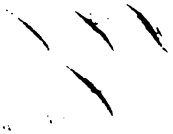

M. Hodges



FOUR YEARS IN THE SADDLE.

BY

COLONEL HARRY GILMOR.

"I fight fairly and in good faith."

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PREFACE.

It was my fate to be made prisoner twice during the war.

The period of my first imprisonment, which, for the most part, was passed at Baltimore, extended from September, 1862, to the following February; and again afterward, being captured at an interval of about two years, I was an inmate of Fort Warren, near Boston, from February until July, 1865.

While confined in Fort McHenry many visitors came to see me, and all were desirous of learning fuller particulars than as yet they had been able to obtain of some one or other of the various exciting episodes through which, during the previous year's campaign—so replete, indeed, with opportunities of adventurous life—I had passed, and in many of which I had taken part. As, however, no interview was ever permitted me with any one except in the presence of a guard, I could impart but little information in this way. And so, to oblige my friends, and especially to comply with the request of one whose every wish it was my pleasure to gratify, I endeavored, as I could collect my reminiscences, to give, in the form of a Diary from Recollection, an account of the incidents of the first year of my service in the Confederate cavalry.

Rough sketches they were, in which I retraced my

own steps back over the rugged ground, so often passed and repassed in toilsome marches, or contended for on hard-fought fields, again and again to be marched over and fought over; and, not supposing that they would meet with perusal except privately, I described but casually, and sometimes omitted altogether mentioning the performances of others, whose paths lay alongside of my own, and far more prominent and deserving of mention than myself.

Subsequently delivered again into the hand of the captor, and taken to Fort Warren, I resumed and finished, on the same plan, the relation I had thus begun.

I have lately, and since the close of the war, been induced to lay it before the public. Though not sufficiently perfect or comprehensive to be considered a complete chronicle of the time or events brought into view, it may serve to give a tolerably correct idea of some of the most important movements, and present some striking pictures of the war in the Valley of Virginia, and upon the border in that section.

Besides, I wished to submit a statement of several matters, which will be found in the following pages, in regard to which a number of the Northern journals saw fit to bestow the most unsparing vituperation upon myself and others, my object being to remove from the minds of those willing to judge fairly and without prejudice, impressions created by misstatements in newspapers, whose views it suited to ignore and degrade into mere plundering raids expeditions of a military character, and obviously, immediately, or strategically bearing upon that result.

H. G.

FOUR YEARS IN THE SADDLE.

I.

SEPTEMBER, 1861.

I CROSSED the Potomac at the mouth of Cherry Run on the 30th of August, 1861; stopped on my way for a short time at the house of Mr. G——, who gave me a hospitable welcome; and, crossing the North Mountain, reached Bunker Hill, and spent that night with Mr. S——.

There had been, it is true, no very stirring or startling peril in getting over; and, instead of having to run a gauntlet of bristling bayonets and hurtling bullets, I had found that, after all, blockades were not free from the infirmities of most human institutions; yet I carried a much lighter heart, and breathed more freely, now that I was safe on the Virginia shore, and that night's sleep was a sounder one than I had known in some time past.

Next day I rode into Charlestown with Dr. ——, and there fell in with some of Colonel Ashby's pickets. After dinner I went to Camp Turner, where I was introduced to the colonel. I found him lying on the lawn, surrounded by his men, among whom I recognized several who had been comrades in Captain Charles Ridgeley's company of Baltimore County Horse Guards.

One glance at the features of the gallant Ashby confirmed the high estimate that I had formed of him, and I said to myself, "If I follow you, I go far enough."

I immediately joined Captain Frank Mason's company under Ashby, and that night went on a scouting expedition, commanded by Private White, afterward so favorably known as the daring colonel of "White's Independent Rangers." On our return we fell in with a detachment of two companies of cavalry, commanded by Colonel Ashby in person, which we joined, and all marched over to Harper's Ferry.

At this time the Upper Potomac formed the frontier line of warfare in that section. The Union forces held and acted on the north bank, and a considerable body of cavalry under Colonel Ashby watched the enemy, guarded the fords, and scouted along the southern bank of the river. They were a fine body of men, well mounted, and, generally, thoroughly acquainted with the country; and, under Ashby's vigilant and skillful leadership, made the best force that could have been formed to defend and operate on this line.

At many points the river was fordable, and the enemy would frequently cross detachments in greater or less force —sometimes for a foray or raid, sometimes for the purpose of discovering our strength or position.

Incursions and counter-movements on our part of this character comprised pretty much all that occurred in this quarter during the period to which I am now referring, to vary the monotony or add the occasional stimulus of excitement to the dullness of camp life while the comparative lull that had followed the battle of Manassas lasted.

When we got to Bolivar, where we halted, the colonel, who had gone over to look after some of the enemy he had heard of at the place, called for two volunteers to go down Shenandoah Street into the "Ferry" proper. George James, of Baltimore, and I rode out of the ranks and offered ourselves. We were ordered to reconnoitre cautiously down

that street, keeping a sharp look-out to prevent our being ambuscaded from behind the buildings. When within forty yards of the bridge, near Herr's Mill, a company of Federals, who had lain there concealed, came filing out and began firing rapidly upon us by sections. We wheeled instantly, and ran a race with the bullets from their Enfield rifles; and, although neither of us were hurt, two of them passed so near my face that small splinters of lead lodged in the skin.

Ashby had his men deployed on the bluff overlooking the mill, and our first fire carried such a consternation among the blue coats that their courageous captain jumped into the Mill Race up to his chin, leaving his men to take care of themselves. They scattered in all directions, but presently began to return our fire from behind buildings and such shelter as they could get. We had one man killed. The enemy had two killed and several wounded. Thus ended my first day of war.

Some days after this we encamped at Duffield's Dépôt, on the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad, and while there, Thrasher, afterward my second lieutentant, and subsequently killed at Kernstown, obtained permission to take a party of ten men to go on a scout to Hard Scrabble, a small town on the Potomac. I offered to be one, and Warner Welch became another. I had formed a great regard for Welch, and when I raised my company afterward he was my first lieutenant. Our object was to confiscate the goods in a store belonging to a man who had run away from Virginia and joined the enemy. This we had succeeded in doing. The goods were nearly boxed up, when Jack W——, who was out on picket, came running in with a shower of balls at his heels, as he said.

The men rushed out, ran down the road, and formed after

crossing a small stream. I was then away in search of a wagon to haul off the goods, but heard the firing. I had two men with me, whom I left with the wagon, and started for the town on a run. At the top of a hill overlooking the town I found one of our men who had been put out on picket, who told me, in an excited manner, that "they were fighting like the devil," and he feared the enemy were too strong for us. I took him with me, and we charged into the town in their rear, raising a rousing yell as we did so. The Federals were in the town, and numbered about twenty-five. They fired one volley at us, wounding Orison (one of our men) in the thigh, and then fled in confusion. Waving my hat to Thrasher to come on, he, and Welch, and Kemp, having the fastest horses, joined me, and we charged them in the lane, but they jumped the fence into a cornfield. Welch and I, on better horses, followed them in advance of the rest of our men; but, being two against so many, we did not find the place comfortable, and so jumped the fence back again. Welch's mare made one of the most extraordinary leaps that I have ever seen. She jumped a fence on the edge of a bank four feet high, and alighted on the bed of the road, the drop being at least nine feet. I got out over some old bars, and we all dashed round the base of the bluff to cut them off. However, we came in sight of a regiment, and were met by a volley from them. They were drawn up on the other side of the river, and in a good position to cover the recrossing of their men, so we gave up the pursuit.

We then returned toward the town, thinking we had chased them all away; but we found a squad there larger than the first, which opened upon us. The tables were turned, and we wheeled and retreated up the Shepherdstown Road at a rate of speed surpassed only on the turf,

leaving the enemy far in the rear, and in undisputed possession of the illustrious town of Scrabble!

Thrasher sent a dispatch to Colonel Ashby, and we continued on toward Shepherdstown, intending there to wait orders; but the enemy now seemed bent on surrounding us, for we found citizens of that place in great excitement, a company of eighty men having just entered the other end of the town, after fording the river below. Some of our men, fearing to be picked off from behind the houses, wished Thrasher to take the squad out of town; but he sent me to reconnoitre, and find out where the Federals were. I had not gone far before Thrasher, as brave a man as ever lived, joined me, saying he would not have me go alone.

This town is justly famed for its pretty women—a great many of them too. As we rode through the street looking for the blue-coats, many a fair creature would come forth, imploring us to protect them and their mothers, which Thrasher and I determined to do, as long as the squad would stick by us. We ordered out all the citizens, telling them that, if they would stand by us for half an hour, Ashby would come to our relief. A gentleman, named ——, joined us, and, at the edge of the town, we found the enemy stacking their arms, being entirely ignorant of our approach.

With a loud whoop we made at them, and, before they could reach their guns, fired and retreated. They were thrown into some confusion, but snatched up their guns, and sought positions behind saw-logs and piles of lumber; while our whole squad dismounted, and, with such citizens as we could get to join us, fired at them from the windows of the houses, the girls supplying us with ammunition when our own was expended. Soon after sunset Colonel Ashby came with two or three companies, and the enemy retreated across the river. They procured a small gun from Sharps-

burg, and fired three shots, when it exploded, with what damage to them we never learned. We had but one man wounded during the day.

II.

SEPTEMBER, 1861.

While encamped near Morgan's Spring, parties, of which I was generally one, would be sent frequently to the Potomac for the purpose of blockading the canal on the Maryland side, by which immense supplies of coal and provisions were brought to the capital. We would go down before daylight, conceal ourselves behind rocks or trees, or in some small building, and, when the sun was up, not a soldier or boat could pass without our taking a crack at them, and generally with effect, for we were all good shots. We became a perfect pest to them, and many an effort was made in vain to dislodge us; but we could not be found, for every day we were in a new spot, miles apart.

Tom Gatch, a friend of mine, had great faith in my skill with the pistol, and he proved it on one occasion while we were at this place by holding a tin cup in his hand for me to shoot at with my revolver; and, after I had put three balls through it, he made a bet with a comrade that he would put it on his head and I could hit it, which I did, sending a ball through the bottom. His nerve was good, and, of course, I would not have fired had I not felt sure of myself. Indeed, there were few in the army who could beat me with the pistol. I would bet on hitting every telegraph pole on the road-side as I passed at a gallop.

We scouted around this neighborhood for about six weeks, with occasional skirmishes, and then marched to

Flowing Spring, four miles from Charlestown; and my next chance for assuming the offensive occurred here. I learned that my brother had been taken prisoner at Shepherdstown under treacherous circumstances. He had gone over the river under an agreement that he might return. The agreement, however, had been violated, and he was treacherously detained prisoner. At my request, Ashby gave me a squad of eight picked men, all fine fellows, and I intended to make some captures in retaliation for my brother, if I had to cross the river for them. Warner Welch and William Kemp, who afterward distinguished themselves in many a battle, were of the party, and they proved to be my main support. The rest of the company did not predict much success for us, but seemed to think we should return as we went, with no prisoners.

We started for Knott's Mill, on the Potomac, and, on our way down, stopped at ——'s to gain information of the enemy's position, and then went to within half a mile of the river, where we stopped for the night in a barn. Next morning, leaving one man to take care of the horses, we entered a ravine which led down to the mill, and, having hidden the men in a thicket, I crawled to the brow of the cliff to take a survey, and had not long been in that position before I saw five men come down to a skiff, four getting in, while the other ensconced himself behind a tree to keep watch. I went back and told this to the boys, and it was with difficulty they could be restrained from rushing down and firing into the boat. All being privates, each wished to have his own way about the matter. But I threatened to shoot the first man that disobeyed me, and in that way controlled them.

I now divided my squad, sending four men up the river to cut off their retreat in that direction, while I started to

go round the bluff with Welch, Kemp, and Orison. In endeavoring to cross the road to get behind a stone fence, the guard across the river discovered us and fired, the ball striking the bank just behind my back. No time was now to be lost; so, calling to the men to follow, we ran down the road and jumped over the yard wall of a house that stood there, when three out of the four who had got into the building fired on us, but fortunately without effect. Before they could reload, I was in the house with bowie-knife and revolver, but they all escaped by the back way, and I could not follow them on that side, as I now saw there was a company drawn up on the other bank of the river with their pieces leveled. I passed under cover, however, to the lower corner of the house, and at that moment one of them, a sergeant, jumped into the boat and pushed off. I had three shots at him, each cutting his clothes. He then plunged into the water, came ashore, and hid under the bank. By this time another had gained the boat and fired at me, the ball knocking off a piece of weatherboard close to my head. With deliberate aim, then, I fired, and, as the rifle cracked, he fell, wounded, into the mud; the ball had taken effect in the back part of the neck. He also crawled out and got under the bank.

About two hundred yards below the dwelling was a small log hut. Welch had chased one of them into it, but, owing to the incessant firing from the other side of the river, could not follow him. Knowing that we must act promptly, I ran the gauntlet to the back part of the hut, where there were two windows, and struck one of them with the butt of my rifle; at the second stroke it gave way and fell to the inside.

The fellow within then fired, and the ball passed so near my head that I felt the burn of it. It was my turn next;

but, on thrusting my rifle through the window, I found that an exploded cap prevented the revolution of the cylinder, and before I could recover the weapon, he seized it by the barrel and tried to wrest it from me. He was very strong, but I got it away, and he surrendered. I made him crawl through the window with his musket, which I stood up against the house with my own rifle; then, taking him by the collar, I led him down to the river, and made him shout out to the company on the other side "Cease firing," and at the same time I threatened to kill every man of them on our side of the river if another shot was fired. Holding before me as a shield the man I had captured, by the collar, with the muzzle of a pistol to his head, I reached the river bank, and discovered the two who had left the boat concealed among the roots of an underwashed tree. I made them come forth, and, with the corporal who had surrendered—four in all—we hurried to our horses, put them up behind the men, and returned to camp. Colonel Ashby was much pleased at the result of our adventure, and sent me to Richmond in charge of the prisoners.

III.

DECEMBER, 1861.

Soon after this we had the battle at Harper's Ferry. I had been on picket all the night previous, and when I found the company next morning, it was just as they were about to start. Captain Mason told me not to go, but remain and take some rest. Having fed and curried my horse, with a piece of beef and bread in my hand, and the company's flag that had been left, I started to overtake the column, which I accomplished at Hall Town, and took my place in the

ranks. We had three companies of cavalry and about two hundred militia, one 24-pounder and one 6-pounder rifled gun. Our company was thrown out on the extreme left, and very soon the cannonading and skirmishing commenced on the centre and right. At the same time we advanced steadily on the left, meeting with no obstacle but some very inaccurate shelling. Just as we got within good musket range, Ashby ordered our company, Mason's, to charge the rifle-pits and log-pens, where the enemy had a field-piece. That I might have my arms entirely free, I rolled up the flag, and threw it into a fence corner. We charged through two fields, across a lane fenced on each side, up to the base of the heights, and, thanks to my being the best mounted, I was the first man that jumped into the redoubt, the rest of the column close behind. When we started I was near the rear of the column; but there was no horse there that could beat my sorrel; and, as I passed along, Tom Gatch, of Baltimore County, who was doing his best, sung out, "Hurrah for old Baltimore County." This naturally inspired me, and perhaps made me more reckless, and may have thus been the means of saving my life; for I believe that, but for the speed with which I rode at the logs, I certainly should have been shot.

After taking these defenses without the loss of a man killed, we scattered through the bushes and made a foraging charge to the top of the heights, many of the horses giving out before we had gone half way, when the men had to dismount and lead them to the top. There we formed in line under a sharp fire from Bolivar, and there we had two or three men wounded, killing three of the enemy, and taking some prisoners. Colonel Ashby had gained possession of the heights on the centre and right, and then he sent over to us for five volunteers to work the rifled gun. I was or-

dered to take command of it. The axle of the 24-pounder had been broken. I ran the gun nearly into Bolivar, and opened with shell, giving them occasionally grape and canister.

The enemy had received re-enforcements, and were keeping up a brisk cannonade. Two of their minié balls had passed through our limber-box, and one of them struck the breeching of a wheel horse. I had put in a shell with the fuse cut to explode in a second and a half just as the enemy started to charge our piece, and was about to fire, when I found that the linstock was extinguished. They were closing on us, which gave no time to relight it, and the colonel had just sent me orders to bring off the gun, as the enemy were outflanking us with an entire regiment. Determined to have one more shot, I ran to a shovel full of fire, and, picking up a live coal in my fingers, stuck it in the touch-hole. The piece was discharged, and, rebounding, the wheel struck me on the hip, and knocked me heels over head down the hill. But it did terrible havoc also in front. The shell went crashing down the street, jammed full of the enemy, and, exploding in front of Mr. Watson's house, killed and wounded eleven men. I was enabled to save our piece.

While we were limbering up, the enemy opened upon us with two field-pieces, and scattered the small force of cavalry drawn up for the support of the gun in a neighboring ravine. We got away all safe except the ammunition wagon, which was upset while turning into a road, and the 24-pounder, which I spiked before leaving it.

During the affair, our friction-primers having been all expended, I procured a piece of hempen rope, from which to improvise one, and was standing in rear of the gun, when B. Philpot came up with a box of matches. He was just in the act of applying the match when a ball struck the match-

box from his hands—a narrow escape for us both, for we were standing close to each other, he holding the match and I the rope.

There were five of us, privates, detailed from Mason's company on this occasion. All are yet living, and all received commissions for meritorious conduct.

Before we had retreated a mile or so, I was suddenly reminded of the flag I had concealed that morning; and, although the enemy had possession of the field, I went back, tied my horse in the woods, crawled down along the fence, recovered the flag, and came out with it untouched.

The retreat now became general, and we fell back to the School-house Ridge, which we held. Next morning the enemy had all crossed the river into Maryland. Welch again was with me all the time, and behaved nobly.

About the 1st of December we went into winter quarters at Martinsburg, and for two weeks did nothing but picket the line of the Potomac from Little George Town to Harper's Ferry. It was here that Colonel Ashby appointed me sergeant major of his regiment.

IV.

DECEMBER, 1861.

An attempt was made about the middle of the month to destroy dams Nos. 4 and 5, so as to make the canal useless, and finally we did succeed in destroying No. 5.

General Jackson (Stonewall), who had now taken command of the Valley District, directed the attack at the latter point. When it commenced Jackson had two rifled pieces in position on the bluff commanding the river. The enemy were all concealed behind the rip-rap walls of the canal, and

it was impossible to shell them out. Our men were prevented from limbering and carrying off our pieces by a very hot fire of musketry from the enemy on the other bank; and, when two or three men had been wounded, Colonel Ashby rode up, and told Captain McLaughlin that the guns must be brought away, and also the horses of a lieutenant and sergeant tied near them; but not a man of the battery would volunteer to go after them.

I proposed to Welch that we should procure the horses. He agreed, and, without saying a word to any one, we tied our horses behind the cliff, and crawled to within two hundred yards of the horses and guns, when the enemy opened on us a brisk fire from the canal. Without stopping, we made a dash for the horses, and never probably before were halters unloosed in so short a time. This done, we leaped on them and fled, lying flat on their necks. The leaden hail was all around us, but we soon got out of range, and, vaulting on our own, we led the recovered horses back, very much to the amusement of the colonel and the chagrin of the lieutenant and sergeant, when we said, "Gentlemen, here are your horses. Don't get them into such a tight place again."

Welch and I then offered to take our company and bring off the guns; but Captain McLaughlin would not consent, bringing them away himself after night.

Soon after Welch and I had recovered the horses, I was lying down in a field, under cover of a knoll, my horse browsing in the bottom, when Colonel Ashby came and informed me that Captain Moore, of the 2d Virginia Infantry, was in a very precarious position in a large mill, and he wished me to take a message to him, which must be done on foot.

I took the message and started on this dangerous mis-

sion, being obliged, for five hundred yards, to cross in full view of the enemy on the other side of the river. Of course, I was in a great hurry to accomplish my task; and, as soon as I got within range of their muskets, I started at full speed across the flat, the balls flying around, and cutting up the sod in a lively manner. Three or four times I halted, and found refuge behind piles of friendly rocks or trees to take breath. At last I reached the mill in safety, and delivered the message. I returned in greater fear than ever, lest I might receive a wound in the back—a soldier's dread; but I reported all safe to Colonel Ashby, and was fully repaid by his kind thanks and complimentary speeches.

The storm that night was terrific, and the men suffered awfully from cold. One of our officers had a flagon of whisky, and, under the pressing necessities of the case, I stole it from his ambulance and divided it among the field officers. Next morning the officer was in a towering rage about it.

For the rest of the month nothing of importance occurred, but on New Year's day we started on that dreadful Bath and Romney expedition, during all which we never entered house nor tent; and, there being a deep snow on the ground, who can imagine what we suffered, especially at night, sweeping away the snow to make our bed on pine boughs.

As we approached the town on our march to Bath, I was leading the advance guard, and when within half a mile of the place we were shelled back. Colonel Ashby soon came up, and ordered the whole column to charge; but near the town we were brought up all standing by large pine-trees felled across the road in a mountain cut.

The colonel then ordered me to make my way across the mountain and communicate with General Jackson, and I at

once set out to do so; but, before I had gone half way, he joined me himself, with forty men well mounted. It was a fearful ride, such as is equaled only perhaps on a mule in the Rocky Mountains. After getting our men in proper position, having gained something like level ground, we charged the town and took it, Colonel Ashby and I being the first to enter. The enemy did not stand the charge, and after the line was broken we had nothing to do but cut down or capture them. We followed them to the river bluffs, where we ran into an ambuscade of infantry, which opened fire on us from both sides of the road, and a scene of great confusion was caused by the efforts made by the cavalry to wheel. Horses and men were rolling in the road covered with a sheet of ice, and officers were shouting, trying to preserve order. Lieutenant Lontz, of the Shenandoah Rangers, had both arms broken by musket balls, one of which passed through his body. His horse, being wild, threw him off, when three or four of his men, with my assistance, brought him away. He got well.

That night General Jackson and Colonel Ashby sent for me. The former asked me if I could cut the wires above and below Hancock, and also destroy the water-tank. I replied that I did not know whether I could or not. The general said, "Why, Colonel Ashby says that you can." "Well, general, if Colonel Ashby says so, then I can do it." "Then, sir, go and do it as quickly as possible."

I took Jim Buck (who knew the country well) and Kemp with me to execute this order, and with no little difficulty was it accomplished; for, while at the top of the telegraph pole chopping the wire, the pickets were popping at me, and, although at night, it was not pleasant to be a target for their sport. We did not burn the tank—it was of stone.

I reported to General Jackson, who replied, in a way pe-

culiar to himself, "Good," turned over in his blanket, and bade me good-night.

The day after I had cut the telegraph Ashby ordered me to Alpine dépôt, on the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad, which was within short range of the enemy's sharpshooters posted along the canal. I made several attempts during the day without success, and finally had to wait till night, when, by Ashby's direction, I took fifteen or twenty men, and cautiously approached the dépôt. Such quantities of stores at one view I had never before seen. There was case after case loaded with shoes, and clothing of all kinds; sugar, coffee, whisky, molasses, and stores of every description, besides haversacks, knapsacks, canteens, and two cases of Enfield rifles—the aggregate value not less than half a million of dollars.

We hastened back to camp, each one loaded down with plunder, and then to inform Captain James L. Clark, whose company of Maryland boys were in a very bad condition, of our good luck. I told Captain C. that he might equip his whole command at the dépôt, and off we started, I acting as guide. What a time we had of it. Every man secured as much as he could carry; and, besides this, we conveyed a large quantity to a place of concealment, from which it could be reached next day. This done, all that remained was burned by Ashby's orders.

V.

FEBRUARY, 1862.

In February, '62, General Banks crossed the river, and, having learned that General Jackson was anxious to get a correct report of the force brought over the river by him, I

volunteered my services for the occasion. When within half a mile of the river I left my horse at a farm-house, and, keeping in the pine hills which skirt the river, soon came into the vicinity of Bolivar and Harper's Ferry, where the army under Banks was lying. I now entered one of the ravines, and crept along until I came in sight of their camp-fires. Advancing a little farther, I perceived a sentinel, whose beat reached to the head of the gully where I lay concealed. I thought the best course would be to kill this sentinel, put on his clothes, and go through their camp; and, with the intention of doing so, I crept up to within a few yards of him, and as he walked to the other end of his beat I moved a little closer, until within five feet of him. My intention was to spring upon him as he wheeled, and dispatch him with my bowie-knife before he could give the alarm. Imagine my disappointment when I found but an empty sheath—the knife had slipped out while crawling through the bushes. I then determined to shoot him and run for it; but when I looked into the man's face, the thought of his wife and children subdued me: I had not the heart to slay him, so he walked away unconscious how near he had been to death. When I spoke of this to General Jackson, he interrupted me by saying "That was right; that was right. I do not like this killing of sentinels."

Unwilling to return to Winchester a baffled man, I determined to run farther risk to obtain the desired information, and succeeded in finding a point from which I was enabled to observe and count all the camp-fires on Allstot's Hill, and having made a careful survey, moved round the hill to the rear of the paymaster's house, and finally accomplishing my mission in every particular, and returning with valuable information, I reported to General Jackson that night, and received his warmest thanks.

The day following, while separating two combatants at a restaurant, an accidental shot gave me a severe wound in the hip, which laid me up for some time.

VI.

MARCH, 1862.

I WAS now engaged in organizing my company in Winchester, by authority of Colonel Ashby, when General Jackson evacuated the place. On the morning after the evacuation had been commenced, Colonel Ashby passed through the town with the rear guard. I was sitting on my horse, as was my brother, before the Taylor House, with four or five of my men, having sent the rest of the company toward Strasburg the night before. The colonel, as he rode by, said to me, "Gilmor, you had better move away as soon as possible; the enemy are coming into the town at the other end." I, with my brother, dismounted, and went into the saloon of the hotel; wrote some letters, which we intrusted to the care of Dr. ——, of the place. On remounting, I found that all the men, except my brother and McAleese, had gone on. On looking along Main Street, I saw the head of the enemy's column then passing by the Virginia House, which was but two squares off. We rode slowly up the street, occasionally turning to converse with the ladies or to give the enemy a shot. I sent my brother, who was my sergeant, to the left, toward the dépôt, to picket, while McAleese and I went to the house of Mr. ——, to bid adieu to the young ladies. We dismounted and entered the house, saw the young ladies, and ate some cake with them. One of them kept a careful look-out for the enemy.

Very soon after my brother rode up and reported that

the enemy were coming along Main Street rapidly. Mr. ——'s house is situated on a cross street only two doors from Main Street. We took a hasty leave of the ladies, and just then the enemy came around the corner and fired quite a volley at us, but without doing us any harm. We immediately took to our heels and made off for the country; but, as soon as we got clear of the town, we turned off to the right into an open field, designing to ascertain, if possible, what force was coming into the town on the other side. They were coming on in three columns, the middle one going down Main Street. We rode across this lot, which was bounded on three sides by stone walls; the side next to the turnpike having a board fence, most of which had been torn down and burned. We soon found that the enemy coming on behind us had made more speed than we had anticipated, and therefore we could not get back to the turnpike where we had left it, and which was now in their possession. It became necessary, therefore, for us to jump the stone fence, which was new and of the ordinary height. I was riding an old cavalry horse, and went over first, clear. My brother's horse, a colt which he had purchased the day before, refused the leap, whereupon he dismounted, threw off a part of the coping, remounted, and, charging the wall, went over in fine style. McAleese came next, but his horse would not take it. He was about to dismount and abandon him, but I persuaded him to try it again.

During all this time they were closing on us and firing briskly. McAleese drove his horse up to the fence again, but as he was rising at the leap, he was shot through the shoulders, just in front of the saddle-skirts, and fell with his chest against the fence, throwing his rider over it.

McAleese leaned over the fence and snatched the bridle from his dying horse's head; then, assisted by my foot, he threw himself upon the croup of my horse.

Now the lot which we had just left was filled with the enemy, evidently chagrined that they had not caught us in this stone trap.

They followed us rapidly, and for a while closely; indeed, so close were they upon us that my horse had to take three other fences, not high ones fortunately, which he cleared in capital style, notwithstanding he had a double load on his back.

We entered upon the turnpike at Hollingsworth's Mills, and then easily kept out of range of the enemy.

I carried McAleese to Strasburg, eighteen miles, and then entered our camp. If McAleese's weight is, from his size, what I deem it to be, my horse was thus carrying between four and five hundred pounds. I suffered intensely from my wound, and was very weak.

VII.

MARCH AND APRIL, 1862.

By the 26th of March, 1862, I had succeeded in organizing my company thoroughly, under great difficulties. In the mean time, the men composing the company, while yet unorganized, had been acting as couriers to General Jackson. On the day after I was elected captain and Warner Welch first lieutenant, I was ordered to report with twenty men to the general for detached service. The ordnance officer was ordered to furnish us with Mississippi and Derringer rifles, and then the general sent me to Harrisonburg to report to Lieutenant Colonel J. R. Jones, of the 33d Virginia, acting as provost marshal of that place. Jones sent me to break up a band, estimated at from two to five hundred, that had collected in the large gorges of the Blue Ridge,

in the neighborhood of Swift Run Gap. They were headed by a man named Gillespie, and they had determined to resist the draft, and were armed principally with shot-guns and squirrel rifles. We had with us a company of militia infantry, but they were afraid to go into the mountains at all.

We had skirmishing for two or three days without doing them any damage; for, when we attempted to charge, they took to the sides of the mountains, and the ground was too rugged to pursue them, and they could fire on us without our being able to return it.

I reported all this to General Jackson, who sent Colonel Jones in command of all, and advised him to bring up four companies of sharpshooters, and one or two pieces of artillery. This he did; and, after driving them into Green County across the mountains, I took the prisoners, forty-eight in number, to Harrisonburg, and then reported to Colonel Ashby, whom I found near Edenburg. He directed me to take my company into Page Valley, to scout in the neighborhood of Luray and Front Royal, and make incursions on the enemy's rear whenever I got a chance, which soon occurred.

One morning early, after I had reached the post, I had all the horses unsaddled, and made them swim over the Shenandoah, taking the men and saddles over in an old gondola, which we had brought down the night before. We went to the edge of Clark County, laid by all day, and then started off to White Post and Millwood. Blenker's division was encamped at the latter place.

Having entered a house alone, I was moving toward the stove, when a soldier jumped up from behind it and attempted to draw his pistol; but I knocked him down with my fist and disarmed him. There was another with him, but, being sound asleep, he was easily taken.

We crossed at sunrise, and came near being surrounded in Front Royal by five hundred cavalry and infantry, sent from Middletown expressly to cut us off. We escaped by a mountain path, crossed the Blue Ridge into Rappahannock County, and thence to Swift Run Gap.

After a week we marched to Port Republic, where we had several cavalry fights. Shortly after, the severe fight below Harrisonburg occurred. Colonel Ashby was sick at the time, and Captain Samuel R. Myers was in command of the regiment. He had with him six companies, in all about two hundred and forty men, and started on a scout toward Lacy's Springs, where it was reported the enemy had an outpost.

On arriving at the toll-gate, the men were directed to graze their horses, and I was ordered to take five men from each company, and advance until I met the enemy. Captains Myers and Sheets went off to the right, to a high hill which commanded the view as far down as Newmarket.

When within a mile and a half of the springs, a courier came from Captain Myers ordering my immediate return, as a heavy force of cavalry were moving toward us. At the same moment I saw a great cloud of dust rolling up through a gap in the trees, and we had just wheeled about, when the enemy broke forth from the woods about a quarter of a mile from our rear, and charged in splendid style, yelling like so many devils. I ordered the men to lose no time in getting across the bad bridges, while Lieutenants Welch and Thompson, with myself, galloped along before the enemy, exchanging shots with them to retard them.

On reaching the reserve, we found Captain Fletcher's company drawn up in the road; and, as I was riding past, Fletcher asked me to go down with him in the charge, and knowing that all the fun would be there, I wheeled about and went in by his side.

When the two forces met the shock was tremendous, and several men and horses rolled on the ground. It was then that I captured Adjutant Hasbrouck. The adjutant had on, as I afterward found, a steel breast-plate underneath his clothing, rendering him bullet proof, to some extent. I fired twice at him, and he three or four times at me. At length I got up close to him and fired. Great was my astonishment that he did not fall. This was my last load; so, drawing sabres, we closed for a hand-to-hand fight. As I ranged up alongside I made a right cut, which he defended by a *tierce* parry; but, before he could recover, I made a *moulinet*, which carried the sabre out of his hand, and, as I raised mine to cut him down, he threw up his hand and surrendered. I hurried him off to the rear, and lucky it was that I did, for he was the only prisoner saved, all the rest having been recaptured.

As soon as their main body came up we were repulsed in some confusion. After they had chased us for half a mile, I succeeded in rallying my company, and made two separate charges; but we were both times repulsed, losing seven men wounded, and four of them taken prisoners, badly cut up and shot.

While endeavoring to recover these men I was cut off entirely from my company, having jumped a ditch into an open field, and there was completely cornered by seven of the enemy, who, although they called on me to surrender, never ceased firing. The fence before me was very high, but I determined to make my horse jump it or break it down; so, touching my cap to the Feds, I struck him severely with the spurs, and he cleared the fence without touching a hair.

Knowing now what I had to depend upon, I took it quite leisurely. While they were pulling down the fence I re-

loaded three chambers of my revolver, and, as they closed upon me, I wounded one very severely and disabled another. This they thought did not pay, so they left me to myself.

The next day I went to the scene of the fight to look after my wounded boys, but found they had all been removed. There I saw three of our wounded horses, with five that belonged to the enemy, all of which I shot. That night was spent with my friend Byerly, who told me that my men believed me to be captured; and when next morning I rode into camp, they almost hugged me with joy—all very gratifying to me.

VIII.

MAY, 1862.

AFTER the battle at McDowell, Jackson pressed the enemy very closely until we arrived at a narrow passage on the South Branch, called Trout Rock. Here the mountain sides met almost together, the rocks overhanging the road on the left, while the river runs immediately alongside those on the right. There we found the hills full of sharpshooters, which brought us to a halt. One of the general's aids, having been sent to the top of the mountain, reported that the enemy were burning their baggage and fleeing in disorder. Upon this the general ordered Captain Winfield, who was in command of the cavalry, to harass their rear. The narrow passage had not yet been secured, and Captain Winfield ordered ten men of his old company to make a dash around the rock. They made the attempt, but came back minus two horses and with one man wounded. Captain Knott was then ordered to take ten of his men and charge the passage; but he came back also with one or two horses wounded. Jack-

son now became impatient at the delay. Captain Winfield galloped up to the head of the column where I stood, and requested me to take ten men and charge the gap. I took the first ten standing near, and, after advancing a short distance, deployed them as skirmishers, first telling them that, at a sign from me, they must all rally on myself. After a while, when I perceived their fire slacken, I gave the signal, and we all charged the gap and took possession, together with four prisoners. We charged with a yell, which was echoed by our whole regiment, standing in full view of the affair.

After passing through the gap we moved off to the right, and skirmished with the enemy until we came in view of their whole line of battle. I left the men in charge of Lieutenant Hurst, and galloped back to report to General Jackson. He asked me if the enemy had infantry. I assured him that such was the fact. He ordered me back to take another look. This I did, driving in the cavalry skirmishers to almost within rifle-shot of their line. While we were firing from behind a house and barn, they threw five shells from a Parrott gun, all of them going through one or the other of the buildings. One exploded within the dwelling, tearing every thing to pieces. The family had just left, and were going across the garden.

I again reported to the general, who ordered a battery forward, which soon shelled them out of their position. We then followed them to within half a mile of Franklin, where they took a position on the mountain that could not be approached.

On the Sunday morning after the battle of McDowell, while the whole of the Stonewall brigade were deployed on the front as skirmishers, General Jackson's adjutant, Robert L. Dabney, preached a sermon, surrounded by the army.

The place selected was an open bottom, well up to the front, for every shot could be heard distinctly, and occasionally a stray bullet would come whizzing by. Mr. Dabney stood on the ground uncovered; General Jackson a few paces in front, resting on one foot, with his hat off, shading his face from the sun. I watched him closely, and saw not a muscle change during the whole service. The sturdy soldiers, browned in many a hard-fought field, were lying around on bunches of hay, taken from the stacks near by; and although an incessant skirmish fire was going on, all listened attentively, with every eye fastened upon the great chief. Few have I ever seen with such unflinching nerve, and it was his iron will that won for us many a stubborn fight. While sitting near him the day previous, with my company in rear to act as couriers, a shell came crashing through the trees, and cut asunder a large white oak within a few feet of the general. It fell, but fortunately it fell *from* him, otherwise he must have been crushed to death.

"My gracious! general," I exclaimed, "you have made a narrow escape."

He was then a little hard of hearing; and thinking he had not heard me, I repeated, "You have had a narrow escape, sir."

"Ah! you think so, sir—you think so." And, turning toward my men, "You had better shelter them in a ravine near by," but did not move himself until he was called to another part of the field. Fear had no lodgment in that man's breast.

I do not think that Jackson intended pursuing them any farther; for, while our advance was skirmishing at very close quarters, the whole army was falling back to McDowell, and next morning our cavalry alone were left. The enemy, thinking us still advancing, were drawn up in line of

battle, and continued shelling the mountains on all sides during the whole day. All the time my company were burning the wooded ridges in the vicinity, to make them believe there was a large force of infantry encamped near.

Two days after this I was relieved by Captain Davis's company, and was then ordered to scout the country west of the Shenandoah Mountains, and report Fremont's movements; also to make frequent and rapid demonstrations on his trains whenever feasible.

My duty now was a very arduous one, and terrible hard work had we to perform. All the rest of the cavalry had been withdrawn; we were sixty miles from the nearest dépôt of supplies, with so many different roads to watch that it took one half of the company to do picket duty, while the other half had to scout at the rate of forty miles a day, depending on a poor mountain country for subsistence. I held the men in good spirits, however, by keeping them always near the enemy. Skirmishes were of daily occurrence, and we captured a good many prisoners, with their arms and horses.

Nearly a week was spent in this way before the enemy found out that Jackson had left the Valley; and, indeed, they first knew of it on receiving a dispatch from General Banks telling of the rough usage he had received from old "Stonewall," and ordering Fremont to re-enforce him in Maryland by crossing the Potomac at New Creek. I watched Fremont closely, and when his rear guard was leaving Franklin, I charged into the place with twenty-six men, and captured eighteen prisoners, twenty-six Enfield rifles, an excellent wagon, to which were harnessed four young mules, two ambulances, with their horses, besides a large amount of coffee, sugar, salt, and hospital stores. We also paroled two hundred and fifty sick and wounded men

whom we found in the hospital. In all this adventure we had but one man wounded.

I continued to follow Fremont; but when I saw him turn off on the Wardensville Road instead of crossing the Potomac, knowing almost to a certainty that he intended cutting off Jackson, I sent a trusty courier with all speed to apprise the latter of it. My messenger found General Jackson at Charlestown, and he immediately commenced a hasty retreat, barely saving a large portion of his command; for by the time he had reached Strasburg, Fremont was already at Cottontown, only twelve miles off.*

I was now sent to Richmond in person with the prisoners we had captured; but as my orders had been to keep my men at the South Branch, and worry the enemy's foraging trains, I left Warner Welch in command of the company to carry out the instructions. During my absence he made another dash into Franklin, and captured twenty prisoners, several horses, and four mules.

On my return I took the company again to Franklin, which I found to be entirely evacuated, except by the sick and wounded, and made it my base of operations. The enemy had taken away all the grain in the country, and it was with great difficulty we could procure any for the horses, which were giving out every day, unable to stand such hard scouting without sufficient food.

Having scouted to Petersburg, about thirty miles from Franklin, we came to the town about sunset and halted, while I, with four men, went forward to reconnoitre. As we rode up to the river we came suddenly upon about twenty men, who were fishing from a large ferry-boat. They

* General Jackson fought both Fremont and McDowell before he got his army through at Strasburg, and saved *all* his army, none being captured but some stragglers.

did not see us until, with a loud shout, we fired off our pistols, when they all tumbled off the boat like turtles from a rock. Soon we heard the bugle sound and the long roll beat, when we retreated to the company.

I then indited an order for the surrender of the place, in which I declared that, if the demand was not obeyed within fifteen minutes, I would shell their camp. To this I signed "John R. Scott, Colonel commanding Mountain District, Partisan Rangers," and sent it by a man whom I supposed to be a good Southerner; but it seems he told the commanding officer that I had but twenty-three men and no artillery, whereupon the Dutch colonel swore that he would not surrender to twenty-three men, and came dashing out with three hundred cavalry, led by the man whom I had sent with the flag of truce. They charged us some four miles, and then went back rather fast; and immediately we wheeled, following them so closely that we picked up twenty-four prisoners, all well mounted—among them Lieutenant King, of an Ohio Battery. I then started for Staunton with my prisoners, but before leaving Franklin learned that the enemy evacuated Petersburg on the night after I ordered the surrender.

We remained at Staunton some days to recruit men and horses after our long and arduous tour. While there I rode over to see General Jackson, who had just given Shields and Fremont such a terrible thrashing at Cross Keys and Port Republic, when we lost the gallant and lamented Ashby. I found Jackson at a farm-house. When I entered he shook me warmly by the hand, assuring me a number of times that I had "done him good service." After dinner he rode away, and his staff united in saying that I ought to feel proud, for they had never known the general to say so much to a young officer. And afterward, upon more

captain galloped up to his men and shouted, "Why in the hell don't you fire?" They all blazed away, but fortunately missed me. To retreat now would be fatal; so I took deliberate aim at the captain, but only the cap exploded. They all fired again, and again missed. I took another deliberate aim at the captain, fired, and he reeled in his saddle—my ball took effect in his breast. Kemp also fired in the next moment as he was falling, and sent a ball through his head. The few men with me now closed up, and we attempted a charge, but came very near being surrounded, and had to fall back. Here we lost a man taken prisoner—a Baltimorean named Fitzpatrick.

Satisfied now that we must retreat, instead of following the wagons we turned off to Columbia Bridge, seven miles above White House Ford, and scattered into the woods, checking them a good deal. When the enemy charged upon us we killed two of them and one of their horses, and here I lost a fine boy, named Kidd, taken prisoner. I kept my own company well in the rear, and succeeded in checking the enemy completely until the rest of my command crossed the Shenandoah at Scrabble Town.

In this fight we numbered only one hundred and eighty men, while the enemy had more than four hundred cavalry alone—the 1st Vermont and 6th Ohio. We lost two men, taken prisoners, with their horses and arms; we captured one horse, killed five men, and wounded six.

That night I took two men with me well mounted, recrossed the river, and scouted cautiously into Luray, where we took supper. It was then I learned the number of Federal wounded, they having pressed the carriages to take them off.

IX.

JUNE, 1862.

I SENT to General Robertson for re-enforcements, and while waiting for their arrival we kept the enemy busy by skirmishing with them two or three times a day. Their main body was at Big Spring, two and a half miles from Luray; their cavalry, of three squadrons in advance, were on the river side, near Luray.

Our re-enforcement of two companies arrived on the second day after the fight, and I determined to attack the camp near the town at daylight next morning. I had a consultation with the other captains, and they all agreed to my plan. Before daylight all were in marching order. At White House I left two companies, with long-range rifles, on my side of the river, to cover our crossing in case of disaster.

With the other four companies we crossed without impediment, threw out skirmishers, and marched toward Luray. The advance came in sight of their pickets when about a mile and a half from their camp, and Lieutenant Swindler, who was in command of it, sent me word that he had found them. We started in a trot, and soon came in view. Here I kept the column concealed while I disposed of Captain Grimsley's company on the right flank, and Captain Buck's on the left, and took command in person of Captain Willis's and my own. The companies having taken the places allotted them, I rode up in full view of the enemy's pickets, who, instead of falling back, came toward us, but stopped half way, and, seeing us continue to advance in some force, they wheeled and galloped back to camp. Then I gave the

order to charge, and let out my horse, hoping to overtake them; but they ran into camp before their men were all mounted, while I, with twelve or fifteen men, whose horses were equal to mine, dashed in, and took three of them prisoners.

The Federals made a stand in the town. My men were in some disorder; but, not waiting for the flankers to come in, they charged with a yell, drove the enemy before them, and captured seven or eight prisoners. One man I shot through the back, wounding him severely.

They formed again at the bridge as if determined to make a stand; my men were scattered all over the town, hunting up the stragglers. I succeeded in rallying some six or eight, and with them I attempted to take the bridge. At this moment their commanding officer rode out toward me, after ordering his men to charge, but only two or three followed him. As he rode up I made a quick dash, fired, and killed him almost instantly with the last load in my pistol. With drawn sabre I continued the charge, followed by eight men, took possession of the bridge, killing one more, and drove them to the edge of the town. There we were checked by the appearance of a large column advancing along the Sperryville Road.

The two flanking columns had now come up. I stationed them in different parts of the town, and then proceeded to collect what arms and stores we could find. While this was going on, a Federal, hid in a tan-yard, watched his chance of escape, and slipped out on a fine roan horse, coming down the main street about a square from where I stood. No time was lost for a chase, but, my pistol being empty, I had to range up alongside to cut him down. My horse was the faster of the two, but the chase was at first down hill; when, however, we came to level ground, I soon

overtook him—not, however, until he was almost among his own men. As soon as I came up behind I made a *tierce* point at his neck, but the blade went clear through his hat, and with such a weight on the point I could not make a cut: his skull was saved, and thus he escaped. I wheeled, and had the pleasure of another chase toward the bridge, but this time I was obliged to take the lead myself; they did not follow me closely.

While charging the bridge I had a hole shot through my pocket, and my horse was wounded. A corporal was shot through the thigh.

After holding the town two hours, I sent back all the wounded, the captured horses and prisoners, with what quartermaster and commissariat stores we needed, destroyed the remainder, and retreated slowly to White House Ford, which we crossed in good order with the whole command.

The enemy followed closely and in much force, and having infantry, artillery, and cavalry in five times greater number than ourselves, we were compelled to retreat. They not only shelled us from the river, but from all the hills adjoining. Still, however, I kept the rear guard close to them; and when they crossed the river with their whole force and pressed us hard, we were obliged to move off to the mountains near Newmarket Gap, where the artillery could not follow.

Here we had unloaded the baggage, and sent the wagons to Fort Mountain for grain. Here also we halted, and each man carried off what he could on his horse; and after the column, thus loaded, had passed on, Lieutenant Miller and I remained picking up what we thought might be useful. While thus engaged, the enemy made some good line shots from a Parrott gun on this side of the river. I told Miller

that the next shot would reach us, and that we had better be off. Scarcely had we turned away when a shell struck and exploded in the pile of baggage, some of the fragments coming near hitting us.

Having overtaken the command, I formed them in column of eights to receive a charge of cavalry, should the enemy see proper to make one; but a squadron only came to the mouth of the gap, which was easily driven back. By this time we were joined by the two companies of cavalry left to guard our retreat, and we again advanced cautiously after the enemy, who were falling back, skirmishing with their rear guard all the way to Thornton's Gap.

Late in the evening I received a dispatch from General Robertson ordering me to report with my whole force, except one company, and without delay. This mortified me not a little, for the tone of the order seemed to cast a suspicion against me for neglect of duty. Every officer of the detachment took fire at this, and threatened to resign should I not be left in command of the post. Having dispatched a full report of the day's proceedings by a special messenger, although nearly worn out, we at once took up the line of march for Newmarket. But the same night I received, in answer to mine, another dispatch from the general, ordering me back again to Page Valley with my command.

X.

JUNE, 1862.

THE next evening I took a small squad of the freshest troops, and crossed the river to look up the enemy, taking along with me Lieutenants Swindler, McAleese, Hurst, and Marshall, and never did men make such a narrow escape from capture as we did on that afternoon.

We encountered their pickets when within a mile and a half of Luray, and discovered a large body of cavalry advancing steadily through the woods. Seeing they were too much for us, I sent Lieutenant Hurst back with the squad, and with McAleese, Marshall, Swindler, and a young man named Mountjoy Cloud, who acted as orderly, proceeded to worry the pickets as much as possible, relying on the fleetness of our horses to get us out of the way, if necessary.

McAleese and Swindler crept upon the pickets on the left, and Swindler killed one of them. This roused the enemy, and they made a dash, cutting off Swindler and McAleese from joining us. Swindler jumped a fence, and escaped into the mountain. McAleese was following him, when his horse was killed; but he too escaped into the woods, and reached camp next day. In the mean time, while we were galloping along ahead of their squadron, now advancing along the road, stopping occasionally to get a shot as they would charge us around a turn in the road or over the crest of a hill.

And now for our escape, owing to the cool, deliberate courage of Cloud. He was dressed in dark clothes, and wore the hat I had run my sabre through the day before. This hat had a black feather in it, with the initials of the 6th Ohio Cavalry and crossed sabres on the front, making Cloud look, at a short distance, not unlike a Federal. I had sent him with a message to Lieutenant Hurst to station his men at the ford. Between us and the ford were heavy woods, and when Cloud rode into them he saw a sentinel, with drawn sabre, sitting quietly on his horse. Cloud merely nodded to him as he rode by, the other returning his salute. Riding on a little farther, he came upon a whole company drawn up in single rank, with carbines resting on their hips, ready to fire on any thing coming along the road.

Cloud still rode on, coolly looking on them. He had scarcely passed them in safety before he discovered another company, drawn up as if ready for a start. These also he passed in the same cool, deliberate manner he had the rest, and could now have safely run for the ford, but, instead of saving himself and leaving us to be taken prisoners, he leisurely turned about and rode by them again, making dumb signs, as much as to say, "All right, boys; we'll have these Rebels yet."

As soon as he got clear of them he lost no time in giving us warning. There we stood in the road, with a force on each side of us, almost within rifle-shot. Nothing was left then but to take the river, which we reached by going across the fields; nor did we look for a ford, but plunged in, and all got safely over, with no other inconvenience than a good ducking.

That night seven deserters from the enemy came to our pickets, and when Lieutenant McAleese came in he brought seven more—all from a Virginia regiment in the Federal service.

For several days we had brisk skirmishing, but with no other result than the fun it afforded. It was impossible for us to recapture Luray, for the enemy encamped a large force near the town, and kept strong pickets out in every direction.

I now received orders to report at camp without delay; so, leaving one company to do picket duty, we marched to Harrisonburg, and found that General Robertson had gone to Orange Court-house, leaving my regiment to do picket duty in the Valley. We were now joined by our new colonel, Ayrshire Harmon, an old friend of mine. Here we remained a week, resting men and horses; and then, with six companies and a section of Chew's battery, we started again for White House Bridge.

Early in the morning the colonel and I held a consultation, and we determined to hunt up the enemy. We accordingly sent up the river a company to protect our rear, and with the rest of the force, artillery included, we marched down the river, intending to cross at White House, the colonel and I moving forward to reconnoitre.

Approaching the river, we discovered in a field on the other side of it a company of cavalry grazing their horses, but not dismounted. Without showing ourselves, we took one gun, an English piece, through some woods, and got it in position. They were not more than six hundred yards off, and the first intimation they had of an enemy near was the falling of a shell in their midst, which unfortunately did not explode. Before they could look around there fell another with terrific effect. Such wild confusion I never witnessed: they scattered in every direction; and, until they got out of range, we sent shell after shell among them, just to hurry them up. I wished to cross the river after them, but the colonel would not consent; and it was well perhaps that he did not, for the wood was alive with infantry, and we might have lost many a brave man to little purpose.

In about an hour there came in view a regiment of infantry, which advanced toward the ford and threw out skirmishers, scattering themselves about in small bodies, so as to avoid any serious injury from artillery.

Colonel Harmon now ordered me to dismount my whole company, deploy them as skirmishers, and advance so as to appear like infantry. This I did, placing the right under McAleese, and the left under my brother, the whole being under my direction. The colonel rode by my side, and we advanced to within their musket range without being able to use our short carbines; but when about getting close enough, we saw them placing a gun in position on some ris-

ing ground. In less than a minute the smoke curled up, and there came a good line shot, followed by another, but both fell short; then came a third, screaming along and tearing up the ground between our two horses!

The skirmishers had been ordered to fall back and remount; but, to prevent any confusion, the colonel and I rode along with them. Every shot came near enough to make us dodge, and the shells of one gun in particular seemed to be aimed directly at us two.

After crossing the field we came to a strong worm fence, and I directed one of our men, named Fox, to pull it down. He was moving quickly up to do so, when a shell struck the pannel he was making for just in the corner, and knocked it down. "That much trouble saved," said Fox, looking round, with a quiet smile.

The enemy's position so commanded every part of the surrounding country that our gun was of no avail. We tried to coax them across the river, but in vain; and, after making one or two scouts near Columbia Bridge, we returned to camp near Harrisonburg.

A few days after this Colonel Harmon sent me to Winchester with a flag of truce to release some Federal surgeons taken at the battle of Cross Keys. We had a pleasant trip, and returned to camp on the evening of the fourth day. While delivering over the prisoners at the picket post, hundreds of ladies came over to see us. They paid no attention whatever to the guard, which tried hard to stop them, but pushed by, shouting out, "God bless the grayBacks;" "God bless the rebels." A hearty hand-shaking then went round, and greetings yet more tender; of course, we rather encouraged such lively demonstrations. Refreshments were then brought from the town, and we had a pleasant time of it.

That night we slept near the picket post, each man made fast to his horse for fear some prowler might slip off with him. After we got back to Kernstown I took down the flag of truce, sent the wagons on ahead, returned to within a mile of Winchester, and made some captures of horses and a lot of mules. I was very near being taken prisoner, though I did not know it at the time, for on the adjoining farm from which the animals were captured lived a Union man, who was afraid to go home without a guard, and he had then fifteen mounted men with him.

Next morning we took up our line of march toward the Valley of the Rapidan. We scouted toward Stannardsville and Madison Court-house, where I joined Lieutenant Colonel Burks, with one half of the regiment under him. At Wolftown, near the latter place, we fell in with the Federal cavalry, charged the town, and drove them out, killing one, wounding three, and taking six prisoners.

XI.

AUGUST, 1862.

We made a scout toward Madison Court-house, and were fired into by a regiment of South Carolinians, who were on picket at Barnard's Ford, they taking us for Federals. No damage was done. I went forward with a flag of truce to let them know who we were.

It was on the next day, about 2 o'clock, that the battle of Slaughter Mountain commenced. Being the rear guard of the whole army, it was night before we reached near where was the hardest fighting. From our position we could see the flashes of the guns, and hear the shells crashing and bursting amid the trees.

Colonel Harmon having given his consent, I rode to the

front, and the first battery I came to was Purcell's (Virginia), where I found young Lieutenant Featherstone, of Baltimore. The enemy were then shelling this particular spot terrifically. Several were killed while I stood there. Not being on duty, I was about to move away, telling Featherstone it was rather warm work, when a spherical case shell came thundering through the wood. I heard it coming, and felt sure that it would strike very near, and in a second I felt the wind of it. It struck Lieutenant Featherstone, taking off the greater part of his head, passed through one horse into the body of another, and then exploded, tearing him to atoms. The first horse fell upon Featherstone, and it was some time before we could extricate his dead body. Before I left four men were killed, three having their heads taken off by one shell. In this battle Brigadier General Charles H. Winder was killed by a shell which tore him nearly in two. He was leading on the old "Stonewall Brigade," supported by the 2d and 3d brigades, commanded by Taliaferro and Fulkeson. After Winder was killed his brigade charged the enemy, and never was hotter fighting than was then seen in a corn-field where this brigade charged line after line of infantry and artillery. An officer declared to me that he never before saw so many men killed by the bayonet.

Toward evening the enemy made a charge of cavalry, coming down rapidly in a stubble-field, on the edge of which we had a regiment of sharpshooters, with rifles but no bayonets. These fell back quickly across a fence, and in the rear of a regiment with fixed bayonets. The latter the enemy did not see, and supposed that the rifles were retreating. On they came with a yell, and when they got to within forty yards of the fence, the muskets were passed through it, and the first volley turned them back in wild confusion,

while the rifles also poured into them a destructive fire. Even after the first volley there was a string of dead horses extending all across the field, and great numbers also scattered along in the line of their retreat. About 9 P.M. the enemy were completely routed from every position, and our men drove them to within a mile and a half of Culpepper Court-house.

On the second day after the battle we granted a flag of truce to the enemy to bury their dead and remove the wounded; General J. E. B. Stuart on our part, and General Crawford for them, arranging the terms.

While riding over the field, strewn with dead and wounded, two Federal colonels accosted me, and inquired if I was Captain Harry Gilmor. Having answered them in the affirmative, they introduced themselves as Lieutenant Colonel Meighlech and Colonel Zost, both Prussians, and proceeded to inform me that I had been fighting them at Luray; and, having been told by the ladies there that I was a pretty good sort of fellow, they were anxious to make the acquaintance of one who had been so attentive to them in Page Valley. We rode over the field together in pleasant conversation, when Colonel Meighlech remarked that, if we had not removed any of our dead (and we had not), their loss, compared to ours, would number seven to one; and this was the fact. He then invited me to leave my arms with his orderly and accompany them across the lines to get something to drink; we spent an hour very agreeably, and parted with mutual professions of regard.

Next morning our whole army commenced falling back toward the Rapidan, our regiment forming the rear; but we were not pursued very closely. We had a few skirmishes, and some long-range shelling, which did no harm.

At Orange Court-house I was obliged to leave the field,

and it was soon evident that I was about to have an attack of intermittent fever; and not till at the second battle of Manassas was I able to join my regiment.

At Fairfax Court-house, where I next joined the regiment, I was ordered to move forward with my command and drive in the pickets, which was soon done, the town taken, and word sent to Colonel Harmon, who then came up with the remainder of the regiment and two pieces of artillery. The enemy, whom I followed after driving them from the town, were drawn up in line of battle about a quarter of a mile from it. Their force consisted of three squadrons of cavalry, posted advantageously behind some houses and a large barn. I threw out long-range rifles to the front, and the entertainment opened. They stood their ground until some of my mountain boys knocked two of them from their saddles. Seeing them waver a little, I ordered a charge; but they retreated before we could reach them. We pursued for a while, but our force being small, I halted, informed Colonel Harmon of our success, and held on till he came up.

In the mean time the enemy took position in a thick wood, from which we soon flushed them with a few shells; but they fought stubbornly all the way down to Falls Church, where they had infantry and cavalry. Half a mile from the church we made another dash, and captured two of their cavalry. The place being held by infantry and cavalry, we placed two guns in position, under the command of Captain Chew, and kept up an incessant fire until night, without any casualty on our side, or, probably, any on theirs.

Soon after dark we took up the line of march for Leesburg, passed through that town, and crossed the Potomac, reaching Frederick, Maryland, that night. A day or two after, early in September, I went to my father's house near Baltimore to see my family.

XII.

SEPTEMBER, 1862.

On the night of the 12th of September I rode toward the house of a near relative on the Reisterstown Turnpike, when, urged by my sole companion, G—— C——, I reluctantly turned aside to Mr. W——'s, seven miles from Baltimore. It seems that a joint force of soldiers and policemen had come out that night from the city to capture property which they had been told was there ready to go South, but which, if there, they did not find. This force was stationed all around the house, and not, of course, expecting us; but on hearing the tramp of our horses they were on the alert, and scarcely had we entered the yard before we were completely surrounded. Escape was impossible; every gun and pistol was presented, and would have been immediately discharged. Besides, I was not mounted on my own horse which I had ridden into Maryland—a thorough-bred bay of immense power, active as a tiger, and a great jumper.

I was treated very rudely by my captors, and had to endure their vulgar taunts all the way to Baltimore, which we gained on foot. Not until we reached the edge of town did we see or hear of any one doing picket duty.

On being lodged in the Western Police Station-house my name was inscribed on the books as "a spy," and the entry was forwarded with me to Fort McHenry, where, with other pleas of confinement, I was detained for five months, in direct violation of the cartel between the two governments, which, if regarded, would have released me in ten days. It was represented to General Wool, then in command at Bal-

ties for trial by state laws for inciting negroes to revolt, and President Lincoln had ordered all Confederate officers to be held waiting the result. With a sad and sorrowful heart I shook hands with my fellow-prisoners and the captain of the steamer, who seemed to have taken quite a liking to me. I was the only officer taken off; found no guard on board the tug, and none but the captain and two vulgar-looking women. The weather was stormy, and the little tug pitched at a great rate.

Out of humor with the captain and every thing else, I never left the capstan, nor minded the spray as it dashed over me when we struck a sea. While running by Craney Island, the red-headed wretch came and asked me to walk aft to the saloon and be introduced to the ladies. The impudence of the dog so enraged me that I could scarce keep my hands off him; and, in fact, had I known where to run the boat, I should have hurled him into the sea. However, I merely consigned him, in vigorous terms, to the devil. Upon this he slunk off to the saloon, and I saw no more of him until we reached the wharf at Fort Norfolk.

Here I was turned over to Captain Johnston, who received me civilly, and conducted me into the interior of the fort, and a gloomy-looking place it was. My prison was on the second floor of the old magazine, in which sixteen others, mostly from Norfolk, Portsmouth, and North Carolina, were confined.

Although anxious to get back to my old camping-ground, still, all things considered, my time passed away pleasantly, and Captain Johnston behaved to us in the most gentlemanly manner. Once, however, he did get *mad*, and I must admit he had some reason for it. He had put a Dutchman, a Yankee sutler, among us, and we, being all Confederates, objected to such "mixing." We remonstrated; but he

persisted, saying he had no other place for him. That night the poor Dutchman was rolled up in a blanket and tipped out. How he yelled and swore, and, as he lay on the ground, cried, "Help! murder! tousand tousand dyvils!" and I know not what else. We immediately barricaded the door, and when the guard charged up he could not get in. Captain Johnston then came in a towering rage, but had no better success; we would not unfasten the door. At length we held a parley. I made him laugh; he promised to murder no one. The door was then opened, the poor forlorn Dutchman brought in, his wounds and bruises dressed, and I nursed him until he was well. He turned out to be a good fellow, for soon after that he was released, and sent us a lot of Champagne and whisky, and a large quantity of eatables.

Scarcely a day passed but we had visits from the ladies of Norfolk, Portsmouth, and elsewhere, bringing with them luxuries of every kind. I can not forget the kindness of these ladies, among whom were my cousins on the eastern shore of Virginia, Miss Sarah L——, Mrs. and the Misses M——.

Just as I had made every arrangement for escape, I was called out on the 13th of February, and sent to Fortress Monroe for exchange. I had but twenty minutes' notice, and packed up in such haste that I left half my things behind. Being detained about an hour, I was allowed to purchase a pair of cavalry boots, a hat, and several other articles; but, on arriving at Fortress Monroe, all these things were taken from me by a miserable little assistant of the provost marshal. The third day after found me at City Point, and the same evening at Richmond. I had caught a severe cold coming up the river, and could scarcely speak for several days after my arrival.

XIV.

FEBRUARY, MARCH, 1863.

WITHIN a week I went out to "Moss Neck" to see my old friend and patron, General T. J. (Stonewall) Jackson. On arriving at his head-quarters, which were in a small, detached building on the lawn before Mr. Corbin's house, he was not in; but, while strolling about the grounds, I met him coming from a walk.

"How are you, general? I am glad to meet you once more," I said.

He had the same old cap pulled down over his nose, and, raising his head, looked at me for some moments. I, thinking he did not recognize me, said, "I fear you have forgotten me, general."

"No, sir, never forget you, sir, Captain Gilmor. Glad to see you back again, sir. Want you to keep a sharp lookout hereafter," shaking me warmly by the hand all the while; and, without loosing it, he led me into his quarters. Here we talked till summoned to dinner, when he gave me a seat beside him. Charles J. Faulkner, Alexander R. Boteler, and the general's personal staff were with us. After dinner we had another pleasant hour conversing on general topics. The general frequently assured me of his readiness to advance my interests, promised to inquire about my regiment, and recommend me for the majority.

While conversing together a box was brought in, sent from London, containing a saddle, bridle, and entire outfit for a horse. It was sent, I think, by Messrs. Gallagher and Ficklin; the most splendid affair of the kind I ever saw. He

seemed much pleased with the present, but evidently considered it too fine for him—so plain in every thing. I bade the kind-hearted man good-by, he exacting a promise from me to write whenever I required his aid. That was the last I saw of the glorious "Stonewall" Jackson until I looked upon his corpse lying in state at the Capitol. What a loss to the cause was the death of that one man! General Lee said, "*Twenty thousand men could have been better spared.*" But for that many a reverse might have proved a triumph.

On the first of March I left Richmond and returned to the "Valley," where I found my regiment encamped near Mount Jackson, on the Valley turnpike road. The regiment was out on drill. As my old squadron returned, they came into line in front of the colonel's quarters, and gave me three rousing cheers to welcome me back. The sight made me long for horse, sabre, and pistols, to be at the head of the "first squadron" in a rattling sabre charge, with these brave boys at my back.

That evening there was an alarm. I borrowed a horse of Colonel Harmon, and we took the road to Edinburg in a trot. As I rode past the column to the head of the regiment, some of every company would recognize me, and salutations were exchanged; I told them I was again in command of the first squadron; then came a loud yell, finishing with "All right, boys; there goes our Harry to the front!" What a sensation all this created within me! As I took my place at the head of the column, I felt as though I could ride through ranks of foemen. It was a false alarm, however, and we halted at Edinburg.

That night I spent with my old friend, Colonel Funston, who had been Ashby's major; he was very glad to see me, and produced a bottle of "apple jack" to celebrate my re-

turn. The next day I obtained from General W. E. Jones a furlough of fifteen days.

And now I looked up my old sorrel, that Welch had been taking care of during my imprisonment. I found him at a farmer's named ——, in Page Valley, and, though pretty rough, still he was in tolerable condition and full of life. He really seemed to know me, but certainly found out who was upon him before I had ridden from Newmarket to Luray. Here I found all my lady friends as kind and charming as ever, and three days were spent most pleasantly. Here also I met Lieutenant Randolph, of our regiment, who had commanded the company during my absence. Being in want of another horse, I soon struck a bargain for a powerful brown half mustang for five hundred dollars; but, after riding him in several skirmishes, I was glad to get rid of him. He was the most unmanageable horse I ever saw on this side of the Missouri River.

From Luray I crossed over the Blue Ridge to Culpepper Court-house to see General J. E. B. Stuart, but failed to meet him, he being in Fredericksburg. Fitz Hugh Lee's brigade was there; and a general court-martial was in session for the trial of Colonel Clay Pate, 5th Virginia Cavalry. The members of the court were nearly all strangers to me, but I was introduced to them, and a jolly time we had of it. Here I first met poor Pelham, the "boy major," the renowned young hero of Stuart's horse artillery.

Stuart, unaccompanied by his staff, came to Culpepper on the 16th of March to give some evidence in Pate's trial. I had a short conversation with him in the evening, and he promised a satisfactory answer to my request the next day. Little did we anticipate what then awaited us.

What a jovial party were assembled that evening in Colonel Carter's room. Let them pass before "my mind's

eye:" Colonel Rosser, severely wounded next day; Lieutenant Colonel Welby Carter; Colonel Sol. Williams, who married Miss Pegram, and was killed ten days after; Major John Pelham and Major Puller, both killed next day; Captain A. Rogers, 1st Virginia Cavalry; Colonel Drake, killed at Shepherdstown the following summer; Colonel Pate, killed at Yellow Tavern the day Stuart himself was killed; and myself, now brought up at Fort Warren, after many narrow escapes and many bloody fields.

XV.

St. Patrick's day, 1863, dawned bright and clear. While fast asleep in my room, in rushed Major Puller, in full uniform and ready for the saddle. For some time he ran on with a deal of nonsense, but at length told me the Yankee cavalry had crossed the Rappahannock at Kelly's Ford in large force, and the brigade was ordered out to meet them. Delighted at the thought of taking part in a cavalry fight with Stuart and Fitz Lee as chiefs, I sprung out of bed, ran down to the stable, and gave a negro five dollars to clean, feed, and saddle the old sorrel. Coming back, I met Stuart all ready, with Pelham by his side, looking as fresh, and joyous, and rosy as a boy ten years old. Having saluted the great cavalry general, I offered to attach myself to his personal staff for the occasion. He thanked me, saying he would gladly accept my services, as none of his staff, save Pelham, were with him, the rest being at Fredericksburg. Buckling on pistols and sabre, I vaulted upon old Bill, he little thinking how soon he would be among screaming shells, whizzing bullets, and clashing sabres in the coming conflict. Raising my hat to the pretty little Miss Bessie

S——, I dashed down the main street after Stuart, who had already started off at a rapid gallop. On turning the corner, I saw Miss Bessie on the balcony waving her handkerchief to me as I passed out of sight. Alas! what grief possessed her before the close of that eventful day.

I overtook Stuart and Pelham at the outskirts of the town, surveying the ground with rapid glances; selecting positions for artillery, should we be forced back so far. Stuart had just received a dispatch from the front, and sent me back to telegraph General Robert E. Lee. I joined him again a little more than a mile from the town.

Fitz Lee's brigade was about two thousand strong, but, owing to its late hard work and scarcity of forage, he had been obliged to send more men to the rear than he took with him into the fight. He told me himself that he had not a man over eight hundred; and I am certain, from what I saw, that even this was a large estimate. The roads were in the most wretched condition, and seemed, in some places, as though the "bottom had dropped out." In passing by the 5th, its major (Major Puller) sung out, "Harry, leave me your haversack if you get killed!" "Ay, ay, major."

I found Fitz Lee and Stuart, with their staffs, riding together in the rear. Pelham and I rode side by side for several miles, when suddenly the advance came to a halt, having discovered the Federal cavalry just ahead in what is known as Jamison's Woods. Stuart, through his glasses, scanned them, while Fitz Lee formed his brigade on the left of the road in the field. I took my station near Stuart, and soon after Fitz Lee rode up and said, "General, I think there are only a few platoons in the woods yonder. Hadn't we better 'take the bulge' on them at once?" This was Fitz Lee's favorite expression.

Stuart assented, and the 3d was ordered to get ready for

a charge, while Captain James Bailey was sent forward with a squadron on foot as sharpshooters. Soon the bullets were flying thick and fast, and I asked leave to go in with Bailey. Just then Bailey's horse was killed, and for a time I took command, and ordered a charge on a stone fence, behind which a large body of the enemy's sharpshooters were posted. The men charged well until we got within two hundred yards of the fence, when they were met by a tremendous volley from the carbines of at least a regiment, besides a raking fire of shell and canister from four pieces of artillery which had been masked in the woods, all poured into our little squadron. Here they halted, wavered, and, though I entreated them, some disorder occurred, and they began to retreat, but still loading and firing as they ran.

Just at this moment Stuart dashed in among them, and, riding up to where I was, waved his hat, telling the men, if they ran, they would leave him by himself. Never did I see one bear himself more nobly. I stopped to gaze upon him, though I expected every moment to hear the dull *thug* of a bullet, and see him fall. "Confound it, men," said he, "come back;" and *they came.* Anxious for his safety, I told him the men were all right, and would go wherever he ordered me to take them. Bailey now rode up, and Stuart told him to post them behind a sod fence about fifty yards nearer the enemy, and then report to him.

The men were hardly in position before a shell exploded on top of the fence, killing three and wounding seven.

The general sent me to order the 3d to charge the woods directly in front. The poor fellows went in gallantly, but it was a fatal mistake, and I thought so at the time, for that stone fence extended from the road on our right to the river on our left, and was utterly impassable for cavalry throughout its whole length. But the gallant 3d dashed on in

whom I had to report before passing out through his lines. We found him sitting before his tent, and after dispatching my business Miss Belle presented her request. I fixed myself rather behind her, that I might give a signal to the general not to consent. The fact is, I did not care to be accompanied by a woman on so perilous an enterprise; for, though she was a splendid and reckless rider, of unflinching courage, and her whole soul bound up in the Southern cause, yet she was a little—mark you, only a *little*—headstrong and willful, and I thought it best, both for her sake and mine, that she should not go. I hope Miss Belle will forgive this little ruse. The general, of course, refused, which made her furious; but he was firm, and I rode off without her.

I was gone three days, and returned without even having drawn my revolvers, though I had several chances; but I was on special business, and so let the various opportunities pass.

The enemy's picket-line being only a mile out of Winchester, I made easily the entire circuit of that town as well as Martinsburg, in which I learned the exact position of every stationary force, large and small, in the lower valley, with an accurate account of their numbers. A courier was sent immediately to General Ewell with the information I had gained. He was then marching through Chester's Gap, near Front Royal. But this was kept so secret that even I would not have known it had I not been selected to do his scouting, and, of course, I did not breathe it to any of the men with me.

XVIII.

JUNE, 1863.

NEXT day I was sick in bed in Middletown, thirteen miles south of Winchester, on the Valley Road, and Ewell was moving rapidly by way of Front Royal, when about forty Federal cavalry dashed in upon us for the purpose of attacking the line of outer pickets, which was just in my rear. My men, as it happened, were all in readiness to mount at a moment's notice, and most gallantly did they fight in twos and threes, keeping up a fire from the cross streets with such rapidity that by the time I could get out the enemy were all at the north end of the village. My groom Dick had my horse all ready, and as I threw my leg over the saddle, my lads, with three or four of the pickets, who had been sent in to see what was the matter, rallied around me, and all were anxious for a little fun.

It was my duty to keep the picket-line clear to prevent any information reaching the enemy. So, with a yell, we dashed at them, and, as they were already moving back toward Winchester, it was an easy job to hurry them on a little. For about a mile the race was very exciting. We soon captured five, and then halted, for fear of being drawn into an ambuscade of infantry, which I had suspected was their object. They halted too. Thus prepared, they could easily have whipped us, for we had only eight men left, two having gone back with the prisoners, one being wounded, and another hurt by his horse falling on him.

To see whether there was indeed a trap set, which would be discovered by the way we should be received, I placed

two men on each side of the turnpike, and with the rest dashed down the road. Convinced by their movements now that there was a trap, I ordered the men to halt, which was promptly obeyed; but my own horse, the mustang, could not be taken up so easily, and would certainly have carried me through to the enemy had they not turned and pretended to run, and had I not pulled him square across a stone fence, which he suddenly leaped, and, in doing so, came near unhorsing me.

Riding back toward Middletown, I beheld a dense cloud of dust coming from a road which ran at right angles to the turnpike. Amid the cloud I perceived cavalry, about the same distance from the town that we were. I knew we had a picket force out that way, but the fact of their charging toward town, together with the singular behavior of those we had just been fighting, led me to regard them as a Federal troop trying to get in our rear, and so thought all the men. Off we started to cross the junction of the roads before this body of cavalry could reach it. We had quite an exciting race, and had just accomplished our object, when the head of the approaching column wheeled into the turnpike, discovering to us Captain Raisin, of our 1st Maryland, with about seventy horse, who had heard the firing, and came to take part in the fight. They halted for a moment; but, while I was changing horses with my brother, C——— G———, who had brought me my old sorrel, Raisin's men galloped toward the body of cavalry I had left a mile and a half off. Having mounted, I sent G——— to the rear, afraid to trust him on the mustang in a fight. I hurried on to Raisin, and, although the enemy was scampering away, still anticipating ambuscade, I begged him to hold in and come down to a trot, while I would skirmish his front with my eight men, all finely mounted. He did so, and I

threw out three men on each side of the road, and with the other two advanced at a gallop, Raisin coming up at a trot. We followed the Yankees to within a mile and a quarter of Newtown, when they wheeled about and faced us with drawn sabres, yelling and daring us to charge. Feeling quite certain now that an ambuscade was near, I waved my pistol back at Raisin to hold up; but, unfortunately, he misunderstood the signal, and with intense pain I heard him give the order, "Gallop—march—charge!" Just at this moment I caught a glimpse of a blue uniform among the tall grass in a ravine on our left.

On came the brave Marylanders with such deafening yells that I could not make myself heard, though I screamed to them, "Halt! halt! you will all be butchered! You are running into an ambuscade!" All in vain. They were too wild to hear; on they sped into the very jaws of death.

Half the column had passed, and, seeing the look of amazement on every countenance, as if saying, "What the devil is the matter with Major Gilmor?" I dashed in the rowels, and was soon at the head of the column.

The boys were just giving a fresh yell as they saw me come up, all with sabres firmly gripped for the struggle, when four hundred infantry rose up in the grass, and discharged every gun into the flank of the column. At the same instant a small body of cavalry, about two hundred yards in front, opened to the left and right, unmasking two howitzers, that sent double charges of canister, raking down the other side of our doomed men.

The scene that ensued it is hard to describe; but I had known what was coming, and lost not my presence of mind. Raisin rode by my side, but soon was knocked off his splendid black horse by a minié ball hitting him in the back of the head. He lay as if dead, and his horse ran to the enemy.

My first order was to charge upon the cavalry before the infantry could reload. Only two men obeyed; one was Fitzpatrick, and both were killed. All were trying to wheel, and get out as they came in. I was at the head of the column, and thought my chance to get through would be slim indeed, for the infantry had commenced a scattering fire, and were at the fence trying to bayonet men and horses as they crowded and jostled each other in the road, taking care, however, to keep out of reach of the sabres.

All this occurred in an instant, though it seemed a long while to me. Pushing my way through dead and wounded men and horses lying in the road, I soon got out of range. The enemy charged while we were wheeling, but did not come up until we had fairly started. They picked up some prisoners, ran us about a mile, when we halted and turned on them. They stopped, wheeled, and went back.

I was sick when they had aroused me from my bed; but while there was fighting going on, the excitement kept me up. Now that it was all over, I had barely strength to ride back to the hotel in Middletown.

Can it be believed that our loss was but five killed, nine wounded, and twenty-three captured, with some bruised and sore from the falling of their horses? But one of mine was killed, Fitzpatrick, a Baltimorean, one of the bravest of the brave.

XIX.

JUNE, 1863.

At daylight next morning, General Ewell having crossed the Shenandoah, we all started for Winchester; Colonel James Herbert, of the Maryland Infantry, with his battalion,

and the 1st Maryland Cavalry, under Captain Emack, on the Valley Turnpike; Jenkins's division on the Front Royal Road, in the advance of Ewell's first two divisions; while Rhodes, with his division, came out by the way of Millwood to drive into Winchester the troops stationed there, it being Ewell's intention to bag the whole force in the town. I kept with Colonel Herbert all that day. No restriction was put on any one coming out of Winchester, and every one we met assured us that all was quiet there, and there was no suspicion of the force coming against them.

Passing through Newtown and Bartonsville, we came to Jackson's old battle-field at Kernstown without meeting an enemy, or even hearing of any on this side of the picket-post at Hollingsworth's Mills. We halted on the edge of that field. It was a bright, warm day. Colonel Herbert put his men in line of battle, and then ordered them to lie down. The cavalry was thrown forward, two pieces of the Baltimore Light Artillery put in good position, vedettes on all sides, and scouts pushed forward to see what was going on at Winchester.

All this was scarcely arranged before a column of cavalry came in sight, approaching us rapidly and rather incautiously on the turnpike. Several of us hastily mounted and rode up before the guns to mask them. Our vedettes fell slowly back before the enemy, and when within half a mile of us they started to charge in column of fours. As they came within easy range, we wheeled to right and left, and shell after shell went screaming on. One exploded over them; another in front, a little short; and, though no one was killed, they scampered back in great confusion. And well they did, for the Maryland boys were lying with guns all cocked and primed for them, though Colonel Herbert wished to conceal his force until General Early should come over

with his division to attack the smaller forts on the southwest side of Winchester. Just as we had shelled the cavalry out of sight, we heard Ewell's guns open on the Front Royal Road, about three miles from the town. He had flushed the enemy, and, soon after, we knew by the more distant reports of artillery that Rhodes had engaged him at Berryville. We watched and waited for Early, with his division of Louisiana infantry. He came at last, and, when the advance began, the fighting became general. Herbert's battalion of infantry was deployed as skirmishers. Having no command of my own, I went into action with Major William W. Goldsborough, who had charge of the skirmish-line.

We soon passed through Kernstown, and half a mile beyond came upon a small force of the enemy's infantry and cavalry posted in an orchard, and then the fight commenced in earnest. They opened a battery on our skirmish-line, and shelled the wood in all directions, but without doing much damage. Early moved most of his division to the left of the turnpike, where a line was formed by one of the Louisiana brigades, with the Maryland infantry in front, to charge the enemy posted in strong position on Bowers's Hill, about a mile and a half below Kernstown. The hill was carried without much trouble, and the enemy driven into his fortifications west of Winchester. His skirmishers still held that place in considerable force, the main body being in the fortifications on the heights west of the town; and, as it was not designed to enter it that night, we halted within easy range.

By this time General Ewell had forced his way to within a mile of the town on the east, where General Edward Johnston's division was in position near the Millwood Turnpike. The enemy were now blazing away with about thirty guns from their forts on the heights, while Early was steadily

making his way round him on the same side. This to me appeared the state of affairs when night closed in, and I felt sure that, unless the Federals ran off in the night, most of them would be captured next day.

I slept on the skirmish-line with Major Goldsborough, and when we started before daylight I made him a bet that, unless killed, I would be the first man in Winchester.*

Desiring to see what was going on at the Millwood Road, I reached it just as the sun was rising bright and clear, after a fine shower, which made the air fresh and exhilarating. No Federals could be seen, so I commenced a cautious reconnoissance. Passing down to Swartz's Mill, I began to find dead bodies, knapsacks, blankets, and guns strewn about where we had met and whipped the 110th Ohio and 5th Federal Maryland. Feeling my way a little farther on, I came to the abandoned camp of the latter, with knapsacks piled, already packed, with any quantity of plunder; and while my horse was eating his oats, I amused myself in reading the letters lying about. I gathered up about a hundred gum-cloths, carried them to a house near by, and consigned them to the charge of a lady till my men should come down the Valley.

I had hardly gained the crest of the hill above the camp when the whistling of two or three bullets told me there were enemies near, probably concealed behind the stone fences there. I turned back, as a wise man should, and came upon the remnant of a Federal caisson that Snowden Andrews had exploded the evening before. There lay a soldier on his back, not a scratch on him visible; his clothes all burned off, and the body perfectly black. The lid of the ammunition-chest, on which he must have been sitting—for

* The major swears to this day that he won that bet; he avers that we got in together, but thinks he was a "leetle" before me.

the battery was in motion when the shell struck—was lying near, with several blankets and a large tent-fly strapped to it. I heard afterward that he was seen to go up forty feet, the lid probably acting as a wad.

I was gazing on this spectacle when Major Goldsborough hailed me from the abandoned camp. I rode over and told him where the enemy's skirmishers were, and he dashed on after them. Often have I heard officers tell of that splendid affair of the Maryland battalion under their gallant leader. Goldsborough never left his horse, though under a most galling fire. In a short time we came near enough to charge the suburbs of Winchester. I then kept my word, and was the first Confederate soldier to enter the town, but only a throat-latch ahead of Goldsborough.

While talking to some ladies, who were perfectly wild with joy and excitement, a mounted man came within a short distance of where I stood. I drew my revolver and rode toward him; but he fired upon me and ran, firing back all the time. My horse was very fleet, and I gave chase, but every cap of my pistol snapped. I ran him past nearly four squares, when I suddenly came to a cross street in which a regiment of infantry were in line of battle. I wheeled as quickly as possible, but, before getting behind the corner, a ball struck my horse in the muscle above the hock, and for a few jumps he went on three legs; then all was right, and he soon carried me out of danger. I found that the ball had passed through without doing much injury, and, after putting some neat's-foot oil in the wound, I mounted him, and rode over to see how things were getting on east of the town.

I found General Ewell's head-quarters on a little hill near the Millwood Turnpike. After I had reported, he sent me on a scout toward the Berryville Road. Rhodes had whipped the enemy at Berryville the evening before.

XX.

I WAS returning by a shorter route when I came suddenly on a "Jessie Scout" in a narrow lane that led out to Griffith's factory. I had taken the precaution to put around my neck a white handkerchief, leaving a long end hanging down over the shoulder, the badge by which the "Jessies" distinguished each other. Those "Jessie Scouts" were a body of men dressed in Confederate uniforms, organized by General Fremont. The fellow rode up cautiously, his pistol drawn, but I pretended to be very unconcerned, showing no disposition to draw mine. He rode a noble dapple gray, and stopped when our horses' heads were nearly together. "Where are you going?" said he. "Going into town," replied I, quietly, but in a firm voice. He then inquired where I belonged, and I answered, "To the same crowd you do—to Captain Purdy's scouts."

"Why, I don't remember seeing you, though I hav'nt been detailed long myself."

"That is just my case," I replied.

He then asked what regiment I was detailed from. I told him from the 12th Pennsylvania, Captain Fenner's, company F. This satisfied him; he put up his pistol; and, as I rode up alongside, I noticed a pair of handcuffs looped over the small strap that holds the saddle-pocket to the flap. I asked what he was going to do with the "ruffles." He replied, "There is a Reb out at old Griffith's, and I am going after him." "Let me look at them," said I; and, as he stooped to take them off, I quickly drew my sabre.

There was a gate leading into a lane near where we stood. It was a little way open, and he made a desperate effort to get through; but his horse pushed it to with his neck, and

at the same instant my sword went through his body. He fell off, dead in less than five minutes, but not before he said, "You sold me pretty well, but I don't blame you." I gave him whisky and water out of my flask, and tried to save him, but my blade went too near the heart. He had a very good saddle, that suited me better than my own; the handcuffs I carried all the way to Gettysburg, and there gave them away.

The gray was magnificent; I mounted him, and took the way back to Ewell's head-quarters, having tied old Bill in a clump of pines. I had not ridden more than four hundred yards before I was fired on by three or four vedettes concealed in a clump of trees near the Sulphur Spring. My horse plunged heavily forward and fell dead—dead before he reached the ground, the ball having penetrated the brain about two inches above the eye. I saved myself by jumping clear of him before he rolled over, and stripped off my saddle with some difficulty, but the bridle and halter became a prize to the vedettes. I plunged into the bush for old Bill, thanking my stars it was the gray that was killed instead of him. He soon became so lame that I had to leave him at Swartz's Mill in charge of his son, and take the mustang.

Almost immediately after mounting the mustang, which never suited me, I bartered him away to a member of my old company for one he was riding and had captured in the great fight at Brandy Station, in which my good friend was slightly wounded in the arm; "a nice little furlough," as he called it.

Never was I so mistaken in a horse. He was a beautiful blood bay, tall and powerfully built, fine loins, good shoulders, and long, clean neck, with clear, detached throttle. He was the very picture of a fine English hunter, and I considered myself fortunate in getting him. As soon as we

changed saddles I rode over to General Ewell's head-quarters, but had not gone half a mile before I wished myself on the mustang. Every shell that exploded from the enemy's forts, that were blazing away in every direction from about forty guns, would make the fool plunge and rear, and, worse than all, start back in the opposite direction, and no amount of spurring and flogging could force him ahead.

After making a very circuitous route, I finally reached the general's quarters about 4 P.M. The cannonading was then at its height. What a magnificent spectacle met my view! From the forts outside of the town, in which the enemy had taken refuge, belched forth an incessant fire. Our batteries were comparatively quiet, from the fact that no position had been found by them where a battery could live twenty minutes. From the general's quarters we could see every thing going on except round about Early's force, now going up on the southwestern slope of the heights on which the enemy's works were built. The town, forts, and all the Federal troops lay between Early and our other corps. Rhodes was expected to come in on the north from toward Martinsburg.

The firing was terrific, and yet all of us crowded on the heights to see Early's charge. We could hear his skirmishers keeping up a continual, rapid fire, and occasionally a volley and a yell, as he charged some advanced position; and we could tell, by the continual coming in of blue-coats, that he was getting the advantage. Every piece seemed to be turned on him; but, amid the thunders of thirty or forty guns, there broke on our expectant ears heavy volleys of musketry, and the terrible, long, shrill yell of the two brigades of Louisiana "*Tigers*," who were charging up those heights crested with rifle-pits and redoubts.

The enemy stood firm for a while, and old Ewell was

jumping about upon his crutches, with the utmost difficulty keeping the perpendicular. At last the Federals began to give way, and pretty soon the Louisianians, with their battle-flag, appeared on the crests charging the redoubts.

The general, through his glass, thought he recognized old "Jubal" (Early) among the foremost mounted, and he became so much excited that, with moistened eyes, he said, "Hurrah for the Louisiana boys! There's Early; I hope the old fellow won't be hurt." Just then a spent ball struck General Ewell on the chest, almost knocking him down, and leaving a black mark. His medical director, Hunter McGuire, took away his crutches, telling him he "had better let those sticks alone for the present." He was soon on his feet again, or, rather, on the only one he had left.

Early had taken two of the forts, and turned their guns with success on the remaining two still held by the enemy. Ewell named the elevation on which they stood "The Louisiana Heights," in honor of the two gallant brigades that had left so many of their dead and wounded on its side and crest.

As the sun was setting, the enemy's cavalry and wagons began moving off in the direction of Pughtown, lying northwest of Winchester. General Ewell, thinking they were trying also to get off their light artillery, ordered me to take command of all the cavalry I could find about him, to go round the town, try to cut them off, and make them abandon their guns. I took McNeil's company and a portion of the first Maryland, and went off as directed, having first got rid of my new horse. The night was now intensely dark, and I had great difficulty in finding my way through the woods and pine thickets to the Berryville Road. The result was I got lost, and was separated from the party,

they taking another road instead of following me. For two hours I tried to get back to them, and became so completely puzzled that I was very near entering Winchester, where the enemy still held possession. Having despaired of joining the company, five of us turned into a barn and slept till morning. At daylight we saddled up, and pushed on to Winchester, to find the enemy had evacuated it in the night, leaving *all* their artillery behind, so that my misfortune was not serious after all. Most of the infantry had been met at sunrise by Rhodes's and Johnson's troops, who, after a short, sharp fight, captured nearly the whole of them.

I piloted the "Stonewall" brigade to a place where I knew they would intercept a small body of the enemy, and when the fight was over I found one of the regiments to be the 18th Connecticut, the same that held me a prisoner at Fort McHenry in '62. I knew every officer in the regiment —Colonel Ely, Lieutenant Colonel Nichols, Captains Davis and Bowen, etc., etc.

Winchester being now occupied, Major Goldsborough was appointed provost-marshal. He cheerfully acceded to my request that the officers of the 18th Connecticut should be kindly treated. They were paroled until they should start for Richmond, and then fully paroled on the route. Some were wounded—among whom was Captain Charles Bowen, badly in the chest—these I had conveyed to the houses of my friends, where every care was taken of them until they were sent to the hospital. They had been kind to me when in prison, and I wished to show I had not forgotten it when they fell into my hands.

I had a charming time for about two hours with my fair friends, when General Ewell caught me in the street, and told me to collect all the cavalry I could find and dash off through the country toward Harper's Ferry, and try to

overhaul Milroy, who had slipped through in citizen's clothes, with a small body-guard. With only twenty men, all I could get together, I struck out, and soon got on Milroy's track, which led through a deep hollow near the Spout Springs, where there was no road. I followed on his trail, leading through fields and woods, until I got to Charlestown, still unable to reach the escort. There I met several others who had been on the same fruitless errand. Milroy was safe in Harper's Ferry.

On the third or fourth day after Winchester fell into our hands our army crossed the Potomac at Williamsport and Shepherdstown. I was ordered to report to General Johnston at the latter place, when I told him that a portion of Milroy's head-quarter wagons on the other side of the mountain might be cut off. He gave me "*a roving commission*," but told me to be sure to report to him at Sharpsburg next morning, at 9 o'clock. Accordingly, with twenty men, I crossed the mountain by a path, dashed in, and captured a train of eight wagons making for Harper's Ferry, and next morning turned them over to the quartermaster.

XXI.

JUNE, 1863.

MAJOR BROWN, of the 1st Maryland, had been wounded in the leg, and, as he had not yet reported for duty, I was assigned to the command of his battalion, the 1st Maryland, and ordered by General Ewell to go forward to Boonesboro', feel my way down to Frederick, and, if possible, destroy the Monocacy Bridge. I marched on to Boonesboro' and camped there that evening, having sent Captain T. Sturgis Davis, of Maryland, on whose valor and management I placed great

reliance, with some ten men, to Frederick on a scout. They went in, captured and paroled many prisoners, and were getting on quite smoothly, when a small force of cavalry dashed in and drove them out, wounding one of them severely, who was left behind in the hospital.

The next day I moved down on Frederick with the battalion, which numbered, all told, about two hundred men. The advance went into the town some distance ahead of me, and, when I was within a quarter of a mile of the place, the Federal cavalry ran them out, our men reporting them to be in force of fifteen or eighteen hundred.

There is a long, level stretch of turnpike from Frederick to the Catoctin Mountain, which made me quite uneasy as to being able to withdraw successfully. While thinking of what was best to be done, the head of their column came to the edge of the town, and opened upon us with carbines. I dismounted twenty of our sharpshooters with long-range rifles to engage them. After deploying these on both sides of the road, I advanced boldly, as though we had plenty of support. In a short time the enemy retreated, and, when our skirmishers had gained the edge of the town, I dashed in with the rest of the command. The Federal force was not so large as reported, and retreated rapidly on the road toward Harper's Ferry. In the charge not a man was hurt on either side, except one who joined us but half an hour before we began skirmishing. He was shot in the fleshy part of the thigh.

The people of Frederick turned out *en masse*, and never did I see so much enthusiasm. The ladies particularly crowded around us, and it was with difficulty we could move along. They gave the men all they wanted, invited us into their houses for refreshment, and manifested unmistakably their sympathy with the South; but, fearing the men

might get too much scattered, I had the bugle sounded, and went toward the Monocacy to try the bridge, but found it impracticable for cavalry, there being a strong stockade at each end. So I gave it up, and returned through Frederick to the top of the South Mountain, near Boonesboro'. From thence we went to Hagerstown, where I was ordered to join General George H. Stuart, of Maryland, who was detached with his brigade to make a detour to the left as far as McConnellsburg, and rejoin the main army at Chambersburg. I joined him on the top of the mountain, and immediately took the advance.

Night was closing in as we descended the mountain, the battalion marching in column. Here a few shots were fired at us; but it did not amount to much, and we continued to advance. When within half a mile of the town, we heard that a force of infantry and cavalry were there, and I was ordered to charge in. It was so dark we could see nothing in our front. I rode along the flank of the column, made the men dress up their sections, and then started down the turnpike at a trot. I galloped into the town; all was dark and silent; not a light to be seen. Charging through the main street, I threw out detachments to right and left in each cross street, but no Federals could be discovered, and therefore I returned to the centre of the town, sounded the "assembly," and formed in line. Pickets were then posted on all the roads, a courier sent with report to the general, and our horses fed upon the oats and corn we found near. General Stewart encamped outside, and Colonel Herbert's battalion of infantry, with my command, remained in the town. Not a single house was allowed to be entered until the next day, when the commissary and quartermaster came and took possession. We brought in a number of horses and cattle.

We staid in McConnellsburg two days, gathering up stock of all kinds, and then recrossed the mountain higher up, to a little town on the Chambersburg Road called Loudon, still capturing a great many animals, chiefly in the mountain, where occasionally we encountered bushwhackers. My orders were, in all cases where the horses had not been run off and hidden, *to leave a pair of plow-horses to each family, and to take no milch cows at all.* These orders were strictly obeyed, and the people were much surprised and pleased at the good behavior of the troops. A large proportion of my men were of the best families in Maryland, and there was no difficulty in controlling them.

After leaving Chambersburg we made a wide circuit, going westward as far as Roxbury, and about the 28th of June rejoined Stuart at Shippensburg, and next morning took the road to Carlisle, scouting the country on either side of the road. When within a few miles of that town I was ordered to go down the York Road. Passing through Papertown and Petersburg to Cashtown, I there received a dispatch from Colonel Carter, saying he feared his trains were in danger, and begging me to hurry on to his assistance. Off we started at a trot, which we kept up for two and a half miles, though the day was intensely hot and our horses somewhat fagged. Finding them in no immediate danger, I pushed on toward Gettysburg to report to General Ewell.

Approaching the high, wooded hills north of that place, I discovered that a portion of Ewell's corps were already engaged. With difficulty I found the general, who ordered me to proceed to the extreme left, and support two batteries (Pogue's and Carter's) that had been blazing away for two hours. I found them badly cut up, and for the present silent, having driven off the enemy's guns in front.

went clear round, came in on the Maryland side, and easily captured and bamboozled the reserve picket without firing a gun. We then waited quietly until it was time to relieve the outpost, when two of my men, dressed in our prisoners' uniform, went forward and *relieved* the two on post at the arch under the canal. With our prisoners, consisting of a lieutenant, sergeant, corporal, and twelve men, we then crossed into Virginia without difficulty.

The information I gave General Stuart caused him to move toward Berryville; but he ordered me to remain near Shepherdstown until he ordered me to fall back. This he neglected to do; and, while I was skirmishing around, and having a good time generally, the Federals came up from Harper's Ferry, on the railroad to Kearneysville, in my rear, and I was again cut off. But, there being no river to cross, it would have been impossible for any force to catch me there, where every by-path was as familiar to me as the roads around my own home in Maryland. My danger lay in this, that, while expecting Stuart to notify me when to fall back, I was not keeping strict watch in that direction.

On the morning of the 25th the enemy crossed the river at Burnt Mill, a mile and a half below town, and drove me out at a gait rather faster than a trot. I retreated toward Kearneysville, and, as they did not pursue me far, I went along leisurely, intending to feed there; but, as I gained a rise in the turnpike almost in town, I discovered a considerable force of infantry and an iron-clad battery on the railroad track. I wheeled as quickly as possible, fell back half a mile, and then took through the fields and woods toward the Opequon. After gaining the pines, I watched an opportunity, crossed the railroad, and was again free. Stuart soon after this crossed the Blue Ridge into Eastern Virginia, and I went up the Valley to recruit and form my battalion.

XXIV.

SEPTEMBER, 1863.

NOTHING important occurred until the latter part of September, my time being chiefly spent in organizing the battalion and scouting in the neighborhood of Winchester, Martinsburg, and Charlestown, my camp being near Mount Jackson.

About the close of September I took fifty men with the intention of crossing the Potomac to capture a lot of government horses and mules, which my scouts had reported to be grazing in the neighborhood of Hagerstown. Their picket-lines extended from the Shenandoah to the North Mountain, a few miles south of Charlestown, where a regiment of infantry and two companies of cavalry were stationed. Captain Somers commanded the cavalry, and Colonel Benjamin Simpson the 9th Maryland. I crossed the line without being detected, but when I reached the river I found it past fording, and had to return.

I camped in the woods on William Washington's place, and, being determined not to go back without some game, sent scouts to watch the roads leading out of Charlestown. I had not slept more than two hours when I learned that twenty-five cavalry had gone up the road leading to Smithfield. The men were soon mounted, and, striking out across the country, we got into the road in rear of this squad, and followed on their trail to Smithfield. Soon after reaching the turnpike we met a man whom I knew to be a Unionist, but, expecting to capture the party ahead of me before they could reach Charlestown in my rear, I let him pass. What

a change it would have made in subsequent events had I taken him along with us! We continued at a trot until we gained the hill immediately above Smithfield, when I closed up the column, and, drawing sabres, charged into the town, expecting to find the enemy there; but, to my chagrin, learned they had passed through without halting, taking the road to Summit Point, and were now a considerable distance ahead. I followed on, at a good swinging trot, with four or five well-mounted men in advance, until we got nearly to Summit Point, when my scouts returned, saying the enemy had passed through that place also a short time previous, and were now on the road back to Charlestown.

My horses were by this time much jaded, and some hardly able to keep up; still, determined not to abandon the enterprise, I struck across the fields, hoping to cut them off before they could reach Charlestown. In this I did not succeed; but three of my men ran into their rear guard just as they were entering the place. One of them, Charles Forman, was captured. I dismounted half my men, put them in position, and tried to draw out the enemy; but they had their own plan in view, and refused to follow. This made me rather suspicious; so, putting twelve men under Captain Blackford as a rear guard, I started for Summit Point and camp.

I had reached the "White House," owned by Mr. Morrow, two miles from Summit Point; had halted to let the men dismount and get water from the large spring about fifty yards off, and was the only mounted man left in the road. I had ridden up to the yard fence, and was talking to the ladies, when I heard a voice exclaim, "Here they are, boys; by God, we've got them now!" At the same instant a bullet whistled through a lilac-bush between the ladies and myself. I wheeled round and saw the head of a cav-

alry column on the rocky hill above, and between me and Summit Point.

Here was a perilous position. Seeing only the first section of fours, I knew not how many were behind them. I could not retreat, and therefore determined to make the best fight possible under the circumstances. I ordered ten of my men who had carbines to get behind the ruins of an old stone stable, and fight them to the last. Seeing my horses without their riders, the others thought we were apprized of their coming, and had prepared an ambuscade; and though Captain Somers, whom I at once recognized, begged, implored, and cursed them, they would not charge, but stood still on the hill, popping away at us with their carbines.

One of my men—Ford, from Baltimore—came up with a rifle, and, putting his hand on my thigh, asked what he should do. I told him to get behind the stone wall, and take good aim every time he fired. "All right, major." Just as he spoke the word a ball pierced his head, killing him instantly.

At that moment Captain Somers, who I must say was a brave man, spurred his horse down the hill, and engaged me with his pistol, firing wildly, for I saw he was much excited. I reserved my fire till he came within twenty paces, steadied my horse with the bit, took a long, sure aim, and Somers fell from his horse. The ball entered the side of his nose, and came out at the back of his head.

By this time nine of my men had mounted, and, as the sharpshooters had been doing good work, I thought I could risk a charge; but it was unnecessary to give the order, for I heard Read or Bosley say, "Come, boys, it's a shame to leave the major there by himself;" and by the time I had returned the pistol and drawn my sabre, the boys were at my side, so on we went.

When we gained the hill-top, I saw, to my amazement, that there were about sixty before me; but, as there was a good post and rail fence on either side, they could show no more front than my ten men. To whip the foremost was to whip all. As I passed by the stone stable I ordered the rest to mount and follow. Captain Somers was lying across the road. I was obliged to jump my horse over his dead body; four others lying near were either dead or wounded.

Settling myself well in the saddle, I dashed in among the blue-jackets, cutting and thrusting right and left, and parrying a blow when necessary. They were from Michigan and Maryland, and for a while fought well. Observing an officer fighting like a Turk, and cheering his men on, I made for him. He was a man of my own size, wore a very heavy beard, and looked, I thought, very savage as he yelled out, "Come on, you damned rebel; I'll soon fix your flint." This promised good sport. I closed with him, making a powerful front cut, which he parried, and at the same instant made a right cut at my neck. By bringing my sabre down in time, my side caught the blow. Now I had the advantage. Quick as a flash I cut him across the cheek, inflicting a large gash, and he fell to the ground. I gave him in charge of one of my men, and then followed after my first ten, who had pushed the column back two hundred yards while the lieutenant and I were busy with our affair. The latter soon after escaped by jumping a stone wall and running into a thick wood. We soon got them on the run; nor did we give them time to stop and re-form until they had passed through and beyond Summit Point.. We had taken eighteen prisoners, and were unable to pursue them farther until my men had all come up, for the Federals had formed and turned upon the two or three men who were still in pursuit; but by the time they had pushed these back

again to Summit Point I had dismounted ten or fifteen men, who easily checked them. We charged again, took five more prisoners, and the rest made their escape.

After collecting my prisoners and men, and sending a doctor to take care of the wounded, I left by a private route for the Upper Valley, with twenty-three prisoners and twenty-nine horses, leaving four of their dead and three wounded on the field. My loss was one man killed, three wounded, and one taken prisoner. I reached camp safely with every thing I had captured.

It seems the Unionist went immediately to Charlestown and gave information of what he had seen, and Somers followed me all the way round. A sad affair it turned out for him, but "such are the fortunes of war." Captain Somers was highly esteemed by his commanding officers, as shown by a long article, highly complimentary to him, that appeared a few days after. The same paper also alleged that I had *murdered* him! Indeed! Then not a few were murdered on both sides.

XXV.

OCTOBER, 1863.

It was about the 15th of October that I selected forty men, and started with good prospects on a scout through the mountains toward Paw Paw Tunnel, on the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad, with Captain Blackford; my adjutant, H. F. K——; and Captain Diggs, company B, of my battalion. Leaving Newtown at 2 P.M., we marched toward the North Mountain, and, as we passed "Carter Hall," Mr. W—— and I stopped for a few moments to see the ladies there. We staid rather longer than we intended, and the

sun was nearly down when we set out to join the command, which I had directed to take a certain route.

For some time we followed this obscure road; but at length, thinking it high time we had overtaken them, we stopped at a house to inquire. The answer was that "no cavalry had passed." We then struck out on one of the other routes, but with no better success; when suddenly we came to a spot which gave unmistakable signs that they had fed their horses in a corn-field near by. We now had a trail, and kept it until we struck the great Northwestern Turnpike Road running from Winchester to Romney; but the difficulty was to find where they left the road and took to the mountains. I knew the population of this region too well to make inquiry; so, after hunting about for some time in vain, and narrowly escaping capture by a force of cavalry coming from Romney, we were obliged to return to Newtown, cursing our ill luck.

The route they had to go was the most dangerous on the whole border; and, although Blackford was a brave man and a good scout, I knew him to be rather incautious and totally reckless of danger, and could not rid myself of a strong presentiment of something disastrous befalling them. The result shows how well-founded were my fears. As they passed Back Creek Valley, the men were allowed to straggle into houses tenanted by their worst enemies. The consequence was, they went into camp for the day with no scouts or pickets out; they all laid down, and, while asleep, a force of infantry and cavalry surrounded and fired into them, capturing all but five or six, who managed to conceal themselves in the bush. Not an officer escaped. They were the best men and horses of the command, and were selected for the occasion.

Captain Ross, of company C, of my battalion, had just re-

turned from a successful scout in the direction of Martinsburg. General Imboden had moved to White Post, and I reported to him for duty.

On the 16th of October, I took sixty men and went over to see what chance there was of capturing the garrison of Charlestown, consisting of the 9th Maryland and a battalion of cavalry, General Imboden having promised to give me any assistance I might require. After thoroughly scouting the position, I concluded that it would require the most of Imboden's brigade to make the capture complete, and therefore I went to Berryville, where he then was, and laid my plans before him. He thought favorably of them; called a council of all his commanding officers at 8 P.M., and they also gave their approval.

It was at 1 A.M. when we started. I took the advance, with the 18th Virginia Cavalry next to my battalion, which then numbered only sixty-five mounted men and thirty dismounted, just recruited, whom I intended to mount in this fight. The distance is twelve miles; and yet these thirty men kept up with the cavalry all the way.

We halted within three miles of our destination to decide upon the plan of battle. To me was assigned the hazardous duty of getting round between Charlestown and Harper's Ferry, to cut off retreat in that way. The 18th was to follow and support me. I was allowed one hour and a half before the general himself made the attack.

The sun was half an hour high when I reached the Harper's Ferry Turnpike in Tates's woods, only a quarter of a mile from Charlestown. I sent my brother, with six men, out on the 'pike to run in or capture the pickets, while I formed in line, and waited for the 18th to do the same. In five minutes I heard them popping away at the pickets, and moved up close to support him, at the same time sending

a courier back to hurry up Colonel Imboden with his regiment, for I knew there would soon be warm work. Just as I got in sight of the turnpike, I saw about fifty cavalry coming out of the town in column of fours. We drew sabres and charged them obliquely in flank, broke them without difficulty, and drove them across the fields. Not a man of mine was wounded. We captured about twenty prisoners. We ran them farther than I intended, for I found it difficult to call in the men and re-form them in time to meet a larger party that I felt sure would soon be upon us.

By the time I had accomplished this, the 18th, in line, were in the woods; my dismounted men, under Captain Burke, were also there at a point near the turnpike. I was returning with my prisoners, and was within a quarter of a mile of the turnpike, when the remainder of the enemy's cavalry came out, charging in column with drawn sabres, seemingly determined to cut their way through.

First, Burke opened on them with his Mississippi rifles, and, though several saddles were emptied, they kept on until they came opposite to the 18th, when Captain Frank Imboden charged them with his squadron, while I struck them on the left flank at the head of their column. Only seven got by, and even these were captured farther down the road by our pickets. We took thirty or forty more of them, and drove the rest back into town and across the country. I followed them some distance, and then returned to wait for the infantry that I knew would next be coming forth.

While we were thus engaged the general had been fighting them with the 62d, White's and Callamese's battalions, and McNeil's Rangers, on the other side of the town, compelling the enemy to take refuge in the Court-house; but a few shells from McLanahan's guns soon drove them out. Colonel Benjamin Simpson, of the 9th Federal (Maryland)

regiment, now formed it so as to protect his wagons and cut his way through to Harper's Ferry.

I recrossed the turnpike just as the enemy came out of town, and, having turned my prisoners over to the provost guard, I formed on the right of the 18th, about one hundred and fifty yards from the road, and waited impatiently for them to approach. As the column of infantry passed by Captain Burke gave them a volley, which threw the teams into some confusion; but the regiment came on, and was passing our front, when I rode up to our commanding officer and asked him if he was not going to charge, reminding him that General Imboden had ordered us to make a stubborn resistance. "Well," said the colonel, "my men have never charged infantry, and I do not know what to do." "Dismount, and charge them on foot," said I. Without giving any positive order, he turned round and said, "Men, I think you had better dismount, and make an attack on foot!" Some dismounted, but kept close to their horses' heads, popping away without taking aim, for not a man fell.

The enemy were by this time abreast of us, and we were in no little danger from our own shells. One of them cut a large limb from a tree, which fell on Dick Gilmor and Captain Ross, hurting them very much.

I ordered my men to draw pistols and prepare to charge. As we started out at a trot we received a wild volley without much damage, though it was of buckshot and ball. Only myself and another were struck; and not till after the battle did I discover that I had a buckshot in my leg.

In an instant we were among them; they broke, and made for a deep cut in the railroad. Had they been allowed to reach that we should have had some trouble in getting them out; but all surrendered except a part of the color company, and they made but a feeble stand. One of my

lieutenants charged these with a few men, killing the color-bearer with his own hand while he was in the act of tearing up his flag.

There was a man in command of one of the companies who waited for me till I was just upon him, when he fired, but missed me. Seeing this, he threw up his hands, and cried, "My God, Mr. Gilmor, don't kill me!" "I don't know you," said I, making a cut at his head. His hat was looped up to the crown, and the double thickness of felt is all that saved his worthless life: it stunned him, however, to such a degree that it was a long, long time before he recovered his senses. When I discovered who he was—for I did not know him by sight—I regretted that my steel had not entered his brain.

It was a singular sight to see my men and the Federal Marylanders of this regiment recognize each other. On every side we could hear, "Is that you, Charley?" "Here, Billy, I surrender to you," and many such expressions. I knew several of the officers, and did what I could to make them comfortable.

My command captured all the wagons and three flags—Dick Gilmor, Ned Williams, and Dobbs each one. We also got all the swords, sashes, and side-arms of the officers. The prisoners, wagons, and ambulances were immediately started toward Berryville.

I rode into town to see some of my old acquaintances among the ladies, and found all very enthusiastic in their reception of us. The people were wild with delight; and as I jumped from my horse to shake hands with some of my earliest friends, I received a kiss from more than one pair of ruby lips, and gave many a hearty hug and kiss in return.

XXVI.

The residence of Major Locke, commissary of Imboden's brigade, was in this place, and I accepted an invitation to breakfast with him, and met the ladies, his sisters, old acquaintances of mine. I found a large party assembled, but managed to secure a very pleasant seat. General Imboden was there, and we had scarcely breakfasted when news came that the enemy, in considerable force, from Harper's Ferry, were already within a short distance of the town. Expecting this, I had ordered my company to remain well together, and be ready to mount at the first sound of the bugle. The prisoners and property had been sent at once toward Berryville, and we had nothing to do but fall back slowly from place to place, repelling their repeated attacks on our rear. But for McNeil's company and my battalion, the guns we were supporting would have been captured, for the enemy's cavalry fought hard to retake the prisoners.

I had three horses wounded on our retreat between Charlestown and Berryville. One of them was struck while I made a dash to recapture one of my men—Joe Stansbury—who had been taken, while skirmishing on foot, by a fellow who was cursing and trying to make him give up his carbine, when I rode up and drove his adversary off, killing him with my second shot. We got back all safe with prisoners and teams. Forage becoming scarce in the Valley, I moved across the Massanutten Mountain to Page Valley, and went into camp at "Hawk's Build," two miles above Luray.

In the early part of December, Colonel Boyd, of the 1st

New York Cavalry, made a raid up the Valley, evidently with the intention of striking Staunton. His plans were known to me almost as well as to himself. After notifying my superiors of Boyd's movements as soon as he started, of his numbers and destination, I took fifty men, and went into the "Fort Valley," or "Powell's Fort," as it is called, to lay by, let him pass, harass his rear and flanks, and save the furnaces situated in this picturesque region. Boyd had infantry, cavalry, and artillery, and met no opposition before he got to Newmarket.

This Fort Valley is a natural curiosity, and, having been the scene of my operations more than once, should be described.

It is a beautiful little valley, almost surrounded by mountains, and its widest part not more than four miles from mountain to mountain, east and west. On the southern end these two mountains join and form a high peak, beyond which is the Massanutten. At the northern end the two mountains almost run together, but seem to have been cleft asunder to make way for "Passage Creek," which runs through the entire valley from south to north, and, at a few thousand yards from the mouth of the "Fort," empties into the north branch of the Shenandoah. In passing through the "mouth" you have to cross Passage Creek twenty-six times! The stream rises and falls very rapidly. The valley is full of log houses and barns, with some fine buildings, weather-boarded and well painted.

Among the most prominent of these are the buildings at Burner's Springs, quite a resort for the citizens of the neighboring towns and villages. The grounds about are beautiful, and, when seen from the mountain opposite, the view is superb. The main building, 100×40, is of three stories, and two rows of cabins extend along the hill above the

spring. It is tenanted by Solomon McIntruff, a man of large means, whose daughters, always presentable in their dress and appearance, and good housekeepers, made it a favorite stopping-place with every one. The stables would shelter a number of horses, and there was plenty of provender. The men occupied the cabins, in which were large fireplaces, and it was impossible to surprise me there. As a base of operations, on several occasions I have proved its advantages. Among the mountain people, if the men make love to the girls, you can always get along very well; and I had a number of good-looking fellows, well dressed, who understood the art to perfection.

When I reached Fort Valley, Boyd was in Charlestown preparing to start; and next day I learned that he was on the march, and that a portion of his cavalry was moving toward Millwood. That being so far to the east of what I knew would be his line of march, I suspected his force would divide, and a portion go up Page Valley to join him at Newmarket.

Accordingly, I selected thirty of my best men and horses, passed out through the "Mouth," crossed the Shenandoah, and shaped my course through woods and by-paths for Millwood. It was certainly the coldest night that ever found me in the saddle; and when within half a mile of Millwood, I stopped at the barn of a gentleman named R—— to let the men feed their horses, and then bury themselves in a large pile of corn-husks. The horses were tied up and fed, and a camp guard stationed, to be relieved every hour. The enemy's camp-fire could be seen in the direction of Millwood.

My cousin, Willie Gilmor, and I had lain down in a huge pile of husks, when, conning the matter over, I concluded we were not altogether in a safe place; so, having crawled

out from my warm bed, I saddled up, called five men to join me, and started off to reconnoitre the enemy's camp.

Emerging from the woods into the road, I discovered a huge Dutchman on picket, walking his beat to keep himself from freezing, having tied his horse twenty yards back. He heard me before I saw him, and, grasping his carbine, cried "*Halt!*" I halted behind a thick clump of bushes and briers. My men heard him and halted too, quietly drawing their revolvers, to spring forward at a sign or whistle from me.

"*Who cooms dare?*" I did not answer, and, as he had not seen me, he looked around a little and moved back, saying to himself, "I shpecks it vas de frost." When he got to the other end of his beat, I made a sign to the squad; picked my way around near the town; there dismounted; fastened my sabre to the saddle; took off my spurs, and, with a man named Doran, entered Millwood, to learn something concerning their strength and where they were going.

This was a difficult task; for the first thing we encountered was a patrol in the street, who hailed and inquired our destination. We had seen by the light of the campfire that they were at the church, and therefore promptly answered, "*Going up to camp at the church.*" It was too cold to parley, and they walked on to their fire.

I proceeded to the house of a friend, and, giving the proper signal to show my friendly character, was admitted. After taking a glass of whisky, I sat down by the fire and listened. "There were seven hundred cavalry at the church —the 1st New York and Cole's Maryland battalion. They were a flanking column to keep off guerrillas until Boyd should pass Strasburg. They would march before daylight, go to Front Royal, and join Boyd at Strasburg." It seemed to be the impression that I had better return immediately

to Fort Valley, as Boyd had expressed his determination to give me a call. I had my canteens and haversack filled by my friend, and, giving his honest hand a hearty good shake, I started off for the church, to see what kind of guard they kept over their horses; for I had come in on foot, but hoped to ride back.

I went to the church-yard fence, round which the larger portion of the horses were tied close together on the outside. Our foes had built shebangs inside of the lot, with a large fire in front of each. After looking around, I went to a place where no sentinel was near, and began untying a very fine horse. Doran was already mounted, and waiting for me to select one, but I was rather hard to please. I had untied one, and was fixing up the halter-strap, when a fellow in the shelter opposite called out, "What the devil are you doing to my horse?" I quietly said, "Go to thunder; it's my own horse, and I'm going out on picket." Had not my command been so near, I should have dashed on into the nearest wood and made my escape; but such a course would have endangered the squad holding our horses, so I tried to argue him out of it; but he persisted that it was his, and I pretended to discover my mistake. I tied him to the fence again; found another a little farther off, mounted, joined Doran, and rode out of the town, telling the patrol we were going out to the picket-post.

Having reached the edge of the town, I sent Doran after the rest of the boys and our horses, while I "relieved" the Dutchman, who went on to camp with me, supposing me to be one of his own officers.

Arriving at camp at the first crowing of the cock, I called up the men in line ready to march, gave each a good drink of whisky from my canteens, and started on a brisk trot toward Front Royal, on my way to Fort Valley. I took this

route to give warning, that the citizens might run off their stock to the mountains. The wind swept down upon us in tremendous gusts, and we all had to dismount and trot along on foot to keep from freezing.

We reached Front Royal just at daybreak, and passed through, leaving ten men to watch the movements of the enemy, cautioning them in the most particular manner to be careful. But, unless there be an officer to think for them, such men are very careless, and in this case five of the ten were picked up by the advance, that dashed in earlier than was expected. Three of them made their escape that night at Strasburg, and came back the following day; but, as they had lost their horses and arms, I sent them off to mount and arm themselves by their own exertions, and to do it within ten days, or be transferred to the infantry. In less than a week they returned mounted and equipped, bringing in three prisoners they had captured on a picket-post.

I returned to the fort, and commenced shoeing some of the horses and getting them all *roughed*, for the mountain roads were covered with ice every where. Two days of sleet and rain had already kept us there, and we had lain out two nights, watching in vain for a chance to pitch into Boyd's trains, he being still at Strasburg, when I determined to take the men back to Burner's Springs, where we should find plenty of shelter for man and beast. Our blankets were as stiff as cellar doors, and with difficulty we rolled them up enough to pack on behind our saddles. Passage Creek ran between us and the Springs, with the water so high as to be impassable by fording. I drew up the men in line, and asked which they preferred, "to lie out another night, or swim the creek and go to the Springs?" "Swim the creek," they all replied, though it was December, and so very cold. We had some fun in crossing, and

many of the boys had a good ducking. I sat upon the roll behind my saddle, put my feet upon it (the saddle), and my noble gray carried me over without even wetting my boots. Some of the boys were wet from head to foot, but they did not mind it when they thought of the *apple-jack* and big fires they would soon enjoy.

XXVII.

DECEMBER, 1863.

I HAD just heard that a great number of refugees from the Valley was at Burner's, and had possession of the cabins and stables. Thinking that good fat farm-horses were better able to stand the weather than my poor cavalry nags, I soon hit upon a plan that would empty the stables and cabins. They had heard that Boyd was coming; so I took ten men, dressed them in blue overcoats, and started for the Springs, about a mile off. The road comes in sight half a mile from the buildings, and the refugees were all out, wondering who we were. I made a feint as though we were going up the mountains, then suddenly wheeled to the left, gave a yell, drew pistols, and charged for the buildings. Every man, black and white, broke off and ran for the mountains near by, and we took quiet possession, turning all the horses out into the meadows, and putting our own in their places to eat the blue-grass hay with which their racks were filled. Some of these men staid out in the mountain all night, and came back in the morning almost frozen, but mad as hornets at our innocent little ruse.

Soon after we arrived, a negro hid in the hay crawled out, and, seeing none but friends about, called out to his companions, and soon we saw twenty or more coming from

under the barn and every imaginable hiding-place. I immediately sent all the men to the fires in the cabins, and put the negroes to work unsaddling and cleaning the horses. I then gave each man half a pint of apple brandy to prevent their taking cold, which, strange to say, none of them did, after lying out two days and nights in sleet and rain, in wet and frozen blankets, besides swimming a creek filled with ice.

Next morning my scouts reported the enemy moving up the Valley, and I moved too, encamping at the Caroline Furnace, twelve miles off, the first night; sent scouts into the Valley, and went myself to a high peak, from which I could plainly see Boyd's cavalry, artillery, and infantry, with wagons in the centre, passing up the Valley Turnpike, their advance having already entered Newmarket. They had every thing too well arranged for me to attack the trains, but they had left a squadron on picket at the bridge over the north branch of the Shenandoah, which I determined to attack if they remained during the night. Accordingly, I sent fresh scouts to ascertain whether any change had taken place, or if they had been re-enforced. At 11 P.M. they returned, reporting every thing unchanged, but that fires were seen a mile off, where they supposed the 1st New York Cavalry were doing duty.

The night was bitter cold, and, as the weather had suddenly turned from sleet and rain to bright and clear, every bush, and tree, and blade of grass was glittering and loaded down with ice. In going through the gap there was a mountain stream to cross at least ten times, and the water, splashing over our feet and legs, froze instantly, making it very disagreeable.

When we got through the gap I took a by-path to the right, which brought us out into the Mount Airy estate,

owned by Dr. A. R. Meem. Many of our friends know the doctor, and have partaken of his princely hospitality; and hundreds of our soldiers will tell in after years how the fair hands of its mistress have washed, dressed, and bound up their ghastly wounds, and that a Southern soldier was never turned away hungry, even after the "immortal" Sheridan had burned every stack, and fence, and building, and carried of all the provisions. What pleasant evenings we spent at Mount Airy in the delightful society of its beautiful young mistress and the fair visitors always to be found there. Can I ever forget that it was my Virginia home, and where, sick or wounded, I was nursed and treated as a son or brother?

As my route lay by the door, I called up, and found the ladies fully attired before a rousing fire in the grate, as if waiting our arrival. But the clock warned me to be off, after telling them we were about to attack the squadron on the bridge, in full view from the house.

At the foot of the hill, and just a mile from the bridge, ran a creek, much swollen, which we crossed with difficulty. Having tied four horses together, and leaving three men to guard them all, we started off on foot, intending to advance up the river under cover of the trees. My object was to give the men a rapid walk, to thaw them thoroughly before the fight commenced, and also to avoid being seen, for the night was bright and clear, though we had no moon. On reaching the river I turned to the left, moving in single file to prevent noise by trampling on the grass, for each blade was covered with ice, and made a crushing sound under foot.

The enemy had built shelters of cedar boughs and fodder, and their fires, being heaped up with seasoned rails, threw a bright light all around. These were built on either side of the turnpike, and on the opposite side from us was a

two-story log house and a weather-boarded blacksmith's shop. The horses were chiefly tied along the yard fence.

Having approached within two hundred yards of the camp, I halted the men, and crawled up to reconnoitre the position, and was just in the act of getting on the bridge when I heard a sentinel dancing to warm his feet. I stepped back to the men, and moved cautiously up to within fifty yards of the shelters, when I put them in line fronting the camp without being discovered, though there was a sergeant moving about all the time.

All being ready, I gave final instructions, placed Lieutenant Kemp on the right, Captain Burke on the left, took the centre myself, and advanced on the shelters with drawn pistols. Treading on a pile of dry corn-husks that lay in our way, the sergeant pricked up his ears and stooped down to look under the glare of light. I saw that he discovered us, and forthwith fired upon him and then charged the camp. The cry was, "Surrender or be killed!" and the yelling and firing were quite lively. I must do them the justice to say that they fought desperately, firing from their blankets as they lay behind their shelters, and it was with difficulty that any could be secured. We set fire to the shelters, but they fought their way into the log house, and opened fire upon us from the doors and windows. Up to this time we had taken about fifteen prisoners, and several were killed and wounded. The fires around the house shone brightly, and the soldiers within could see every one of us distinctly. Three of our men were shot. To finish the business, we charged the house, hoping to take all prisoners, but the door was barricaded and could not be forced. My cousin Willie was by my side nearly all the time. A bullet struck his right arm, and knocked the pistol from his hand. He cried out, "Major, I'm shot!" I asked him if he

was much hurt. He replied, "No; but I'm bleeding." I told him to mount his horse, cross over to Doctor Meem's, and get the ladies to dress his wound. The brave boy looked up as if puzzled to know whether I was in earnest, and said, "But, major, I've got two loads left!" I told him then to "blaze away," and I thought that his first shot took effect. He remained with us to the last.

At length I determined to set fire to the house, and force them out in that way; so I gathered up an armfull of fodder, and, calling to a man named Hancock for a fagot, I started for a window in the southern gable. As I advanced, two shots were fired at me from the window; but I had determined to accomplish my object, and that nothing short of a wound should stop me. I had got within a step of it, and was about to throw in the fodder, when a ball struck the window-sill and glanced off, throwing a quantity of splinters in my face, one of which struck my nose, and hurt me so much that I involuntarily dropped the fodder and felt my face, thinking the ball had entered. In doing this I ran behind the corner, and just as I discovered the wound to be not serious, two men came out of the back door. My revolver was exhausted. I had two "Derringers" in my pocket, but, strange to say, forgot all about them. When within a step of one of them I ordered him to surrender. "I'll be damned if I do," said he, and at the same instant presented his pistol. Quick as thought, I seized the barrel and turned it aside; it went off, and the leakage between the cylinder and the barrel burned my wrist. I tried to wrench the pistol from him, but he managed to cock it again, determined to make the muzzle bear upon me. The other fellow ran off, saying, "Give him hell, captain." We were standing on a sheet of ice, my foe being the stouter man. After he had discharged two more loads, my hand

still upon the barrel, my feet slipped, and I fell to the ground. The captain took as good aim as he could in the night and under the excitement of the moment. I moved not a muscle, though I seemed to feel the ball crashing through my brain. I closed my eyes. He fired, and my face was covered with an avalanche of mud and ice. The ball had entered the ground two inches from my skull! The whole scene occupied but a few moments—it seemed an age to me.

The captain thought me dead, and fled into the weeds and willows on the river's bank, while I jumped up and ran back to the men. We made one more attack on the house, which failed, and then secured their horses, of which we captured twenty-six. I found the captain's mare tied to the wagon. They had five horses killed by random shots.

XXVIII.

DECEMBER, 1863.

When out of range, Captain Burke informed me that he heard cavalry coming up the turnpike rapidly from Mount Jackson, and we started for the place where we had tied our horses. After getting a short distance, I was told that one of my best men, Debril, was left behind severely wounded. The night was bitter cold. Taking another with me, we went back and found him lying on the ground suffering terribly. I dismounted, put him on my horse, and carried him slowly to the ford. After getting all the men together, I directed Captain Burke to take them back to our old camp in the Gap, and wait for me there, while I took Debril up to Mount Airy, and put him in charge of those who would give him proper care until a surgeon could

be procured. A bed was made ready for him with little delay, and soon the servants were building a fire in his room.

The whole attack was witnessed from the Mount Airy House, and the inmates of the mansion said the suspense while the fight lasted was very exciting. Our expectation had been to take them at one dash; but when the yelling and firing continued for some time, they knew not what to think of it; however, "all's well that ends well" was the word with us.

Having given man and horse a little rest, I crossed the Eastern Mountain to Bixler's Ferry, on the south branch of the Shenandoah—then very high—which we were obliged to pass over in a flat-boat, carrying five men and horses at each trip. All over safely, we reached Luray that evening. There we found General Rosser, who had arrived a short time previous from Front Royal, after having made the circuit of Meade's whole army, starting from the vicinity of Fredericksburg.

I turned my prisoners over to General Rosser, and went into camp for rest after a hard day's work, but had scarcely unsaddled when a courier came from Rosser asking me to recross the river, and go toward Newmarket to ascertain Boyd's position. My men and horses were worn out, and I was completely broken down myself; but, mounting a fresh horse, and calling for fifty men, I once more started for the Valley Turnpike.

On reaching "White House Bridge"—burned in the beginning of 1862—I found the river rising rapidly, and it was with difficulty we crossed in a large flat-boat. Night set in before we were all over and on our way to the Massanutten, overlooking Newmarket. It is a fine road, and we soon wound round the ridges and reached the top of the mountain, when, to my astonishment, I beheld large camp-

fires to the right of and close to the town below. It was evident that Boyd had returned from his raid up the Valley, and was now encamped at Newmarket for the night. I knew that Early was at Staunton, to check him in that direction, and that he must retreat hastily, or Rosser would be on his flank. Under these circumstances I determined to charge into his camp, and, amid the confusion that must ensue, call off my men, make for the bridge over the north branch of the Shenandoah, and burn it after we had crossed, hoping that Early and Rosser would do the rest.

My mind once made up, I was in a hurry to carry out my views, and we went from summit to base in a hand gallop. After crossing Smith's Creek, I advanced cautiously, riding some distance ahead, expecting to run into a picket every minute. But I had ten men on fast blooded horses near me with whom I knew I would be able to run down the pickets before they could get to camp; and Lieutenant Kemp, who was in charge of them, was instructed to follow up at a gallop, keeping his men together, and with drawn pistols. In short, I expected to have quite an interesting time.

We approached within a quarter of a mile of town without starting a picket, and so near to camp that, by the light of the immense fires, we could see the men and horses very distinctly. Finding no pickets made me suspicious. I halted the whole command, and with only one man rode into town to reconnoitre. Entering the main street, I saw a party of persons in front of the hotel. I knew them to be soldiers by their clothing, but could not distinguish the color. I hailed the crowd, asking who they were. They replied by asking who I was. I told them my name, asking again who they were, threatening to fire if they did not answer. They moved suspiciously toward the door. I took

him, pulled the trigger, but the cap exploded. This caused a general rush for the door; and I could not help laughing as I cocked my revolver and fired just as a big fellow's coat-tail was disappearing through the open door. The ball struck too high, and the next moment my fifty men were in the square, ready for any thing.

Just then a man ran out from the opposite corner and inquired what was the matter. I recognized the well-known voice of Colonel A. S. Pendleton, who had been Jackson's adjutant, and was now acting as Early's. How fortunate! But for my meeting him, perhaps I should have charged through a camp of the "Augusta County Horse Guards," six hundred strong, who had volunteered to join Early, and form the advance in pursuit of Boyd. But I was a little surprised to find that they did not seem *very* anxious to overtake him, and I heard some rather amusing stories on the subject.

We did not see the general, but Colonel Pendleton told me that Boyd was in possession of the bridge where we had the fight a few nights before, and he wished me to make a dash at him in the night and try to recover it, so that there might be no delay in the pursuit next morning. Accordingly, I turned my horse's head in that direction, and, followed by fifty as brave and tried men as ever drew a blade, I made for the bridge, five and a half miles off, where, nearly two years before, Ashby had such a terrible fight with the sixth Michigan cavalry.

We met "Old Jubal" (Early) coming into town. He told me that there was but a small force at the bridge. He ordered me to take it if possible, push down the Valley, and bring Boyd to a halt until his forces could arrive.

At the foot of Rhude's Hill commences a large flat, nearly two miles wide, and here I deployed ten of the best-

mounted men on each side of the turnpike as skirmishers, and advanced at a fast trot. When within two hundred yards of the bridge, the enemy began firing on us from the hills on the other side of the river, but it was too dark for them to see us. Satisfied there was no force on my flanks, I rallied my skirmishers on the reserve and charged the bridge. Kemp was at my side, and so was my brother Dick, at the head of the column; but, fearful of a trap waiting for us at the bridge, I made them hold up to a steady gallop, while with two or three men I dashed forward to see if the bridge was all right. A hot fire was kept up from the bluff above the bridge, but it was so dark there was but little danger. I was one third over, when suddenly I found myself on the edge of a wide chasm, where the flooring had been torn up. "Halt! halt!" cried I; but one of the men could not check his horse, and ran against me. My horse was pushed nearly into the gulf, but, with wonderful sagacity, he threw himself back on his haunches, and, rearing up, wheeled round to the left, barely making his feet hold safe. While he was wheeling, I could see deep down on the boiling caldron below, into which we were so near falling. The river is shallow just there, with rocky bottom, and death must have been inevitable to horse and rider.

I hurried off the bridge to find Kemp and Dick in the middle of the current, making boldly for the other shore, with the men already pushing through after them, though the water was as cold as ice and the river rapid, proving nearly a match for their horses.

It turned out that there was but a small force opposed to us at this point, and they ran off as soon as they found us determined to cross. By the time I had got over, Kemp and Dick, with eight or ten men, had chased them below Mount Jackson and captured two of them, who informed

me that Boyd had camped at Edinburg; but, as I did not wish to disturb him until Early was ready, I relaid the flooring of the bridge and got within half a mile of their pickets. Having crossed the river again at a private ford, I camped at a friend's house, where the men dried their clothes, fed their horses, and turned in for the night, relying on the river as a safeguard against attack.

At sunrise we pushed on for Edinburg, passed through their vacant camp and on to Woodstock, five miles distant, where we discovered recent signs, and moved more cautiously. Dick was sent in advance with five men, and about a mile from Woodstock ran into their rear guard, who turned and charged him back on me. We charged in turn, and drove them back to a high hill, where they had a reserve too strong for us to charge. All this I reported to General Early, and detached Dick, with twenty men, to skirmish with the enemy, hoping that more cavalry would come to my assistance. My whole force was but forty-three men, of which Kemp had twenty-three drawn up in the road as a reserve.

XXIX.

DECEMBER, 1863.

We had been skirmishing about half an hour, when we observed the enemy preparing for a charge in column upon the turnpike. I was on the skirmish line with Dick, and about two hundred yards from Kemp. Had I attempted to join him, we should, in all probability, have been cut off and thrown into confusion, so I rallied them in column of fours, and sent some to tear down the fence, pretending to run across the railroad.

The enemy, two hundred strong, came thundering down

the turnpike toward Kemp, taking no notice of my little squad of skirmishers, whom they intended to pick up after they had used up Kemp. The head of their column had passed us at a rapid rate. I feared they were too much for us, and had commenced moving off, when I perceived that Kemp would not move a peg without orders, even though run down and cut to pieces. I therefore wheeled Dick's squad, and faced the flank of the charging column, and, at the same time, rode out on a little knoll, and, taking off my hat, shouted and beckoned to Kemp to charge. The brave fellow was watching me for a sign, and instantly dashed on with a reckless, headlong impetuosity hard to resist. At the same moment that Kemp charged them in front, Dick struck in flank, cutting the column in two, one third of it being between him and Kemp. This portion of the blue troopers made but a short fight, and then broke off across the field. Kemp, with ready tact, took no notice of them, but pushed his way through to me, when we both pitched into the remainder of the column in earnest. The fight was short. The foe was confined between two strong fences, and had they twice as many they could show no bigger front with their two hundred than we could with our forty-three. After breaking the front, their rear sections were only an encumbrance to them, and all were driven back across the hill into the town.

Major Samuel Myers, of Ashby's old regiment, was away off on a hill in full view. After the fight was over, he paid my boys a high compliment for their bravery and readiness to charge.

I intended throwing out a force to pick up the troopers we had cut off; but, as we drove the cavalry into town, we saw a heavy body coming out at a gallop to re-enforce those we had defeated. Of course, there was nothing left us but

to retire. They did not pursue us, however, farther than the crest of the hill, when they put two rifled guns in position, and shelled us out of range.

We had seven men wounded, none killed; we killed two, wounded nine, and captured thirteen. We had fought with Cole's Maryland battalion, and I was always glad to meet them. They staid but a few minutes on the hill, and then turned off toward Strasburg.

For the next three or four days I scouted the lower valley, to see that Boyd *went back safely home*, and then returned to camp in Page Valley, to find that Gregg's cavalry had made a raid into my beautiful little town, Luray, burned up a large amount of property, broken up and destroyed my camp equipage, with the exception of one or two wagon-loads which my quartermaster had run off to the mountain. There was no time to lose, for Early, Fitz Lee, and Rosser were all in the Valley, getting ready to make an extensive raid into Western Virginia. My work of late had been very hard on man and horse, and it was with difficulty I could muster seventy-five well-mounted, effective men. I put Captain Ross in charge of the men, with orders to go to Moorfield, Hardy County, where I proposed to join him in two days.

Rosser and Fitz Lee left the Valley and marched toward the North Mountain on the 31st of December, 1863, intending to cross by a very bad, steep road at Orkney Springs. The day was terrible in the extreme, a heavy snow-storm prevailing, and intensely cold. The column continued on, but some officers of Lee's and Rosser's staff, with myself, took shelter at the Springs, intending to remain until the storm should abate.

Mr. Bradford, the proprietor, received us with his usual kindness, and soon had our horses put up, and a large fire

built in a separate well-furnished cottage. Peach brandy and honey, the old Virginia drink, passed around briskly, and, when summoned to supper, we were as "happy as lords." The supper was excellent, for our host is celebrated for good living, and with appetites whetted by the keen air to say nothing of the peach and honey, great piles of buckwheat cakes vanished as fast as snow would on the griddle that baked them.

After supper we took a look at the weather, and decided unanimously that it was not *judicious* to attempt crossing the mountain in such a storm, and accordingly repaired to the snug little cabin, in which we found a roaring fire. We determined to escort the old year out and welcome the new one in in regular old Virginia style; so we made a large tin bucketful of egg-nog and another of milk punch, and went in for making a night of it. Among the party was my old friend and prison companion, George S——, but I doubt if either of us thought of the cell in Fort McHenry.

Well, we made the night a very convivial one, sure enough, and, after an early breakfast, commenced the ascent of the mountain; but, before reaching the top, we encountered all the ordnance wagons and artillery stuck fast and unable to proceed, for from the top down, on the western slope, the road was one solid sheet of ice. One poor fellow had tried it, and he went over the side of a steep cliff, wagon, mules, and all.

With the greatest difficulty our party reached the valley below, called the "Cove," and, passing through a rugged gap in the Cove Mountain, stopped at a distillery kept by an old man named Basore. Rosser had been there before us, and had ordered him to sell no liquor, which obliged us to resort to strategy.

I had on a new uniform, a wide-brimmed slouched hat,

with a long plume, gold band, and crossed sabres in front. The old man was sent out to the mill, and James Bailey with great pomposity introduced me to the madam as "General Lee," gravely informing her that I was almost perished with cold, and would like to have something to drink, provided it was very good. The simple-hearted old woman was highly delighted to think she had General Lee in her house, while the children—and there seemed to be a score of them—crept under the bed to hide.

Very soon I received a wink and an invitation into an adjoining room, where, after shutting the door, the old lady opened an old rusty hair trunk, and took from a lot of finery, perhaps a hundred years old, a large square bottle full of a golden liquor. When she removed the stopper the room was filled with the delicious peach perfume; and having set it down beside a glass of clear honey, she told me that her mother had given it to her when she married John Basore, thirty-three years ago, and the cork had never been drawn, and would not be for any one but General Lee.

I felt ashamed of myself for practicing such a deception, and for a while hesitated; but a second glance at the golden liquid, with another sniff of the perfume, put all my scruples to flight, at the same time, I must confess, I looked very sheepish; but I have no doubt the old lady thought me an *uncommon modest* man.

I do not remember that I have ever, before or since, tasted any thing that could compare with that brandy; and I begged the old lady to let me call in "my staff" and give them a taste. She would almost have given her life for General Lee, and of course "my staff" *were* called in, and it is needless to say that when we left the old lady had nothing but the bottle to awaken the memory of her "dear dead and gone mother." Not a drop of the "peach" was

left as a souvenir of her wedding-day. We had some silver and gold to leave as a recompense. She, and all the children, and John Basore himself, came into the porch to see General Lee off!

XXX.

JANUARY, 1864.

BEFORE we left Lost River we were all in high humor, running races, leaping fences and ditches, and cutting all manner of capers. At length it was time for dinner, and we started for it to a house across two or three fields; and, just as I was about to leap the bars without removing any of them, my horse slipped and came down on his broadside, knocking the breath entirely out of me. On coming to my senses, I found myself in bed in a log hut, racked with pain, and scarcely able to get my breath. Bailey was sitting by the stove making love to a pretty mountain girl, with five or six more sitting around. He said the rest had gone on to seek shelter, while he staid to take care of me. The next morning I got up, but could not walk, and had to be lifted on my horse; and as Rosser depended on me for a guide through the Moorfield country and Patterson's Creek Valley, I determined to push on and overtake him. I knew he was not more than twelve miles ahead, so, without halting, we pressed on till we joined him at Mr. Harniss's, on the South Fork. We all got a terrible "blowing up" for our frolic, and I was ordered to scout the country in all directions, with my battalion and McNeil's company, to prevent all knowledge of our presence. This I continued to do until Fitz Lee crossed the mountain and captured a large supply train. He then ordered me to go down the Valley to-

ward New Creek, and thence to the wire suspension bridge, to scout toward the Potomac.

Springfield is only three miles from the bridge, where was a garrison of infantry, cavalry, and artillery. I made a feint in rear of this post, which caused them to make a hasty evacuation, when I went in with my battalion, captured all the stores, and brought off twenty loads of bacon, crackers, sugar, salt, and leather, besides burning their winter quarters and a large quantity of stores I could not distribute among the people or bring away. I might have saved a great deal more, but was ordered back to Romney by Fitz Lee, who had determined to return to the Valley on account of the intensity of the cold.

On reaching the bridge over the South Branch, the wagons loaded with plunder, it was discovered that the enemy had sawed in two all the stringers, in hopes that I would push on without noticing it; and we should undoubtedly have fallen into the trap but for the warning given me by a very pretty girl living near by.

All hands were soon at work, cutting down small trees and lugging them to the spot. The bridge was a suspension one, about fifteen feet above the water, or rather the ice beneath, which, however, was strong enough for our purpose, and before an hour had passed we had blocked and wedged up the beams so securely that all passed over in safety. What a fearful crash there might have been but for the vigilance of that dear girl. Never have I witnessed so much suffering among troops as on that trip, and glad was I to camp again on Lost River, returning to the Valley.

We returned to Mount Jackson on the 12th, bringing with us thirty-five hundred head of cattle, and a large number of sheep.

Early and Rosser again crossed the North Mountain

about the 1st of February, to capture the garrison at Petersburg, and, if possible, break the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad at some point near Cumberland. I went along with about one hundred men to do the scouting, while Rosser went to capture a large train of one hundred and ten wagons, loaded with supplies, and guarded by Mulligan's brigade. Rosser captured some fifty of the wagons, burned the rest, and moved on to cut off their retreat, but they evacuated in the night, before Rosser could get in position; but we captured the fort and all the supplies without a fight.

My command was out on the face of the Alleghanies collecting cattle, and, as Rosser wanted me with him, I put Captain McNeil in command of both squads, keeping only a few of my most reliable scouts to operate in our front.

There was a battalion of the enemy's cavalry at Burlington, and a squadron of the 11th was sent ahead to attack them. Rosser and I were riding together, when we came in sight of their pickets engaged with our squadron. I started off at a gallop to get in with them, when he called to know where I was going, and told me to take command and "run over every thing I found in the road."

I found the boys hotly engaged, ordered a charge, and all went in with an old-fashioned yell that soon cleared the road. Their battalion was drawn up in line at Burlington, but, as we drove in the pickets and did not stop, they broke and ran off toward New Creek. We captured fourteen in the chase, and had not a man hurt except one whose horse fell into a mud-puddle, and almost buried himself.

Rosser halted and fed at Burlington, and then ordered me to push ahead and gather up all the artillery horses that could be found. We succeeded in getting a good many, and reached Frankfort just after the departure of some Federals, who went back satisfied that no rebels were in the

country. I waited till Rosser came up, when he gave me the best squadron from White's battalion, ordering me to push on and capture the party if possible, and charge the garrison at the railroad. This was lively work, and just what we desired; so on we went, and overtook them when within a quarter of a mile of the station. As they were on foot it was an easy matter to pick them up, but not before they had fired several shots, which I feared would alarm the garrison.

The road led into the dépôt, but there was a large open lot to the left, where we formed for a charge. The two companies of infantry stationed there were quartered in log cabins, built on the edge of the railroad; on our side was a stiff plank fence. The enemy were taken completely by surprise, and would have surrendered without a shot had it not been for the fence, that brought us to a halt; as it was, they commenced firing on us from the doors and windows, which made our men give back a little. I shouted to them not to break, and, wheeling my noble gray, ran him at the fence. I knew he could jump it, but I wanted to break it down; so I broke his "gather," and threw his chest against the fence, taking down a whole panel, and landing in the middle of the track. Turning half round in my saddle to call on the men, I received a sudden shock, and felt deathly sick, and, at the same instant, saw a man trail his gun and run off. I killed him before he had gone three steps. His ball had passed through two coats, and stuck in a pack of cards in my left side-pocket; they were quite new, the wrapper not even having been broken open. The suits were each distinct; the bullet passed through all, stopping at the last, which was the ace of spades! and to this day, whenever Rosser sees me, he asks "if spades are trumps."

When he arrived every man was a prisoner, and all the

quarters on fire; and then, with twelve or fifteen men, I was ordered to burn the bridge over the Potomac, about a mile off. There we found a small squad of infantry on the other side, popping away at us with muskets, while we had only pistols. The banks on each side of the track were very high, and it was not possible to flank them; so I ordered Lieutenant Conrad, who is one of the coolest young fellows I ever knew, to dismount his men and prepare to charge on foot across the bridge. There was nothing but the track and ties, with a very narrow foot-plank in the middle, and we had to cross in single file.

I took the lead, but, just at starting, Conrad said, "Major, my head is sure to swim when over the current; can't I take hold of your coat-tails?" "Certainly," I replied, and started, with Conrad holding on behind. The balls struck the ties right and left, but not a man was touched. Just as I reached the middle of the bridge I felt a sudden jerk, and had just time to seize Conrad by the cape of his coat and pull him up. I could not stop, but, telling him to hold on to the ties, kept on till we reached the Maryland shore, when the enemy ran off. There was a hand-car on the track, which we used in bringing boards from shanties near by to pile on the bridge, which was soon in flames.

We now learned that Colonel Tom Marshall, who had been sent to the Gap at Mechanicsburg to keep Averill from crossing in our rear, had been forced out of his position. This obliged us to get back to the junction of the roads, or there was danger of losing all our cattle, two thousand in number, besides our prisoners.

We marched late at night, expecting to fight our way through. Lieutenant Colonel White was put in front, and ordered "to run down every thing he came to," Rosser's favorite expression.

We reached the Junction without encountering the enemy, and went into camp about three miles above. Early next morning our pickets were engaged, and a slow fight was kept up until we crossed the South Branch, five miles below Moorfield; but they pursued us no farther, and next morning the cattle and prisoners were sent on across the mountain.

XXXI.

FEBRUARY, 1864.

A MESSAGE now came to me (about the 10th of February) from General Stewart, requesting me to cut the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad, to prevent the passage of troops that were coming in from the West. The position of the enemy all along the line was perfectly familiar to me, and I knew that every bridge was well guarded. Convinced that nothing but a trial would satisfy Stewart, I resolved to make the effort.

The weather had been fine all the time we were in Western Virginia, but was now intensely cold. Taking only twenty-eight men with me, we camped the first night in a barn near Strasburg, and the second night in the pines on the Opequon; or, rather, we marched at night and camped in the day.

There were three thousand cavalry encamped around Charlestown, near which we must pass, and a double row of pickets, extending from the Shenandoah to the North Mountain, through which also we had to find our way. The point on the railroad to which my attention was directed was about midway between Duffield's Dépôt and Kearneysville, and at both of these places a strong picket-

guard of cavalry and infantry were stationed; therefore it must be quick work.

Well, after a great deal of nice manœuvering, I worked through all the pickets, and dismounted in a piece of wood near Brown's shop. Obstructions were soon placed upon the track, but we were unable to move a rail, so securely were they bolted down. Having firmly placed these obstructions so that the train could not drive through, I sent two men two hundred yards down the track, to put light fence-rails across, in order to check the engine, and not let it run into the logs at full speed; for I would rather have let it go than inflict injury beyond what was actually necessary to stop the train.

Lieutenant Kearney was put in charge of the boarding party, with very precise instructions as to their conduct toward the passengers. The train in a short time came thundering along from Harper's Ferry.

The fence-rails had the desired effect; the engineer had time to check and reverse the engine before it struck the logs, and it ran off the track so easily that some of the passengers were still asleep when Lieutenant Kearney boarded the train. I ran to the engineer to know if he was hurt; he said "No." I then entered the smoking-car, thinking it was the mail, but found it filled with soldiers, mostly cavalry, all armed. I announced to them they were my prisoners; ordered them to take off their arms, and come out one at a time. But a large Irishman drew his sabre and swore "he had paid his passage, and intended to ride." As I went up to take hold of him, he made a tremendous *front cut* at me; but, fortunately, the roof was too low to allow his sabre full swing, and I caught the blow on my fore-arm. I had a thick overcoat on, and received merely a bruise. Orders had been given for no firing under any circum-

stances, but I could not refrain from striking the fellow a blow on the head with the barrel of my revolver, which brought him down on his seat. I then seized him by the collar and hurled him to the door. There were several more around me disposed to fight, but a little persuasion from the muzzle of a cocked pistol quieted them all. I then turned to see what was meant by a scuffle at the door, and found that two of my men, in coming to my assistance, had been thrown off the platform by my Irish friend, whom the blow had made ferocious, and one of them, Norwood, severely injured. Dropping on one knee, and seizing him at the same instant, I threw him head foremost from the platform, and he fell on a flat rock lying on one side. When we left, there he still lay.

Having had all the prisoners brought together, I ordered the stoves to be knocked down, and all the train burned except the sleeping-car, which was reserved for the ladies. Information had been given me that a large amount of public money was in the iron safe, and I made every effort to get into it, but in vain. The expressman had made his escape.

I then went back to see how the men were getting on, and was told that some of them had been robbing the prisoners and passengers. This was against my positive orders, and I threatened to shoot any one caught in the act. Of course I could not see every thing going on, and all around was in confusion. Judge Bright, of Indiana, complained that he had been robbed of his watch. I promised him to endeavor to have it restored, which was afterward done.

Just then a scout informed me the other train was coming from Wheeling with troops on board, and soon after it came near and stopped. I ordered all hands to make for the horses, taking with me two officers whom I had cap-

tured. There were some others who, having torn off the insignia of their rank, could not be detected. We had not been gone five minutes before the enemy were all through the wood in which our horses had been tied. The two officers were carried behind our men; but, as it was rather hard upon the horses, to say nothing of the officers, and a long tramp lay before us, I let them go, under a promise not to leave the house in which we left them until daylight.

We had passed the picket-lines by break of day, although the whole country was alive with cavalry, hunting for us in every direction. I took the most out of the way by-paths, but did not hurry myself. I preferred to let the Federals go ahead, and then follow on in their wake, until we got above Winchester, where I went into the pine hills and laid by at a friend's house. The enemy soon became tired of looking for us, and returned to camp.

The Northern papers made such an outcry against me for this raid, that General Robert E. Lee ordered me to be tried by court-martial, which was assembled at Staunton early in April. The members were from the cavalry corps of the Army of Northern Virginia, and the president was Colonel Richard Dulany, of the 7th Virginia Cavalry, a strictly conscientious man. A thorough investigation was what I desired, satisfied that it would result in my favor, and prove that, if private property had not been respected, it was not only without my knowledge, but against my positive orders. The trial was lengthy, lasting a week, and, when closed, the decision was given in five minutes, "honorably acquitting" me "of every charge and specification." This, of course, was subject to the approval of General Lee before I could be released from arrest.

The fight had now opened in front of Richmond between Generals Lee and Grant, and the Federal General Sigel was

moving up the Valley. I feared that General Lee's engagements would prevent his reviewing my case, and the thought of remaining inactive in Staunton while fighting was going on almost maddened me.

Fortunately for me, General John C. Breckinridge came at this time to Staunton, and assumed command of the Valley District. He sent for me soon after his arrival, received me in a most friendly manner, said he had been informed of the circumstances under which I had been court-martialed, and would like to look over the records of the trial, which were handed him. After examination, he ordered my release from arrest, and restored me to my command.

Seldom have I seen a man who so fully inspired me with admiration and respect as General John C. Breckinridge. As a statesman, distinguished for his ability, he stands among the first as a high-toned and most thorough-bred gentleman, and among the general officers in our army I believe one of the most capable.

It had been but a short time previous to this that General Elzey had come to Staunton to organize the Marylanders into a distinct corps, and I was ordered by the War Department to re-muster my battalion into the Maryland line, and since then my command had been known as the "2d Maryland Battalion of Cavalry."

I was now ordered by General Breckinridge to go down the Valley, get my command well together, get in Sigel's rear, harass his supply trains and outposts, and do all I could to delay his march, that Breckinridge might have the more time to meet him. After receiving my orders, I counted on making Newmarket, forty-three miles distant, that same night.

I left Staunton at 2 P.M., and reached Newmarket about 1 A.M. After a few hours' sleep I proceeded to General

Imboden's camp at Rhude's Hill, three miles below town, and learned that my battalion was on picket between Mount Jackson and Edinburg. I hurried down to get them together, ready for the work we had to do.

Major Davis was in command of the picket-line, extending fully twelve miles in length, from the Fort Mountain on the east to the North Mountain on the west. This was about the 6th of May. I went to William Ripley's, and ordered the men to rendezvous there as fast as they were relieved. One half my command was at Staunton, and only the best mounted were in the Valley, eighty-five men in all.

XXXII.

MAY, 1864.

ABOUT 4 P.M. fifty or sixty had come in, and were feeding their horses, when I heard sharp firing at a short distance, and saw our pickets retreating, but fighting as they fell back. In two minutes my men were all mounted, formed in line, counted off, and moving out in column of fours, heading down to help our pickets. At this moment Major Davis rushed in, telling me it was useless to fight, as there were fully five hundred, and I should lose every man. I therefore merely charged the advance to give Davis time to form; drove them back on the main body; then wheeled and retreated under a heavy fire from a squadron of carbines, who were in front, with their bridles hooked up to the saddle, and peppering us at every jump.

They ran us handsomely for about two miles, when, seeing them pretty well strung out, I thought it high time to put a stop to it. My men had retreated at full gallop, but had not broken a single section, although three men were severely wounded. Just as we ran into Hawkinstown,

I gave the order, "By fours, right about wheel, march—charge!" and we went at them with a yell. They were well mounted, well handled, and had evidently been selected for the occasion. When we wheeled their advance wheeled too, and retreated half a mile to a bridge, where the commanding officer, Major Charles Otis, of the 21st New York Cavalry, had formed his scattered column in a narrow way, no doubt expecting something of the kind. As we approached he gave us a volley from his carbines; and there being no room for sabres there, I had to beat a retreat, but in good order. Otis pushed forward in gallant style, at a gallop, but could not get near enough to do us any damage.

We kept on to a mile beyond Hawkinstown, the column moving slowly, while I stopped behind a small house to let the advance pass, when I sprang out into the road and fired at the foremost man, wounding him. The next shot brought down a horse; and I began to retreat, firing as I went. This affair was so sudden that the whole advance stopped for a while in front of the house.

I rode off rapidly for fifty or sixty yards, and then wheeled again to give another shot. At that instant I saw an officer dismount, seize the carbine from a man, rest it on a post, and take deliberate aim at me. I *felt* that he was going to strike me, wheeled, struck the spurs into my horse, and dashed off at full speed, feeling a little mean that I had not kept front till he fired. All this occurred in a few seconds, but it seemed an age to me until the carbine cracked. I was not surprised when the ball struck me in the back, within two inches of the spine, on the upper part of the right hip-bone. The force with which it struck nearly knocked me over the front of my saddle, and made me deathly sick; besides, I felt a sort of paralysis of the spine, and right hip and leg. I expected to fall every minute; nor

... the cross-roads near Burner's Springs. ... I knew the country thoroughly, and felt ... a good account of them.

... miles when we came upon the fresh ... and were informed by a citizen that they ... this I put down at fifty, and was ... the command of Lieutenant Mel- ... to carry a dispatch across ... Bayl.

XXXIII.

... 1864

... came suddenly upon a ... engaged in making a fire ... wheeled, and returned ... was moved back two or ... down, and ... I then took one ... and the pickets not ... of the party in a large ... I ... their conversation ... named the officer for ... place could have been ... sabres on the sad- ... then I knew I should ... must be picked men to be ... small force. Besides, there ... heard of, and knew not how

... a citizen informed me that ... enemy were in the Valley than this small

all crowded around me, taking my sabre, pistols, hat, and gloves, asking *where* I was wounded. I told them it was nothing at all—I had only been struck by a spent ball, and bruised a little in my *shoulder-blade*. Then Mrs. Meem, who is the sweetest and kindest woman in the world, insisted on dressing it for me, and with difficulty was persuaded it was not necessary, and that my cousin Willie would bathe it for me when I went to bed. At last they were satisfied, and we began talking of the skirmish, nearly all of which could be seen with a pair of lorgnettes from the house. Supper was announced. As I passed Mrs. Meem, sitting near the door, she saw, under my short jacket, the large ragged hole in the band of my pants. Soon after I heard a roar of laughter, and some one say, "That is a funny place for Major Gilmor to be shot in!" I felt very sheepish all the rest of the evening.

Suffering much pain, I retired early, telling them I should start before they were up. Willie attended me very faithfully, and, though I did not sleep much, I rose quite refreshed, intending to slip off without disturbing the family. But what guest ever left that house without being well provided for? I found Mrs. Meem already up, and was told that breakfast would soon be on the table. She would not listen to my going off without it; indeed, she tried hard to dissuade me from going at all, telling me of the danger of inflammation. Had she known the full extent of the injury, she would have *ordered* me to stay "at home," for such it had always been to me, like my father's house in Maryland.

I left ——— with my haversack full, to engage in a somewhat dangerous trip—to get into Sigel's rear, then at Woodstock. Having telegraphed to General Breckinridge all the information gained from my scouts, I went through a mountain pass to Caroline Furnace. There I heard of three hund-

red Federals being at the cross-roads near Burner's Springs. I pressed on, for I knew the country thoroughly, and felt sure I should be able to give a good account of them.

I had gone but two miles when we came upon the fresh tracks of cavalry, and were informed by a citizen that they numbered one hundred; this I put down at fifty, and was right. They were under the command of Lieutenant Meldrum, selected by General Sigel to carry a dispatch across the mountains to Colonel Boyd.

XXXIII.

MAY, 1864.

Some time after night my advance came suddenly upon a picket-post, who were so busily engaged in making a fire we were not discovered. Our men wheeled, and returned in time to notify me. The column was moved back two or three hundred yards, when I had the fence pulled down, and the men formed in line behind a thicket. I then took one man with me (Forney) to reconnoitre, found the pickets not at all alarmed, and the remainder of the party in a large barn, with their horses tied around it. The party were wide awake, however, and I learned from their conversation that they apprehended an attack, and blamed the officer for not going on to the cross-roads. The place could have been taken by dismounting the men, leaving sabres on the saddles, and making a sudden attack; but then I knew I should lose some men, for I *guessed* they must be picked men to be sent into the Fort Valley in such small force. Besides, there were the three hundred I had heard of, and knew not how near they might be.

While hesitating what to do, a citizen informed me that no more of the enemy were in the Valley than this small

squad, but the day previous six hundred had entered at the "mouth" and gone out at Woodstock. He offered to pilot us round to a position where we could catch the whole of them next morning. I felt sure they would either go out by Woodstock or by the "mouth" of the Fort, and never for a moment supposed they would attempt to cross the mountain, and that, therefore, nothing more would be required than to watch the two roads.

The night grew very dark, and much rain fell, but our pilot took us safely to a position about a mile from the cross-roads. Daylight came, but no enemy making their appearance, I became impatient, and moved down to the cross-roads, intending to fall directly in their path and fight it out by main strength; in fact, I did not like the idea of ambuscading so small a party.

Imagine my astonishment, about sunrise, to find they had at daylight taken the mountain path across to Milford, in Page Valley. How I cursed my timidity for not having attacked them in the barn, especially when a straggler was brought in drunk; for I learned from him that the whole party had procured whisky from a still-house near by, had all become pretty well intoxicated, which had led to a great deal of disorder and quarreling among themselves, and his face bore marks enough to prove the truth of what he said. Besides, he was angry at being left, and told all he knew about the expedition.

I selected thirty of those best mounted, and started off, ordering the rest to follow. The road across the mountain is frightful—worse in the descent than going up. On reaching the top, I took Kemp and five others, and started down, going at a trot whenever the horses could get safe footing, and must have been two miles ahead of the party when we reached the base, though I did not know it.

At the foot of the mountain lives an old farmer named Santemeyer, who told me, in the most excited manner, that they had just gone through his bars, had taken two of his best horses, and had beaten him over the head for trying to keep them out of his stable.

Without waiting for the party, we dashed through the bars and down to the river, about a quarter of a mile off, where I found them all dismounted, and their horses grazing around, the river being too high for them to ford.

This was the worst managed affair I ever undertook. I must have lost my senses; for the moment we came within seventy-five yards of them, I and Kemp, who was as crazy as myself, dashed down among them with a yell, calling upon them to surrender. There were only three others with us. I saw the lieutenant run down under the river bank, and several throw up their hands in token of surrender; but, just as I thought all had given up, a sergeant mounted his horse and dashed at me, calling out to the men to follow him. "There are only five men," said he; "don't surrender to five men." Kemp had his revolver out, and killed the brave fellow before he came within reach of my sabre. But the rest had taken courage, and began to mount and come at us, with balls whistling round our heads. Had I drawn my pistols instead of sabre several would have fallen, for we were at close quarters; but, as I said before, I must have been crazy when about to charge.

Their first effort was to surround us, and the whistling of the bullets brought me to my senses; I wheeled and got out of that as fast as my horse could carry me. The lieutenant, mounted on a beautiful black stallion, with twenty-five men, ran us through the deep and ragged ravine from which we had emerged into a field near the old man's house. At that moment a loud yell told that our friends were near,

and fifteen of them came down at a breakneck pace, dashed right into the ravine where the enemy had made a halt, and dismounted some carbineers to hold the narrow defile. The fight that ensued was short and bloody. I had to fall back in order to dismount, it being utterly impossible to go through that ravine on horseback. We then drove them out down toward the river, but found that while the fighting had been going on some had swam across, and taken position behind rocks to cover the crossing of the rest. They had selected a bad place, however, to swim; for, though we could do no more harm to such as got over, out of those that had tried the swimming nine were washed down over the "fish-pot walls" and drowned.

The loss of the enemy was two men killed, nine drowned, eleven men and thirteen horses captured, and seven horses killed, among them the lieutenant's noble black. Our loss was none killed, and three men and four horses wounded. Among the captured horses was a splendid sorrel, which I gave to my cousin Willie Gilmor, he having lost his own fine animal. We found all the horses very good, having most probably been selected for the trip.

After the fight I learned that Boyd had passed up the Page Valley as far as Luray. About 2 P.M. it commenced raining heavily, and continued through the whole night. At daylight the river had overrun its banks, was full of drift, and the current terrible.

Having procured two skiffs, which could ferry over only two at a time, we began the tiresome and laborious job, and when the last load reached the eastern bank the boats landed two miles below.

The rain continued another day and night, during which we lay in a cedar thicket on the side of the road, waiting, not very patiently, for Colonel Boyd to make his appear-

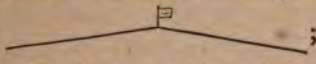
ance; but Boyd came not. Wearied with watching, I took one man with me on a scout as far as Luray, where I learned that Boyd had crossed the river at White House Ford, and gone toward Newmarket. If, therefore, he was met and whipped before he crossed the Massanutten Mountain, he would have to fall back down the river to where my horses were; upon hearing which, I hurried up to meet him, or any of his men that might escape the trap, in case my supposition should turn out right.

That night we reached Colonel Keyser's, where we got abundant provisions for man and horse. Scouts were sent to see what was going on in the direction of the Valley Turnpike, where cannonading had been heard all day. The scouts reported that Boyd's force had all been captured or dispersed in the mountains, and that Sigel and Breckinridge were about to fight a desperate battle near Newmarket.

Before daylight I was off, crossed the mountain to Caroline Furnace, and there met a courier from Breckinridge, informing me that he expected to fight Sigel that morning; that he would whip him; and, if I could destroy the bridge over the north branch of the Shenandoah, he would capture his whole army, trains and all.

It was noon when I received this dispatch, and before I could reach the uplands of Mount Airy the fight was over, and Sigel, terribly beaten, had retreated down the Valley, burning the bridges in his rear to prevent pursuit.

Breckinridge had gained, all things considered, the most brilliant victory of the war, achieved by small numbers against such fearful odds. Under his command was the corps of cadets from Lexington under Major Ship, composed of boys from fifteen to eighteen years of age. These boys fought like tigers, and were the admiration of friend and foe.

At one time they advanced on a battery stationed on an eminence covered with cedars, and supported by a full regiment of infantry. They were going up in perfect line, the colors in the centre a little in advance, making the line somewhat in this shape:  ; otherwise the line was perfect. The battery of four pieces was pouring canister into them, and two color-bearers were knocked down. When within four hundred yards, the infantry rose and opened upon them. Major Ship halted, and ordered them to fix bayonets, which they did, under a terrible fire. While doing this, Major Ship was knocked down by a piece of shell, and lay for a moment breathless, but almost immediately was on his feet again, and calling out to the cadets, "Follow my lead, boys," started for the artillery, all of which he captured, together with a large portion of the infantry, who said they really felt ashamed to be whipped by such children! Their infantry was commanded by Lieutenant Colonel Lincoln, who, being surrounded by the little heroes, and summoned to surrender, refused, when one struck him on this side, another on that, while a third gave him the point of his bayonet in the back, and brought him to terms rather unceremoniously. None of his wounds, however, were dangerous, and he recovered.

The cadets went into the fight two hundred strong, and lost sixty-eight. Three or four of them staid at Mount Airy that night; they were covered with mud from head to foot. One poor fellow, Tom White, was brought there whose leg was dreadfully shattered by a grape-shot. He was related to Mrs. Meem, received from her every kindness, and finally recovered, as have many others, under the gentle nursing of her hands.

XXXIV.

MAY, 1864.

THE next day General Breckinridge told me that a long train of ambulances were going down the Valley, and he wished to have them interrupted; asked if I was afraid to swim the river. I answered "No." "Will your men swim it?" "They will follow me, general, wherever I go." He said he would give me a squadron from Imboden's command, and he desired me to cross the river, and try to capture the train; at all events, to follow Sigel, and harass him as much as possible.

It was about midday when I reached the river and was ready to cross. The river was very full, up even with the banks, and looked as though a horse could not possibly live in the current. On this occasion I was riding my gray, and, of course, I considered it my duty to lead off; so, after instructing the men about their arms and ammunition, I entered the stream. The current was terrific, but the gray made his way nobly to the other bank, driven down not more than a hundred yards. All my men followed, and all arrived safely except three, whose horses were too weak to contend against the rapid stream. These three were washed down to the burned bridge, where they managed to get to the same side from which they started. Captain T——, with some of his officers and a portion of the squadron only, could be persuaded or forced to try it, and I had to content myself with only sixty men all told.

From where we swam the river it is but a mile and a half to Mount Jackson, and near there we met a flag of truce

from General Sigel, in charge of Major Charles Otis, of the 21st New York Cavalry, asking the body of Captain Mitchell, killed in the fight. I had to halt while the truce was pending, in accordance with military rules. I sent Nathan G——, of Baltimore County, back with the message, directing him to swim the river, and return as soon as possible. It was sunset before the answer came, saying that no communication could be received, and directing me to push on down the Valley, and find the enemy. I informed Major Otis of the reply, but promised to find the body and mark the grave, so that it could be recovered at some future time.

Off we started again down the Valley, Major Otis riding with me at the head of the column, and very soon seemed to recognize my horse. He inquired if I was not in the skirmish which had taken place a few days before, and ended near about where we were then riding. I answered in the affirmative. He asked if I had been wounded. I replied yes, and that probably he was the man who fired the shot. He smiled, and said he was, and would show me where he stood when he fired. When we arrived in front of the toll-gate he pointed out to me the post on which he had rested his carbine, and expressed his surprise that I was able to ride. I did not let him know how much I suffered from the wound, but showed him where the ball had cut the crupper, and had given me a severe bruise. I told him I bore him no ill will whatever, but should be glad to pay my respects to him in the field. He replied he should be happy to meet me, and would "give me the best he had in his shop." He looked like a true and determined man, had an open countenance, was full of fun, and I have no doubt would have proved an ugly customer, but I never had the pleasure of meeting him afterward.

When Hunter went up the Valley, my companion regis-

tered his name at the American Hotel in Staunton, "Major Charles G. Otis, 21st New York Cavalry, first Yank in town," and so it stands on the book now. In Staunton he boasted to a good many of the shot he had made. He did not believe in making war on any but *men in arms, who could fight.* Women and children he treated with respect and consideration, a rare thing in the Valley.

When we reached Edinburg the bridge there had been destroyed, and we were obliged to swim Stony Creek. Still, only a few stragglers had been picked up, and I decided to push on to Woodstock, and, should I not there overtake the enemy, to halt and rest, for men and horses were tired out. While riding along, the major asked me what he should do if I ran into their rear guard, and a fight ensued. I told him he might display his flag on our side of the road; or, if he preferred taking part in the fight to playing spectator, he might gallop over to his friends and take part in the game. He said he should prefer the latter. We continued on to Woodstock, however, without interruption. Here, finding that Sigel was probably at Strasburg, twelve miles below, I determined to give up the chase. Major Otis, with my permission, put up at the hotel, while I went off the road to an obscure place and turned in for the night.

At sunrise we were again in the saddle, pushing on toward Strasburg, still accompanied by Major Otis, who was very nervous, evidently expecting to meet cavalry at Fisher's Hill, near by. I passed it cautiously, and was just entering town, when my advance ran into a picket-post, which they charged and ran in on the reserve. As soon as the firing commenced I bade the major good-by and turned him loose. He started off at a gallop, opened his white flag as he passed my advance, then returning, and rode on.

The advance and vedettes reported the whole of Sigel's

army encamped just beyond Hupp's Hill, and, as I had advanced too far for safety, I fell back to Fisher's Hill, then made a circuitous march, came back near the turnpike, and secreted myself in the pines, ready to fall in behind any small party that might venture out on a line of observation.

Here an incident occurred, showing the value of *five minutes.* Leaving the men at the pines, my brother Dick and I rode on toward Woodstock and returned. Just opposite a lane we had to enter, leading to camp, stands a brick house, and, as we rode along at a walk, a little girl came out to speak to us, but we had turned into the lane before she reached us. We afterward learned that twenty Feds had been to the house only *five minutes* before we came, and, seeing no Rebs about, had retired. It was this the child wished to tell us.

I dispatched a courier to General Breckinridge, giving him all the information we had obtained, and received a reply from General Imboden saying that General Breckinridge had gone to Richmond with all his troops except the cavalry.

Scouting, foraging, skirmishing, and capturing a few prisoners and horses occupied us for several days. It was about the 20th of May that Hunter came to the Valley and relieved Sigel, who was sent to Martinsburg to command the "hundred days' men," called the "Reserve Division."

My scouts soon reported Hunter on the move, and, like Sigel, his destination was Staunton and Lynchburg. I also learned that he had brought a re-enforcement of two thousand men—all which information was promptly forwarded to General Imboden, who ordered me to make all the demonstration in his rear I could, to delay him as much as possible. He hoped to give Breckinridge time to return from

Richmond, where he had taken part in a heavy battle, and could now be spared to defend the Valley.

Hunter was at Cedar Creek, and had his front so well picketed that I found it impracticable to get through his lines, and therefore had to make an extensive circuit to the east, go down the crest of the Blue Ridge to a point ten miles below Front Royal, and swim the Shenandoah into Clark County. I had no difficulty then in reaching the Valley Turnpike in Hunter's rear. I operated between Middletown and Martinsburg, catching a good many couriers and parties of cavalry, causing him to guard his supply trains heavily. Moseby came over several times and attacked his trains, but found them too well guarded to do much damage.

XXXV.

MAY, 1864.

At length my scouts informed me that a train was about to leave Martinsburg, consisting of twenty-two medical wagons of great value, guarded by one hundred and seventy-five cavalry and eighty infantry. I sent word to Moseby that, if he would unite with me, I had no doubt we could capture the train, guard and all, and bring it out to the mountains. I received no answer, and was informed by my scouts that he had moved over to the pine hills near Middletown. I then determined to "try it alone" at all hazards.

Accordingly, I took position in a thick wood near Bartonsville, and next day, about 2 P.M., my scouts informed me the train was at Winchester, five miles off; they had exchanged shots with their advance, and the train had halted

while their cavalry were making a reconnoissance. I kept a sharp look-out, but they did not come as far as my camp, and very soon the train came in sight, with cavalry in front and rear. There was no infantry in sight, but I felt sure they were in the wagons, ready to give us a broadside. This somewhat changed my plan of attack, and I concluded to let them pass by and enter Newtown, where I would charge them in the rear, stampede the wagons, and render the infantry useless in the coming fight.

When they came abreast of me I moved along parallel with the train, keeping out of sight in the wood until the rear guard entered the town, built on each side of the road, a mile long. As soon as the last of the rear guard had entered, I broke cover at a gallop, in column of fours, with my fifty-three men well closed up, but divided into two squads. I led the foremost, and Captain Burke the other, with orders to follow me steadily when I charged, and to act as a reserve in case I should be at first repulsed.

I had my "best bower" Kemp with me. For a while they did not see us; not a word was spoken until they discovered us coming down at a charge. Then every man of us yelled as loud as possible, and kept on yelling, for it was the way to stampede the train, which by this time had got to the lower end of the town.

The officer in charge of their rear guard behaved coolly, but with no judgment, for he wheeled about, faced us, and formed in sections of eights, and, what is fatal to any body of cavalry, received us at a halt. They were all carbineers, and stood their ground manfully; but, though our numbers were smaller, *in the street* our front was as wide as theirs, and when we did get among them with our sabres, they gave way on every side, retreating across a deep muddy branch, and going to the rear of a large house of Dr.

McLeod, at the extreme end of the town. Two wagons had upset across the bridge, and the rest of them were going at full speed toward Middletown. My horse had more devil in him that day than I had ever known, for he got beyond my control, carried me through the wreck of the two wagons, and dashed on after the rest of the train. With sabre in hand, I could not even turn his head to the right or left. As I passed Dr. McLeod's, I perceived the rest of the cavalry drawn up, evidently expecting my column to charge by, when they would take us in flank. Twenty shots were fired at me, but they were so close and so high that they all missed. When they saw that I was alone, they ordered me to surrender, and, thinking I should soon be rescued, I saluted them with my sabre, dropped the point, and told them I would surrender. They stopped firing on me, but I did not stop; in fact, I could not. I shouted to them that my horse was running away. He plunged by them all, and I got two or three sabre-cuts as I passed on. I called out again that my horse was running away with me, and, as these sabre-cuts did not look much like an acceptance of my surrender, I passed the whole party and got among the wagons, still going at full speed.

Here I made several narrow escapes from being crushed, but pushed on toward the head of the train. When about half way, a wagon-master put himself in the track and shot at me; the next instant I cut his ear and half his cheek off, and left him in a fence corner.

My horse was making for a space between two wagons fast closing together. Having returned my sabre, with a powerful effort I turned him just in time to avoid the collision.

After I had thus in some measure checked the speed of my horse, I saw a sergeant jump from a wagon and make

for the fence. I drew my revolver, and, being near, had no difficulty in bringing him down. I shot him through the neck, and I am glad to say the ball missed all the arteries, making an ugly but not dangerous wound. I thought his face familiar, and he proved to be a sergeant in Captain Charles Bowen's company, 18th Connecticut Volunteers, who had often been on guard over me at Fort McHenry, and was always polite and kind. I was sorry for the old man, but it was "no time then to swap jack-knives," and I could not stop to inquire after him. I gave him a crippled horse that would travel slowly, and, after having his wound dressed, sent him back to Martinsburg. He could not sufficiently express his gratitude.

All this, of course, occurred afterward. I did not stop at all, but, drawing my sabre, dashed for the head of the train. It was going at a furious rate, when I ranged up alongside the near leader, and, rising in the stirrups, gave him a hard blow on the crest, just behind the head-strap. This brought him down, and tied up the whole team in a knot across the road, with all the rest piled up behind them. This done, I plunged in the spurs, cleared the fence on my left into a large open field, and hastened back toward Newtown to see what the boys were doing. From a knoll I could see them all—that the advance party had been driven back, but that Burke was coming in with the reserve. The men all thought me killed or captured; some even saw me fall! I had scarcely reached the knoll when they recognized the gray, and my hat with a long black plume in it, which I waved to beckon them on; but it was unnecessary, for they had already started with a yell, and though the enemy stood firm for a time, they were forced to yield to the impetuosity of the assault. We had it all our own way. But few of the cavalry were caught, their horses being so much fresher

XXXVI.

FINDING that my letter had the desired effect, I sent Lieutenant Kemp out with the prisoners, and also with the horses, to mount a lot of dismounted men recently transferred to me from Charleston, S. C. This left me but thirty men, and with these I could do but little in the way of delaying trains, which were now always guarded by over one thousand men, besides artillery. I failed in an attempt to take a camp of cavalry at Duffield's Dépôt, it having been moved the evening of the night I was to have made the attack, and while I was trying to find it daylight came, and I had to retire.

Having returned to Clark County and hid the men in a wood, I went, in company with Captain Glenn, Jack West, Cherry, Henry Billings, and Makle Taylor, to the house of my friend, Colonel R——, to procure food for the men and breakfast for ourselves. Our horses were unbridled and tied in the yard, eating mowed clover. We were just about sitting down to a generous breakfast. Colonel R—— was standing picket at his yard gate, but so much interested in reading the Baltimore Gazette that he did not keep a very sharp look-out, for when he did glance up from the paper a column of cavalry was at his outer gate, directly in front, and only a quarter of a mile off.

Colonel R—— came in quite leisurely, saying, "Boys, there are some cavalry coming from toward the railroad; I don't know who they are, but those at the gate are dressed in Confederate uniform." That was enough for me. I knew they were Jessie scouts, and I made for my horse; I

did not run—I *glided*, and never before was horse so quickly bridled. When mounted, one glance sufficed to show ten or fifteen Jessie scouts in front, and over one hundred more Federals behind them. There could be no escape in front, for the advance were already coming down to the house. Our only chance was to leap a high stiff fence in the rear. It is astonishing what can be done on an emergency like this. Every horse cleared it except West's, and he succeeded in tumbling over without hurting horse or man. We ran across two wide fields to a wood girded by a high stiff fence, which Glenn dismounted to pull down, while the rest of us fought off the advance, consisting of not more than ten men. We checked them until Glenn pulled off one or two rails, and all leaped over except Glenn, who was shot through the right hand just in the act of mounting. This prevented him from gaining the saddle, and he sprang over the fence, leaving his horse behind; but over went the horse after him, and to his side, and Glenn caught the rein.

If the others had stopped, we might have beaten off the enemy from the fence-gap until Glenn had mounted; but they did not know he was shot, and they kept on, to pull down the next fence in our way.

I was the last to cross, and wheeled round to help Glenn, and did keep them off for a while; but Glenn's horse had now become so unmanageable that he could not mount; he let him go, and ran out into the wood.

Just before I left the fence, a man named White, who had deserted my command some time before, dashed at me, saying, "Ah! major, you are *gone up;* I've got you now." I recognized him instantly by his red head, and tried to get my horse steady enough to pink him; but all the others having gone, the brute would do nothing but rear and plunge, and try to follow. I did the best I could, but only

killed his horse. I then wheeled, and saw Glenn running, the Jessies pouring through the gap and all around him. They demanded his surrender; his answer was from his pistol, and I saw his man fall. While struggling with my obstinate horse to go to his aid I saw him fall, shot through the head, heart, and hand, but firing his last load into the leaves, pointing at nothing. He was one of the most truly brave men I ever knew; nothing made him flinch.

When Glenn fell all the Jessies made at me, and, letting my gray horse have his head, I ran in an opposite direction from the camp, where I feared the rest of my men were asleep. The boys ahead had let down a pair of bars, over which I went, Glenn's horse following, and keeping close to me. I stopped and put up the bars again when the Jessies were not more than twenty yards off; and it was well I did, for Jack West's horse had nearly given out, and this gave him time to take Glenn's. For the next quarter of an hour it was like a good fox-hunt, and finally they were scattered all around us. I did not ride across the country, because I wished to see what my men in camp would do; so we dashed off to Clifton, Mr. Allen's house, then in sight, situated on an eminence, and from which I discovered the boys two miles off, pushing for the Shenandoah. The enemy had not discovered them, so we amused ourselves with them a while longer, until Cherry's horse was shot, and then we too made for the river.

During the rest of our little chase we got three singled out from the rest, when we turned and wounded all three before the rest could get up. Tired at length of the sport, we struck out for the house of a friend and got our dinners; but, just as I had commenced a large plate of strawberries and cream, one of the men dashed in without his hat and said the enemy were near; that they had come up the riv-

er, surprised and captured five of our men at a blacksmith shop, and killed one. I could not leave my strawberries; told him to have my horse at the door, while the rest of the men stood picket. Never were strawberries swallowed in so short a time, the ladies standing by with hat, sabre, pistols, and haversack, dancing about, and positively screaming with excitement. I stood some moments longer laughing at them, when a shot was fired, and then I was compelled to go. We saw a few advancing up to the house, and, not wishing to involve my friend, I retired without firing a shot. Our horses were tired and we were tired, but, after a short run, *we lost them;* and, getting into a thicket, we procured some corn and green clover for our horses, spread our blankets, and slept without disturbance.

At sunrise, about the 20th of May, we crossed the Shenandoah to hunt up what was left of our squad, and found them waiting for me at a favorite rendezvous—only thirty men, and these, with their horses, completely broken down.

During the day a courier arrived from General Breckinridge saying that "Hunter had defeated Jones and Imboden, killing the former, at New Hope; that he had pushed on to Lexington, had no one to furnish him reliable information, and wanted me to come immediately and operate on Hunter's flanks."

Having given the men another day's rest, I ordered them to take the nearest route to Newmarket, where I would join them, while I went to Fort Valley for my bay mare Bessie, and then proceeded to Mount Airy. There I found the ladies all in commotion. Hunter's forces had encamped on the place and behaved very badly, killing all the hogs, sheep, poultry, etc., except a few that were saved by collecting them together in a small yard, and which were then defended by a lady with a revolver, she threatening to

shoot the first man who should come in without a written authority from the commanding officer. The house was ransacked from top to bottom. I could fill pages with the acts of atrocious barbarity against the unprotected women of that valley.

The next day I rode to Staunton, forty-nine miles, to buy a horse that I had taken a fancy to. I never rode my mare Bessie in a fight, for fear of getting her killed, and because she was so foolish there was no depending on her. I reached Staunton at sundown, and bought the horse from Colonel Nadenbausch for $3500 Confederate paper, equal to about $400 Federal money. On the next morning, 24th, I joined my men at Waynesboro', reached Lynchburg on the 26th, and reported to General Breckinridge. I found him in bed, suffering from an injured leg.

He said all the reliable information yet obtained was by Captain Ross, of my command, who had been joined by Kemp. Ross had about sixty men, but they and their horses were so completely broken down as to be unfit for duty. Those who came with me were in no better condition, having just completed a march of two hundred miles. Out of the whole, I could not find more than forty men fit to stand a day's march. I reported all this to the general, who gave me an order on the quartermaster for any thing I might want.

XXXVII.

JUNE, 1864.

I NOW had to make a reconnoissance of Hunter's lines, and the general gave me a fresh horse. It was near daylight when I returned, and the nature of what I reported

led the general to order me to pick out as many of my men as could make the trip, go through Hunter's lines, make the circuit of his entire rear, and come out near High Bridge, where I would find a guard. I was to set out at once. Hunter had advanced his lines during the night, and at sunrise a shell exploded in one of our fires while the men were cooking, but luckily hurting no one.

After three hours' sleep I started off with forty men; tried at three different places to get through the enemy's lines, but found the place so thoroughly invested that nothing could be done during daylight. This I reported to General Breckinridge, and found that Early had just arrived with his staff and a portion of his corps. There was a rumor that Hunter was moving his infantry toward Danville, and only keeping up a show of cavalry in our front. I put no faith in this, but it became more necessary than ever for me to get through Hunter's lines.

I dined at Dr. P——'s with John G. M—— and Dr. C—— that day, and set off by myself at 3 P.M. on a reconnoissance, leaving the men grazing their horses. I selected a spot where I thought it most likely I could get through by passing up a deep ravine within two hundred yards of the pickets stationed on either side.

It was just as I was entering the ravine that the enemy made an attack on our centre. This was handsomely repulsed by McCausland and Vaughan, and for a time their whole line was thrown into confusion. Taking advantage of this, I slipped through and went out to Trinity Church, and thence to Forrest Dépôt, where I came very near running into a large body of cavalry, but managed to avoid them, and, taking obscure roads, went to New London. Here I discovered that Hunter's trains had already gone in that direction, which satisfied me that, so far from his going

to Danville, he was now retreating in haste to the Kanawha Valley, having heard probably of Early's arrival. That night I could hear, from a point near the roadside, wagons and artillery passing, traveling rapidly, notwithstanding it was at night. It was useless to go farther; so, having communicated this information by a fleet courier to Early, I went into camp, to rest my horses as much as possible, knowing well the long and rapid pursuit that the flight of our enemy would now demand.

I was off again at daylight. Between the camp and road we picked up a large number of cavalry equipments, thrown away in the retreat of Hunter's forces, and some horses, worn out and abandoned. On the road their rear guard was passing, but too heavy for me to attack.

About 11 A.M. Early came in sight. However, he had, unfortunately, not come up soon enough. I told him that Hunter had every man pushed up close, and was in his power. But the opportunity was lost.

Early's infantry was ahead of his cavalry, and they were marching like mad. Early told me to push ahead with my handful of men, saying the enemy were all demoralized, and he had no doubt we could capture hundreds of them if I would dash ahead. Yes, all very well to talk about, but I knew better. I knew that the rear guard was large, well-handled, and moving with precision, though in haste. Besides, the day was intensely hot, the roads several inches deep in dust as fine as flour, and my horses in no condition to harass a rear guard, always extremely hard work where you have to charge in rapidly and retreat hastily; and the work is constant and exhausting, though fine fun with fresh horses. I told Early very plainly I was overworked, and could not hold out long, but, like all infantry officers, he thought cavalry ought to know no flagging.

I started ahead, and within a mile counted four burned houses; and so it was on Hunter's track every where. After some skirmishing, we came, about sundown, upon a pretty heavy body and charged them. They broke, and ran over the top of the hill near Liberty, where I saw nearly the whole of Hunter's army forming in line of battle. Two regiments of cavalry drove us back about a mile, when we met a Virginia battalion and made a stand; but they did not press us, and merely kept up a brisk fire, until General Ramseur came up with about two hundred sharpshooters.

In the mean while the enemy had built a rail barricade on the crest of the hill over which we had driven the rear guard. A courier was sent to General Early to hurry up re-enforcements, and we made disposition to attack them at once. There was a heavy body of wood on the right and left, at some little distance from the road. We soon drove in their skirmishers, and General Ramseur advanced on the right, while I was ordered to turn their left and charge them in flank and rear.

I had two hundred and fifty of the Virginians, and about forty of my own men. We turned their left just as Ramseur's sharpshooters charged their right, when they broke from the barricade. We followed across an open field to reach their flank, and came suddenly upon a low fence encircling a field of scrub oaks, jumped into it, when a party from the other side of a ditch opened upon us at such short range that the bullets nearly all flew over our heads. Demoralized somewhat by the ambuscade, my men were thrown into confusion; but, having been excited by the charge, they did not give way, but only scattered a little, waiting orders. I made them dismount, charged on foot, and carried the ditch at the first dash, driving the enemy in every direction, and capturing some *few;* and, could we have crossed the

ditch on horses, would have captured them all, and perhaps also those that Ramseur had driven from the barricade, for we were completely in their rear.

I had not dismounted, and resolved to try my horse at the ditch. He was a fine leaper, but nearly tired out, and, besides, he had to land on the top of the sod bank on the other side. This made it an ugly jump; but I knew, if I could succeed in getting over, every man would follow some way or other. My horse gathered finely, and made a splendid offer, alighting on the crest of the sod. He lost his balance a little, and for an instant was, in a manner, poised on the top; but only for an instant. The sod gave way under his hind feet; he felt himself going backward; gave a groan; tried to wheel and regain the bank from which he started; made a noble effort, but failed, and fell into the ditch. I sprang off, seized him by the bit, and held his nose up to prevent his rising. I thus held him fast in the ditch, and he seemed to understand what I wanted, and did not struggle. In a few moments twenty men had hold of his head, legs, and tail, and lifted, or rather slid him out of the ditch, covered with mud.

While the men were mounting, I scraped and wiped off the mud with an old blanket, and off we started to get round the ditch, which we did, and then commenced again to move on their flank. But they had fallen back, where they were re-enforced, and made a stand. I got too far round to the rear, and came very near being cut off. It gave us hot work to get out, after losing eight or nine men wounded, but none killed. Early now came up with a brigade, and advanced into the town, where we had quite a lively fight, and drove the enemy through in fine style.

XXXVIII.

JUNE, 1864.

LIBERTY is a beautiful little town, and, like many others in Virginia, remarkable for the number of pretty girls it has to boast of. I was standing in front of a fine house, talking to some half dozen ladies, one of whom had just given me a glass of water. They were all crowded around us, laughing and talking. I had just placed the empty glass on the gate-post when a bullet struck its top with a loud rap, and jarred off the tumbler. The ladies screamed, and bounded off for the house, one of them losing her slipper in the flight. Major Douglas (who was present) and I jumped off, but I was so fortunate as to beat him in the race, and got that little slipper. I remounted, telling them the owner must come out and claim her property. We had a deal of fun, and finally persuaded two of them to advance. They had scarcely approached near to the gate when another ball crashed through a lilac bush. One made a spring like a deer for the house, while the other, who had lost the slipper, stood her ground, advanced bravely to the gate, picked up the glass, and put it on the post, though I must admit the sweet little thing did turn pale when she saw the bullet-hole in the wood. I sprang to the ground—down on my knees to replace the slipper. The beautiful foot was soiled with grass. What diligent efforts I made to remove every stain; it is astonishing how long I was about it; and then how awkward I was in getting on the shoe! No doubt it was very tedious to her, but the time was *very short* to me. Such are some of the few happy scenes that brighten a soldier's life.

On reaching the base, I met a lady just from Hunter's head-quarters at Mr. W——'s. I returned to the summit, and there found that S—— had discovered a road by which a division could be moved round. Having dispatched a courier to General Early, I moved along the crest, still on the flank, and in sight of the whole army. In this way I passed to the rear of his forces, except the trains, which were still moving on toward Salem.

I had gone about six miles, when, about sundown, we came to a comfortable-looking house. Leaving our men in the narrow road, S—— and I went forward to look for supper. Just then the owner joined us, and said that fifty cavalry were coming up by a rugged road, and must then be near by. The house stood about four hundred yards from where they would make their appearance, and my friend said we could not get in position before they would be in sight. I therefore dismounted the men, tied the horses among the trees, and hid ourselves in a ravine full of thick bushes, about forty yards from the house, for there they would be sure to go, when we might bag the whole party.

Scarcely had we got in position, when they came up and began reconnoitering cautiously on every side. Then two of them approached the house and began questioning the lady. I now discovered that it was a signal squad, with an escort. Believing they would come no nearer, I sung out for them to halt, and ordered my men to charge the signal squad, which was instantly obeyed. The two soldiers started to run. Kemp killed one and S—— the other. Not a dozen shots were fired by the escort, and not a man of mine was struck when we reached the signal station. All but five had fled precipitately down the rugged road. We captured all the signal apparatus, such as rockets, flags, staves,

him to send some one else. He replied that he had to rely upon my command for such work; so, of course, it devolved on me to make the effort; but, I must say, my hopes of success were small. The importance of the mission, however, made me anxious to do the uttermost.

I took with me only twenty men, and a guide named S——, who seemed to know the mountain thoroughly, and I trusted entirely to his knowledge and sagacity. The crest of the Blue Ridge is here nearly all cleared and under cultivation, with good fences. At the first house we came to on reaching the summit, we were told that a squad had been there and robbed them but a short time before. We pursued, but could not overtake them before they reached the western slope. From the crest of the mountain we had an extensive view, and beheld Hunter's army encamped in the Valley, with large squads of cavalry moving in every direction, and, sad to tell, numbers of houses, mills, and barns on fire.

S—— turned to me and said, "Do you see that large dense smoke about four miles up the Valley? That is from my father's factory and mill. Oh God! I can stand that if they will but spare the house; I have a sick sister there, who has been in bed a long time." In a few minutes after he had spoken we saw flames burst forth from his dwelling. I looked at S——; he had turned very pale, and said, calmly and firmly, "I will kill every one of them that falls into my power during this trail," and he looked to me as if he meant to do it.

I sent him in search of a road by which a division could be brought round, and, with another guide, went down to reconnoitre Hunter's position, and discover, if possible, his head-quarters; besides, I wanted a prisoner to send to General Early.

forward in line, having received no orders to halt, and we soon became hotly engaged. The enemy had it all their own way, for we could see nothing of them, and the most of our line was in open field. The range was very long, at least seven hundred yards. I kept on, hoping to gain some cover in front. Our left was behaving badly, though not so much exposed as the centre and front.

My foes behind the wall had several fusilades at me, but touched neither horse nor man until I turned to ride to the left, to make some of the fellows come out from behind trees. As my broadside appeared they fired at least twenty shots in a volley, and my horse sprang into the air and fell dead. Three balls struck him—one in the head, near the ear, a second through the fore shoulders, and a third through the saddle-skirts, within an inch of my thigh.

They saw him fall, and gave a loud cheer. I took off my hat in acknowledgment, and they gave another volley, which made me drop behind my horse. They thought me killed, and gave another cheer. I lay still until I had unloosed the saddle and bridle, and pulled them off. I then went across the fields to report to General Imboden, and get the white horse I had captured. Volley after volley was fired at me as I went along, it amusing them, no doubt, to see me dodge; for, though I would make up my mind not to do so, when the *zip* came so near I could not help it. They must have been quite chagrined to see me cross the field in safety.

When my horse was struck I ordered the men to lie down in a shallow ravine, an order that was gladly received and promptly obeyed, and I gave the command to the senior captain until farther orders.

Having reported to the general, he informed me that he had sent two regiments to turn the position on our right and wished me to be ready to press them in front, provid

I could dress my dismounted men in any thing like line of battle. I got the white horse, took a small squad of my men mounted, and, in addition to these, a small squadron commanded by a brave young fellow from Washington, named D——. We moved down the road till we came in line with the battalion I had left lying down in the gully. We were hidden from the enemy by the high banks on each side of the road. One of my men, named Freeburger, from Baltimore, crawled up the gully to where my saddle and bridle were, and brought them down to me. While changing saddles, a vedette reported the enemy's cavalry moving off. I saddled up, and ordered the whole line to move rapidly, but soon perceived that the dismounted men could not cross the dam; so I left them, pushed on with my squad and D——'s squadron, and, throwing out skirmishers right and left, advanced to the crest of the hill.

This we gained without firing a shot, for the enemy had left; but as we entered Salem we cut off and captured the rear guard, coming in from another road where they had been on picket.

At Buford's Gap General Ransom had gone round Hunter, and ambuscaded him in a mountain pass about four or five miles from Salem; had captured and destroyed many wagons, thirteen pieces of artillery and caissons, which he had blown up, killing about thirty-five men. I saw the blackened corpses next morning near where an ammunition-chest had exploded.

At this point the pursuit was abandoned except by a battalion of cavalry that was ordered to follow and harass Hunter's rear as far as the Kanawha Valley; and here we parted with Hunter's gang, who left in their track more suffering women and children than did all their predecessors in Virginia.

For some time General Early lay in camp near the celebrated "Watts' Place," a large estate owned by the heirs of Colonel Watts, of Roanoke County. Here, too, was General Breckinridge, and I, being attached to his head-quarters, enjoyed myself in social intercourse in the neighborhood. It was at this place that General Early communicated to me his intention of crossing the Potomac to capture or threaten Baltimore and Washington. He told me also of the part I was expected to perform.

I left a day in advance, to go down the Valley and collect my men together, that I might operate in the neighborhood of Winchester, to prevent all intelligence of Early's advance reaching the Federal lines. Those who will recollect the entire ignorance that prevailed among the enemy as to the near approach of a large force can answer that the work was faithfully done in this particular. My own men even thought that Early had gone back to Richmond, until, on the 2d or 3d of July, they saw the head of his army coming into Winchester. On that morning I had a fine chase after about a hundred blue-coats coming into town.

General Bradley T. Johnson was put in command of W. E. Jones's brigade of cavalry. He was encamped about seven miles from Winchester, and to him I was ordered to report. Breckinridge had command of his old division, with Gordon's, and was advancing on Martinsburg. McCausland and Vaughan had gone to Back Creek to destroy the railroad. Early, having the divisions of Rhodes and Ramseur, with Johnson's brigade of cavalry, was to move toward Shepherdstown, where there was a considerable body of infantry under Mulligan.

I was detached from Johnson to act as the advance of Breckinridge, and my battalion was all the cavalry he had in his front. I had about one hundred men, having picked

up a good many in the Valley who had not been to Lynchburg with me, and whose horses were comparatively fresh.

At daylight on the 4th of July we started, and, on approaching Martinsburg, learned from a citizen that all was quiet there, and that my command was all they supposed to be in the Valley. General Stahl was there with about six hundred cavalry, the odds and ends of different regiments. Their pickets were easily driven in, but their reserve had a strong position, and fought stubbornly. I was some distance ahead of the infantry with my command, and was ordered to keep the enemy amused until a battalion of sharpshooters of the 9th Louisiana came up to support me. We had no long-range guns, but were armed merely as light cavalry, with sabre and pistol.

While we were thus skirmishing with them, a Union man got by and carried to General Stahl the news of our advance; but he supposed us to be only a brigade.

General Stahl came out with his whole force, and got into position before our infantry had come up, and, when I made the attack upon him in the woods, I met with a sudden and unexpected repulse. They were well posted behind a rocky crest in a dense wood.

I went to Colonel Hodges, of the 9th Louisiana, and requested him to make a detour through a wheat-field, turn their flank, and dislodge them, when I should be ready to charge them while changing position. Colonel Hodges readily assented, and had nearly reached the other side of the wheat-field, when General Breckinridge rode up and asked what the devil he was doing over there. The colonel told him that I had asked him to make the movement in order to turn the flank of the enemy, who were dismounted in the wood directly in front. The general thought, doubtless, there was but a small force there, and, without farther in-

Beyond Middletown we discovered a column of cavalry crossing the Catoctin Mountain. I deployed into the fields and made dispositions to receive them. They halted near the base, and soon we were engaged in a brisk skirmish. At first the enemy seemed inclined to advance. I dismounted two squadrons of the 1st Maryland, who were nearly all armed with the Spencer rifle, and were most of them old infantry soldiers. We waited some time for an attack, but as they showed no disposition to make one, I advanced and opened on their skirmishers, with my mounted men well up, but did not bring them in sight, for they had with them two pieces of artillery in point-blank range. They shelled us until the dismounted men were obliged to lie down, when one of their squadrons ventured to try a charge, which, however, was very cautiously managed. As they came in range, one of my dismounted squadrons opened on them, and at the same time I ordered Captain Burke to bring up my own battalion, with which we made a countercharge, and ran them back to within eight hundred yards of their guns; but we could go no farther, because there was a large stream between us, and they held the bridge. While our troopers were falling back, they opened on us, and did some pretty shooting, but only three or four men were struck, and none killed. My brother Richard was among the wounded, with an ugly gash in the calf of his leg, made by a piece of shell that exploded over his head. We were falling back slowly at the time, and he was sitting sideways on his horse when struck. I lost his services for the rest of the trip, though he staid with the wagons, and took command of the cripples and led horses.

Seeing we could not take the bridge by direct attack, I sent Captain Welch, with two squadrons, to the left, to outflank the position, while with the rest I went to the right.

We should certainly have captured a large portion of them, but had hardly started when General Ransom came up and countermanded the order. The head of Johnson's brigade was halted in the turnpike, in column of fours, when I saw a shell drop into the third section, kill four and wound five men by the explosion.

Two or three hours passed away, and at last Ransom told me to carry out my original plan, and turn both flanks. I made the movement with some difficulty; but before Welch and I could come together on the top of the mountain, the Federals had seen the whole cavalry force in the Middletown Valley, and had fallen back toward Frederick. The brigade followed them across the mountain to within half a mile of Frederick, where we met two thousand "hundred day" men, with whom we had a lively fight at long range, but "nobody hurt" except by artillery. We had eight guns engaged and the enemy six, and we had the choice of position on the rolling knobs. General Bradley Johnson several times asked Ransom to let him charge the enemy in the town in two columns, but he refused. After nightfall we fell back to the Catoctin, and encamped near John Hagen's, where Johnson's head-quarters were established. Two of my men, while on picket, were captured.

Next morning the enemy advanced boldly to the very base of the mountain, and skirmished heavily nearly all day. We were waiting for General Early's infantry to come up, and therefore did not attack them. During the day the 8th Illinois Cavalry got in the rear of Johnson's head-quarters, and I was sent to "clean them out." By a wood road I came upon them rather unexpectedly, and got them at a disadvantage, and, although they sustained their reputation, we whipped them handsomely, but ran them rather too far, for we found ourselves among a line of infantry, where we

lost twelve horses, with four men wounded, but none killed. General Johnson witnessed the whole, and complimented us highly. Captain James L. Clark, of Baltimore, behaved nobly. A bullet struck his jacket button, and made it concave, but inflicted no injury. His horse was killed by four or five bullets. He was one of my pets after that, for he was a perfect tiger in a fight. Kemp had his horse also shot under him.

Early's whole force was now up, and would attack in the morning. We were not to engage in this, however, but were ordered to strike for Westminster, Cockeysville, and the Northern Central Railroad. After a heavy march, the brigade halted at New Windsor, and I was ordered to take twenty men on fresh horses, gallop to Westminster, and cut the telegraph. It was near sunset when we approached, and there learned there were one hundred and fifty men in the town.

Trusting to their supposing we were well backed, we drew sabres, closed up the column, and charged through town at a fast gallop, with horses well in hand, and on the look-out for ambuscade in the cross streets. A few bluecoats were to be seen, and the boys gave an awful yell when they saw them, which brought every one to the doors and windows, and when a handkerchief was waved by a fair hand the yelling was louder than ever. The foe took two or three rapid looks, fired two or three shots, and then made for Baltimore.

The telegraph was seized, the wires cut, and the town picketed in less than fifteen minutes, and I shook hands with my friends, lots of whom I have there.

We were five hours ahead of the brigade, and had been there about three when a courier arrived from General Johnson with orders to demand from the mayor fifteen

hundred suits of clothes, including boots and shoes. Mayor Grove made every effort to get his council together, but had not succeeded when the general arrived, and I then persuaded him to say nothing more about it.

We halted next morning on the farm of Mrs. ———, where we breakfasted. I was then ordered to push on and get possession of the railroad and Cockeysville. I had been presented at Liberty, Md., with a beautiful and very powerful black mare, which I was then riding. I pushed on ahead of the command to speak to some of my friends. I found the people every where took me for a Federal officer at first, not at all suspecting a rebel in that neighborhood. Never shall I forget the expressive countenance of one fair friend when she recognized me as I sprung from the saddle. I could only say a few words, as the column was coming up, and I must be at their head.

XLI.

JULY, 1864.

I WAS now where I knew pretty much every one, and very few did I meet but seemed glad to see me. I took quiet possession of the railroad and village of Cockeysville, burned the first bridge over the Gunpowder, according to orders, and picketed in the direction of Baltimore, only fifteen miles distant. When Johnson arrived he burned the rest of the bridges, and then went back to rejoin Early, withdrawing from me all support, and leaving me with only one hundred and thirty men instead of the five hundred, with two pieces of artillery, which had been promised me for the expedition.

I had been ordered to burn the bridges of the Philadel-

phia Railroad, which I knew were well guarded, but, with my very slender force, I could not be sanguine of a favorable result. General Johnson said he could spare no more men, and feared to trust artillery so far away from support, and also said that he was obliged to keep a large portion of my command with him as scouts and guides.

I left Cockeysville at noon as if for Baltimore, but soon directed my course toward Towsontown, and, finding no enemy near, continued on to the bridge at another point on the Gunpowder. Leaving Captain Bailey in command here, and taking with me a few officers and men, I rode over to Glen Ellen, the dear old home where I was born. My mother, father, and sisters, and three of my brothers, were there, and under no little excitement. I captured the whole party on the front steps when I rode up, and—if I except some, perhaps just complaint of my rather severe hugging—treated them with kindness, and, upon detainment for a few hours, paroled and released them, and moved on with my command.

In passing through the state, I may as well say here that I never took a plow-horse the whole time I was in Maryland, and only such as were necessary for my purposes, and alike from sympathizers and Unionists; all I did was for keeping my men well mounted.

No one at home knew of my destination till I was about to leave, and then I told it to a near relative, who, on learning what force I had, uttered the not very cheering prediction that I would never return alive. I said, in reply, that I was much of the same opinion myself, seeing the insignificant force I had. But I resolved to fight and whip every thing I came across in that neighborhood.

At nightfall, though the men were terribly in want of sleep, and exhausted by the incessant marching and service

they had done of late, I took the road through Dulany's Valley, intending to cross the ridge by Morgan's Mill. But I fell asleep on my horse, and did not awake till I came to a gate farther on, when the barking of dogs aroused me. This compelled us to cross higher up, and I decided to wait at a farm, to which we had come, till daylight, and let the men sleep, for they were actually so suffering for it that they were falling from their horses on the road, and I was beginning to lose some of them.

At daylight we crossed the Bel Air and Harford Roads, cut the telegraph wires, but had not gone far when I heard a shot ahead. My ordnance sergeant, Fields, and another, were all the advance I had out, not anticipating any trouble here. I dashed forward with four men, and met the companion of Fields coming back so rapidly that I supposed he had run into the enemy. He called out to me that Fields was killed; and when I reached the house of Ishmael Day I found Fields lying on the ground, with his face and chest filled with buckshot. He was perfectly rational; told me that he had ordered Day to pull down a large Federal flag, which he refused to do; that he dismounted to do it himself, when Day seized a gun and shot him. The men were already looking for Day, but he had escaped to the woods; and while my attention was occupied with Fields, the house was in flames, and soon after they burst out also from the barn and out-buildings. Scarcely ever had I seen men so excited; and I am sure it would have been out of my power to save Day had they caught him.

It was a sight that made a lasting impression upon me. There lay Fields, his head thrown back, and a deathly pallor fast overspreading his countenance, flecked here and there with dark bluish-purple spots, where the buckshot had entered. His shirt was thrown open, and his manly breast

was literally covered with these purple spots. He bled very little. The men stood around us at some little distance, in violent gesticulation, swearing terribly.

He felt that he was dying—knew that I could not stay, and begged me not to let him encumber me. I gave him water from a tin cup, and received his dying messages, which were very clear. He even recollected to tell me where in the Valley he had left some papers. I put Fields in one of Day's carriages and sent him to Wright's Hotel, on the Harford Road.

We pushed on, and, when within a mile and a half of the railroad bridge, where the Philadelphia, Wilmington, and Baltimore Road crosses the Gunpowder, I discovered a passenger train coming on from Baltimore, and ordered Captain Bailey, with twenty men, to charge ahead and capture it. The capture was soon effected. Guards were then stationed all round, and I gave strict orders that no plundering should be done, threatening to shoot or cut down the first man I caught in any thing of the sort. I also furnished the baggage-master with a guard, telling him to deliver to each passenger their property, and to unload the train. The engineer had made his escape, or I should have run up to Havre de Grace, and made an effort to burn all the bridges, and likewise the large steamer there.

Being informed that General Franklin was on board, I went into the car pointed out to me, and asked some officers who were in it which was General Franklin. No reply. I then proceeded to examine each one's papers, and presently I came to him. He acknowledged himself to be the man. I was prepossessed from the first in his favor by his blunt, though polite and gentlemanly bearing. I put him under guard in the telegraph office, with several other officers that had been captured.

On the train were several ladies of my acquaintance, and one of them was subsequently subjected to trial by military commission for certain acts, with the doing of which on this occasion she was charged. I do not certainly know what the character of the charges or the testimony was; but this I will say—the deportment of these ladies toward us was nothing more than an expression of joy at meeting friends they had known from childhood. General Franklin, in a letter received from him on the 15th of May, 1865, referring to the case, says: "Mrs. P—— is not guilty of the acts with which she is charged. If not released, I will see to it."

Finding I could not run the train up to Havre de Grace, I burned it, and prepared to catch that which had left Baltimore forty minutes after this one. I had also sent a flag of truce to the drawbridge, where were two hundred infantry and the gun-boat Juniata, sent to protect it, demanding a surrender, and was about ordering some sharpshooters to push them a little, when the second train of twelve passenger-cars came up and was easily captured. The engineer of this also escaped, but I took the engine in hand, ran it up to the station, and unloaded it in like manner as the first, taking care that each one should have the baggage his checks called for.

While the train was being unloaded, a gentleman came up with a lady, who appeared much distressed, and whom he introduced as "Mrs. Dunbar." I asked her if she had suffered any inconvenience, or been molested in any way. She replied "No;" but that she was alone with two or three children, and had a large quantity of baggage to look after, which she was fearful of losing. I told her to entertain no fear, and asked if she was Mrs. Dunbar, of Baltimore,* and a relation of Dr. Dunbar, a gentleman with

* She belonged to ———, and did *not* reside in Baltimore.

whom I knew my family to have been on friendly terms. She told me, in reply, a downright and unnecessary falsehood, saying she was "Mrs. Dunbar, of Baltimore." I immediately, with Lieutenant Dorsey's assistance, had her three large trunks carried to a shady place a hundred yards off. She was apparently as grateful a person as I ever saw, and actually bored me with her profusion of thanks. But the good Lord deliver me from such! for I soon after saw in a Northern paper a long and detestably false account, purporting to set forth the wrongs that had been perpetrated upon her by the "traitorous thieves." So totally devoid of honor, truth, and gratitude are some individuals, that specimens of them to be considered as curious studies deserve to be noted. After setting forth the large amount of damage she had sustained at *three thousand dollars*, she said that some gentleman offered to introduce her to me for the purpose of recovering her things, but that, like a true, loyal woman, she had scorned the proposal as an insult. She wanted no such honor, and would not submit to the degradation of soliciting favor from a traitor.

While the train was being unloaded I kept a good head of steam upon the engine, and, when every thing was clear, ordered Captain Bailey to move up his sharpshooters, and try to drive the infantry out on the bridge. He soon reported that they had fled to the gun-boat, and, setting the train on fire, I backed the whole flaming mass down on the bridge, catching some of the infantry a little way from shore upon the structure, and compelling them to jump into the water. The train was running slowly, and stopped right on the draw, where it burned and fell through, communicating the fire and destroying the most important part of the bridge. The wind was blowing directly toward the gun-boat, and she had to trip her anchor and get out of the way.

I afterward sent a flag of truce to say I had no objection to her coming to the beach to take the passengers to Havre de Grace, which was done.

I paroled most of the officers; first, because I had not horses enough to take them away; and, secondly, because many of them were convalescents from field-hospitals. I think I started with five, including General Franklin, all in carriages.

After stopping for the above purposes six or seven hours, I went toward Baltimore. My intention was to cut across the country to the York Road, and thence either enter the city by the Charles Street Avenue or Fall's Road, pass through on to Franklin Street, and leave by the Franklin Turnpike. But it was not long before I met a gentleman whom I recognized, and from him learned that they were expecting us in Baltimore, had collected a large force of militia, and had barricaded the streets. Anxious first to secure my prisoners, I directed my course for Towsontown, seven miles north of Baltimore on the York Road, and when within five or six miles of that place every one I met said there was a force of cavalry waiting to intercept me. Being well acquainted with the surrounding country, and as it would be dark before we reached our destination, I anticipated no difficulty in evading, if we could not fight them. I determined to heed no one, but push on till we met the enemy, charge and fight, and, if we could not whip them, then fall back, and go round through the heavy woods about Mine Bank Run.

XLII.

When within a mile of the town, I took ten men and went ahead to reconnoitre, leaving Captain Bailey and Lieutenant Dorsey with the command, with orders to come up at a steady pace if they heard any firing. I entered the town at a gallop with pistol drawn, but all was quiet, and no one seemed to be expecting me. I got off of my horse and drank a glass of ale at the hotel, and met several acquaintances, who begged me to push on. Some were just from the city—had seen a large force of cavalry coming out to cut me off. One in whom I had confidence told me there were at least one thousand of them coming from Baltimore (seven miles distant), and urged me not to delay; but I must have at least a brush with the advance guard.

My men had all come in, and the column had formed in the square, and I had put out a picket, when I heard from my picket that cavalry in considerable force were coming up the turnpike. I gave H—— G——, who was one of the pickets, orders to let them advance, challenge, fire, and then retreat. I next detailed ten men to guard the prisoners, and for this duty would not even trust the adjutant, but went along the line and selected the most reliable, placing them in charge of Captain O——, my quarter-master, who knew the country. He was instructed which road to take, and where to wait for me; and was told, should I not join him by daylight, to push on and try to reach Early's army near Washington.

Kemp was now ordered to take fifteen men to charge the enemy's advance guard, run them back on their main body,

and let them in turn charge him, when he was to retreat, his men taking each side of the road, so as to let me through with the rest of the command.

The men had heard all about the large force we were about to meet, and some of them were rather nervous; no wonder, when we consider that all were nearly broken down for want of sleep. Few of them could tell where we were, and all knew that we were far from any support. Besides this, it was dark as pitch. Some would say, "I expect the band will go up to-night; but we must stick by the major." Another would say, "No fear; he'll take us through all right; only stay by him, and there's no danger." From such conversation I could infer that most of them seemed to anticipate serious business; but not an officer or man said a word about holding back.

Kemp's party advanced with pistols; my reserve drew sabres, and each man settled himself in the saddle, and I could see them pulling their hats down firmly on their heads. Just then I heard the pickets down the road fire on the advance, which was immediately answered from a dozen carbines. Kemp dashed on with a yell, and I told my reserve to join also in the yell, and keep it up, and it was done *with a will*. What joy it affords to command men like these—brave hearts that you can depend upon under all circumstances! I felt them ready to ride against any thing that appeared, and, in a road stiffly fenced as this was on both sides, with no chance for a flanking party, hardly cared what was ahead.

As I started down with the reserve at a steady trot I heard Kemp run into them, and I knew he was driving their advance; but soon I knew also that he was retreating rapidly, and, on advancing a little farther, saw a squad in the middle of the road, fired on them, and ordered a charge, but,

fortunately in time, recognized Kemp's voice; glad to say, no one was hurt.

When I ordered the charge the men set up a most deafening yell, enough to convince any one that we were a full regiment; and so must the enemy have thought, for we never got within sabre reach of them. They were finely mounted on fresh horses, and easily outran us. Seeing this, we drew pistols, gave chase, and let them have a volley from the top of every hill, with a fresh yell each time. Some of the men pursued them even to Govanstown, four miles from Baltimore; and that night a number of recruits from the city joined my command, and we were told by them that the whole picket-line on that side of Baltimore was broken, and that the cavalry had not stopped running till they reached the Bel Air market in the city.

We returned leisurely to Towsontown without losing a man, and having only one horse wounded. Of the enemy's loss I could learn nothing. Anxious to join Captain O——, who had got some way ahead, I pushed on, the whole command completely broken down for want of sleep, and some of them snoring in their saddles before we had gone a mile. To prevent any of them being lost, I rode in the rear, for some of them would slide off and not wake up until well shaken and dragged roughly over the road.

It was not long before I fell asleep myself, and, in swaying about upon my horse, I may perhaps have pulled him out of the road. I was roused by some one crying "Halt!" The horse suddenly stopped, which threw me on his neck, and at the same instant the voice came again, "Halt!"

Suspecting something wrong, I replied, "A friend." "Friend to whom?" "To the Union. I belong to the 1st Virginia Cavalry, and my company has been out in Harford County, on a scout after Gilmor's raiders. My captain sent

me ahead to tell you he was coming, so that you would not fire on him."

"All right," said he. I replied, "I'll go back and tell him to come on."

At first I did not know where I was, but, while talking to the picket, I perceived the railroad track a little way off, so concluded I must be near the Relay House, on the Northern Central Railroad. After leaving the picket a hundred yards behind, I struck across the fields until I reached the crossing of the road from Towsontown, from which I had wandered. There I found one of my men, left by Captain Bailey to wait for me, but fast asleep. I woke him up, and learned that all the men had crossed the road safely, and were waiting for me at Hunt's Meeting-house, where I found them lying in the road, scattered about, and every one of them fast asleep. Had I been captured they would have slept till morning, and no doubt many of them would have joined me, and we should have been a pleasant little party for Fort McHenry.

There is no suffering that I can imagine more intense than that produced by want of sleep long deferred, which I and many others with me felt that night. The pain is perfectly horrible. Most of the men had drank freely in the morning, though not a man was *drunk*, making it all the worse for them afterward. I myself had taken nothing but some claret and a glass of ale, nor had I tasted a drop of whisky or brandy for some time, yet I suffered nearly as much as the men. However, there was but little time for rest. We passed through Green Spring Valley, proceeding to the place of Mr. Craddock, for near this I had directed Captain O—— to wait for me with the prisoners. I found them all lying in the road asleep, and noticed that the buggy in which Franklin had been riding was empty. I turned

to Captain Clark and said, "I'll bet Franklin is gone." We rode through the guard twice, and found all sound asleep. I dismounted, and, rousing them up, asked for General Franklin. The guard replied he was "in the fence corner with the other prisoners," but there he was not. Right glad am I that my pious friends were not there to *hear* me when I found that Franklin had indeed escaped; I fear they would have considered me somewhat *ruffled*. But we searched in vain for Franklin; he had got off safe, to my great chagrin and annoyance. He was a major general and corps commander in the United States army, regarded, and justly too, as one of their most distinguished officers, and, at the time of his capture by me, was on his way back North to recruit his health, which had been greatly impaired by wounds and arduous duty in the Southwest. It will readily be seen that I had a very valued companion in the person of the general, and I could not fail, under the circumstances, to appreciate his society very highly; so, as I say, being greatly provoked when I found that he had ceased to honor us with his presence, I swore with unusual energy. By this means my men were as effectually roused as if a broadside had been opened upon them.

After the men had eaten, and the horses been well fed and groomed, the whole command, except about twenty, scouted the country in every direction, in hopes of retaking General Franklin—not, perhaps, so much because of his importance, as that I hated to be charged with carelessness. The men then got time for a little sleep.

While the men slept I went to a chamber, and, having refreshed myself with clean apparel, I had General Franklin's valise, left by him in the wagon, examined; it contained a prayer-book, presented him by a sister, some photographs, and a silver snuff-box, inlaid with gold, but nothing else

of much value. These articles I caused to be restored to him.

The rest of that day was spent near Pikesville. I sent a sergeant and ten men to within four miles of the city, and went myself to the Seven-mile House, on the Reistertown Road. As yet, I had not even taken a nap, except on my horse, for I did not sleep with the rest of the command. I have very little recollection of what took place after leaving Pikesville, being nearly stupefied, and, although my eyes were open, I slept most of the time. A gentleman rode part of the way with me to ———, but I knew not when or how he took leave of me. Two gentlemen came to me there, and I was waked up to see them; but I went to sleep while they were talking to me. However, when the reveille sounded next morning I awoke much refreshed, and sprang up a new man.

At sunrise we were all in the saddle, moving toward Rockville, where I expected to join General Early, Captain O—— acting as our pilot, for he knew the country thoroughly. Toward evening we learned that Early had fallen back to Poolesville, and that the enemy had possession of Rockville. This obliged us to take a direct course through Montgomery County for Poolesville, marching all night without halting.

XLIII.

JULY, 1864.

We reached General Johnson's head-quarters at daybreak, about two miles below Poolesville, and found him expecting an attack. He was delighted to see me safely back, saying that when he left me near Baltimore, he felt certain I should be captured. I felt very well pleased my-

self to be where I was, having made, without doubt, a rather venturesome trip.

Johnson and I breakfasted at the house of Colonel ———, where, unfortunately, I left my haversack, filled with keepsakes, etc. Some hours after, when I sent for it, the yard was filled with the enemy's skirmishers.

We had some little skirmishing at Poolesville, but recrossed to the Virginia side of the Potomac without any serious injury. General Early's head-quarters were near to Big Spring, on the Leesburg Turnpike, and I reported to him there. He and General Breckinridge received me with the strongest expressions of welcome, and said they had given me up for lost. They complimented me highly for the success of the expedition, and regretted the escape of General Franklin. I dined with them, and spent the day there. When I told General Early with what ease I could have captured Baltimore with a few more men, he regretted heartily that a brigade had not been given me, and he did me the honor to say I had deserved promotion; and I should have had his recommendation, I feel sure, whenever I had applied to him. Indeed, a regiment was offered me several times afterward, but I preferred my battalion to any regiment in the army; it was the right kind of stuff, and all I wanted was more of them. No, I would not give up my men, who had stuck by me so well in many an hour of need; but I was now entitled to a lieutenant colonel's commission, for my battalion numbered six companies. This I could have got by applying for it at the department, but I did not think it worth the trouble, nor had I the time to devote to it.

Colonel K—— afterward told me that General Lee said to him "that the cutting of the Philadelphia road was the only part of the programme in the Maryland campaign that

was carried out successfully," and that was reward enough for the part I had borne in it.

We remained near Leesburg about two days, crossed the Blue Ridge at Snicker's Gap, and the Shenandoah at Berry's Ferry, and encamped in the Valley near Rippon, between Charlestown and Berryville. Ramseur's division was sent to Winchester. Our brigade (Johnson's) moved about the Lower Valley from point to point for some time, nothing of importance taking place. We had a few trifling skirmishes, but were chiefly employed in scouting.

No heavy fighting occurred in which our brigade was engaged, and about the 26th I crossed to Martinsburg, and camped about seven miles northwest of Hedgesville, having with me two battalions, namely, the 1st Maryland, and my own, the 2d. There Captain Emack joined me, and I got leave of absence for one day, as some recreation after our recent hard work was needed. We enjoyed ourselves very much, and rather exceeded our time, which brought upon us a gentle rebuke; but we were excused.

On the 29th I was ordered by General Johnson to move both my battalions near to McCoy's Ford, and hold them in readiness to march at a moment's warning; also to scout the river well, especially the fords, from Williamsport to Little Georgetown. I felt sure now that we were about crossing over into Maryland, but had no idea as to our ultimate destination. McCausland's brigade was with us, and he was the ranking officer.

In the evening I was ordered to move at 1 A.M., and take possession of the heights on the Maryland side, and hold them until the brigade came up. It was clear daylight when I reached the river, and found but a few pickets on the other side. I dismounted two squadrons of sharpshooters, and, under cover of their fire, Kemp and I took

over the advance, and got possession of the archway of the canal with but little trouble. I then crossed over the whole command, and had secured the heights, when a courier arrived with orders from General McCausland to picket the National Road each way, toward Cumberland and toward Hagerstown. Lieutenant Jeff Smith was sent to the right, toward the latter, and Captain Raisin toward the former place. They both soon became engaged. Raisin captured a company of dismounted cavalry at Hancock. Smith ran into the 14th Pennsylvania Cavalry, and made a gallant but unlucky charge, in which he lost three of his best men. He fell back in good order, and held his ground against the whole regiment until I went forward with the command to support him.

The village of Clear Spring is three miles to the east of where we struck the National Turnpike, and McCausland's plan was to march through that place and get on the road leading to Mercersburg. I was ordered to attack the enemy's cavalry and drive them to the Conococheague, and there keep them until both brigades had passed through Clear Spring, when I was to follow in the rear.

I had but two hundred men in both battalions, without carbines. We came to serve merely as light cavalry, having only sabres and pistols. In front of me were two Federal regiments, the 12th and 14th Pennsylvania, well armed with carbines, and posted on both sides of the road and behind fences, over which it was impossible to charge. We drove them through town without much trouble, for Johnson had sent Major Sweeny to my assistance with a battalion armed with long-range guns; but these were withdrawn after we got through, and I then had them all to myself.

It would take too much time to outflank them, besides the trouble of pulling down the stiff fences; so, after we had

driven them about a mile and a half, I took the first battalion and charged them on the main road, ordering Captain Burke to follow in support in case of a repulse. Two charges were successful—that is, we drove them from two positions, and took a few prisoners; but in the third the enemy stood firm, checked us a little, and threw us into some confusion. We halted, and formed behind a house and barn to wait until my old battalion, under Captain Burke, could come up. The Federals had a strong position, and placed their men well. On the right was a thick wood, lined by a stone fence along the road. Two squadrons were there placed in ambuscade. On the left was a stiff post and rail fence, where another squadron was dismounted; and in the rear, in an open field, the rest were drawn up in line. We could only charge in column. I foresaw that we must lose heavily, but felt confident of driving and capturing the dismounted squadron in open field to the left by passing by and taking their fire in flank. *I knew nothing of the two squadrons in ambush.*

I had not yet driven the enemy to the stream as ordered, nor had I been advised that all the troops had passed safely through Clear Spring. I knew that McCausland wished to create the impression that he was just behind me, marching on to Hagerstown, for he had told me so when I was ordered to attack. I make this explanation lest I should be considered rash, and careless of the lives under my command—and no one could more deeply feel the loss of the brave men who fell that day.

I sent a courier back for Captain Burke to hurry up; and when he came opposite to a barn where we were, I took the head of the column and dashed on, the men going in fine style. Most of the 1st joined my battalion, and eight or ten were in front with me. The dismounted squadron gave us

a fierce volley as we came down, and, although at short range, did but little harm. We then got in their rear, and made a dash at the cavalry farther on; but just as we got abreast of the wood, the two squadrons in ambush opened upon us with terrific effect, which obliged us to retreat in some disorder, but not until we had brought off all the wounded. They then charged our rear. We wheeled and repulsed them, and held our ground until out of range from their carbines.

I do not like to think of that fight. I lost seventeen men in killed and wounded. Of the former, Samuel Rogers, of Green Spring Valley, Md., a brave boy; and another like him, young Warfield, of Baltimore. I impressed some carriages, and sent my wounded under guard to Virginia.

By this time the brigades were both clear of the town, and, in fact, two or three miles on their way to Mercersburg. I fell back to Clear Spring without being followed, but did not overtake the main body till after night. They had halted about a mile beyond Mercersburg, on the road to Chambersburg. I reported at head-quarters, and found Johnson and McCausland together. It was about 10 P.M. when the latter informed me he should endeavor to be in Chambersburg by daylight, and wished me to guard the rear. I had not laid down for forty-six hours, and all our men suffered terribly for want of sleep, and it was with difficulty I could keep my command together. Just before daylight I was summoned to the front. The command had halted in an oat-field to feed their horses. Day dawned as I rode up to the general. Near the edge of town a small force of the enemy could be seen. Major Sweeny, who was in front, had run into an ambuscade of infantry and artillery, and lost one man by a grapeshot.

XLIV.

After making some inquiry about the different roads leading into Chambersburg, General McCausland asked me to join Major Sweeny, who would attack the town with infantry.

The major had a gallant command, and easily drove every thing before him; in fact, the enemy made no resistance at all, and we took possession without losing a man. On my entering the town I caught sight of a mounted man, and ran him beyond the limits. I then made a good reconnoissance of all that part, and in the course of it had some amusing conversations with the ladies, who exercised their tongues upon me rather freely, which I returned in good measure.

General Early's order was now published, requiring a levy of $200,000 in gold, or its equivalent in greenbacks, and in default of payment Chambersburg was to be laid in ashes. Just then some scouts returned with a prisoner from Averill's command, reporting him to be not more than two or three miles off, with a heavy force of cavalry. The citizens knew it too, and positively refused to raise the money, laughing at us when we threatened to burn the town.

After we had breakfasted at the hotel, General McCausland ordered me to arrest fifty or more of the most prominent citizens, and put them under guard. I had arrested about forty, when he sent for me, and said that there was no time to be lost—the town must be burned; he was sorry for it on account of the women and children, but it must be done, to check the burning of private property in Virginia, and they had none to blame for it but General Hunt-

er, and their own press for extolling such fiendish acts of Vandalism. He then ordered me to fire the town, and showed me General Early's order to that effect. Deeply regretting that such a task should fall upon me, I had only to obey. I then directed my men to fire the town, but be kind to the women and children, and lend them all the assistance in their power. While I could remain in the streets, I did nothing but assist the people and see that no excesses were committed. Several times I received peremptory orders to make a thorough work of it, and was especially directed to destroy all fine dwellings.

When the town was no longer tenable, I took two men with me to fire a fine brick dwelling beautifully situated on an eminence northwest of the town. Dismounting, I went in, and told the lady who came to the door that I was there to perform the extremely unpleasant duty of burning her house, which I much regretted; that we were obliged to resort to such extreme measures in order to prevent or check the terrible devastation committed by such men as General Hunter. I told her that the people of that town had seen us twice before, and that all had spoken in the highest terms of our behavior, saying that our soldiers had behaved better than their own. She was weeping, evidently much distressed, but she acknowledged the justice of my remarks, and declared that she blamed none but the administration for allowing such horrible acts of cruelty to go unpunished. She was in deep distress, and shed many bitter tears; did not beg me to spare her house; only asked time to remove some articles of value and clothing. This was readily granted. Breakfast was on the table, and she asked me to eat something while she was getting her things together. Being hungry, I accepted the invitation, and drank a glass of wine before sitting down. I delayed as much as

possible, in order to afford her more time, and when I rose from the table I had half a mind to disobey orders in regard to this house. She then came in, and entered into conversation. I asked her the name of her husband. She replied, "Colonel Boyd, of the Union Army." "What! Colonel Boyd, of the 1st New York Cavalry?" "The same, sir." "Then, madam, your house shall not be destroyed."

I now understood why she had not pleaded for it. The reader will recollect that this officer has been already mentioned as operating in the Valley. He had ever been kind and lenient to the citizens, men, women, and children, warring only against men in arms. The fact of her being the wife of Colonel Boyd decided me at once. I told her that I knew her husband, and had fought against him for two years in the Valley of Virginia; that he had gained a high reputation among the citizens for kindness and gentlemanly conduct; that while we were there for the purpose of punishing Vandalism, we were ready and anxious to repay acts of kindness done to our people, who, when unprotected, had been exposed by the fortunes of war to the mercy or harsh treatment of our foes. I told her that her house should not be burned, blame me for it who would, and that I would leave a guard for her protection till all were gone. She seemed to be completely overwhelmed, as though she did not comprehend what I had said; but when I assured her again that neither her house nor any thing that belonged to her should be molested, her gratitude knew no bounds. To the picket near by the house she afterward sent baskets filled with nice eatables, hot coffee, and as much wine as they desired.

I left a guard; and well I did, for an officer who had been drinking too much came up soon after, and tried to force the guard and burn the house.

The burning of Chambersburg was an awful sight, nor could I look on without deep sorrow, although I had been hardened by such scenes in Virginia. At one view had we not, with anguished hearts, from the mountain top, gazed upon the sky reddened by the burning of one hundred and eighteen houses in that once smiling valley, a small part, indeed, in the history of Hunter's ruthless raid; inflicted, too, not by an ungovernable soldiery, but under a coldly-calculated mandate. Who, then, taking a dispassionate view, will condemn our government for this act of righteous retribution.

Hitherto the fires had been applied to the houses of my friends, which roused within me feelings of the sternest vengeance; still, I felt more like weeping over Chambersburg, although the people covered me with reproaches, which all who know me will readily believe I found hard to digest; yet my pity was highly excited in behalf of these poor unfortunates, who were made to suffer for acts perpetrated by the officers of their own government.

The day was bright and intensely hot. The conflagration seemed to spring from one vast building. Dense clouds of smoke rose to the zenith, and hovered over the dark plain. At night it would have been a grand but terrible object to behold. How piteous the sight in those beautiful green meadows—groups of women and children exposed to the rays of a burning sun, hovering over the few articles they had saved, most of them wringing their hands, and with wild gesticulations bemoaning their ruined homes!

XLV.

We left Chambersburg at noon, and went into camp at McConnellsburg, where we found plenty of provender and rations.

At length I got a good night's rest, and rose next morning much refreshed. General McCausland thought of sending Colonel Dunn and myself to Bedford Springs, but our rear guard being attacked, it was not thought prudent to separate the command; so we all moved down the Valley toward Hancock, Md., which we reached about noon.

General McCausland ordered a levy upon this place of $30,000, which was so out of all reason that we Marylanders remonstrated, but to no purpose. He told the principal men of the place that unless the money was paid he would burn the town. To this I and all my men objected, saying that too much Maryland blood had been shed in defense of the South for her towns to be laid under contribution or burned. I perceived, too, that his men were inclined to plunder. After a consultation with General Johnson, I brought in my whole command and stationed two men at each house and store for their protection. Before the money could be raised, Averill's troops arrived and attacked our pickets and outposts, and a lively little fight occurred, chiefly in the streets and on the high pine hills northeast of the town. My command constituted the rear guard, and did all the fighting in town, while a regiment and battalion of Virginians held the hills. About sunset we were ordered to retire and follow the column on the National Road toward Cumberland.

or two, I sent back to inform the general as to the condition of the road, and left pickets on the branch roads to guard us in flank until he should arrive and relieve them.

The road was very narrow, and in one place led up the side of a mountain; but it was very firm. I had not gone more than three miles before it became dark night; but my guide, under the persuasion of a cocked revolver at his ear, knew the country well, and made no mistake.

About 1 A.M. we had reached to within a mile and a half of the river, the road leading along the side of a ridge, through a thick undergrowth of oak, pine, and laurel. I was riding with the advance guard, ahead of the column, sound asleep on my horse, when five or six shots were fired immediately in front, and, before I was fairly awake, another volley came from the right. I knew well what was up there, so, telling the boys to charge, and leading off myself with a yell, which, of course, they all responded to, we dashed on. Their bullets flew over our heads, and, although we could see nothing, we heard them retreating at a gallop. It was only a picket-post that must have been informed of our approach, for they did not challenge. It was to answer the challenge that I rode with the advance, hoping to capture the picket and take possession of the bridge over the canal. It was not safe to advance farther in the dark, and without support; I therefore turned off into the wood, planted an ambuscade for any thing that might approach, and sent scouts to explore the ford and give information. I sent a courier to hasten up Johnson, established vedettes, and then laid down to get some sleep.

Daylight came, and with it our couriers, who reported eight hundred infantry and an iron-clad battery at the ford to dispute our crossing, and also a courier from Johnson, saying he would soon join me, so I started out on a reconnoissance.

When I reached the canal I found they had burned the small bridge about a mile above Oldtown, but there was another of larger dimensions directly opposite the ford. A heavy fog enveloped the country for miles along the river and canal, and nothing could be seen. This caused my advance, under Kemp, to run into an ambuscade, by which he lost one man (Gorman) killed and two wounded.

I deemed it prudent to dismount and wait for Johnson, who soon came up; and as the enemy in ambush had retired after giving us a volley, I went forward with two or three men to bring off the wounded, and see if Gorman was really dead. I found the poor fellow perfectly conscious, lying on his back, shot in the abdomen by a Minié ball, which had torn a great hole, from which his entrails protruded. He was suffering intense pain, yet calm and rational, although he knew he had but an hour to live. He told me his name was not Gorman, but Aristo. He joined us from a Louisiana regiment under a false name; told me not to waste time with him if I had any thing to do, and bade me good-by. His hand, as I pressed it, was then cold, and he died soon after. His comrades rolled him up in his saddle-blanket, and buried him where he fell.

When Johnson came up the mist had partially cleared away. We could see Oldtown, and a few Federal soldiers seemed to be taking up the bridge. Johnson thought we should make a dash for it, and went with me at the head of the column, his head-quarter flag in the rear, borne by a courier. There was a level stretch of road along the canal leading into town, and on the other side of the canal, between it and the river, a high ridge, partly cleared, and partly covered with trees and undergrowth. Not a man was to be seen, and we started for town, but had not proceeded half a mile before a line of infantry opened upon us a rapid and contin-

uous fire. The distance was about three hundred yards, but I presume they had fixed their sights for even a greater distance, as they often do, for not a man was hit, and but two or three horses. We were just opposite the mouth of a ravine. With one accord we left the road, ran up the ravine, and took shelter behind the hill.

XLVI.

The 1st Maryland had come no farther down than the bridge. Captain Welch went to work and built a new one, over which McCausland marched three regiments, dismounted them, and formed line of battle between the river and canal. Quite a lively fight ensued, but it resulted in the retreat of the enemy to the Virginia side of the river, where they took possession of a train of house-cars, walled up on the inside with heavy cross-ties for breast-works. There was an iron-clad battery, formed of rail-bars, at each end, with the locomotive in the centre. A large number of the enemy crowded into these cars, and the whole train was moved down the track directly opposite the ford, within easy musket range of the bridge, and of the space between the river and canal, and this was the only place on which we could place a gun to bear upon the train.

One attempt was made to carry the ford with dismounted cavalry and my second battalion. We gained the river, and charged across under a heavy fire of shells and musketry, but could not go out on the other side. I drew up my squadron in single rank under the Virginia shore, in water knee-deep. The dismounted men waded through, and lay down on the edge of the water. There was but one way out, and that was up the steep hill where the road went

forth from the river, under an enfilading fire from the batteries.

Green Spring Run Station, on the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad, is exactly opposite. Besides the train there was a new block-house, built in the most approved style with bomb-proof, having one hundred men in it, commanded by Colonel Stowe, of Ohio. The block-house covered the ford at a distance of one hundred and fifty yards, with an open flat between, except just before the house, where the trees were.

It must be acknowledged that our prospects were none of the brightest. We had lost about a dozen men in the fight, and yet gained nothing. I waited some time for McCausland to come to our aid, but, as he did not make his appearance, I went over to learn his movements and make some suggestions. I found him and Johnson in consultation; explained to them fully the position on the other side, telling them it was absolutely necessary to bring one or two pieces to bear upon the train and shell the infantry out of the cars. I described the country on the Virginia side, which I knew well, and convinced them of the fact that Kelly was sure to bring down any number of troops from Cumberland when he found that we were checked at the river.

They acknowledged the truth of my remarks, but said that artillerymen could not live under the musketry from the train, and that the horses would be killed before they could bring the guns into position.

My horse had not been killed coming from the ford, and in the charge we had but five men killed; so, leaving them to their deliberations, I went back to Oldtown to see Lieutenant McNulty, of the Baltimore Light Artillery, and get him to take the almost desperate position. I found him, as I expected, ready for any thing. Accordingly, we took two

pieces down to the bridge; crossed it at a gallop; had two horses killed, which we dragged along dead in their harness; got a position on the ridge; unlimbered the pieces, already shotted and primed. The gunner was a Baltimorean named McElwee, and, though a brisk fire was opened on him, he coolly sighted his piece, and put a six-pound shell through the boiler, which exploded with a loud report. That was one of the best shots made during the war, judging from its effect, for every man except those in the iron-clad stampeded. The third or fourth shot entered the port-hole of the iron-clad, dismounted the brass pivot-gun, whereupon both were evacuated. But the way was still not clear; for there stood the block-house, really the greater obstacle, from the fact that it could not be seen from the Maryland side of the river. Lieutenant McNulty wasted about fifty shells feeling for it, only one of which pierced it through the roof.

When the iron-clads were deserted, one of Johnson's Virginia regiments charged up the bank and received the fire from the block-house, by which it suffered severely in officers and men.

Thus matters continued for an hour and a half, McCausland and Johnson being unable to decide on what course to pursue. We were all collected in a body under the Virginia shore, and if any one showed his head above the bank a bullet was sure to whistle very near it.

At length it was determined by McCausland to make a sudden and fierce assault, and the 8th and 21st Virginia were ordered to be put in position to make the attack. Just then it was suggested by some one to demand a surrender, notifying the commanding officer that, unless he complied, no quarter would be given after the place was taken. The two generals wondered that this had not been

thought of before. Johnson wrote the message, which I sent by two of my men, Kidd and McCaul, one of whom was afterward in prison with me. They tied a white handkerchief to a cane, and advanced boldly to the block-house. The officer replied that his time was nearly out, and, if his men and officers were paroled, he would surrender. Most fortunate for us; it, no doubt, saved us many lives.

I mounted my horse and rode forward to assist in forming the men, and soon after was ordered to scout the country and find out what had become of the escaped enemy. They had gone to Cumberland.

After destroying the train we moved round to Springfield, nine miles on the Romney Road, camped two days to refresh our horses, and on the 3d of August went to Romney. Here all the wagons, dismounted men, and crippled horses were sent to the Valley.

We marched out in the direction of New Creek, which McCausland had determined to capture, and which I believe would have been done had there been proper concert of action; but we spent two days uselessly, and were foiled most signally in that expedition, although McCausland did assault and capture one fort. We lost forty or fifty men, gaining nothing by the trip. Most of the regiments were demoralized, principally because of the amount of plunder they were allowed to carry.

XLVII.

AUGUST, 1864.

WE returned to the Moorfield Valley, and camped in the "old field," our brigade being on one side of the river and McCausland's on the other. The 1st Maryland and my battalion were near each other, about five hundred yards from

Johnson's head-quarters, at the house of Mr. McNeil. Feeling unwell, I went to my old friend Van Meter's, leaving directions to call me if required. About 3 A.M. I received orders to saddle up, ready to move; not a word about the Federals coming, and I thought we were merely making an early start for the Valley; accordingly, I saddled my mare and rode over to camp. The horses of my command were tied all along a cross fence, and, after seeing them all saddled up, I tied my mare, spread an oil-cloth on part of the hay she was eating, rested my head on a fence-log, and was soon asleep.

It was not long before I was roused by a shot in the direction of the 1st Maryland, and so near that I took it to be some one cleaning his pistol. Even a second shot hardly caused me to open my eyes, for our men had a bad way of firing whenever the fancy struck them. Had the shot come from the picket-line I should have soon been wide awake. I then heard two or three horses tramping near me, but this too did not disturb me, for I knew they had been straying for food. I then heard myself addressed with "Get up, damn you," and recognized the *twang* at once; at the same instant a shot was fired by the speaker, the ball striking the rail on which my head was resting. There were two mounted men in the field, and I saw the head of a column on the road, all dressed in gray. I was somewhat confused. As I rose to my feet the trooper nearest fired at me again, defenseless as I seemed to be, crying "Surrender!" I saw that I was in great danger, cocked my pistol as I drew it from the holster, and, as he advanced, cried, "There, take it," pulled the trigger, and he was no better than a dead man. His horse wheeled and carried him nearly into the road before he fell. His comrade sung out so that all could hear, "What in the hell are you doing? you are killing your

own men." I stood thunderstruck. As the fellow was in full Confederate uniform, I asked him what he belonged to; he replied, "To Captain Harry Gilmor's command." Had he given me my proper rank he might have fooled me; but when he said *captain*, I told him he was a lying scoundrel, and fired two shots before he fell. I knew these men must be Jessie scouts.

While this affair was going on, many of my men had mounted and come to me, for I too had mounted after killing the first man. The day was just dawning, and we could see that a large number of the enemy were upon us. We made a charge and drove them back, but then discovered that two squadrons had got round us on the west, while a whole regiment was making its way rapidly through the flats on the other side. By this time we were near the 1st Maryland camp, and heard the poor fellows call out to each other, "Stand firm, men; stand firm." And I saw the enemy riding them down, slashing right and left with their sabres, some crying "Surrender, you house-burning scoundrels!" others, "Kill every damned one of them."

I was just ordering my men to dismount and pull down the fence, when my attention was directed to the enemy's getting in our rear. There was nothing left us but to cut our way through to Johnson's head-quarters, and it was in doing so that we lost so many. One of my men, Lieutenant Richardson, dismounted, gave the general his horse, and was himself captured.

In that struggle I lost my "best bower." Poor Kemp was killed. I tried hard to save him, but had to see him die. We had nearly all got through a fence, when I saw Kemp engaged with a powerful fellow, who was closing in upon him with sword upraised. Kemp always carried two pistols; in one he had but one load; that he fired upon his

adversary, but missed, then threw the pistol at him and struck him in the breast. The trooper closed in upon him before he could draw his second pistol, and, seizing him by the hair, tried to drag him off the horse, at the same time lashing him across the shoulders with his sabre. Kemp held down his head and took it all, the while trying to draw his pistol. I had cut my way to him, had raised myself in the stirrups with uplifted sabre to cleave the fellow's skull, when Kemp discharged his pistol into his stomach, and he was free.

While this was going on, most of the boys had got out of the field through a gap in the fence. I called Kemp to follow me, and having found a place with a rail off, I put my mare to it, and leaped over with ease. Kemp was in the act of doing the same, when his horse was shot and fell. By the time he was on his feet he was surrounded. He fought bravely and desperately, refusing to surrender. I saw him sink down in the corner of the fence while firing his last shot. I shot one, and he knocked down two before they killed him.

It was now a close shave for me to escape down a narrow lane near where the whole Federal column that we had been fighting were posted; and when I got clear I had but five men with me, nor did I know what had become of the rest. But I felt sure that McCausland's brigade on the other side of the river would repulse the enemy. In fact, two hundred determined men would have prevented the disaster.

I had on a pair of dark blue pants, a United States military hat, and red overshirt, having strapped my gray jacket behind the saddle, and therefore looked much like a Federal officer.

It was very foggy. I was moving toward Patterson Creek Mountain, when I heard a tremendous yell in the di-

rection of the ford, and, soon after, volley after volley of small-arms. Had McCausland met the enemy and repulsed them? Cheered with the thought, I dashed back across the fields, jumped the fence, gained the road, and, without stopping to look through the fog to see whether they were Federals or Confederates, found myself in the midst of a column of blue cavalry charging for the ford. I perceived at once that they mistook me for one of their own officers; so, drawing my sabre, I cheered them on till I got a good chance, when I jumped the fence again, went toward the mountain, and soon joined our own men.

We had not gone far before we came up with five troopers who were trying to catch two or three loose horses. We took charge of them, made our way to the foot of the mountain opposite Moorfield, then crossed the river and joined our scattered forces.

I found General Johnson there with about two hundred men, all he had succeeded in stopping in their mad flight. A complete surprise had been thus effected, and with disastrous results to us, by Averill's cavalry. Forty-five men and six officers were lost from my battalion; among them, Captain J. L. Clark, one of my brothers, and my cousin William G——, taken prisoners. The 1st Maryland lost still more heavily. We lost all our artillery, and every caisson but one. It was a wretched carelessness, enough to warrant heavy blame indeed, but it may not be of any advantage now to inquire to whom the blame should attach for not guarding properly against such a surprise. The enemy came no farther than Moorfield, and we reached the Shenandoah Valley the same evening. I proceeded to Mount Airy, where General Johnson soon after joined me, making it his head-quarters, and there we rested quietly two or three days.

XLVIII.

I HAD lost my battle-flag at Moorfield, but the ladies here made me another, and a beautiful one it was. Well worn, and used up with hard service, it was still with the command at the time I was captured.

General Early's army was at Fisher's Hill, and, about the 12th of August, we moved to report to him there. Johnson, with his brigade, was sent on picket duty on the back road, while I was kept near head-quarters with both battalions, to scout in Early's front.

General L. L. Lomax having superseded Ransom in command of the cavalry, I reported to him for duty, and, at my request, was given special service at head-quarters. I at once established two camps—one in the rear, for broken-down horses, and the other near Lomax, ready for any duty.

General Fitz Lee arrived at Chester's Gap, near Front Royal, and Anderson's corps was at Culpepper, coming on. General Sheridan, however, did not like the appearance of these movements, and, leaving his advanced position near Strasburg, fell back to Winchester, where Early moved forward to attack him.

When we left Strasburg I was ordered to form the rear guard of the whole army, to prevent straggling. This was the first time an army had moved down the Valley without my being in front. At my solicitation, my senior officer was put in command of the rear, while I went to the front and fell in with the advance guard.

General Early marched twenty miles that day, and came

up with the enemy at Winchester, where the Sixth Corps was in position on the heights southwest of that town. His line extended eastward to the Front Royal Road. Winchester was about a mile and half in the rear.

On our side, Gordon formed in line of battle on the right, Ramseur in the centre, Wharton on the left. The Federals were massed principally in front of Ramseur and Wharton, on what is called Bowles's Hill. Here most of the artillery was in position.

The sun was just setting when the engagement became general, and Wharton was turning the enemy's right in fine style. I had volunteered on Ramseur's staff, and occupied a position from which nearly the whole of both lines were visible. Ramseur fought sparingly until Wharton had got well round, when both charged at the same time. Wharton had, in the charge, to go through a strip of wood, where the heaviest line of Federals was posted. They waited until we had entered the wood before they opened upon us, and it was a splendid sight when those thousand lightnings in that darkened wood flashed forth.

For one moment, but only for a moment, Wharton's division seemed surprised and somewhat checked; in the next his men gave a yell, and dashed at the enemy through a rough abatis of trees hastily felled and brought together. The enemy *felt* our determination, gave up the position, and fell back in some confusion to the crest of the hill, where their artillery was. Wharton merely closed up his line on the ground where the enemy had held possession, and then dashed without hesitation toward the artillery, but they limbered up and hurried off before our boys could reach them. Ramseur's division attacked the hill at the same time, and carried it in gallant style.

At this moment it was ascertained that a sad mistake had

been made by Gordon's left overlapping Ramseur's right in a dense corn-field, and they were firing into each other heavily. Ramseur asked me to hurry on to the place, connect the two lines, and stop such nonsense. Off I started, riding down the rear of the line. It was now quite dusky, and I think I never was under a heavier fire of artillery and musketry. Holmes Conrad was with me, and several times each thought the other struck. Once we heard a large fragment of shell fluttering in the air; both dodged below our horses' backs. It struck my saddle-skirt within an inch of my knee, but did no damage. I had some difficulty in connecting the lines, and came near being shot by a party of Georgians in the corn-field. They fired without hailing, missed me, but killed my horse. I crawled to a stone fence near by and commenced a parley with them. Conrad had stopped somewhere to straighten things out, and I was alone. I convinced them at last that I was no Yankee, and two of them came to see if there was no more of us along the fence, and finding all right, the commanding officer of the sharpshooters readily connected his line with Ramseur's. Just then a skirmisher brought in a New Jersey adjutant, and I mounted his horse, promising to return him the next morning.

I did not return to Ramseur, but kept ahead of the skirmishers, hoping to capture a good horse to replace the one I had lost. I had hardly got out of sight of the line when I came suddenly upon twenty-five or thirty infantry lying down behind a stone fence. I was too near them to think of retreating, so I rode boldly in among them, and roared out, in as angry a voice as I could command, to lay down their arms and surrender, crying out at the same time to an imaginary force behind me, "Boys, don't fire! don't fire! they'll surrender." And they did surrender without a mo-

ment's hesitation, and I marched them back to the skirmish-line.*

I started off again, but had not proceeded far before I caught another soldier, and, while questioning him, I heard a troop of cavalry moving on the Millwood Turnpike. Having but one, I let him go, and went toward the road to explore. There seemed to be not more than fifty, so I halted them and asked what company that was. "The 1st New Jersey," was the reply. "All right," said I, moving off without giving him time to ask any *impertinent* questions. Back I went to the skirmish-line, and asked the commanding officer to give me a detail to capture them. "I can not do it," was the reply. As the whole line had come to a halt, I was afraid the Feds would move off before I could get a chance at them, so I took Conrad, whom I found there, with me, and went again to the Millwood Road. There is a little hill just above the road, and as we passed it we came in sight of a dense line drawn up within two hundred yards of Winchester. Conrad stopped on the hill, while I rode straight on and called out to them to surrender, or I would order my men to fire on them from a stone fence which was fortunately where I pretended to have my men concealed.

At first the lieutenant in command refused, and wanted to parley, but I told him if he did not at once surrender I would empty every saddle at the first fire. Just then I heard one of his men say it was of no use to hold out. The lieutenant then asked me what he should do. I told him to dismount his men, and form them in line in front of their horses. This order was instantly obeyed! I then made them all take off their arms and lay them in a pile. This

* General Lomax bears testimony to the truth of this statement.—*Baltimore, Nov.* 24, 1865.

done, I marched them forward, getting between them and their arms, and sent Conrad for some of the skirmishers to come and take charge of the prisoners, to whom I handed over forty-eight of them. Conrad assisted me in tying the horses together, and received three for his share. Soon after the skirmish-line was passing by, and nearly every pistol and carbine was stolen.

I got a detail of four skirmishers to help me with the horses, and next day they were taken to Newtown for my dismounted men. This was a great help to me, and swelled my command considerably, for since the affair at Moorfield it was greatly reduced in number.

Next morning I reported to General Early, who was then holding a council of war. I was acquainted with most of the generals, and received many warm congratulations from them for my two exploits.

XLIX.

Early then asked what he could do for me. I told him that I had a request to make in which I felt deeply interested, than which he could do me no greater favor—the release of my two men then under arrest for firing on the provost guard, the result of a drunken broil, and who would most certainly have been shot. He at once told Colonel Pendleton to make out an order for their release, which I took to them myself and set them free, at the same time giving them a severe lecture for their bad conduct.

For some time after this, with my command, I acted as an advance guard for Lomax's division, and I twice entered Martinsburg.

General Lomax had come to the Valley about the 1st of

August; had five brigades of Ransom's former division, these constituting a division now. These were, Vaughan's (Tenn.), Bradley Johnson's, Jackson's (W. L.), McCausland's, Imboden's—on paper, 13,000 men; effective men, 800!

About the 24th of August Lomax moved forward to take part in an attack on Sheridan near Charlestown. Kershaw's division moved down the Berryville Road, forming the right of the line, with Fitz Lee's cavalry on his flank and in his front. Gordon was to connect with his left; Rhodes with Gordon's left; Lomax on the extreme left of the whole line, with Ramseur, Wharton, and Pegram in reserve. The line was a very long one, and the design was, if possible, to bring on a general engagement.

This movement, I think, was not expected by the enemy, who did but little with their infantry; but their cavalry fought well on our left, which they made three attempts to turn. Rhodes did most of the fighting, and lost about two hundred men in killed and wounded, but inflicted a severe loss upon the enemy, who fought behind hastily-constructed barriers and stone fences.

As we moved up early in the morning, we came suddenly upon some safeguards left by General Wright for protection of the citizens. From them we learned that the 6th (Federal) Corps was only about two miles off, in the direction of Leetown, and their camp in front of Mrs. Daniel's house. It surprised us to find no pickets, which made us suspect a trap. Bradley Johnson sent me out with the two Maryland battalions to reconnoitre, instructing me to charge the camp if I thought it practicable to do so before the enemy discovered us.

Johnson was in front, and I begged him to attack with his whole brigade without farther preparation; but too much time was spent in getting ready, and when about to

charge upon their wagons, then not hitched up, I found the enemy all roused up and forming in line.

I fell back to the brigade, and reported to Johnson what I had discovered, telling him not many minutes would elapse before he would be attacked by cavalry, which I had seen drawn up in line. Then General Lomax put me in command of the 19th and 20th Virginia regiments, of Jackson's brigade, in addition to my two Maryland battalions, and ordered me to hold the Leetown Road, on the extreme left. I had hardly dismounted the 19th regiment, and placed them in position in the wood, when we were charged in fine style by a regiment of cavalry in column.

The 19th let them come quite near, and then opened upon them a steady fire, which threw them into some confusion, when I ordered Captain Welch to charge them with the 1st Maryland, and Captains Dorsey and Burke to support him. The boys routed them handsomely, driving them back to their reserve, taking some prisoners, and killing and wounding a small number.

Lomax witnessed the whole affair, and came up exclaiming, "Well done, Gilmor—well done." At this moment my vedettes from the left and front reported a brigade moving around to attack me on the left flank. Lomax sung out, "For God's sake, Gilmor, don't let them turn your left; I am hard pressed myself by a heavy line of infantry skirmishers." "All right, sir; when they get round my flank there won't be many of my boys left."

A whole brigade was then plainly seen winding along. I moved the 19th and 20th to the left, and put them in a splendid position in a belt of wood within musket-shot of Mrs. Daniel's house. Farther to the left was an extensive corn-field, next to this a meadow, and back of this another field, on the edge of which was Mr. Coyle's house.

It was in this field that I drew up the two Maryland battalions, ready to assist the 19th and 20th, or repulse a charge on the flank. The Maryland battalions were hidden from the enemy by a small knoll in their front, on the top of which was a division fence. Two or three men quietly laid low the fence, and all was made clear for a charge.

The fight had by this time become general along the whole of Rhodes's front, with one continuous roar of musketry and artillery.

Noon came, and still no general attack had been made on my front, although a good deal of heavy skirmishing had been kept up. I was sitting with Captain Welch on the knoll, from whence I could see every thing that was going on; my servant had just brought us a basket of provisions, the enemy all the while amusing themselves with shelling the wood, to drive out my dismounted men, when I discovered a movement that I thought was intended against them in front. I felt sure they could not be driven out if the men stood firm, but I was afraid to leave them to themselves; so, tumbling the corn-cakes, ham, and chicken into the basket, and ordering Welch not to bring up his command unless the enemy broke through, I mounted and rode toward the wood.

I had only time to say I expected every man to remain where he was, and hold the position at all hazards, when Duffie's brigade came down on us, led by the 12th Pennsylvania, commanded by Colonel Bell. I recognized the regiment at once by his horse.

I made my boys lie low until they came within a hundred yards, when I gave the word to fire, which, with a deafening yell, was done, and a good many saddles were emptied; Colonel Bell fell, mortally wounded.

The regiment was thrown into disorder, and some of the

horses became so ungovernable that they brought their riders among us, and these were captured. It was only the 19th that had given fire; the 20th were made to hold up as a reserve. The enemy made another faint attempt, and then retired to the position held by their artillery, which now opened a furious and incessant fire on the wood. My boys laid down under the trees, and not a man was killed; but many were wounded by fragments of shell and limbs of trees cut off and falling on them. They stood it bravely, and expressed their determination to hold out as long as I saw fit to keep them there.

My mounted men had not been seen by the enemy, who kept very quiet with his cavalry while the artillery was at work.

Lomax sent his staff officer to tell me how much he was pleased with the result, and to impress upon me the importance of holding the position.

When Colonel Bell fell, his horse wheeled and ran back to the reserve, and was then mounted by his adjutant, whose horse had been killed in the charge.

After an hour's heavy shelling and some sharp skirmishing, I discovered another and a more formidable movement in front, and, giving instructions to the officers, I went over to the cavalry, put it in position to make a counter charge, and had but just got to the mounted men when a sudden and desperate charge was made on the wood in which the two Virginia regiments were lying. The charge was a bold and determined one, but the men had hastily thrown up a light barricade of rails, and would not give an inch. About fifty Federals cut their way through, but these we soon ran down and captured, with a squadron from the 1st Maryland, under Lieutenant Wm. Dorsey and myself. It was a regular hunt, and some of them had to be chased half a mile before they were taken.

I was riding my old sorrel, and, having recognized Colonel Bell's horse, I gave chase and caught up with him, after riding about five hundred yards, and shot the horse in the hip. His rider claimed to be adjutant of the 12th Pennsylvania regiment, and a son of Governor Curtin. The saddle was covered with blood. The horse was decidedly the finest in the brigade, of a beautiful bright cream color, with black legs, mane, and tail, and as gay as a peacock. After he had recovered from his wound in the hip I gave him to General Lomax, and he was riding him when I was captured.

While all this was going on, Captain Welch, with the rest of the mounted men, made a charge to take the enemy in flank, but as soon as he showed himself every gun opened upon him at short range. It would have been useless slaughter to have gone on, so I called them off.

In the fight only four of the Virginians were killed, and about twelve wounded, chiefly by sabre-cuts, while the enemy's loss was very heavy in killed, wounded, and prisoners.

The sun was setting when this lively affair was over, and we were not again molested. We slept on our arms in the field adjoining Mr. Coyle's house.

L.

Before daylight on the following morning my scouts reported that the enemy had fallen back to a hill nearer Charlestown, on Gibson's farm, which had been fortified during the day by the infantry, and that all their infantry had retreated to Harper's Ferry, leaving nothing in our front but their large force of cavalry, numbering not less than 8000 men. It seems strange, no doubt, how we could

gain such accurate information; but it happened that four of our men went that night to Halltown, and, mixing in with the wagoners, talked freely to the men and officers, and gained all the information they desired. It was very dark, and they could have gone where they pleased had they behaved properly; but, like most youngsters, they must have their fun, and they played a prank which nearly cost one of the party his life.

After finding out all they wanted to know, it seems they hunted up a quarter-master, and tried to take him prisoner in the midst of his teamsters. This was not as easily done as they expected. A fight ensued, and then, of course, the party took to their heels. One of them, who was riding a stumbling horse, met with what came near being a fatal accident. They ran off on a rocky lane, followed by a few cavalry. The stumbler pitched head foremost down a steep hill, broke his neck, and Reynolds, his rider, much stunned and cut, was picked up and carried to their camp in Charlestown, and would have been hung next day had he not made his escape. I was the first man he met, and I did not know him, so terribly was he bruised and swelled about the head, and, withal, very lame.

The ubiquitous H—— B—— it was who took charge of this scout. His report was immediately sent to General Lomax, and just before daylight I was ordered, with my two Maryland battalions, to turn the right flank of the hill on which the breast-works were, and at sunrise to attack them in flank and rear, but not to risk too much.

At sunrise I moved on the enemy's extreme right, and a very lively skirmish was kept up all the time I was trying to get round them. In doing this, I passed the house of Captain A——, where I saw two young ladies lately returned from Baltimore, but could only shake hands and receive

a fresh roll and slice of ham. The firing of the skirmishers was quite lively ahead, and as my battalion came along I had to take my place at the head of the column, the ladies waving their handkerchiefs and giving a cheering word for all as they passed. This was responded to by a shout, which was heard by the enemy, who could not see us, a strip of wood intervening, and they commenced falling back, evidently thinking a heavy force was coming up upon their flank. Only a skirmish-line was in the breast-works when we came in sight of them, and when we took possession the sun was but half an hour high, and not a gun had yet been heard on our right.

I reported to General Lomax the result of my advance, and then followed up their cavalry, skirmishing with their rear guard until we reached Charlestown, where we fell in with the rest of our cavalry and some infantry, that were pressing them from that side. Most of the enemy's cavalry halted near Duffield's Dépôt, where they camped. I did the same near Brown's shop, on the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad, where we remained for three days watching their cavalry force, and scouting in the direction of Shepherdstown and Martinsburg.

On the morning of the 27th we joined Generals Lomax and Fitz Lee, and went to Falling Waters, threatening to make a crossing into Maryland, while General Breckinridge attacked their cavalry at Shepherdstown. As usual, my command was sent to scout in front, with orders to pitch into whatever I found on our side of the Potomac, and, if I succeeded in whipping them, I was to cross the river, take possession of Williamsport, and hold it until Lee came up.

My two battalions numbered only one hundred and seventy-five men, and it seemed to me unreasonable to expect so much from so small a band. However, it was not for me

to remonstrate or complain; my rule of conduct was *to try;* so I moved on toward Falling Waters with the most of my command, sending Captain Gus Dorsey by another road, with a small squadron, to prevent our being surrounded or the enemy's coming up in our rear. General Fitz Lee had halted some miles off, near Hainesville, to graze, and this was my only support.

When I reached a high hill overlooking Falling Waters, we came upon a strong picket force. Captain Welch was ordered to charge with the first squadron. His course lay down a steep hill, where the road turns to the left, having the river bank on one side and a deep marshy pond on the other. Across this narrow passage the enemy had built a stiff rail barricade, and Welch was forced to fall back. I did not see the obstruction, and dashed on at the head of the next squadron, having previously sent thirty men to the left, around the hill, to strike them in flank. My boys, however, did not stop for the barricade, but pushed through, and drove the enemy so fast that he left a good deal of plunder and some horses tied to the trees. I lost three good men at the barricade, and one killed, Buck Price, who was a great loss.

After running them two miles, I was told by some citizens to look out for a column of three or four hundred coming out on another road. My scouts soon confirmed this, and I fell back to Falling Waters, where Dorsey joined us. He had run into the same column, exchanged shots with them, and they, thinking this side of the river would not be a safe place for the night, crossed over to Williamsport.

It was now late in the evening. I knew it would be impossible for me to cross in the face of so many, and therefore returned and reported to General Lomax, who told me to go into camp, which I did in a very good place where

horsefeed and rations were abundant. Nothing material occurred until we moved to Smithfield, where we found both Lomax and Fitz Lee, with their cavalry divisions in position chiefly east and west of the town.

LI.

Soon after my arrival at the last-mentioned place, General Lomax told me that Colonel Jackson's brigade was on picket near Leetown, and that about two hundred of the enemy had been running them in all the morning; "yet I know," said he, "there are not more than two hundred down there, for my scouts have just come from their rear. Now I want you to take your two battalions, charge them below Leetown, where Colonel Evans has established his pickets, and run them off."

I repeat his exact words, because of the unfortunate result of the expedition. Well I know he would not have sent me on so rash an enterprise had the true facts been revealed to him. Lomax was one of the most generous, honest-hearted men in the service, brave to a fault, and he deeply felt the loss of every man; since the days of Ashby there was none I loved better.

Well, I moved through Smithfield, and took the road to Leetown, and had not gone more than a mile and a half when I came upon Colonel Evans in a wood, skirmishing in quite a lively way, his being the only regiment then on picket. He told me he did not think there was more than a regiment in our front. I told him that General Lomax wished him to re-establish his picket at Leetown, and, if he would form all his men on the left of the road, I would deploy some skirmishers on the right, and advance on the ene-

my. He assented at once, and commenced collecting his men on the left.

I ordered my brother, Lieutenant Gilmor, to take every man in my command who had a long-range gun, about forty in all, deploy them as skirmishers on my right, and charge through the wood, there not very wide. He had hardly deployed and commenced firing when the enemy made a dash at Evans, and ran his men pellmell out of the wood, scattering them in every direction. We opened with pistols from the road and checked them, but at this moment I saw a column, four abreast, coming down on the turnpike at a charge. A sergeant was far ahead of them all; as he came out of the wood he was knocked out of the saddle by half a dozen balls.

I had ordered the 1st Maryland to be held in reserve, and they were not with us when we met the charge. It was a severe shock when we did meet, but the enemy (6th Regulars) gave way, and a slashing race began. We had captured about thirty prisoners, and were still running them (I was thinking of what Lomax had told me about there being only two hundred opposed to us), when suddenly a heavy column was seen charging down upon us in front, and a column coming through the fields at us on each flank —it was Sheridan's cavalry, numbering several thousand. We wheeled and tried to get out of the trap, but the column in flank got among us and began playing the very devil. We afterward learned that our information was correct in regard to the two hundred men who made the daily raid upon our pickets, but unfortunately on that very day came Sheridan's cavalry, numbering several thousand men, trying to get in Early's rear, and thus placed us in such a critical condition.

One of the other columns would have struck us in flank

but for the coolness, presence of mind, and undaunted bravery of Captain Gus Dorsey, of Howard County, Md. He was dressed in blue pantaloons, and an army shirt (no jacket), and a glazed cap, and looked not unlike a Federal officer. Seeing the column about to cut off his whole company, he put spurs to his horse, leaped the fence, and, dashing alone right up to the advancing column, called out in a loud, stern voice, "By fours, right about wheel, march!" and the officer in charge, taking him to be one of his superiors, repeated the order to his command, and they wheeled.

The enemy were now completely mixed up with us, all cutting, and slashing, and pistoling right and left. The race continued over three miles, and throughout the whole distance this scene of horror was going on. I was at the rear of my command, and almost surrounded. My cousin (Hoffman Gilmor) and John Cary were all of my men who were near me at the time that I can now recollect. My name was called. I looked back, and saw an officer making for me pistol in hand, shot after shot from it coming rapidly. I had not a load in mine, and expected every instant to get a ball in my back. I knew he was closing up, and, while looking over my shoulder, I saw him in the act of leaning over to put his pistol against my body. I leaned over all I could, hoping to receive only a glancing shot. I *felt* him push the muzzle against my side, and seemed to feel the bullet crashing through my frame. What a mangled condition would I be in after the pursuing column had ridden over me! All this passed in the flash of a moment. Thought was busy, interrupted by the click of a pistol's hammer falling upon an empty tube! My sabre flashed a rear cut; he caught it on his pistol barrel. At the same instant his horse bounded alongside. I rose up in the stirrups to give a cut *in front*. In the former stroke I was obliged to turn the sabre *in*

tierce, and had not time to take again the proper grip, therefore more of the flat than the edge struck him, breaking the blade in the middle. The blow was a heavy one, and would have cleft his head open to the throat had it struck fair; as it was, the concussion must have killed him but for the thick felt army hat. The man rolled from his horse, but was on his feet in an instant. At the same moment I saw some one lean over on his horse and shoot him through the head. For that shot I have to thank ———.

When we got back to the wood whence we had first started, I saw the 1st Maryland drawn up ready for a charge. I made my men break to right and left to let them through. The enemy were right at my back, and the 1st Maryland doubtless thought all belonged to me, although I yelled out for them to charge. They did not move, however, until the column had fairly struck them full in front, when the whole battalion gave way and ran like mad—friend and foe all mixed up together, cutting and slashing at each other right and left. Very few pistols were used, or our loss would have been twice as heavy. When a horse fell, a dozen or more would go blundering over him, and a sickening sight it was to behold many with broken necks. ——— saved my life a second time by killing an officer who was closing up and had already fired three times at me. He and ——— stuck by me to the last, and behaved with unparalleled coolness and bravery.

After getting through the wood I turned into a field on the right, and, having rallied a few men, with Captain Welch, checked the pursuit for a while, and even ran them back a little way, but it was only for a few minutes. There were two brigades after us, Custer's and Devins's, and the whole corps was in their rear to support them. We rallied and checked them twice more, and then had to run like mad, ev-

ery one for himself, to keep from being taken. With about a dozen others, I was cut off from the road, and had to make for a wood away to the right, coming out upon the Opequon. They chased us to within a mile of Smithfield, when they fell back to the hill and opened on us with artillery, shelling us rapidly, until General Lomax ordered us to retire.

Officers and men behaved bravely in the fight; among others, the color-bearer, John S. P——, who was in the hottest places all the time. He held on to the colors, though there were two bullet-holes in the flag and several sabre-cuts on the staff. A finer soldier is seldom found. I lost twenty-six of my brave boys, and sad, sad was my heart on account of it.

The general expressed great sorrow at the result, and complimented the men for their gallantry.

General Lomax's scouts had not gone as far as they were ordered, and it seems this whole cavalry corps, commanded by Torbert, had come into the road just after they left.

Soon after I had reached the ford to which I had been sent, I saw, on the other side of the Opequon, 8000 of the enemy's cavalry march by. Fitz Lee and Lomax had to retire before them. Not much fighting was done at the ford, but a good deal of firing at long range. I dismounted my men and placed them behind a rail barricade, from which we easily kept the enemy from crossing; but, had they used artillery, we too should have been obliged to give way.

While riding about putting things in order, a stray bullet whizzed by my head and buried itself in my cousin H—— G——'s arm, near the point of the shoulder, making an ugly, and, I feared, a dangerous wound. Through all the dust upon his face, now turned to mud, a deathly pallor could be seen; yet the gallant fellow took it coolly, and, turning to me, said, "Major, I'm struck." I sent him to

the rear, telling him to get back to Winchester as soon as he could. The poor boy had a hard time before he recovered, many months afterward; and subsequently, on the night before I was captured, I took a large piece of bone from his arm.

LII.

SEPTEMBER, 1864.

AFTER the affair I have just described, we encamped midway between Smithfield and Bunker Hill, and for several days following skirmished heavily in the neighborhood of the Opequon, fighting first on one side of it, then on the other, generally whipping Federal cavalry when we met any thing like equal numbers; but that was of rare occurrence. We usually had a brigade or division of infantry to support us when they pressed too hard. In all these skirmishes my command chiefly took part as light cavalry, to support sharpshooters, or act as special scouts, and to make charges among the enemy.

About the 1st of September we crossed the Opequon near Smithfield, with a large force of infantry and one brigade of cavalry, after a most splendid artillery fight, which lasted five hours. It was here that Breatherd's old battery of horse artillery, commanded by Captain Preston Johnston, of Maryland, highly distinguished itself. I saw Generals Early, Breckinridge, Gordon, and others ride up at different times to compliment them on the accuracy of their shots and the steadiness of the men, who during the whole time sustained an enfilading fire from at least twelve guns. It is but just to say that the Maryland batteries were ever distinguished for the accuracy of their fire and steady conduct on the field.

When the enemy commenced giving way, Captain Johnston took two pieces, charged across the stream with the advance, and took position where one of their batteries had been placed, and before they had retreated five hundred yards. They attempted to take another position, but Johnston kept up such a rapid and accurate fire that they were driven off. We pursued them to within two miles of Charlestown, and then returned to Bunker Hill, and afterward to Stephenson Dépôt.

Early in the morning of the 3d of September we moved to attack Averill's division near Bunker Hill, and skirmishing soon began. Lomax had three brigades of Virginia cavalry, armed principally with Enfield rifles, and these useless things for mounted men had nearly ruined the whole command. I would rather command a regiment armed with good oaken clubs.

Jackson's brigade, in the centre, was dismounted and ordered to advance on foot, while I was to keep my two battalions in line close to them for support, and to protect their flanks. They were so long in getting ready, and advanced so slowly, that Lomax got out of patience, and told me to throw out a few mounted skirmishers, and try to bring on a fight, or at least drive off the small force in front, and find Averill's line of battle.

It is two miles from Bunker Hill to Darkesville, and both are on the same road between Martinsburg and Winchester, the latter places lying twenty-two miles apart.

I was riding my black mare that morning, and had hardly commenced skirmishing, when a ball passed through the shoulder of the horse on my right, and lodged in the muscle of my mare's leg. She was only lamed a little by it, however, yet I sent back to Pat, my Irish groom, for another horse. I always, when it was possible, kept Pat and Black Bill near me, when I went into action, with remounts.

The skirmishers now pushed on, commanded by Captain Raisin, of Maryland, ever a bold and energetic officer, and who stuck close to them all the time. He had a fine horse shot under him, but took one from the skirmish-line and kept on. Whenever the enemy made any thing like a stand, and opened on him with their seven-shooters, I would make a dash to the right or left, as if to outflank them, and, at the same time, Raisin charged in front; thus we always succeeded in pressing them back. We pushed them so rapidly as to drive them beyond their reserve picket-camp, where we captured many barrels of pickled pork and biscuit, which they attempted to burn. Some of the pork had been well roasted in the attempt to burn it, and, having had no breakfast, I made a good meal of it, and many of the men did the same.

This camp was on the edge of a wood which extended on both sides of the road, and was about half a mile from Darkesville; and about five hundred yards distant was a low ridge, running at right angles with the road, on which the enemy had built a stiff barricade of fence-rails, defended by two regiments of dismounted men armed with Spencer rifles — seven-shooters, and terribly effective weapons. Between the wood and the barricade were three long, narrow fields, separated by two fences in a rather dilapidated condition.

I saw at once that I could do no more. My ammunition had given out; I had but forty carbines in the whole command—worthless as against Spencer rifles—and then, from the nature of the ground, if the attack was to be made at all, it must be made in front.

All this I reported to General Lomax—told him that the enemy had made a determined stand behind a barricade which could not be flanked, and requested him to send up a fresh regiment, armed with long-range guns. I halted to

wait for them in the skirt of wood where the camp had been, and even there we were in range of their seven-shooters, and several of our horses were shot.

Lomax soon came up with the 18th Virginia, of Imboden's brigade. This regiment had probably the worst reputation of any in the Valley. There was as good material in the regiment as in any other, but it was, in my opinion, for the most part inefficiently officered. The exceptions were but few. The lieutenant colonel, Beall, was a splendid officer. Two of the captains also, Bird and Frank Imboden, were fine fellows in every respect. Altogether, the regiment had been very unjustly abused. General Lomax had never seen them under fire, and perhaps thought that what he had heard of them was true.

After taking a look at the enemy's position, the general agreed with me as to the mode of attack. He ordered me to take command of the 18th Virginia and advance on the barricade, saying he would hold my two battalions in readiness to support me in case I should be abandoned by the regiment.

This surprised and annoyed me very much, for I thought that the officers would naturally suppose the proposition originated with me. For the first time in my military life I objected, telling the general I would rather command no other troops than my own battalions, especially when the 18th had two field officers present who were my superiors in rank, and who, I assured him, were brave and competent officers. But he insisted, saying, "You have been skirmishing with the enemy all the morning, and know more about their position. I wish you to take that barricade." The two officers I have referred to were standing by, heard what was said, and thus knew that I did not seek the command of their regiment.

One squadron was detached to remain in the rear as a reserve, and these officers were to take charge of it. It must have been very galling to them, but I could not help it. I went to work and formed the Virginians in single rank to make the charge. While engaged in this, Lieutenant Colonel Beall, who is a warm personal friend of mine, came to me and said, "Harry, I see it all. I don't wish to remain behind, and, if you have no objection, would like to go with you." After hearing these words, so accordant to my best feelings, I at once told him most certainly he should, and requested him to take the right of the line when we moved forward.

The regiment being formed in line, I rode down from one company to another, giving the officers their instructions in a voice that might be distinctly heard by the men, saying I had no fear of the result if the regiment would do its duty, and the men keep to their proper places in the advance.

All being ready, I ordered them forward at a regular walk, keeping them well dressed, and every man fully up in line. We were under fire as soon as we emerged from the wood, but I made them cross the first field at a walk. Arriving at the fence, I made them halt, throw it down, cross over, halt again, and dress up in line before they advanced. We crossed the second field at a trot, halted, threw down the fence, crossed over, and formed the line again before we started off. There were not more than five or six men shot up to that time, and probably a dozen horses. Every thing was clear before us now, and, after the line had been dressed, we moved off, first at a walk, then a trot, then a gallop, and then I ordered a charge.

When we left the second fence the fire was very severe, but the men maintained the line and moved forward in fine style until the order was given to charge. Then, of course,

there was a general dash, and the line could not be fully preserved. The enemy at first stood very firm, and poured into us a destructive fire; but I have observed that it is seldom that men stand a charge when they discover you to be still moving on without wavering. And so it was in this instance. At first they poured in volley after volley, and cheered as we advanced upon them; but when we got within fifty yards of the barricade, and still showed no sign of giving way, they commenced breaking off for their horses, held in a small wood to the rear. The boys, seeing this, redoubled their yells, while every man strained his horse to the utmost to prevent their escape. We had to leap the barricade, and many of the men were badly hurt by their horses falling on them. The blue-coats were all mounted before we crossed the barricade, and had commenced retreating. The 18th gave a fresh yell, and chased them through and around Darkesville, capturing about forty prisoners, yet the enemy lost not a man killed, and but few were wounded.

LIII.

About a quarter of a mile beyond Darkesville, Averill was drawn up in line of battle, thirty-five hundred strong, admirably posted on a high piece of ground, with scarce a bush between him and the town. I saw a regiment leave his extreme left at a gallop to turn my right flank or come in on my rear. I made the bugler sound the recall, and fell back to the south side of Darkesville, where I ordered the regiment to be drawn up in line. This was not accomplished before Averill opened upon us with four pieces of artillery, compelling us to complete our forming in a hurry.

We then retreated, keeping the men down to a walk, making them dress well and move in perfect order.

Soon a skirmish-line dashed in upon our rear, but we had little difficulty in driving them back out of range. We continued to move on slowly until we reached the barricades, where we were no longer in sight of their artillery; there I met General Lomax and my two battalions.

The general now came up to the regiment, and, taking off his hat, rode along the line, complimenting them highly, which the Virginians responded to in three rousing cheers.

I then reported to him the strength and position of Averill's command, which had now commenced advancing, preceded by a heavy line of skirmishers. Jackson's brigade, dismounted, was nearly up to the barricade by this time, and was in great danger of being outflanked. Lomax ordered me to retain command of the 18th, as well as my two battalions, to hold the enemy in check, while he himself fell back to Bunker Hill, where he could fight to much better advantage. Never did I see a command extricated from a position so dangerous with so much skill as General Lomax displayed on this occasion.

We had to fight every step of our way back to Bunker Hill, hard pressed by their heavy line of skirmishers making severe dashes upon our rear. At such times I would wheel and charge, often throwing them into confusion by a volley from the carbines of the 18th, which continued to act coolly and bravely.

At Bunker Hill is a narrow mill-dam, three hundred yards long, crossed at the breast by the Valley Turnpike; at the head is a marsh. Below the dam the stream is shallow, and here also it is crossed by a road.

As we drew near to Bunker Hill the enemy made a still more impetuous attack on our rear, being evidently well ac-

quainted with the nature of the ground, hoping to crowd us on so fast that many would be unable to cross. Having reached the stream, I ordered the 18th to form in column and cross below the dam, my own battalion to cross on the turnpike, while, with the 1st Maryland, I remained to fight off the enemy until they could form on the other side, to cover our crossing.

I pitched into a part of a regiment that was pressing forward, and, after driving them back, endeavored to regain the turnpike, to cross at the breast of the dam, but discovered that another regiment had gained a clump of trees which commanded the breast of the dam, and were dismounting to use their carbines. Nothing was left but to try the marsh.

There was a narrow strip of solid ground on which only one man could cross at a time. On this we crowded in a terrible hurry, the enemy not two hundred yards off, pouring it into us with their Spencer rifles. Two of the 1st were killed there and several wounded; the wonder is that more were not struck, for never before did I hear such a whizzing of Minié balls near my head. Anxiously did I wish myself on the other bank, that I might form and direct them as they came out, and because I expected every instant to fall, with a lump of lead in my body. The country looked far healthier on the other side. Well, I plunged into the dam, and, after the very hardest work, managed to get across without miring. Fortunately, Pat had brought me a fresh horse after I returned from the attack on the barricade, and had taken my black mare to the rear.

The fire upon us on the south side was terrific, but I managed to form the men in column of fours as they reached the firm ground, falling back slowly, and telling the men to keep their sets of fours well dressed, ready to wheel and

charge at the word of command. I also sent a courier to Captain Burke, instructing him to fall back slowly on the turnpike, and to charge when he should see me do so.

We had not gone far before a full regiment crossed and came into view. As soon as I saw the whole regiment was well over I gave the order to wheel and charge, which both battalions did in splendid style. The enemy fought desperately until we plunged in, closing up with them, when they broke and fled in utter confusion. They could not all recross at the turnpike, and the larger portion of them were pushed head foremost into the dam at the deepest place. Thirty-six were killed and wounded in the crossing, and there would have been twice as many had there not been a full regiment of dismounted carbineers and artillery drawn up on the other bank, which forced us to retire under cover of the buildings to re-form.

The 18th had gone off by order to join its brigade, away to the right, and it seems that Lomax, thinking I had gone round the swamp to the westward, had put Captain Johnston's batteries in position, with orders to open upon us, thinking we were the enemy. I was at that moment trying to re-form my command behind an old brick church, and as yet the men were not at all depressed. Two pieces opened upon us at the same time, and every shell went right through our troops, killing and wounding several horses. Two men also were killed and five wounded, and, had the shells exploded, we should have lost twenty men. Twice was I made nearly breathless by a shell that almost grazed my clothing; and I saw one cut a bundle from behind young Willis's saddle, throwing it high up in the air, killing the horse, and yet not hurting Willis at all. At first I thought Johnston was trying to fire over our heads at the enemy beyond the dam, and I sent a courier, telling him he had a first-

rate range, but to elevate his guns more. Every shell that did not explode at the right time went through the church and over among the enemy. It seems that Johnston did not then understand from the courier that it was ourselves he was firing into, but thought us somewhere to the right or left, looking on. All he did was to elevate his guns a little, and cut the fuse to explode over our heads. After holding on for some time, keeping the men together, hoping they would stop, the enemy also commenced shelling us; so, with foes in front and friends in rear both giving us the very devil, I could stand it no longer, and fell back to a peach orchard in the rear of Mr. Boyd's house, about three hundred yards off, at the same time letting Johnston know the damage he had done.

I took the 1st Maryland to the peach orchard, and sent Captains Burke and Dorsey, with the second battalion, back along the turnpike on the other side, with orders to charge any Federals that might cross back again.

On reaching the orchard, I perceived a large body of cavalry, that had crossed the marsh, moving up toward the church from which we had just been shelled. There are two old brick churches there, distant about one hundred and fifty yards from each other, and they had already reached the one farthest off, which is on a rising ground, while Boyd's house and orchard are on the flat bottom.

LIV.

While forming the 1st Maryland in the orchard, I saw Burke and Dorsey charging at a regiment on the turnpike that had crossed the breast of the dam to take position at the church we had just left. I saw at a glance that, un-

less I charged the regiment at the other church, they would, of course, close in on the flank of my second battalion, envelop, and utterly destroy them. Turning quickly to the men of the 1st, I told them they would have to make one more charge, gave the order, and, without waiting a reply, dashed on, with Captain Raisin at my side, but had not proceeded far before he cried, "Major, there are not a dozen men following us." It was so. Surely, thought I, they must have misunderstood me, for never before had these men hesitated to follow my lead.

The enemy were now only sixty yards off, firing at us rapidly, and, besides, they were shelling the orchard. Just then I saw the second battalion dashing in, and felt they would be badly whipped unless I made a determined attack with the 1st. I wondered why in the name of Heaven Lomax did not re-enforce or recall us, instead of letting us be cut to pieces in his sight. It seems that he did order and beg J——'s brigade to go to our assistance, with himself at their head; but, though they made two or three starts, they never came near enough to have a man shot. "Are you not ashamed," said Lomax, as I was told, "to see a handful of Marylanders cut to pieces fighting for your state, while, like a pack of cowards, you stand off and refuse to assist them?"

I had ordered Raisin to go back and mark any officer who did not move out his men, at the same time waving the sword over my head, and imploring the men to come to me. While doing this, a bullet struck me on the left shoulder, broke the blade near the joint, and, passing through, fractured the collar-bone and entered the neck, coming out under the jaw-bone, directly over the carotid artery, which it only missed severing by about one eighth of an inch.

I nearly fell from my horse; but, dropping the sabre, I

threw my fractured arm across his neck, and with the other grasping the breast-strap, drew myself back into the saddle. Five blue-coats came at me, but I wheeled, and, putting spurs to my horse, galloped back to the orchard, where I found the command in disorder. I at once began to abuse them for their bad conduct, and two of them rode up to me and said, "Major, we have behaved badly, but if you will lead us in a charge we will redeem what we have lost."

They did not perceive I was wounded, so I ordered them to fall in quickly and charge in the rear of Boyd's house. As I started with them, two or three, who had discovered the wound in my neck, with an arm dangling at my side, caught my horse by the bridle, and led him to the rear whether I would or not. Almost at the same instant Lieutenant Blackiston, of the 1st, was killed. The enemy closed in on both sides, and we all got out the best way we could, leaving our dead upon the field.

I now became so sick and faint as to sit my horse with difficulty. While passing along the battery, I saw Lomax trying to rally a Virginia regiment. He rode over to me, smiling, and said he had never seen men fight so nobly and with such determination as my two battalions. He told me to go to the rear of a line of infantry that had just come up, re-form my men, and take it easy for a while; at the same time he said I should be promoted.

I told him that I would send his orders to Captain Welch, who would take command, as I was wounded badly, and could stay no longer in the field, showing him my neck and shoulder. Again I became deathly sick, and was near falling off my horse. The general sprang to my aid, held me up, and ordered some men to get me into an ambulance at once. I could not leave without assigning to his especial

care my poor boys, of whom so many had fallen that day. He promised to see them all well provided for, and, as the enemy was pressing us hard, I was hurried off to the rear. I met Generals Breckinridge, Early, Rhodes, and Gordon, and all came forward to express something kind to me.

A surgeon then examined the wound, hastily thrusting his fingers into it and feeling about; he said there were no arteries cut, and he thought that the bones were not badly fractured—he did not consider the wound necessarily dangerous. Temporary bandages were applied, and the ambulance began its jolting march to Winchester, twelve miles distant.

It seemed to me the drivers managed to strike every rock in the road, and I suffered intensely. I met several officers and men along the route, all of whom wanted to know the extent of the wound, and expressed the deepest concern for me.

Arriving in Winchester, I was driven to the York Hospital, where the surgeon in charge, Dr. Love, dressed my wound, and gave me strong brandy and water to stimulate me, the first "spirits" I had tasted within six months. I asked the doctor to let me be taken to a private house, for I was in a small room, with three or four around me with amputated limbs, and their groaning disturbed me very much.

It was then raining hard, and the doctor thought I had better defer going until morning; but, as soon as he left, I made my boy Bill slip on my pantaloons and boots, threw an oil-cloth over the wound, and went to Mrs. O'B——'s, she having already prepared a bed for me. I can never repay them for the kindness with which they treated me—those dear ladies who now nursed me, and I really believe I should have died but for their ceaseless attention and

care. Servants being scarce every where in the Valley, these ladies washed my face and hands, combed my hair, brought me my meals, or were seated around my bed like so many angels watching over me and ministering to my wants. The three weeks of physical suffering spent in that house were among the happiest of my life.

Every day some of the generals came to see me, and Lomax was particularly kind and attentive. He told me that he had consolidated the two Maryland battalions, and appointed me colonel of them; that the papers had gone on to Richmond, with the strongest indorsement from himself, Early, and Breckinridge, and he had no doubt of the appointment being confirmed.

I thanked the general for his kindness, but told him I did not think the consolidation would please some of the officers of the 1st battalion, and therefore I would rather receive my regular promotion, and remain with my own battalion in the Valley as formerly. He insisted, however, upon the matter as he had arranged it, and so it remained, Captain Gus Dorsey taking command of the regiment as lieutenant colonel for the time. As I anticipated, several of the officers did not agree very well in this new organization, and tendered their resignations. Most of them assured me they should be perfectly satisfied to have me in command, but they objected to some of the appointments. Had I been well, I think I might have settled all difficulties; but not long after this Lieutenant Colonel Dorsey was wounded, and the command then dwindled away.

I remained at Mrs. O'B——'s until the 19th of September, receiving every kindness and attention from the ladies and Dr. Love, and believed I was fast recovering, not aware how serious yet might be the consequences; the great danger was that the artery might slough some night when no

succor was near, and then I would bleed to death in a few minutes.

Intelligence was given me every day of what was going on outside, and, as my men did most of the scouting, I knew exactly the position of the two armies.

On the 18th, Early had moved most of his troops from the neighborhood of the Berryville Road, and made a forced march to Martinsburg with, I think, three divisions, under Gordon, Rhodes, and Wharton. Some of the troops went only as far as Bunker Hill, and one division only went into Martinsburg. The cause of this movement was evident. Early had been endeavoring for a long time to bring Sheridan to the west bank of the Opequon, with the view of attacking him, but all to no purpose. It became necessary then to threaten his flank, in order to bring on a general engagement. Ramseur's division alone was left between the Opequon and Winchester. How unfortunate that Early had not waited another day, for I have reason to believe that Sheridan had made arrangements to attack him, when Early would have had all his command together. However, in the fight that was brought on by the movement I have just stated, Ramseur, Rhodes, Gordon, Wharton, and Pegram whipped every thing in the shape of infantry that the enemy could bring, and the entire rout of his army became so imminent, that General Sheridan hastened to General Torbert, who commanded the cavalry, and, as we learned, after a hurried consultation decided that their only hope of forcing Early back, and preventing a total defeat, was to concentrate all the cavalry and make a desperate charge on his flank. That charge turned the tide of victory, and gave them the day.

LV.

With what intense anxiety during the battle I listened to the rapid volleys of musketry, the incessant thunder of artillery, and the loud and frequent shouts of our brave men as they repulsed charge after charge, or assaulted in their turn. Occasionally a shell from the enemy would fall within the town, and several times they exploded very near our house. I was not at all uneasy, for Dr. Hunter McGuire, Early's medical director, had promised to send an ambulance for me in case of a retreat, and so also had Lomax and Bradley Johnson. I felt sure, therefore, of being remembered in case of need; but this no one apprehended, for not half an hour before the retreat commenced, Colonel Wilson, of Early's staff, told us that we had repulsed every attack, had whipped the enemy at all points, and he had no doubt we should soon hear of their total rout.

After this I fell asleep, and was awakened to be told that one of my favorite men, Frank Riley, from Washington, had been killed, and his body brought into town. Having made the necessary arrangements for his burial at my own expense in the cemetery, I turned over again for a nap, when a tremendous yelling and firing was heard at the edge of the town. I told the ladies around me that it must be our men making a charge, or the reserve cheering on seeing a more distant line charge. They all ran to the front of the house to see what was going on, but immediately rushed back with fear and consternation depicted in their countenances. They told me that the Federal cavalry had broken our lines on the Martinsburg Road, and that all our troops

from that point—cavalry, infantry, and artillery—were running into and through town in the utmost confusion, and added that the enemy were already at the other end of the street. I shall not attempt to describe my feelings at such startling news. I confess I was never so much frightened before. The idea of falling into their hands while suffering with such a wound was not to be thought of, and I begged the ladies to retire while I attempted to dress; but they would not listen to such a thing as my leaving the house, and tried to persuade me that the enemy would not molest or move me in my condition; but I would not be convinced, and it was only when they saw me about to sit up that they reluctantly left my room. I had on only a loose calico shirt, split open at the back by the nurses. With some effort, I managed to sit up and slip on my trowsers. I suffered no pain, although I had no sling for my arm. Barefooted, bareheaded, with my shirt open at the back, I joined the ladies at the front door, but had no time for apology, and pushed through them to the street, where was a scene of flight and confusion such as I own filled me with dismay. Troops of all kinds were dashing through the streets in the wildest manner, and, though many ambulances passed, not one could be induced to stop. At length Miss Betty M——, seeing an officer riding by rather leisurely, ran out to the middle of the street, at the risk of being run over and crushed by the whirling mass, seized the bridle, and asked if he would not assist a wounded brother-officer to escape, telling him who it was. He instantly jumped off, and brought his horse up to the curb-stone. I recognized in him one of my own brave boys of the 1st Maryland regiment, Lieut. McNew, of Co. B.

The enemy were supposed to be in the town, for the shells and balls were flying fast, and, as he told me, I had not a

moment to lose. I hurriedly said good-by to my dear friends, managed to climb into the saddle, and the horse being full of life, I had only to hold on as well as my wasted strength would permit.

At first I was faint and weak; had two or three touches of vertigo; reeled, and almost fell from the saddle; but a shell exploded near by, and that waked me up considerably, so that I felt stronger. I must have cut a sorry figure going through the streets without hat, coat, or shoes, my naked feet hanging loose below the stirrups, which were too short for me. As strength returned I gave my horse the rein, and dashed through the mass of confusion to Sheep Hill, where I found some of Lomax's staff trying to rally the scattered troops.

Expecting to see another desperate fight, I waited about ten minutes, but, feeling faint again, I rode off to a surgeon of Doles's brigade, who gave me an ambulance to go to Kernstown. The wagon train of the whole army was parked at the edge of Winchester, and every one thought the lines would soon be all right again, so I went on to Kernstown, rather expecting to return to Mrs. O'B——'s that night.

I stopped at the house of Mrs. B——, who soon made me a pallet on the floor, and dressed my wound; then, having placed some fine apples before me, she went about dressing the wounds of a number of men lying around the house in every direction. God bless the women of Virginia, who have been our sustaining angels during the whole of this bloody struggle. I have seen their young girls, with their mothers, toiling all day, and far into the night, in the kitchen, ministering to the wants of sick and weary soldiers. I have known one of them to start at four o'clock in the morning, in an open cart, in the coldest weather, the ground cov-

pictured in every countenance readiness for any enterprise. With my arm in a sling it was enough for me to manage my horse, and the men would say, "Colonel, you can't take care of yourself and old Bill too; better take me along, sir; I've got a slashing horse." "So have I, sir," would the rest say.

I selected H——, R——, T——, E——, and H——, with S—— acting as adjutant. These boys never went out without bringing in some prisoners and horses. We avoided fighting as much as possible, because we were a party of observation; but whenever we got a chance at a body of not over fifteen, we gave them a turn, just to keep our hands in.

After resting two days, for my wound was running badly, I crossed the river at night, and went to the Valley pike to take a look at Sheridan's camp. The night was dark and rainy. Each of us had on an oil-cloth poncha, which entirely concealed our gray uniform.

Riding along, we suddenly overtook a squadron of cavalry returning from a scout, and, as they were not keeping a sharp look-out in their rear, I determined to have some fun. T——, R——, and H—— were told what to do, and were soon at work.

First R—— approached the rear of the column, reeling a little in the saddle, and, getting alongside of the officer, offered him his canteen. The officer drew his sword and ordered him to take his place in the ranks, when R—— very politely touched his hat, saying that he did not belong to that squadron, but was one of Blazer's scouts. The officer then readily took a drink with him, when R—— told him if he would drop back a little he would fill his flask, and this too he readily agreed to do. What an astonished man was he to discover a cocked pistol instead of a full can-

girls lifted me from the saddle, carried me into the house, and laid me on the bed.

For a while I thought I was too far gone to rally, and really believed my time had come, until Aunt Mary gave me a glass of brandy, which revived me a good deal, and forthwith I changed my mind about dying, and took a new lease of life.

General Lomax soon came to see me, and said that he had formed his whole division below, and would make a strong effort to check the enemy until an ambulance could be procured to take me farther up the Valley. General Early also called, and Dr. McGuire staid with me until about one o'clock, when Captain Emack came with an ambulance. Aunt Mary gave me a bottle of brandy, and, after giving the girls each a kiss, I crawled into the ambulance and stretched myself on a nice bed that Aunt Mary had prepared, and started for Woodstock, twenty miles distant, which I reached next day at noon. On the same night I arrived at Mount Airy, and was received with the utmost kindness by Mrs. M——, and after she and Miss L—— had dressed my wound, I went to bed, and, much exhausted, slept soundly till morning.

LVI.

OCTOBER, 1864.

On the third day after my arrival General Breckinridge came to see me, when I learned that he had been ordered to command the forces in East Tennessee and Southwestern Virginia, and was then on his way to Staunton. He took leave of me in the kindest manner, and promised to send for me should he be ordered into Kentucky. I was sorry for

voted for Lincoln! This gave us every facility for gaining information, for of course no one could object to us after voting for Lincoln!

My next trip was to Shepherdstown, where I went in hopes of catching some Jessie scouts, and also to discover the perpetrators of the fearful robberies, murders, and outrages of all kinds that had been committed in that neighborhood, scarcely a house having been free from such depredations. We were nearly successful on two occasions, but the weather became so awfully cold that we could lie out no longer, so determined to go back to the Blue Ridge and rest a while. Before going, I made a visit to some ladies in Shepherdstown. While chatting with them before the door, some Federal soldiers would be frequently passing within a few feet of us. The ladies expressed the greatest alarm for my safety. To show how groundless were their fears, I halted the next squad that passed. The officer gave me the salute, he taking me for his superior. I ordered him to go to the guard-house, and tell the officer there in charge to send a squad immediately to a certain low drinking-house, and arrest some men who were creating a disturbance. I have no doubt my orders were obeyed.

Very early in the morning of the 11th of November we were passing through a large body of wood, following no road, but keeping well-known paths by certain landmarks, when we came suddenly upon about sixty blue-coats lying concealed. They were commanded by a man named Blazer, and were picked men, and selected from several regiments expressly to catch some of our small scouting parties; and I knew from experience that they were good fighters. They were also well mounted, and when they got a small party "on the run," all was lost unless the pursued were better mounted, or could cross the river and get into the Blue Ridge.

take part in any of the cavalry fighting that immediately ensued, but I heard that whenever a party was caught committing these outrages, every man was instantly put to death. I know of one squad captured in an act of atrocity, and, although there were twenty-eight of them, not one escaped with his life!

All were delighted to see me back again, and, being wounded, I got many a kiss from pretty girls, and without much pressing; they did not fight hard, for fear of hurting my wound!

I left Mr. B——'s for Newmarket. Before reaching there I got nearly in advance of the whole army, and arrived at Mount Airy only a few hours after the last of the enemy had left. The stack-yard and barn were still smoking when I rode up. The ladies were overjoyed to see me. They had been told by a Jessie scout that he had taken supper with me at the American Hotel on the evening of my arrival at Staunton, and that I should be at Mount Airy. So accurate was the information given, not only as regarded myself, but our whole army, that we had not the slightest doubt he had been all through our lines.

In every direction were visible marks of the fiery ordeal with which the country had been scourged—the most terrible it had ever been subjected to. It was almost literally reduced to ashes. The wretches engaged in this work did their ruthless errand in the most savage manner. After extorting from the citizens all their money and valuables under a promise of sparing their houses, they would hardly allow them time to get out before the torch was applied.

I staid at Mount Airy one day, and then rode to Woodstock to see General Lomax, who was near there, expecting a fight every hour. Rosser had whipped Custer two or three times, capturing hundreds of ambulances and wagons,

hundreds of prisoners and horses, and a vast number of stolen stock.

General Lomax had been skirmishing heavily all the morning of the day I joined him, but we went to Woodstock to dine with Mrs. H——. While chatting in the parlor, an orderly came in hurriedly to say that the enemy were advancing rapidly in force, and that Jackson's brigade was falling back and already near the town.

We rode to the front, and did see Jackson's brigade retiring in some confusion, and it was quite apparent that the least thing would stampede them in disorder. Lomax dashed out to the front, and, putting himself in the line, continued to expose his person in the most fearless manner, begging the men to stand up to it, and not disgrace themselves by running from a skirmish-line.

I observed a squadron on the extreme right of our line going to the rear without any apparent cause, and in good order. I rode over, and found them to be one of Jackson's Western Virginia squadrons. The men were not disheartened, but the commanding officer was, and was retreating without orders. There was no time to lose, and, perceiving by their saluations, as I rode up, that they all knew me, I drove off the officer with very little ceremony, wheeled the squadron, and told the men I wished to lead them to the left of the skirmish-line, which we could easily break through before their reserve could come up, and assured them we could sweep round their rear and capture many prisoners. They agreed to go, but I saw there was not much dependence to be placed on them. Oh, how I did wish for my old battalion, with which I could have swept their whole line from left to right!

I was riding old Bill, and he was in fine order, hard to hold; but he and I understood each other so well that I

had no fear of being able to manage him in the charge, weak and disabled as I was. So at them we went, with a right good yell. There was an open field to cross, and beyond this the ground was rocky and woody. The enemy stood well, but we should have turned their flank had the men stood by me; but, seeing that the enemy did not give way on our approach, they slackened their pace, and a piece of artillery opening upon them at the moment, though at long range, they wheeled and ran, leaving me still going on among the skirmishers. As soon as I discovered my situation, I tried to wheel my horse, but had great difficulty in doing so, for I had not the use of one arm, and at the same moment all those in front opened upon me with their seven-shooters, while four or five started out to catch me. I just managed to turn before meeting a huge Michiganer, mounted on a powerful black horse, making at me with his revolver. I knew I was safe except from a stray bullet, for no one could catch me on the old sorrel. All the way back across the open field the bullets were whizzing around me, and I had a mortal fear of being hit again in that "funny place," which afforded my lady friends such merriment.

Rejoining Lomax, I found myself much shaken and my shoulder exceedingly painful, and, seeing the enemy preparing for a grand charge which I knew would be successful, I took Lomax's advice and rode to the rear.

I had scarcely entered the town before the enemy's charge was made, and the next moment Jackson's brigade were running over me. Beyond the town we met Johnson's brigade coming up in good order, and, as the enemy had halted, it afforded us an opportunity to place ourselves in a better position.

pistols, and, although dressed as Confederates, I saw at a glance what they were. But it was too late for a fight, for they had seized my pistols, lying on a chair under my uniform. "Are you Colonel Gilmor?" said one of them. I did not answer at first; I was glancing around to see if there was any chance of escape. My attention was arrested by feeling the muzzle of a pistol against my head, and hearing the question repeated. "Yes; and who in the devil's name are you?" "Major Young, of General Sheridan's staff." "All right. I suppose you want me to go with you?" "I shall be happy to have your company to Winchester, as General Sheridan wishes to consult you about some important military affairs."

I had intended never to be taken alive, but such circumstances as now attended my situation I could not, of course, have foreseen, so I determined to make the best of it.

Seeing one of his men "going through" my pockets, I flung him aside, when the major ordered them in the most peremptory manner not to touch a thing belonging to me.

I delayed as much as I could, hoping my men would make a diversion in my favor, but the major desired me every few minutes to "be lively," and seemed to be rather uneasy. From the window I saw two hundred cavalry drawn up on the other side of the river near by. I was hurried to the back yard, where I found my black mare already saddled and waiting for me. My dog was also there, and wanted to follow, but, knowing he would be "confiscated," I gave him a kick, and sternly ordered him back to the house, as if he belonged to the establishment.

I mounted my black mare, while my cousin was put on an old country horse. We rode across "the fork," where I was introduced by Major Young to Colonel Whittington, commanding the cavalry. Just at this moment three of my

men made a gallant dash from the other side of the stream. The first bullet from them whistled near my head, but I could not resist giving them a cheer, and shouting out, "Give them the devil, boys!" Some one poked a cocked pistol into my face, with the words "Hush up, or I'll blow your brains out!" but, knowing the speaker had the fear of Major Young before his eyes, I continued to cheer the brave boys as loud as I could. The whole column was thrown into confusion, and I firmly believe that if my own little battalion could have been at hand, they would have recaptured me. Major Young, however, told me afterward that he would have killed me rather than let me be retaken. The colonel wheeled the column as best he could, and moved off toward Moorfield.

LIX.

FEBRUARY, 1865.

I HAD not gone half a mile before Major Young thought it best to put me on a more indifferent horse, saying, "Colonel, I can not trust you on such a splendid animal, for you know that you will leave us if you get the smallest chance." He was right, for I was already on the look-out for a break in the fence to make the effort.

My feelings can not be imagined as I passed through Moorfield, and saw the ladies run out into the street—some of them weeping—to bid me good-by, and express their sorrow for my situation. I tried to be cheerful, but it was hard to bear.

We took the river road to Romney, to get on the Northwestern Turnpike to Winchester. H—— and I rode at the head of the column with Colonel Whittington, while some other prisoners were kept in the centre by the provost guard.

These prisoners were about a dozen or so of Rosser's and Imboden's men, picked up by them as they had gone along.

Night came on soon after leaving Romney, and, though the weather was intensely cold, and the horses very tired, we pushed on six or seven miles farther, when we halted for an hour to refresh both man and horse. The colonel, Major Young, the surgeon (Dr. Walls), H——, and I, with a guard of about ten of the squad, went to a house near by for supper, and then we continued on our way to Winchester.

The night was so very cold that most of us had to dismount and walk. In passing through the mountain, I watched closely for an opportunity of breaking away and plunging down the rugged hill-side; but four men were constantly near me with pistols drawn and cocked, and no chance appeared until we got within two or three miles of Big Capon River. Here Major Young asked the colonel to turn me over to him, and let him push rapidly ahead to Winchester; but the colonel refused, and the major, becoming angry, took all his men, the scouts, off with him to Winchester. These were the only men I cared for, and I felt certain now of making my escape.

We were then some distance ahead of the main column, and when Young and his men left us there were none in sight except the colonel and his orderly, the surgeon, H——, and myself. We halted, and the orderly was sent back to hurry up a fresh guard for me. The doctor and H—— were on their horses, while the colonel and I were standing in the road in advance of them. The place, too, was a good one, on the side of a small mountain, and I made up my mind to seize the colonel before he could draw his pistol, throw him down, and make my escape. I was about three paces from him when I formed this plan, had moved up closer to carry it into effect, and was just about to make the spring, when

I was seized with an unaccountable fit of trembling, and could not move. It was not fear, for although the colonel was even a larger man than myself, powerfully made, and apparently a cool head, I knew that my success was certain; for who could stand such a sudden shock as he would certainly have received? I had been standing some time, and was very cold, but I never trembled like that except when I had an ague-chill. I can not account for it; all I know is, that to keep him from noticing it, and not dreaming that any of the scouts would return, I put my hand on H——'s horse, and at length quieted my nerves, when suddenly up dashed four scouts. The snow was so deep they gave no sound of their approach. They had been sent back by Major Young for my guard. My heart sank within me; but I determined not to enter Winchester without making a strong effort to escape.

We went on to Big Capon, where the colonel camped for the night, and where we found Major Young waiting anxiously for us. He told me afterward that he did not expect to see me again; he feared I would have escaped before his scouts could get back.

We quartered in the house of a gentleman named Beall, whose son had served with me. It was about 11 P.M., when, after a good supper, we all lay down on the floor round the fire. Major Young, with five or six of his men, were in the room, besides the colonel, surgeon, one sentinel, H——, and myself. One of the scouts, who had deserted my command some time before, sat in a chair between my head and the door, with a cocked pistol in his hand. He was a consummate scoundrel and murderous villain, and told me that he was anxious for a chance to shoot me. The room was about 14 × 15, having a door in front, one opening upon a low back porch, another into our host's chamber, and an-

other into I know not where. I soon discovered that all of the party were very sleepy. The scouts had been drinking freely of apple brandy. I determined that I would not sleep a wink, but watch my chance.

I had drawn off my boots, placed them on the rounds of a chair-back to rest my head upon. We were much crowded together, and the colonel lay close by my side. On the other side was the door leading to the right, which I saw was locked. In less than an hour every man was snoring loudly, including the sentry at the back door, and the scout who sat at my head with his pistol in his lap. The host was inside the circle of feet, standing before the fire, quietly scrutinizing each sleeper. I made a slight motion to attract his attention, that he might see I was awake. He looked fixedly at me. I made signs to him that I should try to escape, and pointed to the chamber door in an inquiring manner, to know if I could get out in that way. He became very pale, knowing the peril he would be in should he assist in my escape; nor did he know that I was what I represented myself to be, as personally I was a stranger to him.

After closely scrutinizing all the sleepers, he moved toward the chamber door, stepping carefully over them; and, though he made no sign whatever, I thought I could see, by the look he gave me from his door, that he was willing to help me. This silent parley had lasted full an hour and a half, and I was becoming very anxious to make the effort, for I knew that the colonel intended to march before daylight. I sat up, and, after quietly looking around me, began to remove my boots from the chair, when one of the heavy steel spurs caught in the round and made some noise, at which the sentry at the back door raised his head, but was evidently not much aroused; and I, after some remark about the coldness of the weather, pulled on my boots, unfastened

the spurs, and laid down again, pretending to sleep. In ten minutes the sentry was snoring louder than ever, and now, thought I, surely success will attend me; but just then the colonel turned over, and, in changing his position, let one knee fall across my leg. Thinking he might not be very sound asleep, I would not move till I heard him snore; then, when I tried to get free, he awoke, so I had to lie still and pretend I had merely turned in my sleep. The colonel was soon fast asleep again, and I once more thought my chance was good, when the door opened, and in walked the colonel's orderly, who took his stand by the fire, and did not wink his eye until at daylight we were all called up to breakfast. Poor H——, too, was anxious for my escape, and twice got the orderly to go out at the back door with him for water, to give me a chance.

LX.

We reached Winchester about noon, when I was separated from the other prisoners and taken to a small room in the hotel, destitute of furniture except a chair and the frame of an old bedstead. It was severely cold, but I was allowed no fire. Two sentinels, kept in the room, were instructed by the lieutenant to shoot me if I passed a line chalked on the floor.

The lieutenant gave me a pair of his own blankets, or I should have had none, for I gave mine to H——. I asked the provost marshal for something to lie upon, but he sent, instead, handcuffs. A number were brought before a pair of the "ruffles," as they called them, was found to fit, and, for the first time, I found myself in irons. I asked by whose authority I was subjected to this indignity, and was told

that it was by order of General Sheridan. I knew it was useless to appeal to him, and so spent an hour in cursing the crew, and wound up by flinging in a few lively epithets at the head of the guard, rather ungenerously, for it seems they were ordered to hold no conversation with me, and consequently could not reply.

One of the scouts (White), a decent, brave man, brought me every day a glass of toddy; but, apart from this, I had only common army rations. I was allowed to see no one, although several ladies went to Sheridan and begged to be permitted to visit me.

So I remained here until the third day after my coming, experiencing such "tender mercies" as are, it is to be hoped, not likely to obtain in civilized warfare, unless the latter idea is to be abandoned altogether. Ironed hand and foot—for they had also put shackles upon me—and exposed to excessive cold, my sufferings were severe. I shall not soon forget those two days and three nights, nor shall I soon forget or forgive this inhuman treatment; and I then resolved that, when exchanged and once more free, I would iron every Federal officer that fell into my hands—a vow I prefer to think I should never have carried out.

On the morning of the third day Major Young informed me that I was to be taken to some other prison, but he would not tell me where. The irons being removed, I found about twenty-five cavalrymen ready to escort me to Stevenson's Dépôt, where I was to take the cars for Harper's Ferry. Major Young had seven or eight of his scouts with him, and informed me that they would accompany me to the fort where I was to be confined. I guessed at once that Fort Warren was to be my prison, and, not long after, the major confirmed my suspicion. From first to last, he was as kind to me as it was possible for him to be, but, at

the same time, he watched me like a hawk, and was always ready to draw his revolver. He told me frankly that he would not trust me far, for he knew I would take desperate chances to escape. He did not iron me, as he had been ordered, nor did he ask me for my parole of honor, but I did not make a movement that was not quickly seen.

On arriving at Harper's Ferry, we had some difficulty in getting through the crowd assembled to meet us, and at one time it looked rather squally, for they threatened me with violence. Major Young, perfectly cool, waved them aside with his revolver at full cock, and whispered to me, in the event of an attack, to take one of his pistols and shoot right and left. "They will have," said he, "to walk over my dead body before they touch you." The cowardly scoundrels made a good deal of noise, but, finding they made no impression, began to slink off, when a tall, vulgar-looking lieutenant of artillery, somewhat intoxicated, cried out at the top of his voice, "I say, Gilmor, where is the watch some of your damned thieves stole from me on the Philadelphia train?"

Without deigning to utter a syllable, Major Young gave him a powerful blow across the mouth with the barrel of his pistol, which knocked him from the low platform. The fellow got up, with the blood streaming out, and slunk off without another word. This stopped all talk of taking me away from Major Young.

When we arrived at the Relay House, nine miles from Baltimore, Major Wiegel, the provost marshal, came into the car and announced himself, saying he had thought proper to do so, because there might be some excitement in the city upon our arrival at the dépôt.

I told Major Wiegel that I was in charge of Major Young, and that I had no doubt he would find the means to protect

me in such an event. Here Major Young joined in, and said, "I will protect you at the hazard of my life; and, Major Gilmor, you shall have arms with which to protect yourself in case of attack;" and added, laughingly, "I would enjoy a small-sized skirmish amazingly. I think that you and I could whip a small crowd ourselves."

Major Wiegel then informed us that he had ordered a guard to be drawn up at the dépôt. I assured him I felt not the slightest uneasiness on the subject, being confident I was in no danger, or, if so, that the means were ample for my protection.

At Major Wiegel's suggestion, we left the car from the side opposite to that generally used, and, before I could interfere, he had thrown his cloak over my shoulders, and replaced my hat with his own. He then led the way outside the dépôt to his office, some squares off, prompted, no doubt, by a kind feeling toward me.

LXI.

When near the office I was accosted by a familiar friend, who grasped me warmly by the hand, and, when he left, there was a package of bank-notes within my palm.

I spent the night in Major Wiegel's office, and lay in my overcoat on a pallet. Young and his men staid with me. Major Young provided a good supper, and, after a capital breakfast next day, given us by Major Wiegel, we left in the cars, reached New York the same evening, traveled all that night, and arrived in Boston at 7 A.M. on the 10th of February, 1865.

The major escorted me to the United States Hotel, where I should have enjoyed a good breakfast but for the crowd

of men and women huddled together, gazing at me from every direction.

Major Young kindly accompanied me about town to make some purchases, and then conducted me to my prison home. Its gates closed upon me, and I had struck my last blow for the South. Though fully entitled to my exchange as a regularly commissioned officer, it was soon quite apparent that the government designed, if possible, to keep me back among those from whom this right was to be arbitrarily withheld.

On my arrival here, I was transferred to the custody of the commissary of prisoners, Lieutenant Woodman, who, after I had been deprived at the adjutant's office of money and other valuables, conducted me to the northeastern part, where about three hundred prisoners were confined, most of them belonging to Moseby's, White's, and my own command. What a rush there was toward me, as I crossed the dead line, by these hardy boys—few over twenty years of age—all eager to take me by the hand. It quite bewildered me. Their faces were nearly all familiar. Lieutenant Woodman seemed quite surprised at such a reception, but waited patiently until I could make my way through the crowd to be assigned my quarters.

There were seven casemates filled with prisoners. Mine, and it proved fortunate for me, was No. 5. Without, the ground was covered with snow. When I entered the gloom was such that I scarce could recognize those who pressed around me with their hearty salutations. Among the first was Gus W——, of Baltimore, and young C——, of Washington. They rescued me from the crowd and took me to their own bunk, where for an hour I lay, giving news from Dixie, the particulars of my own capture, and answering a thousand questions.

I found myself in a casemate of about fifty longitudinal

feet. On one side, running its whole length, were three tiers of bunks, one above the other. There were forty-six of us—rather crowded, but still comfortable in cold weather; but we had to keep a large coal-stove red-hot night and day.

My friends soon informed me that escape was impossible. I then indulged in a hurried glance at my room-mates, who were sitting round the stove cooking, or walking up and down the room in moody silence. I was struck with the evident gentility of most of those around me; for, dress him as you will, place him where you may, and under no matter what adverse circumstances, you can always distinguish a gentleman.

For the rest of the day I was the guest of W—— and C——, who shared with me their bed and blankets, bread and meat. At sundown Lieutenant Woodman came to call the roll and lock up for the night. Nearly every bunk had a small kerosene lamp, purchased from the sutler. Some retired to read, but most of them collected round the stove to hear from me Southern news and tidings of friends. Having just returned from a Southern tour, I could give a tolerably correct idea of the existing state of affairs, which really then seemed to be in good condition, for General Lee had lately been made commander-in-chief, and Johnston had been restored to the Western army.

The elevation of these distinguished generals to the chief commands produced the same effect upon the poor fellows that it did upon the whole Southern people. The universal exclamation was, "We are all right now!" Not a man anticipated the disastrous results of the campaign about to open. The gloom which had settled upon the South, caused by Sheridan's victories in the Valley of Virginia, Hood's disastrous campaign in Tennessee, together with Sherman's

march through Georgia, could only thus be dispelled; and the news of these appointments flew with electric speed, carrying hope and sunshine into every Southern heart, whether languishing under privation, struggling in the fight, or immured in the casemate of a Northern fort.

Much has been said of the Northern bastiles: a few words in reference to my own experience of them. Most of the prisoners here had been confined for from one to two years, and some for even a longer period. Two of the inmates of each room were detailed for police duty, and when, every morning, the corporal of the guard sang out "bread," these men would bring from the cook-house a pound loaf of good wheat bread for each; and this was all we got till dinner, when we were marched to the "mess-hall," where each man found a plate containing a rather scant ration of meat, with twice a week broth, once a week beans, and once a week small hominy. Not a particle of tea or coffee—not a vegetable—not an atom of food of any kind were we allowed to receive from friends, or even permitted to purchase from their own sutler, until subsequently, when an order came allowing us the latter privilege. Up to that time it was difficult to make our scanty fare hold out, and two thirds of the time I went to bed hungry; and, besides, all we got from the kitchen was so badly cooked that we had to cook it over again.

I have been among the prisoners at Columbia, Salisbury, Danville, and Richmond, and it is my belief that the prisoners at the South were better fed than we were, and had a greater variety of food, and more of it. Even at Richmond, where provisions were most in demand, the prisoners got the same rations as our soldiers in the field, and with more regularity. In other prisons farther south, where meat was scarce, I have reason to believe that they had a plenty of

every thing else except coffee, and for that was given wheat to parch as a substitute. At times our whole army was obliged to subsist on half rations, and even less, with flour only once a week, and corn-meal as a substitute for the rest of the time, yet the surgeons reported the army as never in better health or finer condition. These facts must sooner or later be made manifest, and the *honest* part of the Northern mind disabused of the many falsities so industriously circulated in this particular. If at any time there was privation among the prisoners at the South, it was caused by our poverty, not our will; the same scarcity frequently pinched our own soldiers.

It will come out before long that the large mortality in the Southern prisons must be attributed to other causes than the want of food—chiefly to the uncleanly habits of the prisoners themselves. Another cause was the want of moral courage. When taken sick, they made up their minds they should die, and in such cases seldom recovered. We had something of the kind among our own soldiers on duty —home-sickness some called it. In this malady they could not bear up under a severe wound or disease brought on by exposure, and, whenever attacked by these fits of depression, scarcely ever got well.

Here, in our prison, the word was, every man *must* be cleanly, and wash himself from head to foot constantly; and not a night passed but you might see five or six men bathing and scrubbing.

Each had but a straw mattress and one blanket, which were frequently aired and shaken, and every effort made to keep the bunks clean and the floors well swept.

I had been at Fort Warren but a few days before numerous letters from kind, sympathizing friends in Boston and elsewhere brought me offers of money, clothing, provisions,

and whatever else I might need; but, as I was within reach of relatives in Baltimore, I had to decline, but with every sense of gratitude to them; I only received a pair of blankets and pillows from a valued friend of my father in Boston.

Early in March, a portion of my command (McNeil's) carried out a plan I had devised some time previous, and succeeded in capturing Generals Crook and Kelly, at Cumberland, Maryland. I now felt sure of being soon exchanged and sent to Richmond, and no doubt my hopes would have been realized but for the sudden collapse of the Confederate cause.

Totally unprepared for the series of events in which the war terminated, we remained under a sort of bewilderment as from time to time we learned of the evacuation of Richmond, then of General Lee's surrender, and, finally, of that of General J. E. Johnston, embracing all forces east of the Mississippi. The war was over, and there was no alternative left us but to accept defeat, and obtain our release on such terms as the United States government felt inclined to grant. Nearly all the rest of my fellow-prisoners had gone —scattered in every direction to their homes in the South— and confinement was becoming irksome. But, thanks to our fair guardians in Boston, the time latterly was made to pass more pleasantly by frequent presents of strawberries, currants, and other delicacies to us; and at length, on the 24th of July, 1865, the action of the President on officers of my rank brought the order with which my captivity was to end, and, having complied with the regulations prescribed, I was paroled and released on that day.

THE END.