee,* who had received two gunshot wounds and had a leg broken; William McChumney, landsman, of

Freeborn, with gunshot wound; John Williams, of *Pawnee,* with gunshot wound in soft part of the right thigh, and George McKenny, of *Freeborn,* with gunshot wound in left thigh. The flagstaff carried on the small boat, in which these marines escaped from the shore to the *Freeborn,* was shot off and nineteen holes were cut in the flag.

The captain of the gunboat *Reliance,* which was also near the scene of action, reported that "Lieutenant Draper and his command escaped utter destruction by a miracle."

The body of Captain Ward, wrapped in the national colors, was transferred to the *Pawnee,* and with the wounded men, was taken to Washington.

On the Confederate side, remarkable to say, in view of the grapeshot to which we were exposed, there was not a casualty. The nearest approach to one of which I learned was in my own case, when a cannon shot from the *Freeborn,* having struck a pine limb overhead, glanced to the ground within a foot of me. I reached forth my hand to seize the blackened ball of iron, but quickly let it go, because of its being so hot. In more than one sense, I could say I was in the heat of that action.

A considerable pile of sand bags had been thrown up and a regiment of New York infantry was coming from Washington that night to take possession of them. We captured some spades, shovels, and a few muskets. We suffered intensely of thirst in the heat of that June day.

The party of Federals who landed were thirty-four marines of the *Pawnee,* commanded by Lieutenant Draper, of that vessel.

Early in the month of August because of the attack of measles to which I had become a victim, I obtained a leave of absence and set out to reach home by way of Fredericksburg and thence down the Rappahannock on the *Virginia,* formerly the *St. Nicholas,* which had been captured by "Zarvoni" Thomas, and turned over to the Confederate Government. My recovery was very rapid. On August 10th, the landing of the Yankees was reported as having been made near Cole's Point. A smoke, as from a burning building in that vicinity, tended to confirm the report and much excitement prevailed in the community. Such soldiers as were at home on furlough, several members of the home guard, and a few armed citizens,

hastened on horse back in the direction of the smoke. I accompanied these men. It having been discovered that a party from the *Resolute* were on shore, it was agreed to take position on Fort Hill—a very advantageous ground—and dispute their advance, which they gave signs of making. Our waiting here was brief, when it was ascertained that the enemy, having burned the house occupied by Richard Reamy and his family and collected together most of the slaves on the place with such property as they could readily take away, had returned to the steamer.

We rode down to the spot near the burnt house, where they had improvised a wharf, and on our way met poor Reamy with his wife and children, bemoaning with tears, the loss of their home and all their earthly goods. The volleys of his imprecations on the raiders were both plentiful and profane as he lifted his arm in vigorous gesticulation towards the steamer making its way out into the Potomac.

Captain William Budd, commanding the *Resolute* under date of August 10th, 1862, reported this dastardly act as follows: "When I landed there, there was a party of secessionists from Maryland in the house. They made good their escape. I chased them for a mile, but they got off. I took ten contrabands belonging to Colonel Brown. Colonel Brown has been a receiver and forwarder of recruits, and of course his property used for that purpose was confiscated." Colonel Brown owned the Cole's Point plantation, and Reamy lived on it as manager.

Less than a week after this occurrence, I rejoined my company and was sent at once with twelve men to relieve Corporal John Critcher who had command of a picket stationed at the house of Benjamin R. Grymes in King George County, from which the family had removed because of its exposed situation near the bank of the Potomac.

It was by no means assuring and comforting on arriving at this house to find that a bomb, fired at it a few days before, had left the marks of over fifty shrapnel shot in the side of it next to the river, and to learn that a solid shot had entered the back door, cut the rounds out of a chair at the dining table, and passing out of the front door had shattered a gate post at the edge of the yard.

It was perhaps on the morning following our arrival at this

house that one of the men on sentinel duty reported that a friendly schooner had run aground under a high embankment close at hand near Metompken Point. Our horses were at once taken back and concealed in the woods, and our party proceeded towards the vessel in distress in the most cautious manner and under all possible concealment of our persons. Near the bank was a deep rifle-pit made there in the spring, and it gave us good hiding and safety. We saw no means of capturing the vessel and deemed it improper to hail it lest it might not be manned by friends.

While thus hiding in the rifle-pit, the gunboat, *Resolute,* under Captain Budd, was heard steaming in haste towards the schooner aground. Now as we caught sight of her, it seemed certain we could get a good shot at some of the crew,—an opportunity we had often eagerly sought.

The men were ordered to lie low and not to shoot till the command was given to do so.

Very soon the *Resolute's* wheel ceased to turn as it drew near the schooner. Captain Budd began to hail the unfortunate captain of the schooner and to address him in rough language, while a boat shot out from his steamer taking with it a hawser for the purpose of attaching it to the vessel and drawing it off. This boat was allowed by us to get within a few feet of the stern of the vessel when the squad of men were ordered to take aim and fire. Then ensued a rapid fusilade which was kept up by us until the boat was drawn back by the hawser and concealed behind the *Resolute's* hulk. Another gunboat now reached the scene, the *Resolute* backed out into the stream, and the two began to shell the woods. Our party creeping and crawling, and then with a yet more lively use of our legs, hastened back to where our horses had been left.

Much costly ammunition was thrown away in the shelling that followed, but no harm was done.

With a slight error as to the exact location of this stranded craft and a decided miscalculation of her distance from the shore, the captain of the *Resolute* reported that on August 16th, "Hearing that a schooner was ashore opposite (Cedar Point), I thought it advisable to go down to her and get her off, if possible, and I dispatched an officer and four men in a boat for the purpose of capturing her. They had just reached her, and

were in the act of making fast, when a volley of muskerty was fired from the adjoining bushes, not more than five or six yards distant, instantly killing three of the boat's crew and wounding another. I immediately opened fire into the cover that sheltered the enemy. After four or five rounds they were driven out, running in parties of three or four in different direction * * * the *Reliance* coming up at this moment commenced throwing shells at the flying enemy * * * My boat is completely riddled, particularly in the after part. Killed: John T. Fuller, master's mate; George Seymour, seaman (shot through spine and lungs); Thomas Tully, seaman (in head); Ernest Weller, wounded."

Of the effects of our shots in this affair we were completely ignorant, though well aware that, as the above report states, the "boat was completely riddled."

CHAPTER II

TOO LATE TO TAKE PART IN MANASSAS BATTLE

THE month of July, 1861, was one of anxious suspense in all Southern circles, due to the expected battle between the enemy under General Scott in and around Washington, and that under General Beauregard at Manassas. There were good grounds for such anxiety. The early advance of the Federal army was deemed certain, and its superiority in numbers and equipment was well understood, as also that it was strengthened by numerous well-disciplined regiments of the regular army. The troops under Beauregard were known to be entirely volunteers, lacking in equipment, never before under fire, in a great degree undisciplined, and inferior in numbers. Whether they could maintain their ground when the shock of battle came was to us a cause of profound concern.

The troop of which I was a member had been ordered about the middle of the month from King George County up to Brooke's Station, where several regiments of infantry and one or two batteries, commanded by Major-General T. H. Holmes, were encamped. On the evening of July 20th, with our haversacks filled, we were ordered to march in the direction of Dumfries, with the infantry and artillery following us. No one had any doubt but that our destination was to join Beauregard's army and that the battle which we had been anticipating with impatient zeal, not unmixed with grave concern, now was to take place. It was a revelation to us who rode on horses that day, how little advantage we had over the infantry, who covered in their march mile after mile in about the same time that we did.

As night came on, we were permitted to halt, feed our horses, and go to sleep. Very early next morning the column was put in motion again, with our company in the lead. With eight or ten men, I was sent ahead as an advance guard, with orders to keep a sharp lookout for the enemy approaching from our right. Within sight of our company was Colonel Carey at the head of the Thirtieth Virginia Infantry.

No sooner had our march begun, than the distant booming of cannon satisfied us that a battle in the vicinity of Manassas had been opened. As the hours passed, the noise of the guns increased, becoming plainer as we approached nearer. At times, the sound veered to the left, as though our army were being driven back, and again it veered to the right, as though the enemy were yielding ground. Now there would be a lull in the cannonade, and again it would seem to gather volume and fury.

The effect of all this noise of battle was almost electrical on Holmes's command. It inspired his men with ardor to mingle in the fray, and they so accelerated their march that it was not easy for our horses to keep the proper distance in advance of the infantry.

As for myself, the nervous strain of the march was intense. From the instructions given me, I was momentarily expecting to discover a body of the enemy in front, or on my right. From every hilltop we reached, down every valley into which we looked, up every road bearing to the right, from behind every cluster of houses and from the cover of every grove we passed, we were on the alert, watching for the sudden appearance of the enemy, seeking to turn Beauregard's right flank. The tension on the nerves through the long hours of the day from this constant expectancy of suddenly meeting the foe was intensified by the constantly increasing roar of the battle ahead of us. At no other time during all the war, save for an hour or two in the late afternoon at Gettysburg, was I the subject of so much painful suspense as on this day.

When we reached Manassas it was approaching night. John Critcher, a private, then in our company, and later a colonel of the Fifteenth Virginia Cavalry, was sent by General Holmes to announce the arrival of his command, and to ask for orders. I saw him on his return, and heard him report what Beauregard had said of the battle, "Our victory is complete."

While we were halted near the station, squads of prisoners were coming from the battlefield under guard, and were added to a group of several hundred or more that already had been gathered under a cluster of oaks on the southern side of the track. While we were waiting here, a train arrived, and presently vociferous cheering was heard. We were told the cheers

were for Jefferson Davis, who had alighted from the train and was one of a number of men we had seen riding off.

The gathering clouds now gave promise of a heavy rain, and we were marched to a large, roomy barn, scarcely a mile distant, where we found abundant hay for our horses and soft beds for ourselves, as well as dry and comfortable shelter. Here we forgot the weariness of our march, and the excitement of the day in slumber deep and sweet as that of childhood.

The earth became very wet and soft from the heavy rain during the night. Next morning my mare sank in the earth above her fetlocks as I led her to water, and the stream was found to be so swollen and filled with red mud that she wouldn't drink it. The weather conditions made it plain that no successful pursuit of the retreating Federals under McDowell could be expected, even if Beauregard had any fresh regiments to undertake it.

We were not ordered out from our cozy quarters that day, but enjoyed a quiet rest in the barn. A number of men asked permission to visit the battlefield, and having ridden over it, returned in the afternoon with harrowing accounts of its ghastly scenes of suffering and death. They brought, in one form and another, numerous mementoes of the first great field of Southern victory. A courier was asked for by General Beauregard, and Private Edwin Claybrook was sent to him. He was directed to find Colonel Stuart and to deliver a dispatch to him. Claybrook returned at night, having found Colonel Stuart at Fairfax Courthouse, and related with enthusiasm the impression he had gained of the commander of the First Regiment, who was destined before long to become one of the most famous cavalry leaders.

On the 23d, under a hot July sun, we set out on the return to Brooke's Station. The march over the same road we had followed two days before was with sensations and emotions very different from those we then had felt. About noon, we halted near a home to which a spring house belonged by the roadside. The good woman of the home, eager to hear the particulars of the battle and enthusiastic over the victory to Southern arms, came down to talk with us, and having opened the door of the spring house, brought forth jars of cool milk. She handed me a full goblet, saying "It is buttermilk." I felt as I swallowed

it that nothing more cooling and refreshing ever had entered my lips. Others of my comrades expressed a like feeling after taking draughts. Through the long, long lapse of years that have passed since that day, with all their crowding events and distracting thoughts, that glass of buttermilk has remained a fresh and pleasing memory.

On the night before leaving Manassas, I had slept in the hayloft close beside a fellow-soldier—Gordon F. Bowie—who was sick and the subject of a high fever. It now became known that he had the measles, and I had good reason to fear I would have it, too. Sure enough, after reaching Brooke's Station, the fever set in, and our surgeon, having removed me some distance from the remainder of the company to a rude hospital of his own contrivance in the woods, gave me the soft earth for my couch and a holly tree for my shelter, and there, with a fire and a tin can of hot boneset tea, doctored me for several days in a dreary fog and drizzle, which seemed to me to be the long season in May recurring in July.

CHAPTER III

THE FEDERAL OCCUPATION OF FREDERICKSBURG IN APRIL, 1862

ABOUT April 10th, 1862, I was encamped at Office Hall, the birthplace of the Hon. William Smith, who was later Governor of Virginia and already popularly styled "Extra Billy." An order had been received for the company to march to the vicinity of Boscobel in Stafford, nearly opposite to Fredericksburg, and the impression had been created among the men that important Federal movements were in contemplation with a view to driving the Confederates from the northern side of the Rappahannock and the occupation of Fredericksburg.

Scarcely had we established our bivouac in Stafford before the number of pickets ordered to be sent out from the company and several other companies, which had assembled in the same vicinity, and the rigid cautionary instructions given them to keep a vigilant eye on the enemies' approach satisfied us that a Federal advance was hourly expected.

We ascertained that Major W. H. F. Lee, with several companies of cavalry was holding the roads leading to Falmouth from the west, and that Major W. T. Taliaferro, with four companies of the Fortieth Virginia Infantry, was in position to support the cavalry if an attack should occur. The other companies of the Fortieth Regiment, under Colonel J. M. Brockenbrough, were on the Spotsylvania side of the river and were subsequently ordered to move over to the assistance of Major Taliaferro in the event he should be heavily pressed.

On Thursday, April 17th, late in the afternoon, Major Lee's orderlies saw the approach of Federal calvary on the Warrenton road, and some skirmishing took place in the vicinity of Spotted Tavern and Grove Chapel. The troops on the Federal side engaged in this advance had made a forced march from Catlett's Station, twenty-six miles distant, and were a brigade of King's Division, commanded by Colonel Jeremiah C. Sullivan, and seven companies of the Harris Light Cavalry, under Colonel Judson Kilpatrick, with also four companies of the First Pennsylvania Cavalry under Lieutenant Colonel

Owen Jones. Brigadier General Irwin McDowell (of Bull Run fame) commanded these troops, and his plan was to attack the Falmouth bridge so secretly and suddenly as to gain possession of it before the Confederates could burn it. For this purpose Colonel Bayard, having command of the cavalry, designated four companies of his regiment to be led by Lieutenant Colonel Owen, who were to "seize the bridge, rush across it, cut down the heavy gates on the opposite side and throw out pickets in advance."

The skirmishing with Lee in the afternoon of Thursday resulted in the fall of Lieutenant James N. Decker, of the First Pennsylvania Cavalry, as well as the wounding of several other men. On the side of the Confederates one man was killed, and Lee was compelled to abandon his camp at Berea Church with some haste.

This action led to the speedy movement of the cavalry companies under Major Beale with which I was connected, and they passed through Falmouth and beyond a mile or so where Major Taliaferro had stationed his infantry companies, and built across the road a log and rail barricade. When near the barricade, after nightfall, the cavalry was marched into a field on the right of the road and permitted to dismount, each man being allowed to lie down and get such sleep as he could, while holding the reins of his horse. Many of the men fell into sound slumber, when in the stillness and darkness of the morning some time before day light, the noise of a few pistol-shots was heard, followed by a volley of musketry, and with these were mingled the yells of the infantry-men guarding the barricade.

These voices breaking forth suddenly on the night's darkness and silence had a most startling effect on the sleeping calvarymen and their horses. The horses were not easily restrained from dashing away in wild flight, and if the men had only been mounted many probably would have dashed away with them. The infantry, firing from the barricade and conscious of how suddenly the enemy's charge was stopped and how rapidly they retreated, gave vent to their feelings in cheers and yells.

The result of the cavalry charge in the dark was, in the language of the Federal commander, "a loss of five killed, sixteen wounded, and some fifteen dead horses." On the Confederate side, the engagement was a bloodless one.

As the dawn of Friday morning (the 18th) began to break, the heavy force of the Federal side was reported as advancing, and General C. W. Fields, in command of the Confederates, ordered their withdrawal over the Falmouth bridge, and this was accomplished as the sun rose. The company of cavalry, brought up the rear, and crossed the bridge in time only to escape the flames that had been kindled for its destruction.

The company was still on the bridge and near the mill which stood at the southern end of it when a Federal cannon was unlimbered on the hill above Falmouth and hurling a charge of canister down on us struck Private R. S. Lawrence in the shoulder as he rode in the line with his comrades, inflicting on him a painful wound.

After crossing the river, we halted briefly, and then the march from the bridge to the town was in perfect order, but with no unnecessary further delay. When the command reached the shelter of the houses on the north side of Main street, it was halted. Many citizens of the place were busily engaged in removing their families and effects to places of greater safety and much haste and confusion prevailed. While we sat on our horses momentarily anticipating the order to march, a member of the Spotsylvania troop, whose hungry horse sought to nibble a little grass on the edge of the street, gave a violent jerk to his rein with its rank bit so as to cause the animal to throw itself backward suddenly, with the effect of striking the hammer of the rider's carbine against the cantel of his saddle and discharging it. The bullet entered the man's brain near his neck and passed out at the top of his head. He fell unconscious to the ground, while his hat carried several feet into the air descended a short distance away. A soldier, who had dismounted and was standing near, was quite unused to so horrible a scene before getting his breakfast, and became nervously unstrung and fainted.

When the order came to march, we passed through the town to the fair grounds and fed our horses. From this point, a clear view was gained of several of General Augur's regiments marching in fine order across the fields of the Chatham estate with their muskets glittering brightly in the morning sun.

The retreat of the Confederate forces and the formidable appearance of infantry with the artillery on the commanding

hills of Stafford, led the mayor and council of Fredericksburg to hold an interview on the day following with General Augur, and several other of the commanding officers of King's division. The same day T. B. Barton reported to General Fields: "To-day the committee had an interview with Augur, and we are in the hands of the Philistines."

CHAPTER IV

STUART'S DASH AROUND MC CLELLAN'S ARMY ON THE CHICKAHOMINY

ON the thirteenth of June, 1862, most of the cavalry under the command of General J. E. B. Stuart was encamped within a few miles of Richmond in groves near the Mordecai residence on Brooke turnpike. Among the regiments comprising this force was the Ninth Virginia Cavalry, commanded by Col. W. H. F. Lee. On the day named there was commotion in the camp, ammunition had been distributed and haversacks filled with cooked rations, horses saddled and bridled, the command to mount had been sounded and about twelve hundred cavalrymen were in motion accompanied by a section of artillery. The column was headed northward and in its march inclined rather away from, than towards, the Federal army which like a huge tiger lay crouching along the Chickahominy ready at any moment to spring upon its antogonist on the farther side of that stream. Stuart was directing his march so as to create the impression that he was making for Louisa County, or towards Fredericksburg, and allay all suspicion that he had any designs against McClellan's lines.

It happened that a day or two previously I had gotten back to camp my young and fiery mare which had been sent off to be recruited and was now in fine condition, sleek and gay. On so nimble and handsome a steed, this march was an enthusiastic delight. At nightfall we were halted and went into bivouac on the Winston Farm in the vicinity of Taylorsville. When I fed my mare that night, it was with a feeling of admiring appreciation of her excellent condition and the pleasant ride she had given me.

As yet curiosity was rife as to the intent of our march, and in what direction we would move on the morrow; but no hint had been disclosed to confirm one or the other of our speculations.

Before the morrow broke, with the first faint signs of the coming dawn, several rockets were shot up from our camp,

making a whizzing noise and bursting into fiery flashes above the tree-tops. Immediately afterwards, our steeds were fed, our own breakfasts eaten, and without bugle sound we mounted and renewed the march. Few if any of the command now had any doubt but that our course would be towards the lines in rear of McClellan's army, which belief was soon confirmed as we took the road leading to Hanover Court House.

On this road, our regiment took the lead with our Adjutant W. T. Robins, with a small detachment proceeding as an advance-guard. The squadron to which I was attached (then companies B and C under Captain Samuel Swann), was in front, and following us came Captain William Latanè's squadron (E and F). My position being at the rear of the leading squadron, I was placed near Captain Latanè at the head of the one following, and so we rode side by side for some miles our right and left boots touching together as we proceeded. I do not recall anything of our conversation, but have an impression that he seemed serious and reflective.

As we moved forward, however, the daring enthusiasm of the command was very noticeable, and Southern ardor was probably never more manifest in soldiers' faces. As we came in sight of Hanover Court House, the indications ahead made it clear that the advance-guard had come upon the enemy's pickets, and was giving them chase. The order now came, "Trot, March" and at that gait we passed through the village and on towards Hawe's shop. The quickened motion of our horses, and the knowledge that we were rapidly coming into hand-to-hand contact with the Federal Cavalry, yet further inspired the ardor and dash of the movement. Suddenly, when past Hawe's shop and near where a body of timber on the left was bordered by our open field in the angle made by the road as it turned to the left beside the Tolopotomiy creek, we halted to make dispositions to assail the enemy in front and another body in the field to the left. It was necessary to tear down the fence in order to charge into the field, and while handling the rails here, a bullet cut an ugly gash in the flesh of a member of Company B, the first blood yet drawn on our side. The fence having been removed, a part of our squadron dashed towards the enemy in the road, and another part towards those in the field. I accompanied those who entered the field, and

the squad of men at whom we were charging, broke and dashed to the right joining their comrades in the road, and formed with them a confused mass, galloping for the bridge which spanned the creek. The bridge was too narrow to admit of all crossing at once, and a number thus delayed were made prisoners as had been several before reaching the bridge.

In the gallop in the field, I did not pause on the hill and bear to the right as some of our party did, but continued with a few others, down the hill into the meadow below where the earth, made wet by recent rains, caused my mare to sink leg-deep in mire, throwing me several feet over her head. Before I could gain my feet, she had struggled out of the soft ground and, wild with excitement, dashed on into the road and joined the Yankee column at the bridge. Beautiful but foolish mare, she made no pause here and unable to get on the bridge leaped down the bank into the river! A few minutes later, I found her on the farther side of the stream vainly attempting to ascend the steep bank, and prvented from going farther down the stream because of fallen trees. I made my way to her; saw the hopelessness of her rescue, took a pistol and haversack from the saddle and resigned Sally Payton—such was her name, to her fate.

Meanwhile, Captain Latanè's squadron had crossed the bridge and was charging up the hill beyond, the cheers of his men echoing from its wooded summit. Hastening back to where the provost-guard had the prisoners, I obtained a captured horse and with it re-crossed the bridge, and just beyond in the narrow road descending the hill, I met four or five members of Company E who were bleeding with the wounds just received. About half way up the hill, I met four men, each holding the corner of a blanket, and protruding from it behind was Captain Latanè's boot, so familiar to me from our ride together that morning. He had been instantly killed at the top of the hill where he had met a Federal squadron. His younger brother John, a former schoolmate of mine at Fleetwood Academy, and now a soldier in his dead brother's company, took charge of his body, and having secured an ox-cart and negro driver, took it to the home of Dr. Brockenbrough near by for burial. The service that followed was chiefly administered by the gentle hands of women and has found touching and tender commem-

oration both in poetry and painting.

It was found that the men whom we had met were commanded by a Captain W. B. Royal of the 5th Regulars of the U. S. Army, a regiment of which General Robert E. Lee had been the Colonel and Fitz Lee a lieutenant. It was interesting and impressive to see a number of these men, held as prisoners, crowd around the latter officer, shake hands with him, and to hear them greet him in familiar manner as "Lieutenant." The fact that he now wore the uniform of a Confederate Colonel apparently did not extinguish their friendly feeling for him.

No time at this critical stage of the expedition was to be lost, and we hurried on from the scene of Latanè's fall, at the trot, having opportunity as we resumed the march to glance at a cavalryman in blue lying across a corn-row near the road, as he had fallen from a fatal bullet. This was the first dead cavalryman, on the side of the enemy that I had seen. Our rapid course was past Old Church beyond which a short distance was the camp of the Fifth Regulars, a squadron of which we had been fighting. Col. Fitz Lee having ascertained the location of this camp of his old regiment desired the privilege of charging it, and so at the head of the First Virginia Cavalry led our column. No stand was made at this camp, Colonel Lee's friends of former days not tarrying to give him welcome, but hastening away at full speed towards Mechanicsville.

As I rode by the site of this camp, there stood the vacant tents, some piles of burning hay and here and there were a few soldiers hastening to their places in the line with articles of trifling value picked up where the enemy in the haste of flight had left them.

We were now on the road leading down through King William County to Tunstall's Station on the York River Rail Road, and our route led along many rich plantations, and fine homes where dwelt families of most ardent Southern sympathies. The women of these homes who had been for weeks shut in the Federal lines beheld our moving column with wondering delight, rushing to the doors and windows and porches clapping their hands and waving their handkerchiefs in an ecstacy of patriotic joy.

As we passed on, the evidences multiplied of the presence not

far off of a great army. The roads bore the marks of the passing of vast trains, often through the midst of wheat fields ripening for the sickle. Now and then, a sutler's wagon was met and captured and once a fat surgeon and new ambulance came into our road just in time to meet us. Once at least, we came upon some quarter-master and commissary wagons whose drivers and guards, having discerned our approach, had fled.

As we approached within a few miles of Tunstall's, our road was near enough to Pamunkey river to see the masts of some vessels lying at Gulick's Landing. Captain Knight with two companies was despatched to destroy the vessels, which he readily succeeded in doing, the guards of the Tenth Pennsylvania Cavalry having taken to cover at sight of his approach. This guard abandoned besides the vessels seventy-five loaded wagons on the river bank, which were burned.

As we drew near to Tunstall's Station, the signs increased of serious opposition before us. As the railroad here was the main means of communication between McClellan's army and its base of supplies at the White House, it was naturally inferred that it was under strong infantry guard at this point. Stuart consequently arranged his men in a column of platoons and we dashed into the place at a gallop. The small guard having watch here, made no resistance. The order was given as soon as we reached the station to remove the track, cut the telegraph poles and wires, throw obstructions on the road, and make ready for the coming of a train, supposed to be filled with infantry, hastening to resist us. Before their orders could be put into execution, the engine of a train, puffing its smoke, came into sight and approached, slowing down the nearer it came, and evidently preparing to stop. A man at the upper end of our line of sharpshooters incautiously fired his carbine at the engineer, when instantly the whistle blew, and the train bounded forward at tremendous speed. A volley from all along our line was poured into it, but we had lost the chance of its capture, and it sped on bullet-scarred to the White House.

With as little delay at Tunstall's as possible, we moved on in the growing darkness in the direction of Talleysville, near which we passed a hospital filled with sick and wounded men of the Union army who with their surgeons and nurses were not molested. The weariness of our horses and our own hunger and

fatigue demanded a halt here which was allowed us. A large store was found in charge of a sutler, and filled with goods suited to the tastes and physical needs of our men—substantial articles of food, cakes, confectionaries and fruits in great variety. We were directed by Colonel Lee to help ourselves.

Perhaps my empty stomach and eager appetite made this permission to indulgence unfortunate for me, for a little later when I besought a much needed nap instead of getting it, as was the case with the comrades around me, I became the subject of an internal commotion and violent upheaval which ill fitted me for the march through the later hours of the night to the point on the Chickahominy river where it was proposed we would effect a crossing.

The place of this anticipated crossing was a somewhat secluded one on a plantation, to which no public road led and was capable of being forded only when the river was low. We reached it at daylight, and Colonel W. H. F. Lee, laying aside his clothing, and descending an embankment somewhat obstructed with bushes and trees, entered the water like a bold swimmer to test the depth and force of the current. He soon returned from his venture reporting that it was impossible to get the horses over without swimming them.

Having had some experience in swimming horses in swollen streams, I offered to swim over that of my father, the Lt. Colonel of the regiment. His horse was a compact and handhome bay called Dan which swam the stream with ease, and was left tied on the farther shore. Having swam back to the side of my companions, I led my own horse—the capture of the previous day—into the river and swimming at its head landed it on the opposite shore and saw it go up out of the water. I did not deem it necessary to halter it, but turned to swim back. When I got about mid stream coming back, I heard the heavy breathing of a horse and the sound of its feet like paddles in water and looking back saw the animal I had just released following me like a dog and in danger of striking me with its hoofs. It was evident that it was intent on getting back to the other horses from which I had taken it, and I let it return.

While occupied in this endeavor to get these horses across the river, two tall pines near the water's edge had been cut down,

in the vain hope that they would span the stream. Each of them in falling sprang clear of the shore and proving too short to reach the farther side were borne down the current. A long line made of bridle-reins and halters tied together had been carried by this time across and made secure to two trees, one on either side, and an attempt was made to ferry a raft of fence-rails over, capable of bearing ten or twelve men with their saddles and equipments. Only one trial of the raft was made, since as soon as it reached the centre of the stream the force of the water submerged the lower end of it, sweeping off some of its occupants' saddles, coats and boots, which were hopelessly borne away on the current.

It became manifest now that to cross twelve hundred horses and a section of artillery here was impossible, and the command was put in motion for Jones' Bridge, a mile or so farther down, where the river dividing into two streams formed an insland, and greatly lessened the width of the main current.

On reaching Jones' Bridge, we found that sometime previously it had been burned and nothing but the charred piles remained. The current here though narrower than we had found it above, was correspondingly more swift and deeper. It offered just below the bridge favorable approaches for getting the horses into the water and out on the opposite side. While a force of men were detailed under Captain Redmond Burke to demolish a large barn which fortuitously was distant only a hundred yards or so, the process of swimming the horses was undertaken. It fell to my lot to swim eighteen, half the number in my company. The method was to mount a horse, force it into the water, leap off at once on the lower side and grasping the bridle-bit or halter swim against the current so as not to be swept below the landing-place on the other side. Stuart sat on one of the remaining timbers of the bridge watching the operation with great interest and giving helpful directions from time to time.

The barn having been taken to pieces, its timbers and planks were brought on the men's shoulders, and with these a bridge was constructed on the ruins of the old one, and across this many of the command walked, carrying their saddles, blankets, etc. This bridge, after more than half the horses had crossed by swimming, was made so secure that the remainder were led

over on it, and so came over the artillery.

In the hot sun of that June afternoon when all had crossed and the command was given to mount, to renew the march, I found myself unable to obey it. The labor of swimming twenty horses across the Chickahominy and exposure for hours to its muddy waters had stiffened my limbs and made it impossible to lift myself into the saddle. The kindly aid of Captain Forrest, a gallant Marylander who accompanied the expedition as a volunteer, enabled me to regain my seat.

The island which we were now crossing was narrow, and in a few minutes we were in a great swamp covered with trees between which the water of the swollen river rushed like a turbulent flood. The water was above our saddle-skirts. Lieutenant Breathed's guns as the horses dragged them were under water. We could barely see the tops of the caissons. Presently, one of these became obstructed in the mud, and in the effort to extricate it, the pole was broken. We left it there submerged, the only thing on wheels that we lost.

Leaving the Chickahominy behind us, our general direction of march—painful and wearisome—was towards Charles City Court House, near which on the farm of Col. Wilcox, we halted to feed the horses and to get our own supper, and a short nap. About eleven o'clock, we resumed our march along the road near the James River leading towards Richmond. It was well understood that we were within the enemy's lines and that our movement might be intercepted by them, and we marched in quietude. Once in the night, we came to a vacant camp the tents of which stood silent and tenantless. Human endurance had reached its limit on this night's ride, and many men sat in their saddles in drowsy unconsciousness as their weary horses bore them along. If the march of that fourteenth day of June was not the longest we ever had made; it was, including the excitement and labor incident to crossing the Chickahominy, by far the most taxing and exhaustive on our physical powers.

The following morning we reached Richmond and were greeted by thousands of the populace with cheers and waving handkerchiefs, as we marched through the streets towards Brooke Avenue. On the farther ride to our camp at Mordecai's, the correspondent of the *Dispatch* joined us on horseback, gathering from us the particulars of the raid, which were graphically

given in several columns of the paper on the ensuing morning. The active participation in various forms of helpful service during this exciting and daring adventure, brought a number of young soldiers into notice, and opened the way for their promotion. Conspicuous among these were: Captain Heros Van Borke of the Prussian army, who had cast in his lot with us and in whose honor the Confederate Congress a year later passed a highly commendatory resolution; Captain Farley, who was killed at Brandy Station, the next year; Dr. J. B. Fontaine, who was later also killed; private R. E. Frayser, who afterwards became our distinguished Captain of the Signal Corps; Lieutenant John Estair Cooke, a gifted author of books as well as efficient ordnance officer; John S. Mosby, destined to become a partisan-ranger of world-wide fame; and our daring adjutant, W. S. Robins, who became distinguished before the war closed as Colonel of the Twenty-Fourth Virginia Cavalry.

CHAPTER V

STUART'S CAVALRY IN THE BATTLE BEFORE RICHMOND

IT was on the 25th of June, 1862, while the regiment to which I was attached—the Ninth Virginia—was encamped at Mordecai's, on the Brooke Turnpike, that the intense suspense which we had felt since returning from the raid around McClellan found relief from receiving orders to fill our haversacks and cartridge boxes and be in readiness to move. That afternoon we were mounted and marched out on the pike towards Yellow Tavern, beyond which we took a road bearing to the right at Turner's and followed it to the vicinity of Ashland. It was our first opportunity to see the new battle flags of several of our cavalry regiments as they floated in the evening air.

It was on this march, late in the afternoon, that I first beheld "Stonewall" Jackson. He passed near me, attended by a number of his staff, riding his famous little sorrel, and wearing his no less famous slouch cap, which evidently had seen service. His appearance, which was not imposing or graceful in the saddle, drew my closest scrutiny, and his face betokened that his mind was intent on grave and momentous matters.

After nightfall, as we emerged from the cover of some woods, there broke upon us the campfires of his army. They were bivouacking in a large, open field, and were freely using the fence rails which had inclosed it in making fires and in cooking their suppers. Thousands of fires lighted up the gathering darkness, and the forms of his men were seen standing around, or moving among them, presenting an impressive and animating scene of war. Passing on beyond them, we soon halted near Ashland and unsaddled for the night.

On the following morning betimes we were up, mounted, and in motion as the advance of Jackson's command. Our march for some time seemed rather away from the Federal army on the Chickahominy than towards it. In the afternoon, we were halted and massed in a body of woods on the right of the road, as though some obstruction had been met in front. It was

soon reported that we were near the Totopotomy Creek; that the bridge had been destroyed, and the enemy held the opposite bank. After waiting some time, it became manifest that Jackson's infantry and some of his artillery—Whiting's Texans and Reilly's battery—were in motion, and presently here they came, with a battery in the lead. The wildest enthusiasm prevailed among the artillerymen. The horses were urged forward under spur, and the men ran and leaped like school boys hastening to their play.

The enemy speedily retreated, and we resumed the march, passing over the creek on a newly improvised bridge, and a few miles beyond encamped for the night near the yard of Pole Green Church. What had been the necessity for the long and tiresome detour we had made, we did not know; nor has it yet been explained.

The next morning we continued the march, and by a circuitous route, in which we passed Bethesda and Beulah Churches, we reached the vicinity of (Old) Cold Harbor. As we drew near, about 2:30 P. M., moving along amidst dense groves of pine through which came no warlike sound to break the quietude of our march, suddenly the boom of a cannon, a mile or so distant, roused our intense attention. The cannon fire became louder and more rapid, and we all were assured that we were on the edge of a great battle.

As we advanced towards the field of the fighting our course was diverted to the left, so as to place us opposite the extreme right of the Federal army, and in supporting distance of the horse artillery and Carrington's Battery on our left.

Very quickly the musketry fire to our right, and extending back apparently for a mile or more, grew terrific in the rapidity and volume of its discharges. No lull for several hours was noticeable in its murderous volleys. No where else in all the war did I hear the sound of muskets so heavy and so continuous.

Meanwhile, the roar of cannon mingled with deafening sound with the noise of the small arms and cheers of our charging lines. The guns near at hand had an open plain before them and were used with intense activity. A mile in front of them a road led off from the field of carnage, and beside it stood a tall and shapely pine, which became as the enemy retreated on it, a target for our gunners. Around that tree, their solid

shots and shells played with marked effect.

Solid shot from the Federal battery whizzed over the heads of the cavalrymen, but only once, I believe, came low enough to do harm. In that case, while the Fourth Regiment was in line, a solid shot struck a young soldier, Warrock, of Richmond, in the body, hurling him, horribly mangled, to the ground. It sent a shudder through those of us who witnessed it.

When the musketry fire, to which we had listened so intently, slackened, and died away, it became evident to us that the enemy was retreating. Very quickly, we were ordered forward in a direction that led us over a part of the ground occupied in the battle. The awful struggle had left many sad witnesses in dead and wounded men of its bloody nature. As we marched over the spot where a Federal gun had stood, we saw one of its cannoneers lying on the earth without a head. Some paces farther on his head entangled by his hair and heavy beard in the branches of a locust into which it had been hurled by a cannon ball, attracted our sight. His face was turned downwards and his still open eyes with a ghastly stare seemed to look down sadly and reproachfully upon us. Farther on, we passed the tall pine around which we had seen our shells bursting. Many severed limbs of the tree lay on the ground, and the trunk of it was scarred and bruised from bottom to top, showing how well our gunners had aimed.

Near this tree, was the limber of a Federal gun with axle shattered by a solid shot. Near it sat a boy of some thirteen or fourteen summers, wearing the blue uniform of a soldier. His leg was terribly shattered near his body, and his death was inevitable. His fair, young cheeks were unblanched, and his calm, composed, unruffled spirit in the face of death was never surpassed by any bronzed and bearded warrior. His bright, boyish face, seen under death's shadow, haunted me through all the subsequent days of war, and the sight of him proved to me one of its saddest and most touching incidents.

Stuart was now proceeding three miles to the left of McClellan's lines to observe and obstruct any movement of his troops towards the White House, and his route led him past a shop, or church, on the road side, used as a Federal hospital. It was growing dark and the evening air was warm and sultry. As we drew near to the hospital the smell of human blood grew

dense and sickening, and we quickened our way past to escape from it. One of my comrades, whose nasal faculties were less acute than mine and who shrank less from gruesome sights, ventured near to get a view of what was going on. He came back to tell us that he saw wagons filled with hands, feet, arms, and legs, and surgeons still busy with their amputating instruments.

No movement of the enemy such as was anticipated having been detected, we were moved back to the edge of the battlefield and slept there. Next morning at early dawn, as I opened my eyes, I noticed one of my company spring up from the ground, jerking his blanket after him, and beat a hasty retreat. I soon discovered that a cannon ball lay on the ground near where he slept, having been thrown there the previous day. The fear that it might be a shell and might yet burst had put him to undignified flight, no little to my amusement at the time.

Leaving the Cold Harbor field that morning, our regiment marched in advance of General Ewell's troops towards Dispatch Station, and on the way found two field pieces of Tidball's Battery, which had been abandoned on their retreat. Soon we separated from the infantry, they inclining towards James River and we directing our course to the White House, on the Pamunkey. Some skirmishing occurred as we approached the latter place. Captain Pelham did some cannonading. Very soon the smoke of burning buildings and army supplies gave signs that the Federal troops there were abandoning the place. We approached cautiously for a time (a gunboat still remaining to guard the place), and then took eager possession. We found our colonel's (W. H. F. Lee's) house was a bed of redhot embers. A number of adjacent houses were still hot and smoking from the torches that had been applied.

The mass of commissary, quarter-master, medical, and sutler's supplies not yet burned was enormous. Army wagons had been backed over the river bank until they formed an island, the wagon tongues in great numbers protruding out of the water. Muskets and carbines had been cast into the river until one could stand on them dryshod above the current, so large was the pile.

A hospital of new white tents occupied a large part of one of the fields of the plantation, arranged in orderly rows, and

furnished with cots, and every necessary facility and utensil for the care and comfort of the wounded of a great battle. As I moved among them, the thought could not be suppressed of how sadly the thousands of McClellan's bleeding men on the Chickahominy needed the hospital, and how utterly useless it had proved to them.

Having observed some locomotives and cars standing on the tracks, I examined them to see if the cars were there which had run the gauntlet of our fire at Tunstall's Station two weeks previously, during the raid made by Stuart. They were soon found, and the bullet marks on them bore witness to the severity of the fire through which they had passed.

Our physical wants were abundantly supplied here, and the next day we moved back towards the Chickahominy, and halted on the wooded hills above Forge Bridge. A body of Federal infantry and a section of artillery held positions near this bridge. The hill beyond was elevated and unobstructed by timber. Some delay and reconnoitering resulted from seeing the enemy here. Suddenly, as we were watching from our sheltered position, Pelham dashed forward, with two guns, down the incline and across the plain, and taking position near the river, opened on the guns on the hilltop. He had already received their fire. The duel became rapid and exciting. It was quickly apparent that Pelham's guns were aimed with fatal effects. At each discharge of them a man, or a horse, was seen to fall or flee. In a few minutes after the firing began, the Federal guns were in full retreat. As they dashed along the road in the distance, we saw the branches of the cedars falling about them, cut down by Pelham's parting shots.

As illustrative of the exaggeration and unreliability which often marked reports of engagements sent in from the field, that of Lieutenant Val. H. Stone, commanding the Federal guns on this occasion at Forge Bridge, is a striking example. He reported: "June 30, 11 A. M., the rebels appeared on the opposite side. At 1 P. M. they opened fire with eight guns. I was under fire the greater portion of the time until 6 P. M. For two hours of the time, I had their guns completely silenced. . . . My riding horse was killed with a shell. No men killed in my command. One of the cavalry killed. Considerable loss on the enemy's side."

It is quite likely that other participants in this affair on the Union side gave a different version of it, since the officer, Major Robert M. West, to whom the above quoted report was addressed, indorsed on it: "This young officer, with new horses and men that had never been tried, performed exceedingly well, considering." To those of us on the opposite side it seemed that the only performance in which he acted "exceedingly well" was the rapidity of his flight.

No attempt was made by us that evening to cross the abandoned bridge, but about dark I was sent along with our squadron to ascertain the position of the enemy in the direction of New Kent Courthouse. It fell to my lot to ride with another man in advance, and it was an exciting ride, not knowing at what moment a watchful enemy might salute us with a volley. We had come within one or two hundred yards of the court house, when, discerning an object in a ditch by the road side, my comrade said in a low tone: "It's a cow," whereupon the Yankee picket spurred his horse from the ditch, and too much startled to fire a shot, disappeared at a gallop in the darkness. We turned back to report the circumstance, when the officer commanding us, having heard a bustle, as of troops mounting, in the direction of the enemy faced about, and hastened back at a trot.

My position became then in the rear, and before going far, from carelessness in sitting properly in my saddle it turned on the horse's back precipitating me to the ground. The column moved on rapidly, no one in the line being conscious of the accident. I was left alone in the road with my saddle loosely strapped to the horse's belly instead of his back.

Hearing that the enemy was in pursuit, and might dash up on me in a moment, I led my impatinet and restless horse (neighing lustily for the others of the command) down into the woods and fastened him to a limb, and then proceeded to adjust the saddle while he pawed and pranced. I succeeded in saddling and mounting him with intense satisfaction, and on getting back into the road, gave him the rein. He followed the track of the other horses and before long caught up with them.

It was daybreak when we reached our regiment, and by the time our horses could eat we were in motion for Bottom's Bridge, twelve miles higher up the river. From some over-

sanguine source we were informed that we were marching to witness the surrender of McClellan's army—information which, however groundless, made us forgetful of fatigue and the last night's sleeplessness.

On reaching the above-named bridge with slight delay, our column was turned about and somewhat impatiently and wearily we marched back to the point we had left in the morning. We were not halted here, but passed over the Forge Bridge, and on the hill beyond saw a dead horse, and under the cedars farther on two freshly made graves—silent witnesses of Pelham's death-dealing shots seen by us the day previous. Our march was towards Malvern Hill, near which place we halted for the night. Having ridden fifty miles or more, I tied my horse to a fence and gave him his frugal meal, and then threw myself down, sleepy and almost exhausted, in a shallow ditch by the fence side, and was soon in the deepest unconsciousness. The rain fell during the night in a heavy downpour, but I knew it not. When I awoke next morning, water stood around me, and as I raised my body up out of it, I could hear the noise of suction such as a log makes when lifted up out of soft mud.

The following day we were placed in position near the bloody field of Malvern Hill, but took no part in the fighting. We were on ground sadly marked by signs of the battle of the previous day, the destructive marks of shot and shell on the earth and on houses, trees, fences and the prostrate forms of our fallen soldiers having been seen by us.

That night, not far from this field of carnage, I lay down to sleep near my horse with my oilcloth spread over a few rails resting on a fence. During the night I awoke to find myself on a horse, I knew not where, and all alone in a road, I knew not where. The reins, as I grasped them, felt strange to my hand and the horse was wholly unlike my own. I turned around and moved in a direction opposite to that I had been heading. Soon I was back at our camp, tied the unknown horse to a tree and found my shelter and went again to sleep.

Next morning I was delirious with fever, and was placed by our surgeon in an ambulance and sent to a field hospital near Atlee's Station, where Edward Lee, a faithful colored servant, nursed me with most considerate and gentle care.

CHAPTER VI

DEAD AND WOUNDED LAY IN HEAPS AT MANASSAS

I WAS unfitted for service by an illness of several weeks, which well-nigh proved fatal, and separated, in consequence, from my regiment. It meanwhile, marched from Atlee's Station, not far from Richmond, on the campaign against Pope. Having been thus left behind for a few days, I was not permitted to share in the exciting dash in the darkness on Catlett's Station and the capture of General Pope's coat and orderbook; but, nevertheless, it fell to my lot to secure the book, and I have it still as a souvenir of the occasion, when the Federal commander was said to have called to the engineer of a train at the station and ready to move: "Hurry up! Hurry up! They've got my headquarters, and if you don't hurry they'll get my hindquarters!" I also escaped the raid on Manassas Junction, when Pope's immense stores of provisions for his army were captured and burned.

On August 27th, I set out to overtake our army by way of Louisa Courthouse, Culpeper Courthouse, and Thoroughfare Gap, having as companions my brother Robert, Gawin C. Taliaferro, John Sturman and later Colonel Joseph Mayo and Captain William B. Newton. After reaching Culpeper Courthouse, we were on the track of the two great armies as they moved towards Manassas preparatory to the second bloody battle on that memorable field. As we rode through Fauquier County, couriers bearing dispatches, men slightly wounded and other persons who had followed the army were met, and they told us of the bloody battle, and how signally the victory had been on our side. As we approached closer to the field, the melancholy signs of the strife became more frequent. Major-General Taliaferro was seen badly wounded with his two attendants, making his way painfully back to a hospital, and other officers from colonels down to lieutenants were met with bandaged heads, legs, and arms, all showing the deadly work in which they had been engaged.

On the right of the road, beneath a grove of oaks, shady and

cool, such as are frequently to be seen in Prince William County, we came upon a field hospital, with hundreds of wounded men lying on blankets, spread under the trees, and attended by surgeons and their assistants. No tent as yet had been put up to shelter any of them in case of rain. It was a sad, sad sight, that large assemblage of brave men, wounded in every possible way, and many of them dying, out beneath the trees, away from the sound of a woman's voice or ministry of her hand.

Near the spot of ground by the roadside, a fine horse, perhaps a surgeon's, which had been tied to a stake, succeeded in pulling the stake from the ground just as we were passing, and, becoming wildly frightened by having it dangling at his side, rushed blindly into the grove among the wounded men, turning this way and that and whirling the stake furiously as he ran. We could see the commotion created, but were helpless to avert the harm, and hastened on without learning what injury was done.

Very soon after this, we were on the battle ground of the previous day, moving where the fighting had been very heavy. The dead were lying just as they had fallen. We rode through a body of timber, near the edge of which the Federal infantry had made an obstinate stand, firing from behind the trees. Beside nearly every tree on this line, we saw a dead soldier lying, and in some instances more than one. Deeper in the woods, here, there, and yonder, the fallen lay on the ground, some facing the over-arching branches of the trees, others with their faces turned to the earth, and yet others having their eyes gazing towards the right or left—all with death's glazed and ghastly stare.

Of this field and the furiously contested struggle which took place on it, General Jackson said: "Eagerly and fiercely did each brigade press forward, exhibiting in parts of the field, scenes of close encounter and murderous strife not witnessed often in the turmoil of battle. The Federals gave way before our troops, fell back in disorder and fled precipitately, leaving their dead and wounded on the field." . . . "We captured eight pieces of artillery with caissons, and 6,520 small arms were collected from the field."

On the day of my ride through the blood-stained fields and

woods of this historic ground where death held high carnival, I halted to eat within a few feet of one of the captured batteries. The guns were new, the horses sleek blacks, and their harness superb.

That afternoon I moved on in quest of my regiment, and at nightfall slept near the road leading to Centerville. A very large part of Lee's army moved that night over that road, hastening forward to bring Pope's demoralized regiments to battle again. I never can forget the regular, rhythmic tread of those heroic regiments, marching four abreast as they passed in silence and darkness from fields of victory in quest of others.

The following morning, on the road to Fairfax Courthouse, I discovered General Stuart and staff, dismounted near the roadside, and learned that my regiment was close at hand. Stuart wore a jacket, and carried a sword suited to a powerful arm. His eye beamed with unusual brightness, he appeared the splendid cavalier that he was, and, like a warrior, finding delight in a victory on a hard-fought field.

Later that day, on our advance line, I met my comrades, from whom I had been separated for a month. They were lamenting the death of one of the company, Octavus Gutridge by name, who had fallen under circumstances that did not admit of his comrades burying him, and so was left to fill an unknown grave.

That morning as I sat in the saddle beside the pike, I saw an ambulance pass me under a flag of truce, escorted by a detachment of infantry with arms reversed. It was moving towards the Federal lines, and bore the body of General Phil Kearny, who, in trying to rally his men in the Ox Hill or Chantilly battle, had been killed. He was brave to a fault, and greatly admired and esteemed in the army of the Potomac. His State, New Jersey, afterwards placed a bronze statue to his memory and honor in Statuary Hall in the National Capitol. Thousands of his countrymen will look upon his manly figure there without knowing what a knightly and dauntless plume he wore where he fell.

We followed the line of Pope's retreat as far as Fairfax Courthouse and Fairfax Station, and then marched to Drainsville, where the long-absent wagon-train was met. For days previously, the men had subsisted principally on green corn, gathered from the fields, and toasted. The cooking of the scant

ration of meat obtained had been by most primitive methods, without frying-pan or skillet.

On September 4th, we moved up near Leesburg, the tin roofs of some of the houses of which we could see glistening in the sunlight. On the 5th, we marched through fertile plantations east of that town towards Edwards Ferry. Several lines of Stuart's regiment on different paths were wending their way to this ferry, and as they proceeded with regimental flags floating above them, the scene was attractive and inspiring. Having forded the Potomac, we passed beneath an aqueduct, or canal rather, which spanned the road, and that night bivouacked at Poolesville, rejoicing in the abundance of the rich yellow corn and hay which we were able to secure for our horses.

We were now well launched on the Maryland campaign.

CHAPTER VII

THE MARYLAND CAMPAIGN

DURING the camaign in Maryland in 1862, the Ninth Virginia Cavalry was attached to the brigade commanded by General Fitz Lee. After nine days spent among the fine hay and rich yellow cornfields of Montgomery and Frederick counties, the regiment crossed the Catoctin mountain at Hamburg at dawn on the morning of September 14th. Hamburg was a rude and scattering village on the crest of the mountain, where the manufacture of brandy seemed to be the chief employment of the villagers, and at the early hour of our passage through the place, both the men and women gave proof that they were free imbibers of the product of their stills. It was not easy to find a sober inhabitant of either sex.

To our troopers descending the western slope of the mountain, the peaceful valley below, dotted over with well-tilled farms, with a bold stream winding down among them, presented a scene of unusual beauty and loveliness. Near a large gristmill, the command was halted after a march of several hours, and here rested beneath the shade of a large apple orchard until four o'clock in the afternoon. The distant boom of artillery assured us of the bloody conflict going on at South Mountain, the issue of which we were in suspense to know. The march in the afternoon brought the command to the vicinity of Boonsboro, where a brief halt was made after nightfall to rest and to feed the horses. Near midnight, the march was resumed in the direction of the mountain pass above Boonsboro. The disaster to our arms in the fight of the previous day was now made manifest, as artillery, ambulances, and infantry were met retreating down the mountain. The brigade, having ascended a mile and a half, perhaps, above the town, was held in readiness to charge in column of fours. The nature of the ground was ill-suited to the operation of cavalry, and much relief was felt when, at dawn, we began to fall back towards Boonsboro. Our retreat was none too early, for already the columns of the enemy, with their bright muskets gleaming in the morning light, could

be seen as we entered Boonsboro. More than once, we were faced about as we retreated, as if to repel a threatened charge by cavalry.

Having been halted in the streets of Boonsboro, the men, after being so long in the saddle, were allowed to dismount, and for some time remained in this way, the men standing by their horses, or sitting down on the curbstones and holding their bridle reins. Suddenly, the order "Mount! Mount!" resounded down the street, and simultaneously a rapid fire of pistols and carbines was heard near at hand. Before the men could mount and form ranks, the rear guard, retreating at full speed, dashed into our already confused column and in an incredibly short time the street became packed with a mass of horses and horsemen, so jammed together as to make motion impossible for most of them. At the same time, the upper windows in some of the houses were hoisted and a volley of pistol shots poured down on our heads. The Federal cavalry, quickly discovering our situation, dashed up boldly and discharged their carbines into our struggling and helpless ranks. When the way was opened, and retreat became possible, a general stampede followed, our whole force rushing from the town down the pike at a full gallop. This disorderly movement was increased by the discovery that some of the enemy's infantry had almost succeeded in cutting off our retreat, and were firing from a corn field into our flank.

We were scarcely outside the town before our colonel's (W. H. F. Lee) horse was killed, and he, falling heavily on the 'pike, had to take flight, dust-covered and bruised, through the field on the left. Captain Hughlett's horse fell in like manner on the edge of the town, and he, leaping the railing, found concealment in a dense patch of growing corn. In the middle of the turnpike, were piles of broken stone, placed there for repairing the roadway. On these, amidst the impenetrable dust, many horses blindly rushed, and falling, piled with their riders one on another. Here and there in the pell-mell race, blinded by the dust, horses and horsemen dashed against telegraph posts and fell to the ground, to be trampled by others behind.

When the open fields were reached and we were beyond the range of the infantry, a considerable force was rallied and the Federal horsemen were charged in turn. In this charge our

lieutenant-colonel's horse was killed, and a second charge was led by Captain Thomas Haynes, of Company H, in which a number of prisoners belonging to the Eighth Illinois Cavalry were captured and brought out. With this charge, pursuit by the enemy was checked, and two battle-flags, about which some brave men fell into ranks, with Fitz Lee in the centre, served as a rallying point, where our regiments were quickly reformed. We then withdrew leisurely in the direction of Sharpsburg, and were not further pressed.

In this brief and ill-starred encounter, the Ninth Regiment lost two officers and sixteen men killed and mortally wounded, and ten men captured. Among the killed were Lieutenant Fowlkes, of Lunenburg, and Frank Oliver, of Essex—two very gallant men.

Captain Hughlett, who was dismounted early in the action by the falling of his horse, remained in concealment in the corn throughout the day, and was a sad and silent witness of the burial of his dead comrades by the enemy. Under cover of darkness, he sought food at the hands of a woman who was strongly Union in sentiment, and had two sons in the Federal army. She relieved his hunger, and, strengthened at her hands, he made his way into our lines, and reached the regiment next day, having had during the night several narrow escapes from the enemy's sentries.

On the morning of the 16th of September, the regiment was again in motion, after spending a quiet and restful night in a fine grove of oaks, and soon became satisfied that the movements of our army did not mean an immediate retreat across the Potomac, but a preparation for battle in the beautiful, winding valley of the Antietam. Our line of march led us past the position of Hood's Division, the troops of which already had thrown up a slight breastwork of rails, logs, stones, and lay on their arms, in readiness for the enemy's advance. These gallant men, who were destined to meet the first furious onslaught of McClellan's troops, occupied rising ground, partly in the woods, and partly in the open fields, with an open valley winding in front of them. A few hundred yards in advance of Hood's line, the cavalry was drawn up in line on a wooded eminence in rear of several pieces of artillery. The position commanded an extended view of open fields and a straight road-

way leading towards Antietam river, and in the distance could be seen the heavy column of the advancing Federals. Their march was regular and steady towards our position. Only once, where a road diverged from that on which they moved, was there a halt. After pausing at this point for a few minutes, the column was set in motion again up the road on which we were posted. As yet, no Federal skirmish line had been deployed, and only a few mounted men were visible. Infantry and artillery composed the heavy blue column. The foremost file of these troops had approached almost near enough to count the buttons on their coats, when our guns opened from the covert a rapid fire, and thus began the bloody battle of Sharpsburg. The Federal batteries were hurried forward rapidly, and our guns were soon withdrawn. In retiring, we passed after dark through the valley on the farther side of which Hood's Division rested on their arms. The Federals were now discharging a deafening fire of artillery, and a few guns on our side were answering them. As we moved through the valley, the shells from two directions were passing over our heads, their burning fuses gleaming like meteors, and the whole making a comparatively harmless but brilliant spectacular performance.

If I learned at the time to what battery the guns belonged that fired these first shots at Sharpsburg, I have quite forgotten now. This information was earnestly sought by the Antietam Battle-Field Board, of the War Department. General E. A. Carman, of that board, wrote from Sharpsburg once to me: "For some time I have been endeavoring to ascertain what force opposed Hooker's when he first crossed the Antietam on the afternoon of September 16th, and before he came in contact with Hood's Division, but have been unable to get anything satisfactory. He was opposed by artillery, yet I can get no trace of any artillery within a mile of where he was first fired at. I have come to the conclusion that the gun, or guns, opposing him must have been one or more of Pelham's, but I cannot verify my conclusion, nor can I communicate with any survivors of that battery."

The cannonading at nightfall was of short continuance, and it soon became almost as quiet on the field of Sharpsburg as though no armies were there confronting each other. The movement of the troops was made as noiselessly as possible.

Our brigade was on the march for several hours, and through the mistake of a blundering guide, was led to a position very close to a line of Federal batteries. Here we slept unconscious of danger until nearly dawn. Before daylight, General Fitz Lee ascertained the situation of the command, and endeavored to extricate us as quietly as possible, going around himself arousing and cautioning many of the men. We had gone a quarter of a mile away, perhaps, and had nearly reached a position of safety beyond the crest of a hill, when we were discovered, and the enemy's guns opened on us. This discharge began the fray on the memorable and sanguinary 17th of September, 1862. One of the first shells fired, striking the earth near us, exploded, covering some of us with dust and inflicting on brave Colonel Thornton, of the Third Virginia Cavalry, a mortal wound. I was near him at the moment, and witnessed the shrugging of his shoulders and quiver of the muscles of his face, as he felt the shock of the piece of shell, shattering his arm close to the shoulder.

We had been, thus far, on the extreme left of our line of battle, and early in the day were ordered to report to General T. J. Jackson, who commanded on the right. Our men, without a round of ammunition left, were seen leisurely retiring towards the rear, singly and in groups. Some of our batteries, having shot their last round, were leaving the field at a gallop. General Jackson's order was that we should take position in rear of his troops, intercept the stragglers, and direct them to stated points, where they were refurnished with ammunition and marched back to the line of battle. Motioning to our captain to give him his ear, he directed him, in a whisper, not to halt any men of Hood's Division, saying they had liberty to retire. General Jackson's position was in the open field, near a large barn. He commanded a full view of the contending lines in the valley below, and of the Federal batteries ranged one above another on the hills beyond. The shells of the latter were passing thickly, and bursting near him, while he sat on his steed giving his orders, as serene and undisturbed as his statue in the Capitol Square at Richmond.

In moving from the place of our bivouac at dawn of the bloody day at Antietam, we passed near an orchard beyond which stood a brick house with chimneys at its farther end, and a

flight of ten or twelve steps leading up to the front door. Through this orchard were fleeing in consternation and most pitifully, the female part of the family, without their breakfast, with most hastily arranged attire, and bearing nothing in their hands that I noticed, of the cherished contents of their home. Many of our troops had reached the house in advance of me, and could be seen ascending those steps or coming down them, in the latter case having their hands filled with meat, cans of fruit, honey, jars of pickle—whatever was eatable found in the building. I am sure the supplies of the family were in a few minutes all seized by our men, and the home left as bare as Mother Hubbard's fabled cupboard.

As we approached our line of battle, we were halted near a large barn, used by us as a hospital, and from our position we could see on the sloping hills beyond the Antietam, the thickly frowning batteries of the enemy, while the smoke of battle rose from the infantry lines contending desperately in the vale between. The percussion shells from one of the batteries began to fall near us, and one of them striking a ledge of rocks close by, was exploded, much to our peril and that of the barn, which presently took fire over the wounded men, and to the grim horror of the battle, added those of its flames and smoke.

Before the barn took fire, however, we had been withdrawn and assigned to the unwelcome task of halting the fugitives from our battle-line, supplying them with ammunition and directing their return. These men, with scarcely an exception, were ready and eager to return to their posts and renew the fight.

While halted beside the pike and on the lookout for stragglers our attention was frequently called to shells bursting overhead, the fragments of which, plainly visible and hurled in eccentric and zig-zag courses, left us uneasy lest a piece should strike us. While thus occupied, in a large ploughed field to our right, a lone soldier was seen making his way to the rear by the most direct line that occurred to him. It was evident that he was seekinng to make good his escape from the battle with apparently all the speed he could command. Just as I called attention to him, a shell struck the ground near his feet, and burst enveloped him in smoke and dirt. We all felt, poor fellow, he is blown to pieces; but when the dust and smoke lifted we saw him raising a dust with his own feet and with renewed energy and vigor mak-

ing far better speed than before.

After this, we took position somewhat under a hill, supporting a battery above us. The battery, it was plain, was a target, for several of the Federal guns, and their shots were making the ground on which it stood dangerous and bloody. Now and then a shell would explode, or a solid shot strike near us. Once, I saw a soldier hurled from his saddle very near me, the cannon shot having struck him and thrown his body several feet from his horse. I later learned that he was John Garnett Fauntleroy with whom I had often played when we were school-mates at Fleetwood Academy.

When the night's approach put an end to the fighting on this field, we were allowed to seek some camp near by for food and rest. Wherever we rode for this purpose, however, the ground seemed to be occupied with dead or wounded men. At length, we sought some stacks, and a barn, resolved not to ride farther; but there, on the straw and in the buildings, were the dead. I sought an empty wagon in the barnyard and fastened my horse to a wheel. Next morning, under the wagon, lay a young soldier, fair and noble in his death, with his clothes partly unfastened and his clinched fingers near the ghastly wound in his abdomen from which he had died. The last scene on which my eye rested that night before it closed, in such close comradeship with the dead, was that of a small group with a flickering lantern beside a fence near by, who were digging a grave and rudely raising the earth over some fellow-soldier who had fallen. Next day, the 18th of September, was spent in line of battle awaiting a renewal of McClellan's attack; but he showed no disposition to renew it, and preparations were made on our side to withdraw at night, and cross the Potomac at Shepardstown. The need of food among us had now become imperative and desperate, and in our company, at least, was fast beginning to surmount all other considerations. Towards night, six or seven sheep, the frightened and pitiful remnant of a large flock, were found in a field, and on the edge of it, we halted and made ready to cook our supper. Several of the men were detailed to catch two sheep. I watched the chase, and for celerity of movements and skill of plan to make a speedy capture, the performance could not well have been surpassed. That night, our monotonous fare was varied, and for once at least we ate mutton-chops.

Late in the night, the infantry and artillery, having quietly moved towards the Virginia shore, we followed them with as little noise as possible, taking the direct road to Shepardstown. On this march at one point, we came to a big cut in the pike with steep and high sloping embankments on each side. A few men had chosen to ride along a narrow path above one of these embankments. I could dimly see the horses and riders moving high above me along that path, and presently, one of them—Tom Wheelwright—under whose horse's feet the edge of the embankment had given way, came sliding, struggling, falling into the road, startling us and interrupting our march. We had no thought but that both horse and rider were killed, or badly hurt, but they were found to be unhurt. Wheelwright, though unharmed in body, was from his muddy slide a fit subject for the cleansing waters of the Potomac through which we soon rode.

CHAPTER VIII

ENGAGEMENTS AT MOUNTSVILLE, ALDIE, AND UNION

THE month of October, 1862, was passed in the Shenandoah Valley, near the Potomac, by Stuart's Cavalry with little of importance occurring save the daring expedition into Pennsylvania and around McClellan's army, from which the men engaged returned on the 13th, laden with plunder, without having lost a single man,—a feat quite unparalleled in modern warfare. On the 30th of October, the division crossed the Blue Ridge, and bivouacked in London County, near Bloomfield.

On the following morning, to borrow the language of Stuart: "Having ascertained during the night that there was a force of the enemy at Mountsville, where the Smickersville turnpike crosses Goose Creek, I started with the command for that point. Pursuing an unfrequented road, I succeeded in surprising the enemy, who were in force of about one hundred, and dispersing the whole without difficulty, killed and captured nearly the whole number, among the former Captain Gore, of the First Rhode Island Cavalry. * * * In the camp captured at Mountsville, several flags, numbers of saddles, valises, blankets, oil cloths, and other valuable articles, were captured, which the enemy had abandoned in their hasty flight. * * * The attack was made by the Ninth Virginia in front, supported by the Third."

Brig. Gen. Geo. D. Bayard, U. S. A., commanding Cavalry Brigade near Aldie with reference to this affair said: "The major of the Rhode Island Cavalry reports the loss of a captain and most of his pickets," and also, "I regret to say that Captain Sawyer is badly wounded, and I left about eight men on the field as I was unable to bring them away."

The following letter written three days after the occurrences to which it relates, presents some of the particulars of this exciting affair:

"Near Piedmont Station, Fauquier, Va.
"November 3d, 1862.

"Dearest M.:—

"Captain Murphy is going home this morning and though I am much hurried, I cannot allow so good an opportunity to

pass without making an effort to send you a letter. I am now sitting in F.'s covered wagon where I have been since early yesterday morning, having been compelled to adopt this means of travelling because of a severe sickness which attacked me night before last. I am now feeling as well as usual, though yesterday I was in great pain all day, and suffered from a burning fever. The attack was caused, I think, by exposure to the sun for two days without eating, and afterwards partaking too freely of fresh beef without salt and clammy wheat bread baked in the ashes.

"Yesterday, our wagon train moved about twenty-five miles from our encampment near Union in Londown to this point, leaving our cavalry to resist the advance of that of the Yankees. Our regiment is now, in consequence, some distance from us.

"For the last four days, we have been constantly fighting. On Friday last, we accomplished quite a feat. Our brigade, with our squadron in front attacked a superior force of the enemy and fought them for several hours. Lieut. Robinson of our company with eight men having the fleetest horses first charged the Yankee picket and captured them all,—seven in number. Then Captain Pratt, at the head of our squadron pushed rapidly on to the headquarters of the pickets where there were three companies encamped. When the Yanks saw us coming, they attempted to mount and form ranks, but as their first notification of our coming was the sound of our horses' feet and the dust they raised, of course, we were upon them before they could prepare to resist us. Many of them surrendered without attempting to run. The remainder darted down the pike and across the field with all the celerity it was possible their steeds could make. Our squadron became divided, some of the men pursuing the enemy in the field, the others those that took down the pike. Owing to the superior running qualities of our horses, we overtook a good many of them and killed or wounded a number of others. The chase continued until the few remaining of the flying enemy, led us within rifle shot of their brigade encampment when a halt was made and we waited for the rest of our troops to arrive.

"The Fourth Regiment was the first to come up, and they were ordered ahead, and charged the Yankees in their encampment, but found, I think, that with their artillery they held

too strong a position for us to dislodge them. After this, there was heavy firing by sharpshooters on each side, and when our artillery reached the field a duel of cannon; but without important results.

"There was but one man wounded in our regiment—John Rust of our company—a brave young man and good soldier. The ball passed through his boot and leg, splintering a small bone.

"We returned to our encampment at night with fifty-nine prisoners, as many horses and saddles, many pistols and sabres and a good lot of overcoats and other clothing, besides three captured guidons. F. got a fine horse and saddle. I exchanged saddles with a Yankee's horse, I captured, and secured with the saddle a fine overcoat, new trousers, two oil cloths, two new shirts, three pairs of socks, pair of drawers, pair of buckskin gloves, cap cover, pins, needles, supply of thread and cotton, buttons, combs, matches, sweetoil, soap, salve, painkiller (which came in well on yesterday), writing-case, pens, ink, and paper, three blank books, tin box of salt and—but Captain Murphy is starting and I must close.

"The fight day before yesterday between Philamont and Union and again on yesterday resulted in but little. Love to all.

"Hastily yours,

"W."

The engagement or skirmish mentioned in this letter as occurring near Union, resulted in more than was known at the date it was written. McClellan's army had at the time crossed the Potomac east of the mountains, and a strong force of cavalry and infantry was moving to ascertain whether or not Lee's army was advancing eastward, and Stuart's aim was to cover Lee's movement. The Federal troops engaged in this reconnoisance were Pleasanton's division of cavalry and a brigade of infantry and battery, under Col. J. W. Hoffman. Stuart prepared to oppose their advance by posting much of the cavalry, dismounted, behind stone fences, and by advantageously stationing Major John Pelham's artillery, which became very quickly and effectively engaged. On no other field did the gallant Pelham appear to us who supported his guns on the field, to a greater advantage. The rapidity and accuracy of his fire elicited rounds of hearty

cheering from those of us who could see its effects. Once during the day, he dashed forward with two of his guns at a gallop far beyond our line and through an open field, and delivered his fire close to the enemy's line. We were in deepest concern lest a sudden charge by the Federal cavalry might capture his pieces before we could reach him, but they only seemed dazed and disconcerted by the unwonted boldness of his action.

General Pleasanton in his report of this day's operations has paid high praise to Pelham in saying: "These woods in our possession was subjected to such a fire of grape and canister from the enemy that I withdrew my skirmishers and sent to General Pleasanton for a piece of artillery. * * In this affair our loss was 2 men killed and one commissioned officer and twelve men wounded." Col. J. W. Hoffman also testifies to the effectiveness of this young cannoneer's guns: "As we advanced on the enemy, they again opened on us with shell, one of which struck the line of the Seventh Indiana, killing the color-sergeant and one corporal, and wounding a number of others." Again: "As we were crossing an open field a shell struck the line of the Fifty-sixth Pennsylvania Volunteers killing two men of Company G, and mortally wounding two others."

The five men killed and twenty-three wounded were the results of the artillery fire. Well did Stuart in his report to Lee say: "Major Pelham, directing one of the shots himself at the color-bearer of an infantry regiment struck him down at a distance of 800 yards. * * The Stuart Horse Artillery and its gallant commander exhibited a skill and courage which I have never seen surpassed. On this occasion, I was more than ever struck with that extraordinary coolness and mastery of the situation which more eminently characterized this youthful officer than any other artillerist who has attracted my attention."

CHAPTER IX

WATCHING THE ENEMY'S APPROACH AT PORT ROYAL AND CAPTURING A SQUADRON AT LEEDSTOWN

ON November 12th, 1862, our cavalry brigade were on the march from Culpeper county towards Fredericksburg, and it became known to us that the Federal army was moving to occupy that place before Lee could get into position to prevent it. The weather was unusually cold, and several inches of snow fell as we were marching. Having reached the vicinity of Fredericksburg, we made but short delay, and were hastened on down the river road leading to Port Royal. It was made evident by the rapidity with which our march was urged that apprehensions were felt that an attempt would be made by a part at least of Burnside's troops to effect a crossing at Port Royal. When our regiment reached the point where the roads cross each other under the hills south of the town, I was directed to take a small detail of men to reconnoitre and establish a picket-post. Two men having been sent forward to ascertain if any of the enemy were in the place, the detail followed on to the centre of the village where we dismounted and picketed our horses, and then proceeded, as secretly as possible, to the river-bank, without discovering any hostile signs on the opposite side.

We perceived at once that our situation was an exposed one, there being no means of concealment or shelter, save such as were furnished by two or three trees which stood near the bank several feet apart. While deliberating how to provide some means of shelter in the event of being fired on by sharpshooters, we saw a squadron of cavalry make their appearance in Port Conway, nearly opposite us, and several of them ride across the spacious grounds of Mr. C. Turner in the direction of his house. Their free and easy motions and unconcerned air so moved upon the men who were with me that they opened their carbines on them, at which they wheeled and galloped in another direction. Immediately afterwards, one or two cannon, of the presence of which we had been hitherto entirely unconscious, were placed in position near the Turner mansion or more strictly near the site

of the old Conway house in which James Madison was born (Belle Grove), and at the sight of these, our little squad left without standing on the order of our going. We succeeded in reaching and mounting our horses without hearing the whizzing note of bomb or ball.

As we galloped back to find a place of safety for our horses, a solid shot passed over our heads and struck a small house beside the street, the iron ball making a clattering noise, as if in contact with a cupboard of plates, dishes, cups, and saucers, and scattering fragments of plaster and splinters. The occupants of the house were several negro women and children, how engaged at the time of the crash, I know not, but the manner of their escape through the front door with rushing, leaping, squeezing screaming, formed a scene never to be forgotten.

The appearance of the Federal cavalry and artillery at Port Conway was a diversion, or feint, to weaken Lee's force at Fredericksburg, and Early's division was sent by him to Port Royal in consequence of it.

For several days after Early's arrival, we were encamped near Carrington's battery, which had been organized at Charlottesville and contained several masters of arts of the University of Virginia and other finely educated young men among its members. They were cultured, scholarly, genial, and sociable, and it was with regret that we parted with them, under orders to make our camp farther down the river in the vicinity of Lloyds in Essex county.

The establishment of picket camps by the enemy on the opposite side of the river as far down as Leedstown, and their frequent reconnoitering and foraging parties causing alarm and dread still farther down the Northern Neck, much disturbed us while at Lloyds, especially those of us whose homes were over there. However, it seemed to us a happy circumstance to get into Essex, where we were able to obtain corn and provender for our horses as well as many provisions and delicacies for ourselves.

During the week of our encampment in Essex our duties were not onerous and the men longed for some diversion to break the monotony of their life. The duties of the regiment were to guard the river shore with an extended line of pickets. These pickets were frequently aroused and entertained by the passage

up the river of Federal gunboats and transports, communicating with Burnside's army at Fredericksburg. Frequently, also, an exchange of rifle shots was made with the Federal pickets on the Northern Neck shore of the river.

Many men of this regiment had their homes and families on that side of the river, and the sight of the Union horsemen riding unchecked over the roads and fields so familiar to them aroused in many breasts an intense desire to cross the river and strike the enemy a blow. Into this feeling, none entered more heartily than the Colonel himself. Accordingly, scouts were dispatched to ascertain the enemy's exact position, strength, disposition of sentinels, and also to search for boats sufficient to carry over several hundred troops. An application was at the same time forwarded to headquarters for permission to cross the river with three hundred men.

The scouts returned promptly, having ascertained that one cavalry regiment—the Eighth Pennsylvania—was on outpost duty, encamped at Greenlaw's, in King George, and picketing the river as far down as Layton's Ferry. One squadron, quartered at Leedstown, held the extreme left of their line. The scouts carefully noted the houses in which the men of this squadron slept, where their horses were picketed, and how their sentinels were posted at night. Only two boats—a large batteau and a skiff—could be secured, and these were duly provided with oars and concealed in a marshy creek, a mile or two above Leedstown, in readiness for use.

These preliminaries having been arranged, the necessary permit from General Lee was awaited impatiently. It came on the first of December, but forbade that more than one hundred men should be allowed on the expedition, or an officer holding rank above that of major. In consequence, the purpose of attacking the entire Federal regiment was abandoned, and a plan arranged for capturing the squadron at Leedstown.

The execution of this plan was entrusted to Major Thomas Waller, as cool and intrepid an officer as ever wore stars on his collar. To the call for volunteers, more than a hundred responded from the regiment. As the point of attack was in Westmoreland, from which county Company C hailed, the men of this company offered to go almost in a body.

On reaching the shore of the little creek in which the boats

were concealed, about dark, December 1, 1862, it was found that their capacity was much less than had been supposed. Thirty-six men seemed as many as the larger boat would carry, and only fourteen could be accommodated in the skiff. Major Waller commanded the batteau and Lieutenant G. W. Beale the skiff. The night was cold and dark, and it was necessary to maintain the strictest silence. The boats were rowed noiselessly out into the river, the officers in charge having a preconcerted plan to rendezvous at a given point on the other shore in the event of becoming separated in the dark. This proved a wise precaution, for the boats became quickly lost to each other. The skiff being light and easily managed, shot straight across and quickly reached the opposite shore. The larger boat drifted down with the tide, and grounded on a sand-bar far out in the river. It was necessary for a number of the men to get out into the icy-water, waist deep, and push the craft over the bar by main force. A landing was made by Major Waller's party half a mile lower down the river than had been contemplated. Leaving two men as guards to the batteau, he joined the party under Lieutenant Beale at a straw stack, the place of rendezvous that had been agreed upon.

Here a number of details of scouts were made to proceed, as quietly and stealthily as possible, for the purpose of capturing the enemy's picket-guards. There were six of these, at as many different points; and it needed much adroitness and boldness of action to secure them all without an alarm being made. The plan was for two men to get in rear of each picket, and two to advance upon them quietly in the dark. If one set failed to bag the game, it was thought the other would. And so it proved. The pickets were captured without breaking the stillness of the night with the faintest alarm.

Having secured the outer guards, it was next necessary to capture the reserve guards, who were fifteen in number, and occupied a vacant store in Leedstown, where they slept on their arms, having their horses saddled and bridled, close at hand. The writer of this account led the party advancing to the capture of this reserve, having at his side "Pete" Stewart, an old Mexican soldier, and a tried and trusty scout. From the shadow of an adjacent house as we drew near to the store the form of the sentinel was described under the porch. The moon was just

rising, throwing a gleam on the river, the sound of whose flowing only disturbed the perfect stillness of the night. Our pause was but for a moment, when a dash was made for the steps leading up to the door of the store. The startled sentined ran for the steps, too, without pausing to fire his carbine. He had nearly reached the uppermost step, when "Pete" Stewart, grasping him by his coat-tail, pulled him back. The Union horsemen in the store were made prisoners by the time they had well cast aside the blankets under which they had been cosily sleeping. Indeed, so rapid and sudden had we fallen on the unsuspecting sleepers that some of them were assisted by us in waking, by having their blankets pulled off them by our own hands.

In this store at the time of our entrance, were two Confederate prisoners, members of the Fifteenth Virginia Cavalry, who had been captured the previous day, and also a citizen (and his goods), caught running the blockade. The joy of these men at their unexpected release was so great that it was needful to suppress its demonstration, lest the enemy near by should hear it.

Having placed the prisoners and their horses under guard, Major Waller's next aim was to surround and capture the main body of the enemy, who occupied the residence of Dr. Thomas Taylor (the assistant surgeon of the Ninth Virginia Regiment), a quarter of a mile distant. The march towards this building was made as noiselessly as possible. When yet distant a hundred yards or more, a bright fire was seen in the yard, and a sentinel pacing to and fro on his beat in front of it. It seemed as we drew nearer that he would not detect our approach in time to give an alarm, when, suddenly, "Bang!" went the report of the gun of one of our men, whose excitement had quite overcome his discretion. Instantly, the Federal sentinel returned the shot and rushed for the main building.

No time was now lost by Major Waller in surrounding the dwelling and smaller houses. The demand to surrender was answered from doors and windows by small volleys, which fired in the dark, did no harm. With the aid of a gun-barrel and a few rails the doors of the main building were forced open, when a general surrender at once followed.

Captain Samuel Wilson, a soldier of fine appearance and splendid physique, commanded the Federal squadron, and it

looked for a moment as if he had determined to die, rather than yield. When he at length yielded up his weapon, and was made a prisoner, his face wore an air of resolute defiance, mingled with mortified pride.

When the prisoners had been collected it was found that forty-nine had been here captured, with their horses, saddles, bridles, arms, and accoutrements.

The problem now was how to get the prisoners and horses across the river, which was nearly a mile in width. A large lighter, capable of carrying one hundred men, or more, was found near the water's edge at Leedstown, and this was quickly launched. The prisoners were put into it, with a suitable guard of men, and the boat was speedily poled over (as the watermen say), to the Essex shore.

The approach of daylight, and the prospect of a gunboat's appearance made the passage of the captured horses a hazardous undertaking. It was decided to take the horses two miles higher up the river, where the stream was narrower and the banks higher, where better security was offered against gunboats, and a better opportunity could be found for swimming over the horses. The two boats were rowed up to the latter point, where, after the arrival of the men with the horses, the saddles, blankets, and arms were put in the boats, and the horses were all lashed together by their halter-reins. In this way, strung together in a long line, they were forced after the large boat into the river, and were made to swim across.

The water was a full half-mile in width, and had on it a skim of ice near the shore. The prolonged bath must have been very severe to the horses, but they stood it well. All were safely landed, save one, which, being lean, was benumbed by the cold water, and when its feet touched the mud on the Essex side, it would make no further effort, and was left to perish.

By sunrise, the expedition had been safely landed, the boats concealed, and the men, having mounted their horses, and leading the captured ones, were on the march to the camp at Lloyds.

The colonel of the regiment to soothe, in part, his disappointment in not being permitted to cross the river himself, had taken position advantageously on the bank, with a section of artillery under command of Lieutenant Betts, intending to arrest the progress of any gunboat that might chance to appear, and en-

danger the expedition. From his station he listened through the still hours, anxiously, and not in vain, for the sounds of volleys and yells that would tell of the successful assault of his men.

Only one casualty occurred among the enemy, and that the painful wounding of a man under the eye.

The boldness and success of the enterprise were recognized and commended in general orders, issued from the headquarters of the army; and the disaster to the Federal regiment is mentioned in the official history of the Pennsylvania regiments, published by that State. Major H. B. McClellan, in *The Life and Campaigns of General J. E. B. Stuart,* briefly refers to the affair in a sentence, in which the Boston printer gives the name of our major, erroneously, as Weller.

Of the participants in this nocturnal raid, I can now recall but few. Among them was Major R. Bird Lewis, the late president of the Confederate Veteran Association of Washington, D. C., who was a sergeant at the time, and the only man on our side who was wounded. Dr. Gordon E. Bowie, late of Richmond county, was one of the men who took an icy bath in shoving the batteau over the sand-bar. William R. Rust, of Colonial Beach, was active in forcing open a door of the house, where the chief danger was met. Lawrence Washington, of Oak Grove, rendered valuable service in surprising and capturing the most important of the pickets, and to him the Union captain surrendered his pistol in the last encounter.

Private L. L. Jett was present in this action and incautiously fired his gun at the sentinel and so gave warning of our approach. The capture of the Federal squadron was made the subject of an official investigation, and an elaborate report was published with a diagram of the post at Leedstown, the river, and the point at which our crossing was made, Major Wilson, commanding the captured squadron at the time, was exonerated of all blame for the disaster, and was subsequently promoted and proved a most efficient and meritorious officer.

CHAPTER X

THE BATTLE OF FREDERICKSBURG

THE battle of Fredericksburg, on December 13-14, 1862, to an observer on the heights on either side of the Rappahannock River near that city, much resembled two battles waged at the same time. The smoke and noise of one of these contests was in the city itself and on the Marye Heights above it; the smoke and thunder of the other were four miles below on the Hamilton crest and the plain below it. It fell to my lot to witness the last-named part of this terrific conflict of arms, and I here record my impression and recollections of it:

The cavalry brigade of General W. H. F. Lee was encamped near Lloyds, in Essex County, when, on the 11th of December, they set out, with well-filled haversacks and cartridge boxes, for the field of this great battle. They reached the vicinity of Massaponax Run in the afternoon of the 12th, and halted for the night. Their bivouacs were made near the Port Royal Road, on either side of which grew a row of cedar trees. The branches cut from these trees afforded many of the calvarymen soft and springy mattresses, as it were, on which their blankets were spread, and which, raising them above the two or three inches of snow which had fallen during their march, gave them cozy and comfortable couches for slumber for the night.

The march during nearly all of this day to many had been enlivened, and to others solemnized, by the ominous roar of artillery in the direction of Fredericksburg, and all felt assured that a terrific battle had been begun between the armies of Burnside and Lee. The morale of the Southern army at this time was superb, and the cavalry were as full of hope and enthusiasm as the infantry. Our march this day was full of eager expectancy and assured confidence in a coming victory, and in this state of feeling our tired bodies sank to sleep at nightfall.

On the morning of the 13th, at a very early hour, before the horses and men had time to be fed, we were mounted and proceeded in an exceedingly dense fog along the Port Royal Road to one of the "Smithfield" or A. Bernard's large fields on the

side next to the river, and into this we entered and formed in companies behind one of Major Pelham's Napoleons. We had not yet formed into position before this gun opened the battle for the day. It was quickly perceived that we had gone into a lion's mouth, because of the close proximity of heavy masses of Federal infantry and four batteries, which began to return Pelham's fire. Very serious fears were felt that our gun could not be extricated from its dangerous position, and that the Federal cannoneers, by getting our range, would cut deadly swaths through our ranks. Two circumstances saved us: one was the intrepid hardihood of Pelham, with his one gun and its rapid fire, and the other the fortunate fog, which wrapped us from view in its dense and friendly folds.

When Pelham withdrew his gun across the road and sought a position on higher ground, we followed and formed a line beyond the hill in his rear. A heavy fire of artillery was now directed against this hill, and shot and shell passed over us with uncomfortable frequency and nearness of approach. The fog was now lifting, and the sun, breaking through the mist, began to shine on the dark lines of the Federal troops and their bright muskets.

The soldiers of the Union presented an imposing and formidable array. Near where the Port Royal Road intersected the gently rising plain, they were arranged in three separate lines, and moved forward with well-dressed ranks, their banners floating in the air, and sixty or more pieces of artillery thundering on their flanks. Extending down the Port Royal road on their left was Doubleday's Division, disposed, as it were, to protect them from attack on that flank.

It is quite probable the pick and flower of Burnside's army marched in this magnificent battle array. Franklin's grand division of veterans was there; the corps commanded by Smith and Reynolds were there; there Meade led his fine division in the center, and Birney followed him with his: Gibbons held position on the right, and Stoneman co-operated at the head of a corps. Generals Daniel Sickles and Joe Hooker mingled with other brave and distinguished general officers, as this warlike host, moved towards the wooded heights, a mile or more distant.

Assisting this formidable movement, were numerous heavy field guns planted at various commanding points on the Stafford

hills beyond the Rappahannock, which hurled their missiles in various directions, where the Confederates were supposed to lurk in readiness to meet this threatening and powerful demonstration.

It is not easy to overestimate the importance which the Federal commander-in-chief and many of his subordinate commanders attached to this attack on the Hamilton Heights or a part of the general plan of the battle of Fredericksburg. If these hills were gained and held, Burnside was confident Lee could not retain his position on Marye Heights, and his army would be forced to a perilous retreat. In his general order he said: "Holding these two heights, with the heights near Hamilton's, will, we hope, compel the enemy to evacuate the whole ridge between these points." Lee, on his part, fully appreciated the strategic importance of these heights, and Jackson's Corps and D. H. Hills' Division had been hastened to assist in their defense. Opportunely enough, they reached the ground in good time to be of service at the critical moment of need. While the Federal regiments and batteries were advancing, Lee rode to that part of his lines which they threatened, and held an interview with Jackson, Stuart, and A. P. Hill. W. F. Dunaway, captain and adjutant at the time, of the Forty-seventh Virginia, one of A. P. Hill's regiments, says: "Before the battle began, General Lee, inspecting the disposition of his forces, rode up to where we stood, and, dismounting from 'Traveler,' handed the bridle to an orderly." His eagle eye surveyed the masses of his approaching antogonists and his own good gray lines, disposed to meet them.

During the entire march of the Federals from near the river, Major Pelham, with one or more guns of his horse artillery, first in one position and then in another, poured shot and shell into their ranks. It was intensely exciting to watch the effect of his firing, as from time to time the shells struck the enemy's lines, and, bursting, created no little confusion. Very soon, Pelham's guns were reinforced by two of Lindsey Walker's batteries, and the Federal guns opened on them with increasing vigor. The duel was fast and furious.

The Richmond, Fredericksburg, and Potomac Railroad, in its course northward, soon after reaching Hamilton's Crossing, bears to the left and runs for about two miles parallel with the

river, on high and wooded ground. The line of the road formed in general the line of Lee's defense, and here, in silence and concealment, the troops of Jackson and Hill awaited the Federal assault. The artillery of these generals was held in check until the men in blue came within eight hundred yards of the guns, and then opened on them a simultaneous and murderous fire. At points in the advancing lines, there was, under these volleys, wavering and faltering; but, as a rule, the troops advanced steadily and firmly, and before long, on the wooded hills and along the railroad and beyond, the fire of musketry, attested a severe and stubborn encounter.

A gap having occurred between the Confederate brigade of Lane and Archer, some of Franklin's Regiments pressed through and gained the wooded hills beyond the railroad, necessitating the forming of a new line of battle by Archer's men, who, with Thomas's Brigade, assailed the Federals with intense vigor and turned them back in flight. Gibbons and Mead's commands also pushed their way beyond the railroad, but were soon repulsed and began to retire in confusion. Some of Reynolds's Regiment on approaching the railroad and seeing the Confederate position, became panic-stricken and began a rapid retreat. As Berney's Division approached the line of fire, their ranks were broken and thrown into confusion by masses of Reynolds's troops in tumultuous flight, who, to borrow General Berney's words: "burst through the right wing in pell-mell retreat." Of these demoralized and fugitive men, General Stoneman declares: "Every effort was made to rally them, but all to no purpose. Regardless of threat and force, and deaf to all entreaties, they sullenly and persistently moved to the rear, and were reformed near the bank of the river."

The scene of the morning as the splendid left wing of Burnside's Army marched to meet the regiments of Jackson and Hill, was all changed in the afternoon. The bold front, the advancing lines, the fluttering standards, were all changed, and a motley disordered mass rushed madly for safety towards the river, with thirty or more Confederate guns pushing forward and pouring shot and shell after them.

Much of the Federal artillery, with the troops supporting it, did not participate in the panic, but continued to fire towards the hills with unyielding tenacity of purpose. In doing so, they met

a heavy fire from the Confederate guns on the hills, and it was very exciting at times to see the falling horses and exploding limber-chests which this fire caused.

Most of the retreating troops towards evening disappeared beyond the Port Royal Road, and some of them in the eagerness of their flight after reaching the river and making good their escape over it, cut the pontoon bridge loose, and caused no little apprenhension and dismay among their comrades left on the Southern side of the river, lest an assault should be made on them by the troops of Jackson and Hill before their means of escape could be replaced.

The action of this day having ended, our commanding officers had under consideration the advisability of a night attack on the demoralized Federals, and word was passed around among us as to how the assault would be conducted and with what weapons. Every man's coat sleeve, it was decided, was to be removed from one arm, which would enable us in the darkness to distinguish friends from foes. The martial genius of Jackson approved this night attack, we were told, but General Lee felt that it would sacrifice the lives of many females and other noncombatants in Fredericksburg, and withheld the order.

By me, personally, this memorable and important engagement was more enjoyed than any other of the war. It offered a clearer view of the field of battle than any other; nowhere else could I see so many cannon pitted against each other in a furious duel, and nowhere else did so many of the enemy appear advancing to the charge and then retiring in tumultuous disorder. No bullet, so far as I recall, whizzed near me, and no solid shot or shell took effect in our ranks. Seated on my horse in the rear of one or more of our guns, I was not unlike the scriptural horse that "smelleth the battle from afar, the thunder of the captains and the shouting."

On high ground, near the railroad, not far from Hamilton's Crossing, the decisive point of the battle on Lee's right, stands a pyramidal pile of rough granite blocks to mark it. I never see it from the window of a passing car without feeling stirring memories of Gregg, Cobb, Coleman, Robinson and other men whom I was want to see, whose voices were hushed and their eyes forever dimmed on this victorious field.

CHAPTER XI

CAVALRY OPERATIONS UNDER W. H. F. LEE DURING THE BATTLE AT CHANCELLORSVILLE

NO battle, probably, in which the Federal and Confederate armies were engaged reflected more lustre on Southern generalship and the valor of the Southern soldiers than the bloody struggle of Chancellorsville. The events which took place on that historic field and at Salem Church, May 1-3, 1863, were of a nature so important and brilliant as to eclipse and obscure the co-operating movements and detached services performed at the time in connection with the two contending armies. The operations of the cavalry having covered a wide extent of territory and issued in numerous skirmishes without any regular battle, have claimed but slight attention in comparison with the desperate fighting and signal successes on the chief scenes of action.

And yet, according to the well laid plan of the Federal commander, the cavalry of the Army of the Potomac were carefully prepared, cautiously despatched and confidently expected to add in no small measure to the success of that army. This force, comprising all the cavalry under General Hooker save one brigade, were in two bodies, one under General George Stoneman and the other under General W. W. Averell, and were designed to operate on two distinct lines. The destination and objects of the movements were set forth in orders from General Hooker as early as April 13th. These orders are noteworthy, as showing not only the work assigned to the cavalry, but the spirit and manner in which it was to be done. "You will march," so the orders read, "on the 13th instant with all your available force except one brigade, for the purpose of turning the enemy's position on his left, and of throwing your command between him and Richmond and isolating him from his supplies, checking his retreat, and inflicting on him every possible injury which will tend to his discomfiture and defeat." * * * "If the enemy should endeavor to retire by Culpeper and Gordonsville, you will endeavor to hold your force in his front and

harass him day and night, unceasingly. If you cannot cut off from his columns large slices, the general desires that you will not fail to take small ones. Let your watchword be fight, and let all your orders be fight, fight, fight, bearing in mind that time is as valuable to the general as rebel carcasses. It is not in the power of the rebels to oppose you with more than 5,000 sabers and those badly mounted, and after they leave Culpeper without forage or rations. Keep them from Richmond and sooner or later they must fall in our hands. * * * It devolves upon you, general, to take the initiative in the forward movement of this grand army, and on you and your noble command must depend in a great measure the extent and brilliancy of our success." The orders closed with this emphatic caution: "Bear in mind that celerity, audacity and resolution are everything in war, and especially it is the case with the command you have and the enterprise upon which you are about to embark."

Such were the orders under which, two weeks or more later than was first proposed, Generals Stoneman and Averell crossed the Rappahannock from Fauquier into Culpeper County, and bivouacked near the above river. The passage was made on April 29th and that evening, as General Stoneman states, the division and brigade commanders assembled together and "we spread our maps and had a thorough understanding of what we were to do and where we were to go."

Early on the following morning, Stoneman with his command set out for the Rapidan at Raccoon Ford and a ford below, and pushed on without serious opposition to destroy the Central Railroad, the James River Canal and the Richmond and Fredericksburg road.

Averell moved towards Brandy Station, Culpeper, and Rapidan Station, for the purpose of masking Stoneman's movement and cutting Lee's communications towards Gordonsville. His instructions said: "In the vicinity of Culpeper you will be likely to come against Fitzhugh Lee's brigade of cavalry, consisting of about 2,000 men, which it is expected that you will be able to disperse and destroy without delay to your advance. At Gordonsville, the enemy have a small provost guard of infantry, which it is expected you will destroy, if it can be done without delaying your forward movement."

General Averell's command consisted of the two brigades of his division, Davis's brigade of Pleasanton's division and Tidball's battery, numbering in all about 4,000 men, while opposed to him on the line from Brandy to Rappahannock Station was General W. H. F. Lee with two regiments (Ninth and Thirteenth Virginia Cavalry) and one gun.

General Lee with his small force, fell back before Averell's advance, one squadron only being kept near the enemy to retard his progress, until the Rapidan was crossed, when he disposed his men and one gun above the ford near the station, to give battle if the attempt was made to cross. The approach of the enemy was announced by the discharge of his cannon, as also by a feeble attempt to cross a ford a mile or two above the station.

The day following, General Lee according to his own report, was engaged all day with one or two brigades of cavalry. One charge made by Colonel Beale with one squadron to draw them out, took eighty prisoners, but could not bring them off; he was pressed very hard.

The charge thus sententiously stated by General Lee was made for the purpose of developing the enemy's strength, and was made by a rapid trot to the river and dash through it, under the fire of the enemy's sharp-shooters, who were forced back on their main line a half mile or more distant. Nothing but the temporary confusion and surprise caused by the suddenness of this dash permitted the squadron to wheel and retreat successfully.

Two men of the Ninth Regiment, M. U. F. and J. N. Wright (brothers), borne too far by the impetuosity of their charge, or overtaken in retreating, were made prisoners, and the younger one was basely shot and severely wounded after his surrender. The elder of the two, M. U. F., was taken into the presence of General Averell, who questioned him closely as to the troops opposed to him, their number, etc. Wright replied to the inquiries that there was no cavalry in front of him except W. H. F. Lee's brigade, but that the trains had been hurrying down all the morning from Gordonsville crowded with infantry and artillery. Precisely what effect this answer had on the mind of General Averell, cannot be definitely stated. All the circumstances seem to indicate that it had great weight,

for no attempt was made to push his command farther.

At 6.30 P. M. that day, the day of the Chancellorsville battle, General Hooker sent a dispatch to Averell, through Captain Chandler, which read in part: "I am directed by the Major General commanding, to inform you that he does not understand what you are doing at Rappahannock Station." To this message, Averell replied at 7.20 A. M. next morning: "I have the honor to state in reply that I have been engaged with the cavalry of the enemy at that point, and in destroying communications." On the day following, General Hooker issued an order as follows: "Brigadier-General Pleasanton, will assume command of the division now commanded by Brigadier-General Averell. Upon being relieved, Brigadier-General Averell will report for orders to the Adjutant-General of the army."

In explanation and justification of the above order, General Hooker on May 9th, in a report to the Adjutant-General of the army, stated: "General Averell's command numbered about 4,000 sabers and a light battery, a larger cavalry force than can be found in the rebel army between Fredericksburg and Richmond, and yet that officer seems to have contented himself between April 29th, and May 4th, with having marched through Culpeper to Rapidan, a distance of twenty-eight miles, meeting no enemy deserving the name, and from that point reporting to me for instructions."

"I could excuse General Averell in his disobedience if I could anywhere discover in his operations a desire to find and engage the enemy. I have no disposition to prefer charges against him, and in detaching him from this army my object has been to prevent an active and powerful column from being paralyzed by his presence."

In a report written by General Averell, whilst stung by the order relieving him, he explained his delay at Rapidan Station on the ground that, "All the intelligence we had been able to gather from a captured mail and from various other sources, went to show that the enemy believed the Army of the Potomac, was advancing over that line, and that Jackson was at Gordonsville with 25,000 men, to resist its approach." When he penned that sentence, he must have had well in mind among the intelligence which he had been able to gather, what young Wright had told him.

The two Wrights, named in this communication, are still living (at Oldham's, Westmoreland County, Va.,) and retain vivid recollections of the incidents here recorded in their lives as soldiers. It is a pleasure to testify to their singular gallantry as soldiers and their substantial worth as citizens.

While Averell was halting and blundering at the Rapidan and incurring the intense displeasure of his superior officers, as has been shown, Stoneman with thirteen regiments and six guns, forming the brigades of Kilpatrick, Wyndham and Buford, pursued his way to Louisa Court House, where he divided his command into six or seven parties, designed to operate in different directions, or at different points in destroying the railroad tracks, depots, bridges and culverts, along the Central Road to the junction in Hanover and beyond, and also the canal on James River, the aqueducts, bridges and boats. Of these various parties, formidable ones were led by Colonel Kilpatrick and Colonel H. Davis, who after doing what damage they could to the railroad, made their way by different routes and ferries across the Pamunkey and Mattapong rivers, and on May 7th, at 10 A. M., to borrow Kilpatrick's words "found safety and rest under our brave old flag within our lines at Gloucester Point."

Brig. General D. McGregg with his brigade proceeded to destroy the Central road from Louisa Court House towards the South Anna bridge, and Brig. General John Buford set out to assist in this destruction, and also to support Colonel Percy Wyndham in his attempt to destroy the canal.

On the third of May, General W. H. F. Lee, no longer threatened by Averell, who was that day relieved of his command, hastened to Gordonsville, which was now endangered by the advance of a position of Stoneman's force. We reached the latter place about 11 A. M., and having ascertained that the enemy was approaching from Trevillian station, we at once resumed our march towards that point. As we neared Trevillian's, Captain Robinson with a part of our company was sent ahead to reconnoitre, and we were withdrawn a few rods distant from the road to get a short rest. This, however, was denied us for almost immediately, Robinson's party came back at a gallop with a detachment of the First Maine regiment in pursuit of them. The order was then given to us to charge, and before we reached the road some of the Maine men had dashed

up too close to escape, and fell into our hands. Some dispositions were made to meet a heavier advance here, but none occurred. At this point, my attention was attracted to a Union cavalryman, one of the Maine regiment, lying at the foot of a tree, mortally wounded, the result of a meeting in the charge with Tom Jett of our company. The detachment of Federals met here was commanded by Captain Benjamin F. Tucker of the First cavalry, and their loss was one killed, one wounded and twenty-four captured. On our side, Lieutenant James Boulware, of Company B, made a reckless dash beyond his men, and was captured, a circumstance erroneously reported by General Stoneman to have occurred at Raccoon Ford.

From Trevillians, we returned to Gordonsville, and very early next morning were mounted and in motion for Columbia on James river, where it was reported the Federal cavalry were engaged in destroying the canal. Our march was very fatiguing to both men and horses, and we reached Palmyra, near the river about nightfall only to find that the enemy (Colonel Wyndham's New Jerseymen) had withdrawn a few hours previously. After a brief halt, the order came to mount, and with our horse's heads turned back towards the Central Road, we were soon on the march again, and what a toilsome, painful march it was! As the hours passed in slow and wearisome procession, the soft earth seemed to woo in with a tantalizing persuasiveness to pause and recline our aching limbs upon it, but in vain.

On the succeeding morning when thoughts of the enemy with most of us were giving place to thoughts of breakfast, it was announced that a Federal picket had been seen nearby. We were summoned to prepare for action, and in column of fours began the trot.

A squadron (E and F) preceded us, led by our Major (Tom Waller). We followed two hundred yards or less, in their rear. Very quickly we saw the men ahead of us flashing their sabres in the morning light, and meeting a charge by a Federal squadron. The contest was quickly over. When we reached the scene of it Waller's men were giving chase to the flying foe, or collecting the prisoners, captured horses, arms and accoutrements. Presently, General W. H. F. Lee rode up, recognized the Federal captain Wesley Owens, who had been unhorsed and made a prisoner, and engaged him in conversation. While they

were talking, a squad of our men rode in from the right, having Captain Owen's lieutenant, Temple Buford, and fifteen men, who had been caught before they could escape from their post on picket. Two officers and thirty-three men were captured here and we discovered that they belonged to the Fifth Regulars, the same regiment encountered by us on the raid around McClellan's army, and at whose hands Captain Latanè had fallen nearly a year before.

General Stoneman in his official report attributes Captain Owen's capture to the fact that his horse was shot, which was a mistake, since the fine dark mare having escaped injury, was ridden for many months afterwards by Major Waller, and became one of the favorites among the officers' horses of our regiment.

We had no further engagements during the memorable battle of Chancellorsville, and the enemy having retired beyond the Rapidan and Rappahannock, we went into camp beneath the beautiful shade of a grove of oaks near the village of Orange, and it was here on the twelfth of May, 1863, that we were informed of the death of General T. J. Jackson, near Guinea's in Caroline County. The effect of the announcement wrought a change in every man's expression, and threw a solemn gloom over the camp. The sun shone less brightly and the shade of the trees seemed to cast a sombre gloom. With subdued voices and ill suppressed emotion one soldier said to another: "Jackson is dead!"

CHAPTER XII

A GREAT FEDERAL RAID IN 1863 AND HOW IT WAS DEFEATED

ON the 9th of April, 1863, General Joseph Hooker, commanding the Army of the Potomac, had as his guest at his headquarters, near Falmouth, President Lincoln, who, on the day following, returned to Washington. Hooker wrote him on the next day: "I sincerely trust you reached home safely and in good time yesterday. We all look back to your visit with great satisfaction."

Among the grave matters discussed by the President and General Hooker, was one of supreme interest and importance, which contemplated a powerful cavalry raid under General George Stoneman, which, by destroying General Lee's supplies at Gordonsville and Charlottesville, tearing up the Central and Acquia Creek Railroads, and burning the bridges, and at the same time threatening Richmond, would force Lee to retreat from Fredericksburg and offer opportunity to the Federal army to make a concerted attack on his retiring lines with good prospects of complete success. These high functionaries agreed upon the plan, and on April 13th, orders were issued by Hooker directing the movement to begin, and providing that the troops should be supplied with eight days' rations and one hundred and forty rounds of ammunition for each man, with the injunction: "Corps commanders will require every serviceable man to march with the columns."

The force employed in the proposed raid was the cavalry corps of Hooker's army, numbering 12,000 men, including six light batteries. It was arranged that these troops should march up into Fauquier County and cross thence over the Rappahannock into Culpeper—Davis's Brigade at Freeman's Ford; Averell's and Gregg's divisions, at Beverly's Ford; and Buford's reserve brigade, at Rappahannock Bridge. To facilitate these crossings, an infantry brigade of the Eleventh Corps, with a section of artillery, was sent to the lower Ford (Kelly's) to make a feint, and, as the order expressed it, "to prevent any communication across the river on the part of the citizens, or

the enemy from crossing in case they should attempt it."

In pursuance of the plan of getting Stoneman's force over the Rappahannock, a portion of Davis's Brigade was directed to proceed along the North Fork of that river and cross it at Sulphur Springs, and then, descending the stream, join the remainder of the brigade near Freeman's Ford. They were to cross at Welford's on the night of the thirteenth, and then, by sweeping rapidly down the main river, uncover Beverley's Ford for the safe crossing of Averell and Gregg. Simultaneously with the passage of these two divisions at the upper ford, Buford was directed to press his way across at Rappahannock Station, two or three miles below. These well planned strategic movements were to signalize the morning of April 14th.

While this finely equipped and powerful cavalry force was marching hopeful and exultant up the Rappahannock, Lieutenant Alexander D. Payne, of the Black Horse Troop, commanding a Confederate scouting party in Fauquier, hastened to inform General William H. F. Lee, at Brandy Station, of the movement and that alert and watchful officer at once dispatched Captain Stith Bolling with his company of sharpshooters to reinforce the pickets of the Thirteenth Virginia cavalry at Kelly's Ford. Captain Bolling reached the ford before daylight, and arranged his men in the rifle pits. About 8 A. M. a regiment opened fire on him, and a body of Buford's Cavalry made a dash at the ford, but retreated at the first fire from Bolling's men, and the attempt to cross at this point was not renewed.

While this demonstration was engaging Captain Bolling at Kelly's Ford, Colonel Kilpatrick made a dash over the ford at Rappahannock Station, the pickets from the Thirteenth Regiment, occupying a blockhouse, being forced to retreat. This dash over the ford was materially aided by Lieutenant Woodroof, of Light Company M, Twentieth United States Artillery, who fired seventy-eight rounds from two cannon posted about three hundred yards from the blockhouse. The threatening conditions at this point caused General Lee to hasten with the Ninth Virginia Cavalry galloping to its relief. This regiment was followed by two guns of Moorman's Battery, which, under direction of General Stuart, quickly engaged the Federal pieces, which already had begun their fire. The Confederate sharpshooters soon reoccupied the blockhouse and riflepits, and Kil-

patrick's men recrossed the river. No further serious demonstration was made at this ford.

While the Ninth Regiment was supporting Mooreman's guns near the bridge, it became necessary to detach two squadrons with orders to proceed at a gallop to Beverley's Ford, where the divisions of Stoneman sent to that point were threatening to cross. Here the sharpshooters of these squadrons, after crossing an open plain on foot, found a well sunken road on the river side to offer an excellent breastwork. No sooner were they posted behind the bank of this road than Federal carbineers began to try to dislodge them, firing from the trees and ravine on the opposite side. This fire kept up till late in the afternoon, with no attempt by the Federal cavalry to ride through the hazardous stream.

As yet there had been no crossing by Davis's Brigade at Welford's Ford, above, and the fourteenth of April, which had been planned to be so eventful, was drawing to a close under thick and ominous clouds, which threatened a downpour of rain.

The Federal General commanding was in profound ignorance of these facts, and felt sanguine that all had gone well with the expedition. Early on the fifteenth he wrote to Mr. Lincoln: "I am rejoiced that Stoneman had two good days to go up the river, and was enabled to cross it before it became too much swollen." The President, in the deep solicitude he felt for the movement, already had written to Hooker: "Would like to have a letter from you as soon as convenient." Again Hooker wrote to Lincoln: "Just heard from Stoneman. His artillery has been brought to a halt by the mud, one division only having crossed the river." No hint is given that any cause other than the mud had delayed his movement. On April 15th, two days after the Rappahannock should have been crossed, the President informed General Hooker: "It is now 10:15 P. M. An hour ago I received your letter of this morning, and a few moments later your dispatch of this evening. The latter gives me considerable uneasiness. The rain and mud were, of course, to be calculated upon. General Stoneman is not moving rapidly enough to make the expedition come to anything. He has now been out three days, two of which were unusually fair weather. * * * And yet he is not twenty-five miles

from where he started. * * * I fear it is another failure already. Write me often; I am very anxious."

The information sent to the general commanding by Stoneman that his artillery had been "brought to a halt by the mud," did not discourage that high officer as to still pushing the enterprise, and he directed him on the fifteenth as follows: "If your artillery is your only hinderance to your advance, the major-general commanding directs that you order it to return, and to proceed to the execution of your orders without it. It is but reasonable to suppose that if you cannot make use of that arm of the service the enemy cannot."

When this communication from Hooker was received by Stoneman, the conditions which confronted him were interesting and perplexing. The strong brigade commanded by Colonel B. F. Davis, delayed in the execution of its orders by causes that were never reported, had before daylight of the fifteenth crossed at Welford's Ford in a terrific rainstorm, dispersing the pickets of the Second North Carolina Cavalry on guard there in hot haste, and, with every man wearing an oilcloth cover, had marched down the river to uncover Beverley's Ford. In doing so, they got in between the sharpshooters on guard at the ford and their horses left in care of the reserve pickets on the hill in the rear. They captured the horses, and greatly threatened to do the same for the sharpshooters. Colonel Lewis, of the Ninth Cavalry, commanding these reserve pickets, opened fire on the men under the oilcloths, and gave abundant warning that they had crossed the river. General W. H. F. Lee, with the Thirteenth Virginia Cavalry and several squadrons of the Ninth, hastened to oppose the adventurous regiments of Davis.

The situation of these latter regiments was not an enviable one. The torrents of rain that had fallen during the night had swollen the river beyond its banks. Only by swimming the horses could it be crossed. There was no possibility of Gregg or Averell or Buford coming to Davis's assistance. Within an hour, at least, Stuart might hurl his whole available force of two thousand men against them, and rake the plain with Mooreman's guns. Nothing seemed to remain to Davis but to get back over the river, and this he hastened to do by a rapid march to Beverley's Ford and a precipitate and daring plunge by his

men into the raging current.

The two regiments of W. H. F. Lee's command, above mentioned, charged the retreating column near the river, capturing men and horses and their equipments. How many horses or men were lost, having been swept down on the swollen torrent, we never ascertained. Under the circumstances, there was little prospect of General Stoneman's proceeding to the execution of his orders, although the commanding general advised him: "This army is now awaiting your movement. * * * In view of the swollen condition of the streams it is not probable, in the event of your being able to advance, that you will be troubled by the infantry of the enemy."

On April 16th, Stoneman informed the commanding general: "No command ever had higher hopes, or was more confident of success, though ignorant of what it was expected to perform; but the elements seem to have conspired to prevent the accomplishment of a brilliant cavalry operation." The great raid, and the paralyzing blow which it was designed to strike, was for the time defeated, and Lincoln's prophetic fear abundantly fulfilled when he said: "I fear it is another failure already."

CHAPTER XIII

BATTLE OF BRANDY STATION

THE advent of June, 1863, found the Federal Army under General Joseph E. Hooker, and that of the Confederates under General Lee, occupying their respective camps on the Rappahannock, at Fredericksburg, enjoying a much needed rest and recuperating after the sanguinary battle of Chancellorsville, one month before.

In official circles on the Northern side, much uncertainty and uneasiness began now to be felt because of the concentration of most of the Confederate cavalry under General J. E. B. Stuart in Culpeper County. General John Buford, of the Federal cavalry, communicated this information to General Pleasanton on June 5th, and the latter officer forwarded it to General Hooker, who in turn sent it to the Adjutant-General in Washington. At three in the afternoon of the same day the general-in-chief (Halleck) informed General Hooker that: "Prisoners and deserters brought in here state that Stuart is preparing a column of from 15,000 to 20,000 men, cavalry and artillery, for a raid."

The uneasiness created by the apprehension of this powerful raid was not confined to army circles, but at Baltimore, Havre de Grace, York, Harrisburg, Pittsburgh, and other places the authorities were warned to make preparations to resist Stuart's column. General Milroy, in a dispatch to General Schenk, said: "I would advise that the militia of Maryland, Pennsylvania and Ohio be called out at once, as doubtless there is a mighty raid on foot."

General Hooker deemed it expedient and well to crush this apprehended raid in its incipiency by dealing Stuart a staggering blow before he had time to set his column in motion, and the orders for the preparation of the troops and their equipment were duly issued, and as a preliminary step Colonel A. N. Duffie, a well tried and most efficient officer, was sent with a strong reconnoitering force of cavalry to cross the Rappahannock near Sulphur Springs, and proceeding by way of

Jeffersonton, to ascertain the location and strength of Stuart's troops. Duffie crossed the river without serious opposition, and proceeded within four or five miles of the town of Culpeper. The reconnoissance, or intelligence from it, was sufficiently delayed to cause some anxiety on the Federal side as to the fate of it. However, at 3 A. M. on June 7th, Colonel Duffie informed Buford: "I am safe with my command. The reconnoissance has been successful."

The information brought back from this expedition was deficient, both as to the strength and location of the Confederate cavalry in the vicinity of Brandy Station—matters which it was gravely important that the officers commanding the Federal cavalry should know. About the time that the report of Duffie's safe return reached the headquarters of the Federal Army, Captain Ulric Dalghren was sent by General Hooker to General Alfred Pleasanton, chief of the cavalry of the Army of the Potomac, bearing instructions to him to proceed with over 10,000 cavalry, infantry, and artillery, and by a rapid, concerted, and vigorous movement from two directions, to attack whatever Confederate force might be encamped in the vicinity of Culpeper. Captain Dalghren was directed to accompany General Pleasanton until he had recrossed the river.

For this expedition there were assigned to Pleasanton, in addition to the cavalry corps and horse artillery of the Army of the Potomac, two brigades of infantry, under command, respectively, of Brigadier-Generals A. Ames and D. A. Russell, numbering 4,800 muskets, 3,000 under the former and 1,800 under the latter. The regiments assigned to Russell were taken from three army corps—the First, Second, and Sixth. Six batteries took part in the movement.

The orders from Hooker were deemed unsafe to be sent by telegraph, and so were intrusted to the hands of the young and fearless Dalghren. They read in part as follows: "From the most reliable information at these headquarters, it is recommended that you cross the Rappahannock at Beverly and Kelly's Fords, and march directly on Culpeper. For this you will divide your cavalry force as you think proper to carry into execution the object in view, which is to disperse and destroy the rebel force assembled in the vicinity of Culpeper, and to destroy his trains and supplies of all descriptions to the utmost of

your ability."

In anticipation of these instructions and impatient of any delay in undertaking their accomplishment, Pleasanton had the same day notified the general commanding: "Let us act soon, and please telegraph any instructions. My people are all ready to pitch in." The day following, the entire force was in motion towards the Rappahannock. Agreeably to Hooker's instructions, it was divided into two bodies, one of which pursued the roads through Fauquier County leading to Kelly's Ford, and the other those leading to Beverly's Ford, six or seven miles above. These troops, thus divided, bivouacked on the night of the eighth, ready to cross the river at six o'clock the following morning. The body directed to cross at the upper ford was commanded by Brigadier-General John Buford, and consisted of three brigades of cavalry (thirteen regiments), a brigade of infantry (Ames's) of five regiments, and four batteries. This command having in it Pleasanton's old brigade, he accompanied it in person.

The force directed to cross at the lower ford (Kelly's) was placed under command of Brigadier-General David McM. Gregg, and comprised two divisions of cavalry (twelve regiments), three regiments of infantry and two batteries of light artillery.

The entire command directed by Pleasanton—thirty-three regiments and six batteries—represented twelve States of the Union: Maine, Massachusetts, Rhode Island, New York, Pennsylvania, New Jersey, Maryland, West Virginia, Ohio, Illinois, Indiana, and Wisconsin, besides the District of Columbia, New York, and Pennsylvania furnished seven regiments each; and Massachusetts and Winconsin three each. There were, besides of United States Regulars, four regiments and four batteries.

These troops were in excellent condition, admirably equipped with arms, ammunition, and horses. Nothing that the quartermaster, commissary, and ordinance departments of the government could supply was lacking to fit them for the enterprise that lay before them. In most, if not all, of the regiments, the men were clad in new uniforms, had their faces cleanly shaven, and appeared as if they were in readiness for inspection, or a grand review, rather than the rough encounter of battle.

Such were the conditions under which the men who followed

Pleasanton, Buford, and Gregg spread their blankets on the night of the eighth of June, and laid down to rest, many light-hearted fellows who did so being all unconscious that they would never do the like again.

Whilst the Federal commander was making these dispositions of his troops, and preparing for a sudden and concerted dash on the lines held by the Southern cavalry the following morning, these latter were engaged during this bright June day in a grand review, under the eyes of General Lee and other prominent generals of his army. A train from Culpeper and Orange with visitors, including many ladies, stood on the track near the reviewing stand, the long double lines in which Stuart marshalled his men, as he with Generals Lee, Hampton, and others galloped past, were truly imposing in appearance. When these lines were broken into platoons and marched in review, first at a walk, again at a trot, and then at a gallop, the scene became grandly inspiring. A mimic battle, in which Hampton led a regiment in a charge on a battery, closed the splendid pageantry of the day. These men retired at night, hungry and weary and needing rest after the excitement and vigorous exercise through which they had passed.

They comprised five brigades commanded by Brigadier- Generals Fitz Lee, Wade Hampton, W. H. F. Lee, J. E. Jones and R. H. Robertson, the latter having but two regiments. The entire force numbered 8,500 men. They were from Maryland, Virginia, North Carolina, South Carolina and Georgia, and in one battery were men from New Orleans. Besides this battery there were four others.

These brigades bivouacked in the vicinity of the three fords of the Rappahannock, nearest to Brandy Station, with the artillery under Major R. F. Beckham, on the road leading to Beverley's, and near St. James Church. Near the artillery were the regiments of Jones's brigade, one of which, the Sixth Virginia, furnished the squadron under Captain Bruce Gibson, which was placed on picket duty at the above ford Captain William White, from one of Robertson's North Carolina regiments, was on guard with a squadron at Kelly's Ford.

So well had the movements of the Federals been covered, and so silently had they approached the vicinity of the river that no knowledge of their advance had reached General Stuart.

Both he and his command slept during the night of the eighth all unconscious of the rude awakening in store for them next morning.

According to the preconcerted plan the men with Buford and those with Gregg were put in motion without bugle note, or other noise to give the alarm, at four o'clock in the morning, and proceeded to the two fords which it was proposed they would cross simultaneously. A mistake as to the right road by one of Gregg's brigades—that under Duffie—delayed his column so that it was not at the ford as early as was contemplated. Nothing, however, retarded Buford's march, and in the twilight of the early morning, two squadrons of the Sixth New York Cavalry, with which rode the daring young Dalghren and George A. Custer sent in advance moved quietly down the hill to the river and dashed across. They received the fire of the Confederate pickets, and rapidly followed them, as they retreated, arousing Captain Gibson and his men on the hill. The men of the Sixth New York were closely followed by the Eighth New York and Eighth Illinois Regiments, and Captain Gibson, despite a bold attempt to retard them, found it necessary to fall back in haste. While doing so, there was a busy stir among the other squadrons of the Sixth Virginia Regiment, and mounting in hot haste, Colonel C. E. Flournoy with these squadrons hastened to Gibson's support, and with such of his men as were at hand, met the advancing Federals within three hundred yards of his camp. With this encounter was now fairly begun the heaviest and most hotly contested cavalry battle ever fought on the American soil.

The dash of Flournoy's squadron down the road on which the New York and Illinois regiments were boldly advancing, was quickly followed by those of the Seventh Virginia, under Colonel Thomas Marshall, which regiments, advancing on the left of the Sixth, pushed forward until checked by a body of sharpshooters deployed in the woods.

The prompt and spirited action of the men under Flournoy and Marshall had an important bearing on the fortunes of the day in giving time to the artillerists under Major Beckham to extricate their guns, endangered by the rapid advance of the Federals; and also in the killing of Lieutenant R. O. Allen, of Company D, Sixth Virginia Cavalry; of Colonel B. F. Davis,

who was leading the foremost brigade in the advance from the river. One of Captain Hart's guns, planted in the road and opening fire on the Federal columns, materially aided in holding them in check. At six A. M., Pleasanton wired Hooker: "Enemy has opened with artillery. Colonel Davis is badly wounded."

The two regiments which had opened the engagement—the Eighth New York and Eighth Illinois—were speedily joined by a battalion of the Third Indiana, a squadron of the Third West Virginia, the Ninth New York, and the Seventeenth Pennsylvania. Detachments of Ames's infantry regiments were deployed on either side of the wooded road. These troops were closely supported by four regiments of United States regulars. The Sixth Pennsylvania Cavalry, under Lieutenant-Colonel Smith was advanced, to the front, and through an open field made a dash of conspicuous gallantry on Beckham's well served guns, and through an interval between Jones's and Hampton's lines, swept beyond these guns. The Confederates closing in from each side quickly dispersed them.

Beckham's pieces began now to shell the woods furiously in the direction of the Federal line, and the Eleventh Virginia under Lomax, the Twelfth under Harman and White's Battalion, all under the eye of Stuart, were successively hurled against it. Meanwhile, the ground occupied by the Federals was extended towards their left, both the infantry and the regulars being hurried into position, and the carbineers and infantrymen, taking advantage of the cover afforded by the woods, pressed forward against these regiments with vigor. They were met by successive charges on the part of the mounted men of Jones's brigade, and by several squadrons dismounted as sharpshooters as well.

While the conflict was raging along the Beverly Road, General Wade Hampton had taken position with three of his regiments (First North Carolina, Cobb and Jeff Davis legions), and having dismounted a body of sharpshooters, pushed them forward on the right of the above road, and engaged the infantry in his front. The Jeff Davis legion followed quickly in support of the line of sharpshooters, checking the Federal line which had begun to force them back. The timely arrival of Colonel Black, with the First South Carolina Cavalry, made

this effort the more effective in checking this line.

This activity on the part of Hampton's regiments in resisting the Federal advance on the right of Jones's line of fire was not greater than General W. H. F. Lee now found necessary in order to resist the vigorous advance on the left, where dismounted cavalry and infantry pressed forward through the concealing and protecting timber. Detachments of the several regiments of Lee's brigade—Ninth, Tenth, Thirteenth Virginia Cavalry and Second North Carolina—were dismounted and hastened forward to oppose Buford's infantry and dismounted horsemen on a line reaching toward the river and forming a right angle with Jones's line, and became engaged at short range. The resistance to the Federal advance thus offered by Lee's men on foot, ably led by Colonel John R. Chambliss, Jr., was well supported by a section of Breathed's battery which sent its missiles into the woods, and with deadly effect also on the Federal horses in the field below. The position of W. H. F. Lee's brigade threatened the flank and rear of Buford's line, which that general began now to reinforce with the Eighth Illinois Cavalry and detachments of Ames's infantry.

The determined and effective resistance which had been met by Buford's entire line, with Lee confronting him on the right of his position, and especially by Jones in the centre, with Hampton on the left, caused a lull in the storm of battle, and Pleasanton having wired to Hooker, the latter at twelve noon reported to Halleck: "Brigadier-General Pleasanton reports that after a severe encounter with the rebel cavalry over Beverly Ford, he has not been able to make head against it. He reports that his movement was anticipated." The experience of his troops in this encounter he also expressed to Hooker as "a perfect hornet's nest."

Developments during this lull in the battle seemed to protend a fierce and sanguinary struggle for the elevated ground held by W. H. F. Lee's regiments. Colonel Lomax, with the Eleventh Virginia Regiment, had been sent by General Stuart to strengthen this line, and Colonel T. T. Munford with two regiments of Fitz Lee's brigade, had been ordered to move in closer from the opposite side. Opposed to these regiments, and for the most part concealed by woods, were assembled the Eighth Illinois, Sixth Pennsylvania, First, Second, Fifth, and

Sixth United States Cavalry, with whom also operated the Second and Third Wisconsin Infantry.

An attack by these troops, and a general advance of Buford's entire line only awaited the knowledge on Pleasanton's part that the long-delayed brigades of General Gregg were coming to his support. This intelligence reached him about noon, and he promptly wired Hooker: "General Gregg has joined me, and I will now attack the enemy vigorously with my whole force."

CHAPTER XIV

THE BATTLE OF BRANDY STATION—*Continued*

WHILST Pleasanton with Buford, on the hills above Beverly's Ford, were baffled and held in check by Stuart's three brigades, during the morning hours of June 9th, it is proper to note how the co-operating force under Gregg had been engaged. A passage at Kelly's Ford had been readily effected at six A. M., and this was duly reported to Stuart through Brigadier-General Robertson.

Colonel A. N. Duffie led the advance of Gregg's troops, with the First Rhode Island Cavalry, Sixth Ohio and First Massachusetts. A section of Pennington's battery followed these regiments, supported by the Third Pennsylvania Cavalry. Duffie's orders were to move on Stevensburg, whilst Gregg, with the larger part of his command, proposed turning to the right at a point called Madden's and taking the road leading to Brandy Station, where he expected to form a junction with Pleasanton.

Brigadier-General Russell, with his infantry brigade, after leaving five hundred men to protect the road behind these commands, was directed to move towards Brandy Station on a road nearer the river than the one by which Gregg marched.

The progress of the three columns into which Gregg's force was now divided, though duly communicated to Stuart, appears not to have affected him with serious apprehensions. It is manifest that he counted, however vainly, on General Robertson's command to retard the movement on the station. Nevertheless whilst with Lee, Hampton, and Jones, he was defending his position against Buford and Ames in front. Gregg's columns were seriously threatening it from the rear, and Duffie's advance towards Stevensburg was scarcely less endangering his line of communication with Culpeper.

The advance of the Federal troops from Kelly's Ford led General Stuart to detach the First South Carolina Regiment, under Colonel Black, from the line facing Buford, and to send it forward on the road leading to the above ford. General Robertson, with his two regiments, was also sent in this direction. Colonel Butler, with the Second South Carolina Cavalry,

was held in reserve at Brandy Station, but the advance on Stevensburg by Duffie led to an order directing him to hasten to assist in checking it. Colonel W. C. Wickham with the Fourth Virginia Cavalry was sent in support of Butler.

A prudent precaution was taken to have the division wagons loaded and moved out on the road to Culpeper.

In advance of Duffie's column, Major Stanhope, of the Sixth Ohio Cavalry, proceeded with little interruption to Stevensburg, where he was almost immediately attacked by Lieutenant-Colonel Frank Hampton, of the Second South Carolina Regiment, with a small detachment. The Ohio squadron fell back until they joined the main body of Duffie's men, being pursued also by Major T. J. Lipscomb, of Hampton's Regiment, who had endeavored to cut them off. Butler's sharpshooters, in order to confront those of Duffie, were deployed on either side of the road, and became rapidly pressed and forced to fall back through the woods into the open fields. A simultaneous charge was now made by the First Rhode Island, on the right, the First Massachusetts on the left, and a part of the Sixth Ohio in the road. Lieutenant-Colonel Hampton, with his small detachment of South Carolinians, now boldly charged down the road in the face of the Ohioans exposed to a fire in front and on either side.

He was mortally wounded in the charge, and his men broken into disorder by the heavy force confronting them, retreated precipitately. Whilst Butler was thus endeavoring to check the advance of Duffie's heavy regiments, Colonel Wickham reached the scene with the Fourth Virginia, the line of his march being along a narrow by-road through a dense copse of pine. His column had been halted and one squadron sent to strengthen Butler's skirmish line, when the South Carolinians in their retreat dashed down on his mounted men and threw them into immediate disorder. The regiment was cut in twain by the onset of the Federal squadrons; the situation was unfavorable to forming the broken ranks; the pine woods obscured from many of the men the numbers attacking them, and the men from Rhode Island, Massachusetts, and Ohio dashed forward with boldness. The result was that Wickham's men, excepting the squadron which had been sent already to the left, were stampeded, one part in the direction of Stevensburg and the other towards Carrico Mill. The road being now cleared,

the troops under Duffie resumed the march to Stevensburg.

The men of the Second North Carolina and Fourth Virginia were quickly rallied, and directed by Colonel Butler, were interposed between Stevensburg and Brandy Station, being forced at times to yield ground to the pressure of the six regiments opposing them, and the guns of Pennington and Clarke, which subjected them to a continuous shelling.

Among the casualties inflicted by Pennington's guns were those made by the first shot, which taking effect on Captain W. D. Farley and Colonel M. C. Butler, who had met in the road, caused the latter the loss of a leg and the former his life. The brave Farley dying on the field exhibited a calmness and heroism in keeping with his noble coolness and courage in battle.

With his two regiments now reduced by the loss of sixty-two men, opposing Duffie's six, nothing more could be done by Colonel Wickham, who had succeeded in command after Butler's wounding than to watch the Federal movements, and strike as occasion might offer. Duffie was preparing for a charge with the First Massachusetts Regiment on Wickham's line, when a courier from Gregg summoned him to hasten with his commands to his support. The direct and short route to reach Gregg lay along the road held by Wickham. Duffie chose the long and circuitous road over which he had marched in the morning by Madden's. With J. Irwin Gregg's brigade in the rear with two guns to cover his retreat, he slowly retraced his steps toward Brandy Station, with Wickham following closely and retarding his movement, and then probably affecting in an important measure the final issue of the day.

During Duffie's advance on Stevensburg and skirmishes in that vicinity, General Gregg having turned to the right at Madden's, was directing his column to Brandy Station. Wyndham's brigade was in advance, and Captain P. Yorke Jones, of the First New Jersey Regiment, led the advance guard so swiftly and cleverly that the approach of these troops was not discovered, or at least reported, by any Confederate vidette. General Robertson, commanding south of the railroad towards Kelly's Ford, had not seen fit to guard this road, and a guard ordered by General Stuart to be placed at the station, from some unexplained cause never got there. Half a mile or so beyond the station on a gradually ascending eminence was Fleet-

wood, General Stuart's headquarters. Here Major H. B. McClellan, his assistant adjutant-general had been left on the lookout, and two pieces of Chew's Battery with scant supply of ammunition defended the hill. Lieutenant J. W. Carter commanded these most opportunely placed guns.

With Pleasanton and Buford assailing from the north, and the key of Stuart's position attacked by Gregg, Wyndham, and Kilpatrick from the south, it was as if the formidable jaw of a huge vice were rapidly closing to crush the already hard fought Confederate line.

Numerous groves bordering the road over which Gregg's troops moved concealed his approach until the leading regiment of Wyndham's brigade emerged into the open country around Brandy Station. When this regiment appeared to the small group of Confederates on the hill, Carter's guns opened fire at once on them, and on the Federal side two pieces of the Sixth New York Battery were placed in position under Lieutenant M. P. Clarke and returned Carter's fire. The resounding echoes of these guns gave Stuart and his troops opposing Buford abundant warning that the enemy had gained their rear.

The presence of Confederate guns on the heights appears to have led Gregg and Wyndham to conclude that the position was more formidable than was true. At any rate, there was some hesitation on their part, or delay in arranging for a charge. The moments thus gained were of incalculable value to Stuart. They enabled him to detach the Twelfth Virginia Regiment, under Colonel A. W. Harman, from the line confronting Buford, and to send them at a gallop to the new point of danger, and to hasten Colonel White with the Thirty-fifth Battalion to his support. These two commands, undaunted by the desperate encounters of the morning, moved under spur to gain the Fleetwood hill.

As they galloped towards this crest from one side, Major C. H. Russell, on the other, led a squadron of the First Maryland Cavalry into Brandy Station, whilst the remainder of the regiments under Lieutenant-Colonel Deems, the First New Jersey under Major Janeway, and the First Pennsylvania, under Colonel C. P. Haylor, charged up the hill on each side of the Fleetwood house in magnificent order. Lieutenant Carter having exhausted his ammunition, was forced to retire with his guns

as these regiments with their fluttering guidons dashed up on either side of the house that crowns the hill. No sooner had the Federals gained the hill-top than they were in clash with Harman's regiment, which, however, was strung out in columns of fours and unable to cope with the solid mass which they encountered. They were thrown rapidly into confusion and recoiling before the heavy odds which they had encountered greatly disarranged a squadron of White's battalion which they met riding gallantly to their support. Despite this mishap, White and Harman renewed the contest for possession of the hill and only retired when in danger of being surrounded. With their squadrons partly mixed, they fell back to reform, Harman on one side of the hill and White on the other. They were quickly ready to renew the charge, which Harman led on the Eastern side, from which he was forced to retreat, being himself wounded. White, sweeping around the western side of the hill, charged these guns of the sixth New York Battery under Lieutenant Clarke, which were now in position at the foot of the hill. His command was soon surrounded and had to cut their way out in a desperate hand-to-hand encounter.

In this exciting contest, Colonel Joseph W. Martin, of the Sixth New York Battery, had been pushed forward with two guns to take position near Lieutenant Clarke in co-operation with the regiments of Wyndham on the left; and Lieutenant J. Wade Wilson, with the two remaining guns of the same battery, had been advanced to a commanding position on the right in conjunction with the brigade of Kilpatrick. At this juncture, Kilpatrick's regiments: First Maine, under Colonel Doughty; Second New York (Lieutenant-Colonel Davies); Tenth, New York (Lieutenant-Colonel Irvine); and Orton's company, of District of Columbia Cavalry, were passing forward in splendid style *en echelon* in reinforcement of Wyndham's brigade, and to maintain the mastery of the hill. The First New Jersey Cavalry had pressed beyond the front of the principal conflict, and were in possession of the heights in the vicinity of the Barbour house, some distance west of the Fleetwood hill, and their advanced position served as a signal of cheer to the five regiments hastening to their support.

Meanwhile, on the Confederate side, the broken ranks of the Twelfth Virginia and White's Battalion were again reforming

to renew the strife, Colonel Flournoy, with four squadrons of the Sixth Virginia, under Hampton's orders, was leaving the line confronting Buford, and by direction of Stuart, bearing to the left, so as to strike a body of Federals beyond the railroad; Colonel Lomax, with the Eleventh Virginia Regiment, was advancing on the farther side of the Fleetwood hill, on the right towards the Barbour house; Colonel Young, leading Cobb's Legion, having also withdrawn from in front of Buford, was dashing in column of squadrons towards the Fleetwood hill; Colonel Black, at the head of the First South Carolina Cavalry, was closely following Young; Hart's Battery was rushing under spur along side of Cobb's Legion, and sections of McGregor's and Chew's batteries also hastened into positions on the hotly disputed crest.

Scarcely had these guns been unlimbered, before the New Jersey regiments in their advanced position found themselves pressed by Jones's regiments and their way of retreat down the hill blocked by the sudden dash of the men under Young and Black. They consequently rode tumultuously down the narrow ridge, taking the Confederate guns in the flank, pressing between caissons and pieces, and causing a general mêlée, in which sabres, pistols, gun-rammers, sponge-staffs and whatever else could be seized, served as weapons. Unsupported as they were, the cannoneers in this encounter defended themselves and their guns with singular coolness, bravery and skill and Federal troopers unhorsed, killed, wounded, and captured gave proof of their individual prowess.

The pressure of Jones's regiments on the one side, and of Young's and Black's on the other, caused the two Federal brigades to yield their hard-won ground, and they retreated beyond the railroad, where a new danger awaited them. General Hampton with his two remaining regiments, the First North Carolina (Colonel Baker) and Jeff Davis Legion (Lieutenant-Colonel Waring), having abandoned his line on Buford's extreme left, hastened to add a blow to those already being dealt to Gregg's troops. He accordingly swept around to the left of the Fleetwood hill, and passing over the railroad, hurled these regiments in magnificent fashion against the right of the Federal line, creating no small confusion and making important captures. Perhaps no more spirited or brilliant charge than this was made dur-

ing all this battle.

During these determined charges, the earth shook with the tramp of dashing regiments; from a single point of view nearly 7,000 horsemen contended in battle, forty or more battle flags and guidons fluttered in the air, thousands of flashing sabres gleamed in the sunlight; the rattle of carbines and pistols mingled with the roar of cannon; riderless horses dashed wildly this way and that; armed men wearing the blue and the gray became mixed in promiscuous confusion; the surging ranks swayed up and down the sides of Fleetwood hill, and dense clouds of smoke and dust rose as a curtain to cover the tumultuous and bloody scene.

A critical moment in the contest for the heights was reached when Cobb's Legion, under Young, and the Eleventh Virginia under Lomax, one on the one side and the other on the other, dashed upon the three pieces of the Sixth New York Battery, under Martin and Clark, and compelled their surrender, not, however, until only six of the thirty-six brave cannoneers remained to defend them. Lomax's charge bore his flag beyond the captured guns into and beyond Brandy Station, from which Wyndham's men were retreating. There was no rallying of the Federals to drive back the men in this charge or to recapture the lost guns.

Colonel Flournoy, with four squadrons of his regiment, having ridden over the guns under Lieutenant J. Wade Wilson, supporting Kilpatrick on the left, had been forced by overwhelming numbers to relinquish these pieces; but General Hampton in that quarter of the field with the First North Carolina Regiment and the Jeff Davis Legion, had thrown Kilpatrick's column into confusion, captured numerous prisoners, a stand of colors and Lieut.-Col. Irvine, of the Tenth New York Cavalry. Hampton's further vigorous movement was checked by the fire of Beckham's guns on the hill, where the dense clouds of dust prevented the gunners from distinguishing friends from foes.

In the language of Stuart: "The contest for the hill was long and spirited." Major H. B. McClellan, Stuart's assistant adjutant-general, declared: "Modern warfare cannot furnish an instance of a field more closely, more valiantly contested."

General Gregg said: "Assailed on all sides, the men stood to their guns nobly. Thus, for an hour and a half was the contest

continued * * * in determined charges."

Major Beaumont, of the First New Jersey Cavalry declared the engagement "to be the hardest fought cavalry battle ever fought in this country."

Whilst the brave men under Gregg and Wyndham were contending, as has been shown, on the summit and slopes of Fleetwood hill, and Duffie was moving to their support, it had not been quiet on the side next to Beverly's Ford, where since early dawn Generals Jones and W. H. F. Lee had confronted the cavalry, infantry, and four batteries under Buford. On this line General Pleasanton had not been unmindful of his message to Hooker, wired at 12.30 P. M. that he would "attack vigorously" with his "whole force."

The massing of troops in front of W. H. F. Lee's position preliminary to this vigorous attack by Pleasanton's whole force, and the withdrawal of Lomax's regiment from Lee's line, leaving a road unguarded on his right, compelled the latter general to shorten his line by falling back to higher ground nearer to the Fleetwood hill. This movement was effected with little or no interference on the part of the Federals, and the new line formed occupied a strong position; admirable for the concealment of the mounted men and with a commanding eminence of Breathed's guns, and a strong stone fence for the line of dismounted sharpshooters. On the Federal side, the Second and Third Massachusetts and Second Wisconsin Infantry, supported by the other regiments of Ames's brigade, were pushed forwarded and hotly engaged Lee's sharpshooters under Colonel John R. Chambliss. Chambliss's line was broken and a part of his force captured.

The Sixth Pennsylvania Cavalry, under Colonel Taylor, which had in the morning so distinguished itself by a brilliant charge on the Confederate guns near St. James Church, were quick to take advantage of the opening which the infantry had effected, and pushed forward in fine order, bearing down upon the line of sharpshooters behind the stone fence, putting them to flight and making some captures. No sooner had this regiment reached the top of the hill behind which Lee's mounted regiments were in line than the Ninth Virginia, led by Colonel Beale, assailed them with the sabre, breaking them into confusion and forcing them back, not along the line of their retreat, but directly on the stone fence through which there was but a

narrow opening, and dealing them some heavy blows during the necessary delay in forcing their way through it. They were followed by men of the Ninth at a gallop through the field beyond the fence to the edge of the woods, where a Federal battery was in position. A good many of the prisoners which the Federals had taken were released by this charge.

The Pennsylvanians scarcely had been driven from the hill before the Second United States regulars dashed up on it along the line of the previous charge, attacking the Ninth Virginia on the flank, and forcing them back in a severe hand-to-hand encounter. At this juncture, the Second North Carolina Regiment, dashingly led by its young Colonel, Sol. Williams, reached the hill, and swept the regulars back, pursuing them almost to the mouth of the cannon. A charge by the Tenth Virginia Cavalry in co-operation with that of the Second North Carolina ended the combat in the saddle in this quarter of the field. The gallant Colonel of the latter regiment, Sol. Williams, had fallen, pierced in the brain with a pistol ball; General Lee had been wounded in the leg, and Captain Charles Caulfield, of the Second Regulars, lay dead on the field.

Colonel T. T. Munford, commanding three regiments of Fitz Lee's brigade, long delayed in coming by reason of some uncertainty in his orders, had reached the left of Lee's line and gave important support during these stirring engagements. His sharpshooters under Captains James Breckenridge and G. D. White, had been pushed forward engaging Buford's skirmishers and the supporting infantry.

It soon became evident that Buford had commenced to retreat towards Beverly's Ford. Three of Breathed's pieces were advanced, and actively served on the Federal column. Colonel John R. Chambliss, now commanding Lee's brigade, and Colonel Munford with his three regiments (First, Second, and Third) followed the retreating foe without making any further attack. They moved overground on which at intervals lay Federal dead and across a field strewn with fallen horses.

General Buford, well protected by Ames's infantry and several batteries, effected a crossing at the ford over which he had advanced at early dawn, and with his escape, silence settled down upon the field of the conflict.

Of the fighting under Lee, General Stuart had this to say:

"His command was handled in a handsome and highly satisfactory manner and engaged the enemy in a series of brilliant charges." Of these various encounters on the right of Pleasanton's line, he reported: "Buford's cavalry had a long and desperate encounter, hand-to-hand, with the enemy." With respect to his final assault on Lee and Jones, he said: "A grand attack was made by our right, and the finest fighting of the war took place."

The part played by Lee's brigade, with which co-operated the Seventh Virginia Cavalry, under Colonel Thomas Marshall, was most important in its relations to movements on other parts of Pleasanton's line. The threatening attitude of this brigade, menacing the flank and rear of Buford's men, compelled the withdrawal of the Eighth Illinois, Sixth Pennsylvania, and the reserve brigade, as also most of the infantry from the left of Pleasanton's line to the right in front of Lee. This movement was in progress at the critical moment when it became necessary for Stuart to withdraw Jones's and Hampton's regiments for the defense of Fleetwood hill, and it greatly facilitated and assured that delicate and hazardous procedure.

An examination of the lists of casualties on both sides shows that on no part of the field was the contest more bloody than where W. H. F. Lee and Jones repelled the last assaults of Buford's line. The men killed and wounded under Wyndham and Kilpatrick during the successive charges of their regiments on Fleetwood hill were considerably less than those sustained by the reserve brigade and Eighth Illinois.

The effect of the charges made by Colonel Flournoy and General Hampton beyond the railroad appear in the reports of Colonel Jacob B. Switzer, of the Sixty-second Pennsylvania Infantry, who states: "Clouds of dust were seen approaching from the same direction; then down the road at full speed came the usual crowd of mounted countrabands, camp-followers and stragglers, *ea omne genus,* * * * shouting, 'We are all cut to pieces; the rebels are coming,'" etc. These charges against the right of Gregg's line probably led to the disorderly retreat on another road, reported by Colonel A. N. Duffie: "On approaching the road leading from the Stevensburg Road to Brandy Station," said he, "I found one squadron of the Tenth New York Cavalry moved up with pack mules, fleeing in the greatest disorder. * * * Upon inquiring the cause, I was informed

that the flank had been charged by a party of the enemy and been thrown into the greatest confusion. This detained me for half an hour."

Duffie's arrival in the vicinity of Brandy Station, while too late to assist Gregg in maintaining his position on the hill, happened most opportunely to cover his withdrawal to Rappahannock Ford, towards which his regiments now began an orderly and undisturbed retreat. The battle on this part of the field was now ended.

On the Confederate side, the encounters of the day fell most heavily on Ashby's old brigade, the Sixth, Seventh, Eleventh and Twelfth Virginia, and White's battalion. They bore the very brunt of the battle, and for hours, upon foemen in front and rear, made charge after charge with dauntless courage and unyielding obstinacy. Their brave leader (Jones) said of them: "Throughout, the officers and men sustained their well-earned reputation for gallantry."

Reviewing the part performed by the men under Hampton, that chivalrous soldier said: "During the entire fight of twelve hours, I did not see, nor do I think there was one single straggler from the ranks."

The testimonials of the Federal officers—general and regimental—are no less unanimous and enthusiastic as to the coolness, courage and intrepid dash of the men who followed them in this battle. If the deeds of personal prowess and individual daring which were witnessed during the day on both sides could be accurately described, it would be a thrilling recital of manly heroism on the part of men of the South as well as of the North.

When it is remembered how many of Stuart's regiments during nearly the whole of the day were under the fire of Ames's infantry, it seems a splendid tribute to the Southern cavalry that their commander in his congratulatory order should have said that "the losses inflicted by them were at least double their own." The disparity in the casualties was not so great as Stuart estimated, but it is nevertheless remarkable in a battle in which the Federal commander of five infantry regiments says: "The entire infantry was engaged more or less the entire day and always with success," whilst not a musket was fired on the Southern side, nor piece of artillery other than Stuart's.

The losses under Stuart in this battle in killed, wounded, and

missing were 575; under Pleasanton, 866; Stuart had seven officers killed; Pleasanton, ten. The number of Stuart's officers wounded was twenty-three; that of Pleasanton, thirty-five. The number of men killed and wounded on the Confederate side was 321; on the Federal side, 485.

After getting his command across the Rappahannock, General Pleasanton reported to the general commanding: "Having crippled the enemy by desperate fighting so that he could not follow me, returned with my command to the north side of the Rappahannock." Again he wired: "We had splendid fighting yesterday, and I think it will prevent Stuart from making his raid." These messages were not quite assuring to General Hooker, and he reported to President Lincoln: "I am not certain that the raid will be abandoned from this cause." Again, he wired: "General Pleasanton without additional cavalry, I fear, will not be able to prevent the rebel cavalry from turning his right."

Pleasanton himself did not seem quite confident of his ability to check an advance by Stuart, and asked that a corps of infantry be sent to Bealeton, near the Rappahannock, and the Third Corps was accordingly sent. When, a few days later, Stuart crossed the river, he found Pleasanton's corps escorted and powerfully assisted by three strong infantry brigades.

As respects the attainment of his object "to disperse the rebel force at Culpeper," and "to destroy his trains and supplies of all descriptions," it must be conceded that Pleasanton's enterprise on June 9, 1863, was a marked failure, however well planned and bravely fought.

If the expressed design of this movement by General Pleasanton was defeated by Stuart and his officers and men, the effects of the battle tended much to inspire confidence and courage in the Federal cavalry. The failure of a dispatch sent by Stuart to Col. Munford, commanding Fitz Lee's brigade, much impaired the full and effective co-operation of that brigade in this greatest cavalry battle fought on the American continent.

CHAPTER XV

CAVALRY ENGAGEMENTS AT MIDDLEBURG AND UPPERVILLE, JUNE 17 TO 21, 1863

AFTER the battle at Brandy Station in 1863 our brigade, commanded by Colonel John R. Chambliss, crossed the Rappahannock on June 15th, and proceeded towards Thoroughfare Gap. On the 17th as our regiment approached this Gap, Colonel A. N. Duffie, with the First Rhode Island Regiment, numbering two hundred and seventy-five men, was marching from Manassas Junction to Middleburg along a route which led through this same mountain pass. We had reached a point in the vicinity of the Gap, and were marching in quiet composure, in consequence of reports brought by our scouts that no enemy was near, when suddenly a line of skirmishers in blue appeared on a hill to our right. Instantly, Major Tom Waller led a squadron into the field to make a charge, when the blue line disappeared beyond the hill, and we saw no more of them.

As this Rhode Island regiment moved on towards Middleburg, we followed them, quite ignorant of their numbers, and how soon they might turn to attack us. We were ordered to be in readiness to fight at any moment. Very soon the twilight dusk settled over us, and then came darkness. An order passed down the line giving us a watchword and reply for distinguishing friend from foe in a night battle. With sabres drawn and in silence, we marched by fours in a darkness that hid us from our comrades at our side, and halted about nine or ten o'clock, and went into camp on the edge of a large field, where we ate our supper, fed our horses, and lay down for sleep.

Meanwhile, Colonel Duffie pursued his way to Middleburg, and strongly posted his men to resist any attack our troops might be preparing to make. A part of Robinson's Brigade, approaching the town from a different direction from us, after a bloody encounter, drove Duffie's men out, and they, after retiring in the quiet and darkness of the night, sought the same field in which our bivouac was made, and, like us, lay down to sleep. The proximity of the gray and the blue to each other

did not, in their unconsciousness of this nearness, disturb the slumber of either party.

In the gray mist of the early dawn, a detail of men were sent by us to a barn located in the field of our bivouac. As they approached it, the Federals were discovered and their presence reported. There followed among us bridling and saddling in hot haste. Captain Tom Haynes's squadron (G and H) was the first in readiness to mount, and he took the lead, the remainder of the regiment moving after him at a gallop. The Rhode Island men began a rapid attempt to escape as soon as they perceived the situation they were in, taking in their flight a road leading towards the Bull Run mountain. Captain Haynes was too close on them to admit of their rallying and giving battle. Twice, or oftener, they attempted to turn and face him, and at each point several of their dead marked the points where such attempts were made. The pursuit was contined till the mountain crest was reached. Colonel Duffie, in reporting the affair on the following day from Centreville, to which he had continued his flight, said: "I returned here exhausted at 1:30 o'clock to-day, with the gallant debris of my much-loved regiment—four officers and twenty-seven men. * * * The following is our lost in killed, wounded and missing; twenty officers and 248 enlisted men." Many of the missing here reported, 160 at least, it fell to my lot to assist in paroling, and I had occasion in the performance of this duty to observe the fine demeanor of a body of brave men in the hour of deep mortification and calamity.

After returning from the above-mentioned chase and paroling the prisoners, we marched to Middleburg, where, on the porch of a store at a street corner, we saw laid side by side the dead bodies of five or six of our men who had been killed the previous evening in the charge by Robertson against Duffie's regiment. We continued our march for about a mile beyond the town where we halted and spent the night. The day following, we remained in this vicinity, engaged in skirmishing, and on the lookout for the enemy's advance; but no serious attack was made on our line, which extended to the right and left of the turnpike leading to Upperville. We went to sleep that night confidently anticipating that the attack which we had taken position to meet would be pushed on the morrow.

We were summoned to mount very early next morning, and were soon greeted by the rapid firing of our dismounted men on the ridge above us—a firing which seemed to indicate that our whole line was attacked by the enemy on foot. Our regiment was formed in line somewhat under the hill, as if in readiness to make or repel a mounted charge. Several cannon of the enemy had begun to shell the woods through which our line ran, and one of our guns, placed on the edge of the pike in front of a blacksmith shop, was making rapid replies to them. It soon became evident that a Federal regiment was charging down the pike on our gun, and the order "Forward!" was given to us. We took the gallop in platoons, and struck the First Maine Cavalry just as they surrounded our gun, where a desperate encounter had begun between their leading files and our cannoneers. These dashing men began to wheel and retreat as we reached them, and one whom I chanced to notice, having delayed his wheeling too long, was shot by the bugler of our company, and fell to the ground near our cannon.

We were able to pursue these Maine men but a short distance before their heavy skirmish line, on both the right and left, checked us with their fire, and very quickly the Tenth Pennsylvania Regiment, hastening to support the one we had met, came bearing down on us in most threatening style. The hand-to-hand encounter that ensued between us and these men of Maine and Pennsylvania was sharp and bloody.

One of them, I observed, who had been unhorsed, and had backed up against an oak in the grove, and having fired his last cartridge, was defending himself with rocks, which he furiously hurled at his assailants until he fell from their pistol shots dead at the roots of the tree. Another soldier in blue, young, handsome and studentlike, had his horse shot under him near me, and I called to him to hand me his arms. Looking momentarily for another charge by a friendly regiment, and so hoping to be liberated, he was slow in unfastening his sable belt, and when I struck him on the shoulder with the side of my sword to make him hasten the operation, he undertook to remonstrate against my striking a prisoner. As I was hurrying him back at a double-quick, the eyes of a fallen soldier lying on the ground over which we had charged, and gazing up into my face, arrested my attention, and sent a pang through me as

I recognized his face as that of my own captain (John W. Hungerford), a brave officer and a cherished friend, who had been pierced through the brain by a bullet.

At this stage of the engagement, Colonel Chambliss having halted me, directed me to gallop into the woods to our left and see that a proper number of videttes were placed on the look-out for the safety of our line of sharpshooters, posted behind stone fences, and now thought to be in danger of being cut off. After reaching this line and performing my mission, as I was turning my horse to ride back, one of the men called attention to the blood on my leg, and, looking down, I saw my trousers red down to my shoe. It caused me a momentary feeling of fear that I had been shot and was bleeding profusely, but quickly I satisfied myself that in our charge I had only come into contact with a badly wounded horse.

After this engagement, we took a position farther back on the road to Upperville, where it was comparatively quiet the next day. General Pleasanton, commanding the Federal cavalry, having deemed it prudent to re-enforce his command with a division of infantry, and was now awaiting their arrival. Such a division, three brigades strong, reached Middleburg that afternoon, and were, under their able and efficient general, James Barnes, ready to co-operate in a movement against us early the next day. Meanwhile Pleasanton had obtained from General Meade his sanction to his making an attack on Stuart with his whole available force, or "to throw it at once," as he said, "upon Stuart's whole force, and cripple it up."

Very early the next day, Pleasanton proceeded to execute his purpose by advancing on Stuart's line, as well as by threatening his position with the movement of Buford's powerful brigade some distance to his right. No sooner had the action well begun on the turnpike leading to Upperville than our brigade was ordered off to the left to operate along with Jones's brigade, on the road on which Buford was advancing.

To reach this (Trappe Road, as it was called), it was necessary for us to march along a very narrow one parallel with the enemy's skirmish line, in which the supporting infantry had become distinctly visible, and along the course of this narrow road were numerous large rocks protruding above the ground. As we marched near these, the Federal bullets whirred by our

heads and were heard striking the rocks in a manner neither comforting nor musical. We got on the route by which Buford was seeking to turn Stuart's flank ahead of him and disputed and delayed his advance with our skirmishers. In these movements, which consumed nearly all the day, we could hear the firing on the turnpike, indicating severe fighting.

As we approached Upperville, it became apparent that the enemy's rapid advance would cut off our artillery and wagons, and that our pace needed to be quickened. We therefore took the trot, and the regiment in front of us in doing so became very much stretched out, causing later considerable delay in closing up their ranks, so that before we could get in order to charge Buford's men, they had taken a strong position behind fences on a hill, both their skirmish line and their infantry.

One or more of their mounted regiments dashed down towards the road, as if to secure our guns and wagons, and we, after breaking gaps in a stone wall, entered a field to meet them. We charged, as did Jones's regiments, not in well-ordered ranks, but rather each man for himself, and drove the mounted men before us, but soon found ourselves exposed to the fire of the carbineers and infantry, and were forced to retire with heavy loss. In doing so we were, in turn, charged, and had to face about to meet a second onset, and deemed ourselves fortunate to get back through the stone wall without being captured or hit.

Meanwhile, the other regiments of Stuart's command, under Hampton, had been hotly pressed on the pike, where he had lost a gun and was retiring towards Ashby's Gap. After doing what we could to bring off our wounded, we followed our guns up into the mountain pass held by our infantry.

In the fighting that afternoon, I had seen our lieutenant-colonel, who was riding near me, shot through and through and made a prisoner, the bullet that wounded him having passed out at his back, making a rent in his coat near the seam, in its exit. I had seen Lieutenant Robinson, commanding my company, fall wounded into the enemy's hands. A number of brave comrades—Turner, Greenlaw, Gutridge, and McKildoe —had been wounded badly. While rallying with a few others near one of our guns, I had seen a young soldier galloping across the line of the gun's aim at the fatal moment of its discharge and the solid shot strike him, and his headless body fall heavily

to the ground, while his riderless horse rushed on.

With such impressions, I fell to sleep that night behind our infantry, and such memories followed me from Upperville, which nestles now so peacefully and pleasantly at the foot of the Blue Ridge. This day's conflicts marked, on the whole, the worst discomfiture Stuart's Division had ever yet met, and the enemy, much elated over it, sent our captured piece to Washington for exhibition as a trophy.

We learned at the close of this battle that the colonel of Hampton's command who led the last charge on the pike leading to Upperville was killed, and that Major Heros Von Borcke, the Prussian officer who had acted on Stuart's staff for more than a year, had been badly wounded while riding at Stuart's side. It may be said that this officer of distinguished gallantry greatly endeared himself to Stuart's command, and his name has since become a favorite, second to none, as applied to fine horses in Virginia.

CHAPTER XVI

HOW THE REPULSE OF THE FEDERAL CAVALRY AT BRANDY STATION AFFECTED GENERAL MILROY AT WINCHESTER

WHATEVER effect the hard-fought battle by Stuart against Pleasanton on June 9, 1863, may have had on the armies under Lee and Hooker, it was not without some important bearing on the fortune of the Federal forces in the Valley, in and around Winchester, Major-General R. H. Milroy, commanding 7,000 troops of that city, had been for several weeks much exercised in mind over a contemplated raid by Stuart, and had advised the calling into the field of the militia of three powerful states in order to repel him. The probability of these daring troopers crossing the mountains and appearing in his front haunted his imagination apparently to the exclusion of all thought that any infantry of Lee's army possibly could do the like. When, on June 11th, the advance brigade of the army appeared beyond the Blue Ridge, General Milroy still nursed this delusion. "On Friday," he wrote, "when I perceived indications of the approach of the enemy on the Front Royal road, I felt confident it was composed of the forces I had faced, or that the expected cavalry expedition of General Stuart was in progress."

Although admonished repeatedly by the authorities in Washington through General Schenk, his corps commander, of the danger of attempting to hold Winchester, and of the better defenses afforded at Harper's Ferry, so fully possessed was he with the belief that he was there only exposed to cavalry and horse artillery that as late as June 12th, he said in a message to Schenk: "I am therefore decidedly of opinion that every dictate of interest, policy, humanity, patriotism, and bravery require that we should not yield a foot of this country up to the traitors again."

To fulfill the more certainly his wish and purpose to hold Winchester, he dispatched on June 11th, a number of messages. In one to General Schenk, at Baltimore, he said: "I have the place well fortified and am prepared to hold it. * * * I can and would hold it against any force the rebels can afford to

bring against me." Again, to Don Piatt, of Schenk's staff, he reported: "I am perfectly certain of my ability to hold this place." Piatt, having been sent to personally examine Milroy's defenses, wired Schenk in his behalf: "Just in from inspection of fortifications and troops. All looks fine. Can whip anything the rebels can fetch here."

On June 12th, Milroy again informed Schenk: "The fortifications on the hill near this place are now so perfect and all approaches to them so well protected by outworks that I can hold them against five times our number." On the same day he assured the above officer: "Nothing but cavalry appears. Let them come. I am entirely ready for them. I can hold the place."

On the morning following, he notified Schenk: "Enemy appearing in strong force. Infantry and artillery on the Strasburg road. Elliott pitching into them. Any extra star very much in the way. I ought to be there myself. Will get them if Elliott falls back." At nine P. M. of this day (June 13th) he again informed his superior at Baltimore: "McReynolds will soon be here; * * * he is closely pursued and hard pressed by a heavy body of cavalry. They will surround, but can't take my fortifications." At ten P. M. he again notified him: "I was sharply engaged with the enemy on last evening; prospect of a general engagement, but will hold this place in spite of fate." Before the night of the thirteenth set in he was made aware by the capture of a Louisiana prisoner that General Ewell's troops were in his front and reported to Schenk: "Ewell's (Jackson's old) corps are all in front of us."

Whatever confidence Milroy may have felt in his "ability to hold the place," it was a feeling by no means shared by Schenk and the Washington authorities, and the intelligence that Jackson's old corps was at Winchester greatly increased their uneasiness.

On the morning of the fourteenth Schenk wired General Dan Tyler at Martinsburg: "If possible, offer relief to Milroy by the Harper's Ferry and Winchester road," President Lincoln having already urged Schenk: "Get General Milroy from Winchester to Harper's Ferry if possible. He will be 'gobbled up' if he remains." To this latter message Schenk replied: "I am doing all I can to get Milroy back towards Harper's Ferry. * * * The rebels appear to have pushed on beyond him rapidly and im-

petuously, and are reported approaching Martinsburg." Again Lincoln inquired: "Is Milroy invested so that he cannot fall back to Harper's Ferry?"

At three P. M. General Tyler telegraphed Schenk from Martinsburg: "General Milroy is in a tight place. If he gets out, it will be by good luck and hard fighting; not a straggler in from his army yet; it is neck or nothing."

A courier sent by Milroy in the night brought word to Schenk that "if he (Milroy) could not fall back, he could sustain himself and hold his position for five days," and a message went to him from Schenk saying: "Our forces have evacuated Martinsburg and fallen back to Harper's Ferry. You must hold out to the last, and then use your judgment as to cutting your way out."

The door of hope for help to Milroy being closed in Schenk's department west of the mountains, Lincoln looked to Hooker to send him relief from east of them, and at 5.50 P. M. telegraphed that general: "So far as we can make out here, the enemy have Milroy surrounded in Winchester, and Tyler at Martinsburg. If they could hold out a few days, could you help them? If the head of Lee's army is at Martinsburg and the tail of it is on the Plank Road between Fredericksburg and Chancellorsville, the animal must be very slim somewhere. Could you not break him?" To this Hooker in part replied: "I do not feel like making a move for an enemy until I am satisfied as to his whereabouts. To proceed to Winchester and have him make his appearance elsewhere would subject me to ridicule."

Thus gloomily sank the sun on Milroy at Winchester June 14th, 1863. A message to Schenk on the following day from him at Harper's Ferry read: "They carried my outer works by storm, six o'clock Sunday evening. I spiked all my guns Sunday night and left with the whole of my command quietly at one o'clock this morning. * * * I got through, but my force was greatly scattered and shattered. We were pursued by a large cavalry force, who picked up numbers of our weary boys."

General Ewell, whose troops made the assault on the outer works at Winchester on Sunday evening, reported concerning Milroy's quiet retreat on the night following: "Anticipating the possibility of the enemy's attempting to retreat during the night, I ordered General (Edward) Johnson, with the Stonewall,

Nichols and three regiments of Stuart's Brigades, and Dement's battery, with sections of Raines's and Carpenter's, to proceed to a point on the Martinsburg Pike, about two and one-half miles from Winchester, so as to intercept any attempt to retreat. * * * Just as the head of his column reached the railroad, 200 yards from the Martinsburg Road, the enemy were heard retreating down the pike toward Martinsburg. * * * Here was the hardest fighting which took place during the attack. * * * After several front attacks had been steadily met and repulsed, they attempted to turn both flanks simultaneously, but were met on the right by General Walker and his brigade, * * * and on the left, by two regiments of Nichols's Brigade. * * * In a few minutes, the greater part of them surrendered, 2,300 to 2,500 in number. The rest scattered through the woods and fields, but most of them were subsequently captured by our cavalry. General Milroy, with 250 or 300 cavalry, made his way to Harper's Ferry.

"The fruits of this victory were twenty-three pieces of artillery (nearly all rifled), 4,000 prisoners, 300 loaded wagons, more than 300 horses and quite a large amount of commissary and quartermasters' stores."

On the same day that Milroy made report of the calamitous ending of his occupancy of Winchester, the commander-in-chief, Halleck, wired a command to Schenk: "Don't give General Milroy any command at Harper's Ferry; we have had enough of that sort of military genius."

CHAPTER XVII

GENERAL STUART'S GETTYSBURG RAID

IT may be readily inferred from the letter given below that many misgivings were felt among his men at the time as to the prudence and wisdom of General Stuart's movement by which he placed three brigades of his command on the farther side of Meade's army instead of between it and Lee's, on the advance to Gettysburg. Many prominent officers, including colonels, deemed the enterprise ill-judged and hazardous. Nevertheless, it should not be forgotten that General Stuart in undertaking to get around the rear and on the farther side of the Northern army, left three of the strongest cavalry brigades—Jones's, Robinson's and Jenkin's, in addition to Imboden's, to act in front of and on the flanks of Lee's advancing column.

Further, it deserves to be considered that General Longstreet on the day of Stuart's battle at Upperville, said in his message to him, referring to General Lee: "He speaks of your leaving via Hopewell Gap, and passing by the rear of the enemy. If you can get through by that route, I think that you will be less likely to indicate what our plans are than if you should cross by passing to our rear." A letter from General Lee to Stuart on June 23d, the day previous to his setting out on his expedition, said: "You will be able, however, to judge whether you can pass around their army without hindrance, doing them all the damage you can, and cross the river east of the mountains." Stuart had communicated with General Lee as to the proposed movement and in his subsequent report to him said: "The commanding General wrote me authorizing the move, if I deemed it practicable."

Two things should be borne in mind in deciding if censure was properly incurred by Stuart, or not, in his unfortunately delayed march to Gettysburg. The first is the effort he was enjoined to make to divert the enemy's observation of Lee's movements, and the second, the charge to him to inflict on the enemy the utmost possible damage. Here follows the letter:

"Four Miles North West of
"Williamsport, Md., July 13, 1863.

"Dearest Mother:—My last letter was written in Loudoun County, and so hurriedly, and under such circumstances, as to render it very brief and unsatisfactory, I have no doubt. In that letter, I informed you of the many trails and dangers we had passed through, and how the tender mercy of our gracious Heavenly Father had so wonderfully attended us, and how through it we had been spared in health and soundness. How few and trivial were the dangers, I then referred to, compared with those through which we have since passed, and if such were possible how more vast and boundless the conpassionate care and love of Him who ordaineth all things well! We are yet alive and well. Surely our hearts should melt in gratitude to God for the privilege of being able to say so. I am this morning lying flat upon the ground under a very low-pitched leaky shelter, our horses saddled and bridled and we in momentary expectation of being called on to fight. Meanwhile, the rain is descending in torrents, so dampening my paper as to render it almost useless to attempt to use ink opon it. Under these circumstances, I am sure that I'll not be able to write you such a letter as our long silence should lead you to expect.

"Upon the very date that I wrote to you last, our brigade with Gen. Fitz Lee's and Hampton's started from Loudoun in a Southernly direction, encamping at night for a few hours at Salem in Fauquier. This move considering the northward direction our army was marching, filled us all with astonishment, and was one, the mystery of which none of us could understand. The fact that General Stuart headed the expedition led many of us to understand that our journey southward would not continue long. Leaving Salem at three o'clock Thursday morning, June ——, we moved through Thoroughfare Gap, and a little beyond the rugged mountain attacked a wagon train, but did nothing more than to throw some shells in among them.

"The night was rainy and disagreeable, and we spent it without shelters or fires. The next day we moved to attack the enemy at Bristoe Station, but they had fled before we got there. Continuing our march that day, we halted near Frying Pan shoales for the night.

"We started very early Saturday morning, and that day attacked the enemy at Fairfax Court House, routed them, capturing many prisoners and stores, and secured rations for which the men were suffering much. There were many nice things taken here, and consumed by us 'ravenous rebs.' Having him in anticipation of an attack by the enemy all the time we were at the place no opportunity was offered to many of us to secure the valuable merchandise with which the sutlers' stores were well supplied, but pursuing on, we came to Davisville, where we remained in line of battle till dark, and then filing off into hidden paths in the woods, proceeded to the Potomac which by a difficult and dangerous ford, after some delay, we passed in safety, and spent the night in the hills beyond in line of battle.

"At light we moved forward, engaged the enemy a mile from the river, routed and drove them off in confusion, killing and capturing a few, and then halted for a few minutes to feed, before commencing the march for Rockville, near which town General Hampton was in line of battle, having had a little fight in which he captured some prisoners and wagons. General Hampton, supposing the enemy to be in force near the town, waited for us to come up before making an attack. When we arrived, a charge was ordered by the squadron I commanded, with Company K taking a road leading to the right and Company C moving straight down the Georgetown Pike. We charged down the pike for six miles or more, captured nearly two hundred wagons of the finest kind, eight hundred mules, the most magnificent I ever saw, besides many prisoners and runaway negro teamsters. The last wagon caught was within a few miles of Georgetown. Many of the elegant wagons were overturned and broken in their flight, and burnt by us, and many of the drivers (especially the negro) abandoning their teams escaped in the woods on either side. The wagon train extended for four miles, and the chase and fight were the most interesting, exciting and filled more with ludicrous scenes than any I ever before witnessed. It was truly sad to observe the frequent piles of wagons and mules which in different places blocked the road. In several places, I saw as many as four wagons with their teams, drivers, and bales of hay, all piled together indiscriminately under an embankment, or in a gully,

with the poor mules fallen on the ground, and struggling in vain with their feet in the air beneath the heavily laden wagons and the strong harness which held them suffering in their places. Returning to Rockville, we were joined by Fitz Lee, who had been operating on a different road, and who brought with him many prisoners, and among them a number of contrabands, who were recognized and claimed. There were some known to me, among whom was one of uncle Tom Brown's, two of Col. F. W. Cox's, and one of J. W. Branson's, besides several free-negroes.

"From Rockville we continued the march towards the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad leading by Frederick City. We travelled all night, moved the track and burned a part of it the next morning. This day we marched all day and had a sharp fight at Westminster in which the 4th regiment lost two Lieutenants, Pierre Gibson and John W. Murray. The enemy were routed and most of them captured, and many stores fell into our hands, which were either appropriated or destroyed.

"The men, now well nigh exhausted, were allowed four hours' rest, after which we again started and proceeded towards Hanover in Pennsylvania. Reaching Hanover we learned the enemy held the place in force. Both men and horses being worn out, all of us regarded the prospect of a fight with no little regret and anxiety. No time was to be lost though and while I was sent with a small party to the left to guard against the enemy's flanking in from that direction unnoticed, the 13th, 9th and 2nd N. C. regiments were ordered to charge. The charge was made and the enemy driven from the town. But our men were soon turned upon by the enemy, or else attacked by another force, and driven back in confusion. We lost a number of men, principally from the N. C. regiment. Our Company lost E. D. Brown, shot in the knee badly, and William Franklin, missing, and thought to be killed. Being on the left, I did not participate in the charge, and do not know how our men acted, but I feel quite sure if they had done their duty bravely, we would have captured the town and held it. Having failed to do this, all of us seemed to regard our situation as critical. Blockaded in front, but twenty miles from the Yankee army, and encumbered by an immense wagon train and a retinue of more than a thousand prisoners, broken down men and horses, it did look

critical! After fighting the enemy for several hours with our sharpshooting and shelling, the town quite furiously, thereby giving most of our men time to move around the town and get several miles away, we withdrew without being pursued.

"In the day's fight we killed and captured as many of the enemy as we lost, though Col. (W. H.) Payne of the 4th regiment and Captain Billingsly of the 9th and several minor officers were captured from us. We marched all night and the next day, and arrived in front of Carlisle about dark. It was here that we confidently expected to meet our troops, but what was our surprise (and almost dismay) when we learned that Gen. Ewell had left the place twenty-four hours before, and that quite a large force of Yankees held the town. It is impossible for me to give you a correct idea of the fatigue and exhaustion of our men and beasts at this time. From our great exertion, constant mental excitement, want of sleep and food, the men were overcome and so tired and stupid as almost to be ignorant of what was taking place around them. Couriers in attempting to deliver orders to officers would be compelled to give them a shake and call before they could make them understand. This was true of Colonels. As for men though in line and in momentary expectation of being made to charge, they would throw themselves over on their horses' necks, and some even down on the ground and fall asleep. As soon as we reached the town, General Stuart sent in an order for its surrender, which was refused. A charge was made but repulsed by the enemy who fired on our men from the windows of brick buildings. After this General Stuart placed his artillery in position and opened a terrible cannonade to which the Pennsylvanians made a feeble reply.

"Weak and helpless as we now were our anxiety and uneasiness grew to be painful indeed. Thoughts of saving wagons were now gone from many of us, and we began to consider only how we ourselves might escape. But this was not so with (that lady's man) Stuart. He seemed neither to suppose that his train was in danger nor that his men were not in a condition to fight. He could not have appeared more composed or indifferent, with fresh men and horses and no incumbrances. Most of us were kept in our saddles to fight till midnight, though neither the prospect of a melee nor the thunder of artillery, nor the bright red glare of a burning town in the enemy's country kept me

awake. About twelve o'clock we started, with the wagons moving behind us and Fitz Lee's brigade in the rear of them, and travelled till nearly daylight, when we stopped on the summit of South mountain. The mountain side was yet illumined by the burning at Carlisle. Tired—exhausted—as I was—I could not but reflect as I looked back on the burning town on the wickedness, the horrors of this felt war.

"Frightened women driven with screaming children in terror from burning homes, could not have suffered much more keenly than did many of the 'vandal rebels' who with supposed 'fiendish delight' were beholding the conflagration at Carlisle that night. I was made to feel unhappy indeed, and to pray, 'God grant that terrible war may lead to early peace.'

"Next morning found us on the mountain more jaded and wearied than I had ever seen our men before, but with our train safe and the enemy considerably behind us. This day we marched all day expecting all the while to be attacked on the flank by Yankee cavalry. About 12 m. we reached the pickets of our army. This ought to have been a source of profound relief and gratification, but was not, for our army was then engaged in the great battle of Gettysburg, and we well knew that as tired as we were there was to be no rest till it was over. We marched straight into position and commenced the fight about dark. We were ordered to remain mounted ready to drive the enemy back should he attempt to move that way that night, but General Stuart having been informed by one of the officers that there was a limit to human endurance, he replied, yes, and added that as he had noticed that one of our brigades in attempting to get over a fence had fallen asleep on the top of it, we should rest that night. Accordingly, we went back one quarter of a mile, fed our horses and spent the night in peace.

"Next morning commenced early the hard day's fighting at Gettysburg. The appearance of light was welcomed by the roar of a few cannon, and as the sun rose higher and higher in the heavens louder and louder became the roar of heavy guns, and at breakfast time the thunder sound of artillery was deafening. Then the peals became less loud, and until, perhaps, mid day or later the firing was not considered as very heavy. Meanwhile, the cavalry was moved far down on the left of our line,

and far away from the scene of carnage at Gettysburg. The guns there were audible to us though, and so furiously did they seem to fire that we knew a terrible scene of death and slaughter was being enacted there.

"Though we were all day in line, and expecting to fight, we did not become engaged until about 12 o'clock, or later, when the Yankee cavalry made a powerful assault upon us. The combat did not last more at least than three or four hours, but was the fiercest I ever saw waged by cavalry. The enemy fought well and our men evinced no disposition to yield an inch of ground. The fight occurred on a plain. The enemy in vain sought to drive our sharpshooters back to the woods; did drive them back at several places, and at a moment when our men were hard pressed by their dismounted men, their (mounted) cavalry dashed forward in a charge to clear the field. Our regiment and the 13th, numbering in the charge not more than some 150 men apiece dashed forward likewise to meet this onset. We met them beyond a large barn at a fence over which neither party could readily get. They outnumbered us, and were well supported by their sharpshooters, yet we dismounted, pulled down the fence, and drove them from the field and through another, almost back to their artillery. We then fell back to our line of dismounted men, followed by new regiments of the enemy, who were in turn charged by another brigade (Hampton's) and driven from the field.

"The loss of the enemy in the fight was decidedly heavy. We suffered considerably, but our loss is small, I think, compared to theirs. General Hampton who led the second charge was severely wounded. Ashton was killed in our company. Rust, Carroll and Palmer were wounded. Poor Ed. did not go into the fight, lost his horse and we feel sure was captured. A. Cox was left to nurse our wounded.

"That night we marched several miles and spent the night in quietude. Next day we were in anticipation of a fight, but had none. We commenced in the evening a march after the Yankee cavalry, who were said to be pursuing our wagon trains. We marched all night and all the next day and had a fight in a pass of the mountain below Emmettsburg. We were in the saddle all the next night and reached Lietersburg where we learned we were close upon the enemy who had that day cap-

tured about thirty of our wagons, besides many prisoners.

"Next day, we followed the enemy toward Hagerstown where we came up with him. This day we captured many prisoners who with those caught on yesterday amount to nearly three hundred. The fight at Hagerstown lasted nearly all day. My company was in three distinct charges. We killed and captured a great many Yankees. In the evening, we drove the enemy off, and General Stuart ordered us to follow them up. Our brigade endeavored to take a piece of artillery. We were in front, and we charged up almost to the mouth of the piece, they pouring the grape or canister into us. When we got close up to the gun, we found it so well protected by sharpshooters and cavalry supports, that we couldn't hold it. We accordingly left the pike, formed in the field, and fought until our support came up, when the enemy broke and fled, our men closely pursuing. Our Company had now only a handful of men.

"We lost but one in number, a host though in value,—orderly-sergeant Richard Washington, than whom no truer, braver, spirit has yet been martyred in defence of Southern freedom. My horse (the fifth since I left Virginia) was broken down, and when Washington fell I paused to take a last look at him, one whom I had not known long, but had learned to respect, admire, and esteem. He spoke not a word after he fell, nor was there any evidence that he was alive visible, though with my hand on his breast, I felt his heart still to beat. I was driven from his body by a sudden dash of the enemy, before I could pull a gold ring from his finger, and ere I could return the blood had left his cheeks, and he lay painted in the sallow and ashy paleness of death. I remained near his side, after taking off his arms and effects and waited until arrangements could be made to carry his body off the field, and as I saw him wrapped in a worn blanket, distressed as I was, I felt a sense of relief. I contrasted the excitement, the strife, the horrors of this war, with the peace, the happiness, the bliss this Christian soldier has found in death. Peace to his ashes!

"Your son affectionately,

"G. W. Beale."

CHAPTER XVIII

AFTER GETTYSBURG IN '63

THE following letter, written during the retreat of Lee's army from Gettysburg, gives the impression of a Southern cavalryman gained during the progress of the great battle on that field.

"Camp of the Ninth Virginia Cavalry,
Near Leetown, Jefferson County, Va.,
July 16, 1863.

"Dear M.,—I wrote you a hurried scrawl a few days ago whilst near Williamsport, which I placed in Major A. G. Dade's hands, to be transmitted to you by the earliest conveyance, but fearing lest that letter has not been yet sent, I will write again, hoping that through Wat Bowie I may find to-morrow a means of sending it to you.

"When I last wrote our whole army were resting on their arms, in anticipation of an early battle. Every disposition had been made on our side preparatory to a fierce conflict. General Lee had issued an order to the army admonishing them of the impending conflict, and urging upon them the importance of exhibiting in the fight more than ever that fortitude, zeal, and unflinching bravery which they had shown on so many fields before; and General Stuart had notified us that we were about to engage in a 'bloody battle in which the cavalry would have a more than ordinary part to play.' Accordingly, all of us felt quite certain that Maryland's soil had to be again crimsoned with the blood of one of the most important and desperate battles of the war.

"Though the enemy continued to skirmish for several days along our lines, General Lee concluded that he had no intention of attacking him, and on the night of the thirteenth ordered our whole army to withdraw across the (swollen) Potomac, which dangerous and difficult operation, through God's blessing, was successfully accomplished before ten o'clock next morning.

"In consequence, the grand raid of the war may be said to

have terminated upon our return to Virginia soil, on the morning of the fourteenth. Now you, and many others are disposed, I presume, to regard the return of General Lee as a defeat—sad and disastrous—to our arms. The Yankee nation is mad with excess of joy at 'the decisive and crushing blow' that has been dealt Lee and his army, and such scenes of jubilation as have been witnessed among them were never seen before.

"I, for one, am pained that the Army of Northern Virginia should ever have fought a battle in regard to which there could be a possibility of dispute as to which side gained the victory. Hence, the result of the Gettysburg battle rather depressed me than otherwise. I thought we ought to have crushed and overwhelmed the Federal army—a glorious result which I felt to be within our easy grasp, and then to have pushed our victorious columns on to relieve Baltimore and capture Washington. But before the turning point came in the battle—at a time when our arms had triumphed at every contested point, before the fiercest conflict came, I felt uneasy, uncertain, that is, I lacked that confidence of victory and enthusiasm that I usually feel when a great battle commences.

"I could not account for my feelings because every soldier with a musket (to such, you know, we look for victory) was in the finest spirits and seemingly would be happiest when ordered to give the foe the bayonet. My weak and exhausted condition, with the knowledge I possessed of the total inability of our cavalry to successfully maintain a long fight, created the depression of spirits which I felt and which I construed into a presentiment of the failure of our army to achieve on that occasion the success with which God has heretofore so graciously rewarded its struggles.

"The result of the battle did not greatly surprise me, of course, yet I was deeply pained at it, chiefly because it soon became evident to us all that the day was lost by bad management. The most unhappy page in the history of our campaign in Maryland and Pennsylvania will be that which chronicles how that, when a small part of our troops had driven the enemy from their stronghold in dismay, they were induced to abandon their prize in a haste that resembled a panic, by the unnecessary, unaccountable, and unhappy flight of their powerful support, which was two hundred yards in their rear, and hadn't fired a gun

in the fight. Officers who participated in the struggle and witnessed it all, and who, I have no doubt, know what they affirm to be true, assert that it was an easy task for a single brigade of our immense, unengaged reserve, or support, by rushing to the front on two occasions during Friday's fight to have secured for us as glorious a victory as ever perched upon an army's banners, and one as decisive and complete as ever destroyed an enemy.

"Fully convinced that it was the same unerring providence ordering and ordaining the issue of the great battle that has on other occasions and other soil vouchsafed to us the blessings of victory, I was consoled; and when I witnessed the still undaunted spirit of most of our men; saw in their manners and countenances the signs of the invincible determination of their minds, their zeal and readiness, yet to wring victory from the foe whom the result of that battle had not altered in their estimation. I thanked God it was no worse, and prayed that our failure to have a sufficient supply of ammunition, our mismanagement in other respects, and the consequent defeat of our noble general's plans might yet redound to our good.

"And now when I cast a retrospective glance back upon the various scenes enacted in that campaign, the most remarkable, daring, and astounding ever performed by an army, and carefully consider each result, I feel grateful; and though there is much remembered to lament, regarding the whole, I am much encouraged and think our cause has gained, our army added new lustre to its fame, and our illustrious commander risen higher in the estimation and dearer in the love and greater in the confidence of his followers. Noble Lee! we think none the less of him for his having had to say to us in his general order: 'Your efforts have not been crowned with the success which has hitherto attended them;' but we feel more than ever honored when he adds: 'Your actions have evinced in a great degree that devotion to the cause and heroic bravery which challenge the respect of the enemy, and the admiration of mankind.'

"There are rumors, as I write, that the enemy have crossed the Potomac and are advancing, though I cannot give you one morsel of fact in reference to their movements. Our horses are kept saddled, and men in their places as though a fight would occur at any minute; such may be likely.

"The morale of the army is excellent, and through God's help,

I have no fear of the Yankees gaining any great advantage over General Lee now, however, much in some quarters they claim his army partakes of the nature of a disorganized mob. Our Colonel remained with us long and faithfully, until every horse he could raise broke down. His own became lame, Dick's was stolen, and only regained yesterday, and mine worn out with long continued and too severe usage. He is now with the wagons, well in health and as much so in spirits as not being able to be with his regiment, the shattered condition of his command, etc., etc., will allow. The boys all say 'Well, I thank you,' and are in good spirits. Ed Claybrook is missing, I much regret to say. His parents and sisters must patiently wait until time can reveal his whereabouts, and relieve their anxiety. He is safe, I feel sure; he was not lost in any fight, but left behind in our retreat from Gettysburg, having let his horse wander off in the clover. His horse, Red Eye, the shadow of a formerly magnificent steed, was then lost. Dick is with us. Bob at the wagons. Major Dade keeps our late captain with him, and the latter meanwhile is tossing about like a small boat in a squall without a rudder. I wish he could get poor Hungerford's place, but do not know what his chances are of doing so. Holliday is much troubled, and is troubling me with his substitute matter. He is of no use to Jeff Davis, and gives me more trouble than a full legion of good soldiers would. When he gets home again I hope his friends will keep him there, or that Miss Lizzie's apron strings may be long enough to tie him with.

"The brigade in which the Fortieth and Forty-seventh Regiments are, I learn was charged by Yankee cavalry day before yesterday. Besides General Pettigrew, mortally wounded, I have heard of no casualties. Having enough to eat now is a source of congratulation. May Heaven's smiles be upon your household!

"Your son,

"G. W. B."

On the morning the foregoing letter was written, Colonel James H. Drake, at the head of his regiment, the First Virginia, passed our encampment near Leetown. We were soon afterwards in the saddle and marching towards Sheperdstown on

the Potomac.

While Lee's army lay in their entrenchments before Williamsport and Falling Waters, with the swollen Potomac behind them, and Meade's heavily reinforced army confronting them, a finely conceived plan by the Federal commander was to have a heavy force of cavalry proceed by way of Harper's Ferry to the south side of the Potomac, and get on the roads leading up the valley, and thus destroy Lee's trains, interrupt his communications, and obstruct his re-crossing the Potomac. For this enterprise, General D. McD. Gregg was chosen, and he set out with his division to accomplish it, followed by Gen. Buford with strong brigade to assist him.

Lee's army reached the Virginia shore safely on the night of July 13th, and the following morning, all unknown to Gregg, who having taken his command over the Potomac marched towards Shepardstown, in the vicinity of which he appeared on the morning of September 16th. It was for the purpose of attacking Gregg's troops and defeating his plans that Stuart's regiments were now in motion.

The ground around Sheperdstown was open in the main with here and there a body of timber. Heavy lines of sharpshooters were deployed and advanced dismounted, and their fire quickly checked the Federal advance. Artillery became warmly engaged on each side, every gun being plainly visible from where I was. Stuart having been called away, Fitz Lee directed the battle on the Southern side. On no other field, perhaps, were guns used after the custom of a holiday or grand review occasion. Occupying a long line across the fields with cavalry in supporting distance, they were fired by piece, one after another, again by sections, and again simultaneously.

It became apparent that our force outnumbered the enemy's; it was known that the swollen river behind them was impassable; and we were informed that one of our brigades had gone into position between them and Harper's Ferry, and would hold the roads in that direction against any attempt to escape in the darkness. Hence, when night silenced our guns, we went to sleep, confidently anticipating that Gregg was caught in a trap from which he could not extricate himself. Soldiers, probably, never looked forward to a day more certain in their feelings that it would bring a great success to them, and

disaster to their enemies.

The approach of day on the following morning dispelled all our fine calculations. A Federal cavalry brigade having come up from Harper's Ferry to support General Gregg, that astute and prudent officer availed himself of the opportunity to escape, and silently withdrew his regiments under cover of the darkness.

It was only an hour or so after I had seen Colonel Drake in the morning ride past, presenting so fine and stalwart a figure, with his heavy massive beard touching his breast, that he had fallen in the battle and was borne from the field for burial.

The attempt, however, to get in Lee's rear, interrupt his communications and obstruct his retreating army had signally failed.

CHAPTER XIX

ENGAGEMENT AT CULPEPER COURTHOUSE, SEPTEMBER 13, 1863

A COURIER dashed up to the headquarters of Chambliss's Cavalry Brigade while the stars were yet thinning on the morning of September 13th, 1863, and bore the following order:

"Colonel R. L. T. Beale, commanding cavalry brigade—at a gallop, important—Headquarters Cavalry Corps, A. N. V., 3.30 A. M., September 13th, 1863:

"Colonel,—There is every reason to expect an advance of the enemy's cavalry by Rixey's and Beverley's Fords, as well as by the Fleetwood front, very early this morning. Have your camp packed up and your wagons sent to the rear and be ready for any emergency. Notify your pickets and communicate with General Lomax.

"By command of

"GENERAL STUART,
"H. B. McCLELLAN,
"Major and A. A. G."

The brigade on the bright Sunday morning in question was encamped in the groves of S. S. Bradford's splendid farm, between Brandy Station and Culpeper, and before daylight the wagons, ambulances, and camp equipage were in lively motion towards the latter place. They scarcely had reached the road and disappeared in the distance before the command had mounted, moved out and had a very long line of skirmishers deployed to resist those of the enemy who were pushing forward rapidly.

It soon became evident from the superior forces of the Federal cavalry advancing from towards Brandy, and the preponderance of their artillery, that nothing remained for our regiments to do but to fall back towards the town of Culpeper. In this movement, a heavy fusilade was kept up by the skirmish lines and artillery on each side, and a bullet striking the leg and splintering the bone of Colonel Beale compelled his withdrawal from the field. This change of commanders occurred at an unfortunate moment when the brigade had reached the sloping ground of the

George, Wallack, and Taliaferro fields, with the Mountain Run in the valley below, and no cover to shield our troops from the artillery fire from the high ground behind us.

As we contested the advance of Kilpatrick's regiments, led by Custer and Davis, his brigadiers, Lomax's Brigade, appeared to our right hotly pursued by that of Buford. It seemed a problem now to dispose our men and guns so as to cross the fords above and below the railroad bridge without an awkward congestion and a murderous fire from the Federal artillery on our crowded masses.

These guns, commanded by Lieutenant Jacob H. Cornselman (Battery K, First United States Artillery) were soon in position on the Wallack heights, and their fire was begun. A train at the station in Culpeper, on which our wounded and valuable supplies had been placed, attracted the aim of these guns, and their shells passed high over our heads and burst over the train as it steamed away.

That portion of my regiment with which I crossed Mountain Run led so near the railroad bridge, at a point that my school-day sports of swimming and skating had made familiar to me, and after following the track several hundred yards we turned into the field, leaving the female institute to our right and proceeded towards the crest of hills in the direction of Mount Poney, south of Culpeper. In this march we now became exposed to the Federal battery on the hills behind us, and their guns were well aimed. One shell, I recall, exploded a little ahead of me, sent some of the fragments with fatal effect into the neck and head of Private Lem Barker's horse, while it cut, at the same time, through Barker's clothing without the least injury to his person. His pocketbook, worn in the breast pocket of his shirt, was torn into fragments and the money which it contained also. I saw one fragment of a Confederate note, which had been thrown into the air, float down to the earth, a particle so small as barely to afford the figures "X" space on it, as I detected with a passing glance.

While we were hastening to the high ground south of the town, the contest became very warm in its streets, where a piece of artillery, supported by a part of our regiment, fell into the enemy's hands, as did two other pieces at other points, which appear to have been without support. The charge by a part of

the brigade on the enemy approaching the town, was sketched by a correspondent of the *London Times,* who was with the Federals at the time, and forms one of the most spirited and realistic war scenes to which the great struggle gave rise.

We had not formed into position on the ridge which we had been ordered to occupy, before it became apparent that several Federal regiments were endeavoring to push their way to the same point. While getting ready to charge them, some of our men urged their horses unwittingly into a patch of briars, from which there issued such a swarm of hornets as began to sting both men and horses and throw them into disorder. At this inopportune moment, the First Vermont Cavalry began to emerge from the timber on the slope of the hills, and were met and driven back by a charge on our part. At this point, Richard Corbin, of the Caroline troop, who had just returned from a furlough, fell under my eyes, as a fatal bullet hurled his manly form to the earth.

A heavy cavalry force, against which two charges were made, advancing with a view to flank us on the left, and the appearance of an infantry corps of the Federal army (General Warren's) following close behind the cavalry, made it necessary for us to fall back from our line to another until, towards nightfall, we crossed the Rapidan and rested on the Orange hills with our trains, which furnished us some much-needed provisions for men and horses.

The enemy's guns were active during this retreat, and some skirmishing was done, but after leaving the vicinity of Culpeper, I scarcely heard the whiz of a bullet. A fine horse, which had been horribly gashed by a shell in the side, and whose entrails were protruding from the wound, dashed from a field towards me, on the march, giving vent to piteous shrieks of pain as it ran, and, having reached me, threw its head appealingly over my horse's neck. Seeing its hopeless case, I drew my pistol and placed it back of its eye and fired it, and the noble steed fell to the ground in the convulsive, but painless, rigor of death.

General Stuart made no report of this day's operations that has been saved, but General Lee informed the President of them, and addded as to Stuart:

"He was greatly outnumbered, the enemy having three divisions of cavalry with infantry, and he having three brigades,

Fitz. Lee's being still at Fredericksburg. . . . It may be a reconnoisance in force merely, but I have made preparations in case it should be an advance of the whole force."

An incident of the engagement in the town of Culpeper may deserve to be chronicled. In the operations of the cavalry during the previous months, not a few of our men had had occasion to observe in Custer's Brigade, either belonging to his staff or one of his regiments, a conspicuously white horse of fine size and action. On this occasion, after the combat in the streets of the town, W. W. Palmer of the Ninth Virginia Cavalry, emerged from it, leading this familiar horse with its fine equipment, but without a rider. During all his subsequent military service Palmer rode this white horse, and when on the retreat to Appomattox he was captured, among the dismounted men, and taken to Point Lookout, among his griefs was the feeling that he would not again see this much loved animal. But, after his release, on reaching home the first object that greeted his eye was this horse, which a faithful comrade had saved and sent home for him. He was later enabled with its use to accomplish a successful courtship, and when at length it died, its memory was endeared in his mind with thoughts of both war and love.

CHAPTER XX

SECOND CAVALRY FIGHT AT BRANDY STATION

THE morning of October 9th, 1863, presented a most interesting series of movements on the wide field of operations occupied by the armies under Meade and Lee. Despite the unfavorable result of the Gettysburg campaign to the army of Northern Virginia, its commander, with his characteristic boldness, was moving across the Rapidan to offer his antagonists the wage of battle on the Culpeper fields. On the day following, Lee's corps had entered that county and were pushing across it towards Meade's army. General Stuart, with Hampton's division (that general having not yet recovered from his Gettysburg wound) was moving in advance towards Culpeper Court House and on the flank of Ewell's and Hill's regiments in front, while General Meade's troops began to fall back before him. At the same time, that general, uncertain of Lee's movements, had directed Brigadier-General John Buford, with a division of cavalry, to cross to the south side of the Rapidan and proceed towards Orange Court House with a view to discover what was on foot in the Southern lines.

Buford crossed the Rapidan and found the intrenchments lately held by Lee's infantry unoccupied, but his further progress was obstructed by the Confederate cavalry under Major-General Fitzhugh Lee, who, having made the necessary disposition of his command, supported by two brigades of infantry, speedily attacked Buford's force and drove them back across Morton's Ford. In this charge, Colonel T. L. Rosser led his regiment (the Fifth Virginia), with marked gallantry, even though a bullet, striking him on the forehead, stunned him for a while. Here, too, the guns of Chew's battery played on Buford's retiring line with bloody effects.

When the Federal cavalry had gone back on the Culpeper side, they made no hurried retreat at once, but met Fitzhugh Lee's attempt to follow then with a stubborn resistance. This was particularly the case when Wickham's brigade, which crossed the river at Raccoon Ford, pressed closely upon them. In a charge on the enemy's sharpshooters, who were well-protected

behind a fence, Captain William B. Newton, who was in command of the Fourth Regiment at the time, was killed, and Captain Williams, of the same regiment, also fell. Captain Newton was the older brother of the late Bishop Newton, and it was pathetic to see the grief of the latter when the captain's death was told him. William B. Newton was one of the noblest offerings Hanover County laid on the altar in the army of Lee.

Following the encounter in which these brave men fell, Buford's brigade fell back towards Brandy Station, pausing, as if for battle, very briefly only, near Stevensburg. Meanwhile, as Fitzhugh Lee, with Wickham's brigade, under command of Colonel Tom Owen, Lomax's brigade, and Chambliss's brigade, approached Brandy Station, following Buford's retreating column, General Stuart, with Young's, Jones's and Gordon's brigades, hardly pressing Kilpatrick's troops, was on the road to the same place from Culpeper Court House.

It soon became evident that by a rapid movement Lee's regiments could reach the station in advance of Kilpatrick's and seriously obstruct their union with Buford. The country through which they would move in order to effect this was remarkably open, affording a view for a long distance down the road leading from Culpeper. Probably no more interesting or exciting scene in cavalry warfare occurred during the long struggle than was here presented, that of Stuart in pursuit of Kilpatrick, and Fitz Lee dashing forward to cut him off. The Federal column rushing down the road at full speed, Hampton's division in hot pursuit, and Lee's twelve regiments throwing themselves across the path of the Federal retreat—all in fastest motion, horsemen at the gallop, artillery at the gallop, battle flags borne swiftly above the dust, all made a sight to be remembered.

If the situation was animating and exciting to the men wearing the gray, it was not less so to those wearing the blue. General George A. Custer, leading one of Kilpatrick's brigades, wrote of the situation: "My advance had reached the vicinity of Brandy Station when a courier hastened back with the information that a brigade of the enemy's cavalry was in a position directly in my front, thus cutting us off completely from the river. * * * Heavy masses of the rebel cavalry could be seen covering the heights in front of my advance, a heavy

column was enveloping each flank, and my advance confronted by more than double my own number. The perils of my situation can be estimated."

Colonel E. B. Sawyer, of the First Vermont Cavalry, stated: "The scene began to grow interesting. It was seen that we were not only flanked on both right and left, but right across the road we desired to travel we were confronted by a strong force—that we were surrounded. * * * We were now ordered to support a section of Captain Elder's battery. The scene had become wild and exciting. * * * Charges and countercharges were frequent in every direction, and as far as the eye could see over the vast rolling field were encounters by regiments, by battalions, by squads in hand-to-hand conflict. * * * General Custer, with the other regiments of the Second Brigade, had made a magnificent charge, but finding the rebel line formed beyond a ditch too wide for his horses to leap had, after the exchange of a few rounds been obliged to retire in considerable disorder.

"In this engagement nearly the whole cavalry force of the armies of the Potomac and (Northern) Virginia confronted each other, and having a splendid field, exhibited the most magnificent display ever witnessed on this continent."

General Stuart mentioned the combat which ensued on the arrival of Kilpatrick's column at Brandy Station, or Fleetwood, as of "the most obstinate and determined character."

Two circumstances tended to abate the severity of the battle, and the fullness of the victory which the Confederates had so fair a prospect of winning. They were the fact that General Stuart on leaving the town of Culpeper, had not himself directly followed Kilpatrick down the road to Brandy Station, but, with Funston's brigade, had taken another route, intending to reach the Fleetwood Hills in advance of Kilpatrick. This column, as it approached those hills, was mistaken by General Fitzhugh Lee for Federal troops, and thus delayed his movement. The Fourth and Fifth North Carolina cavalry having been suddenly charged from a body of woods, broke and fled in spite of General Young's and Stuart's efforts to rally them.

This unfortunate affair gave the Federals time to get their artillery in position on the Fleetwood Heights, which having been accomplished, it was not feasible for Stuart to dislodge

him, particularly as his force was now well supported by infantry.

Fitzhugh Lee's division was moved around towards St. James Church, threatening the rear of the Federals, whereupon they began to retire, brigade after brigade, beyond the Rappahannock at the bridge of that name. Of this retreat, Buford said: "The enemy pressed my left closely in retiring, but by eight P. M. the division was across the Rappahannock. During the night we found our forage and went to sleep."

In the operations of General Fitzhugh Lee's command on the morning of this day, I was in a position to see Colonel Rosser with his men in the line of breastworks, from which our infantry had retired, and to do so at the moment he was struck by a spent bullet. He began at once to retire, supposing his wound to be serious, but had gone but a few rods towards the rear when, having seen some slight wavering in his line, he turned around quickly and went forward again as if no ball had touched him.

Some guns of Chew's battery had begun at this time to open on Buford's men and they began to retreat under their fire. From a small window in the attic of a house beside the road I could see the smoke flash in rapid succession from the rifle of a Federal sharpshooter. As we advanced, a halt occurred in front of this house, near the yard gate of which lay one of the enemy, who had been slain by a solid shot from one of Chew's guns. The deadly missile had gone through his breast, and the poor fellow's hand had been thrust up to the wrist in the gaping wound.

I entered the house, examined the garret window, and saw on the floor beneath it twenty-eight empty metallic cartridges, which the sharpshooter had used when practicing on us with his Spencer rifle.

During the advance from the Rapidan, our progress was disputed at several points, so that Chew had repeated opportunities to bring his guns into action. One shell fired by him we noticed to explode in the enemy's ranks, and when we marched by the spot there lay two men dead, and another of noble form and physique, with both legs shattered, and dauntless and defiant, though dying.

At an exciting stage of this battle, when the enemy had given

away before one of our charges, and we were pursuing them with vigor, I chanced to be thrown in the chase very near the impetuous captain of Lee's Rangers (W. H. Haynes), who was emptying his revolver without effect on the man in blue whom he was chasing. Having discharged his last cartridge, he held his pistol aloft by the barrel and hurled it against the back of his flying foeman, only, however, to make him speed away the faster.

The enemy's infantry, having re-crossed the Rappahannock, next morning occupied the ground of this battle, while we at same time were hastening over an upper ford to participate in the exciting engagements at Bristoe Station, Manassas, and Buckland.

At Bristoe Station we witnessed the advance of several brigades of our infantry against the Federal troops well posted behind the embankments or rather the shallow side of the railroad sink. The fire of these troops into our men advancing on them was what had not been anticipated, and our brigades recoiled before its severity. The movement of our infantry against Meade was here checked and they began to retire practically over the route of their advance.

Our regiment having advanced as far as Manassas, went into a fight there with cavalry, and our gallant Captain Haynes was shot through the body, and permanently disqualified for further service.

On the succeeding night, on the ground now occupied by the town of Manassas, while the larger part of the regiment were eating their supper, our pickets, under Lieutenant Davis were driven in upon us, and made us mount in hot haste. The lieutenant and two other men were killed, among them a former schoolmate of mine at Fleetwood Academy, named Hoskins.

On the day following, General Stuart having retired before Kilpatrick towards Warrenton, directed Fitz Lee to get behind him on the Buckland Pike. This Lee succeeded in doing, and we had the pleasure of witnessing the famous "Buckland Races," in which Kilpatrick's men escaped capture only by the speed of their flight.

On the day succeeding, we were back on the ground near Brandy Station, and saw several of the unburied bodies of the men who had fallen in our battle there the week previous.

CHAPTER XXI

THE KILPATRICK—DAHLGREN RAID: ITS PRELIMINARIES AND SEQUELS

EARLY in February, 1864, General B. F. Butler, commanding the Federal forces on James river, was in communication with Miss Van Lew, a Union sympathizer in Richmond, from whom he received information as to the number and location of troops guarding that city. Information thus obtained led him to conclude that a sudden dash might enable a body of cavalry to surprise Battery No. 2, and get into Richmond with little prospect of being attacked for three hours. Accordingly on February 5th, he informed the Secretary of War at Washington: "I shall on Sunday make a dash with 6,000 men," and asked that Major General Sedgwick might make a co-operating movement with his corps to the east of Richmond.

That same day, orders were issued through Brig. General I. J. Wistar to Col. S. P. Spear, commanding a cavalry brigade, to march via New Kent Court House and Bottom's Bridge to the Richmond defences, and having surprised, captured, or passed Battery No. 2, to "push forward." Instructions were given Col. Spear how to proceed, and what particular troops to employ in destroying the Navy Yard, in breaking off to the left to attend to Libby Prison and other public buildings, in crossing Mayo's bridge, seizing Belle Isle and liberating the prisoners, burning the bridges and Railroad Depots, in capturing Jeff Davis at his residence, burning the Tredegar Iron Works and numerous public buildings, factories and storehouses adjacent.

On February 9th, Gen. Eppa Hunton, commanding his brigade in the vicinity of Bottom's Bridge, reported the advance of this body and their speedy retirement when opposition was met, saying: "I am at a loss to understand why the enemy has retired for the small repulse received." General Wistar, two days previously, had informed Butler of this retreat, saying: "Have just arrived *after a fifteen mile gallop with my staff* from Burnt Ordinary, where I left infantry and artillery strongly posted. * * * I regret your disappointment. It is no greater, I as-

sure you, than mine."

Thus speedily and ingloriously ended this dash on Richmond by Wistar's negro regiments and Spear's cavalry—a result that was at once communicated by Butler to President Lincoln. That Mr. Lincoln had regarded this expedition with great interest and high expectation we may be sure, and only three days after its failure he summoned General Judson Kilpatrick to Washington for consultation on the expediency of making another attempt from a different direction by well tried and picked troops. He found Kilpatrick in hearty sympathy with the enterprise and ready to lead it, although General Pleasanton, the commander of the Union Cavalry, said "that since Stoneman's raid of the previous year had brought a loss to the Government of over 7,000 horses," this undertaking "is not feasible at this time," and "I cannot recommend it." Notwithstanding, the project was approved in Washington and by General Meade and orders were issued for its attempt.

In conformity with these orders, towards nightfall on February 28th, Gen. Kilpatrick began his march from Stevensburg in Culpeper towards Ely's Ford, on the Rapidan with a force of 3685 men, including a battery of six guns. In advance of his column, proceeded Colonel Ulric Dahlgren with over five hundred picked men.

A few hours previous to the marching of Kilpatrick's troops, General Geo. A. Custer with 1500 cavalry had set out towards Madison Court House to make a demonstration against Charlottesville. He was followed by the whole of Sedgwick's corps. This powerful diversion, by destroying the Central Railroad and the bridge over the Rivanna and threatening Charlottesville, it was hoped would weaken the defences at Richmond, and facilitate a coup-de-main by Kilpatrick. Custer with his accustomed boldness and dash proceeded on his mission so quietly and rapidly that he came near surprising and capturing Stuart's Horse Artillery in camp in Albermarle under Captain M. N. Moorman. The guns—four batteries—were gotten off, but the camp, a good deal of the equipage and some of the personal effects of the men were captured. The railroad bridge over the Rivanna was saved, and General Stuart, moving in person against Custer with Wickham's brigade, turned him back on Sedgwick's corps in Madison.

Another diversion east of Richmond in concert with Custer's march towards Charlottesville was again made by Wistar's colored regiments and Spear's cavalry, along the line of their previous futile demonstration. Of this second expedition its commander subsequently wrote: "No loss is reported save the slight wounding of one colored soldier by a bushwhacker," from which we may infer that it had proved of but little value to the movement which it was undertaken to assist.

The order under which Kilpatrick advanced towards the Rapidan directed him to "move with the utmost expedition on the shortest route, past the enemy's right flank to Richmond, and by this rapid march to effect an entrance into that city, and liberate our prisoners." A number of circumstances gave encouragement to this daring undertaking. The remoteness of Lee's army from his base of supplies favored it; the extremely scattered conditions of Stuart's cavalry regiments, made necessary by the scarcity of forage, encouraged it, while Kilpatrick's familiarity with the ground to be traversed and that of many of his men inspired their confidence.

Whether because of the treacherous conduct of a citizen in conducting the advance guard of Dahlgren's force over the river so as to get behind the detachment of Captain Young's Company on picket at Ely's Ford, or because of the rapidity of their dash across the stream, the sixteen men were of the Confederate picket captured, and none escaped to give warning of the advance. Never in the history of the war, perhaps, was the need of vigilance and protection against surprise by men on picket more signally illustrated than on this occasion, since the Federal cavalry, having crossed the Rapidan unheralded, moved directly in the darkness towards the Railroad over which General Lee was that night travelling from Richmond to his army in Spottsylvania, and with every passing minute increasing the peril of capture by an unlooked for foe.

Captain Young, a brave and trusted member of Cobb's Legion was the officer in charge of this picket, and Lieutenants Merritt and Hogan of the Fifth New York cavalry led the party that made the capture.

Dahlgren's march, so auspiciously begun, was continued towards Frederickhall, which it was deemed prudent to avoid by a detour because of the proximity of Confederate troops.

After some slight damage was done to the railroad the column proceeded towards James River through Goochland County, which was reached twenty miles above Richmond. Here a detachment of the Second New York cavalry under Captain J. F. B. Mitchell was sent down the canal to destroy locks and dams, and to burn mills and storehouses. The day of that memorable raid, though the first of March did not indicate that the month had come in as a lamb, for the non-combatant people along the river could see the smoke of eight flour-mills, the barn of Hon. James A. Seddon and other private property sacrificed to the matches, turpentine, oakum, and other combustibles, which formed, by order of their superiors before leaving camp, a prominent feature of these soldiers' equipment for the raid.

Dahlgren with four hundred men moved along the river-road without interruption, proposing to get over James river at a ford five miles from Richmond to which a negro named Robinson whom he had encountered in the march through Goochland, promised to conduct him. Whether from fault of this guide as to the excellence of a ford or the swollen condition of the river, it was found impassable, and the daring exploit of attacking Richmond from the Manchester side, and freeing the prisoners on Belle Isle had to be abandoned. The young and impulsive Colonel of the expedition gave vent to his feelings by a singularly harsh procedure, and when Captain Mitchell and party followed on in his tracks a little afterwards, within three miles of Richmond, they met a gruesome sight. It was the body of the negro guide hanged at Dahlgren's order by the neck with a leather rein, and swinging from a tree that grew beside the road.

Dahlgren having been joined by Mitchell proceeded northward and by close attention to the sound of the guns endeavored to locate and join Kilpatrick's column.

The latter officer with over 3,000 men had, after crossing the Rapidan, passed through Spottsylvania Court House and thence to Beaver Dam Station where his supply of incendiary material was put into use. At this place, one of his command has reported that "twenty wooden buildings were at once set on fire, forming one sheet of flame, rising high above the surrounding woods; and the black forms of our men jumping around the fire seemed from a distance like demons on some hellish sport." It is apprehended that a closer view would have

but little changed their appearance.

Leaving this station and passing near Ashland, Kilpatrick's column proceeded till halted by troops in the defence of Richmond, which they threatened on Brooke turnpike and the Westham plank-road, where Col. Walter H. Stevens employed five hundred men and six cannon in their protection. The various attempts made by Kilpatrick's regiments to effect an entrance at this quarter proved discouraging by reason of the increasing fire which they met, and after dark they were moved farther east to Mechanicksville turnpike, anticipating less resistance there. Scarcely had a charge led by Lieut. Col. Preston of the First Vermont and Major Taylor of the First Maine regiments met a repulse here before the dense darkness of the drizzly night led Kilpatrick to suspend operations, and give his men and horses rest. The command accordingly went into camp. General Hampton had been endeavoring with the First and Second North Carolina Cavalry to come up with these daring raiders and was getting close to them at night fall. Having ascertained where Kilpatrick had encamped, he planned a night attack on a part of his force near Atlee's Station. This attack was undertaken by one hundred dismounted men led by Colonel Cheek, who had with him also two guns of Hart's battery. The sudden opening of these guns and dash of the dismounted men threw the Federals into confusion, if not consternation, and they beat a hasty retreat, leaving a wagon and caisson, numerous horses and prisoners in the hands of Hampton's men.

A correspondent of a Northern paper who accompanied this expedition and furnished a graphic account of it, leaves one no room to doubt from his description of the effect of this night attack on Kilpatrick's camp that it was most disconcerting and demoralizing, and effectually disposed of any purpose on his part to renew the assault on Richmond the following morning. It resulted in a movement at once by the raiders towards Hanover Court House, which at every step put them farther and farther from the defences which they had intended to attack. It is not improbable that but for this night engagement there would have been secured a junction of Kilpatrick's command and Dahlgren's and a second day's endeavor to retrieve the failures of the first.

About the time that Kilpatrick became satisfied of the futility

of the attempt to force a passage through the defences in his front, and began to withdraw to renew the attack on the Mechanicsville road, Dahlgren with his brave followers reached the Green farm on the river road, and was met by the Armory Battalion, a part of the force under Brig. General G. W. C. Lee. Believing their troops were only "d—d melish" as was reported, Dahlgren boldly charged them, put them to rout and pursued them to the second line of defences. There, on the Hick's farm, the Third Battalion of the Armory Corps, consisting of Department clerks and youths of seventeen or eighteen years of age under Captain John A. McAnerney, were in position and ready with the coolness and precision of veteran soldiers, to meet a second charge. They had but a short time to wait before Dahlgren's force with reckless impetuosity dashed forward to override and scatter them. They met a firm stand and two destructive vollies which emptied forty saddles by death, wounds, and captures. In the gathering night and drizzling rain, encumbered with a number of wounded men and prisoners, the young Federal leader withdrew, intending to form a union with Kilpatrick, hoping to be guided to him by friendly rockets and the light of his camp-fires.

In the endeavor to accomplish his purpose there happened to Dahlgren's column what is always a danger to cavalry marching in darkness on unfamiliar roads,—his troops became separated, about one hundred and twenty-five of them following him on one road and the remainder, marching behind Captain Mitchell, on a different road. The dawn of March 20th found the raiders in three bodies, two of them separated by several miles, and pursued and harassed by Col. Bradley Johnson's command, making their way towards Tunstall Station where at length Kilpatrick's column was overtaken by Mitchell and the friendly relief sent forward by General Butler was met; the third part of the command, composed by Dahlgren and his few followers, whose line of march amidst hostile camp-fires and marching regiments, cannot be told, was also proceeding by such ways as they could command towards the Pamunkey, which they crossed at Hanover Town, having despaired of rejoining their comrades on the south side of that stream. No sooner had they gone over and begun to traverse King William County in the direction of the Mattapony than Captain

James Pollard, commanding a company of the Ninth Virginia Cavalry, Captain E. C. Fox of the Fifth Virginia Cavalry, Captain Magruder with a small command and Captain R. H. Bagby of the King and Queen Home Guards, began in rapid succession to arrange a concerted plan of resistance, should they succeed in crossing the river into King and Queen.

This crossing was effected by means of a flat-boat found at Aylett's and by swimming the horses. Soon after leaving the river when, near Bruington, their rear was attacked, and some delay caused, which enabled the several Confederate bodies to get into position ahead of them and await their coming. It was at night when the attempt was made to force a passage through this ambuscade, and in making it, Col. Dahlgren was killed, and later his men surrendered. The place of this occurrence became known as "Dahlgren's Corner," and is at the intersection of the Stevensville road with the river-road leading to the Court House.

A lad belonging to a group of school-boys who had come with their teacher (Halbach) to assist in repelling this raiding-party took from Col. Dahlgren's pocket a note-book, which having been placed in Captain Pollard's hands was sent by courier to his immediate commander, Colonel Beale, and in consequence fell the following day under my eye. Imagine my surprise and horror to read in an order in that book this sentence: "We hope to release the prisoners from Belle Isle first and, having seen them fairly started, we will cross the James river into Richmond, destroying the bridges after us, and exhorting the released prisoners to destroy and burn the hateful city, and not allow the rebel leader Davis, and his traitorous crew to escape."

It appeared from subsequent correspondence between Generals Lee and Meade that the destruction of Richmond and killing of President Davis and his cabinet were unauthorized by him, and all knowledge of them disclaimed by Dahlgren's immediate commander General Kilpatrick.

After his fall, about twelve of the men accompanying Dahlgren, abandoning their horses, made their escape in the direction of Gloucester Point, which they successfully reached. Along with them escaped Dahlgren's body-servant also, and the report given to Kilpatrick of the fight and loss of their leader in King and Queen was accompanied with the statement of how "his

body had been seen on the roadside stripped of his clothing and horribly mutilated."

After their arrival at Yorktown some days were necessary for the recruiting of Kilpatrick's command and the arrival of transports to take them to Alexandria. During this interval he meditated on a plan whereby an expedition might be sent to King and Queen county "to punish," as he said, "those who had been engaged in the murder of Colonel Dahlgren and the capture of his men." In this scheme, he met with the heartiest support and encouragement of Major General Butler and Brig. Gen. I. J. Wistar and his dusky comrades.

Accordingly, on March 9th, the above mentioned dusky brigade and an additional regiment (230) of negroes were placed on transports at Yorktown and sent under convoy of three gunboats to Shepherd's Landing on the Mattapony, whilst, with a view to co-operation with them, the Pennsylvania Cavalry, the First New York mounted rifles, and four hundred of Kilpatrick's command under Lt. Colonel A. W. Preston (who had led the recent attack on the Richmond defences) were despatched from Gloucester Point, to march by land and form a junction with the negro regiments at the point of their landing. This cavalry column was accompanied by six guns of Bulger's and Hunt's batteries.

The negro infantry having been landed at Shepherds, marched to within six miles of King and Queen Court House and there halted, and Kilpatrick was sent forward with the cavalry under orders of his ranking officer Wistar "to attack any enemy he might find, or hear of there * * * destroy the court house and public buildings and particularly the ferry at Fraziers."

This order Kilpatrick, whilst manifestly, according to his own statements, in full sympathy with, seems to have been reluctant to obey. Having reached Little Plymouth, he seems to have been unwilling to proceed further. The fate of Dahlgren in that vicinity may have deterred him, and it does not appear that he wished the men of his own command to have part in executing that order; but he sent Col. Onderdonk of the First New York Mounted Rifles to the camp of the Forty-third Virginia Battalion to disperse them while Captain Gerard Reynolds of the Eleventh Pennsylvania Cavalry (both of Wistar's com-

mand) was sent to King and Queen county seat "to burn the court house, jail, mill and ferry," and these under the direction of this officer were burned, as ordered, on March 12th, 1864.

General Kilpatrick's report of this memorable and daring raid on Richmond, makes mention of the mills and other private property destroyed, but he seems to have been ashamed to acknowledge any part in the burning of this historic seat of justice, and so passes it in silence.

When this demonstration occurred against King and Queen Court House, transports had assembled at Gloucester Point and Yorktown to take Kilpatrick's command back to the Army of the Potomac by way of Alexandria, and a considerable part of it was that day embarked. It had been previously recommended by those in authority in Washinngton that the command should march over to Urbanna on the Rappahannock, be transported across that river and march through the Northern Neck and thence to Culpeper county. This plan was, however, countermanded by a subsequent order. Notwithstanding, a part of Kilpatrick's troops were taken over to Lancaster and Richmond counties and marched through the Northern Neck, as at first proposed. This movement was wholly concealed in Kilpatrick's report and those of his subordinates, as well as in the itineraries of the regiments engaged, so that it is not easy to determine which precise troops they were. No mention was made by their officers of this predatory passage through the Northern Neck, perhaps because of the looting of private houses, wholesale plundering and violence to women connected with it of which they felt ashamed. Nevertheless it proved a visitation of horror to the old men, women, and children living there, and long remained to them a burning and harrowing memory.

CHAPTER XXII

CHARGING INFANTRY ALONG WITH A GEORGIA BRIGADE ON THE SPOTTSYLVANIA LINES

AN official message from the Headquarters of the army under General Grant, dated May 13th, 1864, and addressed to the Secretary of War referring to the assault on the "Bloody Angle" of the previous day said, "the number of cannon actually captured on yesterday now appears reduced to eighteen. The prisoners are 3,500." The despatch further said: "In changing his lines, Lee has left more uncovered the roads leading southward along his left wing, and Grant has ordered Meade to throw the corps of Wright to the left of Burnside, leaving Hancock on our right. This maneuvre will be executed immediately."

While Wright was complying with this order and moving his troops down the northern side of the Ny river, Major Tom Waller reconnoitering with a squadron of the Ninth Virginia cavalry, discovered and reported the movement, and also the crossing of the river and occupancy of a hill on which a house stood on the southern side of that stream.

Lieut. Robert J. Washington bore in person to General Lee the report of this threatening advance on his extreme right. He found the General at a very early hour asleep after the strain and stress of the "Bloody Angle" disaster, lying on a plank with one end raised on a rail. His coat had been laid aside, and no blanket covered his form, and his superb figure in the morning rays was exhibited in its sleeping posture to fine advantage. Washington brought back from the General orders which led to an immediate attempt to dislodge the Federal force, and drive them beyond the Ny. He brought also to his regiment the intelligence of the death of General J. E. B. Stuart. No information could have been to the men who had long followed him more startling, astounding, or painful. He had seemed to them to lead a charmed life not to be cut short by any fatal bullet. They now looked at each other in mute wonder, and their faces bespoke the bitterness of disappointment and grief. It was the

morning of May 14th, 1864, and they felt it to be the gloomiest one that had ever dawned on the cavalry corps of Lee's army.

In marching through a body of timber that morning, two of our horse artillery guns were heard firing into the enemy near the Gayle house, and the shells of the enemy were bursting among the trees near us; but then these signals of battle were not affecting the men near me so much as the news that Stuart was dead.

On the farther side of the woods, we saw two men of the regiment—Martin and Pemberton—who had been struck and killed by a bursting shell, laid across their horses and led to the rear. One of them—Pemberton—I recognized as a companion who had attended Fleetwood Academy with me, and felt how little there had been in its classic and peaceful shades to foretell the present ones so full of angry strife and prostrate forms.

Our motion at this point was quickened, and passing in the rear of our guns, we proceeded at a gallop to a position on the right somewhat enfilading that of the enemy at the Gayle house, and were dismounted as if designed to be advanced in foot.

While we were getting our line in readiness, the Georgia brigade commanded by Gen. Ambrose E. Wright emerged from the cover and began in magnificent order to move across the plain in attack on the troops occupying the yard and garden of the house.

The opportunity of charging with infantry never had fallen to our lot before, nor had we been pitted against infantry; but there was no shrinking on the part of our men. They were filled with an ardor it was not easy to restrain. They were mourning for Job Stuart who was that day being borne to his burial, but his spirit seemed to hover near them and to beckon them on with his own intrepid and dauntless courage. * * * They found much in the Georgia brigade to inspire and imbolden them. No nobler bearing on the battle field could have been exhibited than they displayed. Their alignment was perfect, their steps regular and unwavering, and when cannon shots or bullets made gaps in their line, they were promptly filled up, and when a color-bearer was shot down, another man at once seized the flag. When the larger part of the level field had been crossed, the enemy seeing that the Georgians were not to be checked and that the dismounted cavalry were en-

dangering their rear percipitately fled from the hill in a tumultuous rush down the decline and beyond the river Ny. If I should except the stampede on the left at Fredericksburg in December, 1862, when the men of Jackson's and Hill's corps drove Burnside's troops back to the Rappahannock, I never elsewhere beheld Federal artillery and infantry disappear with such celerity, down a decline towards a shattering river.

The number of men who fell in the brigade making the attack seemed to us greater than those we found on reaching the house; it is probable, however, that many who fell here were taken off before we reached the ground.

The house-dog remained at home during this engagement and when we reached the house, it lay dead in the yard, the victim of a Georgian's bullet. * * * One of the Federal soldiers had taken a rocking-chair from the house,—perhaps a mother's or a sister's, and discharged his rifle while sitting in it; he did not arise from it on our approach; a fatal bullet having made the chair his bier.

The body of timber into which we advanced in the morning and under cover of which our infantry later joined us and made the attack was occupied early in the day by skirmishers pushed forward from General Emory Upton's brigade, and he says in his report of the affair: "The Ninety-Fifth Pennsylvania and Tenth New Jersey were sent to support the Ninety-Sixth Pennsylvania and Second New Jersey. They were barely in position when the enemy's column emerged from the woods. Simultaneously, cavalry with a battery of horse artillery galloped on the field to the left of the house, which opened fire nearly enfilading our line. The enemy was received with a well directed fire, which checked his advance, but coming on in superior numbers we were compelled to abandon the position. Our loss in killed, wounded, and missing was about 100. * * * After dark, the position was re-occupied by our troops."

When this advance of Upton skirmishers was made Generals Meade and Wright followed them with the acting chief of the U. S. Corps of Engineers, whose report states: "The skirmishers were ordered forward to take possession of a belt of timber which might conceal any movement on the part of the enemy. Generals Meade and Wright appeared about the time the men advanced. The skirmish line scarcely had entered the woods

when it was met by a large force of the enemy who were already marching to attack. Generals Meade and Wright fortunately escaped capture." Some of our men in advance doubtless saw the escaping horsemen but were not at all aware they were officers of such dignity and prominence.

Lt. Col. Weibeck of the Second New Jersey regiment, "a brave officer and thorough soldier," lost his life in this engagement.

No official report appears to have reached General Lee of the transactions of the day on this part of his line, and no chronicle has survived of the heroic spirits who followed Ambrose Wright in this very gallant encounter, but even in this humble and indirect way, tribute is paid to his valor and that of his men. Many valiant men of the Empire State of the South have enriched and consecrated the soil of Virginia with their dust, but none more valiant than they who fell on this field on the margin of Ny river.

CHAPTER XXIII

WATCHING GRANT'S ARMY ON FLANK MOVEMENT

ON May 20, 1864, from the position we occupied in the Confederate line of battle in the vicinity of Spottsylvania Court House the Ninth Virginia Cavalry was withdrawn and sent to the crossings of the little river which flows near Guiney's Station. After reaching that stream, the company to which I was attached was sent across it to watch the road running parallel with the railroad, as well as several other roads farther north in the direction of the Rappahannock River. It fell to my lot to command the company on this mission, and the orders given with such urgent and explicit instructions as to making immediate reports of any movements of the enemy made it quite certain that our officers felt that Grant was preparing to move his army past Lee's left flank in the direction of Richmond.

Lieutenant Washington, with a detail of twelve or fifteen men, was sent to picket the roads nearer the Rappahannock, and I posted several men, the most trustworthy I could get, to keep watch on the road that passes near the station. The orders to the man posted farthest up on this road were to fire his carbine on the enemy's approach and then to gallop to regimental headquarters to report their advance. Another picket, posted a quarter of a mile nearer, was instructed to hold his ground until the enemy came near, and then to fire and hasten to report to me.

I had taken the company to bivouac for the night to a barn located on the elevated ridge overlooking the valley, within a mile or so of the house in which "Stonewall" Jackson had died under the same ridge the year before, and the men, without unsaddling, had fallen asleep. Just after midnight the "bang" of the farthest picket was heard, and the men were at once aroused and called to mount. We were scarcely in our saddles and ready to march when the "bang" of the second picket was heard. This picket very soon met us and reported that a column of cavalry was advancing.

Knowing that a mill was not far ahead of us on the road of this advance, a trot was at once taken to get to it before the Fed-

eral advance guards did, so that by removing the planks from the fore bay which crossed the road, we could secure a good position to check the enemy for a time. We reached the mill, dismounted, and were prying the planks up from the bridge, when we heard the rattling of sabers and were admonished of the enemy's near approach. We at once hastened to our ambuscade. The enemy halted as if they discovered some signs that we were lying in wait for them, but very quickly began to proceed cautiously. Just as they reached the bridge and were stopped by its damaged condition, we rose from our hiding place, and our carbines flashed out on the night's darkness. We then hastened back to our horses and fell back about a mile, when most of the men were dismounted and arranged along a hedgerow and fence.

When the enemy advanced again, they put out flankers on either side, and we were unable to give them a volley at close range. We then retreated along the Bowling Green Road to where it turned and crossed the river on a bridge. Here we halted, and, having removed ten or twelve planks from near the center of the bridge, secreted ourselves in the bushes on the southern side. The streaks of dawn were now appearing, and we could see a long line of cavalry halted on the road over which we had just passed. A line of their sharpshooters was deployed in the fields on either hand and began to advance towards the bridge. We commenced to fire on them from our cover, but none appeared to be hit by our shots. We were thus engaged when we heard a volley above us and somewhat in our rear. There was then some lively running to get to our horses. We reached the horses and mounted, and found that a dismounted party of the enemy had waded the river above us, and were as near the road where it turned towards the hills as we were. We had to go at a gallop to get by, receiving a volley as we turned. At this turn in the road, or angle, rather, Corporal Carroll's horse fell dead, our only casualty.

We retired to the hills south of the river, which offered admirable posts of observation, and there watched Hancock's and Warren's corps as they moved down towards Bowling Green, till the gathering darkness stopped us. Just then a courier came, directing me to rejoin the regiment at the Mud Tavern. Towards this point we directed our march, and ere long, as we followed a road having timber on each hand, until we reached

the open land. Around the tavern and a few hundred yards beyond, numerous campfires gleamed brightly before us. I halted the company and asked two men, Lewis and Edwards, to trot ahead and ascertain if the fires were those of our regiment. They soon came back, saying "All right."

We resumed the march, and the pleasant glow of the fires and the gladdening words, "all right," made us rejoice, rest broken, and hungry as we were.

As we rode on and came within forty or fifty yards of the first fires, something about them, or the men, moving around them preparing supper, excited some doubt or misgiving in my mind, and I halted the company and asked Edwards if he had asked any one what command was camping there, and he said, "No"; but he felt certain it was our brigade. I then told him to ride up near to one of the fires and ask what troops were there. He rode forward and I heard him ask,"What regiment is this?" and heard the answer; "Fourth New York Cavalry." We were in quarters far too close to be comfortable, and at once wheeled about and began to trot, not however, before the Federal camp began to get into a commotion.

We proceeded but a short distance before coming to a private road leading through dense pine woods, and into this we turned. It led us into a field and beside a comfortable home of a farmer, but we made no pause to get supper or to learn who lived there. We soon were satisfied that we were not pursued, and then rode on leisurely in a southerly course until we came to the Potomac River and at a point where we could discover no ford.

Here I left the men "to catch a nap" and permit their horses to nibble the meadow grass, while I rode with a sergeant to find a house and learn the location of the nearest ford. It was rather dark and the country entirely new and strange to us. We were ignorant of how close we were to the enemy's lines, or at what moment we might be stopped with the hostile command, "halt!" by an unseen picket. My companion at length discovered the faint glimmer of a light, and we rode in that direction. The light grew plainer as we approached it, but very soon wholly disappeared. Almost at once, we saw that we were close to a house, and surmised that the last of the family, being ready for bed, had blown out the lamp.

I knocked at the back door, and soon, somewhat timidly and

cautiously, a man called to me from the inside. He proved to be a soldier of Company E of my own regiment, to whom I told the nearness of the enemy and where I had left my company. He quickly prepared to seek a place of greater safety for himself, as well as to help me, and said as we left the house: "Your company is down here in my meadow, only one hundred and fifty yards off." I knew I had ridden fully two miles in the darkness, and it seemed incredible that I was so close to the spot where I had left my comrades. But so it was, and after passing a barn nearby, there, beside the river within easy earshot, was my company. The ford was pointed out to us, and in a few minutes we had crossed the stream and were heading for the Telegraph Road. Before leaving the meadow, however, we heard a sharp report as of a picket's rifle break on the night's stillness, and the man of Company E, who had now become our guide, remarked that the report seemed to come from the direction of the tavern. We afterwards learned that the shot killed a fine young fellow named John Waller, belonging to this same Company E, who, knowing nothing of the enemy's advance, had ridden unawares upon the picket.

We reached the Telegraph Road, and were at a loss to know which direction to take, when two soldiers' forms moving side by side rode past us. One of the men with me proposed to get some information from them as to where W. H. F. Lee's Brigade could be found. He quickly returned, saying: "Why that was General Robert E. Lee!" The great commander, with an orderly, was riding silently through the deep shadows of the night, pondering probably those dispositions of his army which were destined to make the North Anna and second Cold Harbor campaigns memorable in military history.

From him we derived all necessary information as to the position of his son's brigade, and by daylight we had joined them and found our place in the regiment. The brigade was employed in watching and retarding the advance of another of Grant's army corps, a part of it being dismounted and engaged with the enemy's skirmishers. As we moved behind Breathed's Battery along a road through timber, we reached an open space of an acre or two, when it was discovered that the Federal infantry had made rapid progress and had gone so near the road which it was intended we should pursue as to endanger

our battery's escape in that direction.

Breathed's guns were unlimbered on the western side of this open space, and we were massed nearby to protect them, while the Tenth Regiment and perhaps several companies of our own, disputed the advance of the Federal skirmish line. The fire on this line became more and more rapid, and the shells from our battery flew faster and faster. I listened anxiously to the enemy's guns to be heard in our rear on the road over which we had passed, in which case, it being impossible to get the battery off through the woods, nothing could remain but to abandon it. I felt sure Breathed must be in very deep concern for the escape of his guns, but on looking at him he appeared sitting composedly on his horse with one leg across the boot of his saddle and reading an open volume with an intentness that the roar of his guns did not seem to disturb in the smallest degree.

In a little while, one gun and then another was taken back over the road by which we had come, and then, by taking an obscure one found leading toward the west into a valley, made good their withdrawal from a most perilous situation. The cavalry, without any serious engagement with the infantry, followed the battery, and when we ascended the slope from the valley to the high land beyond, Breathed was unlimbering his rear gun near a body of woods. Looking to our left, three-quarters of a mile away, we could see a column of Federal infantry emerging from the timber from which we had escaped, and Breathed was bent on giving them a parting shot. His first shell struck the ground near the head of the column, and concealed the files where it struck for a moment with the dust and smoke of its explosion. The gap created was quickly closed up, and the column moved on. Other shots from our gun went wild, and a Federal battery having opened on us, we continued our course under the cover of the woods.

During our subsequent march after this incident we were not again under fire as we moved towards the Central Railroad, which we reached at dark. I picketed and fed my horse, when we halted for the night very close beside the road, and lay down myself within a few feet of the track. Next morning my horse and many others were found loose, with broken halters, at which I expressed astonishment. I was then laughingly informed that

several trains had passed during the night loaded with infantry, who were cheering and yelling, at which the horses had taken fright. Though so near to the track, the noise of the wheels, the puffing of the locomotives, the yells of the soldiers, all combined, did not loosen the bonds of my unconscious slumber. Having been in the saddle for three continuous days, and without sleep for two consecutive nights, I had caught, in a measure, the spirit of Rip Van Winkle.

CHAPTER XXIV

CAVALRY BATTLE AT ASHLAND

DURING the progress of Grant's campaign against Richmond in May and June, 1864, it became a matter of much importance to the Federal commanders to destroy the bridge of the Richmond and Fredericksburg and Virginia Central Railroads which crossed the Pamunkey River, and to tear up the tracks in the vicinity of Ashland. The destruction of the above-mentioned bridge was effectually accomplished at daybreak on the 11th day of June, so Colonel J. B. McIntosh, reported, by a regiment of Chapman's Brigade. He further states that with three regiments of his own brigade—the Fifth New York, Second Ohio, and First Connecticut—he pushed on to Ashland, and "there, while we were engaged in destroying the railroad, we were attacked by two divisions of the enemy's cavalry." For the protection of the men engaged in the destruction of the track, a body of dismounted men were placed in position in a body of woods through which ran a deep ditch with a considerable embankment, offering excellent protection against an attack. No sooner than the advance of this Federal body on Ashland was reported to General W. H. F. Lee than he was in motion with a part of his division to oppose it.

When the Ninth Regiment of this division reached the vicinity of the woods occupied by the enemy, one of our regiments had been dismounted and were moving to attack them. We were also quickly dismounted, and entered the woods as a support to the men in advance. Beside a fence, at the edge of the timber, as we hurried forward, lay the body of a soldier who had received a death shot as our first line of skirmishers had approached the fence before us.

As our men proceeded into the woods, a heavy fire was heard, and it was supposed the regiment in front of us was hotly engaged. Now and then amidst the flying bullets one or another of our men would be struck, but no volley was fired by us for fear of killing friends in the line which it was thought we were supporting. It presently became evident that not a Confederate

was in our front, the regiment which we supposed to be there having borne to one side or the other and left only the Federals before us, well protected in the ditch which has been mentioned.

When this discovery was made our regiment at once raised a yell and dashed forward for the ditch, while its occupants, leaping over the bank, beat a hasty retreat. A shot from one of them before turning his back to us struck the man at my side—R. B. Spilman and, the bullet striking his teeth and destroying several of them, passed out of his cheek. The contact of the ball with his teeth sounded to me very much as if it had struck and shattered a china plate or cup. The wounded man told me later that this noise was caused by the bullet striking the metal plate of his carbine, from which it glanced to his mouth.

Close to this ditch, John Neale, another comrade near me, was mortally wounded, and I never saw him again. Here, too, fell a brave young fellow named Gaines, from Culpeper County. Farther to the left, fell Lieutenant John B. Harwood, of the Richmond County Cavalry, an uncle of the late Colonel John B. Harwood, of Richmond, for whom he was named. My last glimpse of him was as William Reamy bore his body on his shoulder back from where he fell. For this sad task, Reamy was so stout and stalwart as to need no assistance.

When we reached the farther edge of the woods, an open field of no great size appeared before us, where the retreating enemy were seen mounting their horses amidst considerable confusion. An officer who sat prominently on his horse directing the dismounted men as they regained their saddles offered a tempting target to Tom Jett, who chanced to stand near me and called to me, saying, "See me knock that officer off," and then raising his carbine, taking aim, and firing. The officer fell back on his horse and then to the ground as if killed or badly wounded. Our fire here was rapid, and evidently with serious effects on the confused ranks of the enemy, who rapidly retired from our view.

It began now to be reported that General Rosser, with his brigade, had gotten in their rear, and that there was a fine prospect of our making a large capture. We were, therefore, marched in the direction of our led horses, and when we got to them, lo instead of mounting them, we were hurried forward on foot in the woods on the right, while Lieutenant Christian led a squadron in a charge down the road, only to find the road

barricaded and in possession of a fresh Federal brigade which had come to the rescue of the men whom we had been fighting. The timely arrival of this brigade enabled the enemy to escape with his ambulances filled with his seriously wounded, of whom, however, thirty remained in our hands, the Federals not having had adequate means to carry them away. This escape was largely accomplished also by the opening up of a road through some dense woods and over a way that had been deemed by us impassable.

A few days later, the Federal lines before the Confederate intrenchments at Cold Harbor became very close, and the scouts of Lee's army were unable to enter to secure information which he deemed it necessary to obtain. Accordingly on June 10th he directed General W. H. F. Lee to send a reconnoitering force sufficient to break through the Federal picket line and to make the needful observation. The Ninth Virginia Cavalry was chosen for this reconnoisance, and was led by its colonel, and General Chambliss, who accompanied it in person.

The direction in this enterprise led us towards the Cold Harbor and Old Church Road, near which the movement of the regiment was concealed by woods. In a road that ran through these woods, our men, in advance, met the enemy's picket, and made a dash for its capture, and the squadron to which I was attached followed at a gallop. When we reached the Old Church Road, strands of barbed wire, the first we had seen in military use were encountered, which ran into the woods with only a narrow space left between two small pine trees sufficient to admit one horse at a time. Here several of the enemy were captured, and none was left to give warning of our approach. Our course was taken from this point at a gallop towards Old Church, and two or three Federal cavalrymen whose horses had been left at the gates of houses by the roadside were seen rushing from the houses to the woods in the rear.

Half a mile or so beyond, we came upon the reserve picket, most of whom had discovered our approach, mounted their horses and fled, but several had not yet mounted, and a few seemed to halt for battle. One of these was killed and the others captured.

An animating chase now ensued, and the captain commanding the Federal squadron, Joseph Backus, by name, was endeavor-

ing to rally his men and make a stand when we came upon him, and he fell dead in the road. Farther on, Lieutenant Lal. Washington, having reached the enemy's ranks, raised his right arm, not less powerful than that of the English King styled "Coeur de Leon," and smote one of them with his sharp saber a ghastly and fatal blow, splitting his skull in twain.

At Old Church our impetuous chase was abruptly halted when we came into view of a line of entrenchments well manned with infantry and artillery. This halt was not true, however, of Jim Sullivan, of the Lancaster troop, who having been shot through his wrist, was unable to check his spirited steed, and so dashed on and into the breastworks and was made a prisoner. The Federal infantry encountered here were of a dusky and sable hue, and belonged to General Ferrero's negro division, and our contact with them at this point offered the only slight opportunity we ever had of exchanging a shot with them.

Though fully anticipating a vigorous pursuit by the Federal cavalry, and arranging to meet it, our return was without serious interruption. On reaching the spot where the Connecticut captain had fallen, I glanced at his nearly nude body with a sense of shame for that small part of our men whose aim in battle seemed to be rather for the pockets of the enemy's dead than the armed persons of the living, and whose bravery was less noticeable than their brutality.

After this, we established our bivouac in the rear of, and near, the Cold Harbor breastworks. Very soon it became apparent that Grant, weary of his unsuccessful and bloody assaults here, was retiring, and that Lee was also withdrawing to oppose him south of the James River. Our regiment followed the line of the retreating Federals, and in doing so passed through the works which General Lee's men had held. It was enough to make one shudder to see on this line how the bodies of the cedar trees had been scarred and chipped, and the branches cut and splintered, and the foliage piled on the earth with the twigs from the terrific artillery and musketry fire to which the brave men under Lee had been exposed.

On reaching the opposing works where the Federals had fought, these evidences of the terrific discharge of shot and shell and bullets which they had faced were no less marked.

Between the two lines of works where thousands had fallen, there appeared as we traversed the ground what seemed to have been an intervening line of earthworks that had been dug down and levelled. In crossing this newly-turned earth, our horses hesitated and showed much unwillingness to proceed, as if distrustful of the ground beneath them. When we urged them forward, the sinking of the feet and the breaking of bones beneath them revealed the horrible truth that we were marching over a long sepulchre of dead soldiers, a fact of which we had no previous suspicion. In the gospel it is recorded: "For ye are as graves which appear not, and the men who walk over them are not aware of them," but this truly could not be said of our horses in their walk over the graves of the dead at Cold Harbor.

CHAPTER XXV

CAVALRY OPERATIONS IN HANOVER COUNTY

IN the closing days of May, 1864, the army under General Grant crossed the North Anna and Pamunkey Rivers and set out across Hanover County towards the Chickahominy and the Richmond defenses. General Lee's army was at the same time moving to get into position at New Cold Harbor to resist this movement. On the 27th of the month, our regiment, the Ninth Virginia Cavalry, was moved so as to get in the rear of Warren's Corps as it advanced from the Pamunkey to annoy them and gather up the stragglers.

It was distressing and harrowing to the last degree to witness as we followed the line of march of this corps the smoking ruins of houses, the spoliation and outrages committed on the innocent women and children, whose homes had been looted, their scanty provisions carried off, and they left to weep and starve.

A part of my company formed our advance guard in this movement, who marched two hundred yards or more in front of us, and among them were my two younger brothers. At a certain point on the road where another from the left intersected it, quite suddenly late in the afternoon a small body of Union cavalry, escorting an ambulance, made an appearance ahead of us. It was seen by us that this was but a small party, and a few of our men dashing forward captured them without a shot being fired on either side.

Our advanced guard, having passed the intersecting road without observing this party, were moving on quietly when some of them, looking back, saw the road behind them filled with mounted men in blue, and, feeling sure that a regiment or brigade had cut them off and were ready to give them chase, at once put spurs to their horses and plunged into the woods, and we saw them no more until the darkness had well set in and we had gone into camp and kindled fires.

It was deemed needful now to our commanding officers for the secure movement of a part of our army to stay the progress of several of General Grant's corps who were threatening the

Confederate line of march; and nearly all of our cavalry took position near Hawe's Shop to retard the Federal advance. Both Fitz Lee's and Hampton's divisions were dismounted in the woods where they threw up such meager breastworks as they could. The Federal cavalry, consisting of General Greggs's division and Custer's brigade, soon assailed this line, and there ensued for seven hours a fiercely contested engagement, with heavy losses on each side.

We did not reach the ground of this battle until the afternoon, and were then halted in the road as though we might be needed in a mounted charge. While we halted, I rode to a tree by the roadside where the body of a young Georgia major had been laid. His head rested at the roots of the tree, and his upturned face showed that a bullet had penetrated his forehead just above the line of his eyes. He was rather small of stature, but his face was intellectual and his brow noble, and it seemed a pity indeed that the death-dealing missile had found so splendid a mark.

We soon moved forward and then were halted, and ordered to dismount, form a line of battle, and march across a field. A line of skirmishers was deployed in front of us and a lively fire was opened on the enemy's lines. Private B. B. Atwill, of my company, was seen to leave the skirmish line wounded in the side by a minnie ball, and we learned that the force advancing on us were infantry. Very soon we were ordered to halt, and slowly fall back. This we were glad to do, and having gained our saddles, we withdrew without being pressed.

In marching away from this field, our course led us near some open and swampy ground from which the enemy discharged their guns on us quite furiously. The twilight had set in, and the flashes of the musketry would have been beautiful but for the whizzing of the bullets. One of them cut the hatband of Lieutenant William McGauley, in the file ahead of us, but happily did his head no harm. One man near me exclaimed as the guns flashed out on the darkness, "Lor's, they beat the lightning bugs."

It was in this day's engagement that Custer's Michigan brigade came into action, and with their customary resolution and dash, greatly assisted the Federal cavalry in maintaining their ground and winning the day. In one of the regiments of this brigade was Private John A. Huff (Company E, Fifth Michi-

gan), who, just seventeen days before at Yellow Tavern, had fired the shot which mortally wounded General J. E. B. Stuart, the idol of the Southern cavalry. He was in the action of this afternoon and received a bullet wound from which he died.

On the day following this battle at the intersection of the road on which we marched with one leading to Richmond, and where some fighting had occurred, a large mound of fresh earth appeared, with a tall fence of rails inclosing it, and at the head of the mound a board set up on which was written the name of a colonel's horse that had been shot and here buried. The men of the regiment thus had paid tribute to the familiar steed which they had been wont to follow on the march and in battle. This regiment, with many others, was now forcing its way to the bloody field of New Cold Harbor, and the inquiry readily suggested itself within me, how many of these brave men are destined to fail of such considerate and honorable sepulture, but will rest in nameless graves.

That evening as our march was pursued, we came in sight of the home of Colonel Shelton, where two years before, when ill, I had received generous shelter at his hands, and the most gentle and kindly nursing by his wife and daughters. Apprehending that the house would fall between the contending lines of the two armies, I went with our colonel's hearty consent with the regimental ambulance to take the family to a place of safety within our lines. I found the household in consternation and grief. The suspense and tears of the mother and daughters were piteous to behold, and wrung my heart. Misses Fannie and Emma and Mrs. Shelton were unwilling to leave their home but urged that Colonel Shelton should go. Preparations were promptly made for his departure, and having kissed his wife and daughters a sad good-bye, he entered the ambulance and was driven off. I followed the ambulance, leaving these dear women and their servant girl to a defenseless home and a gathering night of horrors.

We were not out of sight before the advance guard of Hancock's Corps reached the place and began to throw up rifle pits in the yard and garden which were occupied by Brooke's Brigade, the batteries of which opened fire on ours stationed beyond Swift Run. Of an incident which occurred at this time adding to the distress of Mrs. Shelton and her daughters, I borrow

General Hancock's account:

"A most singular incident occurred here to-day. We had several guns in position behind a rifle pit which ran through the yard of the Shelton house. These guns were firing rapidly at some batteries of the enemy placed on the other side of Swift Run. In the Shelton house were several ladies who had refused to leave, notwithstanding the danger; they had taken refuge in the cellar and had with them a negress who when the fire was hottest became delirious from fright, and, picking up a shoveful of live coals from the hearth rushed out into the yard and threw the coals into one of the gun limbers, exploding the ammunition it contained, killing two men, I believe, and burning the eyes out of one or two others. The negress, who was unhurt, ran into the house as if the devil was after her, and nearly scared to death by what she had done. Colonel Brooke, Fifty-Third Pennsylvania Volunteers, witnessed this affair with many other officers. I myself arrived on the ground just as the men whose eyes had been burned out were taken off the field. It was not supposed that the negress had any intention of doing such mischief. She was so crazy that none believed she knew what she had done."

CHAPTER XXVI

BATTLE OF NANCE'S SHOP JUNE 24, 1864

REPORTS of the Battle of Nance's Shop, or Samaria Church, on June 24, 1864, are sadly lacking on the Confederate side. This engagement should be distinguished from another bloody cavalry combat bearing the name of Hawe's shop and fought on May 28th of the above year.

The field of the battle of June 24th is in Charles City County, about two and one-half miles from the Chickahominy River, and on, or near, an imaginary line drawn from the White House on the Pamunkey to Harrison's Landing on James River. It is twenty miles or more from Richmond.

General Sheridan having retreated from the Trevilian battle of June 12th in Louisa, checked by Hampton in his endeavor to reach Gordonsville and Charlottesville, and from a junction with General Hunter in his raid on Lynchburg had conducted his corps down on the north side of the North Anna towards the White House, which place he reached on June 21st.

His arrival was opportune enough, since many supplies for the army were there ready to be shipped in wagons across the Peninsula to James River, while at the same time, Chambliss's Brigade of cavalry was near by, ready to attack the train should it move. Among these supplies were 795,000 pounds of grain and 371,000 pounds of hay, besides the cargo of an unloaded vessel, so Rufus Ingalls, the chief quartermaster, reported.

Two divisions of the Federal cavalry having advanced against Chambliss's Brigade on the 22nd, they fell back to the vicinity of Nance's Shop, where they were joined by Hampton's men returning from the Trevilian raid.

Under the escort of three divisions of cavalry, the long wagon train was moved out across the Chickahominy on its way across Charles City County to James River. The number of wagons was over nine hundred.

To assist in protecting the train, the division of cavalry commanded by Brigadier-General D. M. Gregg was sent in the direction of Samaria Church to resist any approach of the Con-

federates from that quarter. These regiments, numbering eleven, with three batteries, were placed in a strong position, which they at once proceeded to fortify with breastworks of logs, rails, and felled trees.

General Hampton had now arrived in person and, anticipating the Federal movement towards James River, placed his troops so as to cover the roads leading in that direction. No sooner was he advised of Gregg's arrival at St. Samaria's Church than he determined to attack him, and made his disposition accordingly.

General Lomax was left with his brigade to guard the road next to the river, and Wickham's Brigade was advanced so as to be ready to join in the attack. General Gary, with two regiments, was sent around so as to threaten the enemy on the flank. Chambliss's Brigade was assigned a position so as to take part in the attack in front, or if needed, to co-operate in the flank movement of Gary. Major-General Fitz Lee commanded the line in front. While these plans of battle were in what seemed a slow process of execution, the morning hours wore away, and the June sun flared down with sweltering heat on the exposed men.

It was perhaps two o'clock before the line of dismounted men, awaiting the sound of Gary's guns, received the order to move forward. Only the videttes and men in the skirmish line had as yet seen a blue coat, owing to the woods of pine that restricted the view. Scarcely had the Confederate line began to advance before the fire of the skirmishers in the woods before them became more and more rapid. Presently, the main body had reached the skirmish line, and only sixty or seventy paces in front of them stretched away on either side the formidable line of breastworks, which were partly concealed and partly revealed by the smoke and fire of carbines.

A rapid and concerted rush was made for these works by the Confederates, many of whom fell within a few feet of them, and some on them, so bravely and resolutely were the men under Gregg determined to hold their ground. When at a few points men in the attacking line began to leap over the piled logs, and the Federals were forced to beat a hasty retreat, receiving volleys as they ran. Their forms were almost immediately hidden in the dense pine thicket that rose conveniently near.

Having gained the works, the Southern line made no delay,

but pursued the fleeing enemy. Beyond the thicket, the trees were larger and woods more open, permitting the view of the enemy's line to the left, just beginning to retreat, and having to pass along the front of one or more Confederate regiments in order to escape. These unfortunate Federals maintained good order in their double-quick movement, despite the fact that numbers of them fell in the road as they ran.

One of them, pursuing a path beside the road, fell specially under the eye of the present writer, who, seeing him fall, supposed at the moment he had stumbled and fallen. On reaching the body, however, it was found to be shot through with a bullet. From it, a fine pistol was taken and a few letters, which proved to be tender missives from his New England lady love.

The men who were posted behind the breastworks being now in general retreat, the Southern line was pushed forward in eager pursuit. It had not advanced far, however, before an open field was reached, at the farther side of which, behind a barricade and trees, a second Federal line appeared, and this met the Confederates with such a furious fusilade as made it necessary to pause and reform their line. Here the Confederate fire became so rapid that their ammunition was soon exhausted. Some of Hampton's regiments were advancing under more favorable conditions, having the shelter of woods. Their advance soon caused the men under Gregg to withdraw from their barricade and remount in order to escape.

When Hampton's line advanced into the woods thus vacated they could see from its farther edge not a little hurrying and confusion in the Federal ranks. Ambulances were in motion, and litters carried by four men each were noticeable bearing away the dead and wounded. A few sharpshooters were still in line, giving occasional shots, and shells continued to be thrown to check pursuit, but the order to retreat had been given, and the move had begun. Never, perhaps, had the Confederate cavalry a more inviting or promising occasion for a bold and rapid dash.

After this several movements on foot had been made, however, a considerable distance intervened between most of the men and their led horses, and such was the overpowering heat of the day and the unappeased thirst of the men that many were placed *hors de combat.* The only troops in readiness for the pursuit were the Phillips' and Jeff Davis Legions, Robin's Bat-

talion, and the Twelfth Virginia Cavalry. These gave chase to the retreating columns, which they followed to within two and one-half miles of Charles City Courthouse, and halted some time after darkness had obscured the road. Colonel Thomas B. Massie, of the Twelfth Regiment, was wounded in this pursuit. One hundred and seventy-nine prisoners were taken in the engagement by the Confederates, including one colonel and twelve other commissioned officers. The aggregate of casualties on the Federal side was three hundred and thirty-nine, and on the Confederate probably not less, though the reports of these have not been preserved.

General Gregg, in reporting this engagement, says: "The force of the enemy was largely superior to ours," and that his retreat was "without confusion or disorder." General Sheridan in his report, with greater candor, states that General Gregg, "after a subborn fight, which lasted until after dark, was forced to retire in some confusion."

This hard-fought engagement and pursuit of the Federals created no little uneasiness within their lines. Early that night General Grant telegraphed General Butler: "Sheridan has been attacked this evening, and with great difficulty and heavy loss of men has saved his train so far. He expects another attack at daylight, and would be much assisted if some infantry could reach him in time."

Butler, in reply, asked: "Will General Grant please tell me exactly where Sheridan is?" And the answer came back: "Charles City Court House is place where our troops are, and the enemy is confronting them." General Butler immediately on getting this reply, directed General Brooks as follows: "March at once two regiments which will number 1,000 men to the hospital wharf in the utmost haste. . . . Take the nearest men." About two hours later, General Brooks responded: "Orders gone out. It will take three regiments"; and at 5.15 A. M., June 25th, he wired: "Three regiments have started for Point of Rocks." Soon afterwards, that same day, Butler's assistant adjutant-general wired General Brooks: "Sheridan is safe behind the intrenchments at Douthat's Landing."

Both General Hampton and one of the Federal commanders bore witness to the efficiency of General Gary's regiments with their Enfield rifles, on this field. Of Chambliss and his men,

Hampton wrote: "Brigadier-General Chambliss with his brigade rendered most efficient service, contributing largely to the success at Samaria Church."

It deserves to be noted that in the reports of this battle contained in the compilation of official Records by the Government, the church near which the fighting occurred is called "St. Mary's" erroneously by the Federal officers, and in the Confederate reports the editors have substituted this name for the proper one—Samaria.

CHAPTER XXVII

BATTLE AT WHITE'S TAVERN IN CHARLES CITY COUNTY

THE James River, not far below Curl's Neck, makes a bend towards the north, encircling in part Jones's Neck, at the upper end of which is Deep Bottom, in Charles City County, which, however quiet and peaceful ordinarily, was on August 13, 1864, the scene of no little stir and commotion. The engineer brigade of Grant's army was active there preparing a bridge with thirty-six pontoon boats. At the same time, transports were approaching heavily laden with troops of Hancock's famous corps. The disembarkment took place early on the following morning, when it was proposed they should effect a junction with other troops already operating on the north side of the river.

The object contemplated by this junction of forces at Deep Bottom was to make a sudden and formidable assault on the defences of Richmond. In concert with this movement, and the more certainly to insure its success by a powerful diversion, General Warren had begun a march with his corps to destroy, or hold, the railroad below Petersburg.

From the vicinity of Deep Bottom, three roads lead towards Richmond, the one nearest the river known as the New Market Road, the middle one as the Darbytown Road, and the other as the Charles City Road. Over these several roads it was Hancock's plan to advance, and his orders were issued to his several commands to set out on the march at five A. M. on August 16th. As the infantry proceeded on the two roads nearest the river, they encountered General C. W. Field's division, and were repulsed with heavy loss.

In the movement along the Charles City Road, a part of Birney's Infantry Division and the veteran cavalry division commanded by Brigadier-General D. McD. Gregg, were opposed by General W. H. F. Lee's division and Gary's brigade.

General Lee was advised of the Federal advance—had, indeed, been hastened from below Petersburg to resist it—and now, not far from White's Tavern, dismounted a large part of his command, which was placed in line, much of it at least, in a verita-

ble jungle of small bushes and underbrush, and on either side of the road.

Brigadier-General J. R. Chambliss (whose father of the same name was a member of the Confederate Congress at the time, or previously), commanding the Ninth, Tenth and Thirteenth Virginia Cavalry, was preparing to resist with his customary firmness the enemy's advance near the road, and was making the necessary dispositions when, in riding from one side of his line to the other, and while crossing the road, was shot by a volley from dismounted cavalrymen of the Sixteenth Pennsylvania Regiment, who rose suddenly from the cover of the brush, and he fell dead from his saddle and into the enemy's hands. At eight A. M. General Gregg sent a message to Hancock saying: "We are getting along and driving the enemy * * * I have the body of General Chambliss, killed a few minutes ago." Two hours later, he replied: "The enemy are making a spirited advance, but are held by one of my brigades dismounted." In the subsequent desultory firing that occurred, Captain Oliver, of the Ninth Regiment, was instantly killed by a bullet in the head. General Robert E. Lee, in reporting the engagement, said of Chambliss: "The loss sustained by the cavalry in the fall of General Chambliss will be felt throughout the army, in which, by his courage, energy and skill, he has won for himself an honorable name."

General Chambliss, who had on his person when he fell a pocket testament and map of Richmond and its environs, well deserved the high commendation bestowed upon him by General Lee. No braver or more intrepid officer yielded up his life in defence of Richmond in the days of her peril. He was trained at West Point and possessed the spirit and bearing of a true soldier. He was small of stature, but finely proportioned, lithe, active and graceful. His face was handsome, his eyes were piercing and beamed with intelligence, and his thick and evenly clipped beard added to his manly appearance. Having distinguished himself at the head of an infantry regiment (Forty-first Virginia), in the battle of Seven Pines, he later was appointed to the colonelcy of the Thirteenth Virginia Cavalry, and began at once to develop and make marked the fighting qualities of that regiment.

When W. H. F. Lee was made a major-general and the place

of the commander of his brigade made vacant, though there were in it officers holding the same rank with Colonel Chambliss and older commissions, and who had seen far more cavalry service, he was elevated over them as brigade commander, and so was permitted to place a wreath around the three stars of his collar which his bravery had already wreathed with honor. He rose steadily in the confidence and admiration of the brigade till the hour of his melancholy fall.

Of the circumstances of his death and recovery of his body, I am permitted to record the recollections of my friend and comrade, Hon. Theo. S. Garnett, at present commander of the Department of the Army of Northern Virginia Confederate Veterans, who at the time of these events, was serving on the staff of General W. H. F. Lee, and was an observer of what he describes. He says in reply to my inquiry:

"On the second Sunday in August, 1864, I think, the division of General W. H. F. Lee, on whose staff I was then serving, marched from a point below Petersburgh to the north side of James River, camping that night over on the Charles City Road. One regiment of Chambliss's Brigade was on picket that night at the White Oak Swamp, and early next morning was attacked by Gregg's Division of Cavalry and driven back. The rest of the brigade was hurried to its support, together with a part of Barringer's North Carolina Brigade, and the fight was joined. In a few minutes after reaching our line, I was informed that General Chambliss had been shot from his saddle, and his horse was at that moment being led to the rear. I was told by some one on the spot that General Chambliss had been directing the fight as his men fell back from the swamp, riding back and forth across the main road, the enemy pushing forward on one side and then on the other. The general, after visiting his line on one side of the road, which there ran through a thick body of woods and undergrowth,was returning to the other side expecting to find his line in the same position it had occupied only a few minutes before, but was surprised to find himself in the immediate presence of a line of the enemy, some of whom demanded his surrender. I have heard that Chambliss frequently had said that he never would, under any circumstances, be taken prisoner. Acting on this determination, he was in the act of wheeling his horse to ride away when the enemy shot him down. From

the examination which I made of his body two days later when it was delivered to me on flag of truce, I am sure that quite a volley must have been fired at him, as there were several wounds through the breast.

"The enemy gained no further ground, but were driven back across White Oak Swamp, taking with them General Chambliss's body.

"A few minutes after the general was killed, I was ordered by General W. H. F. Lee to take two men and go on a scout over to White Oak Road and ascertain whether the enemy were attempting to flank us. I selected the two men from my old company (Ninth Virginia Cavalry), one of them being my old schoolmate, T. Monroe Jones, and made the trip, fortunately ascertaining and reporting that no enemy was making such a movement.

"Two days after this fight I was sent across the White Oak Swamp, on the Charles City Road, to recover General Chambliss's body by flag of truce. The flag was carried by one McClanahan, from the Lancaster troop, I think, one of General Lee's efficient couriers. Just across the swamp lay Gregg's Division, and I rode up until they warned me to stop. They proved to be the Tenth New York Cavalry, one of whose horses I was then and there riding, having captured him in the previous fight. And I am pleased to say that they recognized him.

"One of General Gregg's staff met me and received General Lee's note, and brought back an answer from General Gregg, stating that the body of General Chambliss had been buried, but would be promptly exhumed and be delivered at a point on the infantry lines near Fuzzel's Mill, on the Darbytown Road, where a flag of truce was at that moment pending. Taking with me Walter B. Chambliss, the brother and aide-de-camp of the general, we rode over three miles and struck the infantry line of battle exactly at the point where the flag was then pending, and we had hardly dismounted at the breastworks before I noticed a squad of our men bringing a rough plank box towards the line of our works. I asked if they knew whose body they were carrying, to which they replied, 'No, but some one had said the box contained some general or other.' I then told Walter that we must have the box opened at once, and this being done, we both identified the remains as the body of that gallant gentle-

man and soldier, John R. Chambliss. Swollen and disfigured as it was by his wounds and recent interment, we recognized him by his full beard and uniform, and lying on his breast was an envelope in which General Gregg (his classmate at West Point) had sent back to his family a pair of gold sleeve-buttons and his West Point class ring.

"Saddened beyond measure, I turned over the rude coffin to Walter, and placing it in an ambulance, he set out for Richmond, leaving me to make my lonely way to our bivouac, on the Charles City Road, through the dark night.

"There were no other persons connected with this service."

I did not share in the early part of the engagement in which General Chambliss fell, but, on joining my company later in the day, learned the particulars of it from the men who had borne the brunt of it, which I gave in a letter written a few days later. I was present when an advance was made by Lee's Division in the afternoon, and learned how the Federal cavalry, before a part of our line in a hurried retreat, left forty or more of their horses mired in a swamp just below where the road crosses it.

The letter referred to, makes mention also of General A. P. Hill's battle on the Weldon Road, in which, after a hurried march, we participated. In this affair, the Federals lost 4,279 men, and a brigadier-general (Joseph Hayes) was captured. After this severe engagement, it was my melancholy privilege to see numbers of our brave men, who had fallen, carted, like so many hogs dressed for market, in a state of nudity, for burial in their rude and shallow graves.

In this battle, fought by Hill, I saw for the first time Brigadier-General James Dearing, a young artillerist, who now had command of a brigade of cavalry, and his handsome appearance and fine military bearing impressed me greatly. From a group of Yankee horsemen, who had been scattered by his charge and were hiding in a swampy thicket, I secured a finely mounted officer's sabre, which did me good service till the war ended. The weapon belonged to a field officer of the Twenty-fourth New York Cavalry.

The letter mentioned above was begun on the 20th of August, interrupted by a call to arms, and was completed on the twenty-third of the month. It read as follows:

"Below Petersburg, Va.,
"August 20, 1864.

"My Dear M.,—The sullen and significant boom of cannon greeted my ears many miles and hours before reaching my regiment after parting with you, and when I came up with them they were in the midst of battle, and hotly engaged. I was not surprised to find them faint, heated, and almost exhausted, under the labors of a severe engagement of a whole day's length, and mourning the loss of many comrades, whose forms, stiffening in death, had not yet been committed to their last resting places beneath the sod. This was on Tuesday, the sixteenth day of August.

"Our brigadier-general, John R. Chambliss, was killed early in the morning, and his body fell into the hands of the enemy, under circumstances which the papers will explain before this reaches you. Lieutenant J. T. Stewart was shot through the leg, the bone fractured, as soon as the first volley from the enemy was received. Whilst he was being borne from the field, two more bullets, one in the body and the other in the remaining leg, took effect and completed the work of death, well-nigh caused by the first missile that struck him. Poor Stewart lived an hour longer, and was painfully conscious that his end was at hand. His suffering cannot be depicted. With both legs horribly shattered, and with a most painful wound in his body, he was borne by four men, under a heavy fire and closely pressed by the enemy, for more than a mile, over ground obstructed by fallen timber, underbrush, and briers, and this, too, upon no stretcher, his chief support being the sabre belt that encircled his waist. Thus, bleeding, scratched, maimed, and gasping, he was at length placed in an ambulance to speedily undergo the final struggle with the great monster. His mind was troubled, but, amid the crowding thoughts that rushed upon him, while feeling that his life's current was ebbing fast away and his vital breath almost gone, he tenderly remembered his absent wife, and asked a soldier near him to say to his officers that he hoped they would not permit his family to suffer.

"The spirit of the brave soldier animated him to the last, and shortly after saying that he hoped we would drive the Yankees, he yielded to the fell destroyer, and his face, which I had so often seen glow with the enthusiasm of the charge and the bat-

tle, assumed the ashen paleness of death. As other human beings, he had his faults; but I shall long remember him as possessed of many noble traits. He was buried in Oakwood Cemetery, in Richmond.

"In the same battle Gordon F. Bowie was wounded painfully in the left breast and Bob Sanford in the ankle. These wounds are not believed to be serious, and I trust may not prove so, but slight wounds of late so often assume a dangerous character that I know not how to believe any casualty to be slight.

"We reached here this morning, having left the north side yesterday about daybreak. A heavy battle was fought by General A. P. Hill near here yesterday. Heth and Mahone were also engaged. They failed to drive the enemy from their position on the railroad, but drove them from two lines of works, capturing three thousand prisoners. The enemy drove our men back about night, catching some of them. Waller's Brigade was engaged. The Forty-seventh Regiment lost Lieutenant-Colonel John Lyell for a time, his arm having been amputated, and Major Lawson, of the Fifty-Fifth was killed. Captain Davis was commanding the Fortieth. No officers in that regiment were killed so far as I have learned. Lieutenant Chandler was in the enemy's hands a while, but escaped.

"August 23rd—My letter was abruptly cut short at the close of the last sentence by the bugle call to mount. All day yesterday we lay in our fortifications, while the bullets flew constantly over our heads. This was not so bad as we anticipated in the morning, for we accompanied a long line of infantry, which we knew was moving around to attack the enemy upon his extreme flank on the Weldon railroad. We knew the Yankees were strong in numbers and positions, and we were aware, also, that it was of great importance to us that they should be dislodged. Accordingly, we reasonably concluded that a bloody day's work was before us.

"Our infantry made the attack, as we expected, and their loss was very heavy. As the Yankees were found to be in much greater force than had been supposed, no assault was made upon their second line of works. Their first line was carried, and some prisoners were taken; report says about three thousand, but I can't vouch for it. Harris's Brigade lost two hundred and fifty men, the other brigades not so heavily; but our list of cas-

ualties on the whole is a sad one. I don't think a man was hurt in our regiment.

"Since I rejoined the regiment our duties have been onerous and trying. Scarcely a night, I believe—no, not one—has been enjoyed in uninterrupted sleep. Our horses have gone whole days without food or water. And now, at the time when we sincerely hoped it might be quiet, the prospect is good that our labors will be increased. Hard fighting appears to me to be imminent, as the Yankees are far from being discouraged by their lack of success into an abandonment of their operations against Richmond, but seem only fairly to have commenced the consummation of their designs.

"Cheering news reached us yesterday from the Valley, which I believe, is correct, that the Yankees were compelled to retire before Early. If the latter general proves more than a match for them in that quarter, it must have the effect of still further reducing their strength here. The fall is approaching, and a few more weeks must decide this momentous campaign.

. . . You will have heard probably before this reaches you of the death of Sergeant Stephen Hardwick in a hospital in Richmond from a wound received at Nance's Shop. Poor Bushrod Brown, wounded in the same battle, must, I fear, soon follow his comrade.

"May God continue to bless you is my prayer. W."

CHAPTER XXVIII

WILSON'S RAID

IN the latter part of June 1864, after the Army of the Potomac had crossed James River and gone into position before Petersburg, two powerful cavalry movements were proposed by General Grant, which, if successful, gave the promise of the downfall of Richmond nine or ten months earlier than it occurred. One of these was the expedition led by General Sheridan for the purpose of destroying the railroad connection between Richmond and Charlottesville, and the latter place and Lynchburg, and forming a union at that city with General Hunter. This raid was successfully intercepted and defeated by General Wade Hampton in a bloody engagement near Trevillian Station. The other movement was that which Brigadier-General James H. Wilson was directed to make around the southern wing of Lee's army, past Reams station, on the Weldon Road, and thence to the Southside Road, and on to Burkeville, and from that point down the Danville road to that city, destroying the tracks and bridges, culverts, and depots, and such military stores as might fall in his way.

This latter expedition, known as "Wilson's Raid," had at its head a young and daring officer to whose command of eleven regiments were added four others under Brigadier-General August Kautz. A circumstance which greatly encouraged and gave promise to the undertaking was the absence on the north side of the James of nearly the whole of Hampton's cavalry, which was occupied with Sheridan.

Wilson set out on this raid at two A. M. on June 22nd, doubtless followed by the profound interest and good wishes of President Lincoln, who was that day a visitor at the headquarters of General Grant. On the day that Kautz reached Burkeville, and Wilson was occupied on the Southside Road with "rail-twisters" and other implements of destruction, Hampton was fighting his victorious battle with Gregg at Nance's shop, near the Pamunkey River, and General W. H. F. Lee with a small part of his command only was available to follow and har-

ass the raiders. This he did, however, in a way greatly to prevent the extent and thoroughness of the injury to the railroads.

On the 27th of June, five days after this expedition began, a message to General Grant from Wilson said: "At four P. M., 23rd, Kautz reached Burkeville, burned depot and track, and pushed on towards Meherrin station, tearing up the track effectually. In the afternoon near the Nottoway River . . . the Third Division met a division of rebel cavalry, W. H. F. Lee's and, after a sharp fight of several hours defeated them. . . . We could not get the Roanoke bridge, although a severe loss was experienced in the attempt."

This bridge was defended by Lieutenant B. I. Farinholt with a small infantry force behind several well-placed earthen redoubts, and from the engagement here, Wilson began his retreat through the Counties of Charlotte, Lunenburg, and Dinwiddie, spreading consternation and horror along his route. It is most probable the rations for both men and horses were by this time exhausted, and it was found necessary that subsistence for both should be drawn from the country through which they passed. The depredations committed on this retreat were in no sense confined, however, to what was necessary for subsistence, but private homes and churches along the lines of march were looted with ferocious greed, and jewelry, silverware, books, women's apparel, family pictures, parlor ornaments, communion plates, goblets, altar cloths and hymnals were appropriated by the cavalrymen and hid upon their persons.

While these transactions under Wilson and Kautz were in progress, Hampton closed his pursuit of Gregg after his defeat at Nance's shop, in Charles City County, and hastened with his regiments to the vicinity of Reams Station, at the extremity of General Lee's lines, so as to be in position to intercept Wilson in his attempt to get back.

My regiment reached Stony Creek Station, on the Weldon Road, about midday on June 29th, and, after a brief halt, were ordered out on the road leading to Sappony Church, near which Wilson's advance dismounted in a line reaching across a field and orchard, were engaged by the Tenth and Thirteenth Regiments on foot. A charge in the saddle was made by Captain Ball's squadron of our regiments, and Companies C and K, with the first of which I was connected, were sent to the right a mile

or so to barricade and guard a private road. Shortly after we moved off on this duty, the Holcombe Legion arrived, and took position in the line near the church, which we had left. Our party, after collecting rails, logs, and brush, blocked the road to which we had been sent, so as to prevent horses from passing over it, and laid down on our arms to dispute the enemy's passage, should any appear in the night. The night was a well-nigh sleepless one, the continuous firing on the line near us keeping us awake, and causing a constant apprehension that our own position would be assailed.

Towards morning, the fusilade on our line began to slacken, and at daylight had ceased, indicating that Wilson had failed to force a passage at this point, and had withdrawn in quest of some other way of escape. The companies with which I was serving were ordered to rejoin the regiment near the church; and during a brief wait there, I had opportunity to inspect the bullet marks on the building, and how, in the damage inflicted, the pulpit and Bible had not escaped. I also saw in a near-by orchard a number of fresh graves of Wilson's men, who had fallen the evening before.

The sound of guns to our left as we moved back towards Reams Station that morning led us to believe that other Confederate troops had been encountered by Wilson's command, which proved to be true, General Fitz Lee, with his division, and General Mahone, with three brigades of infantry, having struck them on other roads and put them into confusion and rout, capturing all their artillery, wagons, and ambulances.

Early in the afternoon, as we marched on the road leading over Stony Creek, and shortly after passing a bridge on it, our column was halted, and some excitement seemed to prevail in the regiments in front, as if the fugitive enemy had been met. We were looking ahead eagerly to see if this were true, when, suddenly, we heard the tramp of horses' feet and the rattling of sabres approaching us by a road leading into ours through a fine forest. In a moment, at Hampton's command, one of our guns, which chanced to be at the intersection of these roads, was unlimbered, but was not used, the Yankee line responding promptly to the call to surrender.

It now became known to us that while we had been waiting at this point, Kautz's column had approached our line of march

behind us, in the interval between our regiment and the one next to us, and had rapidly dashed through. The squadron to which I was attached, occupying a favorable position to give them chase, was sent forward at a gallop. The dust made by the fleeing column might soon be seen, and, as we dashed towards it groups of contraband negroes, artillerymen on horses without saddles, and cavalrymen on jaded animals, were overtaken and captured. Our men on the fleetest horses outstripped the others, and their pistol shots could be heard as they overtook once and again the rear of the enemy's column.

At one point in this exciting chase, the dust seen to our left showed that the enemy's column had rounded an angle in the road, and that we by cutting across a wide field could cut a large part of it off. A few men followed Lieutenant Lal Washington to accomplish this, and succeeded in halting a column several hundred yards in length, who began immediately to cast down their arms and make ready to surrender, the thick dust as yet preventing them from seeing the fewness of the group to whom they were surrendering. As the dust settled, however, the forms of our few men became visible, and the column in the act of surrendering, changed their mind, and drove our boys off, with a severe wound inflicted on Willie Jett, the same who afterwards figured in the discovery and death of J. Wilkes Booth.

No other troops having fresh horses coming at this juncture to our aid, the parties pursued by us, with General Kautz and Colonel Samuel Spear leading them, made good their escape.

The prisoners who had fallen into our hands with their horses and equipments were more than we could well manage. With a detail of men I undertook to get them together and march them back. An officer among them wore a handsome pair of cavalry boots, which one of our men proposed to have him exchange for his well-worn shoes; but I checked him, insisting that a prisoner's personal belongings must not be taken from him. As this officer marched back on foot, sundry women's lace collars and other articles, which had been taken from a Lunenburg home, fell to the ground from beneath his coat. Seeing this, I called the man who wanted his fine boots, and withdrew all objection to his taking them. Very many of the prisoners, it was found, were concealing on their persons jewelry and other valuable articles taken from private homes which had been robbed.

Wilson, with the larger part of his force, after the encounter with Mahone and Fitz Lee, hastened in disorder and route towards Jarratt's station and the Nottoway River in a wide detour. Kautz's division became separated from Wilson's in a manner thus stated by him: "Our expedition was very successful until this afternoon, when we were surrounded and overpowered, and had to abandon our transportation, wounded and prisoners. I escaped with my division by taking it through the woods and charging across the railroad." Nearly one thousand of Wilson's men followed Kautz in this endeavor to escape "through the woods," and their escape was a narrow one, and with heavy loss, as has been shown.

For several days, Wilson in pursuing the long route chosen for escape was out of communication with the Federal commanders, and in army circles gravest apprehensions were felt for his capture. Grant telegraphed to Washington: "Kautz, with his cavalry and a portion of Wilson's, succeeded in passing the enemy and getting in, but with the loss of his artillery and wagons. Wilson, with most of his command, was cut off and is supposed to have gone back south. Immediately on receipt of news that Wilson was returning, General Meade sent Wright's corps to aid him. Sheridan was also ordered to join him."

Kautz was ordered to accompany Sheridan, but informed General Meade: "My command is in no condition to do anything: the main cause of our rout was the worn-out condition of the men. Men and horses have had nothing to eat for forty-eight hours, and they are exhausted from loss of sleep. If Wilson cannot extricate himself we can do nothing more for him."

The suspense as to Wilson and his men in army circles was relieved on the night of July 1st, when a dispatch was received by Grant from Lieutenant Miles G. Carter, of the prevost guard, saying: "I have the honor to forward inclosed a dispatch from General Wilson. I sent a portion of my guard . . . which met the division along the stage road this side of Cabin Point. General Wilson, having no horses in condition to carry this dispatch, requested me to forward it to general headquarters."

The message inclosed from Wilson stated: "Having sent an officer via Powhatan and City Point to communicate with you, I have delayed in sending in a written report till I could get some sleep."

General Grant took the rough experience of Wilson philosophically, having wired Meade on July 1st, "Will it not be well to send orders for Sheridan to return, now that Wilson is heard from. I regret the disaster, but the work done by Wilson and his cavalry is of great importance. I understand from Kautz's description that it will take the enemy several weeks to repair the damage done the Southside and Danville roads."

The emptying of revolvers into the rear of Kautz's routed column, mentioned above, as we gave them chase, must have been seriously effective, since in many cases our men were almost touching those at whom they fired. On the day following, when these men had gone within the Federal lines, the surgeon-in-chief of Kautz's Division made requisition on General Butler's medical director "for ten ambulances at Cabin Point, Va., for the transportation of the wounded of Kautz's Cavalry Division."

Three days after Wilson's return to within the Federal lines, General Meade sent him the following communication through his assstant adjutant-general: "General, I am directed by the major-general commanding to invite your attention to the editorial article in the Richmond Examiner of the 2nd instant (copy herewith) commenting upon your recent expediton. The commanding general cannot believe that the statements of the article are well founded, but, as the cases of alleged depredations are in several instances cited with particularity, he deems it due to you as the commander of the expedition that you should be made acquainted with the serious charges against its management, set forth in the article in question, and be allowed an opportunity of denying them; and he also desires your report, so that he may be able to promptly answer any official call that may be made upon him for information touching the allegations, should the matter hereafter be brought to his notice. . . . The commanding general wishes you to have at once a thorough inspection made of your command, with a view of ascertaining whether any of the officers or men have in their possession any plate, watches, etc., taken under the circumstances mentioned in the editorial."

If such an inspection was made, as the honorable and manly instincts of General Meade prompted him to order, and no such private and personal property as is named was found, it simply

shows that the followers of Wilson and Kautz who escaped stood in singular contrast with their comrades whom we captured.

CHAPTER XXIX

THE BATTLE AT REAMS STATION

THE following letter written on the day after the events to which it relates describes the part taken by a portion of Hampton's cavalry in the severe engagement at Reams Station on the 26th of August, 1864.

"Tabernacle Church, Dinwiddie Co., Va.,
"Aug. 27, '64.

"My Dearest Mother:

"I reached this meeting house last night at the hour of twelve from the battle field amidst the severest storm of thunder, rain, and lightning that I have witnessed during my life. The storm was terribly grand, excelling the sublimity (if that be the word to use) of the awful cannonade which had been shaking the earth beneath us for several hours during the preceding afternoon.

"Yesterday morning, our slumber was broken in upon (for the ninth night) by the boot-and-saddle call several hours before day and sleepy and hungry we rose from our damp couches and before breakfast had arrived we had passed our outpost pickets and were dismounted and deployed in close proximity to the enemy.

"We were moving to attack the extreme southern end of Grant's army. A. P. Hill was moving with his infantry against his works three or four miles above us, near Reams Station, and we were making a diversion in that General's favor.

"The shot from the enemy's picket whizzed close by me, and was the signal for our line to spring forward on the charge. Through a swamp, with our steps impeded by briers, miry places, dead timber, thick underbrush and huckleberry bushes, we moved not 'silent as the breeze' nor 'dreadful as the storm,' but still we moved, and by discharging our carbines as fast as we could, soon cleared our front and gained a position far in advance of our line on the right of us. Then we halted for the line to be moved up. From the rapidity of the firing in that quarter, we perceived that the enemy was massed against our right wing, and that we

on the left were now unresisted; accordingly we advanced rapidly until we reached a line beyond that of the enemy, and then swung around from left to right, thus threatening the Yankees' rear just at the moment our right squadrons drove them from their works. As the enemy ran, you may know, we let them have it. Several killed and more wounded fell at this point, and about a company were taken as prisoners; a few horses were captured, and sixteen shooting rifles, with ammunition—more than enough to supply a full platoon.

"After this the Yankee cavalry, much of which could be seen in front of us retired without exposing their persons to 'rebel' bullets. We had a brief chance at about a brigade of them, however, who chose to hide themselves in faster than quick time as soon as we commenced firing.

"When the cavalry cleared away we discovered that we were confronting the enemy's infantry, and soon a long line of these 'horned cattle' were seen moving directly towards us. Up to this time only four squadrons of our regiment had been engaged; now the remainnder of the brigade and another regiment were thrown in. This line, extending entirely across the open fields and into the woods on each side, quickly began to remove fences, logs, etc., and to prepare a line of fortifications for shelter. Against this the Yankees made no serious attack, and for several hours we were kept frowning, perspiring, burning, beneath the powerful rays of an extremely hot sun.

"Finally, about twelve o'clock, the enemy showed signs of advancing, and as it would the better enable our commanders to succeed in their flank movement, it was deemed proper to withdraw our line to another position which had been more securely fortified. We moved back, getting a heavy fire as we did so, and established our second line as the enemy poured into the works which we had vacated. In this position, we enjoyed the breeze of a hill, the cool shade of trees, the refreshing water of a neighboring well, and the contents of a cider cask, found in a house adjacent. As the Yankee shells had ceased to come close and their bullets were less frequent, time with us passed decidedly more agreeably.

"The mid-day hour had been passed by two hours, perhaps, while our generals were spying with their glasses and listening anxiously as though they were looking for developments that

ought to have taken place before, when, suddenly the boom of artillery was heard far back in rear of the Yankees, and the indistinct sound of cheers was borne to us upon the breeze, which having sprung up half an hour before, now greatly cooled the atmosphere.

" 'Forward' was soon shouted to our skirmishers, but before one of them had moved a foot, the entire line of Yankees had become supple at the trot. Our mounted men and artillery went forward at a pace with which we could not compete, and soon the voice of battle waxed loud in our front. Our horses were ordered to be brought up. The signs that hot work was going on in front soon became numerous, as various squads of prisoners came back, and wounded men and troopers carrying their saddles on their backs.

"We kept on—passed our artillery—went into the thick woods, came up with and went by the skirmish line, reached a position where the Yankee bullets were whistling, then halted and advanced another skirmish line. Here we gathered logs, etc., to protect our position, when it was said the Yankees were enfilading us, and we moved back into the thick woods and fortified our position again. From this line, we were soon moved again, but did not go far before we were ordered to lie down without any shelter. During nearly the entire afternoon there had been firing on our right and left and artillery firing in front and rear—Yankees in front, and our guns in rear. These had almost ceased now, except that a rattle of small arms was kept up on the left, and now and then a Yankee gun barked like an angry dog.

"Whilst lying down at rest, we were disturbed once or twice for the purpose of a better alignment, as several additional bodies of men were brought into the line. Finally, we were 'fixed right,' as was said, and we lay down again. The sun was red and shone through the tops of distant trees on our wearied forms prostrate upon the ground, weak and worn from hunger, excitement, and labor. We were stiff, and some were saying 'I cannot hold out to walk far to our horses.' We thought our fighting was over and that we ought to be relieved. Soon we were startled by the instantaneous discharge of many cannons and the clear, ringing cheers of ten thousand throats that rose from the dense woods directly ahead of us, with deafening noise. Amid

the tumultuous noises we could discover the rattle of many muskets, and we imagined the veteran regiments of Mahone, Heth, Hoke, etc., were bearing down on the enemy's rear and forcing them back on us. We became considerably excited, and for the moment, quite forgot our weariness. For an hour, the roar of battle continued with greater or less intensity, and we strove to discover how the conflict was going, now thinking that Southern arms were sweeping the enemy's works clean, and then, as the cheering rose higher and clearer, that our line had recoiled befor the well known strength of the Yankees' position. It was generally believed we were driving them, though, and this belief was soon strengthened by our line being ordered to advance.

"The sun was scarcely a half hour high when our men moved off with orders to 'be slow on the left and fast on the right,' with the added promise, then 'you'll bag them.'

"Never marched men over worse ground than we on this occasion. For fifty yards at times my feet did not touch the ground. We had to walk over felled trees or crouch down to get through them. No man seemed to think of danger. We were all zeal and enthusiasm. No doubt, it was supposed the Yankees were whipped and we had nothing to do but catch them.

"After passing up and down several hills, through much upright and felled timber and one boggy ravine, we began ascending ground that rose gently from the base of the hill, tearing ourselves as best we could through the thick abattis of fallen trees and bushes, till we came in full view of the enemy's earthworks, frowning on the hill-tops, scarcely fifty yards off. For them we made, firing and cheering. I have little recollection whether the Yankees' fire was heavy here or not. Very soon our men were at the works, on them, and in them. The Yankees to our left surrendered down the whole of the line. Those on the right poured volley after volley into our ranks. We were pretty well protected by the cross defenses which they had thrown up against an enfilading fire. We cheered and fired. The Yankees were now flanked, they saw; the Rebels were in their works and they began to falter. * * * Now the right of our line which had been delayed by the difficult nature of the ground on which they moved, opened a hot fire upon the earthworks, and we who in the works leaped up and charged. The enemy surrendered for a hundred yards at a time, many of

them running towards us empty-handed, appealing for mercy. As fast as we could, we rushed on until not an armed foe remained in the works. Many of those who had fled rallying around their artillery in reserve at the edge of some woods, continued to fire. We tore down their captured colors, and cheering around our own, waved them triumphantly.

"I had ventured with a party of our men very near the woods, hoping to take possession of a small earthwork and the Yankees who were cowering in it, fully expecting that our men would push on and take the Yankee artillery, several pieces of which were already deserted. The fire from the woods, however, became so serious that most of our men stopped behind the captured works.

"Colonel Roberts, of the Second North Carolina Cavalry, ordered me, with the men in advance, to fall back to where he was. It was a moment of hesitation, as I feared being shot either by the Yankees or by our own men. I started and reached the rampart in safety, but just as I was in the act of leaping over it, a minnie ball struck me on the right hip and I fell into the ditch, supposing from the shock and pain that I was badly hurt. A soldier helped me up, though, and I hobbled off. The pain soon subsided, and when I stopped in a place out of danger and examined the wound, I found the bullet had struck the copper mountings of my belt and merely bruised me.

"The fight subsided at once, and our men came out, having captured over 1,200 prisoners and secured much plunder. As I came out I met father, whose fine horse, 'Blue Devil,' had been shot in the head. Gouldin, of Company C, is among those killed. A fine fellow he was—in the bloom of youth. Our regiment lost heavily in men, and particularly in the worth of those injured. For these our hearts are pained. We dealt a good blow for our army, and God blessed us with a victory of which we are proud. We are all well. May the Lord keep you from harm is my prayer!

"Affectionately, your son,

"G. W. B."

The battle described in part in the above letter was fought by General Hancock's corps re-enforced with Mott's and Gibbon's divisions, and Gregg's and Kautz's cavalry, on the one side and Cook's and McRae's N. C. brigades, under Gen. Heth, and

Lane's N. C. brigade under Brig. General Conner, Pegram's battery and Hampton's cavalry under that General on the other. The Federal position was in the vicinity of Reams Station, about ten miles south of Petersburg on the railroad leading to Weldon, and was protected on three sides by formidable earthworks breast high, guarded at intervals by transverse works as protection against an enfilading fire. In front of these strongly fortified lines were rifle-pits for the protection of the skirmish line. Where there chanced to be woods near these works, the trees had been felled and dense abattis formed. A glance at the situation was enough to satisfy one that it meant desperate and bloody work to drive Hancock from his position.

Several circumstances were favorable to the Confederates in making their attack. One was that the rise in the ground occupied by a part of Gibbon's division offered a fine opportunity to the southern artillery to play on the men there and drive them from the works. Another was the fact that many of Gibbon's men were bounty jumpers from Europe who had landed in New York only two weeks previously. Another important consideration helpful to the Confederates was a field of growing corn in front of a long line of the Federal troops, under cover of which a part of Hill's men could advance very near the works before being discovered.

When the combined charge of the Southern infantry and cavalry was made late in the afternoon its desperate nature recalled to General Hancock as he states in his report, the terrific scenes which he had witnessed at the "Bloody Angel" in Spottsylvania.

Captain Brown, commanding batteries A and B, Rhode Island Light Artillery, whose guns were defending the works, declared of the Confederate infantry's assault "they came *en masse,* and with as reckless determination as was ever seen. The infantry line gave way on the right. They jumped onto the redoubts, and even pulled the men over them seizing them while standing at their posts."

Another Union artillerist engaged against this assault said: "The rebel sharpshooters, from their position in the corn field had full range of the horses attached to our limbers and rapidly shot them down until not one remained unhurt on either limber, many receiving five or six bullets before they fell."

However glad we were to capture the guns it was one of the

sad and impressive sights of war—that of the eight abandoned cannon and limbers, and near by the dead forms of the horses which had been hitched to them all fallen in their tracks with their harness on them, and lying within a few paces of each other.

After the Confederate infantry on one side and cavalry on the other had stormed the works, much of the Federal force was in rapid and disorganized retreat, and as darkness settled down on the scene the last of them began to retire.

A messenger under flag of truce to General Hampton from General Hancock the following day asked the privilege of sending in a party to bury his dead. Hampton replied that he was having the work done himself and declined the proposal.

The deep ditch or trench beside the breastworks was used for the reception of the dead bodies, and these having been laid in it were covered with earth, thus offering a melancholy illustration of how often brave men in making works for their protection literally dig their own graves.

CHAPTER XXX

CAVALRY BATTLE ON THE BOYDTON PLANK ROAD, OCTOBER 27, 1864

THE hot cavalry engagement referred to in the accompanying extracts from letters written from the army, less than two days after its occurrence, was conducted by Major-General Wade Hampton on one side and Major-General D. McD. Gregg on the other, and took place on the Boydton Plank Road, in Dinwiddie County, October 27, 1864.

The statement in the letter signed "Dick" that "the enemy had penetrated our cavalry line before we knew it," is explained by the capture of Major Venable, of General Hampton's staff, who bore at the time, an important message. Of this General Hampton wrote: "I had previously ordered Dearing to bring his brigade from the trenches on the north side of Hatcher's Run, and to take position on the Plank Road. General Hill thought Dearing could not be withdrawn from the position he held, and notice of this was sent to me by Major Venable of my staff, who had borne the orders to Dearing from me. He was captured on his return, and thus I was left in ignorance that a very important position was open. The enemy advanced in the very direction that was unguarded, and the first intimation I had of this fact, was his presence on the Plank Road in my rear."

In the disposition which Hampton made to meet the dangers which now confronted him, it was arraigned that W. H. F. Lee, with his division, should make an attack on the Plank Road, while Hampton's other troops co-operated in another quarter. "While Butler," Hampton wrote, "was attacking on the White Oak Road. Lee struck the enemy on the Plank Road, and drove him handsomely."

Of the attack by Lee, General Gregg reported: "The regiment on the left had just about struck the enemy's skirmishers, when heavy firing was heard in the rear on the Plank Road. Repairing to this point, I found the enemy's cavalry dismounted attacking strongly, aided by the fire of four rifled guns. * * * The attack of the enemy was very determined, and made in large

force. * * * At 10.30 P. M., the division began moving by the road upon which it had advanced in the morning."

Of this nocturnal retreat, Hampton informed General Lee: "We had driven him on all the roads, and he was massed in the field around the houses of Bond and Burgess. The night having grown very dark and a heavy rain coming on, I was forced to pause in my attack. * * * In the morning, the enemy was found to have retired from the field, leaving his dead and many wounded in my hands.

"The enemy left in his retreat several caissons, three ambulances, binders, many small arms and accoutrements. We captured two hundred and thirty-nine prisoners, besides the wounded, of which there was a large number. My command behaved well, and I have again to express my pride in their good conduct."

It is to be regretted that the report of this affair by General W. H. F. Lee has not been preserved, though referred to by General Hampton. Of the cavalry in this action General R. E. Lee wrote: "In a letter to General Hill to-day, I expressed my gratification at the conduct of the troops in general, and of the cavalry in particular."

Now follow the letters before mentioned, one from my brother Dick, the other from my own hand:

"Camp Near Dinwiddie Courthouse,
October 11, 1864.

"Dearest M.—Thankful I am again to be permitted to write to you to inform you that we have again been spared, and are still enjoying our usual good health. Since last writing to you we have been engaged in another fearful battle, and as usual, our company has been a heavy sufferer.

"A few days ago, the enemy advanced along their whole line, and had penetrated our cavalry line before we knew it. We quickly saddled up however, and moved around on the Plank Road to meet him. About four P. M., on Thursday, we were dismounted and thrown on either side of that road, and ordered to advance on the enemy. This we did, and soon met his advance. From that time, until nine o'clock at night, the battle raged fiercely, and although we drove the enemy from every position, we lost heavily.

"Our company lost two of its noblest members—Bush Beale

and John Brown. A minnie ball struck poor Bush in the left ear and lodged in the brain. He died instantly without a groan.

"John Brown was shot through the head, and never spoke. Our wounded are Lieutenant Lal Washington, (badly), W. M. Walker (dangerously), Fred Wheelwright (badly), Ed Porter (slightly), Eugene Battle (slightly).

"After the fight I brought poor Bush off the field, dressed him and buried him. He was one of my best friends, and no one's death among our men has caused me so much sorrow. He died as he lived, nobly doing his duty.

"Brother W. was not in the fight, on account of a painful sore on his leg. Claybrook and I went through the whole affair, he receiving a bullet through his breeches' leg, and I one through my haversack. Father commanded the brigade, and the officers say handled it nobly.

"Heartily,

"DICK."

In the other letter of similar date to that of the one above, mention is made of the soldiers particularly named as skilled, as also of others either wounded or killed as follows: "Bushrod Beale was killed instantly. You know how I admired, how I loved him. No truer or more gallant soldier fills a hero's grave. He is gone—his mirth and spirit and life are gone, and I shall look in vain for his coming; look in vain to hear his merry laugh, and catch the glance of his warm, bright eye; his memory is all that remains, but it is cherished fondly. Another noble soldier, pierced in the temple, is gone, leaving a void in our company to be wept over by every one that cherishes genuine worth and appreciates and admires the qualities that ennoble the soldier—I mean John N. Brown. Three lieutenants are wounded in the Ninth Regiment, among them Lieutenant Washington, who is in danger of losing an arm, twenty fragments of bone having been already extracted. Willie Walker was very badly wounded, the ball having passed through both legs. As he was not well of a wound received nearly three years ago, I am fearful as to his recovery. Our flag bearer was shot twice. The last time the ball passed through his head, killing him instantly. Two men were wounded in the Richmond County Cavalry, and one killed Captain J. Van Holt Nash and Captain Bolling, of our brigade staff, were both wounded, the latter fatally."

The two staff officers mentioned in these letters—Nash and Bolling—were gallant men, courteous and polite in their manner, and chivalrous and dashing in battle. Bolling was from Maryland, and a worthy associate of the many devoted and dauntless men from that state who came to do service under our flag.

The flag-bearer of our regiment, Elijah Williams, of the Lancaster troop, had on a previous occasion met with a desperate wound in which the bullet having struck a brass button on his coat, drove the button through his body. From this wound he fully recovered, but on this bloody field he was stricken down, and ended his life which had been no less marked by piety and prayer than by devotion to duty and daring in battle.

CHAPTER XXXI

GENERAL WADE HAMPTON AND HIS FINE MANAGEMENT OF A RAID AFTER CATTLE IN SEPTEMBER, 1864

MY first knowledge of Wade Hampton was gained through a copy of Frank Forester's "Field Sports of North America," the dedicatory line of which was somewhat as follows: "To Colonel Wade Hampton, of 'The Cedars,' South Carolina, the greatest sportsman in all the land," I had learned of his passionate fondness for the chase, of his equestrian skill, and of his dextrous art in drawing the shy trout from the mountain brook, before the pleasure had come to me of seeing him. I had learned, too, of the free and patriotic use which he had made of his private means in equipping for service the Hampton Legion, which he led into the field in 1861.

When, at length, I saw him, he was attired in the uniform of a Confederate colonel of cavalry, and was mounted on a finely-bred horse of noble carriage and action. He was in the early prime of healthful and vigorous manhood. His figure was tall and splendidly proportioned. His forehead was broad and high, his hair black, and his beard moderately long and thick, with a heavy mustache curling gracefully about the corners of his lips. His form and bearing on horseback were commanding and graceful, and his easy management of his steed showed him a superb master of the situation. Taken altogether he was a military figure to arrest attention and command admiration.

In the grand review of the cavalry of the Army of Northern Virginia on the eighth of June, 1863, held at Brandy Station, in Culpeper, Generals, R. E. Lee, Stuart, Hampton, Fitz Lee and other generals, galloped down in front of the long ranks of horsemen in gray, receiving the salute of the thousands of up-raised sabres. The magnificent bearing of those trained horsemen, as their plumes rose and fell in the gallop, was a sight never to be forgotten by the men who witnessed it. Hampton appeared to splendid advantage, and to hundreds of young and admiring soldiers he seemed the beau ideal of Southern grace and chivalry. Later in the day, his artillery was unlimbered on an eminence as

if in readiness for action, and soon he might be seen leading his regiments in a sham charge against the thundering guns. Horsemen must have been timid and laggard indeed not to have felt the stimulus and inspiration of his dash and gestures as he galloped forward into the smoke of the guns.

But a few weeks later I saw him leading his division into action at Gettysburg. It was on the afternoon of the third and decisive day of that sanguinary struggle. The divisions of Fitz Lee and William H. F. Lee had been desperately engaged in charges and hand-to-hand combat, and the latter, much broken and disorganized, were falling back, hotly pressed by fresh and exultant regiments in blue. A large barn was a conspicuous mark in the line occupied by our dismounted regiments, and the Federals had reached this point, threatening to capture the whole body of dismounted men, when Hampton came into view at the head of his column. For a time as he dashed toward the barn, he held the colors in his right hand, and his men responded to his intrepid action with a mighty yell. Just as he closed in on the foe, he passed the flag back to its bearer at his side, and his bloody work began. A few minutes later he was brought back bleeding in limb and face, with an ugly gash across his brow. But he had saved the day on that part of the field.

General Hampton was a soldier of consummate daring and prowess, and yet as cautious and prudent as he was brave. He looked unceasingly and well to the care of his men and horses, but expected them to answer to his own stern and unsparing sense of duty when the hour came to fight. The battles of Trevillians, of Nance's Shop, and of Reams Station all stamp him as a stubborn and desperate fighter. No more formidable breastworks were successfully assaulted in Virginia probably than those over which Hampton's men, dismounted as infantry, climbed in the two latter engagements.

No cooler man in the heat and rush of mortal combat perhaps ever wielded a sword than Wade Hampton. No tone of voice or change of countenance in him betrayed excitement in the most critical moments. On the morning after the hard night's encounter at Rowanty, in the effort to intercept Wilson's raiders, as he rode along in the midst of troops, who were moving in a densely-wooded country, a column of the enemy suddenly dashed up to the road-side from an obscure road leading through

the woods. They were within a few feet of the general before a weapon could be drawn. He faced the situation with imperturbable coolness and his command, "Unlimber that gun," rang out clear as a bugle-note.

General Hampton was not an officer of military training. He owed nothing to West Point or other schools for the discipline of soldiers. He was rather a soldier by inheritance and natural aptitude. Like Forrest, he seemed to know by instinct when and how to strike. His plans and movements were not always according to the accepted rules of strategy. Sometimes his plan was criticized as against the canons recognized in high military circles. His movement around Grant's lines with the greater part of the cavalry of Lee's army, and the capture of over 2,400 beeves in September, 1864, was notably a case in point. Yet, like most of the operations which he conducted, it was brilliantly successful. That affair justly commended Hampton to the esteem of the hungry infantry in the lines before Petersburg, whose rations of beef had grown scarce. I am enabled to give an account of the enterprise as given in a private letter by one who shared in the march a few days after it occurred. It is as follows:

"Camp Ninth Virginia Cavalry
"On Cat-Tail Creek, Dinwiddie Co., Va.,
"September 19, 1864.

"My dear mother: * * * General Hampton's visit to Prince George county was a bold and audacious affair. The Yankees were grazing several thousand fine beef cattle immediately in rear of the extreme right of their army, guarding them by three or four regiments of cavalry. For sake of getting these, General Hampton could not resist the temptation. Accordingly, he issued orders to his subordinate commanders to prepare a detail of picked men for the purpose of making the trial of bringing them out. These orders were subsequently altered so as to include every available man.

"We started on Tuesday. As we had to pass around the left wing of the Federal army and down behind their entire line, it was well known that they would find out our designs in time to cut off our retreat; consequently, Generals Young and Butler were left near the threatened point of interception to keep our

road open. We—W. H. F. Lee and Rosser's commands—went on our journey.

"We reached a point late in the afternoon from which we could easily strike the Yankees at daylight by a three hours' march. This was on Thursday. We went into camp, unsaddled and rested until late at night, then quietly mounted and moved towards the cattle pound. Lee's orders were to move with his two brigades on a road between the Yankee army and their cattle, and hold the roads until Rosser secured and drove away the beeves. This we did.

"The firing of Rosser's men was heard before light, and immediately on hearing the sound, our brigade charged down the main road which we were to hold, guarded by only a squadron or so of the enemy. These unsuspecting creatures, though warned of our approach by the firing below, had barely time to escape, and that without waiting to put on their clothing. Their tents, many horses, clothing and camp equipage, fell into the hands of us eager adventurers.

"About twenty-five prisoners were secured at this point, chiefly of the First District of Columbia Cavalry, those 'pet lambs,' armed with sixteenshooters given them by the loyal women of Washington and Georgetown.

"General Rosser met with complete success, taking nearly a hundred prisoners, their camp appurtenances, three hundred horses and equipments, eleven wagons loaded with valuable supplies, and what was especially desired, 2,485 fine beef cattle, only fifty-three of which escaped on our return.

"Long before we reached a point of safety coming back, we learned that the enemy had possession of the road over which we were to pass, and that he intended to recover his beeves if possible. We made haste to reach him, sometimes at a trot, sometimes at a gallop, for fifteen miles, and at full speed came into line of battle just as the sun went down. The enemy was lavishing profuse attentions upon us in the way of solid shot and shells; but we faced him resolutely and sent back screaming and glittering like meteors at night shot for shot, seemingly to say: 'Come take your beeves if you can.'

"General Gregg, the Yankee commander, acted timidly and badly, we thought, considering that we had his brother, Captain Gregg, a prisoner in our hands. We had not fought more than

forty minutes before he became silent, and withdrew, as if he said: 'Hampton, I'll have nothing to do with such a man. You steal my cattle and then beat me when I come to get them back.'

"We did not move away until our cattle got well ahead, and by twelve o'clock that night were unsaddled in bivouac, on this side of Rowanty creek, inside of our picket line.

"Our casualties were very slight. None killed in Chambliss's brigade, and but two or three wounded. Rosser lost several killed and had several wounded. Barringer and Dearing lost none. One horse in my company—that of Bugler Courtney—was abandoned, and will, I fear, be lost.

"* * * Your loving son,

"W."

In the twilight engagement with Gregg mentioned in the above letter, General Hampton rode down in front of the line, making inquiries, and giving words of cheer. His moving figure could be seen against the crimson sky from which the sun had just disappeared. The guns were flashing front of him, and behind him, and the meteor-like shells were passing overhead. Such was the scene on which fell the curtain of night. It was a scene typical of the picturesque and historic Hampton, who moved securely amidst the fire of battle and whose figure is set off in the mellow glow of the patriotic and valorous deeds which have made his name immortal.

CHAPTER XXXII

RECOLLECTIONS OF THE BATTLE OF HATCHER'S RUN, FEBRUARY 6, 1865

HATCHER'S Run is a small tributary of Rowanty Creek, in Dinwiddie County, flowing from northwest to southeast, a few miles from Petersburg. It is to be seen indicated on few, if any, maps of Virginia. It, however, assumed no little prominence in the operations of the armies under Grant and Lee, during the closing months of the siege of Petersburg.

Along its course, many lines of riflepits were constructed and many intrenched positions taken by both armies. The customary quietude and silence of the vales and hills beside it were, in consequence, often broken and caused to respond with the roar of cannon and the rattle of musketry. Its fields of conflict witnessed a number of desperate encounters, successful stormings of fortifications and bloody repulses.

Pursuant to Grant's policy to turn the right and gain the rear of Lee's position, a formidable advance was made on this part of the Federal line on February 6, 1865, under Major-General Warren, commanding the Fifth Army Corps. The divisions engaged in the movement were: Ayres's, Griffin's, Crawford's and Gregg's (cavalry).

Of the crossing of the run General Warren reported: "The stream was about sixty feet wide and could not be forded by men or horses, but trees were soon cut for the men to scramble over. The horses were able to cross on a bridge we made for them about one P. M." On the day following, Warren, having made his dispositions, and effected a junction with the Second Corps on his right, proceeded as he had been directed, to feel the enemy. Very soon he found, after driving the Confederates back for a time, that the firing continued to grow constant and severe, and compelled him to bring up the Third Brigade of Griffin's Division and to put it all with General Ayres's to hold his left. "Unfortunately," he says, of his situation in this battle, "the enemy got up reinforcements faster than I could, and when a brigade of General Wheaton's division was nearing the scene of action a

charge was made by the enemy in a force against which I had but six brigades opposed. Our line," he continues, "despite all the exertions of the prominent officers, and much good conduct among those in the ranks, gave way and fell back rapidly."

Major-General Wheaton, in relating the part taken by his division in this action, says: "When three-quarters of a mile from the run, at about 5.30 P. M., the stragglers from the Third Division, Fifth Corps, increased to such a number, and the changes in the sound of the firing indicating to me some misfortune to that division, I immediately ordered the Second Brigade into line, which was but partially effected, when the mass of the troops in front came rushing through the dense woods and quite over us, and it was with the greatest difficulty that the line could be formed, so obstructed was it by the fugitives, who were deaf to every entreaty of myself and staff. Squads, companies and regiments went rapidly to the rear, despite our greatest efforts to halt them. During this confusion, I was informed that the line to the right had broken irreparably."

In the earlier stages of this day's (February 6th) fighting Pegram's Confederate Division was opposed by superior numbers and forced back, its gallant commander having been killed. Later Evans's Division came to the support of Pegram's men, and still later Mahone's Division arrived, and the Federals were driven back with much confusion in their ranks.

General W. H. F. Lee's Division of cavalry marched, on the night of the fifth, forty miles in order to reach this scene of action, and on the sixth was engaged with the Federal cavalry escorting Warren. That night, tired and hungry, they occupied the camps from which the infantry had moved. The weather had grown intensely cold. During the night snow fell, covering the sleeping men under a white mantle. Early the next morning the bugle call roused them from their resting places on the ground, where, like occupants of so many graves in the snow, they threw it aside and came forth as in a resurrection.

Very soon the order to mount was sounded, and we were in motion toward the enemy. I heard the order given to our regimental commander to find the enemy and charge him. The snow was still falling, mingled with hail, and the air was very cold. My company was in advance, and we moved forward, feeling that the blinding snow would prevent our seeing the ene-

my until within a few feet of them. As we descended into a small valley, sheltered from the wind, we came upon several pickets in blue mounted, who quickly dashed off and became hidden from view in the falling snow. Near the brow of the hill beyond was a grove of pines, on the right from which we saw emerging and deploying a skirmish line on the left across a wide field. The snow had now ceased falling and we could see better. We pushed on rapidly to the ridge of the field, while the enemy's skirmishers galloped off. Before us, a hundred yards or so, was a long line of Federal intrenchments, from which came a volley, disabling a number of our men and horses. A bullet passed through a soldier, Ham Bispham, and another through Jesse Gouldman, both at my side. One gashed my right leg, and from another, Major Pratt's horse fell beneath him.

I rode back, and found General W. H. F. Lee and staff at the edge of the pines. He expressed regret that I had been wounded, and our division surgeon, Dr. James S. Gilliam (noble fellow he was), dressed my wound in his own gentle and sympathetic way. I then made my way to the field hospital—a small, vacant house near the road—chosen for the purpose, and lay down on a blanket spread on the floor, with Bispham at my left and Gouldman on my right.

I asked the surgeon as to Bispham's wound, and he said: "He is dead." The bullet had gone through Gouldman's breast, and it looked as if he must soon follow his dead comrade. We remained here in the room, and without wood. While the attendants were making some effort to secure the latter I heard a courier ride to the door and give an order to the surgeon to put the wounded men in ambulances and move them farther to the rear.

I was placed in an ambulance beside Gouldman, and two small mules drew us, with the driver, over the roughest of roads, much of the way over corduroy. Who can describe poor Gouldman's sufferings during that drive? The driver appeared to be utterly unfeeling, and again and again I had to threaten to use a pistol on him if he didn't stop the ambulance and save Gouldman, who seemed gasping as if each breath would be his last.

Finally, we reached the bivouac of the regiment, and found shelter under some pine brush laid up against a pole and sloping downward. It served to break the force of the wind, and give shelter to a fire that was kept burning. Here amidst the snow,

on the damp ground, faint from loss of blood, I saw pass away the last day of my active service in the Army of Northern Virginia.

CHAPTER XXXIII

EXPERIENCES IN A CONFEDERATE HOSPITAL

FEBRUARY 8, 1865, deserves to be recorded in the calendar of my dark and trying days. For several hours I rode in an ambulance with my wounded leg beside Private Jesse Gouldman, through whose entire body a minnie ball had passed, and whose breathing was difficult and painful. The vehicle in which we rode in a reclining position was hard of plank and rough of springs, built with little if any regard to the comfortable transportation of wounded men. The road over which we traveled was one of the main thoroughfares leading from the south into Petersburg, over which during all the previous winter, artillery and army supply trains of wagons had been passing, and was consequently in desperately bad condition, with rut and mire. Much of it had been repaired with corduroy, which greatly increased the jolting and discomfort of riding in an ambulance with stout springs.

Our team was two mules of moderate size, in very good condition, and disposed to move briskly without the stimulus of a whip, and despite any moderate drawing on their bits. Our driver was an enlisted man, detailed from some company to serve in this capacity, not, certainly, because of any special aptitude for it, but rather, it may be inferred, from a desire on his part to secure bombproof service and escape the dangers of battle. Men of this class are generally less gentle and tender than those who are willing to serve on the firing line, and to shrink not from the hardships of the march and the fierce shock of battle, for it is true, as Bayard Taylor appropriately said:

> The bravest are the tenderest,
> The loving are the daring.

Our driver had no "milk of human kindness" in his breast, or if so, the character of his service or the wintry chill of the morning had congealed it.

He was disposed to let his mules push ahead over ruts and

pine poles without check or pause, despite poor Gouldman's groans of suffering and gaspings for breath. But for my frequent interposition in the latter's behalf, I am quite sure that before we reached a hospital in Petersburg, the vital spark would have been jolted out of him, and he would have no more needed the shelter of a hospital or the attentions of a surgeon.

Sometime in the afternoon we halted in front of the Confederate Hospital, the largest in the besieged city, and were assigned cots on the first floor. It being impracticable to secure cots together, we had to occupy two widely separated from each other. Mine was the first on the right as we entered from the street and back from the door ten or twelve feet, the intervening space being filled by the Surgeon's office. On the side of this office next to my cot, and a few feet removed from it, were a succession of shelves such as appear in drug stores and like them in the large number of labeled bottles of various shapes and sizes, which they contained. When I stretched myself out on my narrow bed, with my head on its scanty pillow, I felt that I had never before had so good an opportunity to become familiar with the foreign terms and signs on apothecaries' bottles, and the superabundant smells that usually accompany them.

I found the hospital to which I had been admitted, was one of the great tobacco factories of the city, having three stories, now converted into three wards, each capable of accommodating two hundred patients, and all of them were now filled. But a little observation sufficed to make it plain to me that of the six hundred sick and wounded men in the building, there were those in every stage of convalescence and others in every stage of physical decline and approaching dissolution. Many from horrible wounds were suffering intense pain, with no heart-rending screams, but with clinched fingers and grim writhings of face and heavily suppressed moans and groans that bespoke horrible agony.

When the supper bell rang, I hobbled out to the dining-hall, passing in doing so, down a long passage between rows of cots, and through a door at the end of the ward, which admitted to a shed of the full length of the building. In this were long tables and benches on either side of them, and to these had come nearly, or quite, four score of convalescents, limping, hobbling, creeping. The supper was provided, it appeared, with an ever-rigid regard

to the rule of permitting invalids to have only a light and simple diet.

That which impressed me most during this meal was not its poverty, scantiness and meanness, so much as the feeble motions, trembling limbs, wan and cadaverous appearance of those who partook of it. Sidney Smith tells of a corpulent person, who, suffering from the intensity of the heat, wished that he might divest himself of his flesh "and sit in his bones." Most of my comrades at that hospital table had nearly reached the attenuated state of such a wish. Their cheeks were hollow, their eyes sunken, their countenances dejected and forlorn, and a ghastly pallor appeared in their faces. A few feeble candles lit up the gathering darkness of the long room, cast a pale and sickly light on the group, and made me feel much as though I had entered some dim Plutonian chamber and was breaking bread (that was all there was to break) with pallid shades of the dead. Without tarrying long, I limped back to my cot and returned no more to the dining shed.

On the next morning, my wound showed signs of inflammation, and a high fever had possession of me. The surgeon in a day or two began to fill the hole in my leg with raw cotton and saturate it with spirits of turpentine, which he assured me was necessary to counteract gangrene in the wound. At the time, morning and evening, when these applications were made, the pain was severe, but little so at other times. My meals were brought to me, and were all that my system needed, as each day seemed to lessen the demand for food.

Young Gouldman's father, whom I had notified by telegraph of his son's wounding, had hastened to be near him, and often came to my cot and showed me many courtesies. The Rev. Thomas Hume came several times, and cheered me with sympathy and comforting prayer. A few ladies came with gracious and gentle ministries and offers to take me to the home of one of them, if the authorities would allow of it, but these visits and the cheer they brought were like oases in a great desert of dreariness and gloom.

Four stalwart negro men, well trained to the service, came every day to one or more of the wards with a stretcher, and having placed a dead soldier on it, bore him out for burial. They came several times near to the cot where I lay for men who had

died, and gave me good opportunity to observe their method and to see how they would perform for me in case the issue of my wound called for their services.

One of the fatal cases which occurred near me and called for the stretcher had an inspiring preliminary service. The dying soldier at a late hour of the night called for these, and some other negroes and they came and stood beside his cot and sang at his request a number of hymns. He knew that he was dying, and manifestly wished that from his rude couch his spirit might be wafted away on the wings of holy songs that he loved. While the sympathetic negroes were singing, their voices began to sink, a subduing pathos came over them, and presently the singing ceased. The soldier was gone.

Another patient, a man beyond the middle of life, lay on the cot next to my own. He was all the while either hot with fever, delirious or in a comatose state. No words passed between us. A yellow card on his cot over his head was a sign that his death was deemed certain. One night far on towards the morning, I heard some sound as of rattling among the bottles near my cot. "Can it be the surgeon getting medicine?" I asked myself. "Can it be a nurse?" I queried. On looking, I saw my delirious comrade from the adjoining cot. I sprang up and took hold of him, and led him back to his couch and spread the cover over him. What draught, if any, he had swallowed from a bottle I never knew. When the matron passed near me next morning, I suggested that she look at him. She went near his head, raised the cover, drew it up over his face again and then took the death card from its place and went her way. The four negro men came ere long, laid him on their stretcher and bore him away for burial.

Perhaps it was the day following this incident that, looking up, my eye rested on that ominous yellow card placed over my head. It very little affected me. When Dr. Riddick, the surgeon in charge, came on his morning rounds I asked him if he really deemed my case so serious. He replied, "Yes," and added that the sloughing of the wound had reached the femoral artery and when it sloughed again I would go. Soon afterwards, Mr. Gouldman came to take leave of me, saying that his son Jesse had sufficiently recovered to be removed, and that he would leave with him for Bowling Green at one o'clock. He expressed

regret that he could not secure permission to take me also. For an hour or so after this parting, my reflections were not of an enthusiastic or joyous character.

Shortly after the leavetaking with Mr. Gouldman, my brother Bob, the late Judge Beale, came to see me on his way with dispatches from the field to General Lee's headquarters. A shade passed over his features as he saw my changed and wasted condition, and the yellow card over my head. "You ought to get out of here," he said, with emphasis, and I told him of Mr. Gouldman's offer to take me, and the surgeon's want of authority, or willingness to let me go. "I'll bring you General Lee's permit by twelve o'clock," he answered, as he hastened out to his horse. It seemed scarcely possible to me that such an application, without official indorsement of any kind and without being in regular course, would receive the general's approval. Nevertheless, a few minutes before twelve o'clock, my good brother returned, and, with a smile, placed in my hand a leave-of-absence on certificate of disability, signed "By order of General Lee, W. H. Taylor, A. A. General," and a few minutes later I entered a hack with the Gouldmans, and saw the door close behind me on the Confederate Hospital, its gloom and horrors. Very precious and sacred to me among the mementoes of the war has been that permit from General Lee, and very precious the memory of the brother who obtained it for me.

CHAPTER XXXIV

THE CLOSING WEEKS UNDER THE STARS AND BARS

THE ride on the train from Petersburg to Richmond and thence to Bowling Green was one not to be easily forgotten. The condition of my wounded limb and my debilitated state, made the trip irksome and painful. Having reached Richmond and found it necessary to wait till the next day for a train, Mr. Gouldman secured us lodgings in a vacant store room on Broad street where we slept on a counter. The morning following, he assisted us aboard a car which at the time appointed pulled out for Fredericksburg; and as it did so, I took my last view of the devoted city under the title which for four bloody years it had borne as the "capital of the Southern Confederacy."

When we reached Milford Station, Mr. Gouldman's carriage and two daughters were there awaiting the arrival of himself and son. The greeting given to Jesse by the two girls, after their mourning for him, as it were for the dead, was touchingly tender and affecting. We drove to Bowling Green and alighted or rather were assisted, from the carriage before a spacious hotel of which Mr. Gouldman was the proprietor. In this building, we were taken to a large room on the second floor and placed in separate beds, one in one corner of the room, and the other in the opposite one. Before leaving this room, Mr. Gouldman informed us that his younger daughter would act as nurse for her brother, and the elder—Columbia by name—would act in a like manner for me. He also comforted me with the assurance that he thought he was able to play the part of a doctor for me, and could prepare a salve, or ointment, that would get my wound in a healthy state and allow it to heal.

Finding myself in this home, and no longer breathing the impure air, and beholding the sickening scenes of a great hospital crowded with dying men, the transition was indescribably pleasing and inspiring. At once I began to feel better; the remedy applied to my suffering limb seemed just what it needed, and the gracious ministries and courtesies of the family hastened my convalescence. Dr. Andrew M. Glassell, an eminent physician

of the place, made us visits, and showed every disposition to promote our recovery with his skill and kindness.

After about three weeks spent here, I was able to leave in a spring-wagon for my home in Westmoreland, and to do so with a sense of undying gratitude to the Gouldman family for their unwearying care and gentle nursing. These seemed to me to have been as ramparts reared at a critical hour by sympathetic hearts and gentle hands, for my protection and escape when Death was close at hand and preparing to make his last fatal assault. My experiences in this home helped greatly to increase my already high estimate of the generous compassion of our non-combatants towards sick and wounded soldiers, and of the ever constant devotion and fidelity of Southern women, which no lettered bronze, no enduring granite, and no pure white marble can commemorate adequately.

On reaching the vicinity of my home where the Nomini hill road winds down to the creek of that name, at the point where a ferryboat crossed it, I learned that a Federal force had landed at Kinsale, and that a fight was in progress between them and a battalion of Mosby's men under Lt. Colonel Chapman. When I got in view of the ferryboat, it was amid stream well filled with men in blue. Their appearance was at first disconcerting, if not dismaying, but it soon appeared that they were prisoners whom several men of Chapman's command were taking to Richmond. When the group left the boat and were gathered under guard close to me, I approached them to make some inquiries. The lieutenant to whom I made myself known and who was named Halleck, a nephew of Adjutant General H. W. Halleck, in the brief conversation which ensued, evinced a knowledge of the situation at Petersburg unfavorable to the Southern cause, of which I was in profound ignorance. Though disputing it firmly at the moment, it needed but a few weeks' events to dispel my illusion, and establish his correctness.

While standing among these men, a man named Scutt with whom I had been intimate and shared many a fishing and hunting trip, came down from his house on the hill near by, and without yet discerning that the Yankees were prisoners but supposing them to be armed and engaged in one of their predatory raids, approached them with words of cordial welcome, assuring them of his joy at their success and his hopes that they could

soon "get the last rebel." Presently, he saw me, just as the prisoners were marched off. To say that my presence at such a moment and his knowing that I heard his remarks, were embarrassing to him is to state the case very mildly.

On reaching home, it was ascertained that two companies of Federal cavalry, supported by a detachment of infantry, had after landing at Kinsale, approached to within two miles of the house, and then retired, Colonel Chapman having once made a charge on them, and skilfully disposed his men so as to threaten them at many points. Of these dispositions, Col. Samuel H. Roberts in command of the expedition reported: "At every cross-roads the enemy would separate, each squad taking a different path until our cavalry found themselves pursuing only three men. These were captured and sent back to the main column, but were retaken with a portion of their guard on the way." This same officer said of Chapman's command: "The rebal cavalry * * * were constantly hovering about our column, and being splendidly mounted and familiar with the roads, were able to avoid collision with any thing more than our advance and rear guard."

It was highly to Col. Chapman's credit that he threatened and harassed the Federals to the extent he did, since it led their leader to decide to retire and afterwards to say of his men "at 11 P. M. I ordered a portion of them to re-embark." When it is considered that the expedition consisted of 1800 infantry and a detachment of three hundred men from the First New York Rifles conveyed by a formidable number of transports and having as escorts the army gunboats, *Mosswood, Chamberlain,* and *Jesup*, and that their purpose was to march from Kinsale via the Hague to Warsaw and the Rappahannock, the great value of the part performed by Mosby's men and the merit of their achievement are conspicuously apparent.

Several vacant houses above and below Carmel Church on the Kinsale road, were burned by the enemy, and the vacancies in place of houses and ashes thus created, became the last witnesses of the spoliation and outrages committed by Union troops in the Northern Neck.

Chapman's Partisan Rangers remained in the vicinity for a week or two, finding quarters in the people's homes, and their presence made my sleep all the sounder and sweeter.

The early days of the ensuing April, witnessed my rapid recovery, and as my furlough had nearly expired, my preparations were made to return to my place in the army. While awaiting the day for setting out, the distant discharge of heavy guns saluted our ears from Fortress Monroe with mighty rumblings, but no one near could divine the astounding cause of the firing. Intending to leave home on the following morning, I spent an afternoon at Shirland, the Garnett home, and on my way back met a party at the creek who said to me: "General Lee has surrendered," and seeing incredulity manifest in my face added: "It is certainly true, for I heard a man read aloud his farewell address to the army." As I stood there beside the water no greater surprise could have been felt if it had parted like the Red Sea and a channel had been opened on dry land; no more bewildering sensation could I have felt if the earth had trembled with an earthquake shock and thrown me down upon its heaving breast. I felt for a few moments as if the sun had shot down from the heavens withdrawing its light in a moment as it sped, leaving the world in darkness. Soon after, recovering from the stunning shock, my religious faith came to my relief and I felt "God is our refuge and strength, a present help in trouble. Therefore will we not fear though the earth be removed, and though the mountains be carried into the midst of the sea."

CHAPTER XXXV

HOW FUN FOLLOWS FIGHTING

IT might be supposed that the soldiers of the South, who were called to stand amidst so many terrors of battle, to contend against enormous odds, to subsist on half rations, and to go often for days without even these, and, above all, to know as so many did that their families—wives and children, aged parents and sisters—were in the enemy's lines, exposed to depredation, pillage, and insult, would wear long faces, have bowed heads, and be little given to laughter and mirth. Such, however, was not the case. Their marches were enlivened with many a joke, and their camps rang often with peals of merriment and outbursts of jovial hilarity.

Perhaps, the serious side of their lives which at times became as stern as death and as solemn as the grave had a natural rebound, and the pendulum of their spirits having swung far in one direction again swung back with a greater force. It was easy for a joke to be started among them, and when once started it passed readily from one to another, so that a thousand camp-fires became the scenes of its repetition and enjoyment. Our cavalrymen had keen eyes to discover the ludicrous side of happenings, if there were any to be seen, and when one of them became a good subject of fun and laughter, their sportive mirth was soon shared by a great multitude.

The serious and the humorous were very closely united in the experience of soldiers; the moments and spots filled with danger and anxiety were often filled also with amusement and laughter. An occasion to which these facts had a striking application was during Stuart's ride around McClellan's lines before Richmond. In the charge led by Captain Latane, four or five men of the Spottsylvania company were seen by us retiring from it with their faces gashed and bleeding from sabre cuts, and they appeared to have been of the first sets of fours who met the shock of the Federal charge. When our company which had been dismounted was reformed, it was observed with what persistent care four men sought to form the last set of fours, and

get as far back as possible from the danger of such sabre-wounds.

As in our subsequent rapid march we approached Tunstall's station, a courier dashed past us calling out, "We're attacked in the rear!" Quickly the orders came: "Halt!" "Form fours!" "About wheel!" "Draw sabres!" The four men who had so carefully arranged to be the rear set now found themselves in the first place of attack. They began at once to move away, saying, "We're in our wrong places;" but were sternly ordered to stay where they were. As they obeyed the order and took their places, a ripple of amusement passed down the line. It did not appear, however, that any of the four men participated in the fun.

It became known very quickly that the attack which we had been formed to meet was not one in fact, but only the approach to our rear guard of twenty-five of the 2d U. S. Cavalry to surrender. This intelligence was pleasant to us all, but I think to none so much so as to the last set of fours who had been so suddenly made the first.

In a dash made by Pleasanton with 1200 men in 1862 when he crossed the Potomac at Shepherdstown and rapidly forced his way to Martinsburg, our regiment opposed his advance in the early morning and was directed to fall back on the Newcomer's Mill road. Later, we came into the Martinsburg pike when Pleasanton was making a safe retreat followed by the Fourth Virginia Cavalry. Our motions to overtake the retreating column were as rapid as horsemen could make, and that, too, over a road cut at points into deep and dangerous mud holes on which recent rains had fallen. The tramping of many horses and the wheels of passing cannon had deepened these holes and worked the mud into the consistency of then mush. As we galloped through one of these lob lolly sinks, the horse of Tom Jett who rode near me fell and threw him at full length over his head. As he fell, the unpitying mud opened to receive him, and then closed over him, leaving only a part of his head visible. When he struggled up from his untidy immersion, his appearance was certainly "of the earth earthy."

We had at the time a brigade under Brigadier General Jackson which by way of distinction from that of "Stonewall" Jackson was called the "Mudwall Brigade." Tom Jett after this fall might well have been dubbed a member of this last brigade,

though I am sure neither of these commands could boast a braver or better soldier than he.

In the second cavalry battle at Brandy Station when Buford's Federal Brigade had been forced back from the Rapidan and formed a junction with Kilpatrick and Gregg retiring in haste before Stuart from Culpeper, the combined commands prepared for a general charge, and we were losing no time to get in good order to meet them. Probably, no other encounter between regiments of Cavalry ever promised to be more general or desperate with the clash of sabres. As the critical moment approached, one of our men whom we called "Zenock" came to me leading his horse and stating that he could not mount him, that when he tried to do so the horse would tremble and shake as if he had the "blind staggers." He hurriedly asked what he should do, and was told to lead his horse back and get out of the way of the charge. Then the Federal regiments were seen approaching in fine order, their sabres glittering in the sunlight. We went forward to meet them and there ensued a short and bloody combat. In the impetuous dash of the men in blue a small body of them swept past our front and were captured. Squads of our men were directed to hasten back with these men at a gallop, which they did along the road that "Zenock" had taken. As I glanced at them, I chanced to see him leading his horse and pausing to look back at the battle. As he did so, he saw the men in blue galloping towards him, and not perceiving that they were prisoners, he leaped into his saddle and under spur dashed down the road. The horse with the "blind staggers" made remarkable speed, and I wished that all our horses in an emergency might do as well.

We had a conscripted soldier named Self who long escaped from military service on the plea of physical disability. He was at length compelled to enlist and came to us with the complaint, however, that he was unfit for duty and that his malady prevented him from mounting a horse without first getting on a fence, stump, or log. His complaint was well sustained by his actions, since whenever the company was ordered to mount he would seek some elevated object to assist him in reaching the saddle and thus fall into line by an indirect course.

Once he was with us on picket duty at Wilford's ford where the reserve occupied a little house on the wooded hillside half a

mile back from the river. In this house was an inclined plank on which the men who had been on the watch the previous night would frequently recline to make up their lost sleep by taking a nap. Self was one day thus occupied with his coat wrapped up beneath his head for a pillow and the other men of the reserve sitting and lounging beneath the trees when suddenly "bang! bang!" were heard the carbines of the sentinels at the river and they came at full speed pursued by a Yankee force that had dashed across the river. Not a moment was lost by us in making ready our horses and mounting. When Self, arousing from his nap, became conscious of the alarm, he rushed from the house without once thinking of his coat, and quite regardless of fence or log, leaped on his horse with an agility surpassed by none. After falling back to the summit of the hill and awaiting the enemy's advance we found that they had turned and gone back, so we re-occupied our station. When Self went to look for his coat he found that one of the enemy had cut every button from it. We afterwards often laughed at him over the manner in which he lost his "physical disability" and his buttons.

Once, when the company was doing picket duty on the Hazel river, we were quartered in a large barn well filled with hay, situated amidst large open fields and only a few hundred yards distant from the fords. It was risky to bivouac so near the river, but the hay and good shelter led us to take the risk. One ford needing to be guarded was below the barn and another nearly opposite to it.

One morning, Bill Palmer, noted as a prog, asked permission to cross the river at the lower ford, and to visit a house beyond where the units of Federal Cavalry men led him to believe something good to eat might be found. The passport was granted him with all due caution to be well on the lookout against capture. He crossed the river safely, and obtained at the house which he sought some choice supplies for his haversack. When returning, it occurred to him to take the road which led over the upper ford about a mile above the one which he had crossed in going. He did so and found that this road led down to the water behind intervening rocks and an embankment, thus concealing his approach until within a few feet of the water's edge. Having peeped over an abutting rock and seen that Ned Porter, the sentinel on watch at this point had not heard or seen his ap-

proach, but was dismounted, sitting on a rock, holding his horse by the rein with his head bent over on his hands, as if he was lost in a deep reverie, he resolved to play a trick on him. So he spurred his horse into the water and called aloud "Forward men; catch him, catch him."

Porter, startled beyond measure, and feeling that a Federal squadron was about to seize him before he could mount, sprang into his saddle, and bending well over on his horse's neck, caused such clattering of hoofs up the hill and towards the barn as were never heard there before or since. The momentum acquired by his horse bore him swiftly beyond the barn, while we whose horses were picketed there made all possible haste to mount and follow him. When we were mounted, however, all that we could see in the direction of the ford was one lone horseman, who was approaching very leisurely, and who soon became recognized as Palmer, whose face bore an irrepressible expression of amusement.

When Porter checked his horse, he turned it around and came back to us, and when he saw the humor in Palmer's expression and manner the spirit of fight which had fled from him at the river side came back in force, and some of us had to interpose to prevent his treating Palmer as a veritable Yankee.

Before the war had progressed very far, the growing scarcity of sugar led to the extensive cultivation of sorghum which served well to substitute molasses and syrups as also to afford sweetening for the domestic coffee and tea commonly used in Virginia. The sorghum crop was abundant in the fall of 1864 and notably so in the counties below Petersburg. Our command was at that time on the extreme right of General Lee's lines engaged in picket service, and watching against any sudden dash the enemy might make. The brigade camp was six or seven miles back from the picket line and the squadron sent by turns to guard it would usually make their bivouacs only a mile or so from it.

Once, in October or November, 1864, I was with my company in such a bivouac with Lieut. Benson in charge of the detail of twenty-four men stationed nearer the outposts. One afternoon a message came to me from Benson asking permission for his men to attend a candy stew to which they had been invited by some young ladies living very near where they were stationed. I sent the bearer back refusing the permission and instructing him to

tell the lieutenant not by any means to incur so great a risk and to decline the invitation to the party.

Afterwards I felt some misgivings as to whether my message would be properly delivered, or if so whether it would be strictly complied with, and so concluded at nightfall to ride over and investigate. On reaching the vicinity of Benson's little camp a large framed-building a hundred or two yards distant, was seen to be aglow with lights. Every window shone brilliantly. When I rode in among the horses of the pickets all was silence and darkness. Presently I was observed by Corporal Marmaduke who informed me that the four men who were to relieve those on duty at midnight were all that were present, and that the others were attending a taffy-pulling at the lighted house. I asked if they had carried their arms with them and was satisfied that only one of them had taken any and he only his pistol.

Having gotten together the four men whose turn it was to relieve the four on watch, we rode down to the picket line and made the exchange, and I charged those newly placed on duty to hold their places and give no alarm if they heard firing and yelling in their rear; that such sounds would only mean that I was charging their comrades at the candy-pulling.

With the four men relieved from the watch, I then rode back, informing them of the mock charge I wished to make on Benson and his party. They entered heartily into the project, and when we reached the field in which the house stood we entered it, and quietly approached to within two hundred yards or so of the building and then raising a yell and discharging our pistols rapidly galloped up to the yard gate.

Within the house, there followed an instant extinguishing of lights, and such rushing and scampering, leaping and departing as were never known there before. A tall inclosure of sharpened palings surrounded the mansion, but it offered no detention to Benson and his party who flitted over it like startled nighthawks, and like them, flew towards the wooded swamp which bordered a neighboring creek, and there secreted themselves in its leafy darkness.

I quickly entered the house to allay the fright of the ladies and to explain the trick, in the latter of which I was not fully successful. One of the girls having recovered from her first startled emotions said to me "All your men didn't get out. I hid one up-

stairs." With a lighted lamp she took me up the stairway and to a room door and pointed significantly to a screen that covered the fire arch. I walked to it and drew it slowly aside and there squeezed into his smallest possible compass was Henry Turner. I called to him: "Come out from there," and with the galling sensation that a brave man feels in yielding to capture, he arose to look with a strange yet glad surprise into my familiar face. I scarcely think I ever received a gladder expression of recognition than the one he gave me.

The next thing to do was to seek and to undeceive the men who had rushed to the cover of the swamp. I rode down to the edge of the woods, standing all sombre and silent in the night air, save as the fire-flies lighted it and the mosquitos made muisc. I called aloud for Benson; then called another name. Then from behind a log, only a few feet from me, arose one of the men with laughing surprise and came out to me. Then some near at hand and others more deeply hidden in the swamp—heard the calls and came forth. As we walked backed to the house, I heard Bill Murphy remark with emphasis: "Never again will I go any where—to water my horse, to get a drink myself, to pray or for any other purpose—without taking my arms with me," and all the other men seemed to agree with him.

There was an occurrence to be regretted growing out of this affair which could not be foreseen. It was reported to me the following morning when I called again at the home which I had invaded in so warlike a manner.

A clergyman who had come from one of the lower counties and entered between the lines of the armies to visit a family of his parishioners or, kindred, had been importuned to remain and spend the night at a home situated very close to that at which the sorghum-stew was held. The good man expressed his apprehensions that it was not safe to do so, but these were allayed by assurances that it had been very quiet of late, so much so that the soldiers were even to indulge in a party that night in the nearest house to them.

He consented to remain, and that night retired as usual in his robe de chambre. At the midnight hour he heard the yelling and shooting and felt sure the enemy was at hand. Without waiting to dress himself, he hastened down into the yard and then doubly assured, as he heard the galloping and pistol shots, he rushed

towards the swamp, his loose, thin garment fluttering as he ran, and in the gloomy solitude of the woods, he passed the dark hours till morning. His rotund form and the thin texture of his gown made him a tempting object and an easy prey to the mosquitoes, and it is small cause for wonder if under their pitiless stings he did not repeat to himself with unwonted fervor: "In all time of our tribulation, Good Lord deliver us!"

When our Captain Charles C. Robinson was captured at Upperville on the 22d of June, 1863, he was taken with other Confederate officers captured on Lee's campaign to Gettysburg to the prison on Johnson's Island three miles from Sandusky, Ohio. The situation of the prison on an island made the prisoners more secure from escape and demanded a smaller force to guard them.

The winter that followed his capture was a severe one and particularly in the latitude of Johnson's Island the ice formed in such thickness as to induce the hope that by a daring attempt on the part of the imprisoned Confederates they might effect their escape and by walking across Lake Erie on the ice might find security in Canada. A small group of these brave officers concerted together and planned an attempt to escape. Robinson was of the number. The plan was at a certain hour on a certain night, with the assistance of their comrades within the walls these men would let themselves down from the walls and having gained the ground strike out boldly on the ice to the neighboring part of Ohio that jutted out into the lake, and if successful, to attempt the bolder enterprise of braving the cold in crossing Lake Erie on the ice.

The night, Jan. 2d, 1864, chosen for the daring adventure proved to be one of the most intensely cold of the winter, and some of the escaping prisoners, after getting out from the prison and beginning their walk on the ice found the inclement weather such as endangered their faces and ears and threatened to freeze them, and they accordingly turned back deeming their prison life less to be dreaded than exposure to the wintry rigors on the ice. Robinson and a few comrades persisted in their attempt to make good their escape, and having reached the farther shore, a short distance from Johnson's Island were able to secrete themselves until the following night when they walked over the Lake, and next morning found themselves on the soil of Canada. They met with the

utmost sympathy among the Canadians and found no lack of food or shelter. Many proofs of the sympathy of the Canadians were furnished them in money, clothing, hats, and boots. Captain Robinson was particularly favored. A hat was presented to him half filled with money, a pair of gold spurs were given him, and a magnificent pair of cavalry boots.

It was not long after the arrival of these men in Canada before a steamer was in readiness to sail for Nassau, New Providence. This offered a good prospect of these Confederates getting back into Dixie by means of a steamer running from Nassau to Charleston or Wilmington. They lost no time in getting aboard this Nassau boat, and the Canadians evinced their kind wishes and good will by supplying them with tickets for their passage. Their hopes as to the blockade boat were realized and in due time they reached Wilmington.

It was with intense satisfaction that the company of Captain Robinson welcomed him back in the early fall of 1864. His first care after getting back was to present General Lee with the elegant gold spurs that had been given him. While he had been absent, a number of his trusted fellow soldiers of his company had been killed, and the conscription officers had forwarded other men as conscripts to take their places.

But a few days after our Captain's arrival and while he was yet making himself acquainted with the new recruits of the company, the regiment was called out to take part in the terrific battle of Ream's Station. In the morning of that battle as the company moved in line to meet the enemy, it was discovered that a part of them had taken advantage of the excavation caused by making a brick kiln, and behind the kiln and embankment the removal of the earth had made necessary, and were ready to make stout opposition. The company advanced to the edge of the woods opposite the brick kiln. The Federal regiment who confronted us was a Maine regiment consolidated with the First District of Columbia cavalry, and armed by the ladies of the District with Henry rifles that could discharge sixteen shots without reloading. When they opened, fire on it was terrific; it sounded like the volley of a brigade. It quite unsettled the nerves of one of our recruits. He thought the time had come to seek shelter. A large pine tree was at hand behind which he could find shelter, and he got behind it, and with the view of se-

curing greater protection he assumed an humble posture, bowing with his head to the ground. The advance of the company had been through a swamp and beyond it through small bushes and underbrush, and Captain Robinson with his heavy boots and his corpulency had been delayed in ascending the hill. As he was approaching the line of his company, now vigorously returning the enemy's fire, he spied the recruit skulking behind the pine tree, and he directed his steps with vigor toward him. The recruit had aimed to shield himself from danger in front but not so from an attack behind. Robinson soon reached within a pace of him, and lifting his Canadian boot, he struck the bowing man from behind with a kick that the brave man of the company did not soon forget. The startled recruit lost no time in getting into place in line, and afterwards when the men of the company admired and praised the captain's fine cavalry boots, the recruit did not respond but was silent.

CHAPTER XXXVI

GENERAL W. H. F. LEE

IT was in May, 1862, as the Confederate troops were retiring from Fredericksburg, and McDowell's regiments with their glittering muskets were appearing on the Chatham hills beyond the river, and we were marching to Massaponax church that I first saw General Lee. As I watched his movement that morning, the feeling possessed me that he was to be the colonel of our regiment.

"Rooney" Lee, as he was familiarly and widely known, began his Confederate career as Captain of Lee's Rangers, a company organized largely through his personal agency, and composed of young men from many of the best homes and families of King William and King and Queen Counties and from a few others, more remote. Captain Lee was at the time about twenty-eight years of age, and had a few years previously, after finishing a collegiate course and serving a brief term in the army, settled down into the quiet life of a Virginia planter on the large estate known as White House on the Pamunkey river. He was of fine stature and commanding and handsome appearance. Though carrying more weight than was suitable to the saddle and the quick movements of the cavalry service, he was, nevertheless, a good horseman and an excellent judge of horses. So well and wisely, did he select them, that when mounted there seemed an admirable harmony between his own massive form and the heavy build and muscular power of his steed. A splendid iron grey, much of him nearly white, was, I believe, his favorite amongst his horses, and when bestride this animal, at rest or in motion, he would have furnished no mean subject for an artist even though his portrait were displayed in the same gallery with those of Stuart, Ashby, Hampton, and Fitz Lee.

Captain Lee's company having been assigned to the Ninth Regiment of Virginia Cavalry at its formation early in 1862, he was, at the reorganization of the regiment in the spring following, elected to its colonelcy, the company officers thus expressing by their votes their high confidence in his capacity and efficiency

as an officer. As commander of the regiment, he began at once to display the alertness, watchfulness, disciplinary power, and minute care as to details characteristic of a good military leader. The interests of the men and horses alike engaged his jealous care. The choice of a good camping ground; the careful arrangement of his picket lines; the inspection of the camp, the soldiers' arms and accoutrements, and the quartermaster's commissary, and medical department of the regimental service, all received his watchful supervision.

On removing from one encampment to a new one several miles distant soon after he assumed command, the writer, who was an orderly sergeant at the time in one of the companies, was summoned to report early one morning soon afterwards at regimental headquarters, and Colonel Lee, with a flush on his cheek and fire in his eye, wished to know if two men of my company had not been left ill and uncared for in an outhouse near our former camp. I replied that I did not really know; that the men had been reported as ill to the surgeon and turned over to him. The surgeon was then called for and was compelled to corroborate my statement. A few days later the regiment congratulated themselves on a change of surgeons.

In the memorable ride of General Stuart around McClellan's army, Colonel Lee was conspicuously active; and the principal sabre charges of that daring adventure were made by squadrons of his regiment. During the most critical hours spent within the enemy's lines, the command of Stuart was in the vicinity of Colonel Lee's home, where, by reason of his perfect knowledge of the county and the resident citizens, he was able to render the expedition most valuable service. When the Chickahominy was reached and it seemed of the gravest importance to the rescue of the command to cross it without delay, Colonal Lee was the first man to strip off his clothes and plunge into the muddy and swollen stream. After swimming over and back again, and testing the depth and force of the current, he made the report which led to the removal of the troops two miles lower down and their successful crossing at that point.

During the seven days' battle around Richmond in which the powers of the Southern army was so signally displayed, it is fair to say that there was no colonel under the Stars and Bars more zealous, alert, and ready for action than "Rooney" Lee. The

movements of his regiment at that time brought him to his old home at the White House, which was, at the time an immense depot of supplies for the Union army. His once fair plantation was in ruins, with fences destroyed, trees felled, fields trampled, and houses burned. At the head of his troopers, in the quiet of a summer evening with the enemy fled, and only a distant, random gun heard, he surveyed the widespread havoc and smoking piles with which the demon of war and desolation had covered the scene where, but lately, he had drunk in with his young wife the sweet joys of home life.

An incident of the first Maryland campaign is recalled as showing the love and loyalty of his regiment toward Colonel Lee. Under a combined attack of infantry and cavalry at Boonsboro some of General Fitz Lee's regiments were compelled to retreat precipitately from the town. In this retreat, Colonel Lee's horse fell, and other horses behind him fell also in a promiscuous pile in the turnpike. The colonel, bruised and dust-covered, extricated himself and sought escape through an adjacent field. Amidst the blinding dust but few men noticed the occurrence, and it was not until a few minutes later when the regiment was reforming, that it was ascertained that the colonel was missing. Gallant Captain Tom Haynes, of Lee's old company, then asked permission to lead a band of volunteers back and rescue their colonel. The men responded with alacrity, and in approaching the field where Colonel Lee was last seen,they learned from an escaping Confederate that he had made good his retreat to the woods.

In the movements of General Hooker's army, which precipitated the bloody battles of Chancellorsville and Salem Church, the Federal cavalry in two main divisions were sent under Stoneman and Averill to break up the Confederate's railroad communications. Stoneman having succeeded in crossing the Rapidan, moved on Louisa Court House, whilst Averill with over 4,000 cavalry and artillery undertook to reach Gordonsville and Charlottesville. General W. H. F. Lee, with his brigade of between 1,500 and 1,600 men was sent to oppose Averill. This he did at the Rapidan where the railway crosses it below Orange Court House. So judicious were his dispositions of his men, and so bold his opposition, that Averill retired without getting a man over the river. Withdrawing his command and moving rapidly,

Lee made a sudden descent on one of Stoneman's regiments, engaged in tearing up the railroad near Trevillians' Station, and drove them back after making a large capture of prisoners. Learning at this point that a part of Stoneman's force had been dispatched to James river to destroy the canal, General Lee at once headed his column in that direction, and, after marching seventy-five miles in twenty hours, attacked the enemy's outpost and made valuable captures of both men and officers, besides inflicting considerable loss from casualties. Their operations overshadowed as they were by the glorious deeds at Chancellorsville, were, nevertheless, from first to last eloquent testimonials to the vigilance, boldness, and tireless energy of the brigade commander who personally directed them.

In the battle of Brandy Station on June 9, 1863, in which more horsemen were engaged than on any other field of the Civil War, General Lee occupied, with a portion of his brigade dismounted, the crest of a hill which seemed a key to the battle ground and which it was deemed of the utmost importance to hold. This crest was pretty well covered with low sassafras bushes, and flanked on the side next to the enemy by a stout stone fence. A sudden and concerted charge by the Federal horsemen overran our dismounted line, and gained the commanding summit. General Lee directed in person the counter-charge, and as his mounted men swept over the hill and were checked by the stone fence, a bullet passed through his leg, in the moment of victory. Directing a soldier to notify the next officer in command that he was wounded, after passing his sword over to an orderly, he was assisted from the field. It was during his helpless confinement from this wound, at the residence of General Wickham in Hanover county, that an expedition of the enemy from the White House captured him and bore him off a prisoner.

General Lee's coolness and courage were of a high order, and his presence in battle was an inspiration to the bravery and constancy of his men. His troopers felt that in him they had a cautious leader, who never would expose them needlessly, or lead them in a reckless exploit; but that where real fighting was necessary, like Lord Nelson, he expected every man to do his duty.

He regarded his men with affectionate pride, and failed not to evince his appreciation where their good conduct deserved it. A slight incident that occurred in the winter of 1864-65 at Bel-

field Station will help to illustrate the interest he felt in his old regiment.. A tournament was in progress near the camp of the Ninth Regiment, and Generals Lee, Hampton, and other prominent officers were present to witness the tilting. The charge to the knights was delivered by A. B. Dunaway, now an honored and able minister of the Gospel in Virginia, and as Hampton listened to his eloquent sentences he inquired of General Lee who that gifted speaker was, and the general replied: "O, he is only a private in my old regiment."

If, as has been claimed, the cavalry is the eyes of an army, the Army of Northern Virginia was never impaired in its sight by William H. F. Lee. He was ever on the alert and watched with a sleepless vigilance. The writer recalls a dark, rainy night on the picket line during the last month spent below Petersburg, when, suddenly at the midnight hour, the tramp of horses was heard, and the visitors were found to be General Lee, an aide, and an orderly, wrapped in rubber coats, inspecting the line to see that a sharp outlook was observed. His command never was taken unawares.

It was among the numerous engagements that took place on this line in the autumn of 1864, that the report became circulated by the enemy that General Lee had been killed. It is interesting to note how the rumor was caught up by the Federal officers, and put into the reports and dispatches of colonels, brigade, division, and corps commanders, and forwarded to Washington by the commander-in-chief of the Army of the Potomac. Thus, did Lee's brave foemen congratulate themselves over his reputed loss, and thus show the weight they attached to his stainless sword.

It was no small testimony to General Lee as a good division commander that at the opening of the brief campaign of 1865 his regiments were generally as strong numerically, as well, equipped and as eager for the fray as at any previous time in their history. It is not easy to determine by reference to Confederate time-pieces in use at Appomattox by what part of the line in gray the last shots were fired on that fateful field; nor is the inquiry of much importance. Many survivors of the surrender however, who were in a good position to observe, believe that the last order to charge on that eventful morning was made by "Rooney" Lee, and that the last sounds heard were the pistol-

shots of his men. Among the first of Virginia's sons to greet the Southern standard with the offer of his sword, his manly form stood among the last beside its grave.

CHAPTER XXXVII

A NARROW ESCAPE FROM THE SQUADRON WHICH WAS ON THE TRACK OF THE ASSASSIN BOOTH AND SUCCEEDED IN HIS CAPTURE AND DEATH

IN a previous chapter of this narrative, mention is made of how the author, when suffering from a wound, and confined in a hospital in Petersburg, obtained a permit from General Lee, to leave the hospital for thirty days on a surgeon's certificate of disability, and was taken to the house of Henry Gouldman, who kept a hotel in Bowling Green. There he was tenderly nursed, and from the day of his arrival became convalescent. Mr. Gouldman's son was at the same time suffering from a wound, and occupied a room on the second floor of the hotel, his bed being in one corner and mine in the one opposite. About the seventh of April, I had so far recovered as to undertake the journey to my home, leaving Jesse Gouldman still disabled from his wound.

I had not yet sufficiently recovered to return to the army, when tidings of Lee's surrender were received. Amidst the bewildering confusion that ensued, it became known on April 18th, that the assassination of President Lincoln had taken place in Washington, that the assassin had escaped, and that large sums of money had been offered for his apprehension. It became known, also, that the utmost vigilance was exercised on the Potomac, from Washington to the Bay, by all the vessels of the Navy in those waters, to intercept the assassin and the conspirators associated with him. It was learned that bands of cavalrymen had been landed on Coan river, and were patrolling the country leading up to Fredericksburg, and distributing on their way the photographs of J. Wilkes Booth, an actor, who had been identified as the perpetrator of the assassination.

The precise methods employed by the government in securing the arrest of Booth and his accomplice, may be stated on the language of Edward P. Dorothy, a lieutenant of the Sixteenth New York Cavalry, who with his regiment was stationed at the time in Washington. He has reported that: "About the hour of

4 P. M., April 24, 1865, I was seated with another officer of the Sixteenth New York Cavalry, an a bench in the park opposite the White House, when I received the following orders: 'Sir, you will at once detail a reliable and discreet commissioned officer with twenty-five men well mounted, with three days' rations and forage, to report at once to Colonel L. C. Baker, Agent of the War Department, at 221 Pennsylvania Avenue. Command of General C. C. Augur, J. C. Sewell, A. A. A. Gen'l.

'In accordance with the foregoing order First Lieutenant Ed. P. Dorothy is hereby detailed for the duty, and will report at once to Colonel Baker—N. B. Switzer, Colonel 16 N. Y. Cavalry.'

"I proceeded to the barracks, and in less than half an hour had reported to Colonel Baker. I took the first twenty-five men in the saddle, Sergeant Boston Corbett being the only member of my own company. Baker handed me photographs of the assassin of President Lincoln.

"I proceeded down to Sixth street wharf, where I found the steamer *John S. Ide,* and directed Captain Wilson to move down to Acquia Creek and to Belle Plain.

"After the detachment had landed, I directed the captain of the boat to move off to a place of safe anchorage, and await my return. Should I not return before six P. M. on the twenty-sixth, to go back to Washington and report to Captain Allan, assistant quartermaster.

"I proceeded directly south until I struck the main road to Fredericksburg. Here I halted at four A. M. A negro informed me that a regiment of cavalry had passed to Fredericksburg the previous evening, going along on the north side of the Rappahannock river. I then determined to push down and go up on the south side where no troops had been.

"The detectives (E. J. Conger and L. B. Baker) asked for a detail of four men and a sergeant, to scour the country, while I and the rest of our men continued on towards the Rappahannock. The detectives returned about three P. M. without any clue to the whereabouts of the assassins. I went to the ferry at Port Conway and saw Mrs. Rollins, the ferryman's wife, and another woman sitting on the steps of the ferryhouse. Drawing Booth's picture from my pocket, I showed it to them and inferred from

their looks that Booth was not far distant. One of them said that Booth and Harold had been brought there in a wagon the evening before by a negro named Lucas, who would carry them no farther. While they were bargaining with her husband to take them to Orange Courthouse, three Confederate soldiers, Ruggles, Bainbridge and Jett rode up, and they entered into conversation. By and by they were all taken over the ferry. Booth was put on Ruggles's horse and they proceeded towards Bowling Green.

"I at once sent the bugler to Sergeant Corbett telling him to mount the detachment, which I had left a mile behind, to feed, and to move down as quickly as possible. Mrs. Rollins went for her husband who was fishing, and I sent him for the scow which was on the other side of the river. During his absence, the command arrived at the ferry and we were soon over the river. I arrested Rollins, the ferryman, and took him as guide to Bowling Green. At dark, we passed the Garrett farm, not then dreaming the assassins were concealed there. Arriving at Bowling Green, I surrounded Gouldman's hotel. After some hesitation, the door was opened. I inquired of her (that is Mrs. Gouldman) who were the male inmates of the house. She replied that there was only her wounded son, and I directed her to show me to his room, telling her that if my men were fired on, I should burn the building and take the inmates prisoners to Washington. She took me up one flight of stairs to her son's room, and as I entered Captain Jett sprang from his bed, half dressed. Her son lay on another bed wounded. Jett admitted his identity; drawing Mr. Stanton's proclamation from my pocket, I read it to him, and then said, "I have known your movements for the past two or three days, and if you do not tell me the truth, I will hang you; but if you give me the information that I want, I will protect you. He was greatly excited and told me that he had left Booth at Garrett's house, three miles from Port Conway, the evening before, and that Harold had come to Bowling Green with him, and had returned that morning. I had Jett's horse taken from the stable, and, placing a guard over him, we retraced our steps towards Garrett's.

"It was now about midnight, and my men having been out since the twenty-fourth without sleep and with very little food, were exhausted; those who had been left on the edge of the town had

fallen asleep. I had some difficulty in arousing them; but when they learned that we were on Booth's track, new life seemed to be infused in them. I placed Corbett in the rear, with orders to allow no man to fall out of line. Upon reaching Garrett's orchard fence, I halted and in company with Rollins and the detectives, took a survey of the premises. * * * The gates in front of Garrett's house were quietly opened and in a minute the whole premises were surrounded. I dismounted and knocked loudly at the front door. Old Mr. Garrett came out. I seized him, and asked where the men were who were there yesterday. He replied that they had gone to the woods when the cavalry passed the previous afternoon. While I was speaking with him, some of them had entered the house to search it. Soon one of the soldiers sang out: 'O Lieutenant, I have a man here, I found in the corn crib.' It was young Garrett, and I demanded the whereabouts of the fugitives. He replied: 'In the barn.' Leaving a few men around the house, we proceeded in the direction of the barn, which we surrounded; I kicked at the door of the barn several times without receiving a reply. Meantime, another son of Mr. Garrett had been captured. The barn was secured with a padlock and young Garrett carried the key. I unlocked the door and again summonded the inmates of the building to surrender. Booth replied: 'I may be taken by my friends, but not by my foes.' I said: 'If you don't come out, I'll burn the building.' As the corporal was picking up the hay and brush, Booth said, 'If you come back here, I'll put a bullet through you.' * * * Just at this moment, I heard a shot, and thought Booth had shot himself. Throwing open the door, I saw that the straw and hay behind Booth were on fire. He was half turning towards it. He had a crutch and held a carbine in his hand. I rushed into the burning barn, followed by my men, as he was falling, and caught him under the arms and pulled him out of the barn. The burning building becoming too hot, I had him carried to the veranda of Garrett's house. Booth received his death shot in this manner.

"I took a saddle blanket off my horse, and borrowing a darning needle from Miss Garrett, sewed the body in it. The men found an old wagon impressed it, with the negro driver. The body was placed in it, and two hours' after Booth's death, I was on the way back to Belle Plain, where I had left the steam-

boat.

"I had released Rollins, and sent him ahead to have his ferry-boat to take us across the river. About six P. M. I reached the boat and found the captain preparing to return to Washington. We reached Washington at two A. M., April 27th. I placed the body of Booth and the prisoner, Harold, on board the monitor *Montauk,* after which I marched my worn-out command up through the Navy Yard to their quarters."

Lieutenant Dorothy also states that at the time Booth was shot, he had placed Sergeant Boston Corbett at a large crack in the side of the barn, from which the fatal shot was fired which took effect in the back of Booth's head about an inch below the spot where the shot had entered the head of Mr. Lincoln.

The "Captain Jett," who in this narrative is described as having been suddenly aroused from his slumber in the hotel in Bowling Green and forced to conduct Lieutenant Dorothy's party to the hiding-place of Booth at Garrett's barn was not a "captain," but simply a private in the company in the Ninth Virginia cavalry in which I served as a lieutenant. He was the youngest of four brothers who served in the same company. He received a serious wound while trying to intercept Wilson's Raiders below Petersburg in the fall of '64, and was taken to Bowling Green, where he was nursed till his recovery. A similar good fortune befell me when wounded in 1865, in that I was taken to the same home in Bowling Green, and was nursed back to health in the same bed which Jett had occupied. Young Jett, having felt the force of a "tender flame" for the youngest daughter of Mr. Gouldman, who kept the hotel, seized the earliest opportunity after the "surrender" of paying a visit to "his girl." It was in the pursuance of this object that he fell in with Booth and Harold, and on the night of the day following was summarily and suddenly roused from the bed which I had vacated scarcely a week before, and was compelled to conduct Lieutenant Dorothy's party to Booth's hiding place. The "Miss Garrett" from whom Lieutenant Dorothy borrowed the darning-needle with which he sewed a blanket around Booth's body preliminary to its removal in a wagon, was Miss Kate Adaline Garrett, who also prepared the last dinner that Booth ever ate. She remained at the old home, and became an estimable and devoutly kind and charitable woman. She died on September 3, 1917,

aged seventy-four years; and was perhaps the last survivor of the memorable and tragic scenes connected with Booth's death of which she was a witness.