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"BOOTS AND SADDLES."

A HISTORY

OF THE

1st
First Volunteer Cavalry of the War.

KNOWN AS THE

FIRST NEW YORK (LINCOLN) CAVALRY,


AND ALSO AS

THE SABRE REGIMENT.

ITS ORGANIZATION, CAMPAIGNS AND BATTLES.

BY JAS. H. STEVENSON.

CAPTAIN AND BREVET MAJOR U. S. V., A. A. A. G.

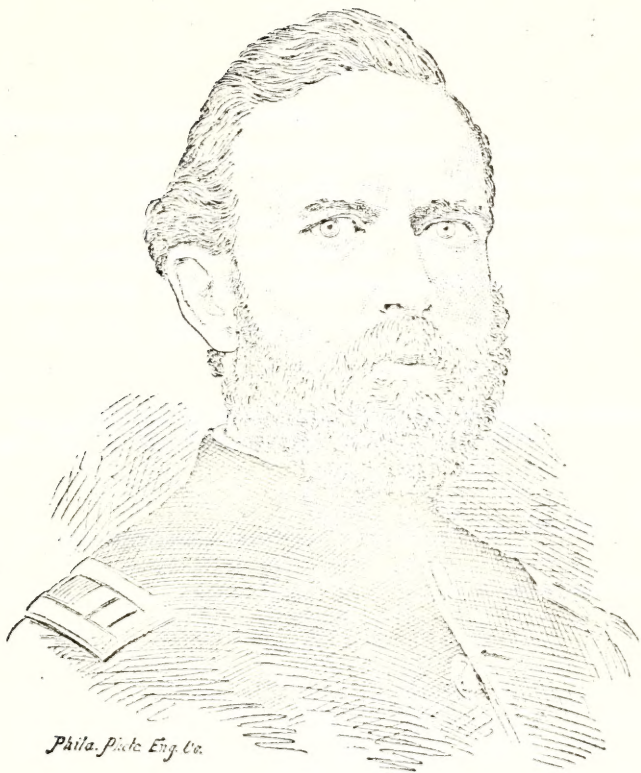
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HARRISBURG, PA. :

PATRIOT PUBLISHING COMPANY,

1879.

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THE AUTHOR.

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Stevenson, James Hunter, 1833-

"Boots and saddles." A history of the first volunteer cavalry of the war, known as the First New York (Lincoln) cavalry, and also as the Sabre regiment. Its organization, campaigns and battles. By Jas. H. Stevenson ... Harrisburg, Patriot publishing company, 1879.

xviii, 388 p. front. (port.) pl. 20^{cm}.

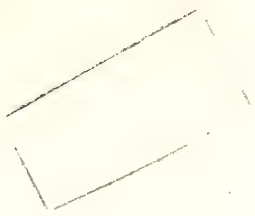
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TO THE
Brave and Patriotic Officers and Soldiers
OF THE
"GALLANT FIRST NEW YORK (LINCOLN) CAVALRY,"

Victims and Heroes of more than One Hundred Fights."

THIS BOOK IS RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED, BY THEIR
LATE COMRADE,

THE AUTHOR.

BRIEF SKETCH OF THE AUTHOR.

[Inserted at the request of many personal friends—soldiers and citizens.]

JAMES HUNTER STEVENSON, the author of the following pages, was born in Ireland, in 1833 and, being of well-to-do parents, received a good English education. Upon attaining the age of fourteen years, circumstances favored his emigration to the United States, where he arrived in 1847, when the war with Mexico was at its height, and military matters the principal topic of conversation.

Upon arriving he was placed under the charge of a guardian, and for several years pursued his studies at an Academy, on the banks of the Brandywine, near Wilmington, Delaware. At the age of seventeen he got tired of his books and of his guardian, and set out to "shift" for himself. In the summer of 1853, he found himself in the city of Philadelphia, with a slender purse, but in robust health; and being still under twenty years of age, he determined to see more of his adopted country than he had yet seen. While considering the "ways and means," an advertisement in one of the morning papers caught his eye, and decided his course. It ran thus: "Wanted:—Able-bodied, intelligent young men, of good moral character, to serve in the United States Dragoons and Mounted Rifles, on the Western Frontiers and in New Mexico, Texas, Oregon and California. In addition to their monthly pay they will receive clothing, rations and medical attendance free. Splendid opportunity for study, adventure, and promotion. Apply, &c." "By Jove," said he, "that is intended to meet my case exactly;" and without more ado he sought the recruiting officer and enlisted.

He had been brought up among horses, and was a good horseman before he was twelve years of age: so the Dragoon service just suited him. He was sent to the Cavalry School of Practice, at Carlisle Barracks, Pennsylvania, where he was thoroughly drilled, on foot and mounted, and in the manual of the carbine, sabre, and revolver. In the fall of 1853, the "School of Practice" was removed to Jefferson Barracks, Missouri, where he was promoted to the rank of sergeant, and attached to the "Permanent Company," as one of the drill-masters of the recruits.

Major-General Hancock was then a first lieutenant in the Sixth United States Infantry, and was acting as adjutant of the post. The late Major-General John Buford was there as a captain, and General Sweitzer, as a second lieutenant of Dragoons; and General Chambliss, of the late Confederate cavalry, was there as a second lieutenant of the Mounted Rifles. In the spring of 1854, the author was appointed first or orderly-sergeant of a large detachment of recruits, about to cross the plains to join their regiments.

This detachment proceeded to Fort Leavenworth, Kansas, by steambear, and there they received their horses, arms and accoutrements. They were to form part of an expedition about to proceed to Salt Lake City, Utah, for the purpose of investigating the Indian massacre of a United States Surveying Party, under Captain Gannison, which took place some time previously, on the Seviere River, in the southern part of Utah.

They left Leavenworth on the 1st of May, 1854, under the command of Lieutenant-Colonel Steptoe, with two companies of the Third United States Artillery, a long train of wagons, and one thousand lead horses to supply the wants of the mounted regiments on the frontiers.

They had with them the late Major-General John F. Reynolds, who was then a major and commandant of the artillery. Major-General R. O. Tyler was then a first lieutenant of artillery, and adjutant of the forces, and Major-General Rufus Ingalls was then a captain, and quartermaster of the expedition.

They had some strange and exciting adventures on the march, among the buffalos, wolves and grizzly bears; and among the Pawnee, Cheyenne, Sioux and Shoshone or Snake tribes of Indians.

They crossed the Rocky Mountains at the South Pass, and entered Salt Lake Valley by the great Echo Canyon, or Pass, through the Wahsatch Mountains, on the last day of August; having been four months in the saddle in the wilderness. That fall they engaged in an arduous campaign against the Utah Indians, among the Wahsatch chain, and brought them to terms; hanging several of them for their participation in the above-mentioned massacre. They spent the winter at Salt Lake City, and in the following spring they divided their forces: one party going to Oregon, and the other, which the author was with, crossing the "Great American Desert," into California.

On the march this party experienced a great deal of trouble with the Utah and Pah Ute or Digger Indians, and came near perishing for want of water; but, after nearly two months' hard marching, they succeeded in reaching Fort Tejon, in the "Pass" formed by the junction of the Sierra Nevada and Coast Range mountains, at the head of the valley of the San Jounaquin, which stretches from that point, northward, to the bay of San Francisco. At Fort Tejon they found Company "A" of the First United States Dragoons, and the author became one of its sergeants.

After some very arduous duty in California, among the Indians of the "Sierras," having had several fights with them, the author was discharged, with a pension, for injuries received, and returned to Philadelphia, *via* Nicaragua, where the filibuster Walker was then fighting, late in 1856. In 1858 he got married, and his first child was not quite two years of age when the late great Rebellion burst upon the country, and his second was born only a few days after he left for the seat of war. After the close of the war, he studied law with William Rotch Wister, Esq., of the Philadelphia bar, and has been practicing law and conveyancing in that city ever since.

PREFACE.

WHEN a regiment of cavalry is to mount, the bugles sound the "call" known as "*boots and saddles*;" and this regiment being the *first mounted* volunteers called out by the Government of the United States, in the late civil war, the proclamation was equivalent to sounding that "call;" hence the title of this book.

In the preparation of the greater part of the following history, the author has relied principally upon his diary, carefully written up every night, while with the regiment, during his whole term of service, and upon his numerous letters written home from the field, which were carefully preserved by his wife. For other parts, while he was absent, he has relied upon the statements of the principal officers of the regiment, who were present with it. A great deal of valuable information was also gleaned from a little book, entitled: "With Sheridan in Lee's last Campaign," written by Colonel F. C. Newhall, late A. A. G., on the staff of General Sheridan.

The campaigns and battles in which the regiment, or any part of it, participated, have been described in chronological order, and it is hoped that nothing of any importance has been omitted.

The work was commenced in 1876—the Centennial year—and has been prosecuted perseveringly, when business would permit, ever since, and is now submitted to the survivors of the regiment, and the public generally, in hopes that the narrative may not prove wholly unworthy of their consideration.

It should be borne in mind that the author did not undertake this most difficult task voluntarily, but at the earnest and oft-repeated solicitations of many of the officers and enlisted men of the regiment.

It is hoped that the illustrations used, although not in the highest style of the art, may prove interesting, and aid the reader in understanding the written descriptions. Most of them are from original sketches by Colonel J. C. Battersby, of this regiment.

It must be borne in mind that no *picture*, however perfect, can do anything like justice to the thrilling incidents of a cavalry charge, nor to a battle of any kind; nor can any *written description* do more than present to the mind the main features of such a scene, leaving to the imagination the task of completing the picture.

In the *Appendix* will be found a register of all the commissioned officers of the regiment, and rolls or lists of all the enlisted men of the regiment, except the deserters.

It was intended to give a brief *personal sketch* of every commissioned officer of the regiment, but as the officers themselves seemed to manifest so little interest in the matter, the idea was abandoned.

THE AUTHOR.

PHILADELPHIA, July, 1879.

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CHAPTER I.

Inauguration of the Southern Rebellion—Fall of Fort Sumter—The North Aroused—First Call to Arms—The Response.

THE regiment whose campaigns are here recorded was the *first* volunteer cavalry which the Government of the United States authorized to be raised, in 1861, to aid in suppressing the Southern Rebellion.

In the history of a single regiment an extended explanation of the causes which led to the Rebellion will not be expected. It may be necessary to state, however, that for many years the Southern or Slave States had regarded their union with the Northern or Free States as a galling yoke, which they were determined to cast off, if possible, the moment they could find a plausible pretext, so that they might be enabled to regulate and enjoy their favorite "institution" without let or hindrance.

It had been predicted that the American Union could not long exist half slave and half free. Slavery was an accident, and not a natural product of American institutions. It was at war with the liberty-breathing spirit of those institutions; and "a house divided against itself cannot stand." It is not strange, therefore, that the agitation of the slavery question finally resulted in civil war.

One of the first results of the controversy was the formation of an anti-slavery party in the North, which, in

course of time, became known as the Republican party; and in the fall of 1860 this party, though greatly in the minority, succeeded in electing their candidate, Abraham Lincoln, of Illinois, President of the United States.

Humanly speaking, his election was due to a division in the ranks of the Democratic or pro-slavery party, which resulted in the nomination, by that party, of two candidates for the Presidency, thus virtually giving that office to their weaker opponents; but it is said this was done advisedly, for the purpose of bringing about a state of affairs that might furnish the Southern leaders with a plausible argument in favor of secession.

The election of Mr. Lincoln was in strict accordance with the Constitution and laws of the United States; but because he had been elected by a *plurality*, and not a *majority*, of the popular vote, and had received nearly all his support from the Northern States, the Southern States, in accordance with their pre-determination, seized upon this as a sufficient pretext, and at once began preparations for seceding from the Union; with the avowed intention of setting up a confederacy of their own, whose chief corner-stone should be slavery.

Encouraged by the imbecility of James Buchanan, then President of the United States, and by the seeming apathy of the Northern people, the South proceeded to appropriate all the Government property within her borders, and prepared to defend herself against any interference from without.

The people of the North were but little acquainted with the spirit that animated the Southern leaders, and still less with the preparations they had made for carrying out their plans, and seemed to think matters would all come right as soon as the excitement caused by the

election of Mr. Lincoln had subsided; but they were grievously mistaken.

'Tis said: "Whom the gods would destroy they first make mad." And it certainly looked as though the Southern people had incurred the displeasure of those fabled deities, or rather of DEITY itself, and were being urged on blindly to their fate. Their object was to destroy the Union, in order that they might be enabled to perpetuate human slavery; but the means they adopted for that purpose were ordained by Providence, it would seem, to put an end to slavery in the United States, and thus not only preserve the Union, but fix it upon a firmer basis than ever before.

Not content with seizing upon such Government property as was unprotected or abandoned by its traitorous defenders, South Carolina proceeded to attack a Government fort in one of her harbors, defended by the now immortal Major Robert Anderson and his handful of brave and patriotic soldiers.

In the early dawn of the ever-memorable 12th of April, 1861, the Southern war-cloud suddenly burst over the devoted heads of Major Anderson and his men, in Charleston harbor, crushing Fort Sumter, which they then occupied, and compelling its evacuation; but the shock of those rebel guns also aroused the people of the North to a true sense of the situation and to the stern necessity of preparing for civil war.

"Up from the South the wild news came,

"Far flashing on its wings of flame;

"Swift as the boreal light which flies

"At midnight through the startled skies—

"SUMTER HAS FALLEN! SUMTER HAS FALLEN!"

Very soon the North was ablaze with patriotic indignation, and, without distinction of party, resolved that

the Union should be preserved and rebellion crushed out.

On the 15th of April President Lincoln called out 75,000 of the militia, for a period of three months, to enforce the laws and quell the insurrection, and, throughout the North, men of all ages, from the mere stripling to the man with hoary locks, hastened to the recruiting offices to enroll; while mothers, wives, sisters and sweethearts vied with each other in urging their loved ones to respond to the call of duty.

The following lines very aptly illustrate the sentiments of the loyal people at that time :

“ Lay down the axe, fling by the spade,
Leave in its track the toiling plow;
The rifle and the bayonet blade,
For arms like your's are fitter now.
And let the hands that ply the pen,
Quit the light task, and learn to wield
The horseman's crooked brand, and rein
The charger on the battle field.”

The levy was soon raised, but the cry was, “ Still they come ! ” and regiment after regiment of volunteers was organized, all over the North, in anticipation of their services being needed.

“ And there was tumult in the air,
The fife's shrill note, the drum's loud beat,
And through the wide land everywhere,
The answering tread of hurrying feet.”

“ And there was mounting in hot haste, the steed,
The mustering squadron and the clattering car,
Went pouring forward with impetuous speed,
And swiftly formed in the ranks of war.”

CHAPTER II.

First efforts to raise volunteer cavalry—Ezra H. Bailey and others in New York city—William H. Boyd and others in Philadelphia—Carl Schurz authorized to raise the first regiment—William H. Boyd authorized to raise the first troop—Account of the "Philadelphia Light Horse."

FROM the defiant attitude and gigantic preparations of the South, after the fall of Fort Sumter, it soon became evident that a great civil war was inevitable; and that a large and well organized army would be required by the Government, if the Union was to be preserved. It is conceded by all modern writers on the subject of war, that a certain proportion of cavalry is indispensable in every well organized army; but the President had neglected to call for any of that arm when he issued his call for the militia. The few *regular* cavalry possessed by the Government were scattered over the Western frontiers, in small detachments, watching the Indians, and could not well be spared from their posts to meet this *new* enemy in the field. It was natural to suppose, therefore, that some *volunteer* cavalry would be required, if the war was to go on, and, acting upon this supposition, "Young America" began, in various parts of the North, to organize troops for that arm of the service, without waiting for authority from the Government.

On the 16th of April, the very next day after the President had issued his first call for troops, the following appeared in the New York *Tribune*:

"WANTED: A CAPTAIN OF CAVALRY."

"The Cavalry department of the Northern army is, without doubt, the one most lacking in efficiency. To supply this flagrant need is the desire of several gentlemen of this city, two of whom have, in their handsomest manner, offered to supply horses and equipments for the

first fifty volunteers, for a troop now forming, who shall be unable to mount and equip themselves. All that is needed now to effect an organization is a competent leader, and to any one sufficiently well versed in tactics to command such a troop, a superb horse, half brother of the celebrated *Patchen*, and a full suit of regimentals, will be guaranteed. Those desirous of joining, will please call upon G. W. Richardson, No. 21 Maiden Lane."

Mr. Richardson had many callers in answer to this advertisement, all anxious to know the full particulars concerning the contemplated cavalry organization; and he found that he must either give up his business to attend to them or close his doors against them. In his dilemma he called upon a young friend, named Ezra H. Bailey, and it was agreed between them to hire a hall and call a meeting. Accordingly they advertised a meeting to be held at No. 765 Broadway on the evening of the nineteenth.

When the time arrived they were gratified at finding about one hundred and fifty gentlemen present, and the meeting was organized with Mr. Richardson as chairman and Mr. Bailey as secretary. Speeches were made by a number of those present, the greatest enthusiasm prevailed, and they resolved to raise a troop at once and offer their services to the Government.

In order to carry out the sentiments of the meeting a committee, consisting of Messrs. Richardson, Bailey and H. B. Todd, was appointed to take charge of the movement until an organization could be effected.

A Mr. DeForest offered them the free use of his hall and garden, known as "Palace Garden," for recruiting purposes, which was gladly accepted; and the next day a recruiting office was opened there, and duly published. In a few days enough men were secured to organize a troop, which so elated the projectors of the movement that they determined to raise a regiment.

Among the moving spirits in the organization were Ezra H. Bailey, Alonzo W. Adams, Jenyns C. Battersby (who had served in the English cavalry), Chas. H. Ogle (a graduate of West Point), Joseph K. Stearns, Abraham Jones (who had served in the U. S. Dragoons), Thos. R. Levitt (son of the Editor of the N. Y. *Independent*), Daniel H. Harkins (a young actor), Henry B. Todd, Harry B. Hidden (brother-in-law to Wm. Webb, the N. Y. Shipbuilder), Clifford Thompson (brother to "Doesticks,") and J. Howard Kitchen (afterward Colonel of the 6th N. Y. Artillery, and killed at Cedar Creek.)

Very soon these would-be cavalymen found themselves involved in a task which they had not dreamed of. Money was needed to feed the recruits and keep them together, and the financial part of the undertaking became very burdensome. The gentlemen whose names are given above bore the expense out of their own private purses for several weeks, and tried hard to get some competent and influential man to take hold of the organization and procure its acceptance by the Government; but none seemed willing to enter into a matter that required them to put their hands into their pockets, and which met with no favor from the ruling powers.

Finally some patriotic friends lent a helping hand and kept the ball rolling. Thus they were encouraged by personal friends and admirers, while the Government, that needed their services, frowned upon their every effort to raise cavalry for its defence.

In a short time enough recruits were obtained to warrant the formation of four troops, when a temporary organization was deemed necessary, for the purpose of giving shape to the movement and to aid in recruiting.

There was a great stir among the numerous aspirants

for military honors when this fact was announced, and many set to work canvassing among the men to secure their suffrages in the coming election for officers.

There was great commotion and much confusion when the night appointed for the election arrived, and the aspirants for office, each backed by a force of his friends and admirers, appeared in all their "war paint," ready for the fray. A judge and tellers were duly appointed, after much loud talk, and the voting commenced. Great was the anxiety of the candidates during the tedious process of depositing the ballots, and great was the excitement when the judge finally arose to announce the results.

As the names of A. W. Adams, J. C. Battersby, D. H. Harkins and Joseph K. Stearns were announced as the four captains, cheers and hisses were uttered in profusion by the opposing forces.

Then followed the names of E. H. Bailey, C. H. Ogle, Abraham Jones, Thomas R. Levitt and Harry B. Hidden, as lieutenants, which gave rise to another burst of mingled applause and hisses. Finally, order was restored, and the captains were called upon for speeches, upon which they promised "to lead their bold troopers to glory or the grave," and were duly applauded. E. H. Bailey desired the position of quartermaster, and was duly appointed to act in that capacity.

After the election, several disappointed aspirants left the organization in disgust, but their loss was not injurious, and matters went on swimmingly without them.

Hon. Bayard Clark, then late a member of Congress, and formerly a Colonel in the U. S. Dragoons, went to Washington, at the earnest solicitation of the officers, to see about obtaining authority to organize the regiment

and bring it into the field ; but he met with no encouragement. Then a Major Merrill, who had also served in the United States Dragoons, made an effort in the same direction, but with no better success.

Colonel May, of Mexican fame, was then invited to the coloneley by the officers, but he would accept nothing less than a brigadier's commission, and had to be stricken from the list.

It seems the Government did not want cavalry just then ; so things began to look "blue," and many gave it up in despair. Captain Eagle, of the United States Cavalry, then on recruiting service in New York city, encouraged the little party by his presence, and gave them some good advice. He also sent a non-commissioned officer to help instruct the men in drill and the various duties of cavalry soldiers. There is something about the wild dashing life of a trooper that attracts adventurous spirits and holds them by its charms, and this seems to have been the mysterious power that held this party together.

They had succeeded in filling up the four troops, but there they seemed to "stick," on account of the difficulties of getting into service, and it began to look as if the organization would have to disband or die a natural death. They held out, however, and became a potent element in the *first* regiment of volunteer cavalry, as the sequel will show.

The city of "Brotherly Love," where I then resided, was not to be outdone by "Gotham," and several cavalry organizations had been started there, with a view of teaching the Confederates that the doctrine of secession was a fallacy, and the act of secession an impossibility.

I had been a sergeant in the First United States Dragoons, and had returned from California at the close of 1856, perfectly satisfied with my experience as a soldier, and willing to give up the business and settle down for life.

I thought I had bid a final adieu to "war's rude alarms," and should spend the remainder of my days in the peaceful pursuits of trade; but at the first sound of civil war I caught the infection, and resolved to buckle on the harness, once more, in defence of the Union.

While I was thinking over the matter an advertisement appeared in one of the daily papers, inquiring for a person competent to instruct a troop of cavalry in the United States tactics, and I immediately offered my services.

On the 26th of April two young gentlemen, named, respectively, Gilbert H. Newhall and Osgood Welsh, called in reply to my letter, stating that they represented the "Philadelphia Light Horse," composed of young men from Germantown and vicinity, commanded by William Rotch Wister, Esq., of the Philadelphia Bar, and satisfactory arrangements were effected.

I met them next day, at the residence of Mr. G. H. Newhall, near Germantown, a suburb of Philadelphia, where I found about a score of troopers ready to mount; and after a few interchanges of civilities, I proceeded to put them through a preliminary drill, to see how they could ride and manage their horses. I found them experts in those respects.

They were all fine-looking young men, dressed in French cavalry uniform, wearing sabres and revolvers, and mounted on fine horses, with military equipments. On the 1st of May we took possession of an unused race-

course, at Chestnut Hill, near Germantown, with the unoccupied inn and stables attached, where we had ample accommodations for both men and horses, and the grounds were admirably adapted for a Cavalry School of Practice.

Discipline was observed in accordance with the United States Army Regulations. The men slept on straw shake-downs on the floors of the inn; answered reveille roll-call at break of day; groomed and fed their horses; cleansed the stables and policed the barracks and grounds; drilled on foot in the forenoons and mounted in the afternoons, and performed guard duty at night. Hundreds of ladies and gentlemen, in carriages and on horseback, came to witness the mounted drills, and we felt duly stimulated by their presence; the ladies waving their handkerchiefs and the gentlemen cheering when we performed any evolution which excited their admiration.

On a fine June day it was an animating sight to behold the grand stand filled to overflowing with young ladies, the *elite* of society, all elegantly attired in their gauze-like garments of pure white, or delicate pink or blue, their beautiful faces radiant with pleasurable excitement, as they witnessed the dashing horsemanship of the gallant young troopers, riding at the "heads" in the ring, with sabre or pistol, or taking the "ditch or bar" at flying leaps. And, anon, charging in line across the fields; then plying into column; then deploying as skirmishers, firing blank cartridges as they advanced; then charging as foragers, and rallying at full speed upon the reserve. We generally went through the sabre exercise, at open order, in front of the stand, so that the ladies might be enabled to watch the different individuals as they executed the cuts, thrusts and parries, at the word of command.

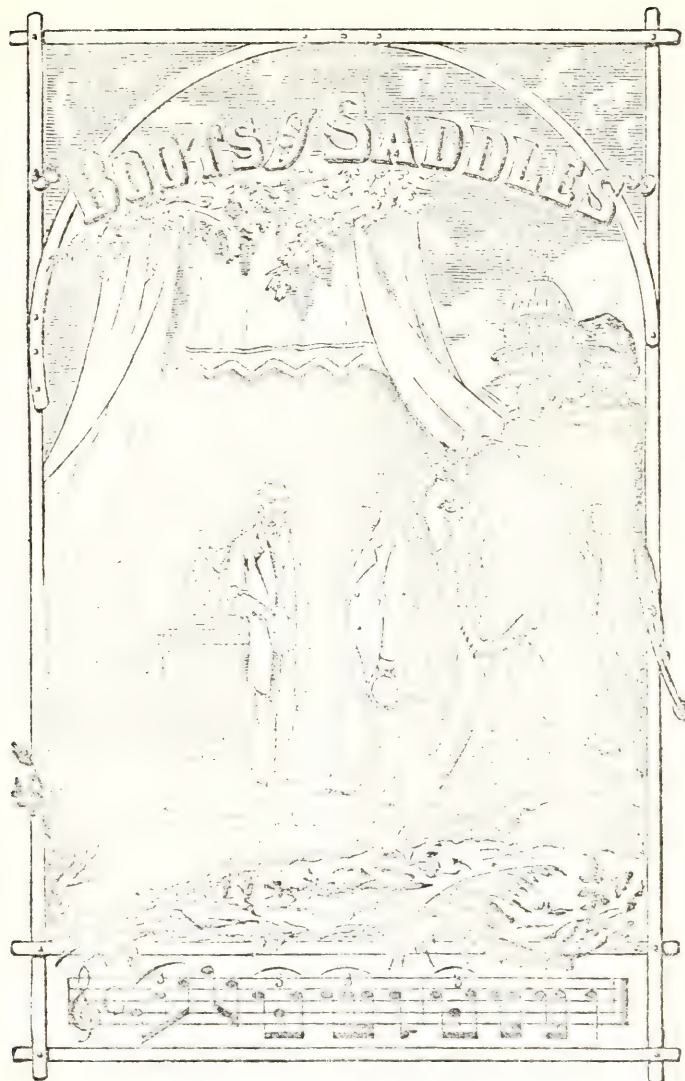
Upon such occasions young Walter S. Newhall was the observed of all observers. He had earned a National reputation as a cricketer, and during our exercises every eye was upon him. He was one of the best horsemen in the troop, and the way in which he controlled the fiery young charger that he rode was truly admirable; while the grace, strength and skill which he exhibited in the use of his sabre, never failed to elicit rounds of applause.

After drill it was usual for the troopers to act as escorts to the young ladies on horseback; and the beautiful sylvan lanes, leading to and from the romantic banks of the Wissahickon, presented gay and lively scenes during those charming afternoons. And at night the old woods rang with pleasant echoes, as we strolled leisurely along the banks, bathed in the cooling waters, or rowed upon the silent and softly flowing stream. But these things were not to last.

Up to this time those engaged in the cavalry movement were acting solely upon their own authority, as the Government had not given them the slightest encouragement to hope that they would ever be called upon to "fight, bleed and die" for their country.

But the Government soon discovered that the war could not be carried on successfully with three-months' militia; and also that a *few* mounted men would be necessary. So a call was issued for a large force of volunteers to serve for three years or during the war; and of this force *one* regiment was to be cavalry.

As this was to be the *only* regiment of volunteer cavalry called into service (?) the following circular was issued, in order that all might have a share in the honors; provided they were willing to pay for the privilege and save the government any expense in that behalf:



WAR DEPARTMENT.

WASHINGTON, May, 1, 1861.

To the Governors of the several States, and all whom it may concern:

I have authorized Colonel Carl Schurz to raise and organize a volunteer regiment of cavalry. For the purpose of rendering it as efficient as possible he is instructed to enlist principally such men as have served in the same arm before. The Government will provide the regiment with arms, but cannot provide the horses and equipments. For these necessaries we rely upon the patriotism of the States and the citizens, and for this purpose I take the liberty of requesting you to afford Colonel "S." your aid in the execution of this plan.

(Signed)

SIMON CAMERON,

Secretary of War.

This was the *first regiment* of volunteer cavalry duly authorized to be raised:

The government had at last sounded:

"BOOTS AND SADDLES,"

and "Young America" began in earnest to prepare for the fight.

Colonel Schurz immediately set out for New York to begin the work of recruiting, but stopped at Philadelphia, on his way, when he heard of some gentlemen engaged in organizing a regiment of cavalry in that city known as "Chorman's Rangers." To these he made known his appointment, and invited them to join him; assuring them that no more volunteer cavalry would be called for or accepted by the Government. General Scott being of opinion that the war would be of too short duration to warrant the expense and time necessary to prepare them for efficient service. And that the nature of the probable field of operation was not adapted to the movements of large bodies of that arm.

These gentlemen listened respectfully, but declined to join Colonel Schurz, except William H. Boyd, one of the lieutenants, to whom he gave authority to raise a troop for his regiment. This was the *first troop* of volunteer cavalry *duly authorized* to be raised. Colonel

Schurz was desirous that Pennsylvania should raise a battalion, which would give her the right to a major, and also a voice in the appointment of the other field and staff officers of the regiment. In view of this, several gentlemen undertook each to raise a troop, but did not succeed. Captain Boyd persevered, however, and, although the difficulties were great, he finally succeeded, of which we shall learn more fully hereafter.

On the 4th of May, the War Department issued General Orders, No. 15, in reference to the organization of the three years' regiments. By that order, the men of "the cavalry regiment" were required to find their own horses and equipments, for which they were to receive fifty cents per day, (afterwards reduced to forty cents), but if a man lost his horse from any cause, he must furnish another, or serve on foot.(!)

A troop had to be presented to the mustering officer, completely organized, with a minimum aggregate of seventy-nine men, before a man could be mustered into service.(!) Hearing of these orders at Chestnut Hill, we exerted ourselves to fill up the troop, in order, if possible, to be the first volunteer cavalry in the field. And for the purpose of getting into this regiment, Captain Wister visited Washington to see the Secretary of War. The following note was received after his return:

WAR DEPARTMENT,

June 14th. 1861.

Captain WILLIAM ROTCH WISTER,

Philadelphia:

DEAR SIR:—This Department, I am instructed by the Secretary to say to you, will accept your light horse company, to be attached to the regiment of cavalry being formed to serve for three years or during the war, if ready to be so mustered, and will, in that event, furnish the holsters, pistols, and swords, but not the uniforms, horses or equipments.

Very Respectfully,

(Signed)

J. P. SANDERSON,

Chief Clerk.

This did not help us, as seventy-nine men had still to be presented, all able and willing to comply with General Orders, No. 15, before we could be mustered into service. It was arranged that William Rotch Wister should be captain, W. P. C. Treichel first lieutenant, and myself second lieutenant. The troop presented me with a suit of uniform, together with sabre, belts and spurs; also a navy revolver and full set of regulation horse-equipments.

We rode all over the country, among the farmers' sons, in quest of recruits, and visited the towns and villages in several counties adjoining Philadelphia, where we heard of mounted "Home Guards," to see if we could induce any of them to join us. Our gay uniforms, flashing sabres and prancing chargers were universally admired, and many patriotic young men would fain have joined us, but the conditions imposed by the Government were thought too hard to be complied with. Captain Wister and others of the troop visited Reading to see if Captain Sydenham Ancona's troop, whose headquarters were at that place, could be induced to join us; but they declined. We next visited Captain Shelmeyer's troop, at Shelmeyer's Mills, about ten miles from our quarters; and they also declined.

There was another troop, composed of farmers' sons, known as the "Wissahickon Cavalry," commanded by Captain S. W. Comly, whose headquarters were at White Marsh, some three miles from our quarters, and their captain invited us to pay them a visit. Accordingly, we set out one morning, and, on arriving at the designated place, were received by Comly's troop with due military honors. The two troops were then drilled as a squadron, after which we all sat down to a bountiful repast provided by Captain Comly.

Several of these young men joined Wister's troop, and others promised to do so, which greatly encouraged Captain Wister and his men. I may say here that Captain Comly and his troop turned out, in 1863, during the Gettysburg emergency, and were mustered into the Twentieth Pennsylvania Cavalry, where they rendered valuable services, their captain rising to the rank of major in the regiment before being mustered out at the end of their six months' term.

During our sojourn at Chestnut Hill we were invited to all the "flag-raising" (which were very numerous) within a radius of twenty miles; and our gay young troopers were the "observed of all observers," especially on the part of the fair sex, who always attended in great numbers. We occasionally gave exhibition drills, for the purpose of exciting the young men present to join us; and as nothing of the kind had ever been seen by the people of those parts, our horsemanship and manœuvres elicited unbounded applause. The young troopers would frequently electrify the assemblage with a stirring chorus or patriotic song; after which we were sure to have a large increase of visitors at the barracks.

Occasionally the troop gave a "hop," which was always a success, and many a gay flirtation took place on those occasions. We had a piano at the barracks, and nearly every member of the troop knew how to perform, so there was no lack of good music.

While we all enjoyed those patriotic and convivial occasions, we were not unmindful that we had organized for a sterner purpose. Captain Wister had become very proficient in drill, knowing how to handle the troop to the entire satisfaction of all, and we were becoming impatient to get into service. Every effort was put forth

to fill the troop to the required standard, but to no purpose, and it was finally determined to disband; every man signifying his determination to get into service as best he could, and soon as he could. Accordingly, on the 30th of June, we bade each other farewell, and returned to our homes in order to seek service under the Government in whatever capacity she might be willing to receive us.

These young men had obtained great proficiency in horsemanship and drill, being able to go through all the troop movements at a gallop, and ride over a twelve feet ditch or a five feet hurdle at a flying leap, with sabres drawn. They also thoroughly understood the use of the sabre and revolver.

They were chagrined at not getting into service as a troop, and some even thought that the two months spent at Chestnut Hill were only so much time wasted; but there is a maxim which says: "No time is lost in stopping to whet your scythe." And so it proved. The Government soon after called out a large force of volunteer cavalry, and those young men were then sought after to help organize and drill the new regiments.

Nearly all of them entered the service as commissioned officers, and acquitted themselves well on many a hard fought field during the four years of war that followed.

Walter Newhall and Charles Treichel distinguished themselves in Missouri, as lieutenants under Major Zagonyi, of Fremont's Body Guard, and afterwards served with great credit in the Third Pennsylvania Cavalry; the former losing his life at the close of 1863, by an unfortunate accident while acting as A. A. G. on the staff of General Ayerill. William Treichel was a major, F. C.

Newhall, F. H. Furness, W. W. Frazier and Emlen Carpenter, captains, and Osgood Welsh, a lieutenant, in the Sixth Pennsylvania Cavalry. Joseph Wistar was a captain in the Eighth Pennsylvania Cavalry. Edward S. Jones was lieutenant colonel, and E. P. Wilson a captain in the Third Pennsylvania Cavalry. F. C. Newhall was A. A. G. on the staff of General Sheridan, with the rank of lieutenant-colonel. Francis Wister was a captain in the Twelfth United States Infantry, and afterwards a colonel of volunteers. G. H. Newhall and John Lowber Welsh, (son of the present Minister of the United States at the Court of St. James,) served with the "First City Troop," of Philadelphia, during the Gettysburg campaign, and Samuel Hildeburn entered the Regular Cavalry as a second lieutenant, and rose to the rank of captain.

Our captain, William Rotch Wister, turned out with Captain Comly's "Wissahickon Cavalry," later in the war, June, 1863, and was mustered in as first sergeant for the then existing emergency. This company became part of the Twentieth Pennsylvania Cavalry, and Sergeant Wister was promoted to the lieutenant-colonelcy of the regiment, and served with great credit during its six months' term.

There were others whose names I cannot now recall, but I believe nearly all of them served in the Army of the Union, at some period of the rebellion, and I have always felt proud of my connection with "The Philadelphia Light Horse." Let us now follow Colonel Selurz to New York to see what he has been doing since receiving his commission.

CHAPTER III.

Colonel Schurz recruiting in New York—The battalion under Adams and others join him—He is appointed Minister to Spain—Efforts to get a Colonel—General Scott on volunteer cavalry—Lieutenant Bailey and President Lincoln—Major McReynolds appointed Colonel—Captain Adams and the Secretary of War—How the regiment was named “The Lincoln Cavalry”—Mustered in at last—Camp scenes at Elm Park and Bellevue Garden.

ON arriving in New York city, early in May, 1861, Colonel Schurz, who was a German, began recruiting among his own countrymen, and soon got together a large number of men who had seen cavalry service in Europe.

He found out about the organization under Adams, Bailey and others, at the “Palace Garden,” and proceeded to pay them a visit, in order to try and induce them to join him. He made use of the same arguments he had used in Philadelphia, but with better success, and a meeting of the battalion was called to consider the matter.

There was a good deal of discussion at the meeting, and some few strenuously opposed a union with the Germans; but it seemed to be the only hope of getting into the service as cavalry, and the majority voted to join Colonel Schurz: provided he would accord to them the filling of certain offices in the regiment, and permit them to regulate their troop organizations.

A committee waited upon Colonel Schurz, in reference to the matter, and he acceded to their terms; upon which a union was formed.

The principal officers of the German battalion were Captains Frederick Von Schickfuss, August Haurand,

Count Ferdinand Stosch and Count Von Moltkie, (a relative of General Von Moltkie of the German army.) Lieutenants L. I. Zimons, Frederick Hendricks, Franz Passegger and R. H. O. Hertzog; all fine soldierly-looking men and jovial companions. Count Von Moltkie was to have been the lieutenant-colonel, but he never was mustered in. The Germans were to choose their own major, while the Americans were to choose a major, and also the quartermaster and surgeon of the regiment. Colonel Schurz was to have control of the other appointments; but in a few days afterwards his military career was suddenly cut off, for the time being, by his appointment as Minister to Spain. Before leaving for his diplomatic post, however, he wished to see the regiment placed under some worthy successor.

Lieutenant Bailey was dispatched to West Point to offer the colonelcy to Captain Bayard (afterwards General Bayard, killed at Fredericksburg), who was then one of the instructors at the United States Military Academy at that place. The captain could not then accept, but he recommended Captain Owen, another of the instructors at the Academy.

This officer signified his willingness to accept, and at once obtained a short leave from the commandant, and returned with Bailey to New York to have an interview with Colonel Schurz. Before Captain Owen could finally accept, it appeared he would have to obtain a leave of absence from his regiment in the regular army. To effect this he would have to forward his application through the "regular channels," and weeks might elapse before the "red tape" regulations could be overcome, and, perhaps, after all, his application might be refused. In view of this it was agreed that Bailey should pro-

ceed to Washington and try to obtain the requisite leave. Accordingly, he set out at once, armed with a letter from Colonel Schurz to the Hon. Montgomery Blair, then Postmaster General. On presenting his credentials, Mr. Blair accompanied him to the War Department, and introduced him to the Secretary, Hon. Simon Cameron. Mr. Cameron said he could do nothing in the matter without the approbation of the Adjutant-General, or General Scott, then Commander-in-Chief of the United States Army. Bailey could not get in to see the Adjutant-General that day, so he repaired to the headquarters of General Scott. The general was very busy, so Bailey waited till after office hours and then went to his residence. When he attempted to enter, however, he was stopped by a sentinel; but the general, who happened to be at the window, beckoned to the sentry to let him pass. The general seemed to be in a bad humor; did not believe in granting leave to young officers of the regular army to command volunteer regiments, and didn't believe in volunteer cavalry anyhow; said it would cost half a million of dollars to mount and equip the regiment, and then it would take longer to get them ready for efficient service than it would to put down the rebellion.(!) Bailey was much discouraged by this opinion, and left the august presence with hanging head and drooping spirits. The bright visions of a "prancing steed" and a "vanquished foeman" almost disappeared. The elegant uniform and clanging sabre, which always insures the smiles of the fair sex, where were they? Bailey strolled moodily along for some distance, without aim or object, until he was aroused by the crowd in front of the White House, pressing in to see the renowned "rail-splitter" from Illinois, then the Na-

tion's honored President. He rallied his thoughts and joined the throng, in hopes of having an interview with "Uncle Abe," trusting vaguely that something advantageous to his mission would be the result.

He soon found himself in the "Blue Chamber," scanning the person of the President, watching the play of his countenance and listening to the original way in which he disposed of many of his visitors; among whom were grave Senators, pseudo generals and queer-looking aspirants for military honors, contractors and pot-house politicians; all having an "ax to grind." By and by the President turned towards Bailey, and, with a smile, said: "Well, General, what can I do for you?" Bailey was taken by surprise, but, collecting his wits, he smilingly replied: "Not General yet, Mr. President, but hope to be if the war lasts long enough."

Mr. Lincoln seemed to appreciate the ready rejoinder, and said: "I hope the war will not last long enough to make generals of *all* who aspire to that position." Bailey then informed the President of his mission to Washington. Mr. Lincoln said he did not like to interfere in army matter, unless it was absolutely necessary, and recommended Bailey to call upon the Secretary of War or General Scott. Bailey informed him that he had seen General Scott, but had met with no encouragement, and that the Secretary of War would not listen to him at all. "Oh!" said the President, "its the old story. You tried all other sources first, and then came to me as a last resort?" "Just so, Mr. President," said Bailey, laughingly, "and I hope I shall not have come in vain?" The President said, with a smile, "I can't see why you should have so much difficulty about getting a colonel. Why, I could supply you with a

hundred, from Illinois alone, inside of a week. Go back and tell Colonel Schurz to hurry up this regiment as soon as possible, and I will see that it is accepted." Bailey set out for New York with a lighter heart, and, on arriving, reported the result of his mission. Captain Owen was disappointed, and so were the officers of the regiment, but recruiting went on vigorously.

General Phil. Kearny had lately arrived from Europe, and a committee of the officers waited upon him to see if they could prevail upon him to become their colonel; but he was in some way pledged to the Governor of New Jersey, who shortly afterwards commissioned him brigadier-general. When asked if he knew any one whom he could recommend, he named Andrew T. McReynolds, who had served with him as a captain of dragoons, in the war with Mexico, and had been wounded there, and brevetted major for gallantry.

The committee thanked him for the information, and at once began inquiries as to the whereabouts of Major McReynold. Captain Adams happened to possess a copy of Gardiner's Military Dictionary, which contained not only the military record of the major, but gave his address, which was at Grand Rapids, Michigan. Captain Adams then telegraphed him, and in four hours afterwards had a reply, that he (McReynolds) would be on at a certain hour next day. At the hour named he was on hand, and Captain Adams promptly introduced him to Colonel Schurz, who shortly afterwards transferred the coloneley of the regiment to Major McReynolds, in the following letter, endorsed on the same sheet of paper containing his own commission or appointment:

NEW YORK, June 5, 1861.

Major A. T. McREYNOLDS:

DEAR SIR:—Being ordered by the President to leave for my diplomatic post at Madrid, I am obliged to dissolve my connection with the cavalry regiment within referred to. Having satisfied myself that you are most eminently fit to stand at the head of this organization, and having obtained the consent of the officers within my reach, I take the liberty of respectfully requesting you to take my place in this matter. I would invite you to see the authorities at Washington for the purpose of inducing them to ratify this transfer of authority.

Yours, very truly,

(Signed)

CARL SCHURZ.

The officers of the regiment were sorry to lose Colonel Schurz, as he was a man of good parts, had a military education, and had proved himself a good soldier in his own country. Besides all that he had political influence in this country which would have been of much advantage to the regiment. While with them he had made a very favorable impression upon all, by his high sense of honor, his powers of discrimination and his knowledge of human nature. He seemed to always select the right man for the right place. He returned from abroad in a short time afterwards and entered the Union army, where he made a good record; rising to the rank of a major-general.

A committee, composed of Colonel McReynolds and Captain A. W. Adams, William H. Boyd and Joseph K. Stearns, was dispatched to Washington to procure the ratification of the above transfer. Captain Adams was acquainted with Ex-Governor Newell, of New Jersey, who, happening to be in Washington at the time, introduced the committee to the President; who in turn sent them to the Secretary of War.

On presenting the papers to Mr. Cameron, he remarked, with a smack of satisfaction, that he was very glad to have that *document* in his possession once more,

and coolly proceeded to put it into a drawer; saying that it had been granted to Mr. Schurz as a political favor, but that the matter had been a source of regret to him ever since, and he intended to withdraw the authority to raise volunteer cavalry, since Mr. Schurz had been otherwise provided for. He said also that the war would only be a ninety days' affair, and that volunteer cavalry could not be got ready for service before it would all be over.

This took the "starch" right out of the whole committee, except Captain Adams, who felt a *personal* interest in the "document," as Colonel Schurz had endorsed upon it some commendations of him; and he determined not to lose possession of such a credential. He, therefore, informed Mr. Cameron of the fact, and politely requested him to return the document on that account; which Mr. Cameron, after considerable hesitation consented to do. Being in possession of the precious paper once more the committee re-visited the President, in company with Governor Newell, and laid their grievances before him with much feeling.

Mr. Lincoln then examined the papers, and endorsed them as follows:

"HON. SECRETARY OF WAR:—Please say to Colonel A. T. Reynolds, that when he will present the cavalry regiment according to the within authority, they will be received under him as they would have been under Colonel Schurz.

(Signed)

A. LINCOLN.

Jan 12, 1861."

On returning to the Secretary of War the committee handed him the papers, demurely calling his attention to the President's endorsement. Mr. Cameron, on reading the endorsement, suddenly assumed the attitude of a wounded tiger, and stormed at the committee like fury, saying: "This is what you wanted the

papers for, is it?" and added: "I wish the President would remember that there is a War Department."

He said, also, that the committee must get the approval of General Scott, before they could get him to consent to the raising of volunteer cavalry. Captain Adams then set out to find the Commander-in-Chief. That officer was very busy, and it was hard to get an interview, but Adams had a "friend at Court," in the person Schuyler Hamilton, who was a member of the General's staff, and through his influence the General sent a note of approval to the Secretary of War; which I regret to say was retained by that functionary, and therefore cannot be given here. It would appear from this that General Scott's views about volunteer cavalry had changed somewhat.

Had Captain Adams had the document with him he might have got it endorsed by General Scott, but Mr. Cameron held on to it, no doubt fearing that the President's endorsement might influence the action of the Commander-in-Chief.

This note seemed to take Mr. Cameron by surprise, and he very reluctantly endorsed the papers as follows:

"Approved, on condition that the whole of the regiment be at Washington, or wherever ordered to be, by the 1st day of August next, and portions of it before the 15th of July next.

June 15, 1861.

(Signed) SIMON CAMERON.

He must have thought that these conditions would prove the overthrow of the whole scheme, and no doubt he laughed in his sleeve as he handed the papers to the committee. What a commentary this is upon the history of the late civil war, which continued for four long years, and in which, from time to time, we had *three hundred regiments* of volunteer cavalry and *three thousand regiments* of volunteer infantry.

While at the War office a discussion arose as to what name the regiment should be known by, and Colonel McReynolds promptly proposed "THE LINCOLN CAVALRY," which was unanimously adopted by the committee; all of whom thought the name appropriate, because Mr. Lincoln had called the regiment out, notwithstanding much opposition from those high in authority around him. They thought also that the name would make the regiment popular and aid in recruiting.

When the President heard what the regiment had been named, he inquired who had "christened the baby," and when informed how it came about, he remarked that "he was accused of being its father, and might as well own up." He hoped, however, that the regiment would not consider the name as conferring honor upon it, but endeavor, by brave deeds, to confer honor upon the name; adding that he would watch its career with a great deal of solicitude.

The committee then returned to New York, and every effort was put forth to fill up the ranks and get into service, as per conditions of Secretary Cameron.

Recruiting offices were opened at Elm Park and at Palace Garden; also at No. 43 Courtland street and at No. 648 Broadway. The headquarters of the regiment were at Disbrow's Riding Academy, on Fifth Avenue, where the officers kept their horses. There Ogle, Jones and Battersby instructed some of the other officers in horsemanship and the use of the sabre, which afterwards proved of great advantage to them.

None but active, intelligent, able-bodied young men were accepted at any of the recruiting offices, and very soon nine troops, including the Germans, were organized and mustered into service. A troop from Syracuse, N.

Y., joined them about that time, and another was organizing in Grand Rapids, Mich., among the admirers of Colonel McReynolds, which, with Boyd's Philadelphia troop, completed the regiment.

There were no politicians among them, consequently not much assistance had been received from the Union Defense Committee of New York. About five hundred dollars is all that was obtained from that body; while other regiments, officered by politicians and their friends, received many thousands of dollars each.

The officers of this regiment had experienced up-hill work from the very start, as the Government gave no encouragement to those engaged in raising cavalry, and on this account the sympathies of the people were to a great extent withheld; but the boys were bound to be troopers, and this love of the service is what held them together, and afterwards promoted their success in the field.

As quickly as mustered in the companies went into camp in the breezy shades of Elm Park, where the white tents of the German battalion had enlivened the landscape for some time.

The Americans encamped on a separate part of the grounds from the Germans, and it looked like the camps of two different organizations. The difference was not all in appearance, either, for the two parties were about as different in their manners, habits and language as it was possible to be. Very soon misunderstandings arose, or rather the parties never understood each other, and frequent broils between the Germans and the Irish-Americans was the result.

The confusion grew worse confounded until there was a serious outbreak, and both parties turned out to settle

the difficulty with sabres and *shillalabs*. The officers on both sides strove to quell the uprising, but matters grew worse every moment, and it looked as if officers as well as men would take a hand in the melee. Finally the colonel appeared among them, and with the aid of some of the cooler officers succeeded in restoring order. It was evident, however, that the peace would not be a lasting one, as much bad blood had been displayed on both sides, and it was determined to remove the Americans to some other location.

Bellevue Garden was chosen, and very soon the Americans were under canvas on the banks of the East River, where they enjoyed good bathing and plenty of fresh air.

The men had not received their uniforms, and when once outside of camp could not be distinguished from the citizens. This led to a great deal of confusion and trouble, as the men knew nothing about military discipline, and cared less.

When they moved to Bellevue Garden the officers made up their minds to enforce the regulations, and therefore set to work to post themselves. They had the camp arranged in due military order, and set apart several tents for the guard, and for refractory soldier who might violate the rules of military discipline.

The first night in camp the guard was duly mounted, and an officer of the day appointed. This officer was a bright young lieutenant who was bound to see things done in accordance with the regulations.

The sergeant of the guard was an old English dragoon, who claimed to have followed Nolan in his famous charge at Balaklava, and was chosen on this occasion because of his supposed knowledge of the rules of war.

The officer of the guard was directed to post a chain of sentinels all around the camp, to prevent soldiers from going out without proper leave; and no one was to be allowed to pass the guards at night without giving the countersign. "But what's the use?" said the officer of the guard, "my men have no arms." This non-plussed the officer of the day for a moment, but being fertile with those ingenious resources which are invaluable in times of emergency, and which often afterwards helped the same officer through difficulties in "Dixie," he told the officer of the guard to make out a requisition for axes, of which the Government seemed to have an abundance. The young officer laughed, but promptly obeyed the order, and very soon the sentinels were walking their "beats" with axes at "right-shoulder-shift."

Not satisfied with the precautions already taken, the officer of the day directed that the sentinels call the hours after nine o'clock p. m., and in order to see the system properly inaugurated, he remained at the guard tent till after that hour.

During the early part of the evening the sergeant of the guard appeared and reported that one of the sentinels had been arrested by the police, while on his beat, and carried off to the station-house, for cutting down a pear tree with his axe; and, worse still, some of the guard had divulged the countersign, and a great many of the men had left camp and gone to town.

This was a serious breach of the regulations, and called for prompt action. The guard was re-organized and duly instructed, and a new countersign given out. One of the sentinels was a "greenhorn," who had enlisted on setting foot in "Amiricky," and hearing that his cousin had gone in the *Second New York* Volun-

teers, he joined our regiment, which was the *First New York Volunteer Cavalry*, "so as to be near to his cousin."(!) The new countersign was "Washington," and poor Pat couldn't remember it five minutes to save his life. The officer gave him a brief account of the great patriot, in order to impress the name upon his memory, but all to no purpose. He then told him to repeat it as he walked up and down on his beat, and Pat kept whispering to himself, "The counthersign is Washington, the counthersign is Washington;" but it would slip from his memory occasionally, and then he would have to make a desperate effort to recall it, when he would again repeat as before.

Finally the bell on Blackwell's Island struck the hour, and sentry No. 1 sang out: "Ten o'clock, and all's well." The next took it up, and the next, until it came Pat's turn, when there was "silence in camp by the space of half a minute." "Why don't you repeat the call?" said the officer, in a stage whisper. "Yis, sur; yis, sur," said Pat, and the next instant his shrill voice was heard for at least half a mile, as he yelped out, with a most illigant brogue: "Tin o'clock, all's well, an—an the counthersign is Washington!" This brought down the camp, as all were quietly listening to the workings of the new system, and for a few minutes nothing could be heard but shouts of derisive laughter, cat-calls, shrill whistlings and the like. At last order was restored, Pat was relieved from guard duty in disgrace and a new countersign was given out, to prevent those who had gone to the city without authority from getting into camp without being arrested.

The Germans also had their trouble as well as their fun. There was an organization encamped close by

them, calling themselves the "Lincoln Greens," and our Germans thought those fellows were trying to steal our name; and it looked very much like it, as we were known as the "Lincoln Cavalry."

The ill feeling grew apace, and one thing brought on another, till one day there were sounds of war in the usually quiet precincts of Elm Park. A lager beer saloon, close by, was the focus of the excitement, and the representatives from Germany, Hungary, Prussia, Austria and Poland were in a perfect frenzy.

Men and officers were seen buckling on their sabres and pistols, and hastening to the scene of the uproar, and soon there was a regular pitched battle going on between the rival parties, who each claimed "Lincoln" as their patron. To any one not acquainted with German demonstrativeness the scene would have been appalling, as the noise was terrific; but the "beer was nearly all froth," and not much harm was done after all. To be sure several Teutons on both sides were slightly wounded, and there was a lively foot race, as our Germans demoralized their enemies and pursued them across the fields into their own camp. This was the first battle in which our regiment participated, and victory had perched on our banners, which was regarded as a good omen.

I will now have to leave the New York boys for a while, and pay a visit to Captain Boyd at Philadelphia.

CHAPTER IV.

Captain Boyd's troop mustered in—Arrival at Washington—Skalkers from Bull Run—Camp Meigs—Off for Dixie—First Charge by Volunteer Cavalry—The "chivalry" put to flight—First cavalryman killed in the war—General McClellan compliments Captain Boyd and his men—The New York companies arrive at Washington—Organization of the Field and Staff—List of the Officers.

ON the first of July, 1861, Captain Boyd, with a squad of his men, took possession of the barracks at Chestnut Hill, which had just been vacated by the "Philadelphia Light Horse." He had recruited over three hundred men, during the months of May and June, and had spent nearly all his ready means in defraying their expenses. They would stay with him for days, and sometimes for weeks, living at his expense, and then, tired of waiting, they would slip off and join some infantry regiment about to be mustered into service.

He had secured quite a number of trustworthy and patriotic young men, however, who remained at their own homes, awaiting such time as he should call for them; and feeling confident that the Government would soon be compelled to employ cavalry, and find horses for them too, he persevered.

He had not long to wait, for on the 10th of July an order was issued from the War Office, directing the proper departments to furnish horses and equipments to companies of volunteer cavalry as fast as mustered into service: and then we knew that Mr. Cameron, the Secretary of War, had "wilted."

General McDowell was about to move upon the enemy at Bull Run, and required that some cavalry should be furnished him; hence the order.

New life was thus infused into recruiting for that arm of the service, and—

“Boot, saddle, to horse and away!”

was the word in every mouth.

I united with Captain E. S. Jones to raise a troop for the First Kentucky Cavalry, afterwards known as the Third Pennsylvania Cavalry, assisted by C. F. Gillies, who had served with me, as a sergeant, in the First United States Dragoons, in California; but in a day or two afterwards I was waited upon by Captain Boyd, to see if I would accept the second lieutenantcy of his troop, which was then ready to be mustered in, and deeming a “bird in the hand worth two in the bush,” I accepted his offer.

On the 17th of July we appeared before Major Ruff, the United States mustering officer, and the surgeon began his inspection. He rejected several men whom we supposed to be well qualified to serve as troopers, and passed several men who were not at all qualified, and managed to reduce our numbers one man below the *minimum*, so that we were turned away without being mustered. Just think of it! and then think of the large bounties, and the draft, and the other means resorted to afterwards to obtain recruits.

The men were sent back to Chestnut Hill, and the captain went to Camden, N. J., after a squad of recruits he had heard of there. These he had to purchase from those in charge of them, and being short of cash he gave his gold watch in payment. He had parted with a valuable horse some time before for a similar purpose. Some of those fellows got away from him before he got them to a place of safe-keeping, but a sufficient number remained to warrant us in appearing before the muster-

ing officers again on the 19th. The surgeon began to reject again, and the Captain, fearing another failure, sent several trustworthy men to procure temporary substitutes.

This they did by offering a few dollars apiece to some laboring men, telling them that they would be permitted to "skedaddle" as soon as we got mustered in. The ruse worked well, and soon the roll was completed and the troop mustered in; upon which the boys gave three rousing cheers for the Union and three groans for the Southern Confederacy.

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Major Ruff had been my commanding officer at Carlisle Barracks, Pa., in 1853, when I first entered the regular army, and he expressed himself well pleased at seeing me among the first to take up arms for the Union.

The officers of the troop were Captain William H. Boyd, First Lieutenant William W. Hanson and Second Lieutenant James H. Stevenson.

As Captain Boyd had been the first duly authorized to raise a troop, he was determined to be first in the field, and nothing could satisfy him till he succeeded.

We had only two days to spend with our families and friends, the last being Sunday. On that day some of us attended divine worship at the North Baptist church, Eighth street above Master, of which we were members. The services had special reference to the departure of the troop and there was a large attendance.

The pastor, Rev. William S. Hall, was full of patriotism, and many of his congregation had gone to the war through his earnest appeals and fierce denunciation of human slavery.

His own two sons were then at the front, and the eldest was shortly afterwards killed in battle.

Mr. Hall had the names of all who went to the war from his congregation engrossed on a large sheet of bristol board, beautifully framed and hung upon the wall in rear of the pulpit, where the whole congregation could see it.

When any of the boys got wounded a red seal was affixed to his name, and if killed a black seal was affixed. There were many red and black seals on that list when the war ended.

Shortly after the close of the war Mr. Hall died. Just before his death he desired that the "stars and stripes" might be his winding-sheet; and his wish was complied with. He had rendered invaluable services to the Twentieth Ward Bounty Fund Committee, and the ward had acknowledged his services by presenting him with an elegant and costly testimonial.

A great many of Boyd's troop were young men of good families residing in the city, and when the time came to take leave of mothers, sisters and sweethearts, the task was a hard one. To those who were leaving wives and children it was still harder, but no one thought of shrinking from the stern duty before him on that account.

On Monday, July 22d, we assembled at the depot, Broad and Prime streets, to take the cars for Washington. Hosts of friends accompanied us, to say good-bye, and there were some affecting scenes enacted before we got away.

We arrived at Washington at 5.30 p. m., that day, and were quartered for the night in a building on "E" street, between Thirteenth and Fourteenth streets, now known as the "Imperial Hotel." Captain Boyd soon procured rations and cooking utensils; but the trouble

was to find a cook. I was the only officer who had seen service, and the captain turned the troop over to me.

I called for two men who had been in the military service before. Two held up their hands. One of them, John Hickey, had served several years in the United States Marines, and the other, William Ward, had served in the United States Artillery, in Mexico; both of them knew how to cook of course.

I detailed these two men as cooks, sent a squad to get fire wood, and in a short time the men were discussing their first soldiers' ration with many a joke and facetious comparison.

They were scarcely done supper when the captain arrived with several wagons, loaded with uniform clothing and blankets, and the boys set to work to unload them, in order to make themselves comfortable for the night.

Seeing them thus engaged, the officers started for Willard's Hotel to get some supper, and write to their friends that they had arrived safely at the Capital. After supper we strolled out to look at the city. Passing along Pennsylvania avenue we noticed a crowd of men and walked up to see what was going on. In the centre were several soldiers covered with dust, some carrying muskets and bayonets, and others unarmed, and one of them was "holding forth" at a great rate. We soon discovered that a battle had been fought at Bull Run the day before, and our army defeated. These men astonished the crowd of eager listeners with some of the most marvelous stories of the prowess of the "rebels." The "Louisiana Tigers," according to their account, were more to be dreaded than the genuine tiger himself in his native jungles. The "rebel shells"

were like young earthquakes, carrying death and destruction wherever they fell. But the "Black Horse Cavalry" were like demons mounted upon fiery dragons, and their swords fearful to think of.(!) We noticed several of our boys in the crowd drinking in every word, and no doubt wishing they were safely home. John Hickey, our old marine, who had been imbibing pretty freely, stepped up and inquired when the battle had commenced. "Yesterday morning," was the reply. "When did it end?" "Towards night," said the soldier. "How far is it from here to Bull Run?" "About forty miles," said the soldier, evidently a little annoyed at being thus questioned. "Well," said Hickey, with a sneer, "yees needn't be afeard of the 'Black Horse Cavalry,' for the divil, himself, couldn't catch yees!" The soldier snatched his musket, as if he would resent the "soft impeachment," but Hickey was not to be frightened, and snatching another from one of the squad, he put himself in an attitude of defence; giving an Irish whoop, as he did so, that set everybody to laughing. The laughter riled Hickey a little, and he assumed the offensive. The crowd attempted to interfere, but Hickey, who understood the bayonet exercise thoroughly, gave the musket two or three scientific "twirls," which caused them to fall back, and then, with bayonet at a charge, he planted himself in front of his antagonist, shouting: "If that's yer game, come on, I'm yer man!"

The soldier "couldn't see it," and, amid the illy-suppressed laughter of the crowd, the squad of skulkers, for such they were, disappeared, and Hickey was a hero for the time being.

On returning to the hotel we found several commis-

sioned officers from the front, surrounded by a gaping crowd eagerly listening to their stories of "the field of blood," and of the wonderful feats of the "rebels."

The President, I have understood, sent for some of those officers, and they regaled the Cabinet with tales of horror calculated to make them tremble for the safety of the Capital, and for their own "bacon;" but those officers were drawing largely upon their own imaginations, as it shortly afterwards appeared that they had only "beheld the battle afar off," and had set out for Washington before the retreat had really begun.

Before retiring for the night, the Captain and I walked over to see how the men were making out. We found them sitting in a circle around Ward and Hickey, who were astonishing them with stories of their own exploits in Mexico, and on the "briny deep," quite as improbable as those told by the stragglers from Bull Run.

We had arrived just one week after the time limited by Secretary Cameron; but things had changed and we were welcome. On the 23d of July, the day succeeding our arrival in Washington, we drew our equipage and went into camp on East Capital Hill, which we named "Camp Meigs." Here we were in the midst of a large encampment of infantry.

On the 24th we received our horses, arms and accoutrements, and the work of drilling commenced. I had to act as instructor of both officers and men.

Guard was mounted that night, for the first time, and about eleven o'clock I stole up to the picket rope and began untying one of the horses. The sentry spied me. I gave the alarm, but, as he had no ammunition, I was not afraid, and began to fire my revolver. The whole

camp was aroused, and there was a lively time for a little while, until the matter was explained.

For several days everything gave way to horse-breaking, which at times looked like neck-breaking, as a refractory horse would pitch his rider into the air like a "spread eagle," causing him to perform "ground and lofty tumbling" with astonishing agility. The boys had nerve, however, and soon conquered their horses.

On the 7th of August orders were received to cross the Potomac and report at headquarters, Alexandria, Va., for duty. We immediately struck tents and crossed the Long Bridge, and found ourselves the *first* volunteer cavalry in the field.

The Virginia side of the Potomac was lined with the camps of McDowell's army, just returned from the disastrous field of Bull Run. They stretched from Arlington, where McDowell had his headquarters, clear to Alexandria, and the Confederates occupied the hills only a few miles to the southward.

On arriving at Alexandria we found General William B. Franklin in command, who sent an "aide" to show us where to encamp. He located us in Peyton Grove, at the western end of the main street leading to Fairfax Seminary. This we called "Camp Elizabeth," in honor of the Captain's wife.

We had but little room to drill here, so the men were exercised on foot and in the manual of arms. Orderlies were furnished at headquarters every morning, the cleanest and most soldierly-looking men being selected, which proved a great incentive to cleanliness.

On the 16th of August a sergeant and twelve men of the troop were ordered to Bailey's Cross Roads, about

seven miles south of Alexandria, to examine the country in that vicinity.

The next day I was sent to Philadelphia to get some recruits from the three-months' men, then returning home at the expiration of their term of service.

On the following day, Sunday, August 18th, Captain Boyd was ordered out with his whole troop, to make a reconnoissance in the direction of Mount Vernon. He had with him Lieutenant Hanson and a Dr. Herriek, who had been assigned to us as surgeon, and Lieutenant Gibson, of General Franklin's staff. When in the vicinity of Polick Church, as the company was marching by fours through a dense woods, one of the advance came galloping back, and, in an excited manner and tone of voice loud enough to be heard by all, informed the captain that there was a regiment of rebel cavalry drawn up behind the woods waiting to entrap him!

This created general consternation, and, in the confusion, the troop wheeled about in the road and faced towards camp. Just then another of the advance guard was seen approaching at speed, waving his hat as a signal to the troop to be off, which they were not slow in obeying.

They had not proceeded far, however, when Oliver B. Knowles, one of the three men who had been sent in advance, came up at a gallop, and finding the captain in rear of his men informed him that he had been near enough to the enemy to count them; that there were only a squadron of them; and gave it as his opinion that the troop could "lick 'em."

Boyd immediately dashed forward, and on reaching the head of his retreating forces ordered a halt. He then informed his men of what he had heard, and of

his intentions to attack the enemy, and that they must follow him. To which the men replied that they had only obeyed orders, and were willing to follow wherever he would lead.

The captain then took young Knowles, and his own nephew, Sergeant W. H. Boyd, and after ordering the troop "about," placed himself and those two young men in front, and commanded: forward!

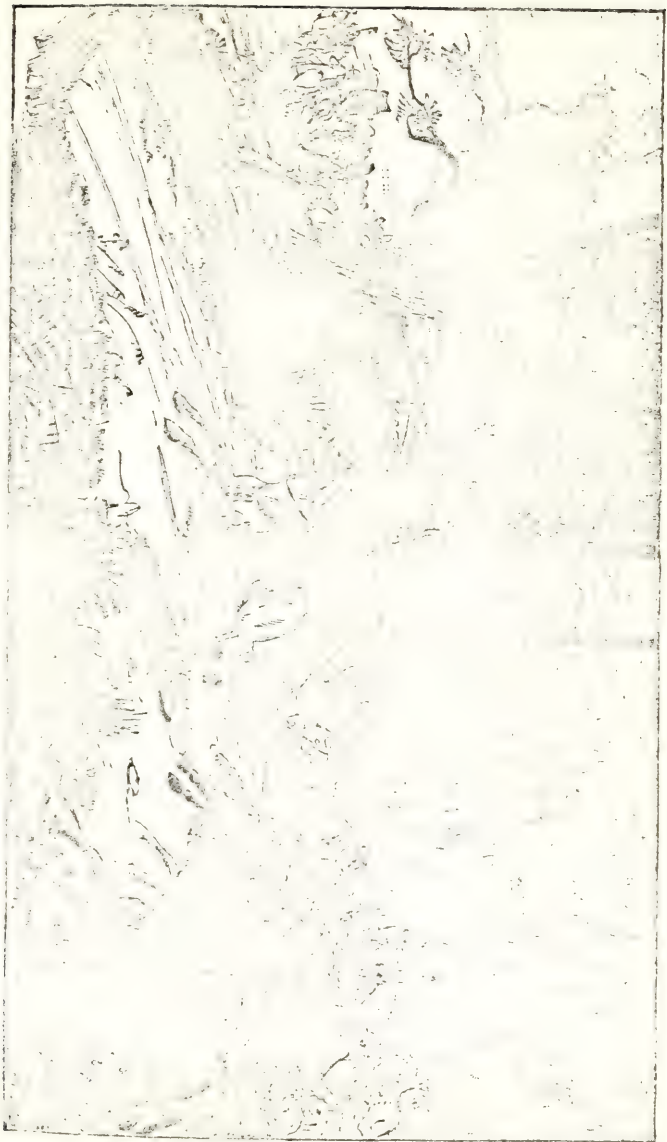
They moved cautiously until young Knowles pointed out the position occupied by the enemy, which was but a short distance ahead, when every man drew his revolver and got ready for action. In a moment a challenge was heard in front, and then the captain's voice rang out: "charge and cheer!" and away they went, like a whirlwind, yelling and firing as they advanced.

The enemy were so taken by surprise that they fired but one volley, and then trusted to the speed and bottom of their fine horses to keep them out of harm's way. Two Confederate saddles were emptied, however, and the boasted "chivalry" driven in confusion from the field, by this little troop of Philadelphians, who had only been in service one short month.

The pursuit was continued for several miles, but it was of no use, as the Confederates had the best horses, and distanced their pursuers. Boyd's casualties were one man killed and one missing.

Poor Jacob Erwin fell mortally wounded at the first fire from the enemy. John V. Williams and Washington Lancaster were thrown from their horses, and were supposed to have been captured; but Lancaster came walking into camp in a few days, worn out with fatigue, and almost famished with hunger. He said Williams re-

FIRST CHARGE—Pohick Church, Va. Aug. 13, 1861.



fused to accompany him, but set out in the direction of the enemy's lines. We found the evidence of his perfidy on entering Centreville the following spring.

The boys procured a cart and harness from a neighboring barn, and hitching one of the horses to it, brought the body of Erwin back to camp. The horses of Williams, Lancaster and Erwin kept with the column and were brought safely back; so that nothing was lost.

Erwin was the *first cavalryman* killed in defense of the Union, and this the *first charge* made by volunteer cavalry in the war, on the Federal side.

General McClellan complimented Captain Boyd and his men before the whole of General Franklin's command, while on review, on the 22d of August, and promised to see that they got better horses.

In a few days afterwards, General Stoneman condemned nearly every horse in the troop, and others of a better quality were furnished in their stead.

It will be noticed that the coolness, intelligence and courage of young Knowles saved the troop and its officers from what might have been a disgraceful panic, and led to a spirit-stirring victory. Such men are always invaluable in times of excitement and danger. Their example acts like magic, and makes them a host in themselves.

This young man was the son of Levi Knowles, a highly respectable merchant of Philadelphia. He had graduated from school at the age of fifteen, and entered his father's counting-house, where he was still engaged when the war broke out, being then only eighteen years of age. He at once made up his mind to enter the ranks in defense of the Union, and his parents, being as patriotic as he, offered but slight objections. He

was over six feet tall, of a wiry, muscular frame, and a good horseman; so he chose to be a trooper. These pages will show that he chose wisely, and that his record is a bright one all the way from Pohick Church to Appomattox Court House.

The troop never forgot this first lesson in the art of war, in which they discovered that the "Southern Chivalry" were not invincible, and that a bold charge is more glorious and more apt to be successful than a hasty retreat. In the four years of war that followed, I never knew them to retire before equal numbers of the enemy, but have often known them to attack and defeat superior numbers, under the inspiration of the "Pohick Yell," as they called the cheer which they had given when making their first charge.

Civilians may smile at this, but every soldier, and especially every trooper, knows how potent a rousing "yell" is when making an attack upon the enemy. The Indians never fail to give the "war whoop," and the "Confederate yell" has become a matter of history, so that I may consider "yelling" an acknowledged element in deciding the issue between contending hosts, without fear of being laughed at.

In this charge, the men had made a mistake in drawing their pistols instead of their sabres, but they had not yet learned the use of that most valuable weapon of a cavalryman. A swift horse, a good pair of spurs, and a sharp sabre, are the chief weapons of a trooper. Pistols and carbines are but incidentals, and should be used only upon picket, or on the skirmish line; but seldom in a fight, and never in a charge. The boys soon found this out, however, and the regiment afterwards acquired the *sobriquet* of "The Sabre Regiment."

On the 22d of August, I got back to camp with a dozen fine recruits, and among them, William D. Hall, the only surviving son of my old pastor, of whom I have already spoken.

On the 27th of August, just that many days after the time limited by the Secretary of War, Colonel McReynolds arrived in Washington with nine troops of the regiment; the Michigan troop not having arrived and another having been left in New York to fill up its ranks.

They had been kept in New York an unusually long time, and the officers and men had become very impatient to be at the front. First, their uniforms were in the hands of contractors, and much delay was experienced on this account; and when received they were of the poorest material and made in the most unskillful manner.

Then there were numerous bills against them for rent and subsistence, which they had no money to pay, and their creditors were importunate. Finally, Captain Adams was sent to Washington to see Quartermaster-General Meigs, and he succeeded in untying the knot that bound them to the New York contractors.

On the 25th of August, the regiment assembled in line for the first time, and, after considerable speech-making, some admiring friends presented Colonel McReynolds with a magnificent gray horse and fine set of equipments. Several other officers were also the recipients of testimonials from friends and admirers.

They had been so long in the city that they had become known to everybody; and as they represented so many families in good social standing, they had plenty of friends and admirers. Besides, they were the *First*

Cavalry, which also made them very popular, especially with the fair sex, great numbers of whom visited the camps every fine afternoon, to witness the exercises and flirt with the gay young officers.

When they came to take their departure for the seat of war, there were many hearts that followed them in thought, and many were the prayers that went up for their success in the field and their speedy return home. As they marched away to take the boat there was no lack of cheers from the assembled multitude, who had come to see them off, and white handkerchiefs were waving from every window, while many fair cheeks were stained with tears of grief.

On arriving in Washington, they went into camp at Moore's farm, on Seventh street, near Park Hotel, a low, swampy, stumpy piece of land, which was turned into a lake by every shower of rain.

The regiment had not yet been organized. The company organizations were complete, but they could not act independently of the regiment, and the officers wondered about the delay in appointing the "field and staff."

General Stoneman came to hear of their condition, and at once directed the Colonel to organize his regiment and get it ready for duty in the field. This order produced a great deal of commotion among the aspirants for promotion, and all manner of schemes were resorted to in order to influence the Colonel in his appointments.

A. W. Adams, who had been elected the first captain of Company A, and afterwards captain of Company I, had given way in each instance to others, and entered as a lieutenant in one of the German companies, with the understanding that he would be one of the majors,

and every effort was put forth by the officers who then ranked him, to defeat his appointment.

At length the Regimental organization was completed, as follows :

FIELD AND STAFF.

Colonel—ANDREW T. McREYNOLDS.
Lieutenant Colonel—FREDERICK VON SCHICKFUSS.
First Major—CHARLES H. OGLE.
Second Major—ALONZO W. ADAMS.
Third Major—AUGUST HAURAND.
Adjutant—JENYNS C. BATTERSBY.
Quartermaster—EZRA H. BAILEY.
Commissary—E. FRANK McREYNOLDS.
Surgeon—FREDERICK ELLIOTT.
Assistant Surgeon—GEORGE M. BEAKS.
Chaplain—REV. CHARLES M. REIGHLEY.

COMPANY OR LINE OFFICERS.

COMPANY A.

Captain—Abram Jones.
First Lieut.—Thomas R. Leavitt.
Second Lieut.—Cliff Thompson.

COMPANY B.

Captain—Henry B. Todd.
First Lieut.—John Innis.
Second Lieut.—R. H. Lee.

COMPANY C.

Captain—Wm. H. Boyd.
First Lieut.—Wm. W. Hanson.
Second Lieut.—Jas. H. Stevenson.

COMPANY D.

Captain—Daniel H. Harkins.
First Lieut.—Samuel C. Sprague.
Second Lieut.—James A. Duffy.

COMPANY E.

Captain—Lambert J. Simons.
First Lieut.—I. D. Krynski.
Second Lieut.—Adolph Schmidt.

COMPANY F.

Captain—David A. Bennett.
First Lieut.—Richard P. Thomas.
Second Lieut.—Charles Woodruff.

COMPANY G.

Captain—Frederick Hendricks.
First Lieut.—Emil Coenen.
Second Lieut.—E. F. Schmidt.

COMPANY H.

Captain—Joseph H. Stearns.
First Lieut.—Harry B. Hidden.
Second Lieut.—David R. Dishrow.

COMPANY I.

Captain—Count Ferdinand Stosch.
First Lieut.—Robert H. O. Hertzog.
Second Lieut.—A. Von Lengerki.

COMPANY K.

Captain—A. N. Norton.
First Lieut.—H. W. Gaenger.
Second Lieut.—Frank G. Mariindale.

COMPANY L.

Captain—Gustav Otto.
First Lieut.—Franz Passegger.
Second Lieut.—Frederick Luber.

COMPANY M.

Captain—Thomas J. Lord.
First Lieut.—Rich'd G. Prendergrast.
Second Lieut.—Frederick A. Nims.

As soon as the organization was announced, the active young quartermaster set to work to get the regiment mounted and equipped, which, in the then state of affairs, was no light task.

While they are getting ready for the field, let us cross back into Virginia and watch General McClellan's first move with the Army of the Potomac—the first advance since the Battle of Bull Run.



CHAPTER V.

Fairfax Seminary—Franklin's Division—Camp Scenes—First advance since Bull Run—Scenes and Incidents.

ON the 28th of August, 1861, the troops under General Franklin, consisting of the Fifteenth, Eighteenth, Thirty-first and Thirty-second New York Volunteers, Arnold's battery of regular artillery, and Boyd's troop of cavalry, moved camp from Alexandria to Fairfax Seminary; about three miles towards the enemy's lines.

Close by were the brigades of Kearny, Newton and Slocum, which were soon united with our brigade and formed the "Alexandria Division," commanded by General Franklin. Boyd's troop was attached to division headquarters as escort to the general.

Here we had plenty of room for mounted drill, and the troop soon became proficient in horsemanship and in the manœuvres. General Franklin frequently came out to see us drill, and complimented us on the progress we were making.

The Confederates had fortified Munson's, Mason's and Upton's Hills, in our front, only a few miles from where we were encamped, and the pickets kept up a constant skirmish all along the line. On the 31st of August, General Kearny's pickets had a "bout" with the enemy, and our whole division was ordered under arms.

On the 1st of September our company officers received their first pay. It was all in gold, and we hastened to the Treasury to get it exchanged for paper money; never once thinking of "premium." (!) On the 3d, Captain Boyd, Lieutenant C. F. Gillies, of the Third Pennsylvania

Cavalry, and myself, rode out to Bailey's Cross Roads to take a look at the Confederates on Munson's Hill. We found the house occupied by our pickets riddled with cannon shot. The Confederate flag was floating defiantly over their fort on the hill, and their pickets had a barricade across the road about half a mile from our position.

The pickets were in a large corn field; ours on one side of this barricade, and the enemy's on the other. They frequently called to each other and had a lively discussion over the merits of the war, and of the respective armies and their commanders, which generally brought about a skirmish all along the picket line.

The weather was fine and the troops were drilling on every available patch of ground for miles in all directions, and practicing target-shooting. It was positively dangerous to ride around while this exercise was going on, and frequently the bullets found their way into our camp, causing no little alarm.

On the 7th of September, orders were received to be ready to move at short notice, with two days' cooked rations in our haversacks. Rumors of all kinds were afloat in camp, and a battle was momentarily expected. The troops were being inspected and reviewed constantly, which, at that transition period of their military existence, tended to keep up the enthusiasm of the men, and infuse into them that pride and confidence in themselves and in their officers, which helped to make the Army of the Potomac one of the best.

On the 10th our company was paid off, and the camp was soon filled with hucksters of every description. Pie-women seemed to be the favorites, and "hard tack," or, as the boys facetiously called them, "McClellan pies,"

were at a discount. It was evident, too, that the boys obtained liquor, somehow, notwithstanding the stringent orders of prohibition. They all seemed to be in their glory, and anxious to spend their pay as quickly as possible.

A subscription was raised by the officers and men, to send the body of Jacob Erwin home to his relatives, and on the 12th Captain Boyd took his remains to Philadelphia; they are interred in the Odd Fellows' cemetery in that city.

On the 15th we received orders to dispose of all surplus baggage, and get into the best possible condition to take the field, and Kearny's Brigade set out that evening. There had been heavy firing all day at the front, and the enemy seemed anxious for a fight. They brought out a battery of horse artillery, and some infantry, in front of their works as a kind of challenge, or "touch me if you dare."

There had been a review of Kearny's Brigade in the morning, which could be seen by the enemy, and no doubt this had the effect of stirring them up. General McClellan, with his staff, went out to Fort Ramsey, in front of Kearny's position, and sighted one of the guns himself, planting a shell right among the enemy, which caused them to scamper in double-quick time. On the 28th Kearny's Brigade returned.

They had been in the fort on Mason's Hill and found it abandoned. About five hundred of the enemy returned, however, and drove Kearny's advance back; but he soon put them to flight, capturing a number of prisoners. On his return orders were issued to be ready to move at 4 a. m., next day, with two days' cooked rations. Promptly, at the hour named, our company

were in the saddle, and took position in rear of Arnold's battery, on the Leesburg road leading to Munson's Hill. In a few minutes the artillery set out at a trot and we followed close behind. The infantry had gone out through the night, and the country around Bailey's Cross Roads was covered with them. We took lunch at the "Cross Roads," and then set out in the direction of Mason's Hill. The sun was just rising, and the infantry, with their glittering bayonets, looked fine. As we approached the hill word was received that our troops occupied the whole chain of Confederate forts; the enemy having fallen back to Centreville. Cheer after cheer rent the air at the news of the retreat, and we set about returning to our camps at the Seminary.

Our men, as they passed along, made free with property of the inhabitants who had gone with the Confederate army. You could see an infantry man mounted on an old nag, with a rope for a bridle and a feather bed for a saddle, and a variety of household furniture and utensils slung around him in the most fantastic manner, riding along like a traveling tinker. Then a squad would come along hauling an old cart, filled with all kinds of things; some of which were of no possible use to a soldier. Some had pigs under their arms, while with one hand they twisted the poor things' tails until they made the woods ring with music.(?) General McClellan, hearing of these doings, caused the men to be arrested and the property returned. Thus ended our first advance upon the enemy.

Nothing of importance had been accomplished; but the movement itself was of great service in showing us how such a large body of men—cavalry, artillery and infantry—could be handled on the march, and in great

manœuvres, without confusion, and helped to inspire confidence in our officers and men, not only as individuals, but as an army.



CHAPTER VI.

Meridian Hill—Review at Washington—Ball's Cross Roads—Camp Kearny—Capture of Captain Todd—Description of the "Lincoln Cavalry"—The Bold Dragoon—Two Governors Claim the Regiment—It Becomes the First New York (Lincoln) Cavalry.

BY the 10th of September, 1861, the Michigan troop, and the one left behind in New York, had joined the regiment, and on the 19th they moved camp from Moore's farm to Meridian Hill, which commands a fine view of the Capital.

On the 8th of October, they made their *debut* as a regiment, in the grand review of cavalry and artillery, by General McClellan, on the broad plain east of the Capital.

On the 10th they crossed into Virginia and encamped at Ball's Cross Roads, and on the 14th the Colonel rode over and inspected our troop at the Seminary.

On the 21st they moved their camp a short distance to Brown's farm, in order to get out of the sea of mud they were in; but in a few days this camp was in as bad a condition as the one they had left. They then removed to within a short distance of the headquarters of General Palmer, under whom they were serving; but they were not destined to remain there long.

They had moved so frequently that some of the men began to think that they were being drilled at the business, for the purpose of acting as general camp movers for the army.

On the 28th of October, Colonel McReynolds, with five companies, joined us at Franklin's headquarters; the other six companies having been sent with the

lieutenant-colonel to report to General Heintzleman, at Fort Lyon, near Alexandria. About this time the Confederates succeeded in blockading the Potomac, so that we could get no forage, and were compelled to make forays into the enemy's country in quest of that "*sine qua non*" of cavalry.

On the 9th of November, Captain Todd, with Company B, of our own regiment, went on one of these expeditions with Colonel Berry and a portion of his regiment, the Fourth Maine infantry. They proceeded in the direction of Mt. Vernon, and bivouacked for the night at Olivit Chapel. On the 10th they crossed the Accotink, and advanced as far as Pohick Church; but no enemy being discovered, and having procured a large quantity of forage, they began to retrace their steps to camp. Captain Todd and a few of his men were in the rear, half a mile or so, and very indiscreetly stopped at a farm house to get something to eat. Having appeased their appetites, they set out at a brisk gallop to overtake the column; and had just re-crossed the Accotink and entered a dense forest, when they were fired upon by the enemy in ambush. One of the men fell dead from his horse; another was severely wounded; the captain's horse was killed, and a dozen men rushed from the thicket and took the captain and his wounded companion prisoners. On hearing the firing, a squad of the captain's men went galloping back to his assistance, and were fired into by the hidden foe, and several of them wounded, and three more prisoners added to the list.

Sergeant Peterson had a rifle bullet flattened on his waist-belt plate, and the flash of the gun caused his horse to rear and plunge so as to throw him over the

fence into the adjoining field, where he lay, more dead than alive, until the enemy left, and then scrambled to his feet and succeeded in reaching camp in safety.

The prisoners were stripped of everything of value, had to march all night in the rain, and were twenty-four hours without food. On reaching Manassas the captain was an object of great interest, his name leading to the supposition that he was a brother of Mrs. President Lincoln.

Captain Todd never afterwards joined the regiment, having been assigned to a "skeleton regiment," according to the then existing orders. I understood that he was a distant relative of Mrs. Lincoln's, and, on that account, was afterwards appointed Provost Marshal of Washington, D. C., with the rank of major.

Adjutant Battersby was then promoted to the captaincy of Company B. Lieutenant S. C. Sprague was appointed adjutant, Sergeant-Major Wm. Alexander was promoted to second lieutenant, and Sergeant A. C. Hinton was appointed sergeant-major.

The companies under Lieutenant-Colonel Von Schickfuss, joined us about the middle of November, and the whole regiment was then together for the first time. We were encamped in a beautiful oak grove in front of Fairfax Seminary, right along side of General Kearny's headquarters, and in honor of him we called this "Camp Kearny." I will now try to give my impressions of the "Lincoln Cavalry."

The regiment was composed of twelve troops; eight of them Americans, Irish and Scotch, and four of them Hungarians, Prussians and Poles, many of whom could neither speak nor understand the English language.

The Germans, as we called them, had officers of their

own nationality, and for some time there was but little intercourse between them and the other companies; but this soon wore away, and the different nationalities laid aside their prejudices, and looked upon each other as parts of one body of which all were proud.

The regiment was divided into three battalions, of four troops, or two squadrons each, and each battalion was commanded by a major. The battalion was, in fact, a little regiment, so complete was the organization. The major commanding had a "staff," consisting of an adjutant, sergeant-major, quartermaster-sergeant, and commissary-sergeant. The four companies composing the battalion reported to their major, and he sent in a consolidated report of his battalion to regimental headquarters.

No better material could be found than the men composing the regiment. The Germans were all old soldiers, accustomed to camp and field; good horsemen and good swordsmen.

The other companies were composed of the very best kind of men for light cavalry service; being of medium stature, lithe of limb and strong of sinew. Among them were young men from almost every calling, and many who had just left school and had not had time to adopt a calling. You could find in the ranks the law student, the medical student, the theological student, clerks, sons of clergymen, merchants, and farmers, bold young butchers from the Bowery, and the hardy and independent American mechanic.

They possessed both intelligence and patriotism, and had enlisted from the purest of motives; namely, to preserve the Nation which their forefathers had fought and bled to establish as a beacon light of universal liberty, and an asylum for the oppressed of all lands.

The cavalry service had charms for them, and they soon became good horsemen, and well skilled in cavalry tactics and the use of the sabre. A finer body of troopers no officer could desire to lead; and to *lead* them required not only a good horse but a stout heart.

There were some wild, turbulent fellows among them, however, who gave a good deal of trouble to their officers. About pay day they would gamble, in spite of fate, and, worse still, they would get drunk and kick up a row, to the great annoyance of the well-disposed men in their vicinity.

Excitement seemed necessary to their turbulent natures, and, therefore, when "to horse" sounded they were always ready to mount; the excitement of the scout seeming to take the place of everything else; a brush with the enemy was their chief delight.

Some trouble was experienced at first in getting the men to take proper care of their horses. They would ride them nearly to death, then tie them to the picket line, throw them some hay and oats, and leave them to take care of themselves until the bugle again called them to duty.

Captains Battersby, Jones and myself, were about the only company officers, among the Americans, who knew how cavalry horses should be taken care of, and we got ourselves into "hot water," at first, by our efforts to enforce the regulations.

This carelessness ceased, after we had been in the service about a year, and the reason why it ceased will be apparent when we reach that point in the story.

I must confess that discipline was very lax at first; and indeed it never was rigidly enforced, and could not be, on account of the nature of the service the regiment

was called upon to perform: that of guerrilla or partisan warfare and general out-post duty. It very seldom acted as a unit, and scarcely ever acted with any portion of the army in line, after the Peninsula campaign, until Sheridan found it in the Shenandoah Valley in 1864. It was usually detached, and then scoured the country in which it was located, in small scouting parties of from half a dozen men under a bold non-commissioned officer, to a troop or squadron under a captain, or a battalion under a major.

This lack of discipline, and the marauding propensity of a few of the men, caused General Kearny to give us an occasional cursing; but as fighting men, he always held the regiment in the highest esteem. He used to say, at that time, that the "Lincoln Horse," as he called us, would go through hell for a fight, or for a rail of fence with which to cook their rations.

The officers of the regiment were, for the most part, gentlemen of education and of good social standing. They were all quite young, excepting only Colonel McReynolds and one or two others, and full of patriotism. They took great delight in the cavalry service, and soon became proficient in everything pertaining to their duties in camp and field. They were as jovial a set of fellows as were ever associated together, and many a convivial gathering they had in the house occupied by the colonel as headquarters. On such occasions the old soldiers among them would recount some of the adventures through which they had passed, and others would sing some old time song calculated to arouse the martial feelings of the party.

It was at one of these gatherings that I heard Major Ogle sing:

HISTORY OF THE

THE BOLD DRAGOON.

The bold dragoon he scorns all care,
 As he goes the rounds with his uncropped hair;
 His form in the saddle he lightly throws,
 As on the wild campaign he goes.

He camps at night in the dark pine wood,
 He makes his fire and cooks his food;
 His saddle-blanket around him throws,
 As on the ground he seeks repose.

At the merry blast of the bugle horn,
 He springs from his couch in the early morn;
 When the gray mist rests on hills and dells,
 And the hoot of the owl through the wild wood swells.

Should an anxious thought disturb his mind,
 'Tis of her he loves, and has left behind;
 Of whom he's dreamt both night and day,
 When o'er the hills and far away.

He lightly hums some old-time song,
 As o'er the hills he bounds along;
 He spends no thought on the evil star,
 That sent him away to the Southern war.

Then courage, boys! the time will come,
 We'll see again our friends and home;
 And swarthy tanned by a Southern Sun,
 We'll spin long yarns of the deeds we've done.

The description of the regiment would be incomplete, were I not to mention the sutler. In those early days of the war the sutler was considered a "big gun" among the volunteers. Next to being colonel or quartermaster, the position of sutler was considered the best.

Our first sutler was a Long Island man, who had very vague ideas of his position; and labored under the hallucination that he was a kind of staff officer. He could not find any uniform prescribed for the sutler in the army regulations, so he applied to some of the officers for information. They waggishly told him that he surely ranked as high as the doctor, who was a

major, or as the old chaplain, who was considered a captain; so he procured a field officer's uniform, except the shoulder straps, and a McClellan cap, with a staff scroll in front, and his clerks called him captain.

One day while returning from Alexandria, mounted on a fierce-looking charger, with full set of field officers' housings on his military saddle, he met General Kearny going into town, accompanied by an orderly. Now, the general was very particular about officers wearing shoulder straps, and seeing that this one was without them, he hailed him and inquired what regiment he belonged to, and what his rank.

The sutler very innocently told him who he was, and the orderly says the scene that followed beggars description. Kearny fairly frothed at the mouth, and the atmosphere almost turned blue, and seemed to be surcharged with brimstone, as he poured out a vocabulary of oaths newly coined for the occasion.

He dismounted the poor sutler in the mud, which came up half way to his knees, and made him foot it to camp, threatening to have a ball and chain placed on his leg, and have him set to work on the fortifications. Next morning the sutler was missing. He had taken "French leave" in the night, and returned to "Long Island's sea-girt shore," from which, it is said, he never ventured again until he heard of the death of Kearny at Chantilly.

When first called into service, it was understood that the regiment was to be known as the First United States Volunteer Cavalry, and that the officers would all be commissioned by the President, as Colonel McReynolds had been. No State official was to have anything to say, as the regiment had been recruited in several States of the Union.

The officers had not yet been commissioned, and now that we were all together, the question was agitated. On applying to the Secretary of War, however, we were very coolly informed that the War Department would have nothing to do with the organization or commissioning of volunteers. That was a matter for the several States wherein they were recruited.

A controversy then arose between the Governors of New York and Pennsylvania, as to the proprietorship of the regiment. This was decided in favor of New York, as a matter of course, she having furnished ten out of the twelve troops composing the regiment.

Boyd's troop were much chagrined at finding themselves in a New York organization, as if by fraud of the Government, and efforts were made to obtain a transfer to some Pennsylvania regiment; but, when they came to know their own regiment, nothing could have induced them to leave it. Pennsylvania persisted in claiming Boyd's troop as the 10th Pennsylvania Cavalry, and never had any organization to fill that place, other than that troop. From that time forward our regiment was known as the First New York (Lincoln) Cavalry.



CHAPTER VII.

Review at Bailey's Cross Roads—Scout to Burk's Station and Fairfax Court House—Captain Boyd appointed Provost Marshal—First Military Execution.

ON the 20th of November, 1861, we received order to be in the saddle at 7 a. m., next day, with great-coats strapped on, and twenty rounds of ammunition in our pouches. This looked like fight, and the boys seemed in high glee at the prospect of a brush with the "Johnnies," as they called the Confederates. I never saw our troops look finer than on that occasion. The artillery wore their over-coats with the capes buttoned back, showing the red lining, and everything about the horses and guns was burnished and polished in good style. The infantry turned out in their best, and their muskets and bayonets shone like glass in the sun light. The cavalry also were looking superb. Boyd's troop had their boots polished, and wore white cotton gloves. Each man had just been fitted out with a new uniform, and the company tailor, Tom Hitchens, had altered every suit to fit the owner as if he had been melted into it. The other companies were looking their best. In a few minutes after our arrival on the Leesburg turnpike, the order to march was given, and we set out towards Munson's Hill. On arriving at Bailey's Cross Roads we noticed that all the fences had been removed, as far as the eye could penetrate, and the country was one vast common. Here we found the whole Army of the Potomac assembled, and we began to wonder what was going to take place.

For miles in every direction we could see the lines of the army extending, and the place was illuminated with flashing swords and glittering bayonets. There must have been twenty-five thousand cavalry and artillery, and seventy-five thousand infantry. It was the grandest military spectacle I had ever beheld.

We had been in line some time, wondering what was to be the upshot of it all, when of a sudden a tremendous roar of artillery burst from the right of the line, followed by a similar roar in the centre, and then a battery on the left "belched forth its thunder." This was repeated seven times, and then we knew it was the President's salute of twenty-one rounds, fired by battery.

The regiments on the right began to cheer, and the others took it up, until one hundred thousand lusty voices united in one grand chorus, making the woods and valleys ring.

When the cheering had subsided the distant strains of a brass band, playing "Hail to the Chief," came floating down the lines, and in a few minutes "little Mac," our glorious chieftain, came dashing down at the head of a magnificent cavalcade, the regiments cheering as he passed. As the cortege passed our regiment we recognized President Lincoln, riding with the general-in-chief, and the boys shouted: "three cheers for Uncle Abe!" They were given with a will, and the "old gentleman" removed his hat, with a bow and a smile, and rode along the whole front of the regiment uncovered. We felt proud that day that our regiment was called "*The Lincoln Cavalry*." Inspection over, the troops broke into column of companies, and passed in review before the general-in-chief and the President, who were surrounded by hosts of the great men and beautiful

women of America, assembled to see the *army* which General McClellan had, in a few months, created out of ordinary citizens. As Boyd's troop passed in review General Franklin was observed pointing to it, and the sergeant on the right overheard him say to General McClellan: "there is one of the best troops of volunteer cavalry in the army." When we heard this you can imagine how proud we felt. The review occupied the whole day, and it was 5 o'clock p. m. when we got back to camp; but that day's work had shown to the satisfaction of all what a perfect and powerful machine the Army of the Potomac was, and how its commanders could handle it; and laid the foundation of that "*esprit de corps*" which afterwards so thoroughly pervaded that army, and made it one of the best in the world.

The grand review over, our regiment was ordered to send a squadron every morning in the direction of Fairfax Court House, or down the Orange and Alexandria railroad.

On the 24th of November, Major Buck, of General Kearny's Brigade, with infantry and artillery, and a battalion of our regiment, went to Burk's Station. We found indications of a large body of cavalry having passed over the road beyond Annandale, and some "Secesh" women, who took us for their own troops, informed us that a party of our men, (meaning the Confederates,) had passed along only an hour before. An old negro, who fell into the same mistake, begged of us to hurry away, as "de Yanks were down at de Station." The old fellow had a fine team, loaded with flour, and we took him and his team along. He was very much astonished when he found we were "Yanks."

On the 27th, Boyd's and Bennett's companies were

sent towards Fairfax to find the enemy if possible, and I was placed in command of the advance. As my men were ascending a grade about half a mile from Fairfax, they were fired upon by infantry from behind rifle pits. There were some cavalry drawn up behind the infantry ready to charge if an opportunity offered, and my carbineers opened on them, knocking one man out of his saddle. Seeing them so dilatory about attacking us, we began to fear they had sent a force to cut us off, and were only amusing us until they had accomplished this object. So having carried out our instructions, we began to fall back. Their cavalry followed us at a respectful distance, but made no attempt to hurry us up, which only added to our suspicion that a trap had been set for us. To avoid anything of the kind, we left the turnpike and struck off towards Falls Church. After marching through the woods for some distance, we came out into a large clearing, at the further side of which was a wood-crowned hill directly across the road. On approaching this hill, we suddenly found ourselves confronted by a strong line of infantry skirmishers, who had been concealed in the edge of the woods watching our advance. We were in a narrow road, hemmed in on either side by a high post-and-rail fence, and the infantry skirmish line lapped both our flanks in a threatening manner. Here was a *cul de sac*, and how were we to escape? Captain Boyd, with great presence of mind, rode forward and inquired what troops they were. "The Twentieth New York," was the reply; but we feared they were deceiving us. The Captain rode up, however, and was soon surrounded by a circle of bayonets and conducted to the rear, while the skirmish line seemed inclined to entirely surround us in the road

Things were fast coming to a crisis, as we had made up our minds there was quite as much danger in the rear as in front, and were on the verge of charging up the road between the sheltering fences, when the Captain appeared on the hill and sung out: "All right! Forward!" and we breathed much easier. In the report of this affair, Captain Boyd complained of the want of some system of signals by which our troops might know each other before getting into such dangerous proximity, and shortly afterwards a system of signals was adopted and put into practice in the army with good results. I have no doubt this little affair helped to bring about the speedy adoption of the system.

The following order was issued in reference to this scout:

HEADQUARTERS ARMY OF THE POTOMAC,

WASHINGTON, D. C., December 5, 1861.

Special Orders,

No. 170.

* * * * *

The Major General commanding has read attentively, and with much satisfaction, the report of Captain William H. Boyd, First New York Cavalry, of the reconnoissance made on the 27th ultimo by the squadron under his command, consisting of Boyd's and Bennett's companies of that regiment. The coolness and discretion displayed on that occasion by Captain Boyd, and the officers and men of his command, deserve the highest praise, and have won for them the confidence of the commanding General.

* * * * *

By command of MAJOR-GENERAL McCLELLAN,

(Signed)

S. WILLIAMS,

Assistant Adjutant-General.

Official,

E. SPARROW PURDY,

Captain Assistant Adjutant-General.

HEADQUARTERS ALEXANDRIA DIVISION,

December 7, 1861.

On the 1st of December, Captain Boyd was appointed provost marshal, and his company detailed as provost guard of Franklin's division. We immediately left the

regimental camp, pitched our tents near the general's headquarters, and began to erect stables, and fix up for the winter. The regiment also erected shelter of various kinds to protect the men and horses from the inclemency of the weather.

On the 12th I was promoted to first lieutenant of the company, Lieutenant Hanson was transferred to company "F" under Captain Bennett, and Second Lieutenant C. J. Campbell was assigned to us.

On the 13th our troop was called upon to perform the most disagreeable duty that soldiers can be called upon to perform—the shooting of a fellow soldier. The man's name was Wm. H. Johnson, a member of our own regiment, who had attempted to desert to the enemy. He ran into some of General Kearny's Brigade, under Colonel Taylor, returning from a scout; mistook them for the enemy, told his story, and was brought back a prisoner. He was tried by court martial; found guilty, and sentenced to be shot. He was a native of New Orleans, Louisiana; said his father was dead, and that he was siezed with a strong desire to see his mother and sister, for which purpose, he said, he had deserted, and not to join the enemy; but this did not tally with his story to those who apprehended him.

Some of the men said he was not of sound mind, but I saw nothing in his conduct to indicate the least unsoundness of mind, or that would justify or excuse the crime of which he was found guilty.

The following order explains itself:

HEADQUARTERS ALEXANDRIA DIVISION.

General Order

December 12th, 1861.

No.

The Division will be formed, to witness a military execution, at 3 p. m., on Friday, the 13th inst. It will form three sides of a square. The front

of each brigade will be two battalions. On one side of the square the cavalry will be formed, dismounted, and on the other side the artillery, also dismounted.

General Slocum's brigade will be formed in two lines, on the Leesburg Road, near the camp of the Eighteenth New York Volunteers, facing north.

General Kearney's brigade will be formed in two lines, at right angles to General Slocum's, and on its right, facing west.

General Newton's brigade will be formed in two lines, at right angles to General Slocum's, and on its left, facing east.

The cavalry will be formed on the left of General Newton's brigade, and the artillery on the right of General Kearney's brigade.

The intervals between the lines will be twenty paces.

The firing party will consist of one man from each company of the First New York (Lincoln) Cavalry, under command of a sergeant, who will report to the division provost marshal, at 2 p. m., on Friday, with carbines. The pieces will be loaded under the directions of the provost marshal, out of sight of the firing party. He will see that one of the pieces is loaded with a blank cartridge, and the remainder with ball cartridges, in the most careful manner.

The procession will approach the lines from the right, in the following order, viz:

1. Provost Marshal, mounted.
2. Music of the First New York (Lincoln) Cavalry.
3. Firing party, on foot.
4. Coffin, in wagon, prisoner seated thereon, accompanied by the chaplain.
5. Escort of one company of cavalry, mounted.

When the procession shall have reached the right of the Division the front battalion shall face to the rear, and the procession will pass between the lines, around to the left, when it will halt, and form on the fourth side of the square, facing northward.

During its passage the bands will play funeral marches, and after its passage each battalion in the front line will face to the front.

The execution will take place as soon after the procession arrives at its place as possible; time being given for such religious exercises as the chaplain may see fit to institute.

After the execution the troops will be marched to their respective camps, and there will be no other military exercises during the remainder of the day.

By order of BRIGADIER-GENERAL FRANKLIN,

E. SPARROW PURDY,

Assistant Adjutant-General.

‘Twas evening—On a tented field, and through the heated haze,
Flashed back, from lines of burnished arms, the sun's effulgent blaze
While from a sombre prison-house, seen slowly to emerge,
A sad procession, o'er the sward, moved to a muffled dirge.

And in the midst, with faltering step, and pale and anxious face,
In manacles, between two guards, a soldier had his place.

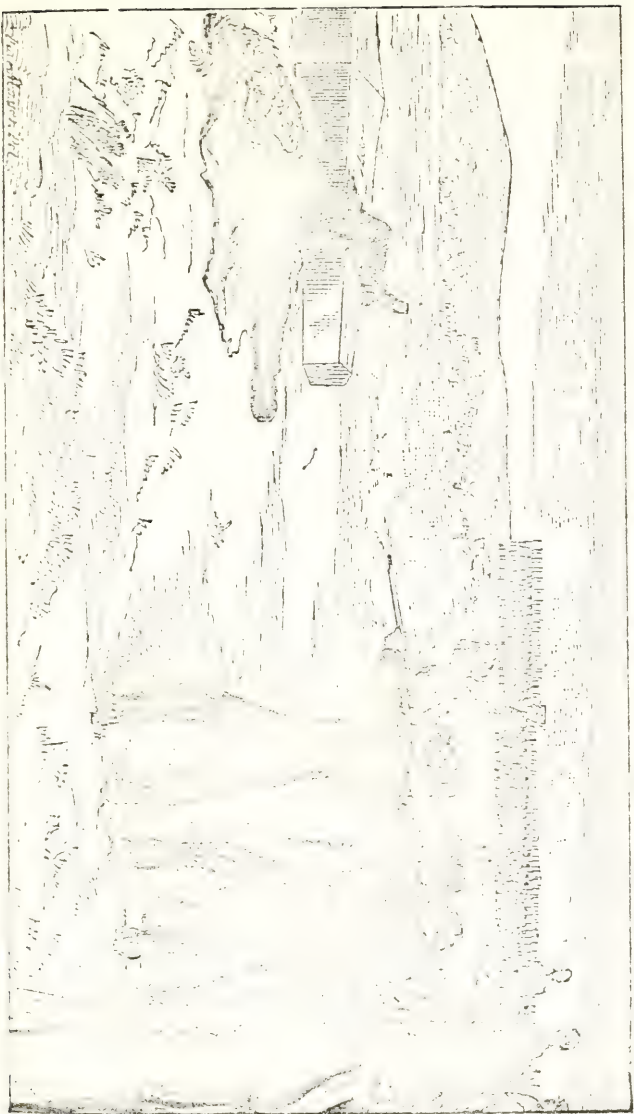
“ Still on before the marshal'd ranks, the train pursued its way
Up to a designated spot, whereon a coffin lay—
His coffin! Ah with reeling brain, despairing, desolate,
He took his station by its side, abandoned to his fate!
Then came across his wavering sight, strange pictures in the air;
He saw his distant Southern home; he saw his mother there.

“ Yet once again. In double file, advancing, then he saw
Twelve comrades, sternly set apart to execute the law;
But saw no more; his senses swam, deep darkness settled round,
And shuddering, he awaited now, the fatal volley's sound!”

FRANCIS LE HAES JANVIER.

It fell to my lot to load the carbines, and our company formed the escort which I had to command, Captain Boyd being “master of ceremonies.” The prisoner sat on the end of the coffin, blindfolded, facing the firing party. At a signal from the provost marshal the party fired, and three bullets pierced the prisoner's heart; but he seemed to be still alive, and a file of the firing party, whose fire had been reserved for such an emergency, dispatched him, while many a manly cheek was wet with tears at the sad spectacle.





MILITARY EXECUTION—Fairfax Seminary, Va.

CHAPTER VIII.

Picketing at Alexandria—All Quiet Along the Potomac—General Kearny's Trap—His Letter—The *Female* Trooper—Winter Camp Scenes.

DURING the remainder of the winter of 1861, we were kept from rusting. Scout, scout, scout, was the order of the day, and when not on scout or picket, we were kept hard at drill. The weather was very fitful, often very inclement, and the roads became almost impassible.

The different captains in the regiment vied with each other in having the best drilled troop; the majors vied with each other in regard to their battalions: the colonel established a school of instruction for the officers; and the regiment soon became very proficient in horsemanship and the use of the sabre.

Every clear day witnessed the various companies galloping over the fields, in the vicinity of Cloud's Mills, taking fences and ditches as they came to them. This was what Captain Battersby styled "rough-riding," and served, as he said, to *shake* the men well into their saddles. He believed in the men having a good seat in the saddle, so that they could "cross the country as the crow flies," and bid defiance to their pursuers. This rough exercise yielded its legitimate fruit, in making the men fearless riders, which served a good purpose afterwards in Western Virginia and in the Shenandoah Valley.

Many a bitter cold night our poor fellows passed on the picket line, in the vicinity of Benton's Tavern and

Annandale, in the course of that winter. No fires dare be lighted, except back at the reserve post, and the poor vidette sat upon his horse shivering with cold and often wet to the skin, his carbine and pistol rendered almost useless from the dampness, and his poor horse, with drooping head and tail, trying to keep his croup to the storm, to the great annoyance of his rider. At night some of the horses would neigh, which was sure to give the *cue* to the skulking "bushwhackers."

The position of the videttes was always changed after dark, so that the "bushwhackers," who might have discovered their whereabouts in daylight, could not find them on approaching that place at night.

Picket duty is one of the most important of all the other duties of the soldier, and the cavalry are always on the outposts. As well might a man be without eyes as an army without cavalry videttes. In fact, the cavalry are the *eyes* and *ears* of the army.

Their duty is never done. The infantry when in camp rest securely and have little to do; while the cavalry are scouring the country in front and rear, and on the flanks, to prevent surprise.

When in camp they are always busily engaged in looking after their horses and equipments. If the general hears of the enemy, "To Horse" awakes the poor cavalryman from pleasant dreams of home and friends, and off he goes to find out the cause of the alarm, riding fifteen to twenty miles before daylight, through rain and snow, mud and mire, only to find that it was caused by the story of some "intelligent contraband."(?) These people thought they must tell something, in order to be well received, and they often gave us long and wearisome rides without any sufficient cause. So that "reliable

contraband" became an epithet of contempt in the army.

Many a poor fellow "bit the dust" that winter along our extended front, leaving loved ones to mourn his untimely end, while the papers daily proclaimed:

"All quiet along the Potomac!"

until the people began to think that the army did nothing but eat and sleep and draw their pay, without the least risk to their personal safety. In justice to the "boys," and for the purpose of dispelling this illusion, Mrs. Howland penned the following immortal lines:

"All quiet along the Potomac," they say,
 "Except now and then a stray picket
 Is shot, as he walks on his beat, to and fro,
 By a rideman hid in the thicket.
 'Tis nothing—a private or two, now and then,
 Will not count in the news of the battle;
 Not an officer lost—only one of the men,
 Moaning out, all alone, the death-rattle."

All quiet along the Potomac to-night,
 Where the soldiers lie peacefully dreaming;
 Their tents in the rays of the clear autumn moon,
 Or the light of the watch-fires are gleaming.
 A tremulous sigh, as the gentle night wind
 Through the forest leaves softly is creeping;
 While stars up above, with their glittering eyes,
 Keep guard—for the army is sleeping.

Their's only the sound of the lone sentry's tread,
 As he tramps from the rock to the fountain,
 And thinks of the two in the low trundle-bed
 Far away in the cot on the mountain.
 His musket falls slack—his face, dark and grim,
 Grows gentle with memories tender.
 As he mutters a prayer for the children asleep—
 For the mother—may Heaven defend her.

The morn seems to shine just as brightly as then,
 That night, when the love yet unspoken
 Leaped up to his lips—when low murmured vows
 Were pledged to be ever unbroken.
 Then drawing his sleeve roughly over his eyes,

He dashes off tears that are welling,
And gathers his gun closer up to its place,
As if to keep down the heart-swelling.

He passes the fountain, the blasted pine tree—
The footstep is lagging and weary;
Yet onward he goes, through the broad belt of light,
Toward the shades of the forest so dreary.
Hark! was it night-wind that rustled the leaves?
Was it moonlight so wondrously flashing?
It looked like a rife—"Ah! Mary, good-bye!"
And the life blood is ebbing and plashing.

All quiet along the Potomac to-night,
No sound save the rush of the river;
While soft falls the dew on the face of the dead,
The picket's off duty forever.

Early in December, Major A. W. Adams was sent on a scout, towards Fairfax Court House, with the second battalion of the regiment. He approached near enough to that place to discover a large force of Confederates, protected by rifle pits, and then began to fall back slowly, with a strong rear guard thrown out to watch the enemy. It was discovered that a force of the enemy's cavalry was following him, and he sent a courier in advance, at full gallop, to inform General Kearny, who had ordered the scout to be sent out. The general at once proceeded to set a trap for the "Johnnies," and sent the following note; the original of which is now in my possession:

HEADQUARTERS N. J. VOLUNTEERS.

Near 4 p. m.

To Colonel McREYNOLDS

or Senior Officer Lincoln Horse:

STR:—Send at once two squadrons (gait eight miles an hour) to the neighborhood of Annandale, with these instructions to Major Adams. To beat the enemy or draw him under our infantry fire, and charge him home "instanter" on the ambush fire.

Respectfully,

P. KEARNY.

A strong wire was stretched across the turnpike, just beyond Annandale, in advance of our infantry pickets.

and some of our cavalry were sent to draw the enemy on; with instructions to retreat around both ends of the wire. The decoy was successful, and when the charging enemy ran into the wire their front rank was almost cut through. At that instant a volley was poured into them by the infantry in ambush, killing and wounding quite a number, and Major Adams and his men wheeled and "lit" on them with the sabre; and quite a number of them were captured. In obedience to the above notice we had sent Lieutenant-Colonel Von Schickfuss out, with the first battalion; but Major Adams had performed his work completely, before their arrival, and soon afterwards returned with his prisoners, when he was loudly cheered by the whole camp.

About the 1st of January, 1862, a rosy-cheeked, fair-skinned young soldier of our regiment, was sent as a prisoner to the provost guard house. Rumor had it that this young person was a female in disguise, and our curiosity was very much excited to know the particulars. We sent for the stranger and quizzed him, but nothing satisfactory could be elicited. Several of the men had attempted familiarities, but the young trooper had proved himself both able and willing to keep them at bay. Then they resolved on spying all his movements, and some one professed to have discovered enough to warrant the suspicion. He had been badly treated by the men of the regiment and did not want to go back; and, as no charges had been preferred against him, we did not know what to do with him. At length Captain Boyd had him detailed as an orderly, and he served in that capacity until we reached the Chickahominy, where he was discharged: the fact that he was really a female having been discovered while sick in hospital. This

young woman had enlisted under the name of George Weldon; her right name being Georgianna Weldon. It never was discovered, to my knowledge, why she had thus disguised herself and submitted to the hardships and dangers of a soldier's life; but there must have been some powerful motive for such an undertaking. The subject is worthy the pen of romance, and might be wrought up into a very exciting and interesting story.

The month of February set in with heavy snow storms, and the ground was covered to the depth of six or eight inches. The men of our regiment amused themselves, while in camp, with snowball fights, and we had some very excellent sport. The Thirty-first New York Volunteers also had a set-to. Lieutenant-Colonel Brown commanded the right wing, which was pitted against the left, under Major Dougherty. They pelted each other mercilessly for a time; but finally the lieutenant-colonel was captured and his men driven into their tents, amid the shouts and cheers of the victors. They went through all the manoeuvres of battle; throwing out skirmishers, executing flank movements, and charging in fine style. Nearly the whole division turned out to witness the performance, and we had a great deal of fun. The several generals and their staffs seemed to enjoy it very much.

Colonel Pratt, of the Thirty-first, requested Captain Boyd to allow his troop to make a charge upon that regiment, to see how the men would behave.

A day was fixed and I was placed in command of the troop to execute the charge. The Thirty-first was drawn up in "battle array," and we formed line about eight hundred yards in their front. We set out at a trot, and at five hundred yards from the regiment took the gallop.

At that moment the infantry commenced firing blank cartridges, but our horses were used to firing and didn't mind it. At three hundred yards I commanded: charge! and we went down at a rattling pace. The front rank of the infantry dropped to their knees, at a charge-bayonets, and the rear rank kept firing away as we advanced. My front rank had the sabres raised, in "tierce," and the rear rank at "front cut". The infantry seemed a little "shakey," not knowing the whole programme, and required to be encouraged by their officers to remain firm. When we got within a few yards of their front my men broke to the right and left, as they had been instructed, and the infantry set up a yell of derision. This provoked my boys and some of them dashed close up to the infantry, and, with a tremendous "parry," swept away half a dozen bayonets with the backs of their sabres. Seeing this, some of the infantry made a rush, and a lively engagement was the result. Several of the horses were slightly hurt with bayonets, and a good many of the infantry had sore heads, but this did not for a moment interrupt the good feeling which had always existed between us and the gallant Thirty-first. As soon as the affair was over the men were together again, discussing, in a lively manner, what each party could have done if the other had been a real enemy. General Franklin was very much amused at this little episode.

One of the great features of camp life is the arrival of the mail, which is well illustrated in the following lines:

"Some are sitting—some are standing—
 Some are trying bread to bake;
 Some are sound asleep and dreaming;
 Some are dreaming wide awake;
 Some are patching up their tatters;

Some are polishing their guns;
Some are reading ragged letters;
Some are popping sorry puns—

Each is using his endeavors,
Thus to pass the time away;
All are anxious, all are ready,
All are wishing for the "fray,"
When soon there comes a murmur,
With the rising of the gale—
"Corporal Casey's got a letter
From his sister, by the mail!"

With frequent interruptions
Does he read it, line by line.—
How the corn crop is progressing,
And how flourishes the vine,
Then all that father's doing,
And something mother said,
How Sally Brown is married,
And Mary Smith is dead.

"Too soon the sheet is ended;
How very brief it seems;
But it sets us long a talking,
And it lengthens out our dreams.
For our feet in fancy wander
O'er the hills we know so well,
And we linger near the roof-tree,
Where our heart's affections dwell."

Thus the time was spent in camp, the "sublime and the ridiculous," the "grave and the gay," often succeeding each other in rapid succession.

During the winter we visited Mount Vernon, the former home, and now the last resting place of the great Patriot. As I gazed upon the "narrow house," which holds the mortal remains of the "mighty dead," whose fame fills the world, I was forcibly reminded of the scriptural saying: "It is the spirit that quickeneth, the flesh profiteth nothing." Even the little spring, from which he slaked his thirst, continued to murmur on, while he, and many others who succeeded him, had passed away.

CHAPTER IX.

Marching Orders—Burning of the High School—Kearny Leads the Advance—Charge at Sangster's Station—Death of Lieutenant Hidden—McClellan's Advance to Fairfax Court House—Visit to Bull Run, Centreville and Manassas—Return to the Seminary—Resolutions on the Death of Lieutenant Hidden.

ON the 26th of February, 1862, we received orders to be ready to march on short notice, each regiment taking *only* four wagons. The men were to carry all their effects on their horses, but the officers were permitted to put a small valise each, in the wagons. If we could have done this later in the war! Eh?

The weather was very inclement, and the roads in a fearful condition; but the "powers that ruled" were determined that the army should advance, regardless of consequences. Things were unpropitious, but the spirit of the troops was in consonance with that grand old "Army Hymn," by Oliver Wendell Holmes:

O Lord of Hosts, Almighty King,
Behold the Sacrifice we bring;
To every arm Thy strength impart,
Thy spirit shed through every heart.

Wake in our breasts the living fires,
The holy faith that warmed our sires;
Thy power has made our Nation free,
To die for her is serving Thee.

Be Thou a pillared flame, to show
The midnight scare, the silent foe;
And when the battle thunders loud,
Still guide us in its moving cloud.

On the 28th, the High School, near the Seminary, burned down, making quite an illumination in honor of our intended advance. It was purely accidental, how-

ever, and much regretted by General Franklin and the whole division.

On the 7th of March, General Kearny set out with his New Jersey brigade in the direction of Manassas, accompanied by a squadron of our regiment, composed of Companies "A" and "H" under Captains Stearns and Jones.

On the 9th, while repairing a bridge near Sangster's Station, on the Orange and Alexandria Railroad, about three miles from Bull Run, it was discovered that the enemy had an infantry picket in the woods only a short distance from the Station, and Captain Stearns was ordered to send a good officer with a detachment of men to dislodge them. Lieutenant Harry B. Hidden was selected to perform the task, and with seventeen men he set out to make the attack. The enemy observed the movement and advanced to the edge of the woods to meet him. There was a large cleared space to cross, and Hidden passed over it at a brisk trot. When within three hundred feet of the enemy he received a volley from their muskets, which killed the horses of Corporal Lewis and private Hugh McSourley, but they dashed on dismounted. When the enemy fired, Hidden turned to his men and said: "Now boys, spurs and sabres!" Charge! and the next instant Union sabres and Confederate bayonets were clashing in deadly conflict. The enemy had no time to re-load until pushed back to a fence, which they succeeded in crossing, some of them receiving severe sabre wounds in the attempt, but this gave them a chance to re-load. Some of the boys put their horses at the fence and cleared it nicely; but the horse Lieutenant Hidden was riding, his own being sick, balked at the leap, and he turned to try it again. As he did so he



CHARGE AT SANGSTERS STATION, VA. — March 9, 1862. Death of Lieut. Hadden.

spied the Confederate officers, and "made for them" with uplifted sabre, when he was struck with a rifle ball in the left shoulder, and fell from his horse mortally wounded.

Some of the men dismounted and made a gap in the fence, and the fight was renewed, hand to hand; Corporal Lewis, mounted upon Hidden's horse, leading and distinguishing himself greatly. The enemy could not resist the onset of the bold troopers when the fence was forced, so they broke through the woods in confusion, hotly pursued by the little band of horsemen, who succeeded in capturing thirteen prisoners, besides placing several of the enemy *hors de combat*. The two commissioned officers in command of the enemy were captured; one of whom was a graduate of West Point. Corporal Lewis and private Hugh McSorley killed three of the enemy and captured five prisoners, while private John R. Wilson, of Company A, captured three prisoners himself.

When the impetuous Lieutenant Alexander saw Lieutenant Hidden fall, he dashed forward to assist him, and taking him in his arms, while the bullets flew thick and fast around them, brought his body from the field. Hidden was the *first* cavalry officer that fell in defence of the Union, and no braver man ever died in defence of law and liberty than Lieutenant Harry Hidden. General Kearny recommended Corporal Lewis for promotion, and he received a second lieutenancy in the regiment shortly afterwards. During the engagement the general was wrought up to fever heat, and burst out in applause when the enemy gave way.

When the boys returned from the fray he took each of them by the hand, and declared that their charge was one of the most brilliant he ever witnessed. The

names of this handful of heroes deserves to be mentioned; they are as follows: Corporal Eugene Lewis, Privates Charles P. Ives, Robert C. Clark, Albert H. Van Saun, Michael O'Neal, James Lynch, Cornelius Riley, Hugh McSourley, Herman Cameron, John Cameron, John Bogert, Martin Murray, William Simonson, Chester C. Clark, John Nugent, John R. Wilson, Henry Higgins.

General Kearny was fond of such displays of courage, no man would expose himself more recklessly than he, and the soldiers idolized him. Captain Boyd and I were at Franklin's headquarters, on the evening of the 9th, when a courier arrived from Kearny with the news. Generals McClellan and Franklin had gone to visit General Porter; but a dispatch was received from Franklin telling Kearny to go as far beyond Burk's Station as he could, without too much risk, and he would be supported. The dispatch was read to General Newton by Captain Purdy, A. A. A. G., in our presence, and orders were issued for the troops to get ready to march at once. Our troop was to act as body-guard to General Franklin, and the officers were to act as special aids to the general during the campaign.

The troops set out at day-light on the 10th, and we left with the general at 9 a. m., amid a shower of rain. As we passed the troops on the road, cheer after cheer was given for General Franklin, and we felt proud of our chief. We arrived at Fairfax at 6 p. m., and drew up on the side of the road to see the division pass. General McClellan passed at that moment and beckoned Franklin to accompany him. We followed General McClellan's body-guard, and the whole cavalcade entered Fairfax at a gallop, the troops cheering "little Mac" as

we passed. Our company was quartered in an old brick church, each man having a pew to himself, and the officers took possession of a lawyer's office close by. We used the Court House as a guard house, and had quite a number deserters from the enemy, a great many "contrabands," and some of our own troops confined there.

One of our sergeants, Thomas B. Ostrander, found a document in the Court House signed by George Washington, bearing date the "fifth year of the reign of our sovereign lord king George the third." I tried to purchase this document, but the sergeant's figures were too high.

Part of the squadron under Kearny, with Captain Jones in command, had been sent forward, with instructions to go as far as Manassas, unless they should meet with the enemy before reaching that place. They pushed boldly on, passing through Centreville, with its frowning fortifications, and arrived at Manassas on the evening of the 10th; where they found evidences of the recent and very hasty departure of the enemy. Fires were still burning in the huts; quite a large quantity of provisions were found; and the boys set to work and soon were feasting upon the good things of the enemy. They remained there all night, and next morning set out on their return to Fairfax Court House. They left a large table in the hospital, set with dishes of cooked provisions, and when General Averill's men entered Manassas, shortly afterwards, they found this table, and reported that the enemy had to skedaddle, leaving their hot breakfast for them. But the boys of our own regiment were the first to enter Centreville and Manassas.

On the 11th Captain Boyd and myself set out, in company with some of General Franklin's staff, and an es-

cort from Boyd's company, to visit Centreville, Manassas, and the battle-field of Bull Run.

We found Centreville strongly fortified and the celebrated "Quaker guns" still frowning over the parapets. We crossed Bull Run at Blackburn's ford; but Lieutenant Upton and I getting below the ford, had to swim our horses across. At Manassas Junction we found the winter quarters of the Confederate army. There were log huts enough to shelter sixty thousand men at least. Several dead bodies were found in one of the hospitals, and a great many documents, of less or more value, at Beauregard's headquarters; among them a plan of the battle of Bull Run, with names of commanders and number of troops engaged. We found a statement made by John V. Williams, of Boyd's company, who was supposed to have been captured at Pohick Church, the previous summer, but who had really deserted to the enemy, and had given them some very important information. The battle-field of Bull Run and the plains of Manassas were strewn with the carcasses of dead horses and mules; and on the battle-field were many human skeletons only partially buried. We got back to Fairfax at 7 p. m., having ridden about fifty miles during the day.

The following is a copy of the letter which General Kearny wrote to General Franklin in reference to the affair at Sangster's Station, on his return to Fairfax Court House.

HEADQUARTERS FIRST BRIGADE, FRANKLIN'S DIVISION.

March 13th, 1862.

SIR:—In returning from detached service to rejoin my division I have the honor to refer to the previous report by which I made you acquainted with our moves. I now respectfully recommend to your consideration Colonels Taylor, Simpson, Torbert, McAllister and Tucker and their respective regiments, for their high military qualities. I have also most particularly to compliment Captain Stearns and his

squadron of "Lincoln Horse," with Captain Jones, Lieutenant Alexander and all of the officers, one of whom, Lieutenant Hidden, has illustrated in the sacrifice of his life, the whole cavalry service, hitherto so deficient.

The duty performed by this squadron was enormous, covering the entire country from near the Occoquan to the line of the Little River Turnpike, with boldness and address, evincing an alacrity to attack. In this every non-commissioned officer and private rivalled his officer. I now more particularly make this report to urge upon the General-in-Chief the immediate appointment as officer, Corporal Eugene Lewis, Company H, Lincoln Horse (First New York Cavalry.) He was second in command to Lieutenant Hidden and conducted the men after his fall. His elegant, refined and soldierly appearance are fortunately, with him accompaniments to fill a situation which I regard but the precursor to further success.

Respectfully,

Your Obedient Servant,

(Signed) P. KEARNY,
Brigadier-General.

To Major General FRANKLIN.

The following order was issued to the troops while at Fairfax:

HEADQUARTERS OF THE ARMY OF THE POTOMAC,
FAIRFAX COURT HOUSE, VA., *March 14, 1862.*

Soldiers of the Army of the Potomac:

For a long time I have kept you inactive, but not without a purpose. You were to be disciplined, armed and instructed. The formidable artillery you now have had to be created. Other armies were to move and accomplish certain results. I have held you back that you might give the death-blow to the rebellion that has distracted our once happy country. The patience you have shown, and the confidence in your general, are worth a dozen victories. These preliminary results are now accomplished. I feel that the patient labors of many months have produced their fruit. The Army of the Potomac is now a *real army*, magnificent in material, admirable in discipline and instruction, and excellently equipped and armed. Your commanders are all that I could wish. The moment for action has arrived, and I know that I can trust in you to save our country. As I ride through your ranks, I see in your faces the sure prestige of victory. I feel that you will do whatever I ask of you. The period of inaction has passed. I will bring you now face to face with the rebels, and only pray that God may defend the right. In whatever direction you may move, however strange my actions may appear to you, ever bear in mind that my fate is linked with yours, and that all I do is to bring you where I know you wish to be, on the decisive battle-field. It is my business to place you there. I am to watch over you as a parent watches over his child-

ren, and you know that your general loves you from the depth of his heart. It shall be my care—it has ever been—to gain success with the least possible loss. But I know that if it is necessary, you will willingly follow me to our graves for our righteous cause. God smiles upon us; victory attends us. Yet I would not have you think that our aim is to be obtained without a manly struggle. I will not disguise it from you, that you have brave foes to encounter—foemen well worthy of the steel you will use so well. I shall demand of you great heroic exertions, rapid and long marches, desperate combats, privations, perhaps. We will share all these together, and when this sad war is over, we will all return to our homes and feel that we can ask no higher honor than the proud consciousness that we belonged to the Army of the Potomac.

(Signed)

GEORGE B. McCLELLAN.

Major-General Commanding.

On the 15th we returned to our old camps at the Seminary. It rained all day, and we had an ugly ride.

Immediately after getting into camp, a meeting of the officers of our regiment was called, to take appropriate notice of the death of the lamented Harry Hadden, as no opportunity had offered since he fell, gallantly leading the charge on the 9th instant. The following are copies of the proceedings:

HEADQUARTERS FIRST NEW YORK (LINCOLN) CAVALRY,

March 15, 1862.

At a meeting of the officers of the First New York (Lincoln) Cavalry, held at Camp Kearny, Virginia, on Saturday evening, March 15, immediately on the return of the regiment from the advance upon Manassas, for the purpose of expressing their sentiments regarding the death of Lieutenant H. B. Hadden, of Company H, Colonel A. T. McReynold's was called to the chair, and Lieutenant Cliff. Thompson was appointed secretary. Colonel McReynold explained the object of the meeting, and, in a few eloquent words, paid a most touching tribute to the worth of the deceased.

On motion, a committee, consisting of Majors Ozle and Haurand, and Captains Bennett, Stosch and Stearns was appointed to draft suitable resolutions, and after a short consultation, the committee reported the following:

WHEREAS, We are suddenly called upon to contemplate the removal from our midst of Lieutenant H. B. Hadden, of Company H, who met a soldier's death, at the hands of his country's enemies, on Sunday, the 9th instant, at Sangster's Station. In his death, we have lost an esteemed friend, a gallant soldier, and a brilliant, social companion. While far

in advance of the army, attached to a small command for the purpose of ascertaining the location and strength of the enemy, he was called upon to perform extraordinary services, and to undergo unusual hardships. He shrank from no emergency, but was only too anxious to be placed where the danger was greatest. When finally, brought face to face with an opposing force far superior to his, as regards numbers, he did not hesitate a moment, but, at the head of seventeen men, charged upon one hundred and fifty well armed infantry, driving them from the field, killing three, capturing thirteen prisoners, and utterly dispersing the entire force.

While cutting his way to the officers commanding the enemy, his brilliant career was ended forever by a single shot which killed him instantly. In the language of his commanding officer: "Lieutenant Hidden has illustrated, in the sacrifice of his life, the whole cavalry service; he has introduced for it a new era;" It is, therefore

RESOLVED, That we, the officers of the First New York (Lincoln) Cavalry, do most sincerely regret the loss of our esteemed friend and companion in arms, Lieutenant H. B. Hidden, whose talents as an officer, and whose superior social qualities, endeared him alike to his brother officers and to his subordinates.

Resolved, That we extend to the friends and relatives of the deceased our warmest sympathies, and sincerely regret that our duty in the field would not permit us to pay to his remains that attention which we should otherwise have claimed as our privilege to do.

Resolved, That a copy of the above proceedings, together with the report of General Kearny, be furnished to the friends of the deceased; that they be published in the New York papers, and that they be preserved among the records of the regiment.

The resolutions were unanimously adopted.

On motion, Colonel McReynolds was requested to procure a sufficient number of photographs of the deceased to supply each officer with a copy.

On motion the meeting adjourned *sine die*.

(Signed) ANDREW T. McREYNOLDS

Colonel First New York (Lincoln) Cavalry, Chairman.

CLIFFORD THOMPSON, Secretary.

Colonel McReynolds forwarded the above proceedings to the father of Lieutenant Hidden, accompanied by the following letter:

HEADQUARTERS FIRST NEW YORK (LINCOLN) CAVALRY,

CAMP KEARNY, VA., March 18th, 1862.

SIR:—It becomes my painful duty to forward herewith a series of resolutions adopted by the commissioned officers of my regiment, expressive of their profound grief for the death of your gallant son, First Lieutenant Harry B. Hidden, and in their name to condole with you in this your sad bereavement.

His family and friends have this consolation, melancholy though it be, that no soldier ever died a braver or nobler death. May a kind Providence, who doeth all things well, assuage your grief.

I am, sincerely, your friend and obedient servant

ANDREW T. McREYNOLDS,

Colonel First New York (Lincoln) Cavalry.

TO ENOCH HIDDEN, Esq.,

No. 72 St. Mark's place, New York city, N. Y.

Lieutenant Hidden was interred in Greenwood Cemetery, New York, with military honors. A battalion of the Twenty-second N. Y. S. M., under Lieutenant-Colonel Lloyd Aspinwall, formed the general escort, and Company F, of the Seventy-first Regiment acted as guard of honor. His parents have had a spirited picture painted, representing the charge in which he lost his life, which may be seen at the rooms of the Historical Society in the city of New York.

About the time of the funeral the following lines, by A. Waters, dedicated to the memory of Lieutenant Harry B. Hidden, appeared in the *New York Evening Post*.

"WILL YOU FOLLOW?"

"Will you follow me now?"
 Cried the gallant young chief,
 On the eve of a life
 That was mournfully brief;
 "Will you follow me now,
 Through a tempest of lead—
 Through you thicket of steel,
 And a wall of the dead,
 And prove to you traitors,
 Besotted and fell,
 That the clink of our sabres
 Is slavery's knell?"
 "To the death, to the death!"
 Was the gallant reply;
 "What boots a few hours
 When all men must die?"
 "Then charge!" was the mandate,
 And coldly and grim,
 Through the billowy smoke

His wild steel seemed to swim,
Twelve heroes they were,
By a demi-god led,
At each sweep of whose sabre
A traitor lay dead,
All brief as a storm
In the summer's red heat,
Was their deadly onslaught,
And the rebel retreat;
When the foemen had fled,
And each hero had taken
A red-handed knave
By his comrades forsaken;
While their glad shout of triumph
Still shivered the air,
Ere its last echo died
It was changed to despair.
"What, tears! my brave fellows,
I trust not for me;
Never weep for a soldier
Who dies for the free!
Of my blood, hopes and fortune
Most freely I give,
For 'tis glorious to die
That the nation might live!"
No more in the van
Shall his bright sabre gleam,
Nor the soldierly grace
Of his figure be seen;
But oft at the shrine
Where the young hero sleeps,
While the sad Whip-poor-will
Her lone ministry keeps,
Shall the child of the free,
And the son of the slave,
Yet mingle their tears
O'er his idolized grave!

CHAPTER X.

Advance under McDowell—Ordered back to McClellan—Song of Franklin's Division—Off for the Peninsula—In Front of Yorktown—Retreat of the Confederates.

IMMEDIATELY on returning from Fairfax Court House, in March, 1862, McClellan's army began to embark at Alexandria, for the Peninsula; but McDowell's Corps was detached from the army to operate on the Fredericksburg route to Richmond. Franklin's Division belonged to this corps, and we felt much chagrined at being separated from McClellan.

On the 25th of March there was a grand review of McDowell's Corps, preparatory to starting on the expedition, and many of the notables, both civil and military, from Washington and elsewhere, came to witness the spectacle.

On the 4th of April the corps set out towards Fredericksburg, with five days' cooked rations in their haversacks. I knew we were going to start soon, and had sent for my wife and boy, as I might never have a chance to see them again. They arrived that day, after the troops had started, and Captain Boyd's wife with them. I took them to Washington next morning, and at 5 p. m. returned to Alexandria, where the captain was waiting for me. We set out for Centreville at 7 p. m., and arrived there by midnight, after a hard, lonesome ride, not entirely free from danger; the country being full of bushwhackers and guerrillas. Finding an empty house, we took our horses in, fastened the doors and windows, and slept soundly till after daylight. We

set out next day at 8 a. m., and by noon overtook the troops at Manasses.

On the 7th, it began to rain and snow, and kept it up all night. On the 8th we set out for Catlett's Station, and I never saw such a march as that. The rain came down in torrents; the artillery and wagons got stuck in the mud, and the creeks rose so that it was dangerous to ford them. We managed to cross several, but Broad Run stopped us, and some got into an old stone mill for the night, while others had to remain out in the storm. Our poor horses were up to their knees in mud, and exposed to the merciless peltings of the storm, which continued all next day, leaving the roads in a fearful condition. We started on the 10th, and Captain Stearns and Lieutenant Granger, of our regiment, were nearly drowned crossing Broad Run, being carried down the stream some distance before they were rescued, notwithstanding the heroic exertions of Lieutenants Bailey and Martindale to save them. On reaching Catlett's, orders arrived for Franklin's Division to return and join McClellan, and I never heard such rejoicing. McDowell was at a discount with the men, while "Little Mac," was their idol.

The following song was composed by an officer of the division upon that occasion:

SONG OF GENERAL FRANKLIN'S DIVISION.

AIR—"BENNY HAVENS OH!"

We're going on to Richmond, to meet the rebel foe,
Our duty calls us to the van: 'tis there we ought to go;
McClellan plans our movements, 'tis sure to be all right,
Relying on his genius, we're bound to win the fight.

CHORUS.

We'll cheer him as he passes, and deal our heavy blows,
His friends are sure to be our friends, his foes to be our foes.

When Franklin leads us on, who'll fear the smoke and noise,
 We'll push them home, and drive them on, and take their towns, my
 boys;
 McClellan plans our movements, 'tis sure to be all right,
 Relying on his genius, we're bound to win the fight.

CHORUS.

The boasting foe has slunk away, resistance now is vain,
 He will not face the firm array, that move o'er hill and plain;
 McClellan plans our movements, 'tis sure to be all right,
 Relying on his genius, we're bound to win the fight.

CHORUS.

McClellan's in our hearts, we cheer McClellan's name,
 Then woe to all his enemies, and slanderers of his fame;
 McClellan plans our movements, 'tis sure to be all right,
 Relying on his genius, we're sure to win the fight.

CHORUS.

We'll plant our glorious banner, where the orange blossoms grow,
 We'll follow "Little Mac," to the Gulf of Mexico;
 McClellan plans our movements, 'tis sure to be all right,
 Relying on his genius, were bound to win the fight.

CHORUS.

And when to home and loved ones, we all come marching back,
 'Twill be our chiefest glory, that we followed "Little Mac;"
 McClellan plans our movements, 'tis sure to be all right,
 Relying on his genius, we're bound to win the fight.

CHORUS.

"How is that for high," now?

On returning to Alexandria, General Franklin hastened preparations to embark his division.

On the 16th of April, Company "A," of our regiment, with Captain Jones and Lieutenants Leavitt and Thompson, reported to Captain Boyd for duty at General Franklin's headquarters, and the next day we put our wagons and teams on board the transports at Alexandria. On the 18th the men and horses went on board, and the whole fleet, containing Franklin's Division, set out to join the Army of the Potomac in front of Yorktown. General Franklin and staff were on board the little

steamer "Mystic," and the schooners with our squadron on board, were towed by the steamer Elm City. The bands played and the troops cheered, while the "stars and stripes" floated from every mast-head, making a very imposing display as we moved majestically down the Potomac, past Mount Vernon, and east anchor for the night.

We set out at 5:00 a. m. on the 19th, and soon entered the Chesapeake Bay, where we had some good sport shooting at the flocks of wild fowl that were flying in all directions.

At 5:00 p. m. we entered Poquosin Bay, and our ears were greeted with the sound of cannonading at the front. We were kept on board nearly a week, expecting every day to be sent up the Severn River to make a demonstration in rear of Magruder's army. We felt very uneasy, lying idly on board the vessels, the sounds of battle ringing in our ears, without being able to tell what was transpiring. Our horses suffered terribly; not being able to lie down—so closely were they packed—and not having proper forage, several of them died before we got on shore, and all of them were more or less injured. The officers and men had good sport however fishing for oysters. The whole bay was at times, covered with little boats, called "coonas," or "dug-outs," hollowed out of the trunks of trees, each with a negro to row, and several officers or soldiers, with oyster-tongs, grappling for the luscious bivalves.

On the 24th we debarked, amid general rejoicing, and our poor horses showed their joy by rolling over and over on the sand, and galloping about to stretch their cramped and swollen limbs.

We found the whole Peninsula a vast swamp, and no

progress could be made without laying a solid foundation for the teams and artillery to pass over. This process was called "corduroying," and consisted of laying trunks of trees along the road-bed, parallel with it, and then laying poles across these at right angles; the whole being covered with brush and earth, so as to make a firm footing for the animals, and to keep the wheels from sinking into the spongy ground. It answered the latter purpose better than the former; for the horses and mules frequently went through with their feet, causing serious accidents and much delay. Several thousand men were kept constantly at work making and repairing these roads.

On the 26th Lieutenant Thompson and myself set out to visit our outposts, and after riding for several miles over those infernal roads we arrived at the camp of the First United States Dragoons, in which I had been a sergeant. The regiment was out at drill, and Major Grier, who was in command, invited us into his tent until drill was over.

My old comrades in arms were delighted to see me; and especially to see me an officer on the right side of the contest. We next visited the Third Pennsylvania Cavalry, and took dinner with my Chestnut Hill friends, Lieutenants Newhall and Treichel. After dinner we rode out to take a look at the enemy's works. From a ladder placed against a tree at the headquarters of General Porter, we had a fine view of the York River and our gun boats. The enemy's works and ours were only about eight hundred yards apart, and the sharpshooters were in rifle pits at closer quarters still.

On approaching our lines we had to dismount and leave our horses in the woods, with our orderlies, until

we returned. Our infantry outposts, under General Grover, were lying in a deep ravine, running parallel with the enemy's lines, and no one dared to show his head on the bank next to the enemy, for fear of drawing their fire. Shells and rifle bullets were screeching and whizzing all the time. As we were about to leave, the enemy spied us through an opening in the woods, and sent several shells howling through the tops of the trees, frightening our horses terribly. We then rode over to the right of our lines, on the banks of the York River, where we found General Birney in command of the trenches. He was trying to build a fort there, while the enemy were trying to prevent him, and it was a very dangerous place. The general permitted us to take a peep over the parapet, through his glass, and while doing so a shell burst right over our heads, wounding several men in the trenches, immediately in our rear. I thought my head would split when the infernal thing burst, and for a few moments I was not sure that I had not been wounded. I have still got a piece of that shell weighing several pounds, which I picked up while yet hot from the explosion, and which came near putting an end to General Birney.

On the 28th, I was agreeably surprised at receiving a visit from the band of my old regiment, the First Dragoons, mounted upon black horses, with the chief bugler, William Peasner, at their head. I gave them a "set out" and they all got pretty "boozy;" but gave us some good music before riding away.

On the night of May 1st, our siege guns opened on the enemy's works, and the noise was terrific. On the morning of the 2d the enemy threw solid shot all around General McClellan's headquarters; having obtained

their locality from some deserters; no harm was done however. On the night of May 3d, there was very heavy firing, and the next morning we heard that Magruder had abandoned his works at Yorktown and Gloucester, and retreated towards Richmond. Some cavalry and horse artillery were sent in pursuit, and the whole army moved forward. Our regiment got into Yorktown about midnight of the 4th, and turned into an old Confederate camp till morning. Several of our men and horses were hurt by the explosion of small torpedos, concealed under board walks, and buried beneath the surface along the roads.



CHAPTER XI.

Embark at Yorktown—Battle of West Point—March to Cumberland—Scenes and Incidents—March to White House—The Chickahominy—Battles of Hanover Court House and Fair Oaks—We cross the Chickahominy.

ON the 5th of May, 1862, it began to rain, and we were ordered to put the horses all saddled up, on board of transports at Yorktown. We were at it all night, and many a curse was pronounced upon the enemy for getting us into such trouble. Franklin's whole division were going on board with the intention of heading the enemy off. We left Yorktown at 7 a. m., of the 6th, and arrived at West Point, at the head of York River, at 4 p. m., the same day. The infantry had got there before us, and on landing were attacked by the enemy, who had been routed at Williamsburg by our army, and were retreating upon their Capital. They had sent a strong force under General Whiting to cover their flank, fearing such a movement as we were then making, and we had just got up in time to meet them. The skirmish did not amount to much that day, however, as the enemy had not yet arrived in very strong force. Our cavalry began to debark on the 7th; and just as we got to shore with the first barge load of horses the ball opened. This was about 11 a. m., and the battle raged from that until darkness put an end to the conflict. When the battle began the enemy commenced to shell the transports in the river, and it was a mighty hot place. The captains and the crews of the vessels got over the sides, into small boats, and pulled for the op-

posite shore with might and main; while our men hooted and jeered them for their cowardice. The shells burst all around us, cutting away the rigging and spars of several of the vessels; and the masts of several were splintered to pieces. Our gun boats were very slow in getting into action, but when they did open, the enemy limbered up their guns and "skedaddled" instanter. Our infantry fought gallantly, but they suffered terribly; several hundred being killed and wounded. The officers of the Thirty-first and Thirty-second New York Volunteers fought like Turks, and many of them were killed and wounded. Lieutenant Babcock of the Thirty-first died in my arms, on a corn bin, in an old barn near the river. As I walked around that night I felt sick at heart, and the tears rolled down in spite of me at the sight of so many of our brave fellows lying in rows with army blankets for winding-sheets: their pale faces turned heavenward, as the moon arose in her silvery beauty, only to make the sight more ghastly. The next morning we rode through the woods, and everywhere found evidences of the fierceness of the struggle. The trees were riddled with bullets, and the ground in many places covered with blood. Many dead bodies were lying along the road side, having been brought out of the woods by the *stretcher* parties, so that the ambulances might find them as they passed along. We had succeeded in driving the enemy off, but at fearful cost.

Captain Montgomery of General Newton's staff, was surrounded, and tried stratagem to effect his escape. He lay down among the dead, as though he had been killed; but, when the enemy began to "go through" his pockets, the tickling caused him to wince, and finally to laugh right out, upon which he was taken prisoner.

During the night he succeeded in getting away, and surprised us all by walking into camp next morning, while we were bewailing him as killed or captured.

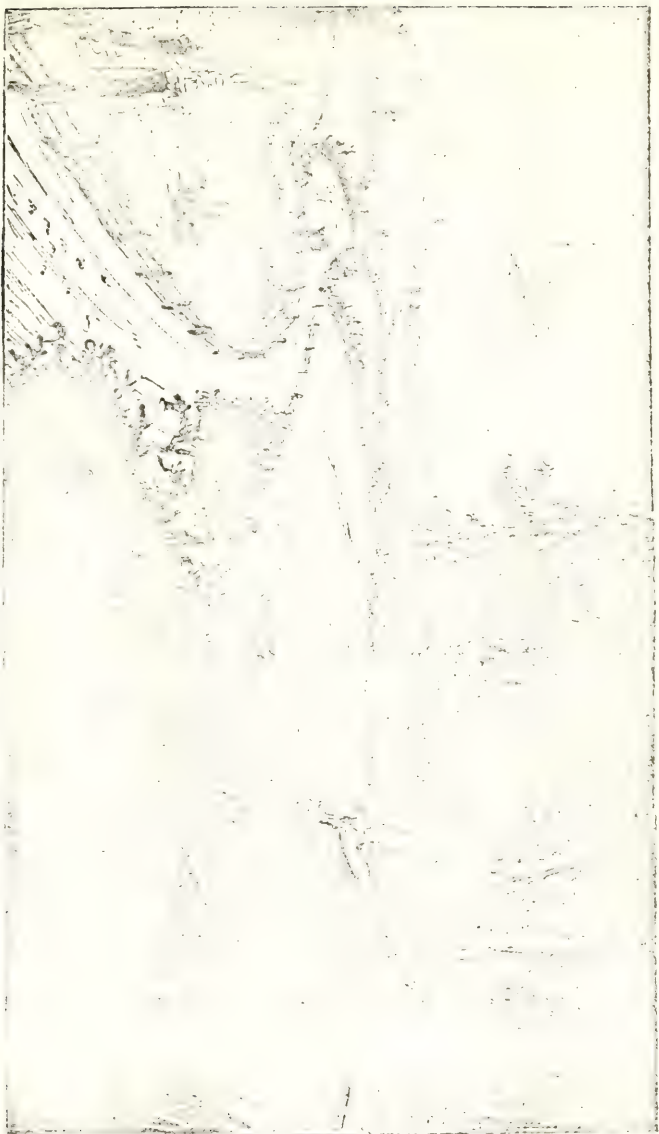
This is called the battle of West Point, although fought on the opposite side of the Pamunkey river from that place. On the 9th we marched to Eltham, and on the 13th reached Cumberland, on the Pamunkey, near New Kent Court House, where we met the main army under General McClellan. Our regiment had landed a little below Cumberland, and we found them with the main body. Here two provisional corps were formed; one under General Fitz John Porter, and the other under General Franklin. It was very laughable to hear the slaves tell how their "Massas" ran away when they saw our gun boats coming up "*de riber*;" and to hear their extravagant expressions of thankfulness at their deliverance from bondage by "Massa Linkum's sodgers." They all seemed to take it for granted that they were free the moment they got within our lines, and said they had been *praying* and *looking* for the *deliverer* for many years. We smiled at their credulity then, but it would seem to have been a well founded hope. I have not the least doubt myself but that the prayers of these simple people had a good deal to do with bringing about the war, and its results.

On the 15th we arrived at the "White House," on the south bank of the Pamunkey, where the railroad from West Point to Richmond crosses that river. This was formerly the property of Mrs. General Washington, but at the time of which I write, it had become vested in General Lee, of the Confederate army. This was our base of supplies while operating against Richmond, along the banks of the Chickahominy. The supplies

for the army were brought up the York River to West Point, at the junction of the Pamunkey and Mattaponi Rivers; thence sent by rail to the "White House," whence our long lines of wagon trains distributed them to the army.

On the 19th we marched to Tunstall's Station, and and on the 21st, to Cold Harbor. On the 22d our squadron made a reconnoissance to Bottom Bridge, on the Chickahominy, and found it had been destroyed by the enemy. That same day, part of our regiment made a reconnoissance in the direction of Mechanicsville, and Sergeant Cummings, of Company K, was killed, and Corporal Anderson, of the same company, wounded and captured. When we found the sergeant's body, it had been stripped of everything; he had received a bayonet thrust in the breast, after falling from his horse, and one of his ears had been cut off in the most brutal manner.(!)

Our regiment went into camp behind a clump of woods bordering on the banks of the Chickahominy. Low's balloon ascended next day to observe the enemy, was fired upon by a battery on the opposite side of the river, only a short distance from where the regiment was encamped, and the shells burst right over the camp, causing considerable excitement. On the 25th we moved camp to Dr. Curtis' farm, three miles from Mechanicsville, and General Fitz John Porter was sent to Hanover Court House, on the railroad, north of Richmond, for the purpose of effecting a junction with McDowell's Corps, which was expected to be in that vicinity; but instead of finding McDowell, he found the enemy in strong force, and a sharp engagement was fought on the 27th, in which Porter whipped the enemy completely, capturing over a thousand prisoners. Gen-



DEATH OF SERGEANT CUMMINGS.

eral Keys' Corps had crossed the Chickahominy at Bottom Bridge, and, on the 31st, the enemy attacked him in great force. The river had overflowed its banks, turning the whole swamp into a river, and the means of crossing not being completed, we could not reinforce him. The battle raged, with varying fortune, for two days, but on the morning of the 2d of June, General Sumner having got part of his troops across, we were masters of the field, the enemy having retired to his intrenchments around Richmond. We suffered severely in this engagement, but we took several thousand prisoners from the enemy, and punished him severely in killed and wounded. This is known as the battle of "Seven Pines," or "Fair Oaks."

On the 13th of June we had a little excitement in camp, caused by the report that General J. E. B. Stuart, of the Confederate army, with fifteen hundred cavalry and a battery of horse artillery, had got in rear of our lines and was "smashing things." This bold raid gave the Confederate cavalry some prestige, and made our horsemen feel a little ashamed; but it was no fault of ours that such a raid proved successful. If General McClellan had had his cavalry properly organized and employed, such a thing could not have happened; but instead thereof we might have got in rear of Lee, and broken up his lines of communication, just as Sheridan afterwards did at Appomattox.

On the 18th, having repaired all the old bridges and built a number of new ones, we crossed the Chickahominy, and encamped about a mile from Alexander's bridge, within easy cannon shot of the enemy's works in front of Richmond. The whole army was now on the south side, except General Porter's Corps.

CHAPTER XII.

The "Seven Days' Battles"—Oak Grove—Mechanicsville—Gaines' Mill—Savages' Station—White Oak Swamp—Malvern Hill—Harrison's Landing—Evacuation of the Peninsula—Some Reminiscences—Bailey at White Oak Swamp.

AFTER crossing the Chickahominy, in June, 1862, we rode over the battle field of Fair Oaks, and found it a vast grave yard. The trees were shattered and torn, as if by a mighty tempest. The graves had been sprinkled with chloride of lime, but the stench was horrible. The ground was very swampy, and the graves were shallow—some of the bodies being partly and others wholly exposed—and the sun's rays had turned everything to putrefaction.

On the 25th of June, 1862, General Hooker opened the ball at Oak Grove, on our left, driving the enemy back and occupying their ground. Our regiment was occupied in supporting the artillery during the engagement, and was complimented by General McClellan for their coolness under a heavy shelling.

Threatening demonstrations were made that day upon General Porter's position, on the north side of the Chickahominy, near Mechanicsville; and the enemy under Stonewall Jackson, attacked him on the 26th; but he succeeded in holding his ground, punishing them severely.

At the close of the day he fell back, however, and formed a new line, covering the bridges on the river in his rear; as Stonewall Jackson had succeeded in eluding McDowell, and in turning our right flank, cutting off

our communications with the White House, and it became necessary to fall back upon the James River for a new base of supplies. To facilitate this movement Porter had to fight nearly the whole Confederate army on the 27th, and he was pretty roughly handled. Our regiment was with General McClellan nearly all that day, riding from point to point at a gallop. In the afternoon Captain Harkins, with one squadron, was sent to report to General Slocum, and did good service in stopping the stragglers, which at one point in the battle were quite numerous. The enemy outnumbered Porter three to one, and at night he crossed the river, destroying all the bridges behind him. This was the battle of Gaines' Mill.

Everything was in confusion that night, and the men felt sullen because they were about to retreat. On the 28th, the paymaster appeared among us, to pay the regiment, and while he was thus engaged the Confederates burst several shells in the camp, which caused him to pick up and drive off in his ambulance in a hurry. Our corps, under Franklin, was left to cover the retreat, and we had to fight the enemy all day of the 28th. We slept on our arms that night, and at 3 a. m. on the 29th set out to follow the army. Hearing that the enemy were crossing the Chickahominy, the corps formed in line of battle at Savages' Station, and Boyd's squadron was sent to reconnoitre. We went to the river and found some of our artillery guarding the crossing at Bottoms Bridge and the railroad bridge just above; both of which had been destroyed.

No enemy appearing we returned, and were placed on picket behind the woods, between Savages' Station and the river, to watch for the enemy. About noon the

work of destruction began at the Station, in our rear, when thousands of dollars worth of provisions were consigned to the flames.

Boxes of ammunition were thrown into the blazing pile, and explosion followed explosion, until we began to think the enemy had attacked in force. In the midst of the din we heard a rushing noise in the woods, like the sound of a train passing, and the next moment an engine went plunging down the track at fearful velocity, with a train of blazing cars attached. It looked like some frightful monster just escaped from the infernal regions, as it rushed along in wildest fury, causing the hills to tremble. On it sped, till it reached the broken bridge, and, so great was the momentum, the engine leaped across the first span and, with a crash like mighty thunderings, fell over the second pier into the creek below, while far up into the heavens were thrown the burning fragments of the train.

This train had been loaded with ammunition and other stores, to be sent to the White House, in order to lessen the work of the teams, when we received word that the enemy had possession of the railroad. Our wagons had all gone, and we took this method of disposing of the train and its contents to prevent them from falling into the hands of the enemy.

Opposite to the Station, as you look south, was a large clearing of several hundred acres in extent, on the furthest line of which ran the Williamsburg road; while beyond was a dark pine forest. This field gradually ascends, from the station to the road, and in it were assembled 20,000 Union soldiers under Franklin and Sumner, forming the rear guard of the Army of the Potomac.

In their faces could be read the stern determination to save the army, or perish in the attempt. For hours they had stood there, waiting the approach of the enemy, still and motionless as statues, presenting one of the most sublime spectacles that the mind can contemplate.

At 5 p. m., we on picket could see columns of dust rising on the road between us and the Chickahominy, and in a few minutes our videttes were driven in by the skirmishers of the advancing enemy. Captain Boyd then deployed the squadron in front of the woods, and sent a courier to report to General Franklin. The enemy, upon seeing us, supposed he had come upon the main body, and began to deploy, upon which we fell back to join our troops at the station. When we got through the woods we had to run the gauntlet of the enemy's batteries, which opened at that time from behind the hospital. I was sent to find General Franklin, and receive his instructions. I found him at the front, where shells and rifle bullets were falling thick and fast, giving his orders as coolly as if on parade. He thanked me for the information, ordered a battery to shell the woods, and sent a brigade of infantry in to meet the enemy. This saved our right flank, and prevented disaster. The fight now began to rage at all points in front, and the firing was furious. The field was soon covered with the pall of battle, and we could see nothing but vivid flashes from the cannon, like lightning darting out of a cloud, while the long lines of muskets poured forth streams of liquid fire. Then a lull of a few moments, to be succeeded by the instantaneous discharge of ten thousand muskets, and the roar of the "red artillery." Then we could distinguish the cheers of our

gallant boys, as they charged the enemy, whose answering yells seemed like the scream of the panther, or the yell of the savage. But language fails me to describe the conflict, or the fierce frenzy of the contending hosts.

I was standing with the other officers of our squadron, talking to General Meagher, of the Irish Brigade, when an aid galloped up and ordered the general to charge the battery near the hospital. The brigade had been lying down, to avoid the flying missiles, but instantly jumped to their feet and fixed bayonets. The word was given, and the whole line started down the incline at the double-quick. For a moment they were lost from view in the smoke of the valley, but the next moment they emerged, "with a yell like the shriek of a shell," charging up the opposite slope, on which the battery stood. Now the guns poured destructive volleys into them, opening huge gaps in their ranks, but they wavered not. The supports fired volley after volley into them, but on they went, driving the enemy before them, capturing a stand of colors and four of the guns— Oh, it was grand!

It was now dark, the enemy had been driven from every point, and we went to join our squadron, which had been placed under shelter during the engagement.

In a few minutes the general sent for us, and we set out with him for White Oak Swamp. We left the road, to avoid the troops, and pushed boldly on through the tangled forest; while the rain began to come down in torrents, and the darkness was so intense we could not see our file leaders. The lurid lightning lit up the dark pine woods every few moments, but in the intervals the darkness seemed only the more impenetrable. At last there was a halt, and it was whispered down the

column that we were lost! This was a pretty fix! No one could tell which way we should turn; so completely were we bewildered. At last the column moved, and in a short time we heard the muffled sound of wheels passing rapidly over the soft sandy road. Was it our own men, or was it the enemy? We moved up as close to the road as possible, and in doing so were discovered by a sergeant, who immediately gave the alarm. In a few moments we could hear them unlimbering to shell the woods, while the infantry were being hurried up to give us a volley, and our position was very critical. At that moment an officer's voice was heard, which General Franklin recognized, and he shouted to him. It was General Sedgwick. Explanations were soon made, and we took the road once more. We crossed White Oak Creek at midnight, and finding an old barn close by turned in till daylight. At the break of day the enemy opened on us with artillery, and the battle raged all day; but we held them in check, and at night the retreat was continued. Franklin kept firing his guns until midnight, and then we left, bringing them with us. Our squadron covered the retreat that night, while a portion of the regiment under Colonel McReynolds led the advance. We marched in silence, stealing along through the dense woods, like so many Indians in their native forests, expecting to be cut off at every turn in the road; but we got to the James River at daylight without molestation.

I cannot leave this subject without saying a few words in commendation of Lieutenant E. H. Bailey, our regimental quartermaster. Those who know anything about the Army of the Potomac, know that the position of quartermaster was no *sinecure*. Even

around Alexandria, it taxed them sorely to keep us supplied with the requisites for man and beast; but on the Peninsula the duty was infinitely increased. They were on the road constantly between the White House and our lines on the Chickahominy, as it required three days to make the trip; and when the retreat commenced the quartermasters had their hands full. I shall never forget the excitement and alarm among the trains on the morning of June 30, at White Oak Swamp, when the enemy's batteries opened on us at break of day, just as the teamsters were beginning to hitch up. Many of them were citizens, while others were "contrabands." Most of them became perfectly demoralized, and ran for the woods, leaving the teams to take care of themselves. It was at this juncture that Bailey's qualities came out. Dashing through the storm of bursting shell, pistol in hand, he arrested the "stampede," and drove the frightened teamsters back to their teams, threatening to shoot them unless they complied. Then he stood over them till hitched up, and started them out on the "jump," to run the gauntlet of iron hail, which fell thick and fast around them. The white covers of our long lines of wagons were shining marks for the enemy's artillerists, and they determined to destroy or capture the whole train; but through the courage and determination of Bailey and a few able assistants, nearly every wagon in that dangerous locality was saved.

Some idea of the vastness of the labor performed by the Quartermaster's Department may be derived from the fact that our trains, if stretched out in a continuous column, would reach forty miles. So says General McClellan, in his official report, and he ought to know.

We now hoped that we were clear of our pursuers, but we were grievously mistaken. The battle of "Malvern Hill" was fought that day, and was the fiercest we had yet passed through; but the enemy were smashed to pieces in that battle, and our army was saved. Had not the army been so thoroughly drilled and disciplined under General McClellan, it never could have preserved itself under such circumstances; but nothing could demoralize it. The only way to overcome it was to destroy it, which the enemy tried to do, and came near being destroyed themselves in the attempt.

On the morning of the 2d of July I was sent back with twenty men to communicate with General Sikes and his regular infantry, with whom was General Averill and his cavalry, forming the rear guard of the army that day. I met them at the bridge over Turkey Creek, delivered my message, and was then sent by them to clear the road of teams, so that the artillery and ambulances could pass. That was the hardest day's work we ever performed. It was heart rendering to hear the groans and cries of the wounded, as the ambulances passed along, and I pray that I may never have to listen to such sounds again. The rain poured down in torrents all day; the roads were churned into rivers of mud; we did not reach Harrison's Landing until near dark, and were then entirely "played out." We had been in the saddle night and day for a period of seven days; our horses had scarcely any forage, and we lived on excitement. We did not have six hours sleep from the night of June 27th, till the night of July 2d; and our horses were not unsaddled in all that time. The only food we had, from the night of June the 28th, was a few dry crackers at Savages' Station on the 29th; a few

more at White Oak Swamp on the 30th, and a repetition of the same on the 1st of July, while the battle of Malvern Hill was in progress. Our first "square meal" was at Harrison's Landing on the morning of July 3d. This was the experience of our regiment, and I feel certain that most of the army were little better provided for.

We lost two of Boyd's troop on the retreat, Thomas Donahower was captured at Savages' Station, and Charles Fisher at White Oak Swamp. On the morning of the 3d our squadron was sent out, under Captain Jones, to reconnoitre and examine the condition of the roads. We found the enemy's cavalry at Gum Run Swamp, about three miles from the Landing, and learned from a negro that Jackson's Corps was in the woods about two miles beyond. We had a little skirmish with the enemy and then returned to report. A party went out shortly afterwards and were fired upon before going half the distance we had gone.

Besides the squadron under Captain Harkins, at General Slocum's headquarters, there was another, under Captain Bennett, at General Fitz John Porter's headquarters; and Captain Simons' company acted as escort to the wagon train; so that only five companies of the regiment were with the colonel on the retreat from the Chickahominy.

On the 4th of July, General McClellan reviewed the Army, and the best of discipline was apparent, notwithstanding what they had just passed through.

The following order was read to the troops:

HEADQUARTERS ARMY OF THE POTOMAC.

CAMP NEAR HARRISON'S LANDING, July 4, 1862.

Soldiers of the Army of the Potomac:—Your achievements of the last ten days have illustrated the valor and endurance of the American soldier. Attacked by superior forces, and without hope of reinforce-

ments, you have succeeded in changing your base of operations by a flank movement, always regarded as the most hazardous of military expedients. You have saved all your material, all your trains, and all your guns, except a few lost in battle, and have taken in return, guns and colors from the enemy. Upon your march you have been assailed day after day, with desperate fury, by men of the same race and nation, skillfully massed and led. Under every disadvantage of numbers, and necessarily of position also, you have in every conflict beaten back your foes with enormous slaughter. Your conduct ranks you among the celebrated armies of history. No one will now question that each of you may always with pride say: "I belonged to the Army of the Potomac." You have reached the new base complete in organization, and unimpaired in spirit. The enemy may at any time attack you. We are prepared to meet them. I have personally established your lines. Let them come, and we will convert their repulse into a final defeat.

Your Government is strengthening you with the resources of a great people. On this, our nation's birth day, we declare to our foes, who are rebels against the best interests of mankind, that this army shall enter the Capital of the so-called Confederacy; that our national Constitution shall prevail, and that the Union, which can alone insure internal peace, and external security to each State "must and shall be preserved," cost what it may in time, treasure and blood.

(Signed)

GEORGE B. McCLELLAN,

Major-General Commanding.

Nothing of importance transpired after this until the night of the 31st, when the enemy opened on our camps with artillery, from the south side of the James River.

Our gun boats had been decoyed up the river, and we were not prepared for such a serenade, so there was a lively time in the camps nearest the river while the firing continued. Our regiment was encamped very near to the bank of the stream, and the solid shot and shells fell thick and fast among the tents; killing one man and several horses, and wounding several of the best horses we had.

Our chaplain, Rev. Charles Reighly, was lying upon a cot in the tent of Major Adams, and a shell went plunging through the canvas close to his head; which caused the inmates to seek safer quarters for a short

time; the chaplain remarking that the next shot might hit where it missed before.

At length some heavy guns were got into position and succeeded in driving our tormenters away. Next day a force crossed the river at that point and demolished the obstructions that had concealed the enemy while they were preparing their surprise.

On the 4th of August we received orders to be ready to march, with two days' cooked rations and sixty rounds of ammunition. Our squadron was relieved from duty at General Franklin's headquarters and ordered to join the regiment. We had been with the general ever since entering the service, over a year before, and left him with many regrets. A squadron of the Sixth Pennsylvania Cavalry took our place. On the 6th, Thomas Donahower, of our company, returned from Richmond. He had neither shoes, stockings nor shirt; had walked twenty miles to get to the boat, and his feet were all blistered; but he was in good spirits at getting away from the enemy.

On the 9th, Sergeant Oliver B. Knowles, of our company, was promoted to second lieutenant. He was a gallant soldier, and had earned his promotion. That evening our squadron was sent on picket to St. Mary's Church, three miles from the Chickahominy, where we spent a very unpleasant night. At four o'clock next morning we were relieved, and, with the rest of the regiment, ordered on board the steamship Massachusetts, with instructions to report to General Burnside, at Falmouth, opposite Fredericksburg, on the Rappahannock.

While at Harrison's Landing, Colonel McKeynolds went to Washington, leaving Lieutenant-Colonel Schickel-fuss in command, and the regiment was brigaded with a

regiment of regulars and the Third Pennsylvania Cavalry. Colonel Averill, of the latter regiment, commanded the brigade. They were kept hard at work picketing, and made frequent scouts to the vicinity of the Chickahominy. Their camp was policed better than any other which I saw at the Landing, and the fact was mentioned by Colonel Averill in orders; but the time for a change had arrived.

General McClellan was soon to be relieved from command; the Army of the Potomac was to be united with the Army of Virginia, under General Pope, and the Peninsula entirely evacuated; all of which took place shortly afterwards.

But oh! how many of our comrades were left in the swamps of the Peninsula? "Their name is legion."

Where the tide of the low river,
 Past its tangled thickets flows;
 Where the early wild flower blossoms,
 That no northern valley knows,
 There their lowly graves are hollowed,
 Laid to rest by reverend hands;
 And their brothers will pass o'er them,
 In their march to southern lands.



CHAPTER XIII.

We Join Burnside at Fredericksburg—Scouting and Picketing on the Left of Pope's Army—Back to Alexandria—Pope Defeated—Lee's Army in Maryland—We Report to Pleasanton at Poolsville—Skirmish at Hyattstown—Frederick City—Off to Gettysburg—Back to Boonsboro'—Battle of Antietam—Skirmish at Williamsport.

ON the 11th of August, 1862, at 9 p. m., our regiment began putting the horses on board the steamship *Massachusetts*, at Harrison's Landing, on the James River, and it was daylight next morning before we got through. We reached Fort Monroe by 1 p. m. of the 12th, where we stopped several hours and then proceeded on our way. At 5 p. m. a storm arose and we had a very rough night on the old Chesapeake Bay, but entered the Potomac in safety, and debarked at Aquia Creek Landing about noon on the 13th. On the way we saw the masts of the *Cumberland* sticking up out of the waters near Fort Monroe, where she had been sunk by the Confederate ram *Merrimac*.

On the 14th we arrived at Falmouth and reported to General Burnside for duty, after riding through some of the most lovely hills and valleys that I had seen in Virginia. Here we were kept from resting. A whole battalion was sent on picket at a time, and remained on duty two days; thus giving us two days on picket and four days off. When not on picket we were kept scouting in all directions within thirty miles of camp.

On the 22d and 23d we heard very heavy firing up the river, in the direction of Pope's army, and on the 24th a squadron of our regiment set out to escort General

Morrell to Pope's headquarters; but as his "headquarters were in the saddle," they had a good time in finding him.

On the 28th of August our battalion, under Major Ogle, went on picket on the south side of the Rappahannock, several miles beyond Fredericksburg. The major, with two companies, was stationed on the Plank Road; Boyd's company was on the Telegraph Road, and Battersby's on the Bowling Green Road. All of these roads lead out of Fredericksburg in a southerly direction. The videttes, when posted, formed a semi-circular chain in front of Fredericksburg, facing south, the right and left of the chain resting on the south bank of the river, about three miles above and below the town. Before going out that morning we were instructed not to post videttes, but to be in readiness to fall back on the approach of the enemy, whose advance was momentarily expected. Captain Boyd thought it wiser to post videttes in his front, which he accordingly did. About noon a colored man came to the line and informed one of the videttes that Stewart's cavalry were at Guiney's Station, some ten or fifteen miles from Fredericksburg, and moving upon that place. We at once notified Battersby and Ogle of what we had heard; telling them that our informant was a "contraband," and that too much reliance must not be placed on the statement. Notwithstanding this, Major Ogle set off for Fredericksburg at a brisk pace and informed the commandant, Colonel Kingsbury, that the Confederate cavalry were advancing on the place. This created a stampede: everything was removed to the north side of the river, and preparations made to blow up the bridges and burn the town. We were sent for, and on arriving in town found everything in confusion. Captain Boyd soon discovered

what was wrong and immediately repaired to headquarters and set matters right.

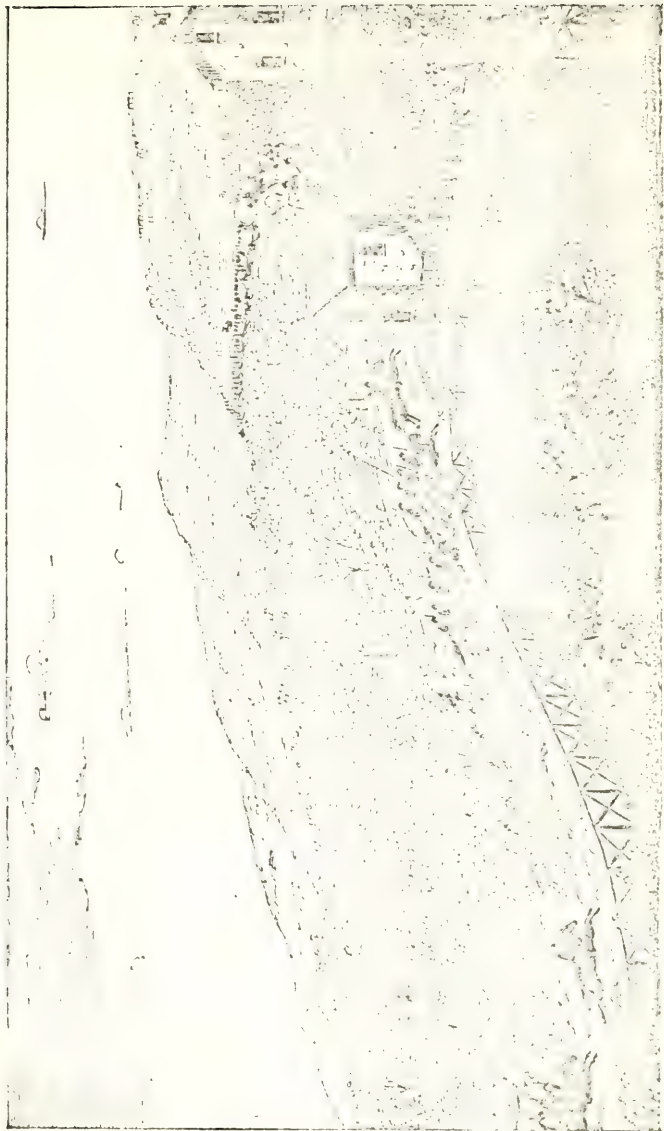
On the 31st we received orders to be ready to move at a moment's notice, and at dark of the same day we set out for Aquia Creek Landing.

Our regiment covered the rear and we did not get to the Landing till after ten o'clock next morning. The rain came down in torrents; the thunder roared and the lightning flashed incessantly. The wagons got mired, some broke down, and thus we were delayed. I do not remember when time seemed to pass so slowly as on that night.

The blaze of the railroad depot at Falmouth lit up the heavens all night, and a terrible explosion told us that the bridge over the Rappahannock had been blown up.

On the 3d of September we left Aquia Creek and arrived at Alexandria the same evening. On the 5th we marched through Washington, D. C., and bivouacked at Rockville, Md. On the 6th we reported to General Pleasanton, at Poolsville, and were sent by him to picket Seneca Creek, where the road from Georgetown to Frederick City crosses that stream. We could see the Confederate flag on Sugar Loaf Mountain, and at night their camp fires were plainly visible. They had whipped Pope and were now, for the first time, attempting to transfer the war to northern soil.

General Pleasanton sent Lieutenant Lavery of our regiment, with about twenty men, to make a reconnoissance, and they came near being surrounded and captured by Stuart's cavalry. Sergeant Decker and M. C. Dunn had been sent off on the flank some distance and just got back to the road as the enemy charged upon



CHARGE AT HYATTSTOWN, MD.

Lavery and his men. Decker and Dunn saw no way of escape except by joining the enemy in the charge, which they did. Everybody was covered with dust, clouds of which prevented any chance of recognition, and these two men shot out ahead of the charging enemy and succeeded in escaping. Dunn afterwards became a famous scout under Major Young, chief of General Sheridan's scouts, and we shall hear of him again.

On the 9th, the second battalion, under Major A. W. Adams, was ordered forward to Hyattstown, Md., which is located in a valley, between two high ridges. The enemy's cavalry occupied the town in pretty strong force, and we could see them plainly from the ridge as we approached the place about sun-set.

Major Adams placed himself at the head of his battalion, and, pointing with his sabre to the town, said: "Boys I am going to drive those rebels out of that place, will you follow me?" The boys gave a cheer, and the major ordered us forward. When near the town he commanded charge! and off we went, at full gallop, yelling like Indians. The enemy made some resistance, but we soon had them on the full run through the roads and lanes leading up the opposite ridge, killing and wounding several of them, and taking quite a number of prisoners; and among them the commander of the post. Sergeant Roland Ellis, of Boyd's Company, captured two prisoners, with their horses and equipments complete.

Next morning we captured a squad of infantry, but had one of our men severely wounded and one horse shot in the fight. The bullets flew thick and fast, but we charged like a tempest, with Major Adams in the lead, and drove the enemy into the woods beyond the town, dispersing them like sheep.

On the 10th the enemy appeared on the ridge beyond the town in great force and opened on us with artillery; under cover of which a body of their cavalry advanced to the charge. We were without artillery, and were compelled to retire a short distance, in order to get out of the range of their guns. Major Adams then formed his men to meet the advancing enemy. Captain (now General) Reno had joined us with a squadron of the First United States Cavalry, and he was placed in reserve, while Captain Boyd and Lieutenant Stevenson, with Company C of our regiment, were directed to lead the charge. Very soon we discovered the head of the enemy's column, and at that instant Major Adams commanded charge! Our sabres were out, and at the word of command we dashed forward, with a rousing yell, striking the advancing enemy before they could get up a gallop, and sweeping them before us like chaff before the wind. The boys were wild with excitement, and we never drew rein till we had driven the enemy under cover of their guns. We then fell back to Clarksburg without further molestation, except a few angry shells from the enemy's guns, one of which killed one of our horses, and gave its rider a bad fall.

We were ordered to Barnesville the same night, where we arrived at 2:00 a. m. of the 12th; and the whole regiment was then ordered to the mouth of the Monocacy River.

It rained all day and all night, and we were entirely without shelter, having left everything with the wagons at Alexandria, to follow us up as circumstances should permit. Every man was wet to the skin and shivering with cold.

On the 12th we charged into Frederick City, causing

the rear guard of the enemy under Jackson "to get up and dust."

As we rode through the main street the windows were thrown open, and it seemed as if every one of them had an American flag waving a triumphal welcome to the Union soldiers. I have seldom witnessed a more enthusiastic display of patriotism on the part of any people. It was on that day, only an hour or so before, that Barbara Freitchie defied the troops of Stonewall Jackson.

BARBARA FRIETCHIE—*By John G. Whittier.*

Up from the meadows rich with corn,
Clear in the cool September morn,
The cluster'd spires of Frederick stand,
Green-wall'd by the hills of Maryland.

Round about them orchards sweep,
Apple and peach tree fruited deep,
Fair as a garden of the Lord,
To the eyes of the fannish'd rebel horde,

On that pleasant mora of the early Fall,
When Lee march'd over the mountain wall,
Over the mountains winding down,
Horse and foot into Frederick town.

Forty flags with their silver stars,
Forty flags with their crimson bars,
Flapp'd in the morning wind: the sun
Of noon look'd down, and saw not one.

Up rose old Barbara Frietchie then,
Bow'd with her fourscore years and ten;
Bravest of all in Frederick town,
She took up the flag the men haul'd down.

In her attic-window the staff she set,
To show that one heart was loyal yet.

Up the street came the rebel tread,
Stonewall Jackson at their head,
Under his slouch'd hat left and right
He glance'd to the old flag in 'is sight.

"Halt!"—the dust-brown ranks stood fast;
 "Fire!"—out blazed the rifle-blast.

It shiver'd the window-pane and sash,
 It rent the banner with seam and gash.

Quick as it fell from the broken staff,
 Dame Barbara snatch'd the silken scarf.

She lean'd far out on the window-sill,
 And shook it forth with a royal will.

"Shoot, if you must, this old gray head,
 But spare your country's flag," she said.

A shade of sadness, a blush of shame,
 Over the face of the leader came;

The noble nature within him stirr'd
 To life at that woman's deed and word.

"Who touches a hair of you gray head
 Dies like a dog! March on!" he said.

All day long through Frederick street
 Sounded the tread of marching feet;

All day long that free flag toss'd
 Over the heads of the rebel host.

Ever its torn folds rose and fell
 On the loyal winds that loved it well;

And, through the hill-gaps, sunset light
 Shone over it with a warm good-night.

Barbara Frietchie's work is o'er,
 And the rebel rides on his raids no more.

Honor to her! and let a tear
 Fall, for her sake, on Stonewall's bier.

Over Barbara Frietchie's grave,
 Flag of Freedom and Union, wave!

Peace and order and beauty draw
 Round thy symbol of light and law;

And ever the stars above look down
 On thy stars below in Frederick town.

Here Colonel McReynolds was placed in command of a brigade, composed of our regiment and the Eighth Pennsylvania Cavalry, and a section of battery "M," Fifth United States Artillery, and ordered to proceed to

Gettysburg, Pennsylvania, where we arrived on the 14th. We had been in the saddle night and day since the 5th, living upon very short rations, as we had no money, and the wagons were unable to keep up with us.

We had neither tents nor baggage, not even a change of clothing, and felt rather uncomfortable; but we were defending northern soil from the foot of the invader, and these privations troubled us very little.

General McClellan feared that General Lee was going to invade Pennsylvania, and had sent us on this trip to watch the enemy and give timely notice of any such attempt.

We captured a number of the enemy's cavalry on our way, and lost several of our own men by capture, and learned that Lee really contemplated a raid into the "Keystone State" at that time; but McClellan was too close upon him, and forced him to fight in Maryland; thus postponing the "big fight" in Pennsylvania for nearly a year.

We little thought, as we entered Gettysburg that bright September evening, that the hills which encircle it should be the theatre of one of the greatest battles, and the turning point of the war, in the following July.

On our way to Gettysburg, Captains Boyd, Bailey and Bennett, with a small escort, rode ahead into Emmetsburg, Maryland. The proprietor of the hotel took them for Confederates, and was profuse in his welcome. Boyd took the *cue*, passed himself and party off for Fitz Lee and his staff, and said he was going to put up there for the night. He asked the landlord where there was a good camping place for his troops, and was shown a fine meadow close to the town. The Union people hearing of this shut up their houses, and the secession element

was in high glee: the ladies displaying little Confederate flags pinned to their bosoms. A splendid dinner was prepared for the officers, with as much wine as they desired; but, in a short time the brigade arrived with their blue jackets and the unmistakable "stars and stripes," and great was the chagrin, as well as fear, on the part of the rebel sympathizers. Their doors were soon closed, and in a few moments the Union citizens came out to congratulate us and enjoy the confusion of their neighbors. It was rare sport for us, and we made that hotel keeper's larder suffer for his mistaken kindness.

On crossing the line between Maryland and Pennsylvania we experienced a wonderful change. The farmers, with their wives and daughters, came to the road with baskets of provisions and fruits, and buckets of milk, and seemed to be delighted at the opportunity of showing their patriotism by ministering to the wants of the nation's defenders. They wanted no money; everything was freely given as a slight offering of devotion to the Union.

On the 15th we were ordered back to Boonsboro', Maryland. Colonel Miles' force had surrendered to the enemy at Harper's Ferry, the battles of Crampton's Gap and South Mountain had been won by our troops, and the enemy were concentrating their forces on the memorable field of Antietam, for a final struggle on the soil of Maryland.

"Little Mac" was again in command of the Army of the Potomac; his star again in the ascendant, and the soldiers seemed to be filled with all the former enthusiasm for their favorite commander.

On the 17th McClellan attacked the enemy in their

chosen position, and after a most sanguinary battle compelled them to withdraw to the south side of the Potomac; leaving about three thousand dead on the field to be buried by our troops, besides a great many which the enemy had buried before retiring. McClellan's army took, in this battle, thirteen guns, thirty-nine stand of colors, upwards of fifteen thousand stand of small arms, and nearly seven thousand prisoners. Not a single gun or color was lost by our army in this short but sanguinary campaign, and our soil was clear of the invader.

On the 19th, General Stuart made his appearance at Williamsport, with about five thousand cavalry and a battery of six guns. Our cavalry under Pleasanton, "went for him," our regiment making a brilliant charge, and he re-crossed the Potomac in hot haste, after giving us a few rounds of grape and canister.

In this charge Sergeant Robinson of Company "A" and private Hugh McLaughlin of Company "C" were severely wounded, and the former died of his wounds. The battery was withdrawn, however, before we had a chance to make the final charge that night, but we occupied Williamsport the next morning.

At Williamsport the Eighth Pennsylvania Cavalry and the section of regular artillery were ordered away, and the Twelfth Pennsylvania Cavalry reported to Colonel McReynolds. The army was now about to follow the retreating enemy, and the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad would be again exposed to the mercy of the Confederate partisans, lurking in the mountains of West Virginia. To meet these guerrillas and bushwhackers we were ordered to report to General Kelly, at Cumberland, Maryland, for duty.

CHAPTER XIV.

Off for Cumberland, Maryland—March to Oldtown—Capture of Captain Battersby by the Guerrillas—Capture of Imboden's Camp and Artillery—Account of the Guerrillas and Bushwhackers—Scouting and Picketing in West Virginia—Second capture of Imboden's Camp—Re-mounts for the Regiment—Races at Oldtown—Off for the Shenandoah Valley.

ON the 21st of September, 1862, Colonel McReynolds set out with his brigade, from Williamsport, Maryland, *en route* for Cumberland, Maryland. We passed through Hancock and reached the widow Bell's, at the foot of the mountains, on the evening of the 24th; and here I was appointed adjutant of the regiment.

On the 25th we crossed the mountains and arrived at Cumberland, where we found the headquarters of General Kelly, and reported for duty.

The general had about three thousand infantry and artillery under his command, scattered along the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad, clear to Wheeling, West Virginia, on the banks of the Ohio River. The Confederates opposed to him were nearly all mounted guerrillas, and they would ride around him, tearing up the railroad and destroying the bridges, and then ride away with impunity; there being no cavalry to pursue and punish them.

On the 27th we started out to look after Imboden's guerrillas, who were said to be near Moorfield; but we were halted at Mill Creek Junction, Virginia.

On the 28th we marched back to New Creek, Virginia, and on the 1st of October we were ordered to proceed to Oldtown, Md., on the banks of the Potomac, opposite to Green Spring Run, Virginia.

While at New Creek we had detached four companies, under Captain Boyd, to proceed to Springfield, Virginia, to picket the roads leading to Winchester, Romney and Moorfield; and to scout the country in quest of guerrillas and their brethren, the bushwackers.

On arriving at their destination, Captain Battersby was sent out on a scout with Companies B and M. He passed through Romney, and on reaching the forks of the road, beyond the Burnt Mills, he divided his forces; sending Lieutenant Lewis, with Company M, on one of the forks, while he, with Company B, took the other. Before separating it had been arranged that the party returning first to the forks should strew some pine branches on the road to notify the other of the fact, and then wait at the Burnt Mills for the return of the other party.

Before proceeding many miles, the advance of Battersby's party fell in with the enemy's pickets, and at once charged with a yell. There were only four men in advance, viz: Sergeant G. W. Peavy, his son, G. G. Peavy, Napoleon Valentine, and A. D. Westbrook; all brave fellows, and always ready to charge without counting the odds against them. They drove the pickets back upon their reserves, consisting of a company, stationed at a bridge over a stream which the road crossed. This force was discovered in time for our boys to conceal their numerical weakness, by taking shelter behind a friendly knob around which the road made a sudden turn. The enemy seemed nonplussed. They were afraid to make an attack lest they should meet with a superior force, and they were ashamed to retreat without knowing the strength of their pursuers. Just then a few more of our boys came up, and, thinking the whole force was at

their backs, these four brave fellows dashed forward with a rousing yell, followed by the few comrades who had just come up. The boldness of the movement caused the enemy to think that a large force was close at hand, and they hastily retreated; being pursued by this handful of men across the bridge, and into a gap in the mountains beyond. The boys were afraid to enter the gap, as Imboden's whole force was said to be encamped on the other side, so they set out to re-join their company. They found them back at the Northwestern Hotel, many miles in the rear, taking things easy. The whole command then set out for camp, the Peavy's, with Valentine and Westbrook, forming the rear guard, under Sergeant Lem. Evans. They had not gone far when they were startled by the crack of rifles in the rear, and found themselves pursued by a large force of the enemy.

Battersby at once set out at a gallop, in hopes of forming a junction with Lieutenant Lewis, at the Burnt Mills, while his rear guard commenced to skirmish with the advancing enemy. The Confederates soon discovered that they were opposed by but a few men, and then they came charging on, yelling like fiends, and swept Sergeant Evans' little force before them like leaves of the forest.

On reaching the forks it was found, by the pine branches strewn on the road, that Lieutenant Lewis had passed, and Battersby pressed on, confident of finding him at the Mills; but he was doomed to disappointment. For some reason or other Lewis had gone on to Romney, and hope departed from the breast of poor Battersby.

On arriving at a point in the road, where it made a double around the head of a gorge-like ravine, some of

the men abandoned their horses and crossed this gorge on foot to the road on the opposite side; thus saving a distance of about a mile, and saving themselves from capture. Their loose horses occupied the enemy some time, and gave the men a chance to increase the distance between them and their pursuers. Captain Battersby was now in the rear of his flying troopers, and seeing that all of his men were likely to be captured, by reason of the above-mentioned double in the road, he determined to surrender himself a prisoner of war, in order to save them. So, upon reaching a favorable point in the road, he pulled up and dismounted. This staggered his pursuers, who seemed to think that he was going to show fight, and they halted and began to surround him. He then called to them that he would surrender, upon which several of them rode up cautiously and took him into custody.

Captain McNeill, of Imboden's forces, proved to be his captor, and was so overjoyed at his good fortune, that he made a sort of hero of his captive, treating him to a drink of good apple-jack, as a starter.

In the chase five of the men and fifteen of the horses had fallen into the hands of the enemy, which seemed to satisfy them, as they gave up the pursuit upon the capture of Captain Battersby.

Boyd at once sent for reinforcements, and we sent two companies under Ezra H. Bailey, who had been promoted to captain of Company K. They stopped at Springfield for breakfast, and there Bailey met with a bitter, though *sweet* little "rebel," named Mollie Murphy, who was considered the belle of those parts. She had heard of Battersby's capture, and could not contain her joy. So she began to banter Bailey; telling him he had

better go back to Oldtown, or he would be sure to follow Captain Battersby to "Libby." "But," said she, sarcastically, "if you will persist in going on I'll give you a note to Colonel Imboden, who is a dear friend of mine, and he will treat you well for my sake." And she sat down and wrote the following:

TO COLONEL J. D. IMBODEN:

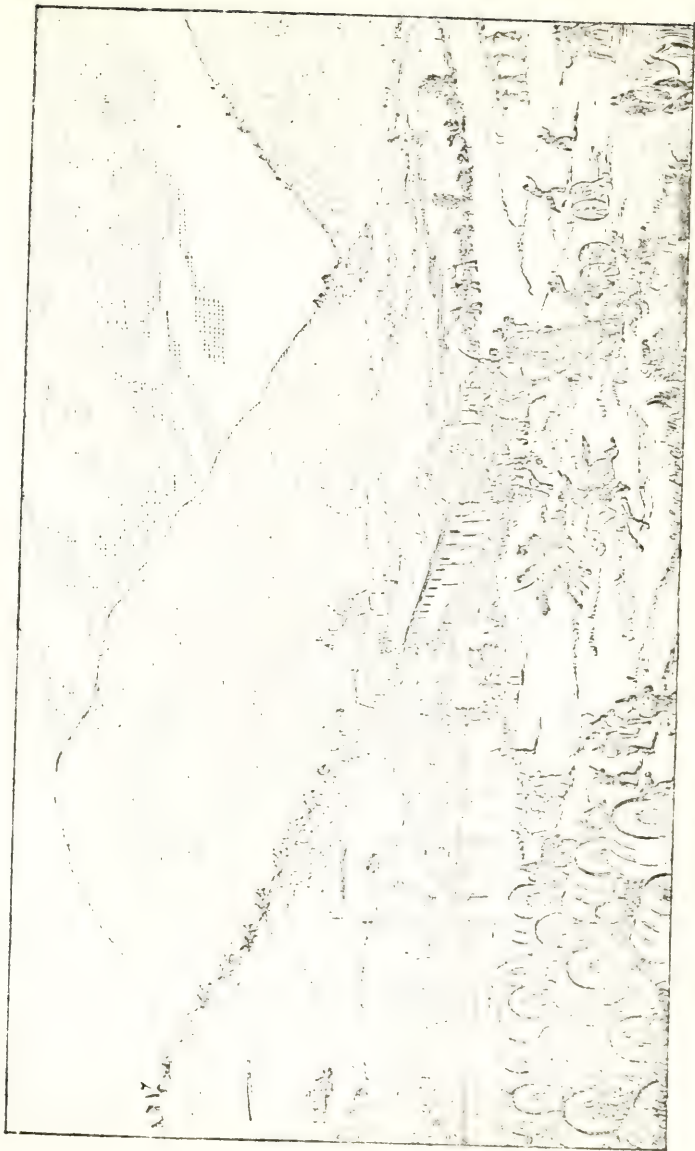
DEAR COLONEL:—This will be handed to you by Captain Bailey, a "Yankee," who is not so bad as most of them, and has treated your friends kindly on several occasions. Please treat him well, and show him the *Confederate's flag* which I gave you.

With kind regards, I am, your friend,

(Signed) MOLLIE MURPHY.

SPRINGFIELD, VA., *October 4th, 1862.*

This she handed to Bailey, who put it in his pocket, with a pleasant smile, and set out to look for Miss Murphy's friend. On reaching the scene of Captain Battersby's capture they found Boyd waiting for them, who then took command and pushed on through Hanging Rock Gap, and soon fell in with the enemy's pickets. Our boys charged, with Bailey in the lead, and soon the Confederates were running like deer, for their camp at Capon Bridge. Our men followed hard on their heels, charging them across the old covered bridge, at the opposite end of which were posted two brass howitzers, with their guard ready to discharge them, but dare not on account of their own men being in front of ours. The old bridge almost toppled over with the shock of the charging squadrons, but on they went, and very soon Bailey's sabre was seen gleaming over the heads of the gunners. The next moment the guns and the camp were in our possession, and the enemy fleeing in all directions. Colonel Imboden had gone on a bridge-burning expedition the night before, with part of his command, and those left in camp made very little resistance, but tried



CHARGE AT CACAPON BRIDGE, VA.

to escape as best they could through the mountains. Imboden had just received a wagon train loaded with clothing, arms and ammunition, and it fell into our hands. We brought away twenty wagons loaded with stores of all kinds, each drawn by four fine mules, one hundred and fifty fine horses, and all of Imboden's private and official papers; besides one major, one lieutenant and thirty men as prisoners. Captain Battersby and his men had been sent to Winchester under guard, and therefore were not rescued. The guns afterwards proved quite useful to us in guarding our regimental camp at Oldtown.

On returning to Springfield Captain Bailey called upon Miss Murphy, but she didn't want to see him. He persuaded her, however, to help him examine Imboden's papers, among which was found the following:

Under the provisions of an Act of Congress, approved April 21st, 1862, and by special authority of the War Department, I am raising and organizing a regiment of Partisan Rangers, to be under my command as Colonel C. S. A., for immediate and very active service in the military department (west of the Blue Ridge,) now under the command of General Thomas J. Jackson. The corps will be of a mixed character—mounted and foot—adapted to the peculiar features of the country. The officers, except myself, will all be elected as in other arms of the service; my staff will be appointed and all be commissioned by the President. Enlistments for the corps must be for the war. Pay, rations, quarters, &c., the same as in the army, and, in addition to pay, the corps will receive from the Government the full value in money, of all arms and munitions captured from the enemy, and turned over to the quartermaster.

All conscripts between the ages of eighteen and thirty-five years, not yet mustered into service, may join this corps and avoid being drafted into the army. Men over thirty-five years of age who were volunteers for twelve months, and have not re-enlisted, but are held under the ninety days' clause of the Conscript Act, will be discharged by the Secretary of War, with the consent of their commanding officer, as soon as they enlist with me. All other able bodied volunteers will be received.

My proposed plan of operations, on file in the War Department, has received the cordial approval of the President, Secretary of War,

Generals Lee, Jackson, G. W. Smith and Whiting, and will be supported by the Government with all the aid I need for its vigorous prosecution.

The several Companies will be generally separated, and employed as far as practicable, in localities nearest their homes, where they are familiar with the country. My purpose is to wage the most active warfare against our brutal invaders and their domestic allies; to hang about their camps and shoot down every sentinel, picket, courier, and wagon driver we can find: (!) to watch opportunities for attacking convoys and forage trains, and thus render the country so unsafe that they will not dare to move except in large bodies. Our own Virginia traitors—men of the Pierpont and Carlisle stamp—will receive our special regards.

I appeal to the men of the West to unite with me at once in the effort to deliver our native mountains from the pollution that has been brought upon them. It is only *men* I want: men who are not afraid to be shot at in such a cause; men who will pull trigger on a Yankee with as much alacrity as they would on a mad dog; (!) men whose consciences wont be disturbed by the sight of a vandal carcass. (!) I don't want nervous, squeamish individuals to join me—they will be safer at home.

My headquarters will be at Staunton for awhile, where individuals can join the corps, and companies communicate with me.

Upon being notified of the enlistment of sixty-four men at any point, I will attend in person to muster them into service, and superintend the election of officers, when they will immediately be entitled to pay and subsistence, and will be put into the field for service."

(Signed)

J. D. IMBODEN,

Colonel Partisan Rangers.

By other papers it was found that Imboden had then under his command nine hundred and sixteen officers and enlisted men; some acting as mounted guerrillas, and others as bushwhackers on foot.

The reading of this "pronunciamento" annoyed Miss Murphy very much, as Bailey carefully emphasized all the terrible threats of her amiable (?) friend. At last a little package was reached, carefully done up in oiled silk, which Miss Murphy attempted to snatch away; but Bailey untied the package, and there was the identical Confederate flag which Miss Mollie had presented to Colonel Imboden.(!)

She could stand it no longer, and began to abuse Bailey for ransacking an officer's private papers, and then

rushed from the room in tears. We sent the colonel's private papers back to him, but Bailey presented the flag to a young lady of Union proclivities, at Flintstone, Maryland, which almost killed poor Mollie Murphy.

Imboden was the first guerrilla chief developed by the war, and he was about the biggest chief among them. Next to him, came Colonel John S. Mosby, who brought himself into notoriety the following spring by the capture of General Stoughton, while in his bed at Fairfax, in the midst of his troops.

This was our first dash at the guerillas, and we felt satisfied with the result. We had so alarmed Imboden that he removed his camp away up on the South Branch of the Potomac, beyond Moorfield, among almost inaccessible mountains; but the sequel will show that he was not safe even there.

Our duty was to guard the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad, with its numerous bridges, tunnels and culverts, from Oldtown down to Cherry Run, and we sent the Twelfth Pennsylvania Cavalry to Hancock, to guard the lower section.

We kept strong pickets at French's Store, where the railroad crosses the South Branch, about five miles below Oldtown; also at Paw Paw tunnel, some five miles further down; and at Springfield, Virginia, watching the main roads leading to Winchester, Romney and Moorfield.

On the 5th of October General Averill passed through Oldtown, with his brigade, and this was the last time I ever saw the gallant young Walter S. Newhall, who was then A. A. A. G. on Averill's staff. In the winter of 1863 he lost his life by an unfortunate accident, and the service lost one of its most promising young offi-

cers. He had distinguished himself on more than one battle-field before he was called away, and carried upon his person many honorable scars received in combats with the enemy.

On the 7th of October Captain Battersby returned from captivity, having been paroled at Winchester, and brought his trusty and rusty sabre back with him, which he was kindly permitted to retain, by order of Stonewall Jackson. Captain McNeill, his captor, had treated him well.(?) He had been questioned closely by Imboden, and then sent to Winchester upon his own horse; but his captor, thinking *he* had a right to the horse and equipments of the captive, followed him and took his charger away, leaving the gallant captain to foot it to Winchester, in company with his men.

Captain Battersby was a very plausible fellow; believed in General McClellan's plan of conducting the war, and soon made friends among his captors. His sabre looked as if it had seen service in the wars of Troy, and he said it had ornamented the thigh of several of his warrior ancestors; and that it was an heirloom in his family, always remaining in possession of the son who entered the cavalry service.

This story took with the kind-hearted Virginians, and the captain was permitted to bring his sabre back with him, as I have before stated. Battersby was a magnificent looking soldier, and always made a good impression upon first appearance. He was a splendid horseman, also, and had but few equals in the broad-sword exercise.

It was owing to the fact that so many of our officers were old cavalymen, that the men of the regiment became so proficient in the use of the sabre—that queen

of weapons for cavalry—and afterwards used it with such good effect upon the enemy as to procure for us the *sobriquet* of the “sabre regiment” of the volunteer cavalry. The German officers had nearly all seen service in the cavalry of Prussia; and Major Ogle—a West Pointer—and Captains Jones and Battersby, and Adjutant Stevenson, together with several of the lieutenants, and many of the non-commissioned officers, had served in either the English or United States Cavalry. Horsemanship and the use of the sabre constituted the principal part of the exercises of the regiment, during its first year of service, and these two accomplishments made it one of the best “light cavalry” regiments in the army.

On the night of the 17th, our pickets at Springfield were attacked by bushwhackers, and two of them captured; but after being stripped of everything they were permitted to return to camp. This was civil. The next night the bushwhackers visited the pickets at French's Store, and captured three of them, serving them just as they had the others. We thought this exceedingly civil.

On the 29th another attack was made at Springfield, in which one of our men and one of the enemy was killed; which was not so civil. The enemy also carried off several of our horses, which was very uncivil.

Captain Bailey now resolved to change the programme, so he set out with his troop of Michiganders—one of the best in the regiment—and soon returned with about a dozen of Stuart's cavalry, taken from their picket post near Winchester.

Captain Boyd also sallied forth from his headquarters at French's Store, and returned with about twenty prisoners, all well mounted.

In his absence we had sent a German lieutenant with a detachment of men to guard his camp; but the guerrillas made a night attack and drove this party away.

When Boyd returned he learned that a citizen named "Bill Wills," had led the dash on his camp, and he had him brought into camp and flogged for his folly. The boys formed in two ranks, facing each other, and Wills ran the gauntlet of their saplings.

This was pretty rough, but the rascal deserved it. He pretended to be a peaceful citizen, but was a notorious bushwhacker.

After the capture of Imboden's camp by Boyd and Bailey, we lost trace of his whereabouts; and General Kelly desired Colonel McReynolds to try and hunt him up, so that we might "clean him out" entirely. The colonel inquired for volunteers for this work, and the two Peavy's, father and son, Napoleon Valentine and Dick Dorman, offered their services. They were members of Company B, and a *quartette* of braver fellows never swung a sabre.

They left our lines, at Springfield, Virginia, on the 30th of October, passing through Romney and taking the road leading westward over the mountains into Patterson Creek Valley; their object being to reach Petersburg, West Virginia, where it was thought Imboden had his headquarters. They stopped at a fine brick house, towards evening, to inquire the way, and the daughter of the proprietor, a good-looking young woman, asked them if they had any tobacco. "What do you want with it?" said one of the boys. "To *chaw*," said the fair creature. "You don't say so!" said Dorman. "Yes, we're all out just now," said the damsel. Dick pulled out his plug and handed it to the young lady,

who took a good "*chaw*," and handed it back. Nearly all the women, young and old, in that region were snuff dippers, but this was the first we had found who took her allowance of "pig-tail." When the boys were about to start they inquired how far it was to Petersburg, and were answered—"two knobs and a right smart stretch;" which meant, two mountains to cross, and then a good distance beyond. The boys bivouacked that night in an old barn, about five miles beyond Burlington, taking their horses inside and barricading the doors, ready to stand a siege in case of necessity. Next day, about 3 p. m., as they were riding along, they passed within rifle shot of a company of Imboden's mounted guerrillas, who did not seem to take notice of them; and the moment the boys got out of view they rode for their lives, least they might be pursued. They got into the mountain, so that they could see the enemy, and found that they had passed on without attempting to follow them. That night they put up at a Mr. Seymour's, about five miles from Petersburg, where they found unmistakable signs of a recent halt of cavalry on the sides of the road.

Seymour told them that there was a force of the Confederates in Petersburg, and wanted to know what *they* were doing there, and where they had come from. Our boys told him they were the advance of a strong force of Yankees just in rear; but the nearest force of *their* friends was about seventy miles in rear! After tea, Dick, Polie, and young Peavy set out to reconnoitre Petersburg on foot, leaving the elder Peavy to take care of the horses. They had several adventures, but succeeded in entering the town, and found that there were no Confederate troops there; all having left the day before, in the direction of Moorfield.

The boys slept that night in Seymour's barn, and set out next morning to cross the mountains to Moorfield. The horse of the elder Peavy was so lame that he left him at Seymour's, taking one of that gentleman's in exchange. The other horses were not much better than the one left behind, and the boys had to foot it nearly all day over the mountains.

About dark they came in sight of the South Branch of the Potomac, and hid themselves in the woods for the night, as they had spied the enemy's pickets on the opposite bank. After making some coffee, the elder Peavy and Valentine set out on foot to reconnoiter; the others remaining with the horses. They were concealed in a thick pine woods, at some distance from any road, and tied the horses close together so that one could mind them while the other went to a corn field to get some fodder.

About midnight the two scouts returned, gave the concerted signal, and were safe for the time being. They had forded the river, pierced the enemy's picket line, reconnoitred Imboden's camp, and had got a pretty good idea of its strength, location and surroundings. They had walked about ten miles, forded the river twice, the water being very cold, and were very tired and foot-sore. The whole party then snuggled together, covered themselves with their blankets and tried to get a little sleep, with one eye open and their revolvers ready for instant use.

On the 2d of November they returned to Springfield, and Sergeant Peavy reported to General Kelly, at Cumberland; who, upon this information so dearly obtained by our boys, immediately planned a raid upon Imboden's new camp.

On the 8th of November Colonel McReynolds set out with three hundred and fifty of our regiment, at 8 a. m., for the purpose of attacking General Imboden. A snow storm was raging at the time, and it was bitter cold. We passed through Springfield and arrived at Mill Creek Junction at 4 p. m., where we stopped two hours to feed. Here we met General Kelly with two hundred infantry in light wagons, about the same number of cavalry, and a section of horse artillery. We set out again at 6 p. m., and arrived at Moorfield by midnight, where we stopped for two hours more. Started at 2 a. m. of the 9th, and, after crossing and re-crossing the South Branch about fifty times, more or less, and frequently marching up its rocky bed for half a mile at a time, we came upon Imboden's pickets at break of day. They were on the opposite side of the river from us, but took us for some of their own troops, and we captured two of them; the others making their escape. We pursued them at a lively gait however, and soon came upon the camp in a nice valley surrounded by almost inaccessible mountains. We opened on them with the artillery, and the cavalry charged, capturing three officers and fifty men; the remainder escaping through the mountains.

We brought back many fat hogs, a drove of fat cattle, a large number of fine horses and mules, besides, a lot of wagons and harness, after burning Imboden's winter camp.

We had marched seventy-five miles in twenty-four hours, through a heavy snow storm, over one of the most difficult roads imaginable, making but two halts of two hours each; and after the skirmish, we returned to Moorfield, making twenty miles more before sleeping. I do not remember to have ever before or since suffered

so much from fatigue and cold. It was almost impossible to keep the men from dropping from their horses and freezing to death. Many of them had their ears and feet badly frozen, and one of the officer's servants lost several of his toes from that cause.

When we got back to camp our horses were all used up, so that we lost nearly as much, in material value, as we gained by the raid; but our regiment was much gratified at the work accomplished. In my opinion, the raid should never have been undertaken at that inclement season, as it was altogether improbable that we could do Imboden irretrievable harm, even if we succeeded in coming up with the main body of his troops in their flight, as his means of retreat were so numerous and so secure in those mountain passes.

On the 5th of November Captain Harkins set out with a squadron of our regiment to attack the outposts at Winchester. He struck the cavalry videttes at Pughtown, and charged them back upon the reserve pickets, which he also scattered, driving them a considerable distance; capturing seven of Stuart's cavalry, all well mounted, besides a negro who claimed to be General Stonewall Jackson's body servant.

This darkey said his master was a praying man, and always asked advice from Heaven before he went into battle. Said he: "When de ole ginerel gits up in de night to pray, den we knows dars gwine to be hot work next day, and foe God we goes to packing haversacks right off."

In a few days Captain Bailey thought he would like to try his hand in the direction of Winchester, and so obtaining orders, he set out with his troop, and soon returned with over a dozen of Stuart's cavalry, captured on picket.

Very soon we had a large stock of fine horses in the regiment, the fruits of the many captures from the enemy by these small detachments, and had sent many prisoners to Cumberland.

Imboden had sworn to be revenged for the loss we had caused him, and every night our pickets were attacked at some point by his watchful bushwhackers, making picketing very dangerous.

Lieutenant-Colonel Von Schickfuss, who was temporarily in command of the regiment at the time, made up his mind to visit the pickets at Springfield, and he invited Captains Harkins, Bailey, and myself to accompany him. On arriving at Springfield we took Captain Bennett and Lieutenant Prendergrast along, to show us the way and point out the places of most danger.

We found the first post at a ford where the Winchester and Blooming Gap road crosses the South Branch. Then we rode up the river, between heavily wooded mountains for several miles to the wire bridge, upon which the Romney Grade passes over that stream. A more wild and romantic ride could scarcely be found; the surrounding country being admirably adapted for the purpose of bushwhacking.

It would be impossible in that country to prevent men from crawling up on foot to within range of the pickets, and Imboden's men knew every foot of the ground, which gave them the advantage.

We had just returned to Oldtown and were about devising means to meet the bushwhackers on their own ground, when an orderly arrived from Springfield with a dispatch, saying that the pickets at the wire bridge had been attacked and two of them badly wounded; but our boys had killed one of the enemy and captured another.

This prisoner said that his party had tried hard to get a shot at the party of officers who had passed along about half an hour before the attack upon the pickets; so we congratulated ourselves upon our providential escape.

The pickets at French's Store were also attacked about the same time, and two of them captured, together with a four-mule team.

"St. George! a stirring life they lead,
That have such neighbors near."

About this time George G. Peavy, with a squad of six others, all of Company "B," of our regiment, set out from Springfield on foot, to try their hand at bushwhacking. They crossed the South Branch early in the morning, about three miles below the wire bridge, and pushed through the mountains, reaching the Little Capon River in the evening. While at a house getting supper the man on guard reported mounted men approaching; who turned out to be some of Boyd's Company looking for the mules which the bushwhackers had captured from them a few nights before.

Peavey's men agreed to act with them, and all set out together. Shortly they heard the clank of sabres and the tramp of hoofs. The dismounted men then took to a log cabin on the road side, and the mounted men withdrew a short distance to await their fire, when they were to charge upon the advancing enemy. In a few moments those in the log house could hear the sound of voices from the advancing force, and they shouted: "Halt! Who comes there?" "Friends," was the reply. But the officer in charge of the supposed enemy was heard to say: "Rush on them! Rush on them!" and a volley would have been poured in from the log house the next instant, had not one of the men recognized the voice,

and asked: "Is that you Captain Boyd?" "Yes," was the reply. "Who are you?" The matter was soon understood, and the whole party set out under Boyd to look for the mules.

After scouring the country till midnight without success, Boyd's men set out for their camp at French's Store, and Peavy's men "turned-in" to an old barn till morning; when they also set out for camp. They had got within a mile of our pickets at Springfield, without seeing an enemy, and had become careless. Two men, named respectively McCarty and Parker, were some distance ahead; Peavy, Warren and Kelly came next, and the two others were some distance in the rear. As the advance turned a bend in the road, about a dozen bushwhackers rushed out, rifle in hand, "drew a bead" on them, and demanded their surrender. Peavy saw the enemy, but they had not yet seen his party, so he let drive at them; which so surprised them that their aim failed, and only McCarty was struck and wounded in the arm. Peavy and his party then rushed forward to the rescue, and the bushwhackers began to break for the woods, except one bold fellow who stood his ground and shot Peavy in the right ankle, bringing him to a sudden halt.

Peavy then took deliberate aim and shot his antagonist in the thigh, breaking the bone, and the "gray-back" tumbled some distance down a steep declivity towards the river. All this was done so quickly that the men in rear did not get up till it was all over. Two others of the enemy were wounded, but succeeded in making their escape. The boys soon found a man with a wagon, pressed him into service, and carried the wounded of both sides into camp. Peavy and his

wounded enemy occupied beds adjoining each other in the hospital, and agreed to fight it out when they got well; but they soon became better friends, and concluded to wait till they should meet in battle.

On the 22d of November Captains Harkins and Bailey set out with four companies to attack Stonewall Jackson's pickets, near Winchester. They fell in with them about four miles from that place and had a very lively skirmish, in which they succeeded in capturing twenty men and forty horses; besides killing one man and his horse. Nobody hurt on our side.

They were so elated with their success that they attempted the same game in a few days afterwards, but they found all the gaps so strongly guarded that they had to return as they went. "Old Stonewall" was not to be caught twice in the same trap.

Our horses having been on the go almost day and night since the middle of August, many of them were entirely used up, and we had them condemned and a fresh lot furnished in their stead. This caused a great deal of work, as the new "mounts" had to be broken in and trained to their work. Our men had become splendid horsemen, and began to know the value of a good horse, both in pursuit and in retreat, and we had but little trouble in getting them to clean and feed them and use them carefully on the march. We laid out a race course at Oldtown, and had many an exciting trial of speed and bottom while lying at that place. For the benefit of the new horses we established riding schools, with ditches and hurdles, to practice them in leaping; for we placed no value on a horse that couldn't leap over any ordinary fence, and clear a twelve foot ditch at a flying leap.

It was with many regrets that the men parted with their old *equine* friends; having learned to love them for the many rare qualities they possessed. They had pet names for their horses, and it was surprising to hear a horse answer, by a low whinny, in the darkest night, when his master called him by name. I have seen some horses partake of a glass of lager, while others would take a pull from a canteen of apple jack. They would eat hard tack, and fat pork too, and some of them would manage to untie themselves at night, in bivouac, and make a raid on the haversacks for the purpose of helping themselves to their master's rations.

They knew the sounds of the bugle as well as their riders, and would keep their places in the ranks on drill, on the march, or in a charge, with as much precision as old soldiers.

We allowed the men to purchase at low rates any horses they might capture from the enemy, and it was not long before three-fourths of the regiment were mounted on fine Virginia horses, for the use of which they received forty cents per day from the Government. The problem was solved, and we had no more trouble with those men about not taking care of their horses.

Every man was proud of his charger, and vied with every other in having the fastest and finest looking horse. From that time forward the race course became an established institution in the regiment, and the first thing in order, after getting to any permanent camp, was to lay out a track.

This led to betting, and a good deal of money changed hands about pay-day; but it was an improvement on the ordinary modes of gambling which had been practiced previously.

From this time forward our regiment was one of the best mounted of any in the service, and cost "Uncle Sam" less for horse flesh than any other regiment; Imboden, Gilmore, Mosby and other Confederate cavalry commanders, supplying our regiment better than our Government had ever done.

We had established in our regiment a school of instruction for the officers, with two sessions each week; mounted drill and sabre exercise was kept up daily when not on scout. The regiment was inspected and reviewed frequently, and the new horses soon became accustomed to their duties.

Stables were erected about the 1st of December, and the men fixed their tents for the purpose of passing the winter at Oldtown; but on the 11th we were ordered to proceed to Martinsburg, Virginia, and all our labor in building quarters for our men and horses was lost. Such is the life of a trooper.

Burnside was preparing to attack Lee at Fredericksburg, and we must guard the mouth of the Shenandoah Valley, to give warning in case the enemy should again attempt to invade "My Maryland."

Captain Simons, with his troop, was stationed at Greenspring Run, opposite to Oldtown, by order of General Kelly, and did not accompany us to Martinsburg.

CHAPTER XV.

North Mountain Station—Prendergrast's Fight at Bunker Hill—We Occupy Martinsburg and Winchester—Captures at Woodstock—Description of the "Valley"—Winchester and its People—Picket Fighting—Mosby's Men Capture our Stage—We Pursue and Defeat Them—The Thirteenth Pennsylvania Cavalry "Skedaddle"—Off to Berryville.

ON the 12th of December, 1862, the regiment left Oldtown, Maryland, *en route* for the Shenandoah Valley, and arrived at North Mountain Station, about eight miles from Martinsburg, on the 14th.

Before leaving, we had sent Companies F and M by way of Blooming Gap and Ungher's Store, to Martinsburg, and on reaching that place, Lieutenants Prendergrast and Lewis, with twenty-seven men, went on a scout towards Winchester. They came upon the enemy's pickets about five miles from Martinsburg, and at once charged them, "sabre in hand," driving them in on the reserve, consisting of about one hundred men. A hand-to-hand engagement then took place, lasting several minutes, during which Lieutenant Lewis and one of the men were surrounded and captured. But they both broke away from their captors and joined their comrades, amid a perfect shower of bullets from the enemy. Our men were in the edge of a woods at this time, and the "Johnnies" could not see their strength, so Lieutenant Prendergrast determined upon a ruse. He formed one-half of his men in line in the woods, and sent the other half, under Lewis, back on the road a short distance, with instructions to charge up the pike in column, yelling like wild cats and raising all the dust they could.

As this charging force appeared in view, Prendergrast's men broke from the woods in line, yelling like fiends, and the enemy, thinking that reinforcements had come up, gave way in confusion and made for Bunker Hill. Our boys were well mounted, and soon overtook the fleeing "graybacks," killing four of them and capturing thirteen prisoners. They were now close to Bunker Hill, where a whole regiment of Confederate cavalry were encamped, and they deemed it imprudent to proceed farther, so they returned to Martinsburg with their prisoners, many of whom had received severe sabre wounds in the fight.

On the 15th our regiment set out to attack the enemy supposed to be at Bunker Hill, but the citizens there informed us that they had removed their camp to Winchester the day after Prendergrast's skirmish.

The troops at North Mountain Station were the One Hundred and Twenty-sixth Ohio, and First West Virginia Volunteers, and two batteries of horse artillery—Colonel McReynolds being the ranking officer present took command of the brigade.

About this time Majors Ogle and Haurand resigned, and Captains Harkins and Boyd were recommended for the vacancies; being the two senior captains.

On the 3d of January, 1863, Lieutenant-Colonel Von Schickfuss was ordered to Winchester, with several companies of the regiment, and Colonel McReynolds moved up to Martinsburg with all the other troops, except what remained of our regiment.

On the 7th I was ordered to join Colonel Von Schickfuss, at Winchester, with all of the regiment left at North Mountain Station, and I arrived at my destination the same evening.

On arriving I found that Von Schieckfuss had set out at 5 a. m. that day to attack the enemy's pickets at Woodstock. The snow was several inches deep, and the ground frozen like a stone; besides which it snowed all day like fury. We did not expect Von Schieckfuss back that night, but he arrived at 5 a. m. next day; having marched about seventy miles, capturing over twenty of the enemy's men, and fifty of their horses fully equipped.

He had taken the "Back Road," leading along the eastern base of the North Mountain, and had flanked Woodstock, coming up in its rear, taking the reserve picket post at that place by surprise. The enemy's horses were tied to the fences, and the men were sleeping in their shelters, as our bold troopers entered the town with a yell at midnight.

Very little resistance was offered, and had it not been for the houses and garden fences every man of them would have been captured; but being on foot, and it being a dark night, more than half of them escaped; we got all the horses however.

About a bushel of letters were found at the post office, and from these we got some very valuable information concerning the strength and location of the enemy in the "Valley."

General Jones was at New Market, about twenty miles to the south, with the Seventh and Twelfth Regiments, and Seventeenth Battalion of Virginia Cavalry, a regiment of infantry of the Maryland line, and a six gun battery of horse artillery. Part of his force was at Mt. Jackson, and his pickets at Woodstock and Fisher's Hill, overlooking Strasburg.

As our men returned they captured all the videttes stationed on the roads, as far as Fisher's Hill; being

mistaken by them for a Confederate scouting party on its way to reconnoitre Winchester, where General Milroy had just arrived with a small division of infantry and some artillery.

This little affair caused General Milroy to esteem our regiment very highly, and he soon found plenty of hard work for us.

As I shall have a good deal to say about the "Valley" hereafter, in the course of his narrative, I will now attempt to give a description of its principal features, so as to avoid too much repetition as I proceed with my story.

The Shenandoah Valley is bounded on the west by the North Mountain and its ranges, and on the east by the Blue Ridge; both of these ranges, together with the Valley itself, running from north-east to south-west. The "Valley" has an average width of about fifteen to twenty miles, and extends from the Potomac River, on the north, almost to the James River, on the south, a distance of nearly one hundred and fifty miles. It is divided into the Upper and Lower Valley. The latter extends from the Potomac River to a line drawn from Front Royal to Strasburg, where the Massanuttan Mountain starts, and runs up the middle of the Upper Valley, to a point opposite Harrisonburg, a distance of about forty miles, where it stops almost as abruptly as it started. In the lower end of this mountain there is a small valley, known as Powell's Fort, or Fort Valley, through which Passage Creek flows and empties into the North Branch of the Shenandoah at Strasburg. The Shenandoah River has two branches, known as the "North Fork" and "South Fork."

The latter is formed by the union of the North River,

Middle River, and South River, which unite near Port Republic, and flows between the Massanutten Mountain and the Blue Ridge, through what is known as Page, or "Luray Valley," to Front Royal; where it unites with the North Fork, which flows through the valley between the Massanutten Mountain and the North Mountain, past Mount Jackson and Strasburg, to Front Royal. From the latter place the Shenandoah River flows along the western base of the Blue Ridge to Harper's Ferry, where it joins the Potomac, and their united waters then force a passage through the mountains. From Jefferson's rock, on Bolivar Heights, in rear of Harper's Ferry, a fine view is obtained of this gap, and of Loudon Heights, Virginia, and Maryland Heights, in Maryland. From the summit of the latter heights a fine view of the Shenandoah Valley is obtained, northward towards Martinsburg, and southward towards Winchester.

The latter place, which is the most important of any in the valley, is located almost in the centre of the lower valley; being about thirty miles from Harper's Ferry, and about the same distance from Strasburg.

There is a splendid turnpike road, known as the "Valley Pike," running the whole length of the valley, from the fords of the Potomac at Williamsport, Maryland, to Buchanan, on the James River; passing through all the principal towns and villages in the valley, viz: Martinsburg, Winchester, Kernstown, Newtown, Middletown, Strasburg, Woodstock, Edinburg, Mount Jackson, New Market, Harrisonburg, Mount Crawford, Staunton and Lexington.

Winchester is like the hub of a wheel, with roads radiating from it in every direction like spokes. Besides the "Valley Pike" leading through it north and south,

there is another leading east and north, through Berryville and Charlestown, to Harper's Ferry; this road also leads through Berryville to Snicker's Gap in the Blue Ridge. Another leads through Millwood to Ashby's Gap, and another leads through Nineveh to Front Royal, in Chester Gap. Others lead west over the North Mountain to Romney and Moorfield, in West Virginia. Numerous "dirt roads" ran through the valley in every conceivable direction, making it very difficult to understand the country, and rendering it easy for the initiated either to way-lay or escape an enemy.

The Manassas Railroad passed through Front Royal, and crossed the valley to Strasburg; and another railroad ran from Harper's Ferry to Winchester, but both of these had been destroyed early in the war; so that there was no railroad in the valley, save the Baltimore and Ohio road, which traversed the lower end of the valley, from Harper's Ferry at the Blue Ridge, to where the North Mountain strikes the Potomac River above Williamsport, Maryland; and the Virginia Central, which passed through the Blue Ridge at Rockfish Gap, near Waynesboro', and entered Staunton, near the upper end of the valley.

Cedar Creek breaks through the North Mountain from the west, crosses the "Valley Pike" a few miles north of Strasburg, and empties into the Shenandoah near the latter place. The Opequon Creek rises in the North Mountain, south-west of Winchester, crosses the "Valley Pike" at Bartonsville, five miles south of Winchester, then turns north, down the middle of the valley, crossing the Berryville Pike half way between the latter place and Winchester, and empties into the Potomac River below Falling Waters.

Such are some of the main topographical features of the now famous valley of the Shenandoah—the battle field, as well as the race-course of armies.

We found the people of Winchester in a dreadful condition, having scarcely any food, and being almost without means, and destitute of fuel for fire to cook their food. Many had to stay in bed most of their time to keep from freezing, and were dependent on the troops for provisions enough to keep soul and body together. No one would venture into the town with anything to sell for fear General Milroy would make them take the oath of allegiance to the Federal Government; and some of them would die rather than do so.

In the outskirts of the town there was a grave yard containing the remains of several thousand soldiers, killed in the battle between Stonewall Jackson of the Confederate army, and Generals Banks and Shields of the Federal army.

On the 8th of January Lieutenant O. B. Knowles and twenty men of our regiment went to Newtown and captured a large quantity of gray cloth intended for the Confederate army; but the party having it in charge made his escape. We were then lying at Hollingsworth's Mills, on the turnpike south of Winchester, and it was bitter cold. The men were living in tents and the horses were entirely without shelter. The forage and rations had to be hauled from Martinsburg in wagons, and the road was beset at all points by the enemy's cavalry, making strong escorts necessary for the protection of the trains. In consequence of these things forage was scarce, and our poor horses suffered, not only from exposure, but from want of food.

I never could see why our Government kept troops

at Winchester. It was far removed from a base of supplies, and its lines of communication too long and too much exposed to be kept open with any kind of certainty, without employing a very large force for escort duty. There were no railroad or telegraph communications there during the war, nor could we have kept them intact if there had been. Every communication had to be sent by couriers, and many good men lost their lives in this dangerous service, being killed by the skulking bushwhackers or the bold guerrillas. When a small party set out with dispatches they took their lives in their hands, and generally took leave of their comrades as if they were never again to see them. This may seem like a sad picture to those who never participated in "wars rude alarms;" but our boys made light of such matters, as they were exposed to death almost every day, and it had lost its terrors to a very great extent. Indeed they rather enjoyed the danger, and would volunteer at any time to go through with dispatches, in order to enjoy an adventure. I never saw men with such personal courage, self-reliance and contempt of danger.

On the 9th we were ordered to encamp on the bleak hill side just north of the town, and our condition was pitiable. No shelter for our horses, and very little for the men. We soon set to work tearing down uninhabited old houses and mills in and about Winchester, in order to get lumber to build sheds for the horses and to secure our tents against the chilling winds and driving snow.

On the 10th the West Virginia troops under Milroy had a parade in honor of the admission of their State into the Federal Union.

On the 14th the companies of our regiment left at Martinsburg joined us, and it was amusing to hear their comments on the appearance of things at Winchester, compared with those they had just left.

On the 17th General Jones, of the Confederate army, with his cavalry, rode down from New Market to inspect our position, and see how we kept "watch and ward" at Winchester. An "intelligent (?) contraband informed General Milroy that the rebel cavalry were at Millwood, and our regiment was sent off in hot haste to give them a fitting reception. On reaching Millwood we found that General Jones had come down the east side of the Blue Ridge, crossing the Shenandoah at Castleman's Ferry the previous night, and had approached to within three miles of Winchester; then crossed over to the Front Royal road and encamped in a pine thicket about four miles from the river. We found their camping place, but they had left early in the morning in the direction of Newtown, and were approaching Winchester from that quarter, while we were leaving it in pursuit of them in almost the opposite direction. They sent a squad of men down the "Back Road" who struck the main pike in rear of our outer pickets, and captured several of the videttes, who took them for our own men. Thus playing upon us the game we had taught them at Woodstock on the 7th instant; but they were not so successful. Company "K" was on duty that day, and, hearing what had happened, set out at speed after the retreating enemy. They soon overtook them, and charged at once, re-capturing our own men and driving the enemy's scouting party several miles. The men who had been captured resorted to all manner of tricks to delay the march of the enemy, feeling certain that their

friends would soon be in pursuit. At last their captors threatened to shoot them if they did not hurry up, and were about to carry out their threats when they spied the "boys in blue" approaching at a gallop.

They saw they could not escape with their prisoners, so after cursing them vigorously, they abandoned them in order to save themselves.

On the 25th the whole regiment went to White Post, between Millwood and Front Royal, but no enemy was to be seen. On the 26th one hundred men were sent to the Devil's Hole, in the North Mountain, and they brought in about a dozen villainous-looking "bushwhackers," and a large number of cattle, sheep and horses, which those gentlemen(?) had secreted there. One of the prisoners turned out to be a lieutenant, with an order from General Jones to capture one of our scouts named Brown. (This soldier was of a highly respectable family, residing at Somers, Westchester county, New York.

We were the only cavalry at Winchester, and we were carefully kept from rusting. General Milroy seemed to realize that the enemy had no special love for him, and that their cavalry might dash in some night and take him out of his bed, unless we scoured the country in all directions, and reporting their whereabouts every day. Many a time we cursed the old general, although we admired his intrepidity and well-known devotion to the cause, as we trudged along by our horses to keep from freezing, on our return from some fruitless chase after the almost ubiquitous enemy. A few Confederate horsemen would appear on nearly every road approaching Winchester, at the same moment of time, front, rear and flanks, and our regiment would be ordered out in as many different detachments to investigate the

matter. But this was only a ruse of the enemy to worry us and wear out our horses, so that we should not be able to do them so much harm at a distance from our camps.

We had to do picket duty as well as scouting, and our men seldom had two nights in bed in a week. We were on the go five days out of seven, and some parts of the regiment every day in the week.

On the 3d of February we went to Strasburg and captured a large quantity of flour, ready to be forwarded to Lee's army, and I thought we would freeze to death on the return. The turnpike was built on high ground, and the cold wind swept along in gusts, freezing everything with its wintry breath. A citizen remarked to me that when General White, of our army, commanded at Winchester, the Confederates used to ride all around him, and he seldom ventured out after them; "but," said he "I hear of you all everywhere in the valley." I told him we were a pretty lively set of Yankees.

On the 5th of February the Thirteenth Pennsylvania Cavalry arrived at Winchester, which somewhat lightened our duties. On the 6th, the stage, with all our mail and several officers and soldiers, who were on board as passengers, was captured by Mosby's guerrillas, while on its way up from Martinsburg.

We sent fifty of our men in pursuit, under Captain Jones and Lieutenants Watkins and Laverty, and they overtook them near Millwood. It had been freezing hard, and the roads were very slippery, but Jones ordered his men to charge the moment he spied the enemy, and one of the most exciting chases of the war was the result.

Revolvers were used by pursuers and pursued, but our men had to be very careful about firing on account of the prisoners. At last the revolvers were emptied, and Jones' men drew their sabres and dashed in among the retreating enemy, sabring them right and left. The guerrillas had mounted their prisoners on the stage horses, with all the harness on, and were urging them forward at the top of their speed. It was almost dark, and the boys found it difficult to distinguish between the captors and their prisoners.

Lieutenant Watkins, who was riding a swift and powerful horse, dashed up to a mounted man and demanded his surrender, but receiving no reply, he rose in his stirrups to give him a taste of his sabre, when the man slid from his horse and rolled over and over on the hard frozen ground.

He was picked up, more dead than alive, and turned out to be Captain Dietrich, A. A. G. of one of our brigades at Winchester. The guerrillas had mounted him on one of the stage horses, without a saddle, and having neither great-coat nor gloves, the "Johnnies" having appropriated them, he was almost frozen, and could not hold his horse.

Lieutenant Lavery was severely wounded in the leg by a pistol ball during the chase, and shortly afterwards resigned. He was a promising young officer, and we regretted his loss. All of the prisoners were re-captured, together with the stage horses and harness, and half a dozen of the guerrillas as well. Several of the enemy had been killed, and it was found, upon inquiring of the prisoners, that one of the killed was named Jones. Captain Jones had the dead bodies taken to a house near by, and strange to say the proprietor's name was Jones.

On the 9th, Captain Hertzog went out with his company and brought in a lieutenant as prisoner, together with seven fine horses with all their equipments. He had met a scouting party of the enemy, had killed two of them in the skirmish that followed, and had made the above captures.

On the 26th, about 4:00 a. m., a party of the enemy's cavalry got in rear of our pickets on the Strasburg road, capturing eight out of fifteen of the men, and thirteen of the horses; two men were wounded, but made their escape on horseback. The enemy came down the "Back Road" to within three miles of Winchester, where it strikes the main pike. This road was not picketed for some cause or other, save at its junction with the main pike, where a few infantry were stationed as supports for our cavalry pickets, who were some distance beyond.

The raiders soon dispersed the infantry, and then marched south along the turnpike at a leisurely gait, surprising and capturing our men on the way out, as above stated, thus repeating the game which we had taught them at Woodstock, a short time before.

On hearing of this we sent about fifty men of our regiment in pursuit, under Captain Passegger and Lieutenant Weiss. This mounted force proceeded to Strasburg, where they overtook the enemy and charged them at once, driving them through the town and beyond Fisher's Hill in its rear, where a squadron of the enemy's cavalry were on picket.

This force was also put to flight and driven some distance, and all of our men re-captured. Captain Passegger then returned by the Back Road, according to orders, and reached camp in safety with his prisoners about 9 a. m. that day.

Major Kerwin, of the Thirteenth Pennsylvania Cavalry, had come up with a battalion of his regiment just as Passegger left the turnpike, and continued in pursuit of the enemy, with a squadron under Captain Dewees in advance. This force proceeded as far as Woodstock, where they fell in with some of the enemy and made several captures.

As Major Kerwin was returning with his battalion, proudly escorting the prisoners they had captured, he met Major Byrne, with another battalion of the same regiment, coming up to reinforce him. The two forces met on the turnpike between Strasburg and Fisher's Hill, where it is almost impossible for cavalry to leave the road on either side, owing to the nature of the ground, and here the two columns were halted, just as they had been marching, while their officers discussed the situation. While in this position, firing was heard in the direction of Fisher's Hill, and the next instant Kerwin's rear guard were observed galloping in, with the enemy yelling and firing close at their heels.

Kerwin gave the command to his battalion: "By fours, left about wheel!" and they soon were facing the enemy; but unfortunately the other battalion wheeled also, at the word of command, which was not intended for them, and faced in the opposite direction. Kerwin then gave the command: "Forward!" supposing that both battalions were facing the enemy, and the result was that each battalion set out in an opposite direction. Both officers and men were no doubt much excited, as I was told that this was the first time the Thirteenth Pennsylvania had met the enemy; and as the rear guard dashed up, at headlong speed, shouting that the enemy were coming in great force, they threw the head of Kerwin's column

into some confusion. At that moment it was discovered that Byrne's battalion of the Thirteenth were moving to the rear, upon which Kerwin's men took the alarm and began to waver.

Just then the enemy hove in sight and poured a volley into them, accompanied by the well known "rebel yell," and a general panic seized upon all, except a few of the officers, which resulted in a disgraceful and most disastrous rout.

Major Kerwin, Captain Meany, and a few other officers of the Thirteenth made the most heroic exertions to rally their men, but they were too panic-stricken to pay any attention, and only thought of escape. At last a pretty respectable number of the officers and non-commissioned officers, and a few of the coolest of the men, were got together, and with Kerwin and Meany leading, they charged upon the enemy, driving them back over a mile; thus saving many of the command, who otherwise would have been killed or captured by reason of their horses having given out.

This shows what a few determined officers can do, and proves conclusively that there was no reason for such a disgraceful retreat; the Thirteenth Pennsylvania being fully able to cope with the enemy's forces had they not given way to their fears.

The result was disastrous. Twelve of the men were killed, and many others of them seriously wounded, some of whom afterwards died of their wounds; and eleven of the commissioned officers and eighty of the "rank and file" were captured.

The alarm had reached Winchester, and our regiment was sent out, under Major Adams, to look after the enemy and save the remnant of the Thirteenth Penn-

sylvania Cavalry. We met the Thirteenth a short distance south of the town, coming on at a rapid gait, and so bespattered with mud that officers and men were quite indistinguishable. We halted them and tried to inspire them with confidence, but they could not feel safe anywhere short of Winchester. We inquired after Passegger, and were told that he and all of his men had been captured, which made us very angry, and our men cursed the Thirteenth for cowards. We then struck spurs to our horses and rode rapidly in pursuit of the enemy. On arriving at Strasburg we learned from the citizens that Passegger had not been captured, but had returned by the Back Road; and that the enemy had returned to Woodstock, saying that they expected that d——d First New York Cavalry would soon be on their tracks with their race horses.

This was their first introduction to the enemy, and it was a bad beginning; but I am happy to be able to say that this regiment was afterwards considered equal to any in the Army of the Potomac. They had good material in the regiment and, as a rule, the line officers were good soldiers; but, like many other regiments, *some of the field officers* were not the men to lead troopers to glory. Major Michael Kerwin, however, was a competent and gallant officer. George R. McGuire, the adjutant of that regiment, was a good officer, and Captain Dan. Meaney was a cool, brave, dashing fellow, who liked nothing better than to lead a charge upon the enemy; and there were many other gallant officers of the Thirteenth Pennsylvania, who, after that, distinguished themselves on the field.

About this time Captain Simons of our regiment, who had been left at Greenspring Run, arrived at Winchester

with a battery of horse artillery, which he had escorted through the mountains from Romney. It is the greatest wonder in the world that Imboden did not capture the whole party, as he might have done had he been on the *qui vive*.

On the 4th of March our regiment, the Thirteenth Pennsylvania Cavalry, two regiments of infantry, and a battery of horse artillery, went to Woodstock, but the enemy fell back and we couldn't raise a fight.

On the 10th, Colonel McReynolds arrived from Martinsburg with the Twelfth Pennsylvania Cavalry.

General W. L. Elliott, of the regular army, also arrived with a brigade of infantry and a battery of artillery.

About this time Major Timothy Quinn, a resident of Troy, New York, joined our regiment, and there was a good deal of ill feeling among the officers because the Governor of New York had appointed this stranger over the heads of those who were entitled to the position, and well qualified to fill it. But the major was a man of sterling common sense, and soon became a general favorite. He was over six feet tall, and splendidly built, possessed a genial temper, and proved himself a worthy "son of Mars."

On the 24th the regiment was sent to Wardensville, about half way to Moorfield, as it had been reported that Imboden was at or near that place; but we could hear nothing of our old friend in that direction.

On the 27th, our regiment was ordered to proceed to Berryville, about ten miles east of Winchester, and about five miles from Snicker's Gap in the Blue Ridge, at the western base of which flows the Shenandoah River. This was the second time during that winter

that we had built stables and winter quarters and had to abandon them.

While at Winchester we had some very pleasant times at the residence of Mrs. Meredith, who had two charming daughters; both strongly in favor of the Union. Mrs. Ginn also had two lovely daughters, both loyal, and one of them formed a union with a gentleman from Ohio shortly afterwards; but we were not able to attend the nuptials, as Winchester and vicinity was at that time disputed territory. Mrs. Wright also had two fine daughters, but the younger was for the "gray," on which account she frequently looked "blue" at us.

John S. Mosby had been commissioned a captain in the Confederate army, and had just brought himself into public notoriety by the capture of General Stoughton, in his bed, at Fairfax Court House, surrounded by his watchful (?) troops; and General Milroy began to fear that this bold rider and his "moss troopers" would play the same trick upon him, if not closely watched. The headquarters of this new star in the constellation of guerrilla chiefs were in Loudon Valley, on the East side of the Blue Ridge. He had then about two hundred mounted guerrillas under his command, besides, any number of bushwhackers, half-soldiers, half-farmers, who scoured the country on foot, waylaying small patrols, and shooting our pickets at night. These were the most detestable characters that the war produced. When taken in daytime, they were innocent farmers, (?) but at night they were human hyenas.

Berryville was at a convenient distance from the main gap of the Blue Ridge, through which Mosby, or any other Confederate force, would have to pass in order to get into the Shenandoah Valley, and we were sent to

that place to watch those by-ways from rebeldom. Loudon and Fauquier counties, on the east side of the mountains, were denominated "Mosby's Confederacy," as his force held sway in those counties.



CHAPTER XVI.

The Third Brigade at Berryville—Review at Winchester—Mosby after our Patrols—Capture of the Guerrilla Leopold—Trap set for Mosby—Sad Blunder of the Sixty-seventh Pennsylvania Volunteers—After Mosby—Capture of Union Cavalry at Charlestown—Major Adams' Fight with Mosby—Re-capture of our Troops—Races at Berryville—Colonel Ware and his Stock—Bushwhackers—Narrow Escape of Mosby—Scout to Fairfax.

ON our arrival in Berryville, in March, 1863, we were joined by the following troops: Sixty-seventh Pennsylvania Volunteers, Colonel Staunton; Twelfth West Virginia Volunteers, Colonel Klunk; Sixth Maryland Volunteers, Colonel Horn; Baltimore Light Battery, Captain Alexander.

These troops, together with the First New York (Lincoln) Cavalry, formed the Third Brigade of Milroy's Division (the Second) of the Eighth Army Corps. General Schenk commanded the corps, with headquarters at Baltimore. Colonel McReynolds commanded the Third Brigade, with headquarters at Berryville. Milroy's headquarters were at Winchester.

On the 31st of March I was appointed A. A. G. of the Third Brigade, and took up my quarters with Colonel McReynolds, in the town.

On the 6th of April there was a review of the troops at Winchester, on which occasion, General Milroy was the recipient of a sword, sash and belt, presented by the West Virginia troops of his division, and there were a great many ladies and gentlemen present on horseback and in carriages. Many of our officers attended the review, and rode with the general as his escort. I recol-

lect that Major Adams was one of the officers invited to ride with the general, he being one of Milroy's favorites.

On the night of the 12th, while Lieutenant Woodruff and a patrol of ten men of Company F, of our regiment, were going towards Snicker's Ferry, they were bushwacked by about thirty of Mosby's guerrillas. The first volley killed private Charles Young, and wounded two of the horses. Lieutenant Woodruff called upon his men to charge, which they did most gallantly, driving the enemy from their ambush; but in so doing lost another man, Clark D. Reynolds, who got mixed with the enemy in the darkness and was carried off a prisoner.

The next day a patrol from Company H, under Lieutenant Martindale, had a skirmish with Mosby's men near Berry's Ferry, and killed one of them. Several of the boys crossed the river while their comrades covered them with carbines from behind a stone wall on the bank. On reaching the other side they were attacked by Mosby's men, who dashed down to the bank and fired at them as they swam back. At that moment the boys behind the wall fired, dropping one of the "Johnnies," and the rest retreated.

On the night of the 21st we sent forty men and three officers, of our regiment, under Captain Bailey, to capture the notorious Captain Leopold. An old negro had crossed over and told us that the captain and his men rendezvoused at his master's house, on the other side of the Shenandoah, among the Blue Ridge Mountains. The "darkey" agreed to be on the opposite bank of the river at midnight, to strike three matches, in quick succession, as a signal that all was right, or only one in case things were not right. Our boys were "standing to horse," at the appointed hour, peering through the darkness for the

signal. At last they observed three distinct flashes and were soon in the saddle swimming for the opposite shore. It was considered hazardous, as the negro might have been employed by the enemy to draw them into an ambuscade, so we had artillery on the bank to protect them in case they should be pursued by a superior force. On crossing they found the old "darkey" all excitement, who informed them that Leopold was in bed at the house, and then led them to a point from which they could distinguish the outlines of the buildings. They then surrounded the house quietly, and rapped at the door. There was great commotion within, but the officers sung out that the house was surrounded, and would be burned, and everybody in it put to death, if a single shot were fired. After a good deal of parleying the door was opened and the boys walked in, pistol in hand, and captured Mr. Leopold and seven of his gang, all villainous looking scoundrels. Leopold was quite young looking, but he was a notorious bushwhacker.

On the night of May 5th we sent a squad of our men, under Lieutenants Boyd and Wyckoff, with about four hundred of the Sixty-seventh Pennsylvania Volunteers, under Colonel Staunton, to set a "trap" for Mosby.

We had captured a lot of skiffs at Front Royal, and had brought them down to "Snicker's Gap" for the purpose of ferrying the infantry across the river.

It had been arranged that the cavalry should keep some distance in advance of the infantry, and when they should meet Mosby's men they were to skirmish long enough for a trooper to ride back and inform the infantry, so that they could conceal themselves. The cavalry were then to retreat and draw Mosby's men into the ambuscade. The river was crossed in safety and the

troops set out on the road in high spirits; but "the best laid schemes of mice and men gang aft a-gley," and such was the case in this instance. On the 6th, about 3 p. m., the cavalry, seventeen in number, came in sight of Mosby's pickets, near Upperville, Loudon county, Virginia. One of the troopers was sent back at speed to "set the trap," and the others made a dash on the pickets, who fell back a short distance to the reserve. Our boys fired at long range and tried to draw the enemy into a charge, but could not succeed. Finally they rode out into the middle of the highway, so that the enemy could see the paucity of their numbers, and began to yell and fire their pistols, but made no attempt to advance. Mosby's men kept returning the fire, and having long range fire-arms they succeeded in wounding Charles Glossup, of Company C, and also Lieutenant Hawkins of the Sixth Maryland Volunteers, who had accompanied the expedition on horseback, out of pure love of adventure.

In a short time a stir was noticed among the enemy, as if preparing for some movement, and the next instant they came charging down the road, firing rapidly, cheering and yelling as only rebels could yell. This was what our boys wanted, and being well mounted they took things easy. Sergeant J. J. Snyder, of Company C, had his horse shot in the hip with a rifle bullet, which lamed him very much, and he was left behind his comrades in the retreat.

The enemy were gaining upon him very rapidly, and the bullets were uncomfortably numerous, so that he had to apply the spurs to keep out of danger. His horse was failing fast, and the foremost of the enemy were only a short distance behind him; but he had no

thought of surrendering. Turning in his saddle, he blazed away at the leader of the advancing enemy, causing him to crouch low in his saddle, and producing some confusion in the head of the column. This he repeated several times as the enemy got too close, until his revolver was emptied. Then the "graybacks" put spurs to their horses and soon shortened the distance between them; and the leader, who rode a very fast horse, dashed up on a line with Snyder, taking care to keep clear of his sabre, and fired. The bullet grazed his upper lip, cutting off part of his mustache, and, fearing the next shot would finish him, he rolled from his horse, and the whole rebel squadron dashed past, thinking he had been killed, but he was only bruised by the fall.

In a moment he was on his feet and over the fence into the woods, yet not a bit too soon. Our retreating cavalry had just got in front of our infantry, when the whole line poured a withering volley into them; which, had the infantry not been so frightened, must have killed every man and horse in the party. As it was, they killed two men and two horses, and wounded several others of our own men, and nearly all the rest of the horses. It was dreadful! The enemy discovered the "trap" just in time, and wheeling their horses, they dashed back past where Snyder was concealed, congratulating themselves on their miraculous escape, and glorying over the fearful blunder of our infantry.

The names of the killed in this sad affair, were: Voorhees, of Company H, and Gleason, of Company B, of our regiment; and the wounded were Lieutenants Wyeckoff and Boyd, and private Glossup, of our regiment, and Lieutenant Hawkins, of the Sixth Maryland Vol-

unteers. The two latter had been pretty severely wounded by the enemy in the early part of the skirmish, but our infantry hit them again. Poor Glossup's leg had to be amputated, and he died from the effects.

This was the most criminal and inexcusable blunder that I have ever heard of. The arrangements were perfect, and the infantry had been notified of the coming enemy, and yet, they were so excited, and so anxious to kill somebody, that they fired into the first mounted men that made their appearance; and they kept firing for some time, notwithstanding the shouts of our men informing them who they were.

On the 12th, Captain Boyd, with one hundred men, crossed the Shenandoah and Blue Ridge into "Mosby's Confederacy," determined to have satisfaction. They proceeded to Leesburg, taking several prisoners on their way, and bivouacked for the night.

Next morning they marched through Middleburg' capturing a number of Mosby's "moss troopers," and proceeded on to Upperville. On the way between those two places, the country seemed alive with guerrillas and bushwhackers; but they kept in that poetic distance, which is said "to lend enchantment to the view," only deigning to give our party an occasional salute with their rifles from the hill-tops, out of range of our carbines.

On approaching Upperville, about fifty mounted men were discovered, and Boyd divided his force, sending Captain Jones with fifty men to flank the town, while he charged through. Captain Jones lost his way in the pine thicket, and the plan miscarried; but Boyd dashed in and captured about a dozen of the bold riders before they could escape. He then pursued Mosby and the

balance of his force for several miles. During the chase, an officer, supposed to have been Mosby, would halt far in rear of his men, fire upon our advance, and then dash away at speed, bidding defiance to his pursuers. He was mounted upon a magnificent gray horse, whose speed seemed to our men almost miraculous. In this way he played with Boyd's advance for several miles, narrowly escaping the bullets from their carbines on several occasions. While engaged in this fruitless, but exciting chase, Sergeant McKinley, of Company B, had his horse killed by a shot from Mosby's pistol. Several of our men were wounded by bushwhackers, having been left some distance in rear on account of their horses giving out. Patrick Donnelly, of Company C, was shot through the lungs by one of those despicable wretches, and had to be left in the farm house of a Mr. Fletcher. This family took good care of him, often sending to our camp for delicacies, and he recovered. Donnelly has since purchased that place, and is now using it as a stock farm.

While he was lying ill, Mosby frequently called to inquire after his welfare, and invariably treated him with consideration and kindness. Upon recovering he made his way to Harper's Ferry, and joined his company, and served gallantly throughout the war.

On the 16th, a company of Maryland cavalry stationed at Charlestown, near Harper's Ferry, was captured by the enemy, and a force of cavalry under Major Adams, was sent to intercept them. This force was to cross the Shenandoah at Berry's Ferry, pass through Ashby's Gap, and head the raiders off as they attempted to get to New Market.

On approaching the ferry Lieutenant Vermilya and

twenty-five men were sent ahead to reconnoitre, and as they passed through a piece of woods near Berry's Ford, they were attacked in rear by about fifty of Mosby's men, who had crossed the river in the night to way-lay the patrol of about a dozen men, which we were in the habit of sending from our regiment, to inspect the various fords every day.

Vermilya turned on them, and there was a pretty little fight going on when the main column, under Major Adams, having heard the firing in front, dashed up and turned the scales against the enemy; who, finding themselves between two fires, were compelled to fight, run or surrender. They fought desperately, just as rats will when cornered, but they were quickly vanquished; two of them being killed and fifteen captured, besides a good many of them being wounded who succeeded in making their escape. We had two men and several horses wounded. Major Adams charged the fleeing enemy into the Shenandoah River, and some of the prisoners were taken in the water.

In his report of this affair, Major Adams gives great credit to Major Quinn and the other officers of his command, for their gallantry in the fight.

The prisoners were sent back to Berryville, and the column kept on its way. On reaching Paris, on the east side of the Blue Ridge, they met a detachment of cavalry from Winchester, composed of men from the Third Virginia, and the Thirteenth Pennsylvania Cavalry, under Captain Dan. Meany, who had fallen in with the raiders and their prisoners, and had re-captured all of our men, together with a few of the enemy.

Our party proceeded as far as Upperville, capturing five more of Mosby's guerrillas as they passed along.

On the 23d we had a gala day at Berryville. Our officers had laid out a race course, one mile in circuit, and had amused themselves with friendly trials of speed for some time. Finally it was arranged to have a series of races on the above date, and numerous invitations had been issued to the officers at Winchester, Martinsburg and Harper's Ferry. There was to be a trotting match for a gold mounted riding whip; a running or flat race for an English saddle and bridle, and a hurdle race, or steeple chase, for a silver goblet, handsomely engraved. The weather was very fine, and we had a large number of visitors, civil and military, ladies and gentlemen. The troops at Berryville were reviewed in the morning, and drawn up under arms, to witness the races and to be ready in case of an attack. When General Elliott of the regular army arrived, we gave him his first salute with artillery. The trotting match was not very exciting, and was won by Captain Bennett's cream colored horse, over three competitors. Next came the running race, and there were four horses started. Colonel McReynolds rode his elegant dapple gray horse, "Light Foot," presented to him by the citizens of New York city, Captain Boyd rode his beautiful sorrel horse "Red Bird," which he had purchased in Virginia at a high figure, Captain Prendergrast rode his black race horse "Flying Dutchman," one of the best and fastest horses in the Valley, and Lieutenant Boyd rode his powerful and dashing gray horse "Bailey," one of the best jumpers I ever saw.

Guidons had been posted at intervals all around the course, and the riders were required to keep outside of those markers, at the risk of losing the race. The horses came up to the judges' stand in good style, and when

the word was given, started at a slapping pace. It was a tight race for the first quarter, Prendergrast and the two Boyd's keeping their horses well in hand. When they got to the three-quarter marker, Colonel McReynolds had the lead, closely followed by Captain Boyd, Lieutenant Boyd and Captain Prendergrast in the order above named; but at that moment Prendergrast's horse fell, and he was out. Then the race became very exciting, each rider trying hard to win the prize. Captain Boyd's horse was gaining rapidly at every jump, and the cheering was deafening. The three horses came up the home stretch putting forth every effort, their riders reaching forward as if to aid them, and laying on the whip.

Presently Captain Boyd's horse shot ahead, and, in spite of the efforts of Colonel McReynolds, won the race by a neck. Lieutenant Boyd was third, and Prendergrast nowhere.

Then the steeple chase came off, but the following account, published in the *New York Herald* of that day, will be more satisfactory than any attempt that I might make to describe it:

"STEEPLE CHASE IN THE ARMY."

—

"Account of an interesting race at Berryville, Virginia—The First New York (Lincoln) Cavalry enjoying themselves, &c."

BERRYVILLE, VIRGINIA, *June 21, 1863.*

The readers of the *Herald* will be glad to hear that our soldiers in the field know how to amuse themselves when they get a chance.

We had quite an interesting time here on the 23d of May, when a steeple chase, got up by the First New York (Lincoln) Cavalry, for a challenge cup, came off in splendid style. The arrangements for the race were perfect. The trotting and flat race being over, General Elliot and staff, with other visitors from Winchester, rode to the ground to witness the long expected steeple chase, which, of all other tests, tries the qualities of the horse the most; his speed, strength, wind, power of endurance, disposition and susceptibility of a peculiar system of training. The rider's ideas must be communicated to

him, as horse and rider must understand each other; must co-operate under circumstances peculiar to the chances of the strife. The horse must know his rider's voice, which saves the use of the annoying and aggravating bit, and the constant application of the whip and spur. The light cavalry horse must be able to pursue his enemy over a rough country, and, if necessary, take flight; and in either case, the best jumpers have the best chance. When the horse and rider are well acquainted with each other, and the art and science of horsemanship is thoroughly understood, (which can only be learned in a long and tedious course of schooling from early youth,) there is a current of electricity passing to and from one to the other by means of the reins, which serve as telegraph wires; and the moment a sudden idea of a move strikes the rider, that moment it is known to the trained horse. In consequence of not being able to jump, cavalry horses are frequently captured, and the loss to the government and the service is considerable, being about \$180—including the carbine, if attached to the saddle.

FOUR HORSES ENTER.

The four horses entered for the steeple chase, were: "Fritz," gray horse, entered and ridden by Captain Simmons, wearing a gray jacket and cap, and black pants. "General McClellan," bay horse, entered and ridden by Captain Battersby, wearing white pants, long boots, white cap and scarlet jacket. "Flying Dutchman," black horse, entered and ridden by Captain Prodererast, wearing white jacket and black cap. "Dandy," brown horse, entered and ridden by Lieutenant Lochr, wearing blue cap and jacket, and blue pants.

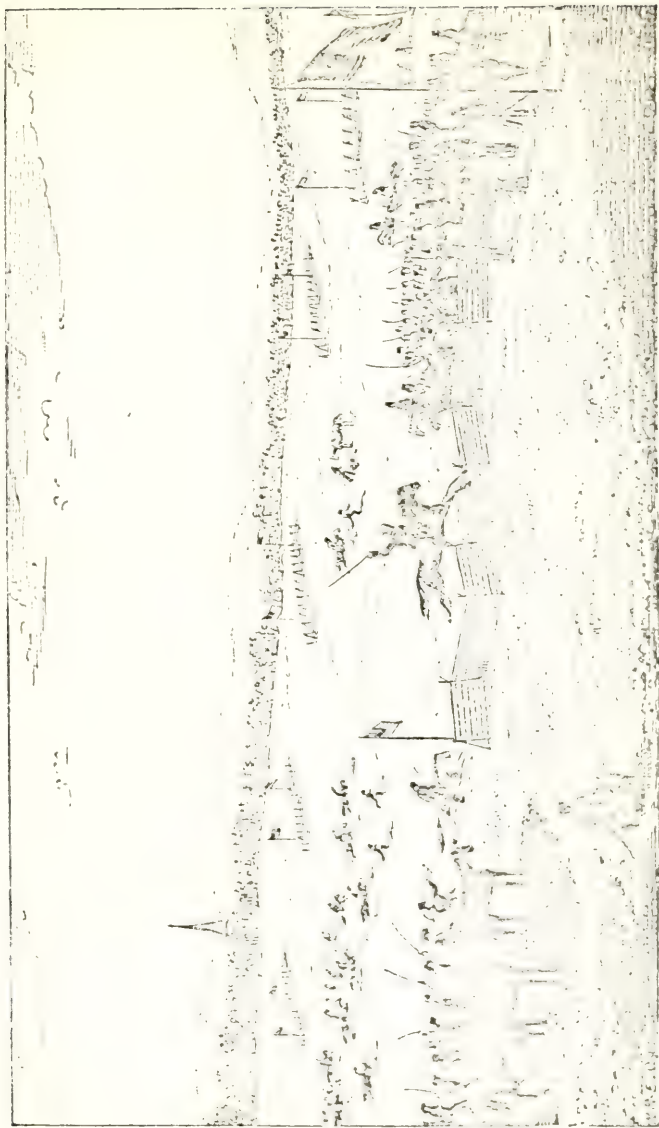
Flying Dutchman having had a bad fall in the flat race, injuring himself and rider, was unable to run, and the contest was between the other three. This was much to be regretted, as "Flying Dutchman" is the most magnificent horse in this division. The fences put up were four and a half foot high, and the ground was hard.

Time being called, the horses, with their owners riding, were conducted by Captain Boyd to the starting post. All being ready the word was given, and all started off admirably; "Fritz" taking the lead, the brown following second, and the "General" holding back cautiously up to the

First Leap.—"Fritz" made a good jump, after a slight hesitation. "Dandy" came up well but refused. The "General" taking his time, made a flying leap and pushed on after "Fritz," who was closing on the

Second Leap.—"Fritz" again took his leap well. The "General" still following, came up on his usual cautious manner, and rushing hurriedly, just as he approached the fence, leaped high into the air. This was a splendid leap, and had he not taken so much time to go "kiting" he might have made better time.

Third Leap.—"Fritz" still leading, made a dashing jump, in which his rider lost one of his stirrup leathers, which, causing a slight delay,



STEEPLE-CHASE AT BERRYVILLE, VA.

gave the "General" the lead; which he took up quietly, keeping his place up to the

Fourth Leap—Which he took "kiting," closely pursued by "Fritz," who seemed to think he could master the "General," and made a safe leap, pressing on the "General's" heels up to the

Fifth Leap—Which was higher than any other, and the "General," as if scorning the slight impediment before him, made the most splendid and dashing leap of the race. His rider now put him on his speed. "Fritz," in the most gallant and good natured manner, took his jump, and stretched himself, closely following the "General," who flew over the last fence and ran in towards the winning post, around which a crowd of men and horses had gathered, hiding the winning post, so that Captain Battersby, supposing he had passed it, slackened his pace and allowed "Fritz" to pass him; thus winning the race by a neck. The excitement now became uproarious, and Captain Battersby was called, who, not imagining but that he had come in first, was astonished when informed by the judges that he had lost the cup. On seeing his mistake he promptly challenged Captain Simmons on the spot, to put up the cup for another contest, then and there, between the same horses. Simmons, having the pluck and dash of a cavalry officer, in a manly spirit accepted the challenge, and in a few minutes the horses were again conducted to the starting post.

SECOND RACE.

At the word "go," both horses made a fair start. "Fritz" soon taking the lead; his rider keeping him well to his purpose, and Battersby, as usual, following closely, making splendid flying leaps, until both horses came head and girth to the fifth and highest fence; to witness which the whole field rushed *en masse*. As both horses rose together, a loud cheer at the fence in regular steeple chase sporting style, a general uproarious cheer rent the air. Battersby now applied his propelling powers, and the "General," taking the hint, rushed ahead and flew over the sixth and last fence, closely followed by Simmons; who, although in the rear, was evidently determined on giving a hard crush to his opponent, who was close by the judges' stand as "Fritz" was making a splendid leap over the last fence. The "General" coming in first the judges decided in his favor. His rider then taking the cup in his hand galloped through the field, under the excitement of a storm of applause.

Now there was made up an impromptu race between Colonel McReynolds and Major Adams, both officers to ride their own horses. Colonel McReynolds entered his dappled gray again, and Major Adams his favorite brown gelding. Much fun was anticipated at this race, as Major Adams weighed about two hundred and thirty

pounds, and it was believed by many that his horse would never be able to reach the "home stretch" with such a weight upon his back; but to the astonishment of everybody he came in ahead of Colonel McReynolds, beating his beautiful gray with little effort. In the evening there was a grand banquet at the camp of our regiment; and with "wine galore, but fun far more" we spent the "wee sma' hours." When the guests separated many of them seemed weak in the knees, and very partial to the green sward. General Elliott and his aide-de-camp, F. A. Nims, a son-in-law to Colonel McReynolds, set out for Winchester in a buggy. Unfortunately the "moon had gone down behind the hills," and the horse becoming frightened at some object, ran into the posts of the toll-gate, upsetting his drivers, bruising them severely, but not fatally. Thus ended our first day's field sport at Berryville.

On returning to camp that evening the following challenge was handed Captain Battersby by Captain Simmons:

HEADQUARTERS FIRST NEW YORK (LINCOLN) CAVALRY,
BERRYVILLE, *May 23d, 1863.*

CAPTAIN BATTERSBY:—Hereby you are challenged to appear before the judges of the steeple chase, on Saturday, 30th inst., at 4 p. m., to contest for the challenge cup. Same course. Same rules.

Yours,

L. I. SIMMONS.

THIRD RACE.

Accordingly, on Saturday, the 30th, all parties met on the same course, where a large crowd of anxious spectators, including officers of cavalry, artillery and infantry from Winchester, awaited the arrival of the contestants. Captain Simmons had changed his horse "Fritz," for his famous horse "Rank" (who had previously beaten "Fritz" on the same course, by thirty yards) hoping by this means to give the "General" a still harder run than "Fritz" had done. "Rank" is decidedly the finest looking horse in the regiment, being well bred, powerful and active.

Time being called both parties were conducted to the starting post. The word being given, away they went to contest for the final ownership of the cup. "Rank" took the lead, the "General," as usual slow and sure, following him closely to the—

First Leap—When "Rank" made a sweeping jump, thus giving the spectators great confidence in his powers, and causing many bets to be made in his favor. The "General" came scooting along and made one of his careful jumps, following "Rank" closely between the first and

Second Leap—When "Rank" rushed "right and left," but finally rose beautifully, making a clean jump and passing on safely. The "General" now came tearing along, knowing that it would not do to allow "Rank" to take such liberties with him as "Fritz" had done. So coming up in good style, and evidently well gathered, he made a splendid leap, actually throwing himself into the air, and alighting smoothly, pressed on and gave "Rank" no time to get very far away. By this time they had approached the

Third Leap—Over which "Rank" carried his rider in dashing style, closely pursued by the "General," whose leap over this fence exceeded any other leap, perhaps, made in this valley during many years. Still the crowd bet on "Rank," who was the favorite up to the

Fourth Leap—When the "General" made one of those proverbial bounds that overtook "Rank," who made a safe and splendid jump over this fence. Still the "General" followed closely, and as "Rank" came between the fourth and fifth fences the "General" rushed up to him and taking the

Fifth Leap—Led "Rank" up to the sixth and last. Now was the time for "Rank" to take his turn in coming up. The "General" took the lead and held it up to the

Sixth Leap—When he made a tremendous bound, "Rank" following, but evidently giving way. As "Rank" came to the fence, he seemed unable to rise to his leap, and fell over, throwing his rider heavily, but without injury to either. The "General" came in in dashing style, and won the cup for the third time, amid the cheers of the excited and crestfallen crowd, who had all the while bet on "Rank." Serib races were then gotten up by the men of the First New York (Lincoln) Cavalry, for purses of ten dollars each heat. This created great sport, and after much good running the crowd dispersed to their respective camps.

Captain Battersby was a most skillful and accomplished horseman and swordsman, and always held that "skill in horsemanship and the use of the sabre" were indispensable requisites of a cavalryman. He, therefore, sought and embraced every opportunity to teach those requisites to the men under his command, observing:

“that men thus instructed would be respected by their friends and feared by their enemies.” His example in this respect had a good effect upon the other officers, and upon the whole regiment, which excelled any other volunteer cavalry, that I ever knew of, in fearless horsemanship and in a skillful use of the sabre.

The result of this days sport was peculiarly gratifying to Captain Battersby, as he was the first to introduce into the regiment the practice of “rough riding,” which served, as he said, to “shake the men down into their saddles,” and give them a good seat. Our boys were exceedingly fond of good horses—and what good cavalryman is not?—and they always managed, when in the enemy’s country, to keep well mounted.

They were a suacy, jaunty looking set of “bloods” when mounted, so that the “Valley” people, who are great admirers of good horsemen, gave us the name of “The Gallant First New York.” And said that not even their own cavalry, under the idolized General Stuart, could excel us in those indispensable qualifications of a cavalry soldier.

There were a great many first class people in the Shenandoah Valley—people who might well claim to be called the “F. F. V’s.” of Virginia. They were secessionists, of course, but they were high-toned ladies and gentlemen notwithstanding. Most of them were descendants of the best English families that originally settled in that good old Commonwealth; and lineal descendants of the patriots, soldiers and statesmen who helped to make us a Nation. Their manners were refined, and their hospitality, even to us, whom they considered enemies, worthy of imitation everywhere. Colonel Ware, who resided on a fine old plantation near the Shenandoah,

was a true type of the old Virginia gentleman. He treated our officers and men in the most hospitable manner, although he made no secret of his southern views; but neither did he obtrude his views upon us. He had some of the finest blooded stock in Virginia, and had spent a great deal of money in importing horses and sheep; some of his sheep costing \$500 a head, and his horses fabulous prices. I gave him a pass to be present at the races, and he seemed to appreciate the civility very much. He came to Philadelphia during the Centennial, and I was about the first person he called upon. He said that half the anticipated pleasure of his visit lay in his hope of seeing me and expressing his thanks for the kindness I had shown him in those troublous times. I was very sorry to hear from him that the Union troops had, after we left that place, killed all his fancy sheep, and carried off all his fine horses. He invited me to visit him and spend as much time as I chose, fishing and gunning in the "Valley," making his house my home while there. "Kindness begets kindness," and this is only a fair sample of the many friendships which were made between the officers of our regiment and the good people of the classic Valley of the Shenandoah.

We received orders from General Milroy to fortify Berryville, and the work was commenced on the 24th of May.

On the 1st of June, I was commissioned captain of Company "C," vice Boyd promoted to the rank of major, but did not then take command of my company.

On the 7th of June a negro came in and told us that one of our men was lying dead, shot by bushwhackers, about five miles from town. It proved to be Charles

Davis, *alias* Tacy, of Boyd's company. Thomas James of the same company was missing, and could not be found. In a few days James returned to camp, almost used up. He said that he and Davis had been fired upon by six bushwhackers, and that when Davis fell they took him prisoner. They were going to shoot him, but finally concluded to take him along. He made his escape shortly afterwards, and wandered through the mountains till he struck the river, and finding a small skiff he crossed over and reached camp.

On the 8th of June Mosby's guerrillas captured our wagon train on its way from Winchester with provisions; taking twelve mules with the harness, and leaving the wagons and their contents in the road untouched. They had evidently been frightened off by the approach of some of our men. The guard, consisting of about twenty infantry, was captured, however, and carried away on the mules.

On the 10th Captains Boyd and Bailey were ordered out, with about one hundred men, to go through "Mosby's Confederacy," on account of the capture of our train. They knew very well that they couldn't catch any of the guerrillas in daylight, so they made up their minds to try it by night. They crossed the river and the mountains early in the evening, and commenced their search for "game" about midnight.

They would noiselessly surround a house and knock at the door, when a female head, with night cap on, would pop out to inquire what was wanted. In some cases they had to threaten to break the doors in or burn the house, in order to effect an entrance, while in other cases they were admitted at once. When delayed they always knew there was "game" inside; but they couldn't

always find it, as the "Johnnies" had secret hiding places in the houses which they frequented.

They had taken quite a number of prisoners, but had not yet reached Mosby's headquarters, which were said to be in the house of a Mr. Hathaway. Some of the prisoners had escaped in the darkness, and, fearing they might carry the alarm to their chief, Bailey set out with a few of the best men and horses in the party to try and effect the capture of so noted a personage. No doubt he was thinking of flaming newspaper articles, in which his name should appear conspicuously, as the capturer of Mosby, and it may be that he had one eye upon promotion.

After a sharp ride of a mile or so they came upon the house they were seeking, and quickly surrounded it. Bailey dismounted, accompanied by one or two of his men, and knocked at the door; but no response. He then struck the door sharply with the butt of his revolver, and a window was heard to go up. "What's the matter?" said a shrill female voice from the window; evidently very much annoyed at being aroused at such an hour of the night.

"Open this door quickly," said Bailey, or we will burst it open. "Who are you?" was the reply. "Never mind who we are, but come down and let us in." The head was withdrawn, and in a few seconds the door was opened by Mr. Hathaway. On entering Bailey inquired for Mosby's room, and not being answered immediately, he took the light and went to look for it.

The first room he entered was Mosby's, but "the bird had flown," leaving his mate to keep the nest warm. It was an awkward matter to search the room, but it had to be done, and Mrs. Mosby offered no objections.

Nothing could be found, except a pair of spurs, giving any clue to Mosby's whereabouts, however, and the party felt much disappointed.

It appears that Mosby had been in the house, but had got out of a window into the branches of a tree, from which he was quietly watching the party, and in the darkness he was not discovered. They got his fine sorrel mare, however, which had been presented to him by his friends, besides about twenty-five other very fine horses belonging to his officers and men. I afterwards owned one of these, which had belonged to a Lieutenant Beatty. Sergeant Fokey, of Company D, owned the Mosby mare, and christened her "Lady Mosby." She was a beauty, and very fast.

The troops around Fairfax seemed to live in mortal dread of Mosby and his men, ever since his bold capture of General Stoughton; and we determined to show them that their fears had exaggerated the danger. Accordingly Captains Boyd and Bailey, with one hundred men, were ordered to ride through all the most important places between Berryville and Fairfax, and report at headquarters at the latter place.

When they arrived at the outposts they were halted, and the news spread like wild-fire, growing as it spread, until it was rumored in Washington that Mosby had attacked the outposts at Fairfax.

When order had been restored General Halleck telegraphed General Milroy "not to do so any more," without notifying the authorities at Washington. (!)

About this time Lieutenant-Colonel Von Schieckfuss was dismissed from the service, and Major A. W. Adams was appointed lieutenant-colonel and took command of the regiment.

CHAPTER XVII.

Advance of Lee's Army—Retreat from Berryville—Fight at the Opequon—Battle of Winchester—Milroy's Retreat—Skirmish at Martinsburg—Our Wagon Train Escapes.

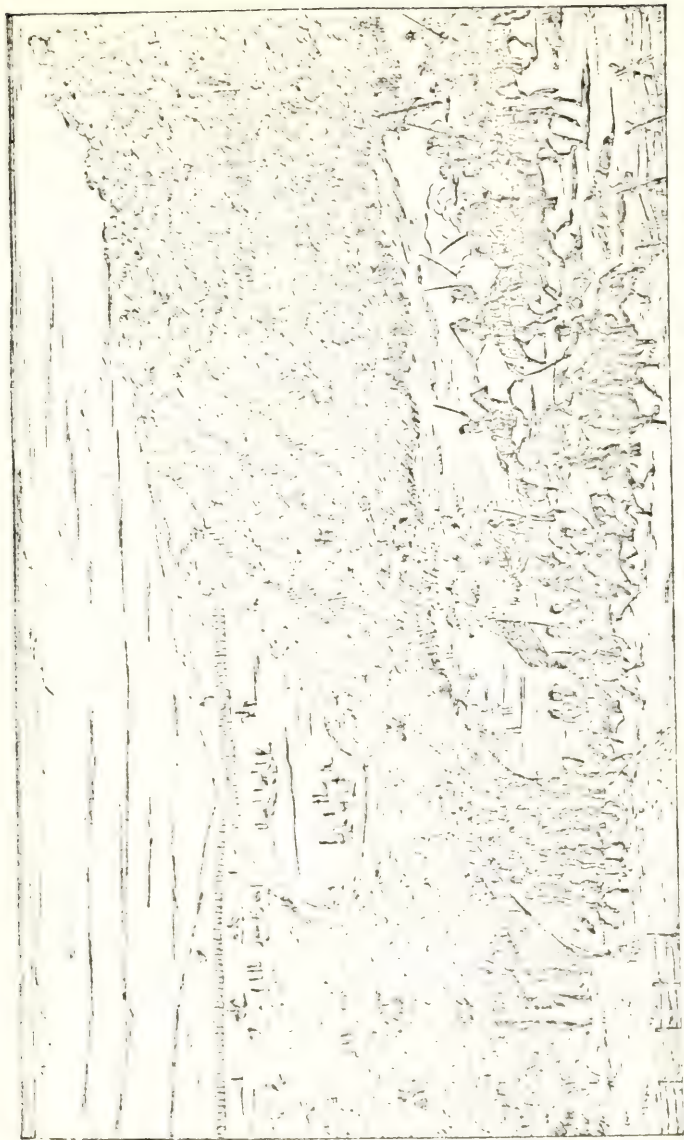
ON Thursday, the 11th of June, 1863, we received information from General Milroy, that the enemy were moving down the "Valley" with the evident intention of attacking our position; and it was arranged that the force at Berryville, under Colonel McReynolds, should be ready to fight or fall back, as circumstances might require. On hearing two guns fired at Winchester we were to set out for that place as rapidly as possible; and videttes were posted at the Opequon Creek, about half way between Berryville and Winchester, to give us timely warning of the "signal." Scouting parties, under Captains Hendricks, Boyd and Bailey, were also sent out to observe the movements of the enemy. On the afternoon of June 12th, Captain Hendricks came upon the enemy's advance, near White Post, some twelve miles from Berryville towards Front Royal, and a lively skirmish ensued, in which two of our men were killed. On hearing from this party we got everything ready for a fight.

On Saturday morning, June 13th, our scouting parties were driven in by a strong force of Confederate cavalry and artillery, and we formed in line of battle to meet the enemy; our artillery manning the fortifications. At 9:00 a. m. our videttes came galloping in from the Opequon, with intelligence that the "signal guns" had been fired at Winchester; and soon everything was in commotion, as

we knew the enemy had then attacked that place in force. The Confederates were advancing rapidly upon us at Berryville, and to save our wagon train, we were compelled to fight them with our cavalry and artillery for nearly an hour; the infantry having gone with the train. We then withdrew the guns and followed the train, which had been sent towards Harper's Ferry; the road between Berryville and Winchester being in possession of the enemy. The First New York (Lincoln) Cavalry formed the rear and advance guards. We had scarcely cleared the precincts of the town when General Rodes' Division of Ewell's (formerly Stonewall Jackson's) Corps, came rushing in like a tidal-wave; foaming with rage because we had eluded them, when they had fully expected to "bag" the whole brigade.

We followed the Harper's Ferry road only a few miles, and then turned westward, in the direction of Summit Point, in order to reach Winchester from the rear. Our wagon train, under the acting quartermaster, Lieutenant Boyd, was directed to keep right on to Martinsburg, by way of Bunker Hill; and Captain Martindale, with Company "H," was sent with them as an escort. The rest of the troops proceeded to Winchester.

The enemy's cavalry had followed us up, and on reaching Summit Point they learned all about our wagons, and sent a considerable force in pursuit. This force overtook the train at Bunker Hill, and there was a very sharp fight between them and Captain Martindale's men, lasting over half an hour. While the fight was in progress Lieutenant Boyd caused his drivers to lay on the whip, and, having a good turnpike under him, he succeeded in reaching Martinsburg in safety, without losing a single wagon.



FIGHT AT THE OPEQUON—June 13, 1863.

Captain Boyd's wife, his son Andrew, and daughter Minnie, were riding in a buggy with the wagon train; and when the fight began their horse ran away, upsetting the buggy, spraining Mrs. Boyd's ankle very badly, and the whole party were captured.

A large force of the enemy's cavalry followed us towards Winchester, overtaking our extreme rear guard, under Major Boyd, near the Opequon River, and charging them in a most determined manner. Hearing the firing in the rear, Colonel McReynolds ordered me to form the infantry in line of battle on the hill west of the Opequon, which we had just crossed, and to call in the advance guard under Major Quinn.

Our battery, under Captain Alexander, guarded by four companies of the Sixth Maryland Volunteers, under Lieutenant-Colonel McKellop, was in the act of crossing the river, the ford being shallow, when the enemy were heard approaching, uttering frightful yells, and driving Boyd's rear guard before them. Captain Alexander had posted his guns in a commanding position in the road, and as the enemy appeared in view, he burst shell after shell among them, which threw them into considerable confusion, killing and wounding quite a number of them. At that moment Lieutenant-Colonel Adams, who had formed our regiment behind a slight eminence, burst upon them with the sabre, cutting and thrusting right and left. Not a shot was fired by our boys; but their flashing steel could be plainly seen from the hill, where the colonel commanding and his staff stood with the infantry in line of battle, and the shouts of the combatants could be distinctly heard, as each party strove desperately to drive the other back.

This hand-to-hand conflict lasted several minutes; the

"blue and the gray" being so mixed that the artillery could not be used; and Captain Alexander "limbered up" and took a position further to the rear. The enemy greatly outnumbered our regiment, but by our superior skill with the sabre, the "Johnnies" were compelled to give way.

"Our hearts were stout, our swords were out,
And we soon made lightsome room."

In a few moments, however, the "graybacks" picked up fresh courage and made a second attempt to capture our artillery. As they came yelling on they received a perfect hurricane of grape and canister from Alexander's guns; and the four companies of the Sixth Maryland Volunteers poured in a scathing volley from their muskets. This staggered the enemy, but some of them succeed in reaching the rearmost gun; and a regular melee ensued between the rebel horsemen and our gunner, in which several of the enemy were killed. This did not last long, as a second volley from the infantry sent the enemy flying to the rear, hotly pursued by our regiment, which drove them clear out of sight and hearing, capturing a number of prisoners.

In this affair the enemy lost thirty men killed, including two captains, and had fifty wounded and captured, including a colonel and a major; while the casualties on our side were but two men killed, and five wounded: all belonging to our regiment. Captain Prendergrast of ours was captured and disarmed at the commencement of the fight, but our boys re-took him on following up our victory.

The officers and men of our regiment performed wonderful feats of valor in the hand-to-hand engagement with the enemy at this point, and many of the enemy's

killed and wounded were the work of their gleaming sabres. Men and officers were knocked from their horses right and left, as the contending forces met in the charge; and many a gallant steed rolled on the sward, being overturned by the shock of the charging squadrons. In this rush our men had the advantage at first, having struck the enemy in front and flank, while in confusion; but the oncoming foe took us in flank the next instant, and in the *melee* some of the men who fell were actually trampled to death by the hoofs of the horses.

We had no more trouble that day from the enemy, their experience in this fight being too expensive to repeat, and we reached Winchester about dark; where we found that our troops under Milroy had been fighting all day with the advance of General Lee's army. The day had been fearfully hot, and we suffered from thirst; but the rain came down in torrents in the evening, cooling us most refreshingly.

Captain Bailey had been on a scouting expedition at the time we left Berryville, and was cut off by the enemy; but, taking to the fields, he arrived at the Opequon in time to take a full hand in the fight. As he was nearing us he found himself in close proximity to the enemy, and, as a precautionary measure, he directed his guidon bearer to furl the flag. After the fight he inquired for his colors, fearing they had been captured by the enemy, and was told by his Irish standard-bearer that he had "twirled" them. "What's that?" said Bailey, not quite understanding the remark. "Why," said the bold fellow, "You told me to 'twirl' the flag, and I 'twirled' it over the fence." (!) "What the devil would I have done wid it in the fight anyway?"

Bailey now understood the matter, and was mad enough to blow the poor fellow's brains out, but he had fought like a Turk, and the matter was regarded as a good joke.

We had neither rations nor shelter, not even a change of underclothing; everything having been packed in the wagons, to facilitate the movements of the troops in case of a battle.

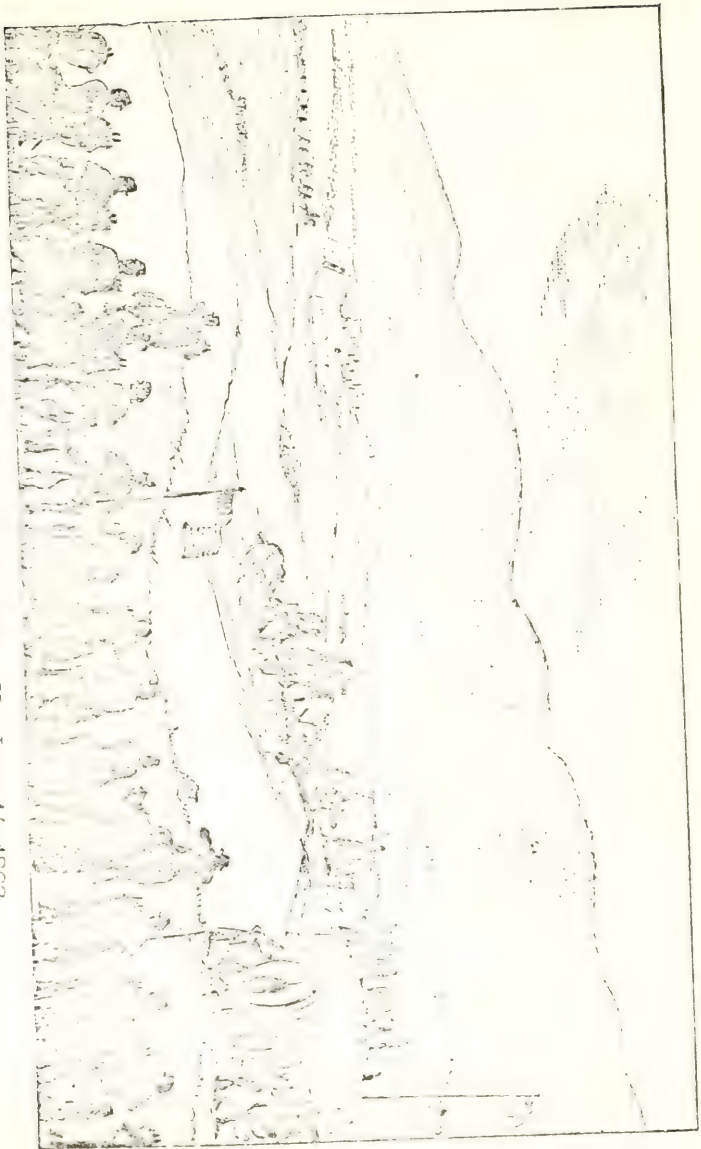
We had had nothing to eat since morning, and nothing was to be had at Winchester; everything being packed up ready for a move. At one o'clock next morning, while yet dark, the troops were marched into the fortifications located on the ridge north-west of the town; our brigade being assigned to the "Star Fort."

There was some lively fighting on the outskirts of the town on Sunday morning, and our regiment charged through the main street, capturing a number of prisoners. These men informed us that we were fighting Ewell's Corps, of Lee's army; the whole of which was then on its way to invade Maryland and Pennsylvania. We could hardly credit the story, but it was confirmed by some deserters who came in shortly afterwards; and the final result of this movement was the "battle of Gettysburg."

It seemed strange that we should have been left at Winchester to be crushed by Lee's army, without some word from headquarters; but such was really the case, and somebody was to blame for such a blunder—for a blunder it was, and a sad one to General Milroy's Division, as will be seen shortly.

General Milroy sent to us for an officer and fifty men of the First New York (Lincoln) Cavalry, to carry a dispatch to Martinsburg; and Major Boyd, being anx-

THE STAR FORT—Winchester, Va. June 14, 1863.



ious about his family, which had gone with our wagon train, was detailed for this duty. He took his whole troop along, and succeeded in eluding the enemy, who then occupied all the roads in our rear, and arrived safely at his destination.

At 5:00 p. m. on that day, the enemy opened on us at Winchester, with their artillery, planted on the hills south-west of the town; and the sky over head was filled with solid shot and bursting shells. Eighteen guns poured their concentrated fire upon the little fort occupied by our brigade, and the air was ablaze with bursting shell and other missiles. A piece of shell which exploded directly over us, passed through the rim of my hat, and knocked the field-glass out of my hands.

Captain Alexander knew the distance from our fort to every point around Winchester within range of his guns, and did some of the best artillery shooting that afternoon that I ever witnessed. No gun could hold its position five minutes after he opened on it, and Major Harry Gilmore, of the Confederate army, testifies to this in his book entitled "Four Years in the Saddle."

I was watching one of the enemy's batteries trying to cross a ravine on the opposite hill, when Captain Alexander trained a gun on the point of crossing, which was very rugged, and just as the caisson attempted to cross he fired, filling the air with the *debris* of the demolished machine, while our troops rent the air with shouts of triumph.

Before dusk the enemy massed their forces and took one of our outworks by storm, after being several times repulsed. At dark the battle ceased, and an ominous silence reigned, while the heads and hearts of our boys were busied with thoughts of the morrow.

Our fort was so small that but few shells, comparatively speaking, fell within it, so that not very many of our men were wounded, and only a few killed; but quite a number of the artillery horses were killed and wounded, as they could not be sheltered so easily as the men. After dark I was lying down in a tent, just outside of the fort, musing upon the events of the two previous days, and sending up a silent prayer to the Father of all mercies to protect us in the struggle, which I knew to be inevitable on the coming day, and to watch over my little family at home, when I was startled by a loud gurgling noise at the tent door. Upon looking out I discovered one of the artillery horses, whose throat had been severed by a piece of shell, trying to get his head inside the tent; while the blood flowed from his nostrils, and he seemed by his loud moans to ask for assistance. Finally he staggered and fell, and in a short time was dead. The darkness of the night; the close proximity of the enemy; the dead and wounded lying close by, in an improvised hospital, moaning with pain, had given rise to serious thoughts; and this strange apparition at the tent door filled me with a dread of impending evil, and I was compelled to jump to my feet and walk about to dispel my unhappy thoughts.

That night General Schenck telegraphed to Martinsburg, in answer to Milroy's dispatch, and three of Boyd's men volunteered to carry it to Winchester. Their names were John V. Harvey, George J. Pitman, and Oliver Lumphrey, all sergeants in the company. They moved in single file, about thirty yards apart, the last man carrying the dispatch, and succeeded in passing safely through the enemy's lines; arriving at Winchester at midnight.

General Milroy then called a council of his brigade commanders, and laid the situation before them. It appeared that the authorities were not aware that Lee had made such progress in his movements, and supposed they would have plenty of time to notify Milroy before the enemy should make his appearance at the gaps of the Blue Ridge.

The orders were to fall back to Harper's Ferry at once—a thing very easy to order, but rather difficult of execution, when entirely surrounded by an army five times our number.

The guns were to be spiked and abandoned, and the artillery ammunition destroyed: the wagons, and everything on wheels were to be left behind, and the teams, including the artillery horses, taken along, with the harness on.

In vain did Captain Alexander plead that he could wrap the wheels of his guns with blankets, so that they would make no noise. They had to be abandoned.

Our pickets and those of the enemy were so close together at some points that the least movement on the part of the one could be heard by the other, and it was a very delicate undertaking to steal away with about six or seven thousand men, including three regiments of cavalry, and the artillery and team horses with their jingling harness, without being discovered.

I believe General Milroy gave the infantry the choice of remaining and surrendering, or going along and fighting their way out, and they choose the latter. He had determined to take the cavalry, in any event, and cut his way through at all hazards, knowing that his life was not safe if captured by the enemy.

The pickets that could not be withdrawn without giv-

ing the cue to the enemy, were left on their posts; the wagons were left where they stood; and the guns still pointed over the parapets, as the division filed silently out, at two o'clock in the morning, of June 15th, to cut its way through the enemy's lines to a place of safety.

Orders were delivered in a whisper, and the hearts of the officers and men beat rapidly with varying emotions. The troops moved in the following order: General Elliott's Brigade in advance, Colonel Ely's Brigade followed, and our brigade, under Colonel McReynolds, covered the retreat.

The First New York (Lincoln) Cavalry, commanded by Lieutenant-Colonel Adams, was left to watch the enemy, and, if possible, to protect the division from attack in the rear, as we abandoned the forts. The artillery and team horses, with their drivers mounted upon them, and all their harness fastened on, were in front of our brigade, and a motley crew they were.

About three miles from Winchester, on the road to Martinsburg, General Elliott's advance came upon the enemy encamped in line of battle, in a piece of woods through which the road ran, and soon we heard the sound of musketry.

Colonel McReynolds and myself, I being chief of his staff, were riding along, some distance in advance of our brigade, which seemed to move rather slowly, and the colonel had just sent an orderly to tell them to be more lively, when we came upon General Milroy and his staff, sitting upon their horses on the side of the road.

Upon recognizing us, General Milroy asked if we had any artillery. (!) "Why no," said McReynolds—"I only wish I had—but your orders were to spike the guns and abandon them." Milroy then asked where our brigade

was, and was told that it was just in the rear of us, and that we had just sent an orderly to hurry it up.

The general then directed us to place it in line on the east side of the road, along a stone fence running at right-angles thereto. I galloped back and brought the infantry up at the double-quick, and placed them as directed; and in the meantime the general had ridden to the front.

It was just breaking day as I returned to the road where I had left Colonel McReynolds. At that moment a battery opened on our infantry at very short range. It was in the edge of the woods, and protected by the nature of the ground from our infantry fire. Colonel McReynolds sent me back to direct the troops to try and get the range of the gunners, so that we could make a detour with the cavalry and charge the battery.

I was mounted on a white horse which we had captured from the enemy in front of Richmond, while under McClellan; and as I crossed the open field, followed by two orderlies, the battery concentrated its fire upon my little party, tearing up the ground in a frightful manner, but fortunately injuring none of us. I found Major Harry White, (now a prominent politician in Pennsylvania), and several other officers of the Sixty-seventh Pennsylvania Volunteers, standing by an old stone chimney in rear of their regiment, and communicated to them my orders. The shells were then bursting around the old chimney at a fearful rate, and I started back to the turnpike.

The battery still complimented us as we dashed along, frightening our poor horses very much, but doing little execution. On our way we met the Thirteenth Pennsylvania Cavalry coming up at a gallop, with Colonel Mc-

Reynolds and the rest of his staff at its head, on their way to charge the battery, and we wheeled in with them.

As the Thirteenth Regiment appeared in the open field the battery burst shell after shell about them; and that regiment, not being used to such treatment, gave way, and went scampering over the hill towards Winchester.

The noise was terrific, and the danger great, and we, at the head of the column, did not know that we had been deserted by the Thirteenth until we had got through the fire. On looking back over the field we saw the teams and artillery horses charging wildly to the rear, and our infantry running in all directions, with the charging enemy close behind them; and we then knew that the day was lost.

There were but three or four officers of us, and about the same number of troopers; two of whom were my orderlies. Captain Alexander of our battery, and Lieutenant E. A. New, of our regiment, aide-de-camp to Colonel McReynolds, were of the party.

We saw a body of the enemy's cavalry coming towards us, and we started for the Opequon River, in order to turn the left flank of the enemy, and get to Harper's Ferry if possible. Their cavalry gave chase, and we had to do some "tall" running, and "heavy" jumping. Fortunately we were all well mounted, and, having several hundred yards the start of them, we managed to keep out of reach of their fire.

At one point in the chase we came to a gate in a lane, near to a farm house. The occupant was at the gate, but on seeing us he slammed it shut and ran into the house. We called to him to leave it open, but he was either deaf or scared too badly to pay any attention.

This delayed us somewhat, but as we closed it behind us our pursuers met with a similar delay.

Finally we lost sight of the enemy, and then we pulled up to give our jaded horses a breathing spell. They had been kept on a run for several miles, and had leaped several fences and ditches by the way, as we were following by-ways to avoid being caught by the enemy's cavalry, who were watching every high-way leading to the rear.

We had been marching through the woods for some time when we suddenly saw a body of Confederate cavalry passing along a road at right angles to ours, and only a few hundred yards in front of us. We were not observed, and when they passed we pursued our course, reaching Charlestown about noon. As we entered the town we saw Colonel McReynolds coming in on another road, followed by about fifty men, soldiers and teamsters, and at first we took them for the enemy. It appears that they also took us for the enemy, and we came near having a collision. We passed on down to Halltown, where we stopped to get something to eat, and while thus engaged General Milroy and his staff arrived. We then proceeded to Harper's Ferry together.

Our regiment, under the command of Lieutenant-Colonel Adams, formed the extreme rear guard that morning, which was supposed to be the post of danger, and therefore the post of honor, but it turned out that there was still more danger in front: as we found out to our sorrow.

When the battle opened in front, Lieutenant-Colonel Adams was ordered to come up at a gallop, and he arrived upon the field just as the enemy had charged and driven back our advance infantry, capturing all who could not

escape. The enemy then opened fire upon our regiment, bursting a perfect shower of shells around them; wounding Captain Bailey slightly in the shoulder, and killing and wounding a number of our horses, whose riders they captured.

At this juncture Lieutenant-Colonel Adams received orders from one of General Milroy's staff officers, to charge up the turnpike, and, if possible, rescue the general, who seemed to be entirely surrounded by the enemy. The charge was made in gallant style, under a tremendous fire from the enemy's guns, but General Milroy could not be found. Our regiment was then in the very midst of the enemy, and in great danger of being cut to pieces by their infantry, who were swarming through the woods on both sides of the road; and, seeing that the day was lost, Lieutenant-Colonel Adams ordered them to charge, and they cut their way through, bringing Milroy's staff officers with them to Hancock, Maryland.

While we were fighting the enemy at Winchester, on Sunday, a portion of their forces was making an attack on Martinsburg in our rear. General Tyler was at that place, with some infantry and a few guns, and he sent Major Boyd, Captain Martindale and Lieutenant Boyd, with their men to meet the enemy. They did some good fighting there, and enabled Tyler to get his guns and stores away before the enemy came in.

Lieutenant Boyd, with a handful of men, held the town of Martinsburg for half an hour, against the enemy's cavalry, and might have held it longer had he not been severely wounded and compelled to retire.

General Tyler marched to Harper's Ferry, and Captain Martindale, carrying Lieutenant Boyd along, fol-

lowed him; but Major Boyd, having sent our wagon train towards Williamsport proceeded in that direction.

On Monday morning, while we were struggling to break through the rebel lines at Winchester, their cavalry under General Jenkins, which we had fought at the Opequon on Saturday, crossed the Potomac at Williamsport in pursuit of our wagon train.

Major Boyd had started the train early in the morning, and remained to give Jenkins a suitable reception on the classic shores of "Maryland, my Maryland." After a sharp skirmish he followed the train, to keep it on the go, and accompanied it all the way to Harrisburg, Pennsylvania; arriving there on the 17th, after skirmishing with Jenkins' men at every turn in the road; but once in Harrisburg our train was safe.

Much has been said and written about the affair at Winchester, and some have blamed General Milroy, while others have commended him; but, I think, had not General Milroy and his brave troops defended their position so stubbornly, General Lee's army would have sacked Harrisburg, and possibly Philadelphia and New York city also. General Milroy, in his report, has reflected upon Colonel McReynolds, but I think any one reading the foregoing facts will be puzzled to discover wherein Colonel McReynolds failed in the performance of any duty. I was his adjutant-general, and I can testify to his zeal and faithfulness in executing every order received from General Milroy's headquarters, as well as to his genuine patriotism and staunch courage.

The disaster at Winchester was not so great as was at first supposed; not more than one-third of the troops being captured. The artillery was the greatest loss. The greater part of the wagons were at Martinsburg for

the purpose of bringing up supplies, and thus escaped. Those taken at Winchester were empty.

General Milroy's loss, when compared with the amount of property captured, destroyed or abandoned on many other occasions during the war, was truly insignificant; and especially so when we consider what the enemy might have done had they not been delayed so long at Winchester. On this point I refer to the testimony of General Joseph Hooker, before the court of inquiry at Washington convened at General Milroy's request. It is due to Colonel Ware, that noble citizen of the Shenandoah Valley, of whom I have spoken in a previous chapter, to say that his solicitude for the welfare of our officers and men led him to visit Winchester, immediately after our retreat, to see if he could be of any service to those who might have been wounded or captured. He found Lieutenant F. A. Nims, of our regiment, a prisoner, and succeeded in rendering him valuable assistance. Nims was aide-de-camp to General Elliott; but, being sick at the time, he was left behind and fell into the hands of the enemy.

Colonel Ware heard at Winchester that the private property of some of our officers had been captured on the retreat from Berryville, and he mounted his horse and followed General Lee to Chambersburg, Pennsylvania, and obtained a letter from him requiring those having the property to deliver it to Colonel Ware to be returned to the proper owners; which was done. This speaks volumes for both Colonel Ware and General Lee; and it were well had the same spirit animated more of the officers on both sides, during our late "unpleasantness."

CHAPTER XVIII.

Milroy relieved—Maryland Heights—Lee's Army again in Maryland—Frederick City—Destruction of Lee's pontoons—General Buford hangs a supposed spy—The First New York (Lincoln) Cavalry during the Gettysburg Campaign—Major Boyd made Colonel; Lieutenant Knowles, Major; Lieutenant Boyd, Captain; and Sergeant Knowles, Adjutant of a Pennsylvania Regiment—Our Wagons join us at Hagerstown—"Back," the Wagon-Master.

ON arriving at Harper's Ferry, after the retreat from Winchester, General Milroy asked for a court of inquiry, and then proceeded to join the remnant of his division in Pennsylvania. General Tyler then took command of the troops at Harper's Ferry, and had everything removed to Maryland Heights, Maryland.

The infantry at Maryland Heights were divided into three brigades, under Generals Elliott, Morris, and Kenly, and the cavalry were formed into a brigade under Colonel McReynolds, of which I was A. A. A. G. Elliott's troops soon afterwards proceeded to Washington.

Lieutenant O. B. Knowles, of our regiment, who had obtained a short leave of absence, just before the enemy attacked us at Berryville and Winchester, it being the first leave he had had since entering the service, in July, 1861, joined us at Maryland Heights; having read in the papers the account of our misfortunes. When informed that his troop was somewhere in Pennsylvania, in front of the enemy, he at once set out for Harrisburg to hunt it up.

While on Maryland Heights, we were encamped in line of battle, and alarms were of nightly occurrence. The

Confederate army was crossing the Potomac above and below us, and we could almost count them through our field glasses. The guns of Pleasonton and Stuart were distinctly heard by us, during the cavalry fight between those commanders, at Aldie, Upperville and Middleburg, on the 17th, 19th and 21st of June. On the 25d, we sent fifty of the cavalry at the Heights, under Captain Martindale, on a scout, and they brought in fifteen prisoners; one whom was the son of the Confederate General Wright. He had a wooden leg. His father came near falling into our hands also, having had a lock of his hair shot away in the chase.

On the 27th, General Hooker paid us a visit, and General Tyler was superseded by General French. Hooker ordered the heavy guns to be spiked or bursted, and the Heights abandoned, but before he left we captured a courier, with dispatches from General Lee to General Hill, which caused him to countermand the order.

We captured forty other prisoners, and a train of ambulances, at the time we took the courier; also a large flock of sheep which the enemy had collected in Maryland.

On the 30th of June, we evacuated Maryland Heights, and moved up to Frederick City, where French's Corps was held in reserve, while the Army of the Potomac was pursuing Lee's army through Pennsylvania.

"The days of June were nearly done;
The fields, with plenty over-run,
Were ripening 'neath the harvest sun,
In fruitful Pennsylvania!

"Song birds and children: "All is well!"
When sudden, over hill and dale,
The gloom of coming battle fell
On peaceful Pennsylvania!

“Through Maryland’s historic land,
With boastful tongue, and spoiling hand,
They burst—a fierce and famished band—
Right into Pennsylvania!

“With taunt and jeer, and shout and song,
Through rustic towns they passed along—
A confident and braggart throng—
Through frightened Pennsylvania!”

Knowing that a great battle must shortly be fought between the two armies, and remembering the escape of Lee’s army after the battle of Antietam, we determined to prevent their escape this time if possible. Accordingly we sent out a scouting party of cavalry on the 1st of July, to examine the Potomac River as far up as they possibly could, in order to find out what artificial means Lee had of crossing that river, and how guarded.

On the 2d the dead body of General John F. Reynolds arrived at Frederick City, and we learned that the two armies had “clinched” at Gettysburg on the day preceding.

That night our scouting party returned with the information that there was a pontoon bridge at Falling Waters, with a guard of about two hundred cavalry, and that about the same number of cavalry were watching the ford at Williamsport.

Upon receipt of this intelligence Colonel McReynolds sent the following note to General French:

HEADQUARTERS, CAVALRY BRIGADE,

FRENCH’S CORPS, ARMY OF THE POTOMAC,

FREDERICK, MD., July 3, 1863.

LIEUTENANT:—I beg to submit, for the consideration of the Major-General commanding, that I have information, which I deem reliable, that the rebel force in the vicinity of Williamsport is very small; that a force of cavalry about one hundred and fifty strong could, in my opinion, successfully approach to that point, and, by a prompt movement, at break of day to-morrow, destroy the pontoon bridge at that place, which is the only reliance of the rebels for a retreat for their in-

fantry, artillery and wagons in that direction. I sincerely hope the General will permit me to make this movement, as I deem it not only quite practicable, but of vast importance.

I have the honor to be, lieutenant,

Your obedient servant,

ANDREW T. McREYNOLDS,

Col. 1st N. Y. Cav'y, Com'g Cav'y Brigade.

To Lieutenant W. F. A. TORBUT,

A. A. G., French's Corps Army Potomac.

This paper was returned with the following endorsement:

HEADQUARTERS, July 3, 1863.

COLONEL:—I am directed by General French to say that he approves of the within, and that you will use discretion in effecting the purpose.

Respectfully your obedient servant,

W. F. A. TORBUT,

Lieut. A. D. C. and A. A. A. G.

To Colonel McREYNOLDS,

Commanding Brigade.

Upon the receipt of the above we dispatched Major Shadrack Foley of the Fourteenth Pennsylvania Cavalry, with about three hundred men, composed of detachments from his own regiment, and from the Sixth Michigan, Thirteenth Pennsylvania, and First New York (Lincoln) Cavalry, to destroy the pontoon bridge at Falling Waters. They were furnished with axes and combustible material for its destruction, and set out on their important mission during the night of the 3d.

On arriving at the river bank, at Falling Waters, they found that the bridge was lying along the Virginia shore, made fast at both ends, and for a time they were nonplussed. At length a bugler of the Sixth Michigan Cavalry, named John Hetz, volunteered to swim across and cut the upper fastenings, while the troops covered him with their carbines. He accomplished his mission successfully, and clung to the bridge while the stream swept it to the Maryland side, where it was made fast by the troops.

Major Foley and his men then dashed across and attacked the guard, dispersing them, and capturing seventeen of their number, including the officer in command; a Lieutenant Stuart, who, it is said, afterwards killed himself by jumping from a window of the old Capital Prison at Washington.

The prisoners were sent under guard to Frederick City, and the major, after destroying the bridge, made a dash at the guard at Williamsport, dispersing it in like manner, and capturing several more prisoners. On his return he was recommended for a "brevet" on account of his gallantry and the valuable services he had performed.

While we were thus engaged, the two armies had been contending for the mastery, in a life and death struggle, on the heights of Gettysburg. The tidal wave of rebellion had swept triumphantly up the southern limb of the union arch, to the *Keystone*; but there the fiat went forth: "Hitherto shalt thou come, but no farther, and here shall thy proud waves be stayed."

"It was the languid hour of noon,
When all the birds were out of tune,
And nature in a sultry swoon,
In pleasant Pennsylvania!

"When sudden, o'er the slumbering plain,
Red flashed the battle's fiery rain;
And volleying cannon shook again,
The hills of Pennsylvania!

"We felt the old ancestral thrill,
From sire to son transmitted still,
And fought for freedom with a will,
In bloody Pennsylvania!

"The breathless shock—the maddened toil—
The sudden clutch—the sharp recoil—
And we were masters of the soil—
In ransom'd Pennsylvania!"

On the 4th of July, a small force of the enemy's cavalry dashed into the suburbs of Frederick City, capturing several of the citizens, known to be Union men, and several fine horses. Our cavalry were soon upon their track, and succeeded in re-capturing the prisoners and horses, besides killing two and capturing several of the raiders.

We had had a very heavy rain storm, caused, no doubt, by the three days' terrific cannonading at Gettysburg, and the Potomac was full to overflowing, and running like a mountain torrent. We had sent a courier to General Meade's headquarters to inform him of this fact, and that the pontoon bridge had been destroyed; and it is said he leaped from his couch, when he heard the news, exclaiming: "This is the best news of the war!" But after all it did not avail us much, as the army of the Potomac was not permitted to pursue and attack its adversary until he had repaired the damages, and the river had fallen sufficiently for him to cross in safety.

On the afternoon of the 5th, General Buford arrived at Frederick City with two divisions of cavalry, and encamped for the night just outside of the town.

In the evening, Colonel McReynold's and I rode out to the camp, to invite the general and some of his principal officers to occupy part of our quarters. While in camp a man was brought in by the pickets who was accused of being a spy. It was said by those who brought him to the general, that he had passes on his person from General Lee, and had just returned from the enemy's lines. Others present thought they could identify him as a man who had been selling articles to the soldiers in our camps. The man himself said, in answer to some query from the general, that he was a Baltimorian, and

had a wife and family in that city; that two of his sons were with General Lee's army; that his wife had implored him to visit them, which he had very reluctantly consented to do, and was then returning to his home. He said he had never aided nor abetted the Confederates, and asked to be permitted to produce evidence of the truth of his statements; but General Buford ordered him to be hung up to a tree at once: remarking that if sent to Washington he would probably be given an office under the Government. (!)

The poor fellow pleaded piteously for his life, or for the privilege of having his wife and children sent for, so that he might bid them farewell; but he was dragged off to execution.

They placed him in a wagon, with a rope around his neck, and took him to an old tree close by, to the limb of which they fastened a rope, and then drove the wagon from under him, leaving him suspended by the neck.

The swollen and putrid corpse of this man hung there for days after Buford left, as he had directed a card to be pinned to the body, stating that he would hang any person who attempted to cut it down.

On the morning of the 6th, General Buford's cavalry set out for Williamsport, to try to head Lee's army off; but on approaching that place they found thirty-two heavy guns, well posted on the circling hills, and some three thousand Confederates, under General Imboden, ready to receive them.

Imboden had arrived there the day before with Lee's wagon trains, after having lost part of the train and many prisoners, besides two guns, in a skirmish with our regiment, near Mercersburg, Pennsylvania, to be noticed shortly.

After Buford left us at Frederick, General French sent a force to destroy the railroad bridge at Harper's Ferry, which was successfully accomplished; but it had better been left undone, as subsequent events proved. This force then re-occupied Maryland Heights, while another was sent to occupy Crampton's Gap, in South Mountain.

On the 9th of July Colonel McReynolds was ordered to take command of his old brigade, consisting of the First New York (Lincoln) Cavalry, and the Twelfth Pennsylvania Cavalry, which were supposed to be near Greencastle, Pennsylvania. We set out for that place the same day, and in two days reached Chambersburg, where we found Major Boyd with his company. The brigade was ordered to join the Second Cavalry Division, under General D. McM. Gregg, which was then near Boonsboro, Maryland. When at Chambersburg I met Captain W. P. C. Trichel, of the Sixth Pennsylvania Cavalry, who had been captured at Gettysburg, but had got away again. I also saw Lieutenant-Colonel William Rotch Wister there, with his regiment, the Twentieth Pennsylvania Cavalry.

On the 13th of July we left Chambersburg and marched to Greencastle, where we found our regiment, Lieutenant-Colonel Adams commanding, with many of the other troops that had been with Milroy at Winchester; and Colonel McReynolds being the senior officer, assumed command of the forces; General Milroy having gone to Washington.

I will now narrate the services of our regiment during the Gettysburg campaign.

As already stated, it had cut its way through the enemy's lines at Winchester, and had reached Hancock,

Maryland. It then proceeded to Bloody Run, Pennsylvania. The enemy were then pouring into that State in great numbers, and the citizens were in a terrible state of excitement and alarm. The militia soon began to arrive from Harrisburg and New York, and there was "confusion worse confounded," as they were neither drilled nor disciplined for efficient service in the field.

Captain Jones was sent on a scout, with thirty-five men, towards McConnellsburg, Pennsylvania, on the 29th of June, and there he fell in with a squadron of Imboden's Rangers, under Captain Irwin. A very sharp fight ensued, between these two parties, which resulted in the "Rangers" being put to flight; two of their number being killed, and thirty of them, together with Captain Irwin and Lieutenant Jordan, being captured by our men. In this fight Captain Jones was slightly wounded, and had his uniform coat pierced with several bullets. One of our men had been captured, and, after surrendering up his arms, his dastardly captor shot him. In the chase that followed, one of our boys overtook this scoundrel and clove his head open with his sabre, killing him instantly.

Shortly afterwards Captain Bailey was sent out on a reconnoissance, with about thirty men, and fell in with a foraging party of the enemy, near Hancock, Maryland. A sharp skirmish ensued, in which several of our horses and one of the men were wounded, and several of the enemy placed *hors de combat*; but Bailey put them to flight and succeed in capturing a lieutenant and ten men. This officer was a jovial fellow, and when asked what General Lee's intentions were, he replied that he "intended to sack Philadelphia and New York, and then divide his army between Newport and Long Branch for

the rest of the summer. (!)" "And where do you expect to pass the summer?" said Bailey. "Well," said he, "I'm not so particular, Coney Island will do for me, as I am fond of clams. (!)"

On the 2d of July Major Quinn was sent out with a battalion on a scout, and he fell in with General Imboden's forces near McConnellsburg, Pennsylvania, on their way to join Lee at Gettysburg, and pitched into their rear guard, capturing quite a number of prisoners. The major said it would never do to let Imboden pass without paying toll. His forces had been on a raid to destroy the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad, to prevent reinforcements from reaching Meade from the West.

The regiment had moved from Bloody Run to Bedford Springs; but on hearing of the fight at Gettysburg they quickly moved down to McConnellsburg. On the 5th of July Captain Jones was sent out, in command of two hundred men, part from our regiment and part from the Twelfth Pennsylvania Cavalry, and he fell in with Lee's wagon train on its retreat from Gettysburg. The train was about seventeen miles in length, including the ambulances with the wounded, and was escorted by three thousand troops—cavalry, infantry and artillery—under our old friend General Imboden; as he has stated over his own signature in *Annals of the War*. The troops were posted along the whole length of the train, in strong detachments, each detachment having with it several cannon. They were making for Williamsport, Maryland, via Chambersburg, Pennsylvania, and had crossed the mountains during the night.

It was in the vicinity of Mercersburg, at a place called Cunningham's Cross Roads, that Jones first spied the wagons, and he took in the situation at a glance.



CAPTURE OF LEE'S WAGON TRAINS—July 5, 1863.

Sending part of his force to dash in and cut the train in two, at a weak point, he took the remainder of his men to attack the rear guard, which was the strongest and best armed force. On hearing the firing in front he charged upon the rear guard, with startling yells, "stampeding" them in short order, killing several of the enemy and capturing their two pieces of artillery. He then gave chase until he came to the point where his detached force had struck the train and turned it off towards Loudon, Pennsylvania.

In this dash Jones captured over two hundred wagons and ambulances, with their teams, two pieces of horse artillery, and over seven hundred prisoners; most of them with arms in their hands guarding their wagon trains. On arriving at Loudon the prisoners were quartered in the Young Ladies' Seminary, and the wounded, which were numerous—the ambulances being filled with wounded from Gettysburg—were cared for by the people of the town.

On the 6th our regiment, under Lieutenant-Colonel Adams, attacked a large force of the enemy near Chambersburg, and captured over a hundred prisoners. Our boys were regarded as great heroes by the people of those parts, and many love affairs sprung up between them and the young ladies in the vicinity of their stopping places.

Our gallant assistant surgeon, George R. Douglass, called the "fighting doctor," was smitten by the charms of a young lady of Bedford Springs, and subsequently married her. The gallant Captain Prendergrast also won the heart of a fair lady at that place, and in all probability they, too, would have been married, had not the captain been killed at the battle of Nineveh, while lead-

ing his men in a desperate charge under Colonel A. W. Adams, on the 12th of November, 1864.

Immediately after the engagement of Captain Jones with the enemy, at Mercersburg, Pennsylvania, our regiment proceeded to Greencastle, where we found them on the 13th, as already stated.

And now for Boyd's company on detached service. What had they been doing during this memorable campaign?

It will be remembered that Major Boyd had conducted our wagon train from Martinsburg, Virginia, to Harrisburg, Pennsylvania, where he had arrived on the 17th of June, having been pursued nearly all the way by the cavalry of General Jenkins; and there they were joined by Lieutenant O. B. Knowles, who had set out from Maryland Heights to hunt them up.

On the 19th of June Boyd put his men and horses on board the cars at Harrisburg, and proceeded to Shippensburg; where, finding the road torn up, he debarked his troop and marched to Chambersburg.

On the 20th he marched to Mercersburg, and, while concealed in a large barn, Jenkins' cavalry filed past in the road, only a short distance from his position. He then dashed into Greencastle, but the "Johnnies" had all left.

On the 22d, he was more successful in finding the enemy. His men struck a portion of Jenkins' cavalry at Greencastle, and a lively skirmish ensued, lasting about half an hour, in which Boyd lost private William Rihle, killed, and Sergeant Milton Cafferty, wounded and captured; but the enemy were driven out of town. Rihle was the first man killed on Pennsylvania soil in defence of the Union.

- " Only one man killed—so we read full off.
- " And rejoice that the loss on our side was so small ;
- " Forgetting meanwhile that some loving heart
- " Felt all the force of that murderous ball."

The next day Boyd was forced back to Shippensburg, skirmishing all the way, and on the 24th the enemy in great force charged into the latter place, driving him towards Cashtown. Here the charge was renewed, and he was forced back to Mount Rock.

The Confederates kept steadily advancing, during the 25th and 26th, and forced Boyd back as far as Carlisle ; but he stubbornly contested every inch of the road. On the 27th he was forced back to Kingston. He had sent Lieutenant Knowles, with a small detachment to save the clothing, &c., at Carlisle Barracks ; but the enemy intercepted them and they were compelled to return without performing the task. The enemy then destroyed everything at the barracks.

On the 28th the Confederates got between Boyd's men and Harrisburg, and they were compelled to take to the fields to reach the town. The Confederates then began to fall back, and Boyd followed close on their heels.

On the 29th, Lieutenant Knowles and seven men of the troop captured thirty-three of the enemy, and forty horses ; but had to abandon them shortly afterwards to save themselves.

On the 30th, the troop captured a foraging party with all their wagons ; and the next day Lieutenant Knowles, with three men, captured seventeen of the enemy, near Arendtsville, and brought them into camp. Sergeant E. Knowles went out to forage for some victuals, and met three of the enemy on the same errand. He drew his revolver, which, by the way, was not loaded, and took the trio prisoners.

On the 1st of July, the troop captured a dozen wagons loaded with provisions and plunder, and turned them over to General W. F. Smith, besides seventy horses and twenty mules that the enemy had taken from the farmers. General Smith had been without teams for bringing up supplies for his troops, and this capture supplied the want.

The New York Militia were also supplied with provisions from the captures made by Boyd's troop.

On the evening of that day the troop was to have made an attempt to capture General Lee, who was reported to be at Cashtown, with but few troops around him, and no cavalry; but they fell in with some of the enemy's cavalry near Fayetteville, and charged their rear guard, stampeding the whole force, causing them to abandon much plunder which they had obtained at Chambersburg; and this prevented the attempt to capture the great chieftain of the enemy.

While Boyd was after Jenkins, that day, Lieutenant Knowles, with fifteen men, charged into a wagon train which had been captured by the Confederate General Stuart, near Washington, on the 28th of June, and now guarded by Fitz Lee's Brigade, capturing fifty prisoners and a large number of the wagons, snatching them from between the rear guard and the main body of the enemy; but he had to abandon the wagons in order to get away with his prisoners.

On the 3d of July the company captured some of General Carter's wagons, near Arendtsville, and another lot near Bendersville; and towards evening they captured another train in the Quaker Valley; all of which had been out foraging.

On the 4th of July, the boys thought they ought to

celebrate the day by capturing some of the invaders, so they set out on a scout towards Oranstown. There they overtook a foraging party of the First North Carolina Cavalry, and charged them, capturing one hundred prisoners, a dozen wagons loaded with plunder, and a drove of horses which the enemy had collected to carry into Virginia.

On the 6th, Boyd's men had a lively skirmish with a superior force, at Waterloo, in which they captured forty prisoners, and drove the enemy before them.

On the 9th they had another skirmish near Hagerstown, Maryland, but the enemy were too strong, and Boyd fell back to Chambersburg; at which place we found him on the 11th of July, as already stated.

On the 12th we sent him to attack the enemy at Hagerstown again, and he drove them out; then joined us at Greencastle, on the 13th, where the fragments of Milroy's old division were assembled.

Major Boyd and his handful of men had been in the saddle almost constantly, day and night, from the 12th of June, just one month, and had never lost sight of the enemy in all that time. They only fell back when compelled by superior numbers, and always returned to the attack the moment the enemy ceased pursuit. When the invaders began to fall back from the Susquehanna, Boyd's men pressed them in rear and on the flanks, causing them to think there was a large force in pursuit; thus keeping them from marauding, and hastening their retreat. The people of the country gave them much valuable information about the enemy, which enabled them to accomplish much more than they otherwise could have done. This shows the advantage that troops have when defending their own territory against an invading

enemy, and furnishes a good excuse for many of our disasters and failures in "Dixie."

The men of Boyd's troop, being all Pennsylvanians, were filled with patriotic enthusiasm, and willingly submitted to any and every hardship, in order to free their native state from the foot of the invader. They went hungry and sleepless many times, obtaining food as best they could, and sleeping at intervals in fence corners, rather than lose an opportunity of harassing the enemy and saving the property of the peaceful but frightened inhabitants.

For his services in this campaign, Major Boyd was commissioned colonel of the Twenty-first Pennsylvania Cavalry, and his worthy lieutenant, Oliver B. Knowles, was commissioned major of the same regiment.

Major Boyd felt that every man in the troop had earned a commission, and he requested Governor Curtin to select the officers of the new regiment from among them; but the Governor thought otherwise. He gave Lieutenant Wm. H. Boyd a commission as captain, however, and commissioned Sergeant Emerick Knowles as adjutant of the regiment.

Colonel Boyd wished to have me as his lieutenant-colonel, but, as I had not the good fortune to be with the troop in that campaign, the Governor thought I had no claims. Twelve of these men afterwards received commissions in the First New York (Lincoln) Cavalry, and other regiments, and several of them received Congress medals for capturing prisoners, guns and battle flags, in the Valley, and in the campaign from Petersburg to Appomattox.

Lieutenant Knowles refused to be mustered into the new regiment, because it was an emergency regiment

whose term expired in six months. He remained with the company as my first lieutenant, until Boyd's regiment re-enlisted for three years, and then he was mustered as its major.

He afterwards became its colonel, all the other field officers having been discharged on account of wounds received in the battle of Cold Harbor, under Grant.

We left Greencastle, Pennsylvania, on the 14th of July, arriving at Hagerstown, Maryland, the same evening, where we learned that the Confederates had recrossed into Virginia, and we felt very much chagrined indeed.

We found our wagon train at Hagerstown, all safe, having come from Harri-burg, through Philadelphia and Baltimore, and we had a change of garments, which was quite refreshing.

Here the Gettysburg campaign ended, and we prepared to invade the Southern Confederacy once more.

In this memorable campaign the First New York (Lincoln) Cavalry had met the enemy when they first broke through the gaps of the Blue Ridge; had fought them at Berryville, at the Opequon, and at Winchester and Martinsburg; had helped to destroy their pontoon bridges on the Potomac, in their rear; and had captured over three hundred wagons with their teams, two pieces of horse artillery, and more than a thousand prisoners.

What other regiment of cavalry can boast of more valuable services in that campaign?

Just here our wagon master deserves a passing notice. It is of no small importance to have a good man in charge of the wagon trains, and ours was well fitted for his position. He was a member of Company B, of our own regiment, named Robert Bruce—I don't know whether

he was a descendant of Bruce of Bannockburn or not. He was known all through the army as "Buck." He was about forty years of age; had been a driver on the Knickerbocker Line in New York, and a butcher in the Bowery; but he finished his education as wagon master of Dan Rice's famous circus. What he didn't know about horses, mules, harness and wagons wasn't worth knowing. He had traveled all over the United States and Canada, and felt at home any where. He always had a reserve of extra horses and mules, and a re-fit of harness, and seldom got stuck by the way. If a horse or mule strayed from any of the surrounding camps it was sure to be captured by "Buck's guerrillas;" and it was always something of a task to get a good animal away from him. He was always ready to furnish any of the officers with a re-mount, until their own horses should recuperate. When likely to be late on the road he would ride along the train, singing out: "Make way for the headquarter wagons," or, "This ammunition train is ordered to the front, and must go through if every other wagon is left behind." He made a short cut through General Kearny's lines, on the day of the battle of Malvern Hill, and just escaped before Kearny rode up swearing like a trooper. He sometimes made a raid on a careless quartermaster's stock, when his own teams were used up, and often got into trouble on that account. On his way through Maryland and Pennsylvania he had managed to match his teams, in size and color, and they were in much better condition when he returned to us at Hagerstown than when he left Berryville. He had procured a fine Government ambulance, and four splendid horses to draw it, which he presented to brigade headquarters, and we enjoyed it hugely on many occasions

afterwards in the Shenandoah Valley. "Buck" would not accept promotion, saying: "a whole skin and a full pocket will beat honors any time." This was not commendable, but was nevertheless true of many besides "Buck."

A battery of artillery reported to us at Hagerstown, and our morning report showed a force of twenty-two hundred men—cavalry, infantry and artillery—for duty. With this force we were expected to guard the Potomac from Harper's Ferry to Williamsport, a distance of about twenty-five miles



CHAPTER XIX.

Sharpsburg, Maryland—Major Harry Gilmore—Back in Dixie—Miss Belle Boyd—Martinsburg and its People—Death of Roland Ellis—Scouting and Skirmishing—Captain Jones at Smithfield—Account of some "Scout's"—Capture of Captain Blackford and his Men—Capture of the Ninth Maryland Volunteers.

ON the 16th of July, 1863, we moved to Sharpsburg, Maryland, about two miles from the Potomac, and opposite to Shepherdstown, on the Virginia side of the river. The enemy occupied the latter place, and their pickets and ours frequently conversed together. On one occasion the Confederate Major, Harry Gilmore, swam across at the invitation of an officer of the Twelfth Pennsylvania Cavalry, then on picket duty, and remained talking for nearly an hour. Our men also crossed to the Virginia side, and returned unmolested. The mounted pickets frequently met in the river to exchange coffee for whisky and tobacco. There were a great many of our wounded lying at Shepherdstown, and I was sent across with a flag of truce to obtain permission to send them aid. Major Gilmore consented, and we sent Dr. Fred. Elliott, of our regiment, and several nurses, with a goodly supply of medicines and provisions suitable for wounded men.

On being ordered to cross the Potomac with the flag of truce, I proceeded to dress in full uniform, with sash, side arms, and spurs, and had two men to row me over in a boat.

On striking the other shore a sentinel ordered us to halt, and demanded our business. I told him I wished

to see the commanding officer of the pickets, as I had a message to be forwarded to the officer in command of the troops in the vicinity of Shepherdstown. He pointed to a horseman approaching, and said: "That is the officer in command here." "Who is he?" I inquired. "That is Major Gilmore," said he. The major dismounted on the bank, a little above us, and beckoned me to approach. There was such a contrast between our respective "get-up," that I really wished I had not been so particular about my personal appearance. I informed the major that I was a captain in the First New York (Lincoln) Cavalry, and A. A. G. of the troops at Sharpsburg, opposite, and that my mission was to inquire after the wounded of our army in Shepherdstown, which we understood were quite numerous. He expressed himself well pleased at meeting one of the gallant First New York (Lincoln) Cavalry; said our regiment had a good name in the Valley; and that he would be pleased to do us any favor that lay in his power. I told him we wished to send a surgeon and some nurses over, with medicines and such articles of food, &c., as the wounded might require. He said we could do so, but that they would not be permitted to return until the Confederate troops should leave the place. I assented, as I felt *that* would not be very long. As I approached Major Gilmore, I took a photograph of his personal appearance in my mind, and produce it here for the benefit of those who never saw that bold Marylander.

He was dismounted, standing by a spirited and powerful looking gray horse, his right hand resting on the saddle, and his left resting on the hilt of a long cavalry sabre. His dress consisted of gray pants, tucked into

the tops of cavalry boots, a gray flannel shirt, with rolling collar, black neck-scarf with flowing ends, and a light colored soft felt hat, with a black drooping feather.

His height seemed to be about five feet ten, or more, and his weight about one hundred and seventy to one hundred and eighty pounds. His hair was light in color, and well trimmed; and he wore a mustache, which was not very heavy. His skin was fair, with some color in his cheeks, and his eyes pretty large, of Saxon blue, and he appeared to have a slight cast in one of them. I thought he had a pleasant expression of countenance, but his face had rather a German look. Altogether I thought the horse and man, just as they stood there, would have made a spirited picture to place at the head of an account of the Confederate partisans, or guerrillas of the Shenandoah Valley.

The major expressed a desire to see the war at an end, and hoped it would soon come to a close in manner satisfactory to all. He remarked that if any man said "war" to him after that, he would knock him down.

On the 23d of July, we sent Major Quinn, with two hundred mounted men, across the river at Shepherds-town, to drive the enemy out, while we crossed the ford with artillery and infantry.

This party returned in the evening with about a dozen prisoners, captured near Martinsburg, and reported that there were no Confederate troops within five miles of that place. We sent the same party out on the 29th, and they passed through Martinsburg, Charlestown, Berryville, and Winchester, and could hear of no enemy nearer than Strasburg.

Our whole command then moved across the Potomac to Martinsburg, arriving there on the 4th of August.

While at Sharpsburg, we had gone all over the battle field of Antietam, and it was surprising how few traces of that great struggle were to be seen. Near Burnside's bridge, on the Antietam Creek, were many graves, but everything was over-grown with grass. McClellan's look-out, on the top of the mountain, overlooking the village and the battle field, was the most conspicuous reminder of the event. The people of the village had collected great numbers of all kinds of missiles, which they had varnished, and were using as mantel ornaments.

Our headquarters at Sharpsburg were in the house of a Mr. Kretzer, who had three fine daughters. The eldest had a lover in the Confederate army, and was, of course, a "little rebel;" while her two sisters were for the Union. One of them, the younger, has since married a Union soldier, while her sister, "Teat," is still single. The eldest, I believe, married her "Johnnie," since the close of hostilities, and thus formed a little union of her own. May there be no "rebels" in that union. I would recommend Miss "Teat" to take up "arms," and institute a relentless war until some young man is compelled to sue for peace and union.

Our advent into Martinsburg was so unexpected that the Confederate spy, Miss Belle M. Boyd, was unable to make her escape, and became a prisoner in her own father's house. She did not relish the restraint, and sent a note to Colonel McReynolds, requesting him to call, that she wished see him on important business. The colonel declined to see her, but delegated me to attend to the fair but fickle creature. Her mother received me politely, and called her wayward daughter, who shortly entered the parlor, all smiles, evidently put on for the occasion.

She began to tell how irksome it was to be so closely confined, and wanted to know if the *general* wouldn't allow her the liberty of the town. (!) I smilingly told her that she was regarded as a very important personage, and capable of doing us too much injury to be allowed to go at large; which seemed to tickle her vanity, and she said, with a curl of her lip: "I hope 'you all' are not afraid of a poor weak woman?" I reminded her of the powerful influence she was said to exert over General Stuart's cavalry, inspiring them to acts which astonished not only the Yankees but themselves. She laughed heartily at this, and wanted to know what we had heard of her. "Well," said I, "it is rumored among our men that you led Stuart's column in his raid around McClellan on the Peninsula, and also in a similar raid in Maryland."

This was a "whopper," but I wished to gratify her ruling passion, vanity. She looked very much pleased, and said: "You all don't believe that, do you?" "Well," said I, "the men think so, but if you deny it I will believe you." To this she made no reply, but excused herself for a moment and went up stairs. In a very few moments I was startled at seeing a tall figure, in the uniform of a Confederate colonel of cavalry, enter from the rear of the parlor. It was Miss Boyd, who wished to impress me with her military appearance. She had a pistol in her belt, and really looked like a dangerous customer. I feigned alarm, told her I would surrender, and hoped she would not shoot me; at which she laughed heartily, and said that was just the way the Yankees did when General Stuart met them.

She wore a fine gray cloth jacket, slashed with gold lace on the breast and sleeves, a pair of white buckskin

gauntlets, a dove-colored soft felt hat, with a long dark plume, and a gray skirt or riding habit. A fine leather belt, with a silver-mounted revolver in a patent-leather case, ornamented her waist, and she carried a fancy riding whip in her hand. She was tall and of good figure, and in her uniform looked well.

She wore the rank of a colonel C. S. A., and she told me she often rode with General Stuart at the head of his cavalry. She showed me a gold watch, studded with jewels, presented to her by the officers of Stuart's cavalry, as the inscription fully proved. Altogether she seemed very proud of her connection with the Confederate raiders, and of the services she had rendered to the Confederacy.

"Now," said I, "after seeing and hearing what I have, you can't blame me if I report to the colonel that you are altogether too dangerous a person to be at large." This seemed to startle her, and she said: "I hope you all would not send me to prison?" "Perhaps not," said I, "but we must keep a sharp eye upon all your movements."

We had a sentinel at the house, to keep her from communicating with any of the inhabitants, and to prevent her sending news to the enemy. She had frequently passed through our lines in disguise, carrying mail to the south, giving information of our strength and position.

Shortly after this Colonel McReynolds was called to Washington; I took command of my company; and the officer who succeeded to the command of the troops at Martinsburg had Miss Boyd arrested and sent to Washington, in order to gain a little notoriety in the papers.

She had brown hair, hazel eyes, a somewhat long oval face, with a finely formed but prominent nose, and rather prominent teeth, which she exposed a good deal when smiling or talking. Her skin was fair, and her face sprinkled with small freckles; but she was what might be called rather good looking, although by no means a beauty.

Martinsburg was an oasis in the Southern Confederacy, in which our regiment always found friends and pleasant stopping places. Some of the most wealthy, intelligent and refined people of the town were loyal to the Union cause. The venerable Edmund Pendleton had, by his influence, prevented many of the best families from going with the South. His sons, Dr. Boyd Pendleton and Major Edward Pendleton, were Union men. The former had a son in the United States navy, and the latter a son in the regular army. The major had a son in the Confederate army, also, but of course he was not responsible for that.

The old homestead, on the hill, where Dr. Pendleton resided, was always open to our officers, and there they forgot the dangers of a trooper's life, while enjoying the Doctor's kind hospitality. His youngest son, "Nat," saved General Kelly and his command from capture by General Early's forces, by flanking the enemy's pickets and giving the Union boys the information which he had obtained.

Miss Sallie, the Doctor's amiable daughter, was a beautiful blonde, and as good and gentle as she was beautiful. She was a fine horsewoman, and frequently rode out with Captain Bailey and other young officers of the regiment.

The Campbell family also entertained us hospitably,

and their mansion was the resort of many of our officers.

Commodore Bowman's house was always headquarters, and one of his grand daughters married Dr. Schoales, surgeon of the Twelfth Pennsylvania Cavalry.

There were many other noted Union families there, and many of our officers and men have found wives there since the "cruel war" has ended.

Colonel Faulkner, who had been United States Minister to France, had his residence there; but *he* was "down South." His spouse was equal to the situation, however, and never failed to invite the commanding officer and his staff to partake of the hospitalities of her house; and it was seldom that those invited could resist the fascinations of the daughters and the blandishments of their ma.

General Averill, who could twang the light guitar; General Sigel, who could talk about music; General Stahl, who could talk with the ladies about Paris, and their mutual acquaintances there; Colonel A. W. Adams, and others of our "grim visaged warriors," would "smooth their wrinkled fronts" and "caper nimbly" into Mrs. Faulkner's parlor, to enjoy the music, wit and wine dispensed there.

And so it happened that *ye gentle* Faulknors always had a *guard*, and a "protection paper" from headquarters; notwithstanding it was well known that they were bitter secessionists, and their house always the headquarters of the Confederates when in possession of the town.

Mrs. Faulkner and her daughters were well skilled in diplomacy, and much more than a match for most of our good-natured, unsuspecting commanders, and the gay young officers of their staff; and no doubt those

fair diplomatists wheedled many a bit of valuable information out of them when mellow with wine.

On the 21st of August, I was sent out with my company on a scout. We passed through Jarretstown, Greenspring, Whitehall, and Winchester; returning to camp by way of Bunker Hill. We rode fifty miles in twelve hours, and brought back five Confederate soldiers with their horses, arms and accoutrements.

While at Martinsburg we laid out a race course, and kept up our field sports with great spirit, when our duties would permit; but scouts were of so frequent occurrence that we had very little time to devote to amusement.

Scouting parties were sent to Middletown and Bloomery Gap, but no enemy could be heard of nearer than Strasburg and Romney.

On the night of September 7th, the enemy drove in the pickets of the Twentieth Pennsylvania Cavalry, stationed at Bath, Morgan County, Virginia, and our regiment set out in pursuit, but could hear nothing of the raiders.

On the 12th of September, my first sergeant, Rolland Ellis, was accidentally shot while at target practice. He was a brave soldier, and beloved by all the company. I took his remains to Philadelphia, to his parents; and breaking the news to them was hardest task of my life.

On the 15th of September, the authorities of New York State sent a stand of colors to our regiment, and there was a review of the troops for the purpose of witnessing the presentation. Colonel McReynolds, commanding the forces, presented the standard in a very eloquent manner, and Major Harkins received it on behalf of the regiment in a most appropriate speech.

That same day fifty men from the Twelfth Pennsylvania Cavalry, under Lieutenant Irwin, and fifty of our regiment, all under command of Captain Jones, of ours, went on a scout. On approaching Smithfield they fell in with a large detachment of the enemy, which they chased into the town. Here the graybacks were reinforced and charged upon our troops. The boys fought desperately, but lost their commander, Captain Jones; who was wounded in the hand, and captured, after having his horse shot under him. The enemy then tried to surround the Union boys, but were repulsed at every point by detachments under Captain Bailey and Lieutenant Poindexter, of the First New York, and Lieutenant Irwin of the Twelfth Pennsylvania. The fight lasted nearly an hour, being a succession of charges and counter charges, captures and re-captures; one of the most important of which was the re-capture of Captain Jones, together with his three captors. Our boys finally succeeded in routing the enemy, and driving them to within a few miles of Winchester. Our casualties were three men wounded; but we captured a dozen prisoners from the enemy, including two officers.

On the 20th of September, Captain Bailey returned from a scout, having passed through Winchester to Strasburg, where he captured eleven of Major Gilmore's men, and several conscript officers, with their horses and equipments.

While operating in the Shenandoah Valley, and in West Virginia, we found it necessary to employ citizens as scouts and spies. While at Oldtown, Maryland, we had one named Moss, a Union man, who had been driven away from his family on account of his political opinions.

On one of our raids we passed his house and he called

in to see his family, from whom he had been separated for months without any means of communicating with them. He was dressed like a soldier and had his head tied up so that the neighbors should not recognize him. The enemy captured him soon after and he was tied, hand and foot, and informed that he would be hung; but during the night he succeeded in untying a knot and made his escape, bringing with him a shot gun and a good horse. He made some other adventurous scouts into the enemy's lines, and had several hairbreadth escapes, but unfortunately I have no exact account of them.

At Martinsburg our principal citizen scout was one "Noakes," a cool, brave fellow. He had a great weakness for good horses, would risk his life to get one, and was not overly scrupulous as to how he obtained it, if taken from the enemy. On one occasion a small party of the boys were returning with Noakes, from a scout up the Valley, when they met a force of the enemy on the road, only a few hundred yards off. Noakes was riding an old farm horse, they were near a farm house, and he dismounted and let down the fence; the officer in charge threatening him with his sabre by way of a blind. The boys had dashed through, and Noakes had re-placed the rails as the enemy rode up, shouting to him to take them down. Noakes was cursing the Yankees for making him take down his own fence, and for riding through his wheat field; but the Confederate officer cut him short by ordering him to open the fence or he would blow his brains out. Noakes grumbled out something about it being hard to be treated so by his own friends; but proceeded to take down the bars. By that time our boys were half a mile away, and the enemy failed to over-

take them. Noakes arrived in camp that night with a fine stallion, taken from some stable on his way. He generally went out mounted on a mule, or broken down army horse, and nearly always returned with a fine horse, which he would carry to Maryland and sell for a good round sum.

While returning from a scout one night we met an old citizen riding along, and Noakes asked him if he knew anything of the Yankees at Martinsburg. The old fellow took the bait, and asked Noakes what he belonged to. "Gilmore's battalion," said Noakes. The old man then told him that he had just been "running the blockade," to get a horse for his nephew, who belonged to Mosby's command, and had lost his horse in a fight with the Yankees a few days before. He told Noakes where the Union pickets were posted around Martinsburg, and requested him to "try and get into town, and capture that d—d Noakes, who was guiding the Yankees everywheres through the Valley." Noakes promised to do his best, and said he would call at the house on his way up the Valley, and let him know how he made out. Noakes took a few men out that night and brought the old man and his nephew in as prisoners.

After being in the "Valley" a while, our men became so familiar with every road and path that we dispensed with the citizens, and organized a band of scouts from the men of our own regiment. We had a number of brave fellows to whom adventure and danger were a pleasant excitement, and we soon had a body of the best scouts in the army. The principle men among them were Savacool, Atkins and Vosburg, of Company K; Peavy and Valentine, of Company B; and Forkey, Dunn and the Goubleman brothers, of Company D.

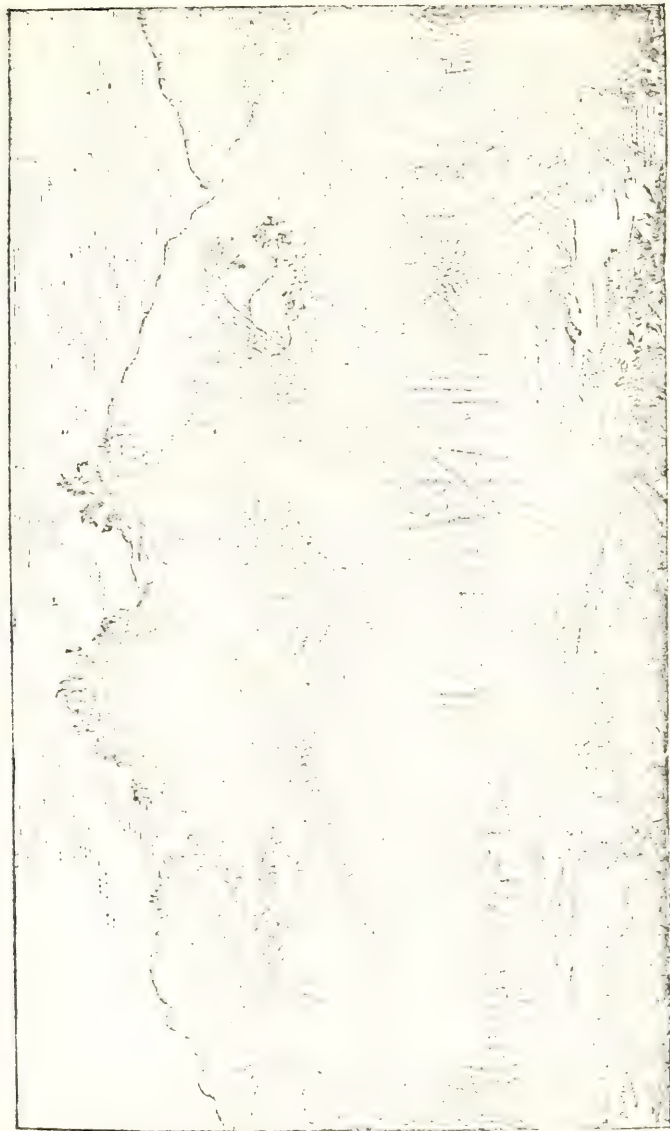
On one occasion a party of these men went clear down to North Carolina. They had plenty of Confederate money, which they procured from Philadelphia, in sheets, for a trifling sum; the words "*fac simile*," printed at the bottom each note, so that it could easily be cut off. This money was pronounced genuine by the cashier of the bank at Winchester, and passed current everywhere in Rebeldom. The boys always had plenty of poultry, eggs, butter, milk, &c., when on scout, without the trouble of taking them. They bought them, and were always welcomed by the inhabitants. This gave our regiment a good name in the valley—where we were known as "the gallant First New York Cavalry"—and the citizens were never afraid to see us come along.

On the trip to North Carolina the boys brought back a lot of fine horses, and a negro whom they had purchased from his master for three thousand dollars "*fac simile*." The poor darkey was astonished when he found himself in the camp of the Yankees, a free man.

He had been of great service on the return trip and the boys set him at liberty, with the understanding that he should stay with them and do such things as they might require until the war should be over.

Valentine often rode up the Valley dressed in female clothing, and obtained much valuable information. Forkey could get himself up as a negro, and as such he had many strange adventures.

Savacool went through the Valley as a mail carrier, collecting letters at all the houses, and much information was obtained in this way. On one of his trips he met Gilmore's battalion, and could not hide, so he boldly faced the music. He had captured many of these men, and was afraid some of them would recognize him. Gil-



Capture of Blackford's Rangers, Back Creek Valley, Va.

more quizzed him closely, but his suspicions were allayed by Savacool taking a letter from his pouch addressed to Gilmore himself. It was from a lady in Winchester, and he was so well pleased with the contents that he gave Savacool a pull at his canteen of apple jack. He then informed Savacool that they were on their way to burn the bridge of the Baltimore and Ohio Rail Road over Back Creek.

Savacool had no sooner got away from them than he made a detour and rode for Martinsburg with all haste, to inform Colonel McReynolds of what he had heard. Captain R. G. Prendergrast was immediately sent to Back Creek Valley, with one hundred men to look after the bridge burners. Fifty of the men were from our regiment and fifty from the Twelfth Pennsylvania Cavalry, under Captain Henry.

Prendergrast learning that the party were concealed in a piece of woods, disposed of his men so as to cut off retreat, and then charged into the ambush, capturing Captain Blackford and his lieutenant, and thirty men, with all their arms; besides thirty-six horses with their equipments complete.

Gilmore had stopped behind to see his lady love, and had not joined his men when the attack was made, so he escaped. This took place on the 14th of October.

On the 18th Gilmore piloted General Imboden to Charlestown, near Harper's Ferry, where the Ninth Maryland Volunteers, under Colonel Simpson, were encamped, and after a short fight they captured nearly the whole regiment; and Gilmore must have felt avenged for the loss of Blackford's company.

General Sullivan sallied forth from Harper's Ferry, and drove Imboden to Berryville, killing a number of

his men, and capturing not a few; but nothing could wipe out the fact that the enemy had got the best of him in the affair at Charlestown.

About this time Lieutenant-Colonel Adams was ordered to Washington, as a witness in General Milroy's Court of Inquiry, and did not join us again until the following January. While absent he was commissioned and mustered in as lieutenant-colonel of our regiment, with rank from April 3, 1863.



CHAPTER XX.

We move to Charlestown—The Town and its People—Raid after Imboden—Savacool's Adventure—Numerous Skirmishes—Fight with Imboden—Death of Hogan and Black—Our Captures—The Harrisonburg Raid—Sterns and Gilmore—Re-enlistment of the Regiment—Savacool kills Blackford—Riot with the Twenty-first New York Cavalry—Fight with Rosser's Cavalry—Colonel Mulligan—Preparing for Veteran Furlough.

THE capture of the Ninth Maryland Volunteers, at Charlestown, October 18, 1863, produced a change in the location of the troops, and our regiment was ordered to report at that place for duty.

We arrived there on the 20th of October, and found our old comrade in arms, Colonel Boyd, in command. His own regiment—the Twenty-first Pennsylvania Cavalry, also the Twenty-second Pennsylvania Cavalry and Major Cole's battalion of Maryland Cavalry, were with him, forming the outposts of Harper's Ferry, where General Sullivan had his headquarters.

Colonel Boyd, with his usual energy, at once set out, with a strong force, in quest of his old adversary, General Imboden, going as far as Winchester, where it was found the enemy were encamped at Strasburg. We had not prepared for such a long ride, and therefore returned to camp, having captured a number of prisoners, including Captain Nelson and Lieutenant Randolph, of the Confederate General Perleton's staff, who were rusticating among their friends in the Valley.

On the 27th we again set out to look for Imboden, passing through Berryville, Milwood, White Post, Front

Royal and Strasburg; returning through Winchester and Berryville.

I had command of the advance guard, and my men captured twenty prisoners, including a major, two captains and three lieutenants, having had several slight skirmishes by the way, with some of Mosby's and Gilmore's men.

At Strasburg we were told that our friend (?) Imboden was at Mt. Jackson, and we concluded to pay him a visit soon.

On our way up the Valley, Sergeant Edwin F. Savacool of Company K, of our regiment, was in the extreme advance, as he usually was, dressed in a full suit of Confederate gray, and "roped in" several prisoners.

Between Berryville and Milwood he found a fine horse, with full set of military equipments, tied to a fence, and his rider up a tree picking persimmons. He hailed the "Johnny" and told him he had better get down, as the Yankees were coming up the road from Berryville.

The fellow showed great alacrity in descending from the tree, but when he attempted to get his horse, Savacool pointed his revolver at him and informed him that he was a prisoner. "That's bad," said the "Johnny," heaving a sigh, and at once handed over his arms and accoutrements. Savacool turned his prisoner over to the first men who came up, and passed on ahead as before.

On arriving at the Shenandoah River, near Front Royal, he learned from a negro that young Baylor, of Mosby's gang, was at his mother's house, on the point of land between the forks of the river, which meet at that place. It was known as Richards' Farm House;

Mrs. Baylor having married Mr. Richards. As Savacool entered, with cocked revolver, the inmates were much surprised, as they thought he was a Confederate soldier, on account of his clothing.

While the old lady was talking to him her son edged up and made a spring for his throat, at the same time grasping the pistol with one of his hands. Savacool pulled the trigger, causing the hammer to come down on Baylor's thumb, and he let go his hold and jumped behind his mother. She then begged Savacool not to shoot him, which he promised not to do, provided he would quietly surrender. This Baylor agreed to do, and Savacool took a seat, pistol in hand, to await the arrival of our troops.

The old lady got up on a chair and began to rummage the shelves of a closet, and Savacool noticed her putting something behind her as she turned to get down. His suspicions were aroused and he told her to show her hands. She did not obey, but kept backing towards her son, and Savacool told her to halt or he would blow her son's brains out.

She then burst into tears, and begged him not to kill them, as she produced a small revolver from behind her back. At that moment we rode up and Baylor was placed under guard; his mother begging of us to treat him kindly. If I am not mistaken he slipped away from the guard that night at Strasburg, and made his escape.

On the 31st Captain Jones was ordered out with his troop and met the enemy near Winchester; and after a short skirmish and a long race he captured sixteen of them, and brought them to camp with their arms and horses.

On the 6th of November Captain Bailey sallied forth

at the head of his troop to visit Winchester. While halted in the main street, Gilmore's men made a desperate charge, expecting to "stampede" and capture the whole party; but our boys didn't scare worth a cent.

Bailey heard the enemy coming, and quickly mounting his men, he turned the corner of the street, dashed around the square and charged them in the rear; thus surprising and stampeding *them*; killing one, wounding several, and capturing five of their number.

On the 11th we received orders to go into winter quarters at Charlestown, and at once began to erect "shanties" for the men and "sheds" for the horses.

Charlestown was established in 1786, and was so named in honor of Colonel *Charles* Washington—brother to General Washington—who owned nearly all the land thereabout at that time, and gave a certain quantity of it as a site for the town. His residence—a substantial log house—had stood adjacent to the southern suburbs of the town; but nothing remains to mark its location save the deep spring, clear as crystal, at which the "F. F. V.'s," used to slake their thirst nearly a century ago.

Bushrod Washington's old plantation (so called,) is about two and a half miles from town, and on it is still to be seen the well which was dug by Braddock's army when they passed through, *en route* to the scene of their subsequent defeat.

General Washington's "Masonic Cave" is about two miles south-east of the town, on a farm then occupied by a Mr. Sheldon. It has a number of large and airy apartments. Here, it is said, the general often met the Masonic fraternity for the purpose of performing the "mystic rite" of the order, and for social converse; and

here a great Masonic festival was held in 1844: but, at the time of which I write, the principle chamber was used as a milk house. *Sic transit gloria mundi.*

The ruins of an Episcopal church—built previous to the French and English wars—are still standing near the town, on the Smithfield Road; and many a strange story is told by the “oldest inhabitants,” about ghostly apparitions and unearthly noises having been seen and heard within those ancient ruins. Indeed, Burns’ legends of “Alloway Kirk” are nothing to compare with them; and many of the lower class, especially the negroes, are superstitious enough to believe them.

The “forefathers of the hamlet” lie buried in this church yard, but most of the tombstones are prostrate and moss-grown, while the inscriptions on them, “their bones from insult to protect,” are almost obliterated.

Here also John Brown (“Old Ossawatimic”) was hung, for attempting that which the Union army did afterwards, to the tune of: “John Brown’s body lies moultering in the tomb, but his soul goes marching on,” etc. Lately the people of Kansas have erected a monument to his memory, and are desirous of placing his statue in the Capitol at Washington, so that his name shall have

“A fortified residence ’gainst the tooth of time,
And razure of oblivion.”

The inhabitants of Charlestown were nearly all rabid secessionists, and consequently we found ourselves in a desert land, compared with the town of Martinsburg, which we had just left.

We found an elegant place for a race course at Charlestown, however, and some of the most exciting trials of speed that we ever had came off there.

On the 15th of November, Colonel Boyd, with about seven hundred cavalry and a section of artillery, left Charlestown on a raid after Imboden, with four days' rations and forage. We reached Strasburg that night and bivouacked. Started at day-light next morning. I was in command of the advance guard, composed of Companies "A" and "C," our old squadron, which had done such good service under Boyd and Jones, on the Peninsula. We found a squadron of Confederate cavalry at Woodstock, which we charged, capturing a lieutenant and several men, a mail carrier, with a large mail for the South, and a wagon loaded with apple jack, on its way to the Confederate camp. On reaching Edinburg, five miles farther on, the enemy were reinforced by another squadron, and made a bold stand; but my advance charged, driving them like sheep. They attempted to check us again, near Mount Jackson, but our blood was then up, and we swept them before us like leaves of the forest.

By this time the boys were so elated with their success that I could not restrain them, and on they dashed, after the retreating enemy, at break-neck speed, yelling like Comanche Indians. They soon ran into the main body of the enemy at Mount Jackson, consisting of cavalry, infantry and artillery, and were set upon by a superior force, mounted on fresh horses, and, before I could succor them, Daniel Black of my company, was killed, and Sergeant Andy McGuekin, of my company, and a man named Taylor, and another whose name I have forgotten, of Company A, were captured. McGuekin afterwards died while prisoner of war. Daniel Black, was as brave a soldier as ever drew blade. In the last charge we had captured an officer and a dozen men from

the enemy, and killed two more. We now held the enemy in check until Colonel Boyd arrived with the main body, when he formed line of battle and opened on them with the artillery. My men were then deployed as skirmishers, and the rebels opened on us with artillery. The firing was kept up on both sides for about fifteen minutes, during which time Corporal Hogland, of Company F, of our regiment, was killed. He was a correspondent for the newspapers, and was with my advance for the purpose of getting information. He was standing within six feet of me, when a conical shot, fired from one of the rebel guns, struck him in the face, knocking one half of his head off, covering me with his blood and brains: and his horse ran into the enemy's lines and was captured. Hogland was a brave soldier, and a very intelligent young man. He wrote over the *nom-de-plume* of "Grape-Shot." While the enemy were firing, Lieutenant Knowles of my company, boldly dashed up close to their lines, and discovered that they had withdrawn the bulk of their force across the river at Mount Jackson. Colonel Boyd then ordered the charge, and away we went, like a tempest, capturing twenty-one of the enemy, and part of their wagon train. They had the bridge "covered" with their guns, however, and we had to fall back and open fire with our artillery. Nothing further could be gained by that means, so we returned to camp, bringing our dead and wounded along, together with the prisoners and property captured from the enemy. We had three officers and forty men as prisoners, one hundred and sixty head of fat cattle, ten four-horse teams, fifty good tents, a large quantity of tobacco and salt, four barrels of apple jack, and one hundred fine horses; besides de-

stroying a large quantity of supplies, for which we had not sufficient transportation.

We had also killed and wounded a number of the enemy.

This was the third time we had attacked Imboden in his camp, and driven him out with loss.

On the way back we stopped at Edinburg, to breathe the horses and rest the men, and while dismounted on the road side, some of the men went down to the bank of the Shenandoah to obtain some food from the occupants of several houses which stood there.

We, on the road, observed a party of cavalry riding along the base of the mountains, on the opposite side of the river, and watched them till we saw them enter the ford, in order to cross over to our side, at a point directly opposite to the head of our column. They had on blue overcoats, and, as it was beginning to grow dusk, we took them for a flanking party sent from the rear of our own column.

On reaching our side they put spurs to their horses and dashed up the river bank at full speed, shooting at our men who were walking about from house to house for food. In a moment we were in the saddle and after them, but they had the start, and knew the roads and the fords of the river better than we, and so made their escape. They had not injured any of our boys, but they had performed a most dare-devil trick, for which they deserve some credit.

We bivouacked that night, a few miles north of Edinburg, the men taking possession of a barn, with a large yard attached, near the turnpike, and the officers taking possession of the dwelling on the hill, about fifty yards distant, and near the base of the mountain. We posted

our pickets, and, as soon as the men could prepare some coffee, every fire was extinguished.

Nothing occurred during the night; but, just before day-break, as I went out to look after my horse, which was tied to a tree at the end of the house, a volley of musketry was poured into the orchard, where most of the officers' horses were tied, which had the effect of arousing the camp in quick order.

Fortunately they aimed too high, and instead of killing our horses, as they intended, they only cut the branches above them, frightening them so that nearly all of them broke loose.

My horse broke his halter and overturned me, tramping upon my leg and almost breaking it: but I felt very glad it was no worse.

The enemy had stolen through the mountains on foot, and, as it was yet dark, they succeeded in escaping without injury. We arrived at camp without further incident.

The month of December, 1863, was bitter cold, and we were kept on the go all the time. General Sullivan, at Harper's Ferry, seemed determined to use us up, if possible, and he succeeded pretty well. We scoured the "Valley," from the North Mountains to the Blue Ridge, and from Charlestown to Mount Jackson, capturing some of Imboden's men every trip, and effectually protecting the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad, with its numerous culverts and bridges.

On the 10th of December Colonel Boyd set out again upon a raid, in order to hold Imboden and Early in the "Valley," while General Averill made a raid in their rear, for the purpose of destroying the bridges on the Virginia and Tennessee Railroad. Boyd had about eight

hundred cavalry, one thousand infantry, and a battery of horse artillery. The infantry and artillery proceeded through Berryville to Winchester, while the cavalry went through Front Royal, and joined the main body at Strasburg.

On passing Mt. Jackson, Boyd left Captain Stearns, of our regiment, with his company, to guard the bridge at that place, until the return of the troops. The weather was intensely cold, and the men having no other protection than fence rail shelters, were compelled to build fires to keep from freezing. The fires attracted the attention of the watchful Major Gilmore, who made an attack on Captain Stearns during the night, and a lively skirmish was the result. Stearns and his men fought desperately, and the rebels seemed determined on victory. Our boys were forced to take refuge in a building, and Gilmore's men tried to set fire to it, but did not succeed. During the engagement Stearns and Gilmore met, and immediately "clinched" in deadly strife. Stearns, being an older and less powerful man than his antagonist, struggled to free himself, so that he could use his pistol. He succeeded in drawing his revolver, and was in the act of firing, when Gilmore seized his arm. In the struggle that followed they both fell to the ground, Stearns being uppermost. The fall stunned Gilmore for a moment, and Stearns put the pistol to his head and fired: then jumped up to join his men, supposing he had put an end to one noted rebel at least. But owing to the excitement, and darkness of the night, his aim failed, and Gilmore escaped unhurt, the ball entering the ground close to his ear.

The rebels had been handled pretty roughly, notwithstanding they had surprised our boys, and they beat a

hasty retreat, carrying with them several dead and wounded comrades, and a few of our horses.

This was a bad affair and might have resulted in disaster to Boyd's whole command; and had not Stearns fought so bravely he would have been tried by court martial and probably dismissed from the service. Boyd went as far as Harrisonburg, where he learned that General Early, with a large force, was advancing down the Valley to meet him, while General Rosser had been dispatched through Luray Valley to get in his rear. He then fell back towards Winchester, closely followed by Early's cavalry, and just escaped Rosser, who entered the Valley at Front Royal as Boyd passed through Winchester.

Colonel Boyd had several skirmishes with the enemy's cavalry on this trip, in which he had two men wounded and six taken prisoners. He killed and wounded quite a number of the enemy, however, and brought over a hundred prisoners safely to camp.

On the 1st of January, 1864, there was an alarm, and we were sent to Bunker Hill to inquire into the cause. We found nothing of the enemy, but were nearly frozen to death on the march. It was a rough beginning for the New Year. Notwithstanding this, and the severe work through which we had passed, the men of the regiment on that day signified their intentions of re-enlisting for a new term of three years or during the war. In a few days we had more than the requisite number to entitle us to the furlough of thirty days, which the Government offered to all regiments re-enlisting as "Veterans."

I was very agreeably surprised by the men of my company marching up to my tent in a body, and offer-

ing to re-enlist if I would promise to remain with them. This I very readily consented to do, and nearly every man re-enlisted at once.

I was appointed mustering officer of the regiment and soon had the veterans sworn in. These were the men who responded to the first call to arms, and had fought the enemy for over two years and a-half, and yet their patriotism was as strong as in April, 1861. They had enlisted to save the Union and to put down rebellion, and they had no notion of returning home while this patriotic purpose remained unaccomplished.

During their term of service they had marched thousands of miles; had killed and wounded hundreds of the enemy; and had captured about 4,000 prisoners; 3,000 horses; 400 wagons; 4 cannon; 1,000 muskets; 2,000 revolvers, and 700 sabres.

We had scarcely finished mustering the men when orders were received to proceed on a scout, with two days' rations; and Colonel Boyd set out with his whole cavalry force and a section of artillery. Major Quinn of our regiment had the advance.

Sergeant Charles N. Warren, of Company K, and a man named Hogan, were in advance of the advance guard, dressed in Confederate gray. On entering Newtown they went into a house and inquired if any of their men (meaning the Confederates) were in town. "What do you belong to?" said the lady of the house. "We belong to Gilmore's battalion," was the reply. She then informed them that Captain Blackford and half a dozen of his men were around the corner, in "Aunt Mary's," getting supper. This was a little inn kept by a widow lady, who went by the above name.

On hearing this, Warren rode back to meet the col-

umn, and told Sergeant Savacool, who was that day in command of his company, and these two, accompanied by several others, set out at a gallop to look after Blackford. (This is the same Blackford who was captured in Back Creek Valley with his company, in the previous September; but had escaped from Fort McHenry a short time afterwards.)

The approaching horses were heard by Blackford and his men, and they got out of the back door into the garden, and hid among the currant bushes. On entering the house Savacool inquired where Blackford and his men were, and "Aunt Mary" stoutly denied having seen them.

Savacool and his men then passed through the house into the garden, and began a search. The "Johnnies" were concealed in the farther end; but fearing discovery, they broke cover, jumped over the garden fence, and made for the pines. Our men gave chase, firing at them and commanding them to surrender. Blackford was on top of the fence, and shouted: "I surrender," and the soldiers advanced to take him; but the moment they lowered their pistols he leaped from the fence and ran for his life. Warren had captured one of the Johnnies, and was taking him back to the house, while Savacool pursued Blackford, each firing at the other as rapidly as they could. At length Blackford was hit, and then he turned on his pursuer like a stag at bay. Savacool stopped also, and both took deliberate aim, each at the other. Both fired and both fell together.

Warren was just returning, after having delivered his prisoner, and on reaching Savacool he found he had been shot in the thigh, and seriously though not dangerously wounded. Blackford called for help, and Warren ran

to him and gave him a drink from his canteen; but he was mortally wounded and died in a very few minutes.

By this time many of our men had reached the scene of this fatal duel, and Blackford's body was carried up to "Aunt Mary's" and laid upon the table from which he had eaten his supper about fifteen minutes before. Such is war.

Edwin F. Savacool was, in many respects, one of the best, if not the very best soldier in our regiment. If any man ever possessed a "heart that knew no fear," that man was Savacool. His modesty was equal to his courage, and it was a long time before his merits were properly recognized. I shall have more to say of him hereafter, but will state here, that he had, alone and unaided, captured one hundred and fifty of the enemy, up to that time, with their horses and arms; and had had several hand-to-hand encounters with them, narrowly escaping with his life on several occasions. He was fond of adventures, and seemed to court danger.

His services, and the severe wound he had just received, won for him a commission; and the colonel presented him with a costly pair of shoulder straps, in the presence of General McClellan, at our re-enlistment reception in New York, after overwhelming the poor fellow with praise, which confused and frightened him more than "grim-visaged war" had ever done.

On the 13th of January Colonel Boyd's regiment was ordered to Pennsylvania to be mustered out, their six months' term of service having expired.

On the 17th the Twenty-first New York Cavalry arrived at Charlestown, to take their place, and the next day there was a riot between some of the soldiers of our regiment and those of the Twenty-first. It ap-

years one of the Twenty-first was tied up by the thumbs, and some of his comrades came to our camp to induce our boys to cut him down.

A few, who had been drinking pretty freely, went with them and cut the man down; but he was soon tied up again, and a guard set over him. Our boys went to cut him down again, when the guard fired on them, and they returned the fire. In the skirmish that followed, one of our boys and two of the Twenty-first were wounded, and two horses belonging to the Twenty-first killed.

On hearing the firing, we rushed out, supposing the enemy had surprised the camp. The men of our regiment who had engaged in the *melee* were lodged in the guard house, and quiet was soon restored. Colonel Ballier, of Pennsylvania, with his regiment, and some artillery, turned out to quell the disturbance, and came pretty near creating more trouble.

On the 22d of January part of our regiment, and part of the Twenty-first New York went on scout, under the command of Major Quinn, of the First New York, going as far as Woodstock, where we drove in the enemy's pickets, capturing twelve of them.

On the return we were followed by a squadron of their cavalry who kept firing into our rear guard, under Captain Bailey, but always fell back when Bailey's men turned on them. At last Bailey sent word to Major Quinn, to let Captain Jones drop out to one side with about fifty men, and conceal them till the rear guard should pass, followed by the enemy, and then to charge them from the rear. The trap was successful, and when Jones charged in rear Bailey turned and charged in front, and the Johnnies were in a tight place. We got

a lieutenant and fifteen men, out of the party; and the officer said, as he gave up his arms, "O'Farrell might have known better than to *pirouette* around after the First New York Cavalry." And to Bailey he remarked: "You are the worst men to fool with in this Valley."

On the 31st of January, our regiment and a part of the Twenty-first New York went on a scout, under Major Quinn, with eight days' rations, to try and intercept Rosser's cavalry, which had been making a cattle raid into West Virginia. We marched to Winchester the first day, to Capon Bridge the second day, and to Romney the third day. Here we attacked the enemy, in Mechanicsburg Gap, killing one man, wounding an officer and three men, and capturing a captain and five men. They were commanded by Colonel Tom Marshall, who was trying to protect General Rosser's flank, as he passed up the other side of the mountains with his plunder. We had one man wounded and several horses shot. We then marched back to Romney; but hearing that Colonel Mulligan was after the raiders, we retraced our steps, marching all night, and formed a junction with him in front of Moorfield, at daylight next morning. Mulligan had now about two thousand cavalry, two thousand infantry and two light batteries, but he permitted Rosser to move off without firing a shot.

Our regiment opened a skirmish with the retreating enemy, driving their rear guard about three miles beyond Moorfield. Major Quinn sent orderly after orderly to Colonel Mulligan for reinforcements, or for a single gun; but none were sent, and the enemy crossed the mountain into the Shenandoah Valley, right before our eyes, with all their plunder. We had ridden about three hundred miles in the pursuit, lost several wagons, used

up about two hundred horses, and had nothing to show for it.

We reached Charlestown on the 7th of February, having been absent just eight days. We found our camp removed from Charlestown back to Halltown, and Lieutenant-Colonel Adams, who had returned from Washington, was in command. The paymaster had also arrived to pay us off, preparatory to our going home on veteran furlough.

After a good deal of persuasion I prevailed upon my company to be credited to the Twentieth Ward of the city of Philadelphia.

They were all Pennsylvanians, and were willing to aid their own State; but New York offered double the bounty that Pennsylvania did, and the boys thought, as they were in a New York regiment, they might as well have the large bounty; especially as their own State was just as able to pay, to avoid the draft, as New York. On coming in from the last-mentioned scout I made a speech to the company, for the purpose of inducing them to enroll in their own State; so that when they returned from the war it could not be said of them that they turned their backs on their friends and their State, even though we were members of a New York organization.

The men agreed to go to Philadelphia, and I at once sent for the muster rolls, which were still at Harper's Ferry, and had them altered in this respect, and the men of Company C were credited to Pennsylvania.

CHAPTER XXI.

Off for New York—Grand Reception in that City—Reception of Company C, in Philadelphia—Their Ball—Return to Maryland—Two "First New York's" in the Field.

WHEN about to proceed to New York, on furlough, Colonel McReynolds took command of the veterans, leaving Lieutenant-Colonel Adams at Halltown, with those who had not re-enlisted. We then proceeded to Frederick City, Maryland, where we left our horses in charge of a captain and lieutenant, with a detail of men from those who had not re-enlisted, to take care of them till our return.

This being done we took the cars at Frederick, and set out in high spirits for New York city. Arriving there on the 16th we met with a hearty reception on the part of the city authorities, and the people generally; the Seventh Regiment National Guard, under Colonel Lefferts, turning out as our escort. As we marched up Broadway the pavements were lined with spectators, and every window was filled with ladies and children waving a glad welcome to the returning veterans. The crowds on the side-walks cheered us to the echo, and we felt re-paid for all our hardships, and were not sorry that we had re-enlisted.

The following was clipped from the New York *Herald* of February 19, 1864:

"The First New York Cavalry, Colonel A. T. McReynolds, having re-enlisted for the war, arrived in this city yesterday, and were the recipients of a most cordial and hearty reception at the hands of the public as well as the city authorities. All who are in any manner conversant with the history of the present war cannot fail to re-

cognize the First New York Cavalry as one of the best and bravest regiments in the service, and the reception accorded to these veterans yesterday afternoon was nothing but what was due to their gallantry while in active service.

At three o'clock the returning regiment filed through the Park, accompanied by the Seventh Regiment National Guard, Colonel Lefferts. They were received by Mayor Gunther, accompanied by a large delegation of the Common Council. There was a large crowd of spectators congregated in the Park at the time, who loudly cheered the returning volunteers. The men of the First presented a fine appearance. They looked, indeed, like *veterans* in every sense of the word. Their bronzed and hardy features betokened the hard service through which they had passed, while their marching and general movements proved the excellent military training which they had received at the hands of their officers. The route of the procession was up Broadway to Eighth street, along Eighth street to Sixth avenue, and thence up to the Jefferson Market drill rooms, where they sat down to a splendid collation provided by the city authorities.

After the soldiers had properly appeased their appetites, Alderman Hardy, as Chairman of the Committee on National Affairs, welcomed the regiment in an eloquent and appropriate speech. He enumerated the many valuable services which they had rendered the country, and concluded by toasting the "Health of the First New York Cavalry." Colonel McReynolds responded in a lengthy speech, in which he alluded to the services of the regiment, saying that when the regiment returned with less than one-third their original numbers he could but look upon them as a Spartan band; and concluded by returning thanks for the hospitable and kind manner in which they had been received in the city of New York.

Alderman Hardy next proposed the toast to "The Officers of the First New York Cavalry," to which Major Quinn responded, and introduced the Rev. Mr. Parker, who spoke at some length. General Wetmore then addressed the veterans, after which Alderman Hardy read the following letter:

HEADQUARTERS,
DEPARTMENT OF WESTERN VIRGINIA,
February 14th, 1864.

To Major T. QUINN,
Commanding First New York Cavalry:

I desire to acknowledge the valuable services you have rendered during the time you have been attached to the First Division. The gallantry and zeal displayed by the officers and men on all occasions, and the promptitude with which you have discharged your arduous duties, have been excelled by no other regiment of cavalry in the United States service. I trust you will meet with that hearty welcome you so well deserve, and that at the expiration of your tour of duty you may return home contented.

I am, very respectfully,

JAMES C. SULLIVAN,
Brigadier-General.

Scarcely had Alderman Hardy ceased reading this document, when General McClellan was announced to be coming into the room, and the wildest excitement seized every soldier present. Cheer after cheer went up in the most enthusiastic manner, in the midst of which "Little Mac" entered, smiling and bowing. He was immediately surrounded, and after a hard tussle, amid cheering, hand shaking, and innumerable blessings poured upon his head, he at length succeeded in reaching the head of the room, where the officers of the regiment, together with the invited guests were seated. Colonel McReynolds then introduced the General in a few flattering remarks, when the latter gentleman mounted a chair and was again met with a perfect storm of cheers, lasting for several minutes. Order being at length restored General McClellan spoke as follows: "My friends and comrades, I came here not to make a speech to you, but to welcome you home, and to express the pride I have always felt in your career, not only when you were with me but since I left the Army of the Potomac. You have been fighting battles under others than your late commander. I can tell you now conscientiously and truly, I am proud of you in every respect. There is not one stain on your career, not a line of it of which you, your State and your country may not be proud. I congratulate you on the resolution that so many of you have formed in your desire to re-enter the service. I hope, and I know, that your future career will be as glorious as your past. I have one other hope, and that is that we may yet serve together sometime, again."

At the end of the general's speech, cheer after cheer again burst forth, and it was with the greatest difficulty that the soldiers could be kept from laying hands on "Little Mac," and overpowering him with embraces. They insisted on another speech, and a clearer view of General McClellan, and he had again to mount the chair, saying: "My friends, now I shall have to bid you good-by. I propose the health of 'The First New York Cavalry.'" The general then with much difficulty, took his departure.

Mr. P. Best, being called upon, said that Mrs. McClellan had remarked that she was very sorry she could not be present to shake every one of the regiment by the hand; which produced another storm of cheers; soon after which the soldiers dispersed, expressing themselves well pleased with their reception and entertainment.

Shortly afterwards Captain Bailey's company presented to him a magnificent sword, sash and belt, as a slight token of their regards.

The reception over, Company C took the cars for Philadelphia, where they were hospitably received by the citizens of the Twentieth Ward, whose quota had been swelled by the addition of their numbers. The fol-

lowing is an account of their reception, published in the Philadelphia *Ledger*.

"Last evening was the occasion of a reception and supper given to Company C, First Regiment New York Cavalry, by the Twentieth Ward Bounty Fund Committee, at the North Baptist Church, Eighth street above Master.

This company was the first cavalry organization raised for the war. It arrived at Washington in July, 1861; passed through most of the battles in Virginia, during the Peninsula campaign, including the Seven Days' retreating fight; during which it constituted the rear guard, and was constantly skirmishing with the enemy. They also did yeoman service in our own State during the Gettysburg campaign.

The meeting last evening was opened by singing:

"My country, 'tis of thee,"

Mr. Hall, the pastor of the church, then delivered a few remarks, introducing the Rev. Mr. Jefferies, who addressed the soldiers briefly. After which,

"Johnny Comes Marching Home"

was sung by a solo and chorus. Mr. Walter Stokes sang the solo, and the ladies and gentlemen constituting the choir sang the chorus. It was received with great applause, and repeated.

Horatio Gates Jones, Esq., was then introduced by Mr. Hall, and delivered a neat speech, at the close of which he presented a beautiful silk guidon, to the company, and a sword, sash and belt to the captain, on behalf of the ladies of the church.

Captain Stevenson received the gifts on behalf of himself and his company in an appropriate little speech, after which:

"The Star Spangled Banner"

was sung by the choir; the whole assembly joining in the chorus.

The company then sat down and partook of a handsome, as well as substantial supper; the wives, mothers, sisters and sweethearts of the soldiers, serving up the eatables.

The evening was a very pleasant one, and will not soon be forgotten by those who were present. The officers of the company are Captain James H. Stevenson, and First Lieutenant O. B. Knowles, both of this city.

The company gave a grand ball shortly afterwards, at Musical Fund Hall, which was largely attended, and reflected great credit on the managers, who were all members of the company, for the manner in which everything was arranged, and the good order that prevailed.

After spending the time allotted in their furlough, they were compelled to return to New York city, notwithstanding the requests of Captain Stevenson to General Hays to be permitted to join the regiment on its way through Philadelphia to the front. They had experienced some trouble before they were permitted to come to Philadelphia, after the reception in New York city, and it was rumored that the authorities of that city were very much displeased because Captain Stevenson had induced his men to be credited to the quota of Philadelphia.

The re-organization of the regiment, as veterans, took place at Albany, New York, and Lieutenant-Colonel A. W. Adams was present, having come on from Harper's Ferry for the express purpose.

On the 24th of March, 1864, the veterans returned to Frederick City, Maryland, where they had left their horses. They were then assigned to the First Brigade of the Cavalry Division of the Army of West Virginia. General W. W. Averill commanded the division, and Colonel Taylor, of the so-called First New York Veteran Cavalry, commanded our brigade.

Here was a pretty jumble. Our regiment was the *very first* volunteer cavalry raised for the war, and we had re-enlisted as *veterans*; but here we found Colonel Taylor, with another "First New York Veteran Cavalry!" Taylor's regiment had been infantry; had re-enlisted, and had been given the title above mentioned, which provoked our regiment beyond endurance. The idea of "*dough-bags*" being called *veteran cavalry*! Why, it was simply ridiculous, and caused endless confusion. When we did anything worthy of being recorded, the other regiment was just as likely to be cred-

ited as ourselves; and when they misbehaved we were just as likely to be censured as they. We received the letters and baggage intended for them, and *vice versa*. Besides the two regiments were always at swords points, when they should have been the best of friends. But such is the system of politicians. The good of the service is nothing when compared with individual gratification.



CHAPTER XXII.

Return to Dixie as Veterans—A Negro Regiment—Marching Orders—General Averill off on a Raid—General Sigel's Advance—Colonel Boyd's Disaster—Battle of New Market—Sigel's Retreat—General Hunter in Command.

ON the 28th of March, 1864, we left Frederick City, Maryland, having returned from veteran furlough, to once more participate in the excitement and dangers of "camp and field;" and that same day we arrived at Halltown, Virginia, some five or six miles beyond Harper's Ferry. Here we found comfortable huts ready for our reception; the infantry that had constructed them having been ordered to join Grant, who had just been placed in command of the armies of the United States, and had established his headquarters in the field with the Army of the Potomac.

We were not to have much rest, however, as General Grant had determined to advance upon Lee, at once, and, by constant hammering, break his army to pieces, capture the Confederate Capital, and put an end to the war, if possible, before the next fourth of July.

In order to carry out this purpose it was determined that the army of the Potomac should attack from the north and east, and the Army of the James from the south, while a strong force from the Shenandoah Valley, under Sigel, and another from the Kanawha Valley, under Crook, aided by Sheridan's cavalry, which were to join these two columns at Staunton or Lexington, should move upon Lynchburg, in Lee's rear; thus cutting off all of his communications, and "bottling" him

up in Richmond and Petersburg, where he must inevitably surrender in a very short time.

Our regiment were now *veterans* in every sense of the word, not only because of their length of service, and the fact of their having re-enlisted, but because they had met the enemy so frequently, and under so many different circumstances, as to have become perfectly familiar with the various *phenomena* of war; so that they could be relied upon in almost any emergency. Besides all this, they had been so long in the "Valley" that they knew every road and by-way; were acquainted with the location, strength and tactics of the bold partisans of that region; and were more than a match for the best of them under almost any circumstances; and were, on these accounts, invaluable to any general operating in that field.

It is not strange, therefore, that General Sullivan, commanding at Harper's Ferry, should wish to retain them, and that General Averill should wish to have them with him on the raid then about to be inaugurated. The contention was sharp, but it was finally arranged that Averill should take one battalion, while the other two battalions should remain with Sullivan; and on the 4th of April, General Averill set out with his forces, including our first battalion, under Major Stearns, who had just been promoted from Captain of Company H, to join Crook's column in the Kanawha Valley.

On the 3d of April we were ordered to turn over all surplus baggage, and get ready for active duty in the field.

The first regiment of colored troops that I ever saw passed our camp about that time, on their way up the

Valley, for the purpose of conscripting negroes for the service.

As they passed up they met one of our scouting parties returning, and took them for rebels. The negroes got behind the fences, and our boys "went for them;" and one of the "darkeys" was severely wounded, and the rest of them badly scared, before the matter was properly understood. The negroes in the Valley took to the Blue Ridge to escape the draft, which didn't look very patriotic, to say nothing of ingratitude.

On the 10th of April our camp was removed from Halltown to Martinsburg, the rain pouring down in torrents all day.

On the 12th I was sent in command of one hundred men to scour Morgan county, Virginia, between Sleepy Creek and the Big Capon River. We took the cars at Martinsburg, debarked at Sir John's Run, and marched to Bath, or Berkley Springs, the home of General Strothers, better known as "Porte Crayon." Bath is the county seat of Morgan county, Virginia, and contains famous hot springs, and good hotel accommodations for a large number of guests. The people of the county were mainly for the Union; but there were many bitter secessionists, especially among the ladies.

We had to protect the Union people from the attacks of Gilmore, McNeil, O'Farrell, and the other guerrillas, who were carrying off all the horses and stock they could find.

I immediately set out with my force, riding the whole length of the county, as far as Caudy's Castle, at the Big Capon River, but we met with no enemy in arms.

On the 20th General Averill, hearing of our whereabouts, sent word that I must join him at Clarksburg,

West Virginia, so we set out in the cars to reach that place; but on arriving at Cumberland, Maryland, we were stopped by General Sigel, and ordered back to Martinsburg, where we arrived on the 24th, having marched over a hundred miles in two days.

General Sigel had been informed of the character of our regiment, and, as he was about to move up the Shenandoah Valley, he didn't intend to go blindly, while he had eyes such as our regiment could furnish. Nor did he intend to lend such eyes to General Crook, when he must necessarily have use for them himself; so he ordered our first battalion, then with Averill, back to the "Valley" again.

On arriving at Martinsburg we found that Colonel McReynolds had returned from New York, and was in command of our brigade, and Lieutenant-Colonel A.W. Adams was in command of our regiment. We also found that during our absence, a scouting party from our regiment, under Captain Bob Hertzog, had been sent to Winchester, and that "little Bob, the light horseman," as the captain was facetiously named, had been captured by the enemy.

My men and I had just retired to bed for the night, when we were suddenly and unceremoniously aroused, and ordered to proceed to Halltown, and report by order to General Weber at Harper's Ferry; and by him I was placed in command of the out-posts of that place.

On the night of April 30th, I was ordered to Charlestown, and the next day I was ordered to Smithfield. General Sigel had arrived at Martinsburg, preparatory to moving up the Valley to attack Lynchburg, in rear of General Lee's army, and my duty was to protect the left flank of Sigel's column from Mosby's guerrillas, who, it

was feared, might slip through one of the gaps in the Blue Ridge and attack the trains; so I scouted and picketed all along the Shenandoah River, as far up as Snicker's Ferry, near Berryville.

I joined the main body at Winchester on the 6th of May, and on the 8th, was ordered to report with my own troop, at General Stahl's headquarters for special duty. On arriving there I found Colonel Boyd, who had been ordered from Chambersburg, Pennsylvania, by the Secretary of War, for special duty at General Sigel's headquarters.

General Sullivan had formed a very high opinion of Boyd, during the fall of 1863, while the latter was in command of the cavalry out-posts of Harper's Ferry, and had mentioned him favorably to General Sigel. The latter was about moving up the Valley, and fearing that the enemy might send a force through one of the gaps, to get in his rear or attack him in flank, he determined to send a cavalry force across the Blue Ridge, to proceed up the east side thereof, as a corps of observation, and meet him at New Market, and had selected Colonel Boyd to command this force.

Besides my troop, there was a troop from Cole's Maryland battalion; another from the so-called First New York Veteran (?) Cavalry, (the Seventeenth New York), Colonel Taylor, and a squadron from the Twenty-first New York Cavalry, Colonel Tibbitts.

We set out from Winchester at 10 p. m., Sunday, May 8th, 1864, and escorted a wagon train to the rear, as far as Bunker Hill, where we bivouacked for the night. Next morning the train started on its way to Martinsburg to bring up supplies, and we took the road through Summit Point to Berryville. On arriving at the latter

place, we found Captains Battersby and Leavitt, of our regiment, with a squadron, awaiting our arrival. They had been sent out from Winchester on the 7th instant, to perform the duty which I and my men had been performing before joining the main body.

Just as we arrived in town, a horseman was seen approaching at full speed, from the direction of Winchester, who proved to be a sergeant of Company D, of our regiment, named Collins. His horse was covered with foam and dust, and he was terribly exasperated. We now discovered that he was one of a squad that had been sent from Winchester with a dispatch, and that Mosby's men had bushwhacked them, killing the sergeant in command, whose name was Hines, I think, a member of Company D, and scattering the rest of the squad in all directions. Collins had saved the dispatch, however, and deserves great praise for his soldierly conduct on that occasion.

Captain Battersby's force immediately set out in pursuit of the guerrillas; Lieutenant Vermylia, with a detachment, taking the road to Millwood, in order to head them off; while Captain Leavitt, with another detachment, took the dirt road between the Winchester and Millwood pikes, in order to drive the enemy into Vermylia's party; and Captain Battersby followed Leavitt with a reserve force, to guard against accidents.

After a ride of several miles, the advance of Leavitt's party overtook the raiders, and a few men in the extreme advance charged upon them instanter. Those in the rear heard the yells and spurred to the front, where they found an old darkey throwing his arms about in wild confusion, shouting "Fo God's sake, gemmin, some ob you go down dat road; Mosby and fifteen men

dun gone dat ah way, and only free ob you all's men after dem!" George G. Peavy and his father, and a man name'd Dougherty, started down the road at a gallop, and soon came upon the three men who had pursued the enemy. Young Peavy dashed on, calling upon the others to follow, and as he ascended a little hill in the road, he was confronted by the whole party of graybacks.

He looked around to see where his supports were, and found he was a hundred yards ahead of the nearest, while the others were scattered along in single file at about the same distance in rear of each other. He rose in his stirrups and yelled for the company to charge, at the same time giving the "Johnnies" the contents of his carbine, and then drew his revolver. At that moment they opened on him with revolvers, being only about fifty yards distant. Just then one or two of our men hove in sight, and the graybacks began to waver. Mosby called on them to "charge," and dashed forward himself, making straight for Peavy, but not one of his men followed him. They had nearly all emptied their revolvers, and two of them had been struck by Peavy in this unequal duel. The brave fellow reserved his fire until Mosby was within three yards of him, and then pulled trigger, expecting to send him into eternity; but his pistol missed fire. He says: "I thought I was gone then. I still see the ugly smile that came over Mosby's face, which was as pale as death, his hat gone and his hair blown back, as he took deliberate aim and fired, the muzzle of his pistol almost touching me, the bullet passing through my right hand, and striking me in the right breast, doubling me up in the saddle. He then dashed on, exchanging shots with Charley Clark,

who was coming towards us, and the next moment he met father and exchanged shots with him, the bullet passing through the rubber coat and shelter tent strapped on the pommel of father's saddle. He next met Dougherty, and they also exchanged shots, but without effect on either side. Mosby seemed to think his men were following him, and that every one of us he passed was a prisoner. On passing Dougherty, he pulled up, and, as he did so, father, who had been pursuing him, and had emptied his pistol in the chase, dashed past him. Mosby's pistol was now empty, and he returned it and drew a fresh one. While he was doing this Dougherty got into the field close to the fence and fired, causing him to crouch low in his saddle, and I thought he was 'gone;' but he was unhurt. He then made for me, pistol in hand, shouting: 'surrender!' My pistol was empty; I thought I had my death wound; and, my horse being much heavier than his, I charged right on to him in order to ride him down. He jerked his horse aside, however, and our boots just touched as I shot past him like a rocket. He then fired at Clark, who was in rear of me, killing his horse; and seeing the rest of our boys coming on a run, he rode for his life and escaped."

Peavy was too severely wounded to accompany the expedition, and was taken to Harper's Ferry in a carriage.

On the 10th we passed through Millwood to White Post, and back to Berry's Ferry, where we bivouacked for the night. Next morning we crossed the Shenandoah, passed through Ashby's Gap, in the Blue Ridge, and fell in with Mosby's guerrillas, whom we chased through Paris, Upperville, and Rector's Cross Roads; killing one, capturing about a dozen, and destroying a

quantity of supplies which they had captured. We bivouacked on the road that night, a little beyond Salem, after destroying a large quantity of Confederate stores found at that place.

Mosby had been aroused and would no doubt gather his clansmen and follow us up, in order to surprise our camp by night, or bushwhack us on the march; so we determined to move as though intending to return to the Shenandoah Valley.

On the 12th we marched through Manassas Gap to Front Royal, where we found about thirty of our regiment, under Lieutenant Vermylea. The prisoners were then sent to Winchester, and we took Vermylea and most of his men along, bivouacking about ten miles beyond Front Royal.

On the 13th we marched through Luray, capturing a number of prisoners; but one dashed away, refusing to surrender. Sergeant McClellan, of my company, being mounted on a powerful roan horse, gave chase, and after a run of nearly a mile overtook and killed the retreating grayback.

At Luray we found a large quantity of Confederate quartermaster's and commissary's stores, which we destroyed, after issuing to our men all they needed, and then passed on towards New Market. On arriving at the crest of the Massanutten Mountain we fell in with a number of teams loaded with stores, on their way to the enemy's camp in the Valley, and we destroyed the wagons and stores, taking the horses along. I was in command of the advance guard, accompanied by Lieutenant New of our regiment. As we descended the mountains we discovered a large body of troops marching up the Valley pike, from Mt. Jackson towards New

Market, and we sent word to Colonel Boyd who came galloping to the front.

Having examined the column through my field glass, I had come to the conclusion that they were Confederates, and so informed Colonel Boyd. The colonel thought differently, however, and ordered us to advance. In a short time we saw a section of artillery and some cavalry moving rapidly toward the base of the mountains, at a point some distance south of where we must strike the valley, and we sent for Colonel Boyd again. He seemed a little staggered, but concluded to proceed, observing that they must be Sigel's troops. On reaching the base of the mountains we found some pickets at a little bridge on Smith's creek, but they were dressed in our uniform, and Colonel Boyd thought they were some of Sigel's men who had not been informed of our approach. They retired on our advancing towards them without attempting to fire. I sent a few men to push them, and they set off at full speed for New Market. We then held a little "pow-wow," and it was determined to cross the bridge, pass down the stream, and try to gain the turnpike in rear of the column of troops which we had seen marching toward New Market. Then, if they were the enemy, we could show them our heels and bid them defiance. We crossed the bridge, and were just in the act of crossing the stream, which makes a bend across the little valley, when the bluff above us, on the New Market side, became alive with horsemen. The next instant we heard the well-known "rebel yell," accompanied with a shower of bullets and shouts of "Now we've got the d——d Yankees! give 'em h——!"

Boyd's men returned the fire with great spirit, but

the contest was unequal. A body of the enemy was discovered coming down through a cut in the bluff to charge us in flank, but my advance guard charged upon them and drove them back. Boyd had sent some men to open a gap in a fence in his rear, but the firing was so hot from the bluff, and a shell bursting over us at that moment, the men under Boyd gave way, notwithstanding his example of coolness and courage, and made for the side of the Massanutten Mountain.

Boyd then told me to try to get to the head of the retreating column, and rally the men at the base of the mountain to resist the enemy; but the rebel artillery opened on us with a flight of shells, demoralizing the men very much, and those of our regiment were the only ones I could control; the others dashed on as if pursued by furies. I dismounted some of my men to let down a fence, but the others crowded up in such numbers as to retard the work and delay the retreat. My horse was wild with excitement, and the saddle felt very insecure, so I dismounted to tighten the girths. I called to one of Major Cole's boys to hold my horse, which he very cheerfully consented to do. We were then in a little valley near the base of the mountains, and our men were dashing past at a fearful rate. Finally, Colonel Boyd and Lieutenant New passed, in rear of all the men, and shouted to me that the enemy was right on top of us.

I had succeeded in tightening my girths, and had just mounted my horse as a score of "graybacks" dashed up, shouting, "Surrender!" My revolver was sticking in the leg of my boot, and I was leaning over trying to get my right stirrup; so, without rising in my saddle, I drew the pistol and fired into the party, knocking one man out of his saddle, while the orderly who had

been holding my horse gave them the contents of his carbine. This seemed to stun them, and we gained about twenty jumps before they recovered. We were lying low on our horses' necks, with "spurs pressed home," and going like the wind, when the "Johnnies" came dashing on, with yells and imprecations, their bullets singing past our ears like a swarm of bees. One struck my sabre scabbard, another pierced the blanket strapped in rear of my saddle, my hat was knocked off, and my legs were badly bruised by the trunks of trees, as we dashed up the mountain side, through the forest, and over the rocks which strewed our pathway. As we sped along our men were seen running in all directions on foot, their horses having given out or got fast among the rocks; while some of the horses rushed along wildly, without riders, the saddles under their bellies.

We came to a deep gorge, and in descending its precipitous side my horse passed between a large rock and a tree and squeezed me out of the saddle. He then dashed down to the stream, and up the opposite side, and I thought it was all up with me. Fortunately he ran along side of one of the men and was caught. It was then about 6:00 p. m., and raining like a deluge. My clothing was soaked, and felt like a great weight pulling me down and it was with much difficulty I could regain the saddle.

It very soon grew dark, and the pursuit was discontinued, which was the only thing that kept us all from going to Libby. As we rode along our numbers began to increase until we had about seventeen men and officers, and we held a council as to the best means of escape. Colonel Boyd, who had behaved splendidly in the fight, now seemed very much discouraged, and said he would rather have been killed than to have had such a misfor-

tune; this being the first defeat he had suffered. We all dismounted in a little opening in the woods, and Boyd and most of the men lay down to rest. They were soon asleep, and I began to fear we would all be captured before morning, as the mountains were full of the enemy. I told a man of Company "A," of our regiment, named Clark, that I would hold his horse if he would go and find a way out of the mountains. He was a brave fellow, and soon returned with the information that there was a negro hut a short way off, the occupants of which had told him how to get out. We then went round kicking the men, to wake them up, which was a hard task, and started to thread our way out of the mountains.

It must have been after mid-night, the sky was beginning to clear off, and we could see the tops of the mountains which enclosed "Fort Valley."

In a short time we struck a trail which soon led us into a well-beaten road, and then we set out at a brisk trot. The road crossed a creek several times, and at one of these crossings a soldier permitted his horse to stop and drink. While the horse was drinking the whole party in rear of him fell asleep, and we who were in front passed on and left them without being aware of it. We rode along for some time, without uttering a word, when suddenly we came to a halt on finding ourselves in the vicinity of a house, the dogs baying loudly. We then struck up the steep side of the mountain between us and the Shenandoah River, and found ourselves on the top of the ridge at the dawn of day; the camps of our army in full view, in the Shenandoah Valley near Woodstock. We scrambled down the mountain, leading our horses, for it was impossible to ride, and in an hour or so found ourselves on the bank of the river.

with our pickets on the opposite side. The rain had swollen the river so that it was brim full, and running like a race horse. Colonel Boyd and one or two others swam their horses across and came near being drowned. Captain Battersby and myself constructed a raft, from logs and boards which we found at a house close by, and poled ourselves across; the horses swimming along side, made fast by the reins. We had just got to the opposite shore when some of the enemy dashed down and captured a few men who had not yet started to cross the river. That day Captain Leavitt and party, whom we had lost during the night, arrived safely in camp, having crossed the river farther up.

We had run into General Imboden's command, of over two thousand men, cavalry, infantry and artillery; while we had not three hundred men all told. Major Gilmore had discovered our movements and reported them to his chief, and they had set a trap to bag our whole party. Gilmore knew we would run into Imboden at New Market, and had posted his men on the roads in our rear, hoping to pick up all who might escape the meshes of Imboden's net. Mosby was acting in conjunction with him, and they were congratulating themselves on the swift and sure destruction of our little detachment.

General Sigel had not counted upon any serious opposition to his column before getting to Harrisonburg, and when he found his march interrupted at Mt. Jackson, he sent Lieutenant Meldrum, of the Twentieth Pennsylvania Cavalry, with about fifty men, across the mountains to intercept us and bring us back to the Valley. But this party ran into Major Gilmore's men in the mountains and were driven back with consider-

able loss; while we passed on to our fate in happy ignorance of what awaited us.

Major Quinn, of our regiment, with about two hundred men, and a section of artillery, was driving Imboden up the pike when we saw them from the top of the mountain at New Market; this also was intended for our relief.

We lost about one hundred and twenty-five men captured, besides about two hundred of the horses. The men abandoned their horses in the mountains, in order to elude pursuit, and returned to camp in squads, for several days afterwards, on foot.

Boyd has been censured for this affair, but it is not easy to see how he could have acted otherwise than he did. A more timid man would have turned back, probably, and after all would have fared no better.

If Boyd made a mistake, it was one that only a bold brave man was likely to make; and it is better to meet with disaster while boldly advancing, than while beating a retreat at the bare sight of the enemy. After this affair Colonel Boyd returned to his regiment at Chambersburg, Pennsylvania.

I lost my colored servant and two horses in this affair. One of the horses had all my personal effects packed on his back, which left me in a sad predicament during the whole campaign that followed.

Six of my company went to "Libby" on that occasion. Several more were captured, but succeeded in making their escape. Sergeant J. J. Snyder, and a party of the men, all dismounted, were wandering along through the mountains, when they spied a house. Snyder proposed to go down to it, but the others objected, so he went alone. As he entered the door a dozen graybacks jumped

up from the breakfast table, almost frightened to death; but finding only one man they soon recovered their courage, and of course took him prisoner. He deliberately walked up to the table and began to eat, while they looked on in astonishment. He told them they had better "git," as there were fifty Yankees in the woods close to the house; so they went out to reconnoitre. Soon shots were heard and they came back in great haste, gathered up everything belonging to them, and started, taking Snyder along. They had not gone far, however, when they were fired upon by our men, and off they went leaving Snyder behind. He returned to the house, finished his breakfast, then compelled the old fellow who lived there to ferry him across the river, and soon was in camp among his friends. Patrick Donnelly also got away after being captured. Those who went to "Libby" from the company were: Sergeants Jno. V. Harvey, Jno. W. McClellan, and Thomas B. Ostrander; and privates Wm. Neely, D. J. Davidson, and a recruit named Smith.

Charles B. Evarts, a son of Hon. William M. Evarts, now Secretary of State under President Hayes, had enlisted in our regiment in January, just before we went on veteran furlough to New York. His father was then in Europe, and he ran away from Yale College, where he was a student, to take a hand in saving the Union. His friends did not know where he was, and probably would not have found out for some time had he not been sent to Hart Island, instead of to the front. He didn't like Hart Island, and hadn't enlisted to be cooped up there; so he wrote to his mother, informing her of what he had done, and requested her to try and get him sent to the front at once.

The regiment arrived in New York shortly afterwards.

and he returned with us to Dixie; and the New Market scrape was almost his first military experience. The boys say he behaved most gallantly during the whole of that exciting and dangerous ordeal, and returned to camp on foot, having been forced to abandon his horse in the mountains in order to secure his own escape.

On the 15th of May, 1864, the day after Boyd's misfortune, General Sigel moved up towards New Market with his little force, where he met the combined forces of Imboden and Breckenridge, of the Confederate army, which outnumbered his own, and a sharp battle was fought, which resulted in the retreat of Sigel's army. It withdrew in good order, however, to Mt. Jackson, and afterwards to Middletown. A battalion of our regiment, under Major Quinn, had driven Imboden through and beyond New Market, on the previous day, making several charges, and we thought we would have an easy victory; but, General Breckenridge coming up with his corps, the scale of battle was turned against us. I don't think I ever took part in a more unfortunate campaign than this of 1864 had been thus far. Our regiment covered the retreat from New Market, after having fought gallantly on the right in the battle, and confronted the enemy at the Burnt Bridge at Mount Jackson, during the night of the retreat.

After these two misfortunes, we felt somewhat discouraged, and began to think that we were not in good hands; but on the 21st of May, General David Hunter, known as "Black Dave," superseded General Sigel, and confidence was again restored in the army, and it felt equal to anything that might be required of it.

Lieutenant-Colonel Adams had been acting as chief of staff to General Sigel, during the battle of New

Market, and he returned with him to Martinsburg, taking a portion of our regiment with him as an escort.

The following account of the battle of New Market was clipped from a New York newspaper, and may prove interesting at this time:

THE SHENANDOAH VALLEY.

General Sigel's Recent Expedition and its Object—What was Accomplished by the Movement.

MR. THEODORE C. WILSON'S DISPATCH.

SHENANDOAH VALLEY, May 27, 1864.

Through the courtesy of an officer high in rank, who was present at the late engagement at New Market, your correspondent is enabled to make the following extract from a letter written by said officer to a member of the Committee on the Conduct of the War. The extract is of both interest and importance, as it accords with the official report on the subject. Therefore, the public, by reading this, can form their own opinion, they having, no doubt, already read the other side of the question:

SIGEL'S CAMPAIGN.

According to the general and final arrangement, the main object for the troops in the Department of West Virginia was to make an offensive movement from the Kanawha Valley, under Generals Crook and Averill, for the purpose of destroying the Tennessee Railroad, and especially the New River bridge, about ten miles east of Newbern. This movement to be favored and assisted by the advance of a small force from Beverly, and a demonstration in the Shenandoah Valley, threatening Staunton, and thereby inducing the enemy to detach part of his force, which was stationed near Lewisburg and along the Tennessee Railroad, between Lynchburg and Newbern. Under this presumption, the troops of the department were distributed. Reinforcements of the best infantry and the best cavalry, under General Averill, were sent to General Crook, while the remainder were concentrated at Martinsburg, and a small force of infantry and cavalry were stationed at Beverly. On the 25th of April, three hundred cavalry advanced from Beverly into Pocahontas county, where the first engagement took place. General Sigel, who was unwilling to send a small expedition up the Shenandoah Valley, without sharing himself the danger, proceeded to Martinsburg to superintend the movement of the troops—whom he had placed under command of the senior officer, Major General Stahl—consisting of eight regiments of infantry, besides the cavalry and artillery.

THE START AND ADVANCE.

The column moved from Martinsburg to the front on or about the 28th of April, occupied Bunker Hill and Winchester, and advanced as far as Middletown and Cedar Creek. Here it was ascertained that no troops except Imboden's forces were in the valley, and it seemed therefore, necessary to advance further up the valley to attain the object in view—namely, to compel Breckenridge to make his arrangements for the defense of Staunton. The advance was made, and the troops were moved to Woodstock. Imboden retreating in haste beyond New Market. At Woodstock the whole telegraphic correspondence between Breckenridge and Imboden and the commander of Gilmore's Cavalry, stationed at Woodstock, fell into our hands. Among these despatches was one signed by Breckenridge, dated Dublin Station, May 5, saying that four thousand men were *en route* from Jackson River Depot, and so that the quartermaster should furnish transportation for Breckenridge and staff and sixteen horses. Another and later despatch, dated Staunton, and signed by Breckenridge, directed Captain Davis, at Woodstock, to find out the strength of our forces. There was no longer doubt that Breckenridge was in the valley, and that he had detached four thousand men from his forces near Lewisburg. In possession of this information, General Sigel resolved to march to Mount Jackson, to await the approach of Breckenridge, and to give him battle.

RECONNOISSANCE.

In the meantime the advance guard, with a strong force of cavalry, was sent forward to take possession of Mount Jackson, if possible, and to gain more correct information. This force met Imboden near Mount Jackson, drove him across the Shenandoah, took possession of the bridge, and, animated by this success, followed him as far as New Market.

General Sigel received information of this little exploit late at night on the 14th inst., at Woodstock, and ordered the cavalry to move at four o'clock, and the infantry at five o'clock, on the morning of the 15th. He tried by this movement to secure the bridge across the Shenandoah and the important position of New Market, as it would give him control of the turnpike to Luray and Culpepper, and the road by Brock's Gap, leading through Moorfield and Petersburg. From those explanations it is evident that General Sigel made his forward movement according to reason and in conformity with the general plan to be followed. It also shows that he did not move in the dark, but was well informed of the position and movements of Imboden and Breckenridge, and even of their forces, with the exception of such reinforcements as had joined Breckenridge from Lexington and Lynchburg, and from the country between New Market and Staunton. Why he marched to New Market instead of stopping this side of the Shenandoah is also sufficiently clear.

THE BATTLE AND THE REPULSE.

As to the battle itself and the reasons which led to a repulse, the following information has been received:

1. The order of General Sigel for the troops to march precisely at four and five o'clock was not strictly complied with. The cavalry impeded the march of the infantry from Woodstock for more than an hour, which delay was so fatal in its consequences.

2. During the battle two regiments of infantry, of one thousand five hundred men, were halted one mile behind the line of battle, and did not come up, although repeatedly ordered to the front by several officers of General Sigel's staff. The gap occasioned by this want of about one-third of the whole infantry force had to be filled up with cavalry and artillery, which were not able to resist alone the attacks of the enemy's infantry. The cavalry was dislodged, and the enemy advanced against the left flank and rear of the right wing, which stood bravely under the personal command of General Sigel, who resisted and repulsed, with four regiments and two batteries, the principal attack of the enemy. During this critical time the four regiments lost about six hundred men in killed and wounded—a strong proof of their resistance and the character of the fight.

3. General Sigel, being numerically weaker, depended much on his artillery; but after the battle had commenced a drenching rain made the ground really impassable and prevented the maneuvering of the pieces on the field and their prompt advance or removal at the proper time.

4. The infantry (four companies) who were posted behind the two batteries on the right to protect them, and who were ordered to advance between the pieces to check the enemy's infantry in their charge, did not advance, and three pieces of this battery were lost after most of the horses were shot. General Sigel himself, by his personal exertions, tried to get away one of these pieces, at the imminent peril of his life and of capture by the enemy's infantry.

5. A portion of the cavalry was not reliable; another portion was very good, but failed at the right and favorable moment to charge the enemy's right flank when he was repulsed and staggering. When the hottest of the fight was over, the cavalry covered the retreat very well, and gave the other troops an opportunity to form again into line.

6. It is an indisputable fact that the enemy made only weak efforts, between New Market and Mount Jackson, to follow up his "great" victory; and it is furthermore a fact that General Sigel had resolved and was fully prepared to fight another battle the next day, if he had had any troops to spare to take back and guard sufficiently his trains and all the wounded who had to be escorted to the rear.

7. It is unblushingly false that any of our hospital or other tents or wagons were burned or otherwise destroyed by our troops.

8. Our troops marched in perfect order to Edinburg, where the trains were stationed, and where they rested for the night. On the 10th they marched to Woodstock and Cedar Creek, and on the 17th we occupied Strasburg, and our cavalry advanced as far as Woodstock.

9. It must be added that one of the reasons of our retreat behind Cedar Creek, instead of remaining at Mount Jackson, was this: that

the enemy, after our repulse, had advanced his cavalry on the road to Luray and Front Royal, which movement, if followed up, would have effectually cut our communications between Mount Jackson and Martinsburg—a distance of about seventy miles.

In view of these facts, and considering the condition of the department when General Sigel took command, the immense difficulties he had to contend with, the part he took in taking command of a small force to assist his inferior officer in his operations in the Kanawha Valley, and the part he took in the battle itself, sharing the dangers and risking the fate of the common soldier; and considering the fact that his little army was in perfect order and discipline and in excellent spirits after its arrival at Cedar Creek—after considering all these things, it seems strange that the government should have taken this opportunity to depose him, and to take from him at least the chance of retrieving what might be regarded a misfortune, for which he could not personally nor as a commander be held accountable.

Part of our regiment, under Major Quinn, was detailed as body-guard to General Hunter.

Major Harkins, of ours, was appointed provost marshal of the forces. Captain Alexander, our quartermaster, was appointed chief quartermaster on the staff, and shortly afterwards, Captain Martindale, of ours, was placed in command of a body of pioneers, armed with the necessary tools for constructing, repairing, or destroying bridges, &c.

A number of our men were detailed as scouts at headquarters, and in this capacity had many adventures and hairbreadth escapes. Sergeant Valentine, of Company B, and Sergeant Ed. Goubleman and Sergeant Forkey, of Company D, were the principal men among them; and a keener or braver *trio* would be hard to find. They were sent out by General Hunter to get information, and on the return they met five graybacks on the road just beyond Strasburg. Our boys were in Confederate uniform, and to be captured was death. The "Johnnies" seemed to know the character of the boys, and a regular duel was fought, both sides emptying their revolvers at each other in rapid succession. Two

of the "Johnnies" were wounded and captured, but the others escaped.

The next day, the scout, Valentine, went out with a detachment under Captain Martindale, and was in the woods some distance from the road, when the enemy dashed at Martindale and drove him back. Some of them spied Valentine, and made for him, shouting, "kill that scout on the gray horse!" He was cut off from his party, and took to the woods, the whole pack of graybacks at his heels, shouting for his blood; and so closely was he pressed, that he had to abandon his horse in order to save his neck. Sergeant Forkey had captured two prisoners, and displayed great daring in bringing them away during the charge of the enemy. These were matters of every day occurrence with us, and little note was made of them, so that the details of many adventures and narrow escapes which occurred, have now been forgotten.



CHAPTER XXIII.

Hunter's Advance—Capture of His Train—Newtown to be Burned—We Save the Town—Battle of Piedmont—Burning of Military Institute and Governor's House at Lexington—Capture of Colonel McDonald—Attack upon Lynchburg—Hunter's Retreat—The Confederates again in Maryland.

ON the 26th of May, 1864, General Hunter's army set out from Woodstock, *en route* for Lynchburg. On the 29th we moved up to Mt. Jackson, our regiment going as far as New Market, from which they drove a force of the enemy, and then bivouacked there for the night.

The enemy, under Major Gilmore, having captured our wagon train near Newtown, in our rear, General Hunter determined to burn the town, and, on the 31st, Major Stearn's, of our regiment, with two hundred men, was sent to execute the order.

On arriving there, he found the inhabitants in a great state of excitement, the women and children crying and pleading that their homes should be spared, as they had no control over the Confederate forces that captured the train.

The burning of the town would only have aggravated the enemy instead of terrifying them, so Major Stearns and his officers, upon the advice of Colonel Adams, who was there, on his way to Martinsburg, with an escort of the regiment, concluded to administer the oath of allegiance to the inhabitants, spare the town, and brave the wrath of General Hunter.

On the 2d of June the army moved up to Harrisonburg, our regiment as advance guard driving the enemy

out. Major Stearns and party joined us that evening and reported their action at Newtown. General Hunter was savage, but he could not well spare any of the officers at that particular juncture, so Stearns escaped with a "blowing up," instead of being dismissed the service for disobedience of orders.

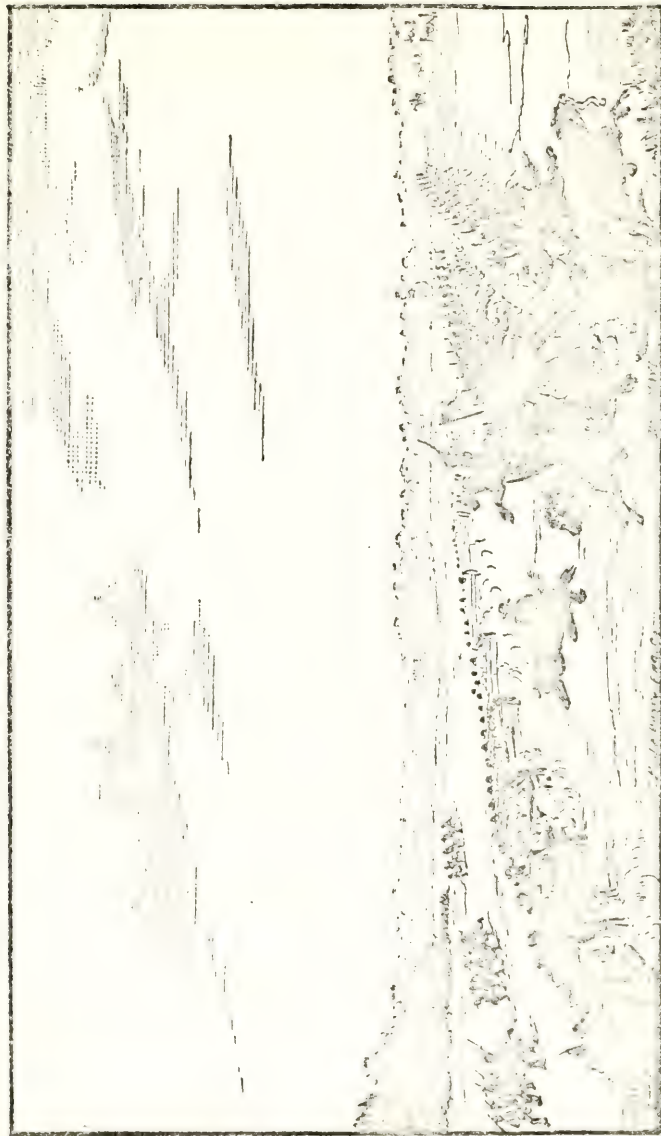
We reached Port Republic at two o'clock a. m. of the 5th, and bivouacked in a wheat field, wet to the skin. At four a. m. we set out again, having only had time to prepare some coffee and dry our clothing at the fires. Our regiment was in front, and my company formed the advance guard.

At 5.30 a. m., while marching through woods, the scouts came galloping in, reporting the enemy in force in our immediate front. I sent word to Major Quinn, who came galloping up and ordered me to file into the woods on the right of the road and form line. He directed the next company, under Captain Jones, to file to the left and form line. The next company, under Captain Martindale, came up in the centre, and Major Quinn ordered them to deploy, and charge up the road. My men were dismounted, taking down the fences in our front, so that we could advance in line, when we saw Martindale's men dash past. In less than a minute we heard the firing of carbines, and they came back at full speed with the enemy at their heels. They had run into Imboden's whole brigade, drawn up in line of battle, and had received their fire, which killed Lieutenant Vernaylia, and severely wounded Lieutenant Stanton and twenty of the men; thus emptying twenty-two saddles at one discharge, besides killing and wounding a number of the horses. The graybacks were yelling like fiends, and using their firearms as they advanced. Sev-

eral of my men were struck with spent balls, but none were disabled. We had got the fences down, and had just got into our saddles as the enemy appeared in view. At that moment the Twenty-first New York Cavalry, Colonel Tibbetts, came up, together with the balance of our regiment, and the two regiments charged together, with yells sufficient to wake the dead. The next instant we had met the enemy, and were sweeping them before us like leaves of the forest, shooting and sabring them right and left; killing and wounding a great many, and capturing hundreds of prisoners. In this way we drove them over a mile, when we came upon their infantry and artillery, strongly fortified, near to the village of Piedmont. Their artillery opened on us with shell, killing several of our horses, and we ceased the pursuit.

While standing in line, waiting for our infantry and artillery to come up, the enemy kept shelling us in a lively manner. Major Quinn, Captains Bailey, Jones and myself were standing in front of the line talking, when a shell passed between us, and right through one of the horses in the line, bursting some distance in our rear. In a short time we spied the glimmer of muskets emerging from the woods in our rear, and our infantry lines soon hove in view, their front covered with a cloud of skirmishers.

In a moment the enemy spied them, and opened with all their artillery, firing very rapidly. The enemy occupied a ridge directly across our line of march, which they had fortified with fence rails and earth. There was a stream, with steep banks, on their left flank, protecting it effectually, and their right flank was protected by a strong barricade of rails. We fought all the forenoon, the artillery and infantry being very hotly engaged, and most of the cavalry taking part, dismounted.



CHARGE AT PIEDMONT, VA.—June 5, 1864.

General Stahl, who commanded the cavalry, had been wounded in the early part of this action, and the chief command of that arm devolved upon Colonel McReynolds.

About three p. m., our artillery opened a most furious fire upon the enemy's works, immediately in their front, while Colonel McReynolds sent part of his cavalry to the right and part to the left to charge them in flank and rear.

The moment the artillery ceased firing the infantry stormed the works in front, through the breaches made by the guns, and the cavalry charged simultaneously on the right and left, mingling their yells with those of the charging infantry, and in a few minutes we were masters of the field; the enemy fleeing in the direction of Waynesboro', leaving in our hands scores of dead and wounded, and fifteen hundred prisoners; besides three thousand stand of small arms, and all of their artillery. It was a most complete rout.

Among the killed were General Jones, who commanded the enemy's forces, and his assistant adjutant-general.

Among the prisoners were three brigade commanders, and over one hundred other commissioned officers. Our loss was comparatively trifling, but I have no means of giving the precise number of killed and wounded in the whole command.

Lieutenant Vermylea, of our regiment, who was killed in the morning, was a brave and competent officer. He had been promoted from the ranks, for gallantry in the field, and his death was much regretted.

In the last charge the enemy received our regiment with a perfect shower of bullets, from behind a rail barricade, the music of which was anything but pleasant.

Captain Jones' horse was killed, and fell on the captain's leg, pinning him to the ground, while the bullets flew all around him. Finally he succeeded in extricating himself, leaving his boot and spur under the horse; but in so doing he sprained his ankle very badly. Sergeant Oliver Lumphry, of my company, was carrying the guidon, and his horse was shot and the colors pierced with half a dozen bullets. Many others were hit, but it seems almost miraculous how few were killed and wounded.

On the 6th we entered Staunton, being the first Yankees who had the honor of doing so since the war began, except prisoners. Captain Bailey, of our regiment, and Major Otis, of the Twenty-first New York Cavalry, were the two first of our men in town; but which of them got in first seems to be a mooted question. Each registered at a different hotel as the first "Yank" in town, but omitted to give the exact time, and thus left the matter in dispute.

We found large quantities of stores in Staunton, which we destroyed; besides burning the railroad depot and all the public buildings.

Generals Crook and Averill, who had come from the Kanawha Valley, West Virginia, destroying the Virginia and Tennessee Railroad, and routing a force of the enemy on their way, formed a junction with us here; and we rested a few days to prepare for the arduous work that was still before us, and to give General Sheridan time to come up from Grant's army to take a hand in the game.

General Stahl was sent back with an escort and the prisoners, to Winchester, and Colonel McReynolds, whose term had expired, went with them, for the pur-

pose of being mustered out of service. Captain Bailey left us here and returned with General Stahl, having been appointed an "aide" on his staff.

General Duffie then assumed command of Hunter's Cavalry; General Averill being in command of Crook's Cavalry.

General Sheridan "failed to connect," and on the 10th we set out at day-light *en route* for Lynchburg.

We moved in three separate columns. General Hunter, with the infantry, artillery, and wagon train, kept the main turnpike towards Lexington; General Averill, with his cavalry, made a circuit to the right; and our cavalry, under General Duffie, struck off to the left, making a feint upon Waynesboro', where the enemy were entrenched.

After skirmishing with them a little while, we passed through Roekfish Gap, in the Blue Ridge, burning a large iron furnace on our way.

On the 11th, our regiment and Cole's battalion of Maryland Cavalry, captured a Confederate wagon train, having a paymaster on board, and the boys procured pocketsful of Confederate money, which proved of great service to us on the raid. Before the day closed we tapped the Charlottesville and Lynchburg Railroad, tearing up several miles of the track, besides breaking up telegraphic communication along the line. That night we bivouacked on Tye River.

The object of our raid in this direction was two-fold: to break up the railroad and telegraph communications between Charlottesville and Lynchburg, and to try to open communications with General Sheridan, who was expected to be in that vicinity, about that time. We succeeded in accomplishing the first object, but failed in the second.

We afterwards discovered that Sheridan had met with Hampton's Cavalry, at Trevillian's Station, on the Virginia Central Railroad, before reaching Charlottesville, and, for want of an adequate force, was compelled to retire; which accounted for our failure to join him.

On the 12th, we ascended the eastern slope of the mountains, and bivouacked at Buffalo Springs. On the 13th, we arrived at Lexington, where we found the main body. General Hunter had caused the Military Academy and ex-Governor Letcher's house at that place, to be burned. On the 14th, we marched to Buchanan, on the James River, where Captain Martindale, with a detachment of our regiment, captured Colonel McDonald, and several others, with half a dozen wagons, making their way to the enemy's lines. The colonel and his followers fought bravely, and several of our men were wounded, including Corporal William Morris, of my company, before they succeeded in taking them. McDonald had been the commandant at the Military Academy at Lexington. He was a fine-looking man, and a brave soldier. I think he was one of the distinguished McDonald family of Winchester, Virginia, who had a number of brothers in the Confederate Army, and whose father was a general in the same.

Lieutenant-Colonel Adams, of our regiment, while in command for a time at Winchester, in 1863, had his headquarters at the fine residence of General McDonald, and was as kindly entertained by his polite family, as it were possible for a well-bred family to entertain enemies, as they then regarded us. Two of the ladies—Mrs. Green, and her sister, Miss Sue McDonald, were highly accomplished in music.

On the 15th, we crossed to the south side of the James

River; then crossed the Blue Ridge at Peak Gap, and bivouacked within the shadows of the Peaks of Otter.

On the march we had passed within three miles of the famous "Natural Bridge," and some of our officers took an escort and went to see it.

On the 16th, we passed through Liberty, destroying all the public property, and the infantry kept on the railroad towards Lynchburg, destroying it as they advanced.

On the 17th, we met the enemy near New London, about four miles from Lynchburg, and, after a sharp fight, drove them into their works near the town, and slept on our arms that night.

At daylight on the 18th, the enemy having been reinforced during the night, woke us up with an artillery reveille, their shells bursting among us pretty lively, and we had to mount and go into battle without our coffee.

Our division was ordered to make a demonstration on the enemy's right; Averill's Division were to operate on their left; while the infantry and artillery hammered away in the centre.

We had heard trains arriving at short intervals all through the night, bringing in reinforcements, and the enemy were much bolder than on the evening before. Our infantry and artillery fought well; the former making several attempts to take the works, in which they partially succeeded, but the enemy were evidently too strong for us.

Reinforcements kept coming into the town all day, and after dark General Hunter took up the line of retreat, as we were almost out of provisions.

Our regiment was on picket, and by some oversight was not notified. Sergeant Wm. D. Hall, of my company, was sent with a message to headquarters, and

found the road filled with the troops of the enemy, marching in pursuit of our army; and he came near being captured.

Major Quinn, with the regiment, then set out to overtake our troops, which we succeeded in doing about noon of the following day, after flanking the columns of the advancing enemy; and then our whole force continued the retreat to Liberty. Here the enemy overtook our rear guard, and a sharp skirmish ensued, in which we lost a number of men; but we repulsed the foe.

On the 20th, we marched to Buford's Gap, in the Blue Ridge, where we had another lively skirmish. On the 21st, we passed through Salem, on the Virginia and Tennessee Railroad, where the enemy again attacked our rear, but were handsomely repulsed without loss on our side. In the afternoon they attacked our artillery in the "Gap," in rear of the town, at a point where we could render no assistance, and succeeded in rendering a number of guns useless, by cutting the spokes out of the wheels. We managed to drive them off, however, without losing any of the guns.

On the morning of the 23d, our regiment had a skirmish with the enemy, but no one was hurt. That day we passed through New Castle, crossed several ridges of the Allegheny Mountains, and bivouacked at Sweet Springs, Monroe county, Virginia. On the 24th, we marched to White Sulphur Springs, and on the 25th passed through Lewisburg, Greenbriar county, and bivouacked eight miles beyond.

On the 26th we had the first rain since the 6th, and it was quite refreshing, as our infantry were suffering very much from dust, fatigue and hunger. The dust almost suffocated them, and they could get no water except at

long intervals. I was informed that a number of them died by the way from hunger, thirst and hard marching.

On the 27th we crossed the Big Sewell Mountains, and had a heavy thunder storm, with copious rain, which somewhat refreshed our drooping infantry. I had the rear guard that day and counted five hundred horses and mules, abandoned by our army, which I was required to have shot. They were only worn out with fatigue and hunger, and could have been recruited and made serviceable again by a little care on the part of the enemy, in a very short time.

We were without rations or forage; were many miles from any base of supplies; and the whole command were beginning to suffer. The country through which we had passed was so mountainous, and so sparsely settled, that foraging was fruitless, and we were in a deplorable condition. General Hunter had despatched a force of cavalry to Charlestown, West Virginia, for rations, and we were anxiously looking for the first glimpse of the white wagon covers, from every hill top. At last we caught sight of them, and the rejoicing was almost equal to that of the troops at Lucknow, when they caught sight of their country's banner and the troops marching to their relief.

On the 30th we reached Gauly Bridge, at the junction of the Gauly and New Rivers, at the head of the great Kanawha Valley, and encamped at the mouth of the Big Loup Creek.

We spent our Fourth of July at Charlestown, West Virginia, and a very dull Fourth it was. A National salute was fired at meridian, which was the only thing to remind us of the anniversary of our glorious independence.

On the 10th of July, we left Charlestown, *en route* for Parkersburg, on the Ohio River, where we took the cars for Harper's Ferry. We arrived at Cherry Run on the 13th and had to debark, and march *via* Martinsburg to the Ferry; the enemy having destroyed the railroad between those points.

It appears that General Early, after driving us into the Alleghenies, far enough to insure our going all the way to the Kanawha Valley, had marched directly down the Shenandoah Valley into Maryland, and menaced Washington; and we had to commence a new campaign, when we should have been permitted to rest and recuperate. Such is war, and such is the life of a trooper.

We had been forced into this circuitous retreat because of the danger attending an attempt to pass down the Shenandoah Valley, up which we had advanced; General Lee having a railroad by which he could have sent a strong force to Staunton, to intercept us. With such a *lion* in our path, and a strong force at our heels, we would in all probability have been compelled to capitulate. Besides, we were in no condition to fight a battle; the men being out of rations, and our ammunition having been almost exhausted in the battles of Piedmont and Lynchburg, and the numerous skirmishes on the way to Salem.



CHAPTER XXIV.

We Pursue Early's Forces—Skirmish at Lovettsville and Snicker's Gap—Duffie Repulsed at Ashby's Gap—Colonel Adams after Early's Cavalry—Battle of Winchester under Crook—Retreat to Martinsburg—Burning of Chambersburg, Pennsylvania—Pursuit of the Raiders—Averill Smashes them at Moorfield—Captain Jones in the Fray—Return to Harper's Ferry—Sheridan in Command of the Army of the Shenandoah.

DURING our absence on the Lynchburg raid, Colonel McReynolds had been mustered out of the service, his term of three years having expired, and Lieutenant-Colonel A. W. Adams had been commissioned colonel of the regiment.

On the 14th of July, 1864, the day after our return to Harper's Ferry, from the Lynchburg raid, I was sent across the Potomac, with sixty men, to try and obtain some information of Early's forces. We knew they had been somewhere in the vicinity of Washington only a few days before, but the telegraph wires having been cut by them, we could obtain no definite information. I crossed at Knoxville, a short distance below the Ferry, and proceeded to Hillsboro', Loudon county, Virginia, where my men captured a mounted negro, bearing arms, who informed us that Colonel White, with a regiment of Confederate cavalry, was close by; and that General Early had crossed the Potomac at White's Ford, opposite Leesburg, that morning, *en route* for the Shenandoah Valley *via* Snicker's Gap, after an unsuccessful attack upon Washington. We then returned to the Ferry to report, taking the darkey with us.

On the 15th, our forces crossed at Berlin, in hopes of

heading Early off, or striking him in flank before he should get through the gap. Our cavalry division, under General Duffie, fell in with Early's flanking cavalry, near Lovettsville, and our regiment, under Major Quinn, charged them in fine style, killing and wounding a large number, and capturing many prisoners. We bivouacked that night at Hillsboro'.

During the charge, some of the horses gave out, and the men were left far in the rear; among them was Thomas Hitchens, of my company, who was carrying the guidon. The party thus left thought they had better go back and meet the troops, than to risk passing through that country, filled with guerrillas and bushwhackers, not knowing when or where they might be able to find the regiment.

On their way back, they observed an officer with a detachment of cavalry a short distance from the road, who asked them, "where did you get that Yankee flag?" Our boys saw in a moment that they were Confederates, and quickly replied that they had got it up the road,—pointing back in the direction from which they had come. The Confederates then told them that they had better not go down the road any farther, as the Yankees were advancing in strong force. "O, we're not afraid of them," said the boys, and kept on. The Confederates, after consulting a few moments, bethought themselves that this squad must be Yankees, and cried out: "Halt! you Yankee scoundrels; surrender!" Our boys gave them the contents of their carbines and revolvers, and dashed away with yells of derision. The enemy's bullets flew thick and fast after them, and one hit the little guidon, but the boys made good their escape and saved their colors.

We left Hillsborough at 5 p. m. of the 16th, and our regiment being in advance, soon struck the flank of Early's retreating column, creating no little excitement, and capturing part of his wagon train, which we destroyed by fire.

That night we bivouacked on the sides of the road, at the entrance to Snicker's Gap, fearing to enter it in the darkness, and next morning pushed through just in time to have a few shots at Early's rear guard as they crossed the Shenandoah River.

We then waited until our infantry and artillery came up, and at dark we fell back a few miles and bivouacked for the night.

On the 18th we marched through Upperville and bivouacked beyond Paris, near the entrance to Ashby's Gap. A caisson exploded on the march that day, killing one man and wounding several. That night Mosby's men attacked the Twentieth Pennsylvania Cavalry while on picket, capturing a number of them, and creating quite an alarm in camp.

On the 19th, which was the third anniversary of my company's muster into service, General Duflie passed through Ashby's Gap, and marched his whole cavalry force, with the artillery and ambulances, down to the banks of the Shenandoah, for the purpose of crossing, without posting a gun to cover us in the attempt, and without firing a shell across to see if there were any of the enemy concealed on the opposite bluffs.

My squadron was ordered across, supported by part of the Twentieth Pennsylvania Cavalry, under Lieutenant-Colonel Middleton. Lieutenant Lemuel Evans and myself were riding at the head of the advancing force, and had got about to the middle of the river, when the

enemy opened on us with musketry from the bluffs in front. Lieutenant Evans' horse was shot, many men and horses in our rear were killed and wounded, and the greater part of the force made the best time they could to the side we had just left.

Colonel Middleton was near the front, and ordered us to charge, and we did our best; but charging through water up to our saddle girths was rather slow work. The enemy kept up a perfect shower of bullets, yet many of us succeeded in crossing; but it was folly, nay, it was madness, to have attempted to cross under such circumstances.

On reaching the bank we dashed up close under the bluffs, so as to get out of the galling fire of the enemy's rifles, and then galloped down the river, hugging the bluffs, until we came to a place where we could ascend to the plain occupied by the enemy. By this time we had lost sight of Colonel Middleton; but Major Douglass of his regiment was with us. Our troops were still to be seen on the other side of the river, trying to cross; but they were finally driven through the gap by the artillery of the enemy, losing heavily in killed and wounded.

We resolved to ascend the bluff and charge the enemy's sharpshooters in flank, and if possible drive them far enough away, so as to give us time to re-cross the river before they could get into position again. Quick as thought we spurred up the steep, rugged path, and in a few moments were on top of the bluffs; and, without waiting to "count noses," we gave a yell, and charged the skirmish line. To our infinite delight the "graybacks" broke cover all along the crest of the bluff, and ran like deer up the river, while we gave them every shot in the locker, and nearly burst our lungs yelling, to add wings to their flight.



REPULSE: AT ASIBY'S GAP, VA.—July 19, 1864.

When we thought we had driven them far enough, we suddenly wheeled and made for the river. At that instant some of the "Johnnies," who remained concealed in the bushes, opened on us, killing the horse of Sergeant Oliver Lumphrey, wounding badly the horse of Sergeant George J. Pitman, who was carrying my company guidon, and killing private Hugh McLaughlin. It was no time to "Swap Jack Knives" then, so we kept on at speed and were soon in the river, striking out for the opposite shore.

We had got to the middle of the stream when we heard the well known "whizz" of a rifle bullet, followed in a moment by the sharp crack of the rifle on the bank in our rear. Then, whizz, whizz, whizz, came the bullets, cutting the water all around us, and making it mighty unpleasant.

We pressed our horses onward, our eyes fixed on the bluff occupied by the enemy, so as to see the curl of smoke from the rifles, and try to dodge the bullets—a thing soldiers often try to do, although it is all nonsense to attempt such a thing. My own horse had been killed during the day, and I was riding a white horse belonging to a man of Company A, named Turner, who had been wounded in our first charge. As I plunged through the water I could hear the enemy cry out: "Shoot that officer on the white horse!" "Shoot the fellow with the flag." Then a perfect shower of bullets would sing all about us, cutting the water in every direction.

A man belonging to the Twentieth Pennsylvania, persisted in keeping close to me, notwithstanding my repeated warnings to keep away, as the enemy appeared to have singled me out for destruction. At last we reached the bank, but it was so high and abrupt that

our horses could not get out. My horse was so fatigued that he leaned his breast against the bank, and refused to obey the spurs. I jumped from the saddle on to the bank, and as I did so the man who had followed me so closely was hit, and fell into the river a corpse.

I immediately dropped behind a stone wall, and felt secure for the time being, while I silently, but fervently thanked God for my deliverance. The rest of the boys reached the bank at different points, above and below me, unhurt, although it seemed almost a miracle. General Duffie, having got some guns in position, began to shell the enemy, and we succeeded in getting our horses in a short time, and rejoined our troops, who hailed us with shouts of delight.

Sergeant Pitman brought the guidon safely away, and Sergeant Lumphrey escaped on McLaughlin's horse, after his own had been killed; while my first sergeant, Wm. D. Hall, behaved with a coolness and courage worthy of all praise.

Hugh McLaughlin was a brave soldier, and his death was much regretted by all the company. He had been severely wounded on two occasions prior to that, and had only returned from the hospital in Philadelphia, where he had just been married, when he met his death on the third anniversary of our muster into service. During the afternoon, General Duffie sent a squadron of the Twenty-first New York Cavalry across the river, and they were cut to pieces, only a handful returning. We bivouacked in Ashby's Gap that night, and remained there all next day; but on the 21st, we returned to Snicker's Gap, and joined the main body under General Crook. Here Colonel A. W. Adams joined us, and took command of the regiment. He had been in command

of a detachment of cavalry and artillery, at Martinsburg, and had participated in the battles with Early's troops from Harper's Ferry to Washington, and back to Virginia. He had pursued Early's retreating forces from Washington, across the Potomac, and had engaged his rear guard, with cavalry and artillery, on Virginia soil, with great spirit, before joining us at Snicker's Gap.

On the 22d, we marched through Winchester, and bivouacked at Hollingsworth's Mills. On the 23d, we engaged Early's forces at Kearnsstown, where General Shields had whipped Stonewall Jackson—the only one of our generals who ever did whip him—and, after a stubborn fight, in which our regiment, under Colonel Adams, made a brilliant charge, we drove the enemy's advance back several miles. In the charge Thomas Hitchens, of my company, was severely wounded, and Colonel Adams' foot badly injured by his horse falling upon him. That night Captain Jones' Company and mine, were sent on picket on the extreme right of our lines. On the 24th, the enemy advanced in strong force, and, after some very severe fighting, our army was compelled to fall back, the enemy having turned our left flank.

About noon we began to fall back, hard pressed by the enemy, and marched until late in the night. During the retreat I lost Sergeant Adam Burgras, who fell asleep and was captured.

On the 25th the enemy attacked us at Martinsburg, and we fought them all day. In the evening our regiment advanced in line to charge a battery, but found the obstructions of such a nature that we could not get at it. While advancing, a shell struck the line, bursting in the ranks of Company B, killing four horses and

severely wounding three of the men. The cavalry division then fell back to the river, near Williamsport.

On the 27th we marched through Harper's Ferry, and bivouacked near Knoxville, on the Maryland side. Here I found my colored man, who had been captured on Boyd's raid in May, near New Market. He had got away from the enemy at Lynchburg, and had made his way along the mountains to Harper's Ferry.

On the 29th we crossed into Virginia, and bivouacked at Halltown. Next day we advanced as far as Charlestown, where we found that General Hunter had sent a party from the Ferry on the 17th, and had burned the magnificent dwelling of his own cousin, Andrew Hunter, near Charlestown. He had also sent a party to Shepherdstown, Virginia, and burned the dwelling of another relative, a Mrs. Lee, turning the family out in the most vindictive manner.

Hearing that the enemy's cavalry, under McCausland and Johnson, had crossed into Maryland, farther up the river, we retraced our steps, re-crossing the Potomac at the Ferry, and bivouacked on the road to Frederick City.

The raiders had evidently gone on to Pennsylvania, and we started in full pursuit, feeling that they were bent on mischief on account of Hunter's inhuman conduct towards the inhabitants of the Shenandoah Valley.

At Hancock we learned that they had burned Chambersburg, Pennsylvania, and had re-crossed into Virginia with a large quantity of plunder.

On the evening of August 4, General Averill came up with his cavalry, and taking about two hundred of the best mounted men in our regiment, under the command of Captain Jones, he crossed the Potomac in pursuit of the now fleeing enemy.

At break of day on the 7th, his advance captured the pickets of the raiders without firing a shot, they being nearly all asleep. He then advanced at a trot, and soon found himself in the midst of General Johnson's cavalry brigade, all sleeping soundly, in fancied security, in their bivouac near Moorfield.

Then the shooting and sabring commenced, the enemy crying out for quarter, and begging our troops not to kill them. Very little resistance was made, and the whole of their guns, colors, and other property fell into our hands, besides about five hundred prisoners—the greater number escaping on foot under cover of the darkness.

Captain Jones had been dispatched across the South Branch, with his two hundred men, to attack some troops which were said to be encamped there. Those men had heard the firing on the other side, and had got ready for action. As Jones rode along in column, at a rapid trot, he discovered a skirmish line of the enemy advancing upon his left, but he disregarded them and charged upon the troops drawn up in line across the road, several hundred yards in front. Jones' men were formed in one rank, appearing much stronger than they really were. It was just at the dawn of day, and the boldness of the charge caused the enemy to think that Averill's whole force was upon them, so they broke and ran in the utmost confusion. In a few minutes the "blue and the gray" were so mixed that Jones could not tell one from the other.

The enemy seemed frightened almost to death, and threw down their arms and surrendered the moment a Union trooper dashed in among them. A great many of them were shot and sabred in the chase, and several

hundred taken prisoners—all loaded with plunder from Pennsylvania—on account of which, and on account of their having burnt Chambersburg, they expected to be killed without mercy, and begged most pitiouly to be spared.

The bearer of the enemy's colors was observed making off for the mountains, accompanied by a small guard, and a squad of our boys immediately gave chase. They were rapidly gaining on them, and in a few moments more would have had their colors, but the "Johnnies" approached a gate, and one of them dismounted and quickly opened it, allowing the color-bearer to pass through, and then closed it again; thus saving the colors at the loss of his own liberty, for he was captured before he could re-mount his horse. He was a brave fellow, and seemed rejoiced at the escape of the colors, entirely overlooking his own misfortune.

During the charge, our assistant surgeon, Dr. Douglass, who was known as the "fighting doctor," was among the foremost, and singling out a fine-looking and well-mounted "Johnny," he gave chase. The doctor was well mounted, and soon overhauled his man, and crossed swords with him in real earnest; but he found he had caught a tartar. The doctor was without other weapon than the slender straight-sword usually carried by surgeons, facetiously called a "toad-sticker," having fired off every load from his revolver. On coming up with the fleeing Confederate, he gave him a "prod" with this "knitting-needle," which caused him to wince, and look over his shoulder to see if he hadn't been stung by a wasp. This look revealed to him the fact that he was running away from one man, poorly armed, so he resolved to give battle.

In a moment his sword was out, and he assumed the offensive, pressing the gallant doctor sorely, who only avoided the sweeping sabre of his burly antagonist by his superior skill in horsemanship.

So earnestly were they engaged in their little private rencounter that neither of them observed the approach of a squad of our boys, who, happening to see them from a distance, had galloped over to investigate the strange proceeding; and the poor "Johnny" found himself a prisoner. Had the boys failed to reach them the "saddle would have been on the other horse," and our "fighting doctor" would either have been run through the body, or sliced in pieces, or forced to surrender to his antagonist.

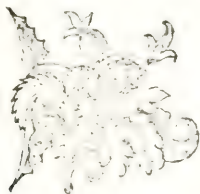
Averill was made a major-general for smashing these two brigades, and he well deserved his promotion. He was a splendid cavalry officer, and a brave and gallant soldier.

Captain Jones was one of the best officers in our regiment—as brave as a lion, and withal as modest as a woman. General Averill issued a special order, which I regret to say has been lost, complimenting Captain Jones and his officers and men in the highest manner. The captain with his detachment of two hundred men of the First New York (Lincoln) Cavalry, had actually attacked and defeated McCausland's whole brigade, routing them in the utmost confusion, killing and wounding many of them, and capturing many prisoners.

Duffie's command then returned to Harper's Ferry, where we arrived on the 11th, to find that General Hunter had been relieved, and General Sheridan placed in command of our Department.

General Averill's command arrived at Martinsburg

the same day that we arrived at Harper's Ferry. I might say right here, by way of parenthesis, that I visited Harper's Ferry, Sharpsburg, and the battle-field of Antietam, in the summer of 1878, while on an excursion to Gettysburg, with the Grand Army of the Republic, and found Harper's Ferry in the same desolate and dilapidated condition that we left it in at the close of the war. There appeared to be no change for the better, and I could scarcely persuade myself that it was not again "war times," and my regiment encamped at Charlestown, just beyond. I was much gratified to find a beautiful National Cemetery at Antietam, on the hill near Sharpsburg; and I also found Mr. Kritzer's family in the same large stone house which they occupied when our "head-quarters" boarded with them after Gettysburg. Their eldest son was dead; the younger son had grown to manhood; the eldest and youngest daughters had married; but "Feat," the second daughter, was still single and at home. I must say that the excursion was, to me, a very pleasant one; and revived many almost forgotten incidents of our campaigns in those regions.



CHAPTER XXV.

Sheridan moves up the Valley—Mosby captures his Train—He falls back to Bolivar Heights—Averill at Martinsburg—Battles of the Opequon, Fisher's Hill, Weir's Cave, and Brown's Gap—Destruction in the Valley—*Battle of Nineveh*—Paying Mosby off.

ON the 7th of August, 1864, General Sheridan arrived at Harper's Ferry, Virginia, and on the 10th, put his army in motion up the "Valley," in pursuit of Early. We returned from Hancock, Maryland, on the 11th, and encamped at Halltown, Virginia, where we were paid on the 12th, and next morning set out to join Sheridan.

We bivouacked on the Opequon that night, near Summit Point, and next day marched through Winchester to Newtown.

On the 15th, we reached headquarters at Cedar Creek, about three miles from Strasburg, and were ordered to march back to Berryville immediately.

The watchful Mosby had struck Sheridan's wagon trains at that place on the 13th, and captured and destroyed nearly the whole train; carrying off all the baggage of the cavalry corps, and causing considerable commotion at headquarters. The train was guarded by Kenly's Maryland Brigade, of one hundred days' men, and they offered but a feeble resistance.

Why our regiment was not sent with the train, I cannot tell, for it must have started from the Ferry the same day that we left Halltown.

Mosby and his men were bold fellows, but they knew "who to kick," and seldom blundered in this respect. To fight was no part of their tactics, unless the oppos-

ing force was small, or composed of green troops, and their prospect of plunder sufficient to warrant the risk. Plunder, and damage to the Union cause, with the least possible risk to themselves, was their motto; but when cornered they would fight.

On the 16th, I was sent with some men of our regiment, who had not re-enlisted, to escort General J. D. Stevenson to Harper's Ferry. On our way we found two men lying dead on the road, having been killed only a few minutes before by Mosby's guerrillas, whom we could see in the woods about a quarter of a mile from the pike.

General Sheridan was not yet acquainted with Mosby's strength and tactics, and he deemed it prudent to fall back, temporarily, from his advanced position, to avoid a repetition of the raid upon his trains. No sooner had he begun his retrograde movement, than Early began to press upon his rear, and orders were given for the destruction of everything that could afford sustenance to the enemy. These orders were literally carried out; everything in the way of food for man or beast being destroyed, between the North Mountain and the Shenandoah River, from Strasburg to Harper's Ferry, and all the live stock driven before our troops as they retired.

Our brigade, under General Dullie, fell back from Berryville, through Summit Point to Smithfield. When near Leetown the Twelfth Pennsylvania Cavalry charged upon some of the enemy's infantry, and was pretty badly handled; but our artillery opened upon the enemy and covered the Twelfth, while they formed in the rear. The brigade then fell back to the ridge east of Charlestown, and Captain Battersby, of our regiment, was directed to take a squadron and drive some Confederate infantry

from behind a stone wall near the town, then turn to his left, enter the main street and "gobble up" all he met with on his return. This dash was well executed. Battersby had several men and horses severely wounded, but none of the enemy were captured, as they took shelter behind the houses and stone fences. General Duffie complimented the captain and his men for the gallantry displayed upon this occasion.

The brigade then fell back to Halltown, and finally to Harper's Ferry; and in a few days afterwards our regiment moved up the Maryland side of the Potomac to Williamsport, where they crossed into Virginia again, and joined General Averill, who had been fighting the enemy for several days. Here we found Captain Jones and the men who had accompanied him on the Moorfield raid.

While lying here eight of our men, named respectively M. C. Dunn, Ed. Goubleman, Harry Goubleman, Ike Harris, B. M. Stearns, Jim White, John Hogan and another, were sent from Sheridan's headquarters, at Halltown, near Harper's Ferry, with a dispatch to Averill, who was supposed to be at Martinsburg. When near the latter place they were set upon by a small force of the enemy's cavalry and had a very lively time. The horses of White and Hogan were wounded, and they were sent to the rear to find Averill and deliver the dispatch, while the others remained in the vicinity of the enemy to reconnoitre and find out his strength.

This squad discovered that the force in front of them was trifling in numbers, and they determined to test their qualities by a little ruse; so they made a circuit and came up on the flank of the enemy, where the nature of the ground concealed their numbers, and then,

yelling for the regiment to close up, they charged. The Confederate pickets gave way, and our boys chased them clear through the town of Martinsburg, to the "Red House" beyond, on the Winchester pike. At this point they observed a large force of cavalry approaching, and they made good time back to Hainesville, on the Williamsport pike.

Next day the boys advanced again to see if the enemy were on the move, and soon fell in with a small force in advance of the main column. Our boys observed the enemy first, and prepared to surprise them. There was a slight eminence just in front, and they kept behind this until the enemy were close upon them, and then dashed at them with yells, giving them the contents of their pistols.

The commander of the enemy's advance was killed at the first fire, and, being taken by surprise, the guard beat a hasty retreat. While our boys were charging this party on the pike, the flankers of the enemy came out behind them, and they found themselves in a tight place. They took to the fields and soon got into the woods, but upon passing out on the opposite side they found the enemy. The boys were dressed in "gray," and would have got away without trouble had not some of their pursuers sung out: "Head off the d—d Yankee scouts;" and then a race for life began.

Dunn dismounted to open a stubborn gate, and while thus engaged the bullets from the enemy's carbines splintered the wood-work, and caused his horse to break away from him. He then shut the gate and fastened it, and called to his comrades to stop his horse, which they succeeded in doing before he reached the opposite fence enclosing the ploughed field they were then in. As Dunn

reached his horse three of the enemy were close upon him, so he got behind his horse and drew his pistol. By this time two of his men came dashing up and opened on the "Johnnies," holding them at bay till Dunn gained his saddle. By this time the "graybacks" were coming up in swarms, and our boys waved them a "fond adieu," put spurs to their fine horses, and distanced their pursuers.

On reaching our pickets, near Falling Waters, they were fired upon, being taken for Confederates, and it was some time before they could make themselves known, on account of their dress.

The enemy then advanced and shelled Williamsport, and M. C. Dunn and another man set out for Sheridan's headquarters at Leetown. They crossed at Shepherdstown, which was then occupied by the enemy, and, at Snyder's Mill, Dunn's horse gave out; but he got a remount from one of our pickets, and reached Sheridan with the news by one o'clock in the morning.

As Sheridan advanced up the "Valley" again, he sent a force up the east side of the Blue Ridge, to pass through Snicker's Gap and meet him at Berryville. About a dozen of our men were with this force, dressed in gray, acting as scouts; and among them was M. C. Dunn and the two famous scouts, Ed. and Harry Goublemen. As they passed through Snicker's Gap, in advance of the main body, they were suddenly set upon from the rear by a party of the enemy's cavalry, led on by Captain Mead of General Early's staff, trying to make their way back to the Valley. Ed. Goubleman was hit in the arm, and Dunn's horse was shot in the hip; but those boys were not easily dismayed. So, wheeling right and left to allow the "Johnnies" to dash through,

they gave them the contents of their revolvers, and then pitched into them with the sabre. They charged them into the Shenandoah River, killing, wounding and capturing nearly all of them—one of the Goublemen brothers killing Captain Mead, in a hand-to-hand encounter, in the middle of the river. Goublemen was not only known to be perfectly fearless, but “handy” with a sabre, which rendered him an ugly customer to contend with.

On the 2d of September, General Averill passed through Martinsburg and met the enemy at Darksville, or Buckletown; and after some hard fighting we charged, capturing fifteen wagons, one field forge, and over a hundred prisoners.

On the 3d, we attacked the enemy again near Bunker Hill, driving them before us, after a severe skirmish, in which Corporal Thomas James of my company was killed. He was a good soldier, and a good man, and his death was much regretted by the whole company.

That night Captain Jones went out with a strong patrol, to keep an eye on the enemy. His advance, under Sergeant Polie Valentine, met some of the enemy in the road and was fired upon. Valentine returned the fire and ordered the charge, not knowing what force was in front of him. The enemy fled, and Valentine and his squad pursued them, firing rapidly and yelling for the regiment to “close up.” At the little stream which crosses the road at Bunker Hill they captured a lieutenant and three men. Valentine had emptied both of his revolvers and had wounded two men, killed the lieutenant’s horse and wounded those of the other three men. This is only a fair sample of the reckless way in which our boys went in. I never knew a regiment in which there was so much individuality. The *man* was not lost

in the company or regiment, as was the case in some regiments acting with the main army.

Ayerill now held the extreme right of Sheridan's line, having the whole Confederate force in his immediate front, and our horses were not unsaddled, save in reliefs, for the next two weeks, and skirmishes were of daily occurrence; while Sheridan's main army were taking things comparatively easy, in their intrenchments east of the Opequon, near Berryville.

General Ayerill was anxious to establish communications with the right of Sheridan's lines, and for this purpose, Captain Battersby, of our regiment, was ordered to proceed with his troop, one dark night, to effect this object.

The only guide he had was the reflection of Sheridan's camp fires in the sky, on the one hand, and the reflection of Early's camp fires on the other. His way was beset with difficulties, as he pursued by-ways to avoid falling into an ambushade of the enemy, and, upon arriving at Sheridan's outer pickets, he had a serious time in making himself known to them. He met the pickets at a point where he did not expect to find them, and, when challenged, he did not know how to reply, lest it might be the enemy. Upon being challenged the second time, and hearing the click of a rifle, as the sentry cocked his piece, Battersby answered, "Friend." Then came the querie, "A friend to whom?" This was a "poser," and just what reply to make, Battersby did not know. If he said, "to the Union," he might receive a volley, and if he said, "to the Confederacy," a like result might follow; so he paused a moment, until the picket shouted savagely, "Who comes there?" "A friend," was the reply. "Halt!" shouted

the picket, and he was in the very act of firing, when Battersby made up his mind to risk it, and answered, "A friend to the Union." It proved to be the outer vidette of Lowell's cavalry, and soon our men were at the colonel's headquarters enjoying the hospitalities of their comrades in arms. Poor Colonel Lowell was killed a few days afterwards, at the battle of Cedar Creek.

On the 17th our regiment was on picket along the west side of the Opequon. The night was intensely dark, and patrols were kept moving along from one picket post to the other. George G. Peavy and Pliny F. Nelson, of Company B, went the rounds about midnight. As they rode silently along through the woods, the actions of their horses aroused their suspicions, so they drew their revolvers and moved cautiously forward, listening for the least sound. Suddenly they found themselves confronted by an unknown number of men, who, in suppressed whispers, ordered them to surrender. Peavy was a brave, intelligent soldier, and saw at a glance that if he surrendered without giving any alarm, the whole command might be surprised and captured. Escape seemed hopeless, but he determined to risk his own life to save the regiment, and quick as lightning he fired several shots right into the party. At the same instant he and Nelson wheeled their horses, lying low in their saddles, and rode for their lives.

The Confederates knew there was no further necessity for silence, and emptied their rifles after them, killing Nelson's horse and putting three bullets through Nelson, from which he shortly afterwards died.

The enemy then hastily retired, carrying with them several wounded comrades; but one was left behind shot through the body. Peavy's pistol had done its

work. The wounded man's name was Dave Lewis, of the Twelfth Virginia Confederate Cavalry, and on his person was a pass from General Lee, dated August 8, 1864. He afterwards recovered from his wound.

This patriotic and self-sacrificing act, deserves to be recorded in letters of gold. Peavy was one of the bravest of the brave, and should have been rewarded with a commission. His father, who was also one of the best soldiers we had, received a commission in another regiment, and we lost his valuable services.

On the 19th we advanced, driving the enemy before us, and soon joined hands with Sheridan's Cavalry. A grander sight is seldom seen than that presented by this moving force, stretching off to the left towards Berryville as far as the eye could see, the whole line moving steadily forward, fighting at every point; while the enemy, firing upon our lines as they advanced, slowly, but stubbornly, gave way before them.

The infantry had been hotly engaged all the morning, but seemed to make little headway. In the afternoon our whole cavalry corps was ordered to charge, and the Confederate lines gave way in confusion, and we sent them whirling through Winchester to Fisher's Hill, capturing about three thousand prisoners. Our losses were considerable, including General Russell killed, and Generals Chapman, Upton and McIntosh, wounded. The enemy lost Generals Rodes, Wharton and Gordon, killed, and had about three thousand wounded. We also captured five pieces of artillery and nine battle flags.

This is called by us the battle of Opequon, but the Confederates call it the battle of Winchester.

It was but one of many battles fought at and near Winchester; but it was one of the most successful of them all,

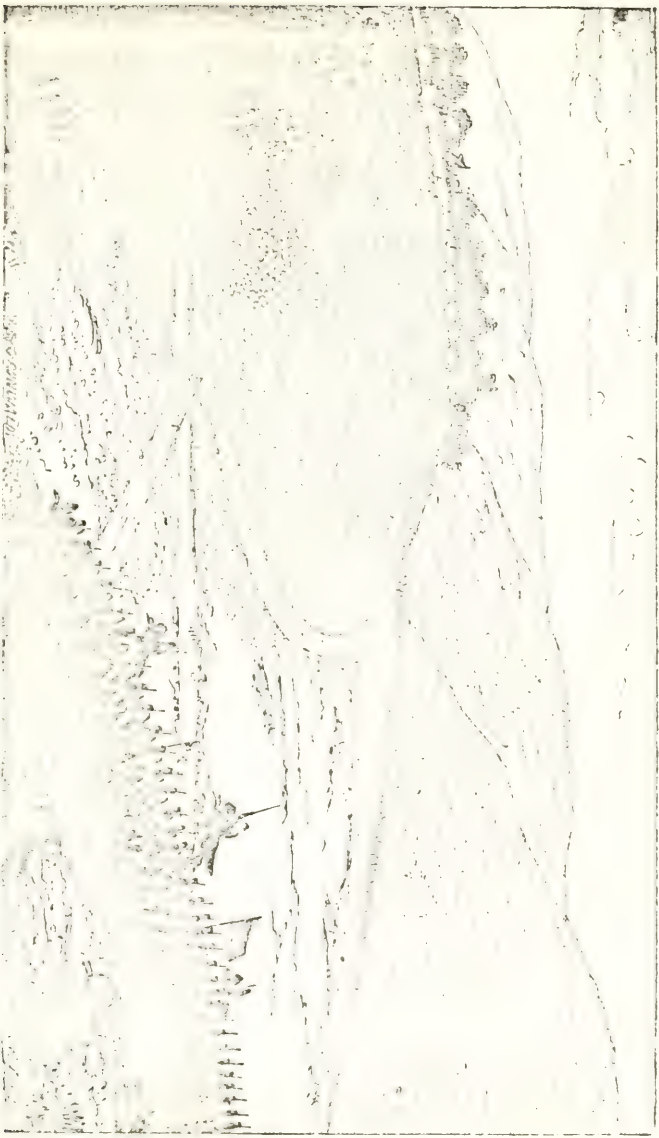
We lost no time in following up our advantage, and the 22d found us in front of the Confederate works at Fisher's Hill. Crook held the right of our line, near the North Mountain, with Averill's division of cavalry in his immediate front. The enemy's works extended clear across the valley, from the North Mountain on the one hand to the Shenandoah River on the other. The fighting was pretty severe throughout the day, and it looked as if we would not be able to dislodge the enemy. While our division, under Averill, diverted their attention, Crook filed along a ravine, parallel with their works, until he struck the North Mountain, when he turned south, along its base, and, at four p. m., succeeded in turning the left of their position. Then his men raised a yell and charged down upon the flank of the astonished enemy, while our division, with Averill at its head, dashed forward, capturing nearly every gun in position; our regimental colors being first in the works.

The rout was complete, and we pursued the fleeing enemy to Mount Jackson, capturing guns, colors, wagons and prisoners in great numbers. In the charge upon the works, Sergeant-Major Frank McConnaughy, of our regiment, was severely wounded in the arm by a grape shot from the enemy's guns.

After this grand dash, our gallant little General Averill was relieved of his command, and General Powell, of our brigade, assumed command of the division.

The army then advanced to Harrisonburg, from which Torbert's Cavalry, of the Army of the Potomac, proceeded to Staunton and Waynesboro', and our division to Port Republic.

On the 27th we had a severe fight at Wier's Cave, and



CHARGE AT FISHERS HILL, VA.—Sept. 22, 1864.

another on the 28th at Brown's Gap; but the enemy could not be moved from their strong position in the mountains.

We then began to fall back, destroying everything that could be of any service to the enemy, and driving all the live stock before us, leaving the valley in our rear a howling wilderness. The destruction of property was fearful, indeed, and great must have been the suffering of the inhabitants in consequence thereof. But, considering the burning of Chambersburg by the Confederates, and that this valley had been, not only the highway of the rebel armies in their invasions of the North, but the granary whence Lee's Army drew most of their supplies, the action of General Sheridan would seem to be justifiable, beyond all question.

Our division returned through the Luray Valley to Front Royal, leaving nothing but charred and smoking ruins in its pathway, and bringing in thousands of cattle, sheep and hogs.

About this time Colonel A. W. Adams, who had been absent on account of injuries received by the falling of his horse at the battle of Winchester, under General Crook, joined the regiment again.

He was still quite lame, and had to wear a moccasin upon his foot, which the boys of the regiment jocosely called, "that foot hospital."

Winter was approaching, and it was supposed by many that the hard fighting was over for the year, although it turned out otherwise, and several of our officers, whose term had expired the previous summer, made up their minds to get mustered out, and spend the winter at home; but with the view of entering the service again in the following spring, should their services be required.

Some others, having the sad experience of "winter quarters" before their eyes, sought and obtained positions on the staff.

It must be confessed, however, that the above were not the *principal* reasons which some of us had for leaving the regiment. Colonel Adams had never been popular with most of the original officers of the regiment. Charges and counter-charges had been preferred, and much ill-feeling engendered, and those of us who had opposed him, felt that we could not consistently remain under his command. We had been active in trying to get him out of the regiment, but he seemed to possess great influence, somewhere, and every "dig" we made at him only served to put him up a "notch" higher, until he finally became colonel of the regiment; so we concluded to clear out and leave him "all alone in his glory." Captains Jones, Leavitt, and Simmons, and Dr. Elliott, got mustered out, at their own request, and returned to their homes.

These and other changes, which had previously taken place, gave Colonel Adams an opportunity of promoting a great many of the gallant and meritorious non-commissioned officers, which he at once proceeded to do; and the regiment soon found itself under an entirely new set of officers, nearly all of whom had risen from its own ranks. These officers were, therefore, well qualified to lead their comrades against the enemy, and fill with honor the posts vacated by those under whom they had helped to make the regiment famous for its fighting qualities. Under Colonel Adams and those young officers, it is but fair to admit, the regiment won some of its brightest and most enduring laurels, as the sequel will show.

I had been on continuous active field duty for more than three years and a quarter, and began to think I would like to know how it felt to have a roof over my head, and a comfortable bed to repose upon at night; so I obtained an appointment as assistant inspector-general, on the staff of General William H. Seward, son of the then Secretary of State, who was in command of the "Post" at Martinsburg.

Martinsburg was then a very busy place, being the principal depot of supplies for General Sheridan's army. Frequently we forwarded wagon trains seven miles in length, loaded with all kinds of supplies, for the men and animals at the front. These trains were usually well guarded; but occasionally we found it difficult to provide the requisite number of good troops for the purpose, and then the watchful Mosby was sure to make an attack. This bold rider had risen from a captain to colonel, and his handful of guerrillas had swelled into a formidable force, well mounted, well armed and provided with a section of artillery.

Lieutenant-Colonel C. W. Tolls, who had been General Franklin's chief quartermaster on the Peninsula, was now serving in the same capacity with General Sheridan, and he messed with us at Martinsburg while getting his train ready for the front.

About the 7th of October he set out with a long train for the army, and on his way up was killed by guerrillas.

He was a noble gentleman and a faithful officer. About this time, also, Lieutenant Meigs, son of the quartermaster-general of the army, who was serving on Sheridan's staff, as an engineer officer, was bushwhacked and killed by the rebels. And General Duffie was captured, about this time, while on his way to the front.

It was a dangerous ride, from Martinsburg to Strasburg; death or Andersonville staring every one in the face who undertook it without a sufficient escort.

Some of my company were sent with dispatches from headquarters, and were attacked by guerrillas at the Big Spring, about three miles from Martinsburg. The boys fought bravely and drove the rebels off, but one of their number, W. F. Gillespie, was severely wounded.

On the 8th of October, Sheridan's Cavalry, under General Custer, defeated the Confederate Cavalry, under General Rosser, capturing eleven guns and hundreds of prisoners; and in a few days afterwards the wounded of both sides arrived at Martinsburg, together with the prisoners.

On the 12th I set out with an escort to take a paymaster to the front. We had a slight skirmish with some of Mosby's men by the way, and the paymaster was pretty badly frightened; but we delivered him safely at headquarters.

On our arrival at 3 p. m. on the 13th, the Confederates opened on Sheridan's lines with artillery, from the south bank of Cedar Creek, making things quite lively. That night I took the paymaster to Front Royal to pay our regiment, but he was afraid to stay in such an exposed place, so the regiment escorted him to Winchester. On our way we fell in with Mosby's men near White Post, and had a lively skirmish, which the paymaster seemed to think was a very brilliant affair, as our boys charged in fine style, driving the guerrillas through the woods like rabbits. We got paid at Winchester, but the paymaster insisted on the regiment escorting him to Martinsburg, which they accordingly did.

On the evening of October 17, General Sheridan and

staff arrived at Martinsburg. He had been to Washington, and was on his way to join his army at Cedar Creek. Lieutenant E. C. Watkins, of our regiment, A. A. G. on General Seward's staff, and myself, occupied a room in the United States Hotel, which we vacated that night for the accommodation of General Sheridan, it being the best room in the house.

At day-light next morning I heard the prancing of horses hoofs in the street, and on looking out of the window I saw Sheridan and his staff riding off on their way to Winchester. They stopped at the latter place that night, and on the morning of the 19th, set out for Cedar Creek. They had scarcely cleared the precincts of Winchester when they heard the ominous sound of cannonading at the front. Sheridan cocked his ears, struck spurs to his horse, and the staff followed as best they could.

This was the beginning of his famous ride of "twenty miles," which resulted in snatching victory from defeat, and in crushing the Confederate force in the Shenandoah Valley.

On the night of the 18th, while Sheridan was sleeping at Winchester, Early had sent a force to turn the left flank of his army at Cedar Creek, while the main force, under Early in person, should attack in front at the break of day. The surprise was complete, and our army was driven back to Middletown, with great loss in men and material of war. It was at this critical moment that Sheridan arrived on the field, his "black steed gray with dust and foam," and "his eyes flashing with the fire of battle." Sheridan took in the situation at a glance, grasped the helm, and soon had the retreating forces well in hand. He then ordered an advance. The whole

army seemed electrified, and with wild cheers they moved forward upon the foe, who were then plundering the Union camps, and drove them back with great slaughter. The cavalry charged upon the right and left, recapturing everything which the enemy had captured in the morning, and nearly everything belonging to the enemy besides. Never was there a cleaner victory, nor a more complete rout.

The following account of this great victory will be found interesting:

Sheridan's Ride to the Front, October 19th, 1864, will go down in history as one of the most important and exciting events which have ever given interest to a battle-scene. The victory at Cedar Creek was one under which General Lee reeled, for if he could not hold the Shenandoah Valley he could not hold Richmond. It infinitely increased the spirit of our army, and proportionately discouraged the enemy. It was a victory wrung from apparent defeat: it was not only a battle turned, but a defeat retrieved.

Before dawn of that day the enemy flanked our extreme left, held by Crook's Corps, and, attacking in the centre, threw the entire line into confusion, driving it several miles. When the day broke, the sunlight showed us nothing but disaster. The banking movement of the rebels was entirely successful, and they had succeeded in severing Powell's cavalry division on the left from the rest of the army. A great part of our artillery had been captured, and, to our double calamity, was turned upon our own column.

The situation of our army, between eleven and twelve o'clock, was desperate. It was retreating in disorder, regiments of stragglers were going to the rear, and a disastrous retreat was frightfully imminent.

Far back along the track of retreat the news of reverse reached the General, and putting spurs to his powerful black charger, he set off furiously for the front, being well assured by the sights that met him on the way, that his presence was needed at the earliest moment. The distance from Winchester to the front was twenty miles, and it was covered by the furious rider in less than two hours. The General came upon the field a little before noon, riding, as one of his staff said, "so that the devil himself could not have kept up."

He galloped past the batteries to the extreme right of the line, held by the cavalry, took off his hat and waved it, while cheer after cheer went up from the ranks. Generals rode out to meet him, and officers waved their swords. The brave cluster is reported to have thrown his arms about the neck of the chief, and to have kissed him on his cheek. Sheridan said only five words: "THIS RETREAT MUST BE

STOPPED!" Again he turned his horse, and began galloping down the lines, along the whole front of the army. Everywhere the enthusiasm caused by his appearance was the same.

The line was speedily reformed, and the retreating army turned its face to the foe. Custer and Merritt, charging in on right and left, doubled up the flanks of the foe, taking prisoners, slashing, killing, driving as they went. The rebel infantry, completely overthrown and disorganized, fled along the pike and over the fields like sheep. The victory was complete; thousands of prisoners, and over fifty pieces of cannon were captured, and the enemy reached Mount Jackson without an organized regiment.

Thus we nearly lost, and gloriously won the Battle of Cedar Creek; and from those stirring scenes has American genius evolved one of the noblest poems and one of the grandest pictures of the war. The poem, accompanying "Sheridan's Ride," was written by our poet artist, T. Buchanan Read, shortly after the incident it celebrates. It was the inspiration of the moment, being composed a few hours before one of those meetings incident to the time. It was delivered on the evening of its production, to an immense concourse of people in Cincinnati, by James E. Murdoch, Esq.

SHERIDAN'S RIDE.

Up from the South at break of day,
 Bringing to Winchester fresh dismay,
 The affrighted air with a shudder bore,
 Like a herald in haste to the chieftain's door,
 The terrible grumble and rumble and roar
 Telling the battle was on once more,
 And Sheridan twenty miles away.

And wider still those billows of war
 Thundering along the horizon's bar,
 And louder yet into Winchester rolled
 The noise of that red sea, uncontrolled,
 Making the blood of the listener cold
 As he thought of the stake in that fiery fray,
 And Sheridan twenty miles away.

But there is a road from Winchester town,
 A good, broad highway leading down;
 And there, through the flush of the morning light,
 A steed, as black as the steeds of night,
 Was seen to pass as with eagle flight—
 As if he knew the terrible need
 He stretched away with his utmost speed;
 Hill rose and fell—but his heart was gay,
 With Sheridan fifteen miles away.

Still sprung from those swift hoofs, thundering south,
 The dust, like the smoke from the cannon's mouth,
 Or the trail of a comet, sweeping faster and faster,
 Foreboding to traitors the doom of disaster:
 The heart of the steel and the heart of the master
 Were beating like prisoners assaulting their walls,
 Impatient to be where the battle-field calls;
 Every nerve of the charger was strained to full play,
 With Sheridan only ten miles away.

Under his spurning feet, the road
 Like an arrowy Alpine river flowed,
 And the landscape sped away behind,
 Like an ocean flying before the wind;
 And the steel, like a bark fed with faggots fire,
 Swept on, with his wild eyes full of fire,
 But, lo! he is nearing his heart's desire—
 He is snuffing the smoke of the roaring fray,
 With Sheridan only five miles away.

The first that the General saw were the groups
 Of stragglers, and then the retreating troops;
 What was done—what to do—a glance told him both,
 Then striking his spurs with a terrible oath,
 He dashed down the line 'mid a storm of huzzas,
 And the wave of retreat checked its course there, because
 The sight of the master compelled it to pause,
 With foam and with dust the black charger was gray;
 By the flash of his eye, and the red nostrils' play,
 He seemed to the whole great army to say:
 "I have brought you Sheridan all the way
 From Winchester down to save the day!"

Hurrah, hurrah, for Sheridan!
 Hurrah, hurrah, for horse and man!
 And when their statues are placed on high,
 Under the dome of the Union sky,
 The American soldiers' Temple of Fame,
 There with the glorious General's name
 Be it said in letters both bold and bright:
 "Here is the steel that saved the day
 By carrying Sheridan into the fight
 From Winchester—twenty miles away!"

The author of the poem, happy alike with pen and brush, conceived and executed the idea of putting the subject upon canvass.

His design regarding known, Mr. Reed was requested by several members of the Union League, of Philadelphia, to paint a large picture to be hung in their Club House.

The point chosen by the artist for the illustration of "Sheridan's Ride," is where

"With foam and with dust the black charger was gray,
By the flash of his eye, and the red nostril's play,
He seemed to the whole great army to say :
'I have brought you Sheridan all the way
From Winchester down to save day!'"

Mr. Reel's picture is a thrilling, a magnificent canvas, full of the crush, the noise, the glory, and the horror of war, and—of that something grander yet—that resistless human WILL, before which all things material (we were almost about to say immaterial) gave way. That, after all, is the moral and lesson of Sheridan's Ride.

Important as this victory in the Shenandoah Valley was to our military operations in 1864, the rebellion could and would have been annihilated without it; but the spectacle of the iron-souled, devoted Phil Sheridan, throwing himself, reckless of consequences, into the mouth of disaster: the sight of Sheridan, listening only to the voice of duty, and contemptuous of danger, by his indomitable WILL, compelling the allegiance and support of a bewildered and demoralized soldiery—that is a lesson for all the succeeding generations of young Americans, as long as we have a country. It is not possible it can ever be forgotten.

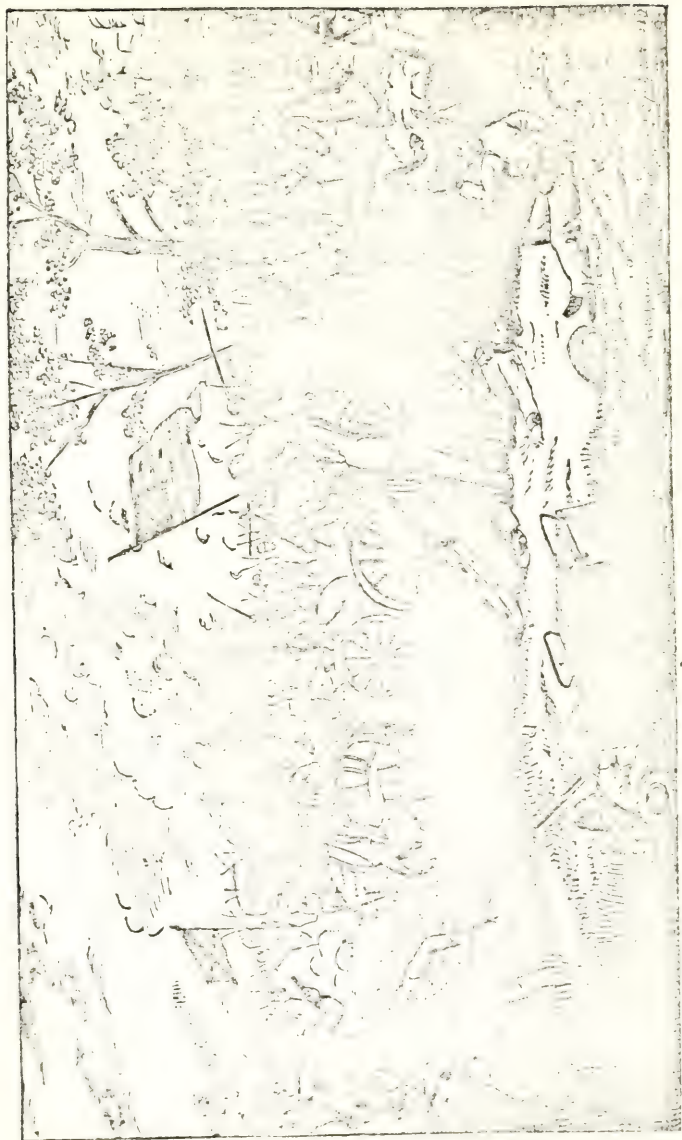
In the battle of Cedar Creek, General Custer covered himself with glory, and was made a major-general of volunteers. On the 25th of October, he supped with our mess at Martinsburg, and gave us a glowing account of Sheridan's great victory.

Shortly after this battle, General Torbert, with a large force of our cavalry, met the cavalry of the enemy at Rhudes' Hill, near New Market, and had a lively little fight; our regiment, under Colonel A. W. Adams, showed such coolness, courage and discipline in this affair as to call forth the commendations of officers of other regiments, who complimented Colonel Adams publicly before the troops, upon the manner in which the regiment manœuvred and kept their alignment in presence of the enemy.

Nothing of importance occurred after this affair until the close of October. About that time the cavalry of

the enemy were evidently growing bolder, and were scouring the valley in our front, making an occasional dash at our cavalry outposts.

On the 12th of November, the cavalry division of the Army of West Virginia, under General Powell, composed of the brigades of Tibbits and Caphart, was lying near Winchester. The First Brigade, under Colonel Tibbits, composed of the Fourteenth Pennsylvania and Twenty-first New York Cavalry, and another regiment now forgotten, was sent towards Front Royal that morning, and fell in with McCausland's Division of Lomax's Confederate cavalry. Colonel Tibbits could not hold his ground, and sent an orderly back to notify General Powell. The general at once ordered out the Second Brigade, under Colonel Henry Caphart, of West Virginia, composed of the First New York (Lincoln) Cavalry, under Colonel A. W. Adams, and the First and Third West Virginia Cavalry—the Second West Virginia Cavalry, which also belonged to the brigade, being absent at Martinsburg—and they took the road at a trot. After a ride of about eight miles they met the First Brigade falling back, fighting hard, but sorely pressed by the enemy, and General Powell at once formed the Second Brigade in battle order; the First West Virginia, Colonel Charles Caphart, on the right, the Third West Virginia, Colonel McGee, on the left, and the First New York (Lincoln) Cavalry, Colonel A. W. Adams, in the centre. The First Brigade then passed to the rear, through the intervals in the line of battle, and the Second Brigade moved to the front to meet the enemy. The officers and men of McCausland's Division were flushed with the prospect of an easy victory, as they had just driven back our First Brigade, and were formed



BATTLE OF NINEVEH. — Capturing the Enemy's Guns.

in line of battle, upon an eminence a short distance in front, with their skirmishers still out and their artillery well posted. Powell ordered his flank regiments to move as if intending to turn the enemy's flanks, while Colonel Adams, with the First New York, was to hold them in front. They had scarcely begun this movement when the charge was sounded; and "with spurs pressed home and sabres aloft" the "fighting brigade" dashed forward, with ringing cheers, and the next minute they were upon the astonished foe. It was shown in this brilliant charge that it is impossible for a body of cavalry, in line of battle, even though they have the advantage of superior numbers, to remain at a halt and successfully resist the headlong charge of an opposing force. Cavalry must either charge or retreat. Our men had, therefore, taken the "wind out of the enemy's sails," when they struck their line at a keen run, doubling them up in every conceivable shape; horses tumbling over horses, and men trampled under foot, crying out for quarter, and offering to surrender. Those who were well mounted and could get away fled with race-horse speed in the direction of Front Royal, hotly pursued by our "blue jackets." The Confederates acted gallantly in defending their artillery to the last; but finding it impossible one of the rebel gunners turned upon his pursuers, and tried to fire off his gun in the face of our charging squadrons, and was cut down at his gun. Our regiment, with Colonel Adams at their head, dashed upon the rebel gunners, and, it is stated by the brigade commander, in general orders, that Colonel Adams captured the first gun himself. The chase was kept up for nearly ten miles, and the fleeing Confederates were driven pell-mell across both branches of the Shenandoah, and through the town of Front Royal,

to the heights beyond. In their flight they had to abandon everything, guns, wagons, &c., which fell into our hands; and they lost thirty killed, a great many more wounded, and about twenty officers and two hundred men taken prisoners, besides losing several battle flags, and two twelve-pound howitzers with caissons attached. Our loss was one officer, Captain R. G. Prendergrast, of our regiment, killed, and two men wounded. Captain Prendergrast was provost marshal of the division, and greatly distinguished himself in the charge. He fell at the side of Colonel Adams, at the head of the charging forces, just as they struck the enemy's line and swept them from the field. He was a glorious soldier, and he died a glorious death. That was one of the cleanest victories that the Union cavalry ever gained in an open field fight, and raised this brigade so high in the estimation of General Sheridan that he soon afterwards united it to General Custer's Division, as the Third Brigade. The boys did not like the change from second to third; but the fact of being with the gallant Custer more than satisfied them.

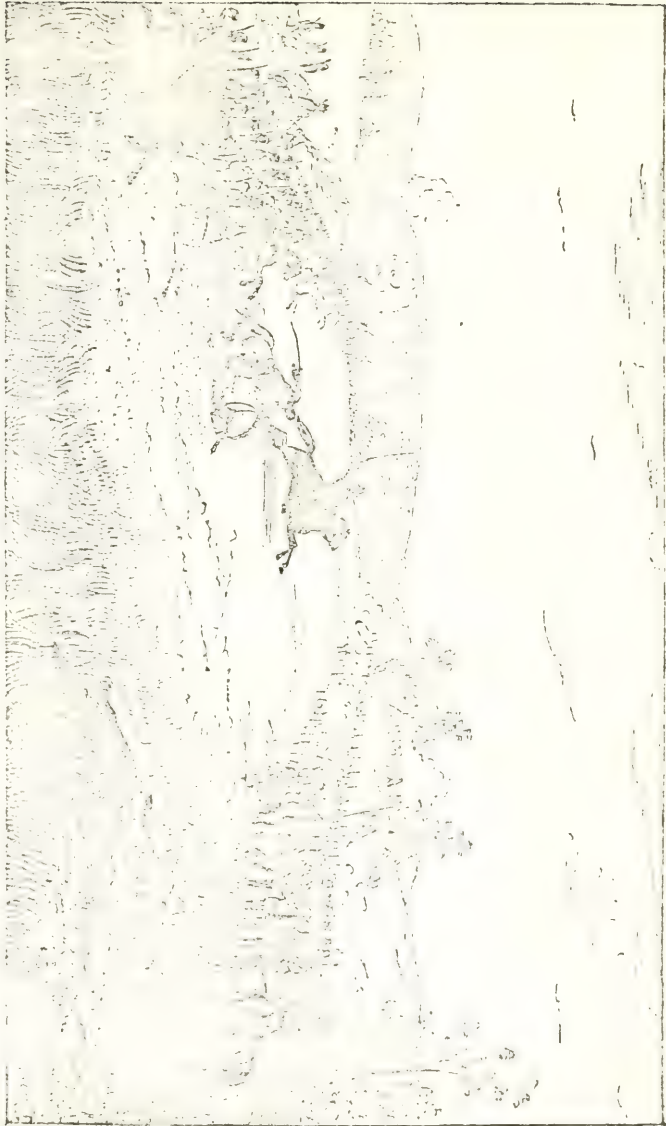
Our regiment covered itself with glory in this fight, and it must be admitted that Colonel Adams and the other officers who led it, greatly distinguished themselves; but the following "general order" will be more satisfactory than anything that I might say. It was read to the troops on "dress parade" a day or two after the victory, and I have taken pains to secure an exact copy of the order:

HEADQUARTERS SECOND BRIGADE,
SECOND CAVALRY DIVISION,
MIDDLE MILITARY DIVISION.

General Order.

The colonel commanding congratulates the officers and men of the second Brigade upon the success and brilliant victory achieved by them in the late battle of Nimeveh, November 12, 1864.

BATTLE OF NINEVEH, VA.—NOV. 12, 1864. Charge of the "Lincoln Cavalry."



In this engagement you attacked a force far superior to your own in numbers, Brigadier-General McCausland's Division of Confederate Cavalry, well posted in battle order, on their own chosen position, and flushed with the prospects of a victory just at hand.

He was killing, wounding and driving the First Brigade of this division, before his heavy line of dismounted skirmishers, when you charged his battle line and completely routed him, and pursued his fleeing soldiers a distance of eight miles, capturing two guns, two caissons, four wagons, one ambulance, two battle flags, three field and sixteen line officers, and about two hundred of the soldiers. You also killed and wounded fifty of the enemy, including one colonel, one lieutenant-colonel, two majors and five officers of the line, and over forty soldiers; and all this with the loss of one officer, Captain R. G. Prendergast, Division Provost Marshal, killed, and two soldiers wounded.

The battle of Nineveh will be recorded in history as one of the most brilliant victories achieved by our cavalry.

To the officers composing my staff, Captain J. C. Battersby, Assistant Inspector-General; Lieutenant H. B. Smith, A. A. A. G.; Lieutenant W. W. Barrett, A. D. C., and Lieutenant E. T. Savatool, I acknowledge myself deeply indebted for the noble example they set in charging in front of the line of battle, and with the advance on the road.

To the first named officer, Captain J. C. Battersby, A. I. G., specially, for collecting and bringing forward to my advanced position a support of two squadrons, which greatly relieved the anxiety and danger incident to my being isolated by so great a distance from the main body of my command.

Special credit is awarded to the First New York (Lincoln) Cavalry for bearing their colors so far to the front, and nobly defending them there; and to their gallant colonel, A. W. Adams, who captured the first gun.

Also to the First West Virginia Cavalry, commanded by Major Harry Furraber, who carried the right of the line, and charged with such impetuosity as to scatter the enemy in dismay before him. And to Lieutenants Humphrey, Work, and Quinn, of that regiment, with the men of their companies, for the capture of one gun, two caissons, several wagons and ambulances, and many prisoners. And to L. T. Adams, Company D, and Sergeant Schomaker, Company A, of the same regiment, for the capture of two battle flags.

Also the Third West Virginia Cavalry, commanded by Lieutenant-Colonel McGee, who swept through the fields, carrying the left of the line well up with the right and centre; their field officers leading in the charge.

Major Wheeler, and Lieutenant H. B. Smith, R. Q. M., of this regiment, particularly distinguished themselves for personal daring and bravery.

Where all act so nobly and so brave, it is impossible to make special

mention of each one in a report, but the colonel commanding directs that regimental, squadron and company commanders will award to the soldiers of their commands the proper promotions for distinguished gallantry.

The distance passed over in the charge, from Nineveh to Front Royal, and through and beyond the town, fording both forks of the Shenandoah River, was eight miles, which was accomplished in forty minutes—something almost incredible—but it was accomplished at the speed of a race horse, with Colonel A. W. Adams, First New York (Lincoln) Cavalry, and Lieutenant Barrett of my staff, leading the advance. The picking up of prisoners and property was left to those who were mounted upon horses of ordinary speed.

The victory, with its results, is the most complete of any achieved by our cavalry in an open field fight, and therefore entitles you to the highest commendations, and to the thanks and confidence of the colonel commanding the brigade.

But in rejoicing, let us not forget to shed a soldier's tear, and embalm in our hearts the memory of the gallant Captain R. G. Prendergrast, who fell in the charge, and has thereby placed his name on one of the brightest pages of history.

By order of

HENRY CAPEHART, *Colonel Commanding*,
H. B. SMITH, *Lieutenant and A. A. A. G.*

(Signed)

Sheridan's Cavalry owed Mosby *one*, and now that they had got through with their more serious work they determined to pay him off in full. Accordingly, in the early part of December, General Merritt crossed the Blue Ridge and laid Mosby's Confederacy in ashes; carrying off every animal of any value that could be found. The property captured and destroyed on that occasion was valued at two millions five hundred thousand dollars! This was a feature of the war which the bushwhacking farmers of that region had not foreseen, and they stood appalled at the sight.

The rich valleys on both sides of the Blue Ridge had thus been swept by the besom of destruction, and rendered untenable for the enemy, and Sheridan's troops spent the rest of the winter at Winchester in comparative quietness.

BATTLE OF NINEVEH. — Driving the Enemy Across the Shendandoh River.



CHAPTER XXVI.

Winter of 1864-5 at Winchester—The First New York Cavalry in Custer's Division—Sheridan off to join Grant—Fights at Mount Crawford and Waynesboro'—March to the White House—Results of the raid—March to Petersburg.

ABOUT the 1st of January, 1865, the cavalry of Sheridan's Army were permitted to go into winter quarters. Powell's Division, then under General Chapman, were encamped at Taylor's Fulling Mill, on the Opequon, about five miles from Winchester. During the winter the officers of Caphart's Brigade gave a ball at the Mill, and nearly all the officers of the Cavalry Corps were in attendance, besides many of the officers of the other arms of the service. General Sheridan graced the occasion with his presence, and there was a gay time generally.

Very little occurred that winter, except an occasional scout, and the usual picketing, which is never omitted.

General Sheridan had organized a fine body of scouts, under Major Young, a bold, brave and efficient officer, and they were continually on the move. They were dressed in Confederate uniform, and frequently entered the enemy's lines, obtaining valuable information. That winter they learned of the whereabouts of Major Gilmore and his men, and set out to capture that bold partisan, which they succeeded in doing near Moorfield, West Virginia.

Caphart's Brigade, to which our regiment belonged, had attracted the special notice of General Sheridan, their splendid fighting qualities having won for them the

soubriquet of "the fighting brigade," and they were transferred from Chapman's (late Powell's) Division to the division of the gallant General Custer.

Many changes had taken place in our regiment during the extremely hard work through which it had passed in 1864.

Every one of the company officers, at that time, except three, had been promoted from the ranks, for gallantry on the many hard fought fields in which the regiment had participated; and were therefore well qualified to lead the gallant boys of that veteran regiment, under the gallant General Custer.

By their services they had earned the right to lead the van, and, recognizing this fact, General Custer usually placed them there; and their bright sabres contributed largely towards the well merited glory which surrounds the name of the "Commander of the Third Division."

It was known that the cavalry were soon to set out on a big raid, and Colonel Adams, whose foot was still very troublesome, requested Colonel Capelhart to allow him to accompany the troops, on this raid, in an ambulance, promising to mount and take command of his regiment in case of a battle; but no one was permitted to accompany the troops under Sheridan, who was unable to ride and perform all active duties in the field, so Colonel Adams had to remain behind at Winchester until his recovery, which soon took place, and he rejoined the regiment near Appomattox Court House.

Towards the close of February, General Sheridan turned over the command of the Middle Military Division to General Hancock, and placed himself at the head of his famous Cavalry Corps, and prepared to join

Grant at Petersburg; thus making his personal interests subservient to those of his country—Glorious Phil Sheridan!

On the 27th of February, Sheridan's Cavalry, consisting of the First Division, under General Wesley Merritt, and the Third Division, under General George A. Custer, broke camp and started up the Valley *en route* for Petersburg. With Sheridan for a *head*, Merritt and Custer for right and left *arms*, and two such divisions of cavalry for a *body*, it would be hard to find a better *organization*. It was this living, moving, splendid *organism* that was destined to give the *quietus* to Lee's Army of Northern Virginia, and bring about a speedy termination of the war.

During the first two days' march from Winchester, nothing more serious than a slight skirmish at the front disturbed the even tenor of the march. The roads were awful, however, and soon began to tell upon the legs of the horses, scalding them and causing the hair to peel off.

On the night of the 25th, the corps bivouacked at Lacy's Springs, near Harrisonburg, and our regiment went out on picket, so that when the march was resumed at 3 a. m., next day, they were in the rear of the column.

The corps had scarcely got straightened out on the road that morning when the advance found themselves confronted by the cavalry of the enemy, in pretty strong force, and a lively skirmish was the result.

The Confederates were pushed back pretty rapidly till they reached the bridge over North River, at Mt. Crawford, where they made a stubborn resistance.

General Custer, with two of his brigades, was in

front, and when he found that the enemy was intrenched on the high ground beyond the river, their guns covering the bridge, he ordered the First New York (Lincoln) Cavalry to come quickly to the front. As they galloped up, with Lieutenant-Colonel Battersby at their head, Custer met them and ordered them to make a detour and swim the river about a mile above the bridge, and charge the enemy in flank and rear and drive them out of their works.

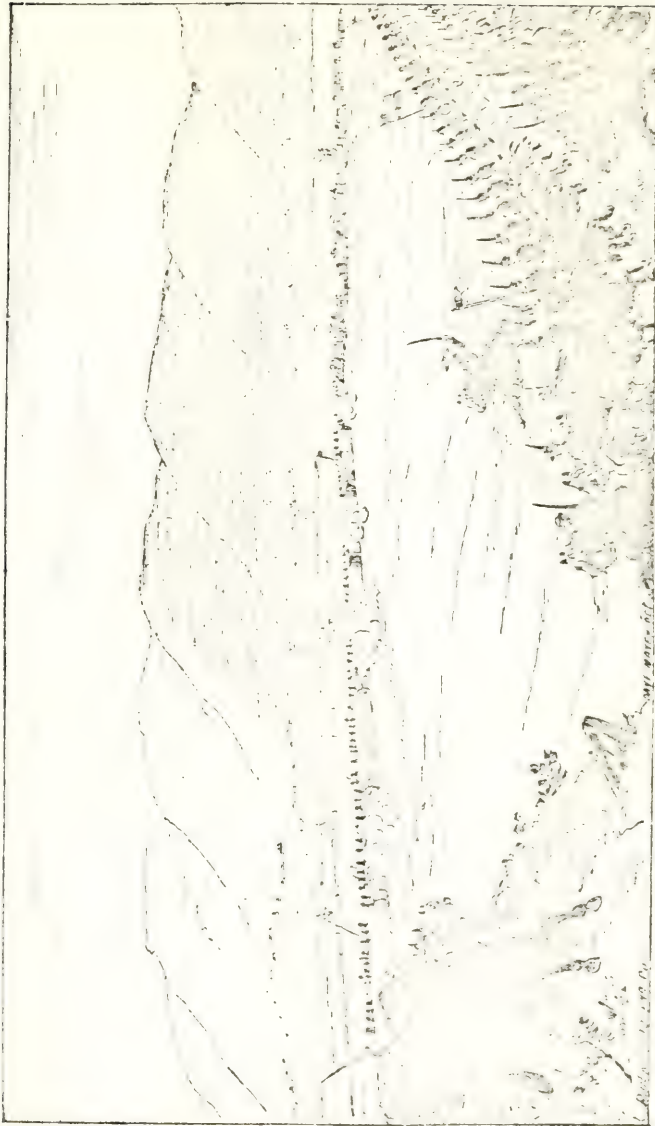
Custer engaged the enemy at the bridge, and our regiment, most gallantly supported by the First Virginia Cavalry, set out at a gallop to perform their task. The river was deep and the water very cold, but the boys took to it like ducks, and were soon on the south side ready for work. They dismounted for a moment under the bank, to get rid of some of the water from their boots and clothing, and then formed line on the heights and began their advance.

The enemy had not discovered the movement, and when our boys, with drawn sabres and ringing cheers, dashed upon them from the rear, they broke in confusion, and fled in wild disorder towards Staunton and Waynesboro'.

Battersby pursued them pell-mell for nearly ten miles, capturing seven wagons, loaded with supplies, and about five hundred prisoners, and saved the bridge over Middle River.

The other troops had not been slow in crossing the river, and were close behind our regiment as it reached Middle River, and the corps bivouacked that night within five miles of Staunton.

On the 2d of March, Custer's Division passed through that place, and moved upon Waynesboro', where Early's



CHARGE AT WAYNESBORO, VA. — March 2, 1865.

forces were intrenched. The roads were perfectly awful, and many of the horses gave out and were left sticking in the mud.

After some severe fighting, Custer's bugles sounded the charge, and the whole division dashed forward—Custer's gleaming sabre and scarlet cravat being conspicuous among the foremost.

The enemy seemed perfectly demoralized, and fled in great disorder towards Rockfish Gap, in the Blue Ridge, hotly pursued by Colonel Henry Caphart's Brigade; killing, wounding, and capturing great numbers of the fleeing Confederates. Caphart and the officers of his brigade were complimented on the field for their gallantry.

We took over one thousand prisoners, eleven guns, nine battle flags, (three of which were captured by our regiment,) and one hundred and fifty wagons; one of which was the headquarters wagon, containing a boat for crossing rivers, and all of General Early's papers and baggage. This was Early's last appearance on the "stage of war."

That night the Second and Third Virginia Cavalry were sent to Greenwood Station, at the eastern entrance to Rockfish Gap, and there they captured a long train of cars, which they destroyed, together with the depot containing an immense quantity of supplies, and brought in over one hundred prisoners.

On the 3d of March, Custer's Division entered Charlottesville, without opposition, and here Captain John J. O'Brien, of our regiment, who was provost marshal of the division, now a first lieutenant in the United States Army, found among the captured papers some very spicy

correspondence which had taken place between Generals Lee, Early and Anderson of the Confederate army.

From this place Sheridan sent his prisoners back to Winchester, under guard, so that he might not be troubled with them on his march.

About this time M. C. Dunn, of our regiment, who was serving as a "Jessie Scout," at Sheridan's headquarters, under Major Young, chief of scouts, was sent back to Winchester with dispatches. He had with him three other scouts, all dressed in gray. They were provided with the best horses in the corps, as their business was important, and their journey perilous.

They passed Staunton safely, but soon afterwards met two of Gilmore's men, who had been prisoners in our hands, and knew Dunn, notwithstanding his disguise. Our boys allowed them to pass, although they feared some mischief would come of it; and sure enough their fears were soon realized.

While they were taking breakfast at a house on their way, they were suddenly surrounded by about twenty men, some of whom were soldiers and some citizens, and were forced to surrender. Gilmore's men were among their captors, and told them that they had managed the surprise.

On arriving at Staunton they were placed in the yard of the jail, where they found about two hundred soldiers of General Sheridan's command, who, by falling behind, had been picked up by the enemy at various points along the line of march.

That night some of our cavalry made a raid in the vicinity of Staunton, which so alarmed the people of that place that the prisoners succeeded in making their escape. Before leaving the jail, however, the scouts dis-

covered that preparations had been made for hanging them as spies, which was not a very agreeable discovery.

The night was dark, and the scouts made good time on the road towards Winchester; never thinking of following Sheridan's column. About daylight they neared a house, and, as they did so, they discovered several horses tied to the fence, saddled and bridled ready for the road.

They stole up quietly, and each man untied a horse, and mounted in hot haste, and were off at speed before their unwelcome visit had been discovered.

To their infinite delight they found a brace of revolvers in the holsters of every saddle, and once more felt that "Richard was himself again."

The horses were good ones, and quite fresh, and the scouts put them through their paces that day without regard to consequences; never slackening rein till they reached Mount Jackson.

Here they stopped to get something to eat, and to rest their horses. As they came out of the house they spied a squad of horseman coming over Rhude's Hill, about a mile or so in their rear. The bridge across the North Fork of the Shenandoah had been destroyed, and the scouts had to swim the river. The water was very deep, and running like a mill-race, and one of the horses was drowned in crossing; but the others succeeded in getting over safely, and saved their comrade's life when his horse went down.

They shortly afterwards secured a horse for their dismounted comrade, and the whole party succeeded in reaching Winchester in safety.

While at Charlottesville, Lieutenant-Colonel Battersby was entertained very hospitably by Judge Watson;

and, when leaving, Battersby inquired of the judge whether there was anything he could do for him.

The judge replied that he didn't know of anything, except, that in case his son, who was adjutant of the Fifty-second Virginia Infantry, should fall into his hands, he should treat him kindly. The colonel agreed to do so, and rode away with his regiment, little thinking that such a circumstance would occur; but the sequel will show that "truth is often stranger than fiction."

Nothing of great importance transpired on the march from Charlottesville to the Pamunkey River, except the destruction of railroads, canals, bridges, culverts and telegraph lines, as the forces advanced to within five miles of Lynchburg and twelve miles of Richmond, laying everything waste as they triumphantly marched along.

The corps crossed the Pamunkey River at the White House, our base of supplies while on the Peninsula under McClellan, and went into camp for a few days to allow the jaded animals to rest and recuperate.

On nearing the Pamunkey, Lieutenant-Colonel Battersby was directed to proceed with our regiment towards Taylor's Ford, and watch it till the column had passed, and then to fall in as rear guard. It was supposed to be only four miles distant, but Battersby found it was twice that distance, so his arrangements were somewhat disordered. Besides, he found that there was a force of the enemy's cavalry lying in wait to attack him should he return by the route he came; so he made a wide circuit to avoid this force, and never got into camp till late in the night.

For this he was placed in arrest, and tried by court

martial at the White House; but before the proceedings were published the troops set out for Petersburg, and in the battles that quickly followed, nearly every one of the members of the court was killed, and nothing ever came of the affair. This had the effect of putting Captain Samuel Stevens in temporary command of the regiment.

The following account of this raid, up to this point, which was taken from a New York paper of that day, will no doubt prove interesting:

FROM GENERAL SHERIDAN'S ARMY.

The United States steamer *Shawmut*, eight guns, commanded by Lieutenant-Commander John G. Walker, arrived at this port on Monday from Pamunkey River, Virginia, where she has been stationed as flag-ship of the York River flotilla.

On the evening of the 23d, while lying at anchor off Indian Town, in the above river, the officers of this vessel were surprised—not by the Rebels—but by the officers of General Sheridan's staff, who came alongside in a small steamer, bringing with them a fine band of music from the Third Division of Sheridan's Army. After playing several airs the party came on board and proceeded to Captain Walker's cabin, where they enjoyed themselves with music and singing until 11 p. m., when they embarked on their steamer amid three hearty cheers and a tiger from the jolly tars of this vessel, who manned the rigging for that purpose.

The members of General Sheridan's staff who participated in this affair, were Colonel Sherman, Chief of Staff, Colonel Moore, Major Gillespie, Captain Holman, Captain Allen, Lieutenant Dubois, Lieutenant Allen, and Colonel Kapaardt.

WHITE HOUSE LANDING, PAMUNKEY RIVER, VA.

March 24, 1865.

General Sheridan was serenaded at his headquarters on board of the *Melanora* last evening by the bands of the First Virginia and the Twenty-fifth New York Cavalry. Being exclusively a fighting man, he made no speech on the occasion; but the blue jackets on the neighboring gunboats responded to the stirring music by tripping the light fantastic toe amid the bristling cannon on their warlike decks. Afterward a general serenade was given to the gunboat flotilla by the bands passing up and down the river on a tug.

We learned from deserters and refugees, just over, that prices have gone up higher than ever in Richmond since Sheridan's late raid. Flour has raised to \$1,500 a bbl., and everything else in proportion. A general order has been issued requiring country people visiting Rich-

mond on business, to bring their victuals with them. Probably an unnecessary precaution, as the country people are no doubt sharp enough for that already.

From the same source we learn that General Early has taken a self-imposed pledge to not *drink* any more until he shall have whipped Sheridan. This is considered by Sheridan's officers as equivalent to the rebel general's having taken the temperance pledge for life, to the no small damage of the Confederate distillers, and a corresponding fall in the price of corn.

AN ARMY OF BOYS.

Whatever may be said of the "playing out" of the pick-nickian style with which the war was commenced on the part of the North, it must be admitted that Sheridan's command still partakes, in a large degree, of this order of warfare. His army is literally an *army of boys*—not exactly the spoils of the cradle, *a la* the Confederacy, but made up of the youth and vigor of the land. He himself, one of the oldest and gravest b'hoys in it, is only thirty-two years of age, while nearly all his officers and men are his juniors. There is not one of them but that, at this very moment, is anxious to get away from here on another grand expedition, narrowing down the limits of the Confederacy. We constantly hear the questions, among both officers and men: "When are we going to get away from this place?" "Wonder when we are going to start on another march; I'm getting tired of this place," &c., &c.

General Franklin is said to have remarked to General McClellan just after the Peninsular campaign: "We are not the men that will have the closing up of this war. The youngsters just coming into it, profiting by our mistakes, will be the men finally called upon to finish up what we have commenced." And so it has proved. Most of the gray-haired veterans who were called upon to take part in the initiation of the war have been retired from the field, in one way and another, and the "machine" is now emphatically in the hands of "Young America."

WHAT GENERAL SHERIDAN ACCOMPLISHED.

LISTS OF PROPERTY DESTROYED AND CAPTURED.

The following are complete official lists of the property destroyed and captured on the late raid. They tell the whole story of what was in the country and what the raiders accomplished:

BY FIRST DIVISION, CAVALRY CORPS, BRIGADIER-GENERAL THOMAS DEVIN, COMMANDING:

By First Brigade, Colonel Devin's Command.—Horses captured, 70; mules, 50. Property destroyed—5 grist mills, 1 cotton mill, 2 saw mills, 2 flour mills, 25 bridges, 5 canal boats, 10 sets canal locks, 12 wares-

houses, 1 lumber yard, 1 boat house, 1 aqueduct, 4 railroad cars, 7 miles telegraph lines, 500 bushels wheat, 100 barrels flour, 7 tons cotton, 1,500 pounds wool, 85 hogsheds tobacco, 1 railroad depot, 3 water tanks and outbuildings, 8 miles railroad track effectually destroyed, the Lynchburg and Richmond Canal cut in three places, allowing the water to run off, effectually destroying the canal. Prisoners of war captured, 17.

By Second Brigade, First Division, Colonel Fitz Hugh, Commanding—Horses captured, 250; mules, 145. Property destroyed—6½ miles of railroad, 18 canal locks, 6 flat boats loaded with tobacco and flour, 12 canal boats, 5 canal boat loads of tobacco, flour and hospital supplies, 2 large buildings containing 300 hogsheds of tobacco, 1 jail at Goochland Court House, 500 cords of railroad wood, 1 depot, 4 barns, 3,000 pairs boots, 2,000 pairs pants, jackets, blankets and drawers, 50,000 pounds wheat, 1,000 pounds tobacco, 15 wagons containing corn, wheat, flour and tobacco, 1 tannery with 1,000 hides, 2 naval camps with implements, 1 steam engine and a quantity of dressed timber, 4 hogsheds of leaf tobacco, 1 boat load of corn, 1 large warehouse and a quantity of blacksmiths' tools, 1 saw mill and machinery, 3 wagons loaded with quartermaster's and U. S. stores, 4 bales cotton, 8 boxes tobacco, 42 hogsheds tobacco, 1½ barrels potash, 8 bales hay, 1 canal dredge, 1,000 grain sacks, 1,000 shelter tents, 336 sacks salt. Prisoners of war, 33.

By Reserve Brigade, General Alfred Gibbs, Commanding—Horses captured, 35; mules, 40. Property destroyed—100 wagons, ambulances, forges, caissons, &c., captured by Third Division at Waynesboro', Virginia, 1 iron bridge on Virginia Central Railroad at Waynesboro', Virginia, 1 wooden aqueduct on James River Canal at Tye River, Virginia, 20 canal bridges over James River Canal, 10 sets canal locks on James River Canal, 1 woolen factory, Scottsville, Virginia, 1 candle factory, Scottsville, Virginia, 3 warehouses, Scottsville, Virginia, 1,000 pounds candles, 500 bushels wheat, 1 plow and wagon manufactory, Howardsville, Virginia, 1 machine shop, Howardsville, Virginia, 1 Forge, Howardsville, Virginia, 3 mills, Albemarle and Nelson counties, Virginia; 1,000 pounds tobacco, 3 miles Virginia Central Railroad, Louisa county, Virginia.

In addition to above, it is estimated that the command consumed on the march, 200,000 pounds corn and oats, 20,000 pounds hay, 20,000 pounds flour, 10,000 pounds bacon, all found in the enemy's country.

By Fifth United States Cavalry, attached to Headquarters—Horses captured, 75; mules captured, 40. Property destroyed—3 pieces of artillery captured and destroyed at South Anna Bridge, 500 shell, 16 muskets and accoutrements, 2 canal boats loaded with ammunition and subsistence, 1 cotton factory at Scottsville, Virginia, 1 iron foundry at same place, 1 canal lock at same place, 700 shell at same place, 1 canal boat load flour, sugar, &c., at same place, 1 railroad bridge across South Anna, 500 feet long, 2 miles railroad track at Tabersville. Captured 17 prisoners of war.

BY THIRD DIVISION, CAVALRY CORPS, GENERAL CUSTER, COMMANDING.

By First Brigade.—Captured—12 officers, 144 men; pieces of artillery with limbers, 8; caissons, 1; stands of arms, 250; ambulances, 7; horses, 126; mules, 32; sets of harness, 24; United States guidon, 1. Destroyed—4 miles railroad track, 6 railroad bridges, 6 railroad culverts, 3 railroad depots.

By Second Brigade, Third Division.—Captured—81 officers and 1,017 enlisted men, 6 pieces artillery with 6 caissons, 9 portable forges, 200 wagons and ambulances, 889 horses and mules, 800 single sets harness, 1,000 stands small arms, 13 battle flags. Property destroyed—150 stands small arms, 9 railroad bridges, 11 miles railroad track, 20 miles telegraph, 7 water tanks, 1 station house, 400 cords wood, 1 steam saw mill in complete running order, 100,000 feet sawed bridge timber, 1 "County" bridge, 500 bushels salt, 20 hog-heads tobacco, 1 commissary store house.

By Third Brigade, Third Division.—Captured—March 1, at Mt. Crawford, Virginia, 7 wagons of stores and ammunition, sent to rear; 1 battle flag. At Waynesboro', March 2, 3 three-inch guns, sent to the rear; 2 brass field pieces, 45 wagons loaded with ammunition and commissary stores, sent to the rear and destroyed; 1 battle flag. At Brookville, March 2, 20 wagons of stores and ammunition. At Greenwood, March 22, depot of supplies containing 3,000 rounds of fixed ammunition, 50,000 rounds rifle cartridges, 50 kegs powder, 1,000 stand of rifles and muskets, 1,500 sets harness, 2 cords harness leather, 500 wall tents, 500 cavalry saddles, 500 pack saddles, 1,500 cotton quilts, 1,000 pounds bacon, 50 barrels flour, and numerous other articles of value destroyed.

Between Charlottesville and Goplonville, March 5, 3 wagons loaded with stores, destroyed; 12 horses and mules, captured; storehouse near Blue Ridge Gap, containing 45 hog-heads tobacco, burned; battle flag captured; destroyed the railroad all along the route. March 8, destroyed the James River Canal at New Market. March 13, burned tobacco factory and several other public buildings at Frolopes Hall Depot, on Virginia Central Railroad; tobacco burned, estimated to be worth \$200,000. March 14, destroyed railroad towards Richmond, and burned bridges, culverts, &c., east of Beaver Dam Station; about 250 horses captured by command, and appropriated to dismounted men, and sent to division headquarters for pontoon and wagon train.

CAPTURE OF GENERAL EARLY'S PAPERS, &c.

General Early's papers, and some of his other effects, were captured by Captain O'Brien, First New York (Lincoln) Cavalry, of the Headquarters Provost Guard, a few miles out of Waynesboro', on their way after the retreating general. One of the most interesting papers in the lot is the following:

HEAD-QUARTERS, 2 *p. m.*, *June*, 1, 1864.

GENERAL:—I have received your note of 11 a. m. I am glad that you are able to make the disposition of the troops you propose as it meets

my views as expressed in a former note to you. Now that you have your troops in line, I hope you will strengthen it as much as possible and hold it. I have little fear of your position, if our men do as they generally do. The time has arrived, in my opinion, when something more is necessary than adhering to lines and defensive positions.

We shall be obliged to go out and prevent the enemy from selecting such positions as he chooses. If he is allowed to continue that course, we shall at last be obliged to take refuge behind the works at Richmond and stand a siege, which would be work of time. You must be prepared to fight him in the field, to prevent his taking positions such as he desires, and I expect the co-operation of all the corps commanders in the course which necessity now will oblige us to pursue. It is for this purpose that I desire the corps to be kept together and as strong as possible, and that our absentees should be brought forward, and every attention given to refreshing and preparing the men for battle. Their arms and ammunition should be looked to, and cooked provisions provided ahead.

Very respectfully,

R. E. LEE, *General.*

P. S.—I am anxious to get recommendations to fill vacancies in the different commands in your corps.

R. E. L.

Another interesting selection, giving an insight into Rebel military life, in high circles, is the following:

SPICY CORRESPONDENCE BETWEEN GENERALS EARLY AND ANDERSON.

[*Early to Anderson.*]

June 7, 11 p. m.

(Copy.)

GENERAL:—I gained the position I mentioned to you, drove the enemy back, and established batteries from which I opened on him. I met with no co-operation from your force, except the artillery, which opened at my request. I could not find either General Pickett or yourself on the line. Your skirmishers did not move forward to connect with mine, and after continuing the fight until nightfall, I withdrew, as I could do no good without co-operation, and my left and rear were exposed to attack, if the enemy should be enterprising. I think I ascertained very clearly that the enemy's right breaks off at about right angles to Pickett's line from the left of Kershaw's, and comes around facing the Matada Queen on the north-east.

The only position from which the enemy can be attacked with advantage, is the right of Pickett's Division, moving diagonally in front of Kershaw's left. This attack I cannot make without running over your troops, which I presume you would not wish me to do. Unless we attack the enemy, either your corps or mine ought to move to the right.

Very respectfully, your obedient servant,

J. A. F. ARMY, 1

Lieutenant-General R. H. ANDERSON, *Commanding First Corps.*

[Anderson to Lowly.]

HEADQUARTERS LONGSTREET'S CORPS, June 8, 1864.

GENERAL:—I am sorry to see that a consciousness of the folly which you repeated on yesterday of sacrificing some eighty or a hundred of your men to obtain a little information, which added nothing to what was already known, has put you in a bad humor.

If you mean by co-operation, committing equal folly with yourself, I grant that I did not co-operate; but if you mean that I did not proceed to carry out the instructions of General Lee, your statement is false. Your opinion as to the best point for attacking the enemy, and the manner of conducting the attack is very obligingly given. I have not, however, a high appreciation of your judgment, and I decline to be guided by it.

As to your opinion touching the future movements of your own or my command, I would recommend your communicating it to the commanding general, instead of to me.

I am, very respectfully, your obedient servant,

R. H. ANDERSON, *Lieutenant-General*.

Lieutenant-General J. A. EARLY, *Commanding Second Corps*.

(Early to Anderson, *non est*.)

[Anderson to Early.]

HEADQUARTERS FIRST ARMY CORPS, June 8—8 p. m.

GENERAL:—I send you a copy of your note of last night. I respect and admire the tone and sentiments of your note of this evening, as much as I felt offended at what seemed to me to be the ill-tempered and unjust reflections of your first note.

Be assured that my private feelings will not be permitted ever to interfere with my public duty.

I am, very respectfully, your obedient servant,

R. H. ANDERSON, *Lieutenant-General*.

Lieutenant-General J. A. EARLY, *Commanding Second Corps*.

THE CHAMBERLAIN PLACE.

Major Ezra H. Bailey, provost marshal of the corps, now has his headquarters at this historic place, about a mile up the river from the site of the White House. It was here that Colonel Washington, as the story goes, crossed the Pamunkey River, on his way, on official business, to Williamsburg. Stopping over night with Judge Chamberlain, he was introduced to Mrs. Mary Parke Custis, a beautiful young widow of the neighborhood, proprietress of the White House, who was visiting the family. That night Cupid did his work, and the result is well known.

This place is still, comparatively, in a good state of preservation. The old friendly mansion, brick and all the out-buildings are standing. The fences are gone. Among the out-buildings is a fine brick stable, built by Judge Chamberlain in old times, for a blooded stud of race-horses which he is said to have kept. The present proprietor of the

estate, a Mr. Hill, resides on another plantation of his, somewhere on the other side of the Pamunky, while this is occupied by a poor white family, the head of which is too old for Rebel military service, or rather, besides being old, which is no exemption, is disabled by rheumatism.

On the 25th of March Sheridan's Cavalry crossed the Chickahominy, every foot of that ground being well known to our boys, and on the 26th they crossed the James River, and found themselves on strange territory, never having been south of that river before, except when under Hunter in the Lynchburg raid.

On the 27th they crossed the Appomattox River and encamped in sight of Petersburg, where they found the Second Cavalry Division, under General Crook, our old commander at the battle of Winchester, in the summer of 1864.



CHAPTER XXVII.

Sheridan sets out to cut Lee's communications—Fight at Dinwiddie Court House—Battle of Five Forks—Battle of Sailor's Creek—Charge at Appomattox Station—Surrender of Lee—Raid to North Carolina—Races at Petersburg—Review at Washington—Reception in New York City—General Grant's Congratulatory Order to the Armies of the Union—"Let us Have Peace."

ON the 29th of March, 1865, the Cavalry Corps set out from Petersburg, under General Sheridan, to turn Lee's right flank and cut off his railroad communications. Grant's Army had already got possession of the Weldon Railroad, running directly south, from Petersburg into North Carolina, and there remained but two others; the South Side Railroad, running in a south-westerly direction, from Petersburg into Tennessee, passing through Lynchburg on its route; and the Danville Railroad, running in a southerly direction, from Richmond into North Carolina, crossing the South Side Railroad at Burkesville Junction, about half way between Petersburg and Lynchburg. These two roads were the only salvation for Lee's Army. If they were lost, his army could not remain in Virginia, and in all probability must surrender. In view of these facts hard work was to be expected.

The roads were in an awful condition, and only nine miles were made in two days. They crossed the Weldon Railroad, at Ream's Station, without opposition, but had to re-build the bridge over Rowanty Creek before they could proceed.

Here they learned that the Confederate cavalry were on the south bank of Stony Creek, only a short way off,

marching parallel with them, trying to head them off at Dinwiddie Court House, where the Boydton Plank Road crosses that stream. Our troops reached the Court House first, however, driving the enemy's pickets out, and securing the bridge, the flooring of which was at once removed. The Confederates then moved on, crossing over to the White Oak Road, to place themselves between our force and the South Side Railroad. The White Oak Road was on the prolongation of Lee's right flank at Petersburg, and therefore very important.

On the 31st, Merritt was off on the road leading through Five Forks to the railroad, and soon fell in with the enemy.

The fighting was very sharp, and Merritt was being roughly handled, when Sheridan sent for Custer's Division, which was with the wagons. The bold Custer, taking Pennington's and Capelhart's Brigades, set out at a gallop, and after a ride of eight miles, arrived on the field in time to turn the tide of battle in our favor. Our boys fought dismounted, having constructed breastworks of rails, and kept at bay some of the best troops in the Confederacy, and the opposing forces slept on their arms that night within three hundred yards of each other.

General Sheridan, in his dispatch to General Grant, says: "At this time" (the pinch of the fight,) "Capelhart's and Pennington's Brigades of Custer's Division came up, and a very handsome fight occurred. The opposing force was Pickett's Division, Wise's Independent Brigade of Infantry, and Fitzhugh Lee's, and Rosser's, and W. H. Lee's Cavalry."

On the 1st of April, the cavalry went in again. Five Forks, dismounted, and fought the Confederate

infantry and cavalry combined, until 3:00 o'clock p. m., when they were relieved by the Fifth Corps. The three divisions then took to the saddle, and, at 5:00 p. m., charged the rebel lines, carrying everything before them; and soon had possession of the South Side Railroad, and not an opposing "grayback" to be seen.

Colonel Battersby, not being upon duty with his regiment, had an opportunity of seeing the prisoners; and, upon inquiry, he found that the Fifty-second Virginia Infantry had been taken almost to a man. He soon found where the officers were located, and went to hunt up Judge Watson's son. Almost the first man he met was the individual he was in pursuit of; and he found that Adjutant Watson had had a letter from home, by the "under-ground railroad," informing him of Sheridan's advance, and of Colonel Battersby's promise.

The colonel was as good as his word, and saw that every want of the judge's son was supplied, so far as in his power, and upon advancing, he interceded for him with the officer in charge of the prisoners; who, by the way, was no other than Major Ezra H. Bailey, of our own regiment, then provost marshal of the Cavalry Corps.

Sheridan was now in rear of Lee's Army; had cut off one of his main arteries of supply; and was on his way to cut the other, and only remaining hope of Lee's Army.

Knowing this, Lee "broke cover" at Richmond and Petersburg, in order, if possible, to escape into North Carolina, by the Danville Railroad, before it should be "eternally too late."

But he had procrastinated too long; the "day of deliverance" for his army was past; and there was nothing

left to them but a "fearful looking-for of judgment, and fiery indignation that should consume them."

Lee's intention seems to have been that the troops at Petersburg should press along the South Side Railroad to Burkesville Junction, driving our cavalry before them, while the troops at Richmond should follow the Danville Railroad, crossing the Appomattox, passing through Amelia Court House, and form a junction with him at Burkesville Station. But

"The best laid plans of mice and men gang aft aglay."

Sheridan's boys followed up the advantage gained at Five Forks, causing the enemy from Petersburg to abandon the railroad, and hug close to the Appomattox River.

On the 2d of April Colonel Caphart's Brigade, the First New York (Lincoln) Cavalry leading, attacked them at Mamozine Church, near Scott's Corners, and drove them to Rock Creek, a distance of nearly twelve miles. In this engagement the bold Colonel Caphart had his horse shot under him and his clothing pierced with several bullets.

On the 3d, Merritt, with his own and Custer's Division, struck them again, at Deep Creek, and after some hard fighting the enemy retired in the direction of Amelia Court House, on the Danville Railroad, south of the Appomattox, where they formed a junction with their friends from Richmond.

Merritt, with his two divisions, followed them up to this point, while Sheridan, with the Fifth Corps, and Crook's Cavalry Division, struck the Danville Railroad at Jettersville, some miles farther to the south.

Now was Lee's chance. He had his whole army together, at and near Amelia Court House, on the only

railroad left to him, and nothing to oppose him but the Fifth Corps and Crook's Division of Cavalry. Sheridan felt the necessity of aid, and sent word to General Meade, requesting him to hasten to his assistance. The gallant Meade, at the head of the Army of the Potomac, marched all night, reaching the railroad a little after daylight. General Ord, at the head of the Army of the James, was marching down the South Side Railroad, to strike the Danville Railroad at Burke's Station; and Merritt's two divisions had arrived at Jettersville.

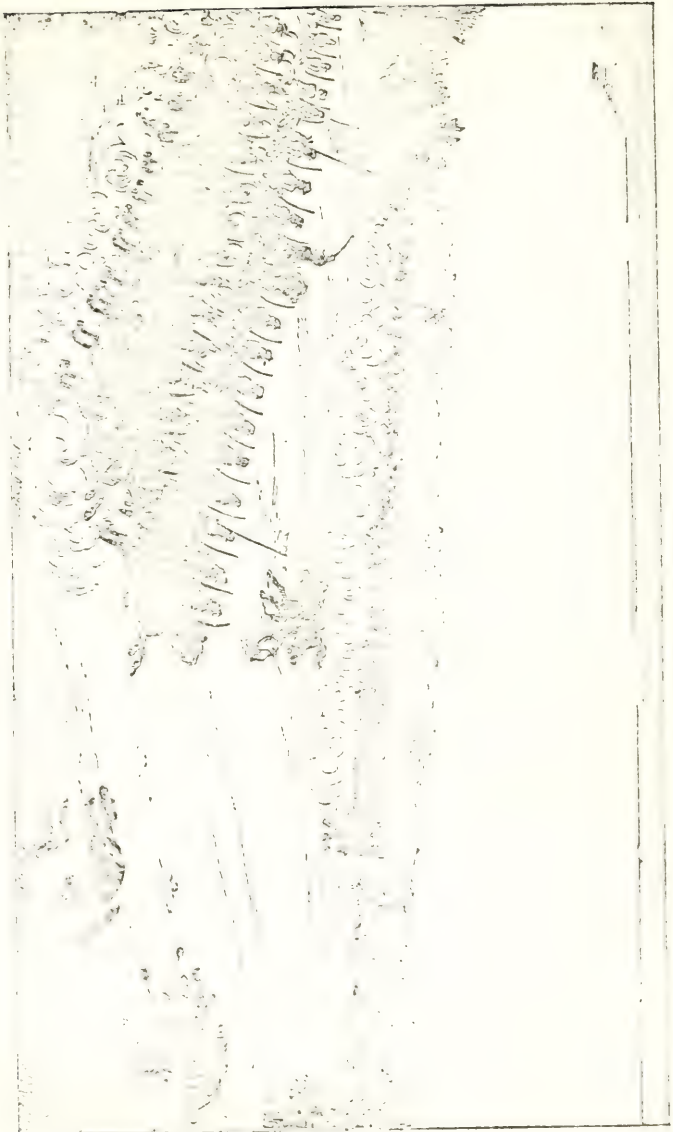
Lee thought he would rather trust to his legs than try to break through this force, so he struck off towards the Appomattox. His great object was to shake our army from his flank and throw them behind him, knowing that a "stern chase" is a long one, and that the leader generally wins.

Sheridan was not deceived, and, instead of following Lee, struck out for Farmville with his infantry, by a shorter route, hoping to head him off. The cavalry followed Lee, worrying him constantly, and greatly retarding his march.

On the morning of the 6th, Lee's columns were discovered at Sailor's Creek, on a road leading directly to Burk's Station, on the Danville Railroad, which point they still hoped to make; but the Sixth Corps, under General Wright, was ready to dispute the way, and a battle was begun by the enemy, in order to force a passage.

At this battle Custer's Division again covered itself with glory; charging upon the enemy's works, defended by two lines of infantry, capturing seven guns, fourteen battle flags, one hundred wagons, seven major-generals, (Ewell, Kershaw, Custis Lee, Semmes, Corse, DeBoe and Barton.) and several thousand prisoners. The First

CHARGE AT SAILORS CREEK, VA.—April 6, 1865. Death of Capt. Steven



New York (Lincoln) Cavalry were the first to enter the enemy's lines, and in so doing the brave and intrepid Captain Edwin F. Savacool was mortally wounded, at the moment he snatched the first Confederate battle flag from the hands of its bearer. The sergeant-major of the regiment, Oliver Lumphrey, formerly of Company C, lost a leg by a cannon shot; and the color bearer, Sergeant Edward Giles, of Company C, was wounded in three places, his horse killed, and his clothing pierced with bullets in many places; but he brought the colors away safely on foot. Sergeants Wm. P. Morris and George J. Pitman, of Company C, each captured a battle flag, and together brought out a great number of prisoners. The last three named were rewarded with Congress medals; and Colonel Adams promoted Lumphrey to the position of Lieutenant in the regiment, for gallantry on the field.

Captain Samuel Stevens, of Company C, First New York (Lincoln) Cavalry, captured General Ewell and his whole *staff*, and the general presented him with his field glass as a *souvenir* of the occasion. He was also brevetted as major for "distinguished bravery," upon the recommendation of Colonel Adams.

The following is from a Michigan paper:

CAPTAIN EDWIN F. SAVACOOLO.

We publish this week the tribute of the officers of the brigade to which Captain S. was attached, who, together with the privates of his regiment, have voluntarily and out of respect for his bravery as a soldier, and his true manhood, contributed two hundred and thirty-nine dollars toward the erection of a monument to his memory. Captain S. enlisted as a private in the first one hundred cavalry that left this State, and was transferred to the New York Lincoln Cavalry. He was promoted to a lieutenancy in 1864 for his daring conduct in capturing, single handed, the notorious Blackford, and for other during deeds was ~~subsequently promoted to a captaincy in 1865 for his~~ and five months, single-handed, 72 prisoners. Within five months he had five horses shot under him. On the day before he was wounded

the horse which he rode received seven balls. He was shot during the severe fight at Sailor's Creek, where Ewell was taken, while he was capturing a battle flag.

The regiment to which he belonged was itself one of the most distinguished for its gallantry and valor. At Sailor's Creek, his brigade captured 47 pieces of artillery, 1,500 prisoners, 14 battle flags, (one of which he took himself when he received his death wound,) 7 major-generals, also 100 wagons. As related by one present, "with a degree of impetuosity seldom equaled, and a bravery equal to that of the Spartan Band, this brigade alone charged and carried the enemy's works, defended by two lines of infantry. In the great charges of the war, but few, if any have been more brilliant." To have belonged to such a brigade was sufficient glory, but to have been honored by it, as Captain Savacool was, is to reach the height of all ambition. We shall allude to this subject again.

DIED—In Armory Square Hospital, Washington, June 3d, of wounds received in the battle of Sailor's Creek, Captain EDWIN F. SAVACOO, Co. "K," 1st. N. Y. (Lincoln) Cavalry, a resident of Marshall, Mich., aged 24 years.

At a meeting of the officers of the regiment, in camp near Annandale, Va., June 25th, the following resolutions were unanimously adopted:

1st. That it has been with feelings of the deepest sorrow that we have learned of the death of our comrade and brother officer, Captain Edwin F. Savacool.

2d. That during his connection with this regiment since its first organization, in 1861, whether as private, sergeant, lieutenant, or captain, he has always done his whole duty as a soldier; having, while a sergeant, and detailed for the dangerous and most important service of a scout, captured, in person, more than seventy prisoners; that as an officer, he was always foremost in every action, inspiring his men with an enthusiasm to follow where it was possible for soldiers to go, and having, in a desperate charge, captured a rebel battle flag, which he was waving in boyish glee, just as he received his mortal wound.

3d. That in his simplicity, manliness and straightforwardness; in his discreet but fearless bravery, that won for him the admiration even of his enemies; in his large heart with an intense hatred of the rebellion, yet so full of generous impulses and fervent love of country, we recognize the character of a true hero and patriot.

4th. That in his death the Republic has lost one of its bravest defenders and truest citizens, who fell a martyr to the cause of Freedom, just at the coming of the righteous peace for which he had so long and so bravely fought.

5th. That while we tender to the relatives of the heroic dead our sincere sympathy in their bereavement, we rejoice with them that he lived to

see the complete triumph of the cause to which he had not in vain given his life.

6th. That these resolutions be published in the *New York Herald* and Michigan papers, and a copy be transmitted to the relatives of the deceased.

F. G. MARTINDALE.

Major 1st N. Y. Cav'ry, Chairman.

WM. H. BEACH.

1st. Lieut. Co. F, Adj., Sec'y.

On the morning after this battle, while the prisoners, under Major Bailey of the First New York (Lincoln) Cavalry, who was provost marshal of the Cavalry Corps, were getting ready to march to the rear, Custer's Division emerged from their bivouac, and passed them at a canter. As Custer took the road he ordered his band to strike up "Bonnie Dundee." On approaching the prisoners he spied the group of officers, and raised his hat, bowing politely, as he galloped past. This action was repeated by his staff, and the rebels seemed electrified by the unlooked for civility. General Kershaw, one of the prisoners, turned to the others, and, in the most enthusiastic manner, exclaimed: "By G—d that man is the embodiment of chivalry! Let us give him three cheers!" And the next moment the well known "rebel yell" was heard, which caused the horses to prick up their ears, which were attuned to that yell. Our boys returned the compliment with three rousing Yankee cheers, and the band struck up "The Bonnie Blue Flag," which almost made the prisoners wild with delight. They all agreed that our cavalry had finished the Southern Confederacy.

After the battle of Sailor's Creek, the Confederates struck off to the north, crossing the Appomattox River, in hopes that our troops might lose the scent at the water; but they were grievously mistaken. Sheridan

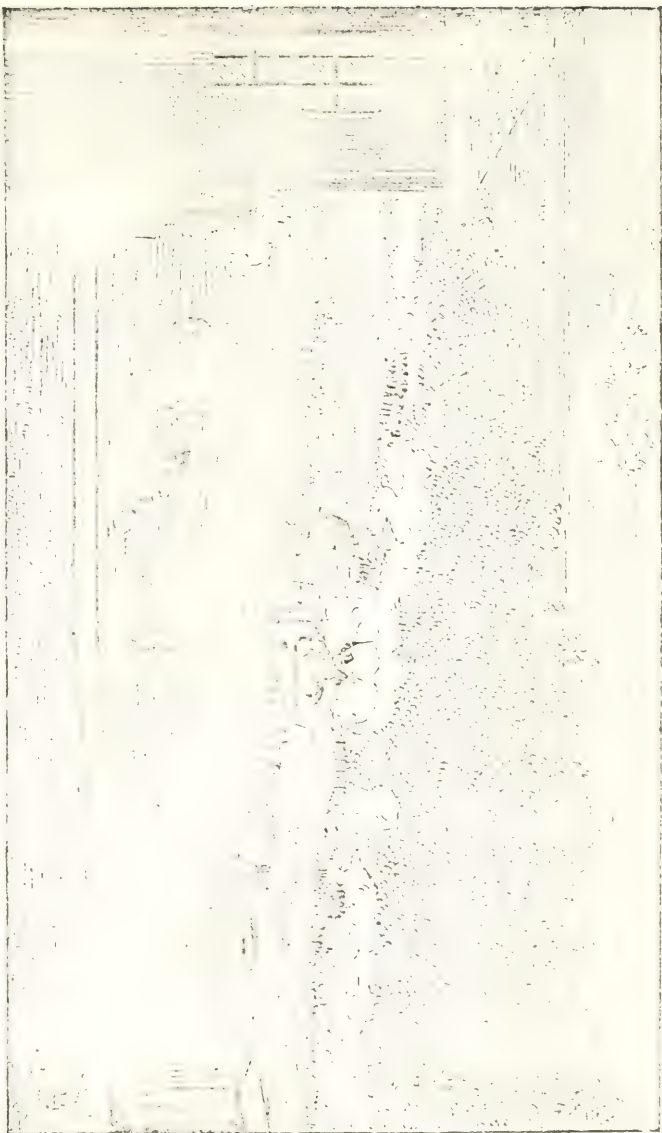
knew they were hungry, as well as fatigued, for he had captured a dispatch from Lee, ordering up two hundred thousand rations to meet him at Burkesville Station, never dreaming that he could not reach that point with his army.

He certainly would not go back to Richmond or Petersburg, for there was nothing there with which to feed his hungry troops; and he would not attempt to reach the Shenandoah Valley, as Sheridan had left that a howling wilderness. His movement was only a feint, then, for the purpose of deceiving us. He was catching at every passing straw, as a drowning man is said to do; but nothing could save him, and he should have surrendered without further delay.

The only salvation of his army was to reach Lynchburg ahead of Sheridan; but this was impossible, as they were traveling on the arc of a circle, while Sheridan was riding along its chord. Part of our troops pursued the enemy to Farnville Station, on the Lynchburg Railroad, near the Appomattox River, and part passed through Prince Edward's Court House, on the Danville Turnpike, farther south.

Custer's Division had the lead, and that impetuous general made straight for Appomattox Station, and on the 8th of March, he charged upon the enemy, at that place, in the darkness of the night, scattering them to the winds; capturing four immense trains of cars loaded with provisions for Lee's hungry army, besides thirty guns, one hundred wagons, and a great many prisoners, most of whom escaped in the darkness.

In this charge, Lieutenant Walter, of the First New York (Lincoln) Cavalry, and Major Howe of the First Virginia Cavalry, were killed. Lieutenant Walter had



LAST CHARGE—Appomattox Station, Va. April 8, 1865. Death of Lieut. Walter.

fought his way up from the ranks, and was a brave and a valuable officer.

The services of Colonel Capchart were at last recognized by the Government, and on the day succeeding this fight he was recommended for promotion to the rank of brigadier-general United States volunteers, and soon thereafter was so commissioned.

On the morning of March 9th, Lee's long columns were discovered in the direction of Appomattox Court House, and General Crook was ordered to attack them, and hold fast, while General Custer was directed to dash on and take them in flank. Crook "pitched in," and Custer took the road at a gallop. It was a glorious sight to see that division as it dashed along, with sabres drawn, the gallant Custer leading, and the Confederate army on a parallel road, only three hundred yards distant, vainly endeavoring to escape. Custer dashed along for several miles, and had almost reached the head of the retreating columns, when he was met by a flag of truce. The halt was sounded, and in a few minutes Custer came riding along, his face radiant with smiles, and informed his officers that General Lee had surrendered! Then the echoing heavens resounded with the wild cheers of the Third Division, as each man felt his task was done, and saw in contemplation the bright vision of home and friends once more. The band played "Home, Sweet Home," and everything went merry as a "marriage bell." The four long years of civil war were practically at an end; and the long marches, hard fighting and short rations were forgotten in the joy of that supreme moment.

That day General Custer issued the following order to his division:

HEADQUARTERS THIRD CAVALRY DIVISION,
 APPOMATTOX COURT HOUSE, VA., April 9, 1865.

Soldiers of the Third Cavalry Division:—With profound gratitude toward the God of battles, by whose blessings our enemies have been humbled and our arms rendered triumphant, your commanding general avails himself of this, his first opportunity, to express to you his admiration of the heroic manner in which you have passed through the series of battles which to-day resulted in the surrender of the enemy's entire army.

The record established by your indomitable courage is unparalleled in the annals of war. Your prowess has won for you even the respect and admiration of your enemies. During the past six months, although in most instances confronted by superior numbers, you have captured from the enemy, in open battle, one hundred and eleven pieces of field artillery, sixty-five battle flags, and upwards of ten thousand prisoners of war, including seven general officers. Within the past ten days, and included in the above, you have captured forty-six pieces of field artillery and thirty-seven battle flags. You have never lost a gun, never lost a color, and have never been defeated; and notwithstanding the numerous engagements in which you have borne a prominent part, including those memorable battles of the Shenandoah, you have captured every piece of artillery which the enemy has dared to open upon you. The near approach of peace renders it improbable that you will again be called upon to undergo the fatigues of the toilsome march or the exposure of the battle field; but should the assistance of keen blades, wielded by your sturdy arms, be required to hasten the coming of that glorious peace for which we have been so long contending, the general commanding is proudly confident that, in the future as in the past, every demand will meet with a hearty and willing response.

Let us hope that our work is done, and that, blessed with the comforts of peace, we may be permitted to enjoy the pleasures of home and friends. For our comrades who have fallen let us ever cherish a grateful remembrance. To the wounded, and to those who languish in Southern prisons, let our heartfelt sympathy be tendered.

And now, speaking for myself alone, when the war is ended and the task of the historian begins—when those deeds of daring, which have rendered the name and fame of the Third Cavalry Division imperishable, are inscribed upon the bright pages of our country's history, I only ask that my name may be written as that of the commander of the Third Cavalry Division.

G. A. CUSTER,

Brigadier-General Commanding.

Official:—

E. W. BRYANT,

Adjutant-General.

It is worthy of remark that this was "Palm Sun-

day"—the day upon which the Saviour entered the City of Jerusalem in triumph, while the people shouted "Hosanna to the Son of David," and spread palms of victory in his way.

On the 12th of April, being the fourth anniversary of the inauguration of the rebellion, at Fort Sumter, the troops set out on their march for home.

On arriving at Petersburg, however, the cavalry were ordered to proceed to co-operate with General Sherman, in his contemplated attack upon the Confederates under General Joe Johnson.

Before crossing the northern boundary line of North Carolina, they were ordered to retrace their steps, General Johnson having signified his wish to surrender upon the same terms and conditions granted to General Lee's Army.

Colonel A. W. Adams had joined our forces, near Appomattox Court House, and was in command of the regiment upon this raid. As they were marching south, a little incident occurred which deserves to be mentioned. One of the flankers, a man of our regiment, entered a private house and appropriated some jewelry, and when remonstrated with by one of the ladies, he took the earrings from her ears by force. When Colonel Adams came to hear of this affair, he consulted with Generals Custer and Capelhart, and it was resolved to shave the fellow's head and drum him out of the service in disgrace, which was accordingly done. The jewelry was placed in the hands of the principal professor of a college or seminary, in the town where the drumming-out took place, to be restored to the rightful owner.

On the return to Petersburg, the news of President Lincoln's assassination reached them, and the indigna-

tion of both officers and men knew no bounds, and it was only with the utmost effort that the men could be restrained from acts of retaliation.

On arriving at Petersburg, the troops went into camp for a few days, to allow the jaded horses to recuperate from the effects of their recent hard work.

While lying here a race was gotten up between the celebrated four-mile race-horse of General Custer, and the one-mile race-horse of Colonel Adams, of our regiment.

The men had just been paid off, and bets ran high. Our boys bet their pile on Colonel Adams' horse, for the honor of the regiment, and the excitement and enthusiasm was at fever heat.

Riders were chosen, and Colonel Adams insisted that General Custer should act as judge, which he very reluctantly consented to do.

When the horses came up to the score to start, every eye was fixed upon them, and as they went off like rockets, at the word "go," every neck was stretched to its fullest length to catch a glimpse of the magnificent animals; but as they came up the "home stretch," language fails me to describe the excitement of that tumultuous throng, who had nearly all bet their last dollar on the result. Custer's "sorrell" had wind and bottom for a four-mile heat, and, in such a race, few could compete with him; but Adams' stout brown horse had the "legs" on him, in a dash of a single mile, and won the race by more than a length, amid the most deafening cheers and uproarious surging of the betters, each trying to see for himself which horse should win.

General Custer pronounced Adams' horse the winner, without a moment's hesitation, and soon there was a

general changing hands of various sums of money, which some of the foolish fellows could illy afford to lose.

Soon after this the troops set out for the Federal Capital, passing through Richmond, late the Capital and stronghold of the fallen Confederacy; and on the 23d of May, those war-worn veterans passed in review before the President of the United States, the Commander-in-Chief of the Armies, and thousands of the leading men and women of the North, at Washington, presenting one of the most sublime spectacles that human eye ever beheld. Four years before they had gone forth, as American citizens, all undisciplined, but full of patriotism, to defend the best government that God ever vouchsafed to man, against the wickedest and most causeless rebellion that heaven or earth ever witnessed, save that of Lucifer alone.

They had crushed the rebellion, stamped out human slavery, and had made the United States in *fact*, what they had only been in *name*: "The land of the *free* and the home of the *brave*," and were now returning to their peaceful avocations to receive the plaudits of heaven, and of their fellow men: "Well done thou good and faithful servants!"

That was indeed a glorious day when the veterans filed past the Executive Mansion, with their bright arms, tattered flags, prancing steeds, and soldierly bearing. They had made a record that will live while history is read, or valiant deeds held honorable by the human race.

In years to come the people of this glorious Republic will prize alike the *fathers* who *made*, and the *sons* who *preserved* them a nation.

On the day of the review, the Third Division was the observed of all observers. Every man wore a "Custer

Tie." consisting of a scarlet scarf, tied round the neck, the long ends thrown back over the shoulders.

As the division turned the corner of Fifteenth street, some fair lady cast a wreath of flowers to its gallant chief. He caught it lightly on his arm, but his magnificent stallion took fright and dashed off at a speed, defying the efforts of his rider to control him, until he had passed the grand stand. As the frightened steed dashed along, with flashing eyes and distended nostrils, the muscles standing out prominently on every limb, the horse and rider formed a grand equestrian model, which the sculptor might be proud to reproduce in marble, or the painter upon canvas. Finally, General Custer conquered his steed, and brought him to his place at the head of the column, while the ladies waved their handkerchiefs, and almost screamed with delight.

The following congratulatory order was issued by General Grant on the 2d of June, A. D. 1865:

Soldiers of the Army of the United States:—By your patriotic devotion to your country in the hour of danger and alarm, and your magnificent fighting, bravery and endurance, you have maintained the supremacy of the Union and the Constitution, overthrown all armed opposition to the enforcement of the laws and of the proclamation forever abolishing slavery, the cause and pretext of the Rebellion, and opened the way to the rightful authorities to restore order and inaugurate peace on a permanent and enduring basis, on every foot of American soil. Your marches, sieges and battles, in distance, duration, resolution and brilliancy of results, dim the lustre of the world's past military achievements, and will be the patriot's precedent in defence of liberty and right in all time to come. In obedience to your country's call, you left your homes and families, and volunteered in her defence. Victory has crowned your valor, and secured the purpose of your patriotic hearts; and, with the gratitude of your countrymen, and the highest honors a great and free nation can accord, you will soon be permitted to return to your homes and families, conscious of having discharged the highest duty of American citizens. To achieve these glorious triumphs, and secure to yourselves, your fellow-countrymen and posterity, the blessings of free institutions, tens of thousands of your gallant comrades have fallen, and sealed the priceless legacy with

their blood. The graves of these, a grateful nation bedews with tears. It honors their memories, and will ever cherish and support their stricken families.

(Signed)

U. S. GRANT.

At this time a *new* enemy seemed to be threatening our peace. The French had occupied Mexico, and it was expected that United States troops would be needed once more on the line of the Rio Grande. To meet such an emergency some of the best volunteer cavalry regiments were to be retained in the service; and the "Fighting Brigade," to which the First New York (Lincoln) Cavalry belonged, was, with others, selected. General Caphart had resigned immediately after the grand review at Washington, and Colonel A. W. Adams, of the Lincoln Cavalry, was in command of the brigade when the orders were received to get ready to join General John A. Logan, then at Louisville, Kentucky, preparatory to marching to the Texas frontier. Colonel Adams at once sent the Virginia regiments of the brigade forward, by the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad, and was about setting out with his own regiment—the Lincoln Cavalry—when the trouble with France ended, and the order to march was countermanded. The Virginia regiments were stopped at the Ohio River, and were ordered to be mustered out, and the "Lincoln Cavalry" was ordered to proceed to New York city for the same purpose.

On the 28th of June, 1865, the First New York (Lincoln) Cavalry arrived in New York city, and their reception was a perfect ovation.

The following account of the reception of the regiment was clipped from the *New York Times* of June 29, 1865, and will be read with interest:

The First New York (Lincoln) Cavalry arrived yesterday morning, and proceeded to the State Agency Rooms, Fifth Regiment Armory;

where a splendid dinner was prepared for the command by Colonel Colyer, the New York State Agent. The regiment being expected on Tuesday night, liberal provision was made for the reception at the Agency. The ladies had prepared an elegant dinner for them, loading the tables with fruits and flowers, and Colonel Colyer had Robertson's band of thirty pieces waiting at the Battery at five o'clock. But this gallant regiment—one of the pets of New York—did not arrive, owing to some delay in the trains. A regiment of cavalry was also in waiting to escort the command from the Battery, but that part of the programme was omitted when the regiment did finally arrive.

Marching up Broadway, the Lincoln Cavalry was received with heartiness by those witnessing their progress up town, and the veteran organization was noticed and recognized as their fame merited.

After enjoying a substantial dinner provided by the State Agency, and a bountiful supply of ripe fruit, Colonel Colyer, on behalf of Governor Fenton, who had so desired, in a neat and telling speech, set forth the earnest wishes of the Governor of New York to render to all returning regiments of New York a fitting reception. In response to the speech of Colonel Colyer, Colonel A. W. Adams, commanding the Lincoln Cavalry, replied as follows:

SPEECH OF COLONEL ADAMS.

HONORED SIR:—As Colonel commanding the First Regiment of New York Cavalry, now about to leave the national service, I feel oppressed with a sense of gratitude for the flattering reception we have received upon reaching "home, sweet home," after four years of arduous service in sustaining the institutions of our beloved country. Permit me, honored sir, to say for myself, and the brave officers and men whom it has been my privilege and honor to command, that this is the "day of days" of our weary pilgrimage, and that it will ever be to us the "greenest spot in memory's waste." Not the less do we prize this generous reception because it is given in the name and by authority of His Excellency, Reuben E. Fenton, our honored and patriotic Governor—the true friend of the soldier and the Union. Your kindness will be embalmed in our hearts, and consecrated in our affections.

The commendation, the hearty greeting of friends at home, with "well done, good and faithful servants," is not only cheering to the soldier's heart, but we receive them as ample compensation for all the sufferings and trials through which we have passed. It will, I trust, be no departure from modesty—one of the cardinal qualities of the true soldier—to say that the First New York Cavalry was the first regiment of that arm of the public service that voluntarily came to the rescue of our imperiled institutions, upon the breaking out of the rebellion. We asked no "bounties," we demanded no sordid gain, but made a free offering of our services, our lives, and our honor in support of the supremacy and majesty of the starry flag of the people.

I cannot, in detail, recapitulate the services of this regiment, but the impartial historian will record that it met the foe in many of the

bloodiest conflicts of the war, as that (pointing to the old regimental colors) honored, dearly prized, mutilated and tattered flag will testify—and that it was always prompt in the discharge of every duty, in the camp, on the march, on picket and on “fields of crimson gore.” Many of the gallant officers, and hundreds of the brave men of this regiment have fallen victims to their devotion and valor, and sleep sweetly, I trust, in their honored graves, upon Southern soil. We ask of the friends of the American Union, to drop a tear to their memory.

The war is happily at an end. The supremacy of the government has been maintained, and as a nation we are about to enter upon a new career of honor, prosperity and glory! Gratitude should be engraven upon our “heart of hearts,” to the *giver of all good* for His distinguished mercies in vouchsafing to us the preservation—*unimpaired*—of our free institutions. Myself, and my brother officers and men, about to sever our connection, as soldiers, with the National Government will soon resume our peaceful avocations. We return not among you with wealth; but, I trust, not without honor. In the language of the Scottish bard:

For gold the merchant plows the main,
The farmer plows the manor,
But glory is the soldier's prize,
The soldier's wealth is honor!

The surviving officers and men of the First Regiment of New York Cavalry are not politicians; but they love our free institutions, and they have not been wholly unobservant of or indifferent to the deep duplicity of Great Britain, and the designs and intrigues of the Emperor of the French, during our late struggle with rebellion. We labor under the conviction, sir, that the doctrine of the fifth President of the United States, the illustrious JAMES MONROE, in regard to crowned heads ruling on any portion of our continent, is wise, statesmanlike and patriotic; and should our government ever call upon the sons of the land to maintain this doctrine, I hazard nothing in saying that the officers and men of this veteran regiment would as cheerfully and promptly respond to such a call as they did to the reverberating report from the first gun fired at Sumter in 1861.

Fortunately for the country, all have implicit confidence in the wisdom, patriotism, valor and determination of ANDREW JOHNSON, the successor of the martyred and lamented LINCOLN.

To him and to his patriotic Cabinet—a galaxy of heroes and statesmen—may be safely intrusted these important questions, involving the honor and *looking to the great future* of our incomparable republic. In conclusion, sir, permit me, on behalf of my command, and for myself, to express the hope that the Empire State, the home of this regiment, may continue to be distinguished for her patriotism, her devotion to the National Government, as evidenced by her magnificent supply of men and money, her commercial and mechanical prosperity, and for the individual happiness of her sons and daughters.

To you, my comrades-in-arms, [turning to his regiment,] with whom I have so long served through perils, hardships and sufferings, wishing you all health, prosperity and happiness, I offer a soldier's adieu—a soldier's "farewell."

The regiment returned to the Battery during the afternoon, and took steamer for Hart's Island, where they will be mustered out and paid off.

Thus ended the active military career of one of the most gallant regiments of volunteer cavalry, in the Armies of the Union, during the Great Rebellion.

They were mustered out on the 7th of July, 1865.

After the muster-out of the regiment the following officers received brevets, for gallant and meritorious conduct during the war, as will also appear by the Register of Commissioned Officers, given in the Appendix:

Colonel A. W. Adams, to be brevet brigadier-general U. S. V.

Lieutenant-colonel J. C. Battersby, to be brevet colonel N. Y. V.

Major E. H. Bailey, to be brevet lieutenant-colonel N. Y. V.

Major Franz Passegger, to be brevet lieutenant-colonel N. Y. V.

Captain James H. Stevenson, to be brevet major U. S. V.

Captain Samuel Stevens, to be brevet major N. Y. V.

Captain E. F. Savacool, to be brevet major N. Y. V.

Lieutenant Clifford Thompson, to be brevet captain and brevet major U. S. V.

The following lines, by Geo. H. Baker, the well known poet, seem to fit the occasion right here:

“LET US HAVE PEACE!”

“Thank God the bloody days are past,
Our patient hopes are crowned at last;
And swords and spears, arms and life,
But lead our heroes home from strife!”

Thank God there beams o'er land and sea,
Our blazing star of liberty:
And everywhere, from main to main,
The old flag flies and rules again!

Thank God! oh dark and trodden race,
Your Lord no longer veils his face;
But through the clouds and woes of fight,
Shines on your souls a brighter light!

Thank God, we see, on every hand,
Breast-high the rip'ning grain-crops stand;
The orchards bend, the herds increase,
But oh, thank God! thank God for PEACE!"



APPENDIX.

REGISTER OF THE COMMISSIONED OFFICERS,
OF THE FIRST NEW YORK (LINCOLN) CAVALRY.

NAME.	DATE OF COMMISSION.	DATE OF PROMOTION.	REMARKS.
Ames, J. M. R. (Goods)	June 15, 1861.	June 15, 1861.	Mustered out on expiration of term of service, June 15, 1861.
Van W. Adams (Brevet)	July 1, 1861.	June 16, 1861.	Mustered out with the regiment, June 27, 1865.
Trigg, General P. S. V. ()	July 1, 1861.	June 16, 1861.	Mustered out with the regiment, June 27, 1865.
<i>Lieutenants-Colonels.</i>			
Foster, G. A. (Schuchert)	Jan. 1, 1862.	Sept. 15, 1861.	Discharged, April 3, 1863.
Adams, W. A. ()	Jan. 1, 1862.	Sept. 15, 1861.	Promoted to Colonel, July 4, 1861.
Adams, W. A. ()	Jan. 1, 1862.	Sept. 15, 1861.	Mustered out with the regiment, June 27, 1865.
Adams, W. A. ()	Jan. 1, 1862.	Sept. 15, 1861.	Mustered out with the regiment, June 27, 1865.
Charles H. Ogden	Jan. 1, 1862.	Sept. 15, 1861.	Discharged, November 21, 1862.
Adams, W. A. ()	Jan. 1, 1862.	Sept. 15, 1861.	Promoted to Lieutenant and Colonel, July 4, 1861.
Adams, W. A. ()	Jan. 1, 1862.	Sept. 15, 1861.	Discharged, November 28, 1862; re-commissioned, but not mustered; commission revoked.
Daniel H. Barkins	July 1, 1861.	Dec. 29, 1861.	Discharged, October 6, 1861.
Timothy Quinn	Dec. 31, 1862.	Dec. 31, 1862.	Resigned, January 1, 1865.
W. G. H. ()	July 1, 1861.	April 3, 1863.	Not mustered; discharged and promoted to Colonel 21st Penna. Vol. Cavalry, August 19, 1864.
Adams, W. A. ()	Mar. 12, 1861.	Aug. 1, 1861.	Promoted, February 6, 1865.
Adams, W. A. ()	Dec. 31, 1862.	Oct. 1, 1861.	Promoted to Lieutenant-Colonel, January 9, 1865.
Adams, W. A. ()	Dec. 31, 1862.	Dec. 31, 1861.	Mustered out with the regiment, June 27, 1865.
Adams, W. A. ()	Mar. 11, 1861.	Jan. 1, 1861.	Mustered out with the regiment, June 27, 1865.
Adams, W. A. ()	Mar. 11, 1861.	Feb. 6, 1861.	Mustered out with the regiment, June 27, 1865.
Adams, W. A. ()	Mar. 11, 1861.	Feb. 6, 1861.	Mustered out with the regiment, June 27, 1865.
Adams, W. A. ()	Mar. 11, 1861.	Aug. 1, 1861.	Promoted to Captain, December 14, 1861.

REGISTER OF THE COMMISSIONED OFFICERS. *Continued.*

NAME.	DATE OF COMMISSION.	DATE OF RANK.	REMARKS.
Sept. 21, 1861.	Sept. 13, 1861.	Promoted to Captain, October 22, 1862.	
John H. Stevenson.	Jan. 1, 1862.	Sept. 13, 1864.	Dismissed, March 8, 1863.
James H. Stevenson.	Feb. 19, 1863.	Sept. 22, 1864.	Promoted to Captain, June 3, 1873.
Charles Woodruff.	July 31, 1863.	April 3, 1863.	Discharged, November 4, 1864.
Adolphus Leitch.	July 4, 1863.	June 3, 1863.	Deserted, April 1, 1864.
Thomas Williams.	Dec. 20, 1863.	Nov. 4, 1864.	Resigned, May 15, 1865.
William A. Woodruff.	June 21, 1863.	May 16, 1865.	Not mustered; (see First Lieutenants.)
S.			
John P. Calkins.	Jan. 1, 1862.	Sept. 13, 1864.	Promoted to Captain, October 22, 1862.
George W. Calkins.	Sept. 22, 1862.	Sept. 13, 1862.	Mustered out with the regiment, June 27, 1865.
William Alexander.	Feb. 19, 1863.	Sept. 22, 1864.	Promoted to Captain, December 7, 1864.
S.			
Thomas H. 1861.	Jan. 1, 1862.	Sept. 13, 1864.	Mustered out at expiration of service, November 15, 1864.
John H. 1861.	Dec. 21, 1864.	Dec. 21, 1864.	Not mustered; declined.
William 1861.	Jan. 24, 1865.	Jan. 14, 1865.	Mustered out with the regiment, June 27, 1865.
S.			
Sept. 21, 1861.	Sept. 13, 1861.	Promoted to Brigade-Surgeon, September 24, 1861.	
George C. Parsons.	Jan. 1, 1862.	Sept. 20, 1862.	Promoted to Major, Oct. 25, 1862; promoted to Surgeon of another regiment.
George C. Parsons.	May 28, 1863.	May 27, 1863.	Promoted to Surgeon 13th N. Y. Vol., December 27, 1864.
Thomas D. Powell.	Jan. 18, 1863.	Jan. 16, 1863.	Mustered out with the regiment, June 27, 1865.
C.			
Charles M. Powell.	Jan. 1, 1862.	Sept. 13, 1864.	Discharged, March 1, 1862.
William A. Powell.	Feb. 17, 1863.	Feb. 17, 1863.	Mustered out with the regiment, June 27, 1865.
S.			
Richard P. Thomas.	Jan. 1, 1862.	Dec. 11, 1862.	Discharged, September 13, 1862.
William A. Thomas.	Jan. 1, 1862.	Dec. 11, 1862.	Mustered to Quartermaster, February 19, 1864.

Hugh Zwickert	Jan. 1, 1864	Dec. 14, 1864	Discharged, May 28, 1862.
John W. Barber	July 1, 1864	May 28, 1862	Discharged, October 21, 1862.
Francis A. Venable	Feb. 1, 1864	Oct. 30, 1862	Killed in action at Piedmont, Va., June 8, 1861.
Henry S. Saylor	April 29, 1864	Aug. 1, 1862	Promoted to First Lieutenant, December 7, 1861.
Walter D. Beecher	Dec. 7, 1864	Nov. 29, 1861	Failed to report for muster.
Adolph Schmidt	Discharged, September 17, 1862.
<i>Regimental Commissaries:</i>			
Benjamin L. McKeyholds	Feb. 19, 1864	Sept. 22, 1862	Discharged, January 2, 1865.
Henry A. Adams	April 22, 1864	Mar. 1, 1865	Mustered out with the regiment, June 27, 1865.
<i>Captains</i>			
Robert H. Barkins	Jan. 1, 1862	July 16, 1861	Promoted to Major, July 4, 1863.
William H. Bowd	Jan. 1, 1862	July 19, 1861	Promoted to Major, April 3, 1863.
Robert B. Ford	July 19, 1861	Captured by the enemy, December, 1861; assigned to a skeleton regiment; afterwards Major and Provost Marshal, Washington, D. C.
Frederic Herdrick	Jan. 1, 1862	July 26, 1861	Discharged, March 12, 1862; re-commissioned, but failed to report for muster.
David A. Bennett	Jan. 1, 1862	July 24, 1861	Discharged, June 8, 1863.
Abraham Jones	Jan. 1, 1862	July 30, 1861	Mustered out on expiration of service, October 6, 1861.
Count Ferdinand Stosch	Jan. 1, 1862	Aug. 1, 1861	Discharged February 25, 1863.
Joseph K. Stearns	Jan. 1, 1862	Aug. 5, 1861	Promoted to Major, March 12, 1861.
Andrew S. Norton	Jan. 1, 1862	Aug. 12, 1861	Resigned, September 20, 1862.
George W. O'Neil	Jan. 1, 1862	Aug. 22, 1861	Discharged, May 25, 1863.
Thomas J. Ford	Jan. 1, 1862	Sept. 9, 1861	Discharged, September 9, 1862.
Leobert J. Simmons	Jan. 1, 1862	Sept. 13, 1861	Mustered out on expiration of service, September 23, 1861.
John C. Patterson	Jan. 1, 1862	Dec. 14, 1861	Promoted to Major, December 5, 1861.
George H. Cox	Oct. 22, 1862	Sept. 9, 1861	Promoted to Major, January 27, 1865.
Frederic Herdrick	Oct. 22, 1862	Sept. 22, 1861	Mustered out with the regiment, June 27, 1865.
John C. Patterson	July 4, 1863	Dec. 29, 1861	Promoted to Major, March 10, 1865.
George H. Cox	Jan. 4, 1864	Feb. 25, 1863	Discharged, August 22, 1864.
Frederic Herdrick	Oct. 15, 1863	April 3, 1863	Promoted to Major, March 11, 1865.
Robert B. Ford	July 1, 1863	May 28, 1863	Killed in action at Mineville, Va., November 12, 1864.

Commissaries of War Department, not commissioned.

REGISTER OF THE COMMISSIONED OFFICERS.—Continued.

NAME	DATE OF COMMISSION	DATE OF RANK	REMARKS
George H. Stevenson, Brev'd	July 4, 1864	June 3, 1864	Mustered out on expiration of service, November 4, 1864.
John C. S. V.	April 29, 1864	Aug. 1, 1864	Mustered out with the regiment, June 27, 1865.
Joseph D. KIMBISH	Dec. 7, 1864	Aug. 24, 1864	Mustered out with the regiment, June 27, 1865.
William A. V.	Dec. 7, 1864	Aug. 27, 1864	Mustered out on expiration of service, September 20, 1864.
Frederick	Dec. 7, 1864	Oct. 6, 1864	Discharged, May 19, 1865.
John P. V.	Dec. 7, 1864	Nov. 4, 1864	Mustered out with the regiment, June 27, 1865.
Stuart S. V.	Dec. 7, 1864	Nov. 12, 1864	Mustered out with the regiment, June 27, 1865.
John J. O'F.	Jan. 27, 1865	Dec. 1, 1864	Mustered out with the regiment, June 27, 1865.
A. Chapman-Hinton	Jan. 27, 1865	Dec. 1, 1864	Died, June 3, 1865, of wounds received in action at Safflor's Creek, Va., April 6, 1865.
John P. S. V.	Jan. 27, 1865	Dec. 1, 1864	Mustered out with the regiment, June 27, 1865.
Charles V.	March 17, 1865	Jan. 1, 1865	Mustered out with the regiment, June 27, 1865.
Thomas V.	March 19, 1865	Feb. 1, 1865	Mustered out with the regiment, June 27, 1865.
Thomas V.	June 24, 1865	May 22, 1865	Not mustered as Captain; see First Lieutenants.
William S. D.	June 26, 1865	May 15, 1865	Not mustered as Captain; see First Lieutenants.
William F.	June 24, 1865	June 3, 1865	Not mustered as Captain; see First Lieutenants.
William W. Hanson	Jan. 1, 1862	July 19, 1861	Discharged, December 26, 1862.
John	Jan. 1, 1862	July 19, 1861	Discharged, August 21, 1862.
James V.	Jan. 1, 1862	July 27, 1861	Discharged, July 21, 1862.
Thomas B. LEWIS	Jan. 1, 1862	July 30, 1861	Promoted to Captain, March 17, 1863.
Robert H. O.	Jan. 1, 1862	Aug. 1, 1861	Promoted to Captain, October 22, 1862.
Henry L. H.	Jan. 1, 1862	Aug. 5, 1861	Killed in action at Sausator's Station, Va., March 9, 1862.
Thomas W.	Jan. 1, 1862	Aug. 12, 1861	Discharged, Nov. 18, 1862; promoted to Major of another reg't.
Robert G. P.	Jan. 1, 1862	Aug. 31, 1861	Promoted to Captain, July 4, 1863.
John D.	Jan. 1, 1862	Sept. 13, 1861	Promoted to Captain, April 23, 1864.
John F. S.	Jan. 1, 1862	Nov. 26, 1861	Promoted to Captain, July 4, 1863.
John H. S.	Jan. 1, 1862	Dec. 14, 1861	Promoted to Adjutant, Sept. 22, 1862, and to Captain, July 4, 1863.
Robert H. T.	Jan. 1, 1862	Dec. 11, 1861	Discharged, January 27, 1862.

Continued.

JAMES SHANKLAND.....	Feb. 24, 1864.	Jan. 27, 1862.	Not mustered; declined.
DAVID R. DUNN.....	May 7, 1864.	Jan. 27, 1862.	Discharged, November 7, 1864.
FRANCIS G. WATTS.....	Mar. 15, 1864.	Mar. 9, 1862.	Promoted to Captain, October 15, 1863.
FREDERICK A. NIMSH.....	Aug. 21, 1864.	July 21, 1862.	Discharged, September 30, 1864.
BENJAMIN VAN FLECKEN.....	Aug. 21, 1864.	Aug. 21, 1862.	Discharged, December 3, 1862.
FREDERICK F. DUFF.....	Oct. 22, 1862.	Sept. 29, 1862.	Promoted to Captain, December 7, 1864.
A. CHAMBERS HINTON.....	Dec. 30, 1862.	Dec. 7, 1862.	Promoted to Captain, January 27, 1865.
WILLIAM K. LAWRENCE.....	Feb. 19, 1864.	Dec. 26, 1862.	Discharged on account of wounds, April 24, 1863.
JESSE F. WYCKOFF.....	July 1, 1864.	Dec. 29, 1862.	Discharged, October 17, 1864.
ALFREDER VAN LAMBERT.....	May 17, 1864.	Feb. 29, 1862.	Resigned, June 10, 1863.
OSCAR B. KNOWLES.....	July 4, 1864.	April 27, 1862.	Discharged, April 5, 1864; promoted to Major 21st Penn'a Cavalry; then to Colonel and Brevet Brigadier General.
FRANCIS J. EVANS.....	July 1, 1864.	May 23, 1862.	Promoted to Captain, December 7, 1864.
WALTER B. BAYL, JR.....	July 31, 1864.	June 7, 1863.	Discharged, Oct. 2, 1863; promoted Capt. in the 21st Pa. Cavalry.
EDWARD V. SMITH.....	April 29, 1864.	Aug. 1, 1863.	See Battalion Adjutant.
ERWIN W. SMITH.....	Dec. 21, 1863.	Oct. 2, 1863.	Mustered out with the regiment, June 27, 1865.
ALFRED S. DELANOY.....	Nov. 24, 1863.	Nov. 1, 1863.	Promoted to Captain, December 7, 1864.
SAMUEL STEVENSON.....	April 24, 1864.	April 1, 1864.	Not mustered; see Second Lieutenant.
EDWIN K. NEW.....	Dec. 7, 1864.	Aug. 27, 1864.	Mustered out with the regiment, June 27, 1865.
WALTER C. GURNEY.....	Dec. 7, 1864.	Sept. 31, 1864.	Promoted to Captain, May 17, 1865.
CHARLES DONN.....	Dec. 9, 1864.	Sept. 3, 1864.	Faded mustered.
LEWIS SUDDAM.....	Dec. 7, 1864.	Oct. 6, 1864.	Mustered out with the regiment, June 27, 1865.
LOUIS EXAMIS.....	Dec. 7, 1864.	Oct. 18, 1864.	Promoted to Captain, March 10, 1865.
LEWIS M. MCCORMACK.....	Oct. 31, 1864.	Nov. 4, 1864.	Mustered out with the regiment, June 27, 1865.
VICTOR T. FARNSWORTH.....	Dec. 20, 1864.	Nov. 7, 1864.	Mustered out with the regiment, June 27, 1865.
WALTER H. BOACH.....	Jan. 27, 1865.	Dec. 1, 1864.	Mustered out with the regiment, June 27, 1865.
JOHN SWARTH.....	Dec. 1, 1864.	Dec. 1, 1864.	Failed to be mustered.
PETER LATHROP.....	April 24, 1865.	Jan. 1, 1865.	Mustered out with the regiment, June 27, 1865.
FREDERICK E. HOTCHKISS.....	Mar. 10, 1865.	Feb. 6, 1865.	Mustered out with the regiment, June 27, 1865.
ROBERT C. COOK.....	May 17, 1865.	Feb. 7, 1865.	Discharged, July 21, 1865.
OLIVER LATHROP.....	May 17, 1865.	Feb. 7, 1865.	Not mustered; see Second Lieutenant; killed in action at Appomattox Station, Va., April 8, 1865.
JAMES WADSWORTH.....	June 21, 1865.	Mar. 15, 1865.	Not mustered; see Second Lieutenant.
ALBERT A. FOGG.....	June 21, 1865.	May 15, 1865.	Not mustered.
ALBERT H. VAN SICK.....	June 21, 1865.	May 15, 1865.	No remarks on record.
ALBERT J. HAZEN.....	June 21, 1865.	May 15, 1865.	No remarks on record.

REGISTER OF THE COMMISSIONED OFFICERS—*Continued.*

NAME.	DATE OF COMMISSION.	DATE OF RANK.	REMARKS.
Finnick, Sub-lieutenant.....	June 24, 1865.	May 16, 1865.	Not mustered; see Second Lieutenant.
Voorhis, Mack.....	June 24, 1865.	June 3, 1865.	Not mustered; see Second Lieutenant.
Chen, Harmon, lieutenant.....	Died of disease, October 8, 1861.
<i>Second Lieutenants.</i>			
James H. Stevenson.....	Dec. 1, 1861.	July 19, 1861.	Promoted to First Lieutenant, January 1, 1862.
Charles Woodruff.....	Jan. 1, 1862.	July 24, 1861.	Promoted to Adjutant, July 31, 1863.
Chapin, Thompson.....	Jan. 1, 1862.	July 30, 1861.	Promoted to Quartermaster, October 22, 1862.
Deane, F. H. Brown.....	Jan. 1, 1862.	Aug. 5, 1861.	Promoted to First Lieutenant, May 33, 1862.
Fraser, G. G. MacFloodie.....	Jan. 1, 1862.	Aug. 12, 1861.	Promoted to First Lieutenant, March 13, 1862.
Flintlock, A. Nimms.....	Jan. 1, 1862.	Aug. 22, 1861.	Promoted to First Lieutenant, August 1, 1862.
Friedrick, Dabner.....	Jan. 1, 1862.	Oct. 5, 1861.	Promoted to First Lieutenant, October 22, 1862.
Alexander Von Koenigsberg.....	Jan. 1, 1862.	Oct. 5, 1861.	Promoted to First Lieutenant, Mar. 10 17, 1863.
Creighton, J. Campbell.....	Jan. 1, 1862.	Oct. 28, 1861.	Discharged, September 22, 1862.
Frederic Von Loebell.....	Jan. 1, 1862.	Nov. 26, 1861.	Promoted to First Lieutenant, August 21, 1862.
Conroy, J. Herbert.....	Jan. 1, 1862.	Dec. 14, 1861.	Dismissed, December 19, 1862.
James Shankland.....	Jan. 1, 1862.	Dec. 31, 1861.	Discharged, July 21, 1862.
Thomas Southern.....	Jan. 1, 1862.	Dec. 31, 1861.	Discharged, September 17, 1862.
A. J. Egan's Troop.....	Mar. 15, 1862.	Dec. 19, 1861.	Promoted to First Lieutenant, December 31, 1862.
William K. Foxley.....	Feb. 24, 1862.	Jan. 27, 1862.	Promoted to First Lieutenant, February 10, 1863.
James, Lewis.....	May 30, 1862.	Mar. 9, 1862.	Promoted to First Lieutenant, July 4, 1863.
William Alexander.....	Oct. 27, 1862.	June 16, 1862.	Promoted to Quartermaster, February 10, 1863.
Robert B. Knowles.....	Aug. 1, 1862.	July 21, 1862.	Promoted to First Lieutenant, July 4, 1863.
Robert W. Coffey.....	Aug. 1, 1862.	July 21, 1862.	Promoted to First Lieutenant, July 4, 1863.
Adolphus Lynch.....	Aug. 24, 1862.	Aug. 21, 1862.	Promoted to Adjutant, July 4, 1863.
William H. Boyd, Jr.....	Oct. 22, 1862.	Sept. 9, 1862.	Promoted to First Lieutenant, June 7, 1866.
Benjamin F. Reynolds.....	Oct. 22, 1862.	Sept. 29, 1862.	Promoted to Commissary, February 10, 1863.
Erwin C. Watkins.....	Mar. 28, 1863.	Sept. 22, 1862.	Promoted to First Lieutenant, December 21, 1863.
Philip M. Smith.....	Dec. 3, 1863.	Oct. 21, 1862.	Resigned, May 25, 1863.
Friedrick Weiss.....	Feb. 10, 1864.	Dec. 5, 1862.	Discharged, November 28, 1864.

John A. New	Feb. 19, 1864.	Dec. 26, 1862.	Mustered out with the regiment, June 27, 1865.
Joseph O. Rice	July 4, 1864.	Dec. 29, 1862.	Promoted to Captain, December 7, 1864.
George S. Ponder	Mar. 17, 1864.	Feb. 29, 1863.	Discharged, September 30, 1864.
Levin F. Pugh	July 31, 1864.	April 3, 1863.	Promoted to First Lieutenant, December 7, 1864.
Carl R. Rader	July 4, 1864.	April 24, 1863.	Promoted to First Lieutenant, December 6, 1864.
Arthur S. Deady	July 4, 1864.	May 25, 1863.	Promoted to First Lieutenant, November 24, 1863.
Michael S. Coffey	Aug. 4, 1864.	May 25, 1863.	Promoted to First Lieutenant, December 7, 1864.
Yves A. Eastworth	July 4, 1864.	June 5, 1863.	Promoted to First Lieutenant, December 7, 1864.
John W. Egan	Dec. 31, 1864.	June 7, 1863.	Promoted to Adjutant, December 30, 1864.
Thomas W. Fink	Dec. 31, 1864.	Dec. 4, 1863.	Promoted to Captain, January 25, 1865.
Levin F. Saward	Feb. 21, 1864.	Feb. 27, 1864.	Promoted to First Lieutenant, April 22, 1864.
Frederick E. Hoffkiss	Dec. 7, 1864.	June 9, 1864.	Promoted to First Lieutenant, December 24, 1864.
William H. Buelch	Dec. 6, 1864.	Aug. 27, 1864.	Mustered out with the regiment, June 27, 1865.
George J. Barber	Dec. 7, 1864.	Sept. 29, 1864.	Mustered out with the regiment, June 27, 1865.
John J. Norton	Dec. 7, 1864.	Sept. 29, 1864.	Mustered out with the regiment, June 27, 1865.
Alonzo M. Clark	Dec. 7, 1864.	Nov. 4, 1864.	Mustered out with the regiment, June 27, 1865.
Alonzo A. Froy	Dec. 31, 1864.	Nov. 4, 1864.	Mustered out with the regiment, June 27, 1865.
Henry B. Adams	Dec. 31, 1864.	Nov. 7, 1864.	Promoted to Commissary, April 22, 1865.
James W. Allen	Dec. 7, 1864.	Nov. 22, 1864.	Promoted to First Lieutenant, February 7, 1865.
William D. H. Foy	Dec. 29, 1864.	Nov. 27, 1864.	Discharged, June 8, 1865.
Edward R. Linn	Jan. 27, 1865.	Dec. 1, 1864.	Mustered out with the regiment, June 27, 1865.
Frederick J. ...	Jan. 27, 1865.	Dec. 1, 1864.	Mustered out with the regiment, June 27, 1865.
John K. ...	Dec. 7, 1864.	Dec. 6, 1874.	Not mustered.
Stephen B. ...	April 22, 1865.	Jan. 1, 1865.	Not mustered.
Charles Webber	Mar. 19, 1865.	Feb. 6, 1865.	Mustered out with the regiment, June 27, 1865.
Frederick ...	April 22, 1865.	Feb. 7, 1865.	Mustered out with the regiment, June 27, 1865.
Frederick ...	June 21, 1866.	Mar. 12, 1865.	Not mustered.
Frederick ...	June 25, 1866.	May 16, 1865.	Not mustered.
Henry C. H. Wilson	June 10, 1865.	June 6, 1865.	Not mustered.
Levi ...	June 10, 1865.	June 10, 1865.	Not mustered.
Daniel S. ...	June 17, 1865.	June 10, 1865.	Not mustered.
Frederick ...	June 17, 1865.	June 10, 1865.	Resigned, August 2, 1864.

501 names of War Department, not commissioned.

NON-COMMISSIONED STAFF OF THE REGIMENT.

Oliver Lumphrey.....Serg't-Major.	Louis Brunner.....Hosp'l Steward.
Henry T. Holden.....Q. M. Sergeant.	John H. Garrison..... "
Daniel Thurston.....Com. Sergeant.	Edward Hennessey....Vet'y Surgeon.
Andrew Leo.....Chief Bugler.	

The following is a list of the officers and enlisted men of the regiment to whom Medals of Honor have been awarded by the Secretary of War :

Brevet Lieutenant-Colonel Ezra H. Bailey.

Brevet Major Edwin F. Savacool.

Commissary Sergeant A. J. Lorish.

First or Orderly Sergeant William J. Morris, Company C.

Sergeant George J. Pitman, Company C.

Corporal Peter O'Brien, Company A.

Private Charles Anderson, Company K.

COMPANY ROLLS OF THE ENLISTED MEN OF THE FIRST NEW YORK (LINCOLN) CAVALRY ;

Giving the Rank of every Man, who ever held rank, as far as could be ascertained.

All of these Rolls, except those of Companies K, L and M, have been compiled from the copies, of the Muster-in and Muster-out Rolls, filed in the Adjutant General's Office, at Albany, N. Y. The Rolls of Companies K, L and M were obtained from the Adjutant General's Office, at Washington, D. C., as copies of the Muster-in-Rolls of those companies had never been filed with the Adjutant General of the State of New York.

Many errors have been corrected in the copies received from Albany and Washington; but it is feared that others still exist which it was impossible for the compiler to detect, for want of knowledge of the facts. The names of deserters and of those turned over to the civil authorities have been omitted.

COMPANY "A."

The following commissioned officers rose from the ranks of this Company :

Captains—T. R. Leavitt, A. C. Huston.

Lieutenants—H. Snyder, A. A. Foye, A. H. Van Saun, J. C. Shankland, S. J. Barker.

Rork, Samuel.....	First Sergeant.	Gleason, J. I.....	Private.
Carroll, W. H.....	Q. M. Sergeant.	Hardy, P.	"
Baldwin, J. G.....	Com. Sergeant.	Hopkins, G. R.....	"
Aldrich, Ashel S.....	"	Hurst, Alexander.....	"
Keating, James.....	Sergeant.	Hill, Samuel.....	"
Hall, Hilligas.....	"	Hard, C. W.....	"
Wilson, J. R.....	"	Higgins, John.....	"
McCann, Robert.....	"	Higgins, Henry.....	"
Barker, J. H.....	"	Hortochs, Robert.....	"
Van Saun, A. H.....	"	Haywood, L. M.....	"
George, C. R.....	"	Hess, E.....	"
Mann, N. H.....	Corporal.	Hale, H.....	"
Shannon, M.....	"	Jarvis, W. H.....	"
Meyer, W. F.....	"	Francis, W. J.....	"
Geelin, Charles.....	"	Kingsland, G. W.....	"
Bingham, G. H.....	"	Kelsier, C. R.....	"
Clark, C. C.....	"	Krittinger, Michael.....	"
Kent, W. A.....	"	Lamey, R.....	"
Vaentene, W. H.....	"	Lewis, P.....	"
Lafayette, E.....	"	Lant, Louis.....	"
O'Brien, Peter.....	"	Lewis, Preston.....	"
Edling, O.....	"	Ludwig, Paul.....	"
Sachser, L.....	"	McIntosh, J.....	"
Ward, George.....	"	Moore, T.....	"
Waters, William.....	"	Moore, H.....	"
Nugent, John.....	"	Mooney, H. C.....	"
Conrad, W. H.....	"	Mangauren, John.....	"
Patte, E. G.....	Bugler.	Moser, H.....	"
Conroy, W. H.....	"	Mosley, H.....	"
Foster, H. B.....	Fur. & Black'h.	Pape, C. C.....	"
Fisher, R. M.....	"	Peterson, C.....	"
O'Donnell, P.....	"	Robinson, P. C.....	"
Green, George.....	Saddler.	Riese, B. C.....	"
Beck, W.....	Wagoner.	Rizzo, M.....	"
Broomfield, William.....	Private.	Robertson, George.....	"
Butler, John.....	"	Stokes, William.....	"
Broderick, John.....	"	Sheldin, E.....	"
Brann, Walter.....	"	Shelton, W.....	"
Clarke, C. P.....	"	Simmon, W. S.....	"
Corbin, Michael.....	"	Slon, J.....	"
Cochrane, J.....	"	Smith, George.....	"
Cross, William.....	"	Smy, M.....	"
Caffrey, James.....	"	Stacy, M. J.....	"
Clough, William.....	"	Swoekhard, M.....	"
Callerton, James.....	"	Thompson, C. C.....	"
Casson, M.....	"	Tarant, J.....	"
Casson, F.....	"	Trotter, W.....	"
Cowell, John.....	"	Van Woert, R.....	"
Conroy, Thomas.....	"	Vanderbilt, C.....	"
Dederick, J.....	"	Volatin, R. W.....	"
Dolan, J.....	"	Ward, George.....	"
Englund, William.....	"	Wood, Joseph.....	"
Evans, S.....	"	Wright, George.....	"
Evans, J.....	"	Wright, J.....	"
Fogarty, W.....	"	Watts, James.....	"
Freeman, J.....	"	Wynant, C.....	"
Follety, E.....	"	Werner, D.....	"

DISCHARGED.			
Foye, A. A.	Sergeant.	Moore, L. W.	Private.
Suydam, H.	"	Conklin, J.	"
Hoswell, A. B.	Corporal.	Friseman, L.	"
McWilliams, J.	"	McQuade, P.	"
Boyd, William	Saddler.	Rosa, M. F.	"
Boyd, Joseph.	Private.	Cunningham, M.	"
Demarest, J. B.	"	Ordway, A. H.	"
Fitzpatrick, J.	"	Rosencrans, J.	"
H. J.	"	Brown, G.	"
Irvine, J.	"	Whitney, T.	"
O'Brien, William.	"	Park, R.	"
Pottler, A. D.	"		
Stroud, E.	"		
Farmer, H.	"		
Sullivan, C.	"		
Keady, James.	"		
Voshong, J.	"		
Michels, R. J.	"		
Marston, H. C.	"		
Fisher, Charles	"		
Landano, F.	"		
Heller, M.	"		

TRANSFERRED.

Baxter, H. L.	Private.
Garrison, J. H.	"
Toney, J.	"
Cosgrove, J.	"

DIED.

Kessler, C.	Private.
Hael, T.	"
O'Brien, M.	"
Prevost, J.	"

COMPANY "B."

The following commissioned officers rose from the ranks of this Company :

Brevet Major—Cliff Thompson.

Captains—Clark Stanton, Lem. Evans.

Lieutenants—W. H. Beach, F. E. Hotchkiss, H. C. H. Wilson, N. Valentine, G. W. Peavy.

Valentine, Napoleon.	First Sergeant.	Clark, N. B.	Corporal.
Kingsland, W. W.	"	Dailey, Daniel	"
True, E. W.	Q. M. Sergeant	Orr, John.	"
Dunham, R.	"	Bosby, Bill.	"
Westbrook, A. D.	Com. Sergeant.	Rogers, John.	"
Carman, Thomas.	Sergeant.	Owens, T.	"
Thompson, T. Jr.	"	Forky, R. P.	"
Peterson, C. R.	"	Marlow, S. H.	"
Goldin, James.	"	Disosway, W. W.	"
Doherty, B.	"	Law, D. P.	"
Wheeler, S. M.	"	Swanson, C. P.	Butler
Wilson, H. C. H.	"	Pearl, T. E.	"
Mason, J.	"	Carroll, A.	"
Stephens, E. R.	Corporal.	Casoy, Thomas.	Father
Peavy, G.	"	Colvin, M.	"
O'Brien, John.	"	Matched, K.	Saddler.
McKeon, J. S.	"	Reid, G. F.	Western
Cook, M.	"	Bruce, A.	Private.
Milner, F. E.	"	Brennan, P.	"

Noons, Thomas	Bugler.	Soold, F.	Private
Nelson, P. F.	Saddler.	Grovestein, T.	"
Dickinson, E. A. O.	Private.		

COMPANY "C."

The following commissioned officers rose from the ranks of this Company :

Brevet Brigadier-General—O. B. Knowles.

Captains—Frank McConnaughy, William H. Boyd, jr.

Lieutenants—John Newth, W. D. Hall, M. S. Cafferty,
Oliver Lumphrey, E. Knowles, M. Wiley, A. Davis.

Morris, W. P.	First Sergeant.	Hicks, John	Private.
Way, Caleb	Q. M. Sergeant.	Jarvis, Henry	"
Snyder, J. J.	Com. Sergeant.	Jarvis, William	"
Giles, Edward	Sergeant.	Jackson, Joan	"
Harvey, J. V.	"	Johnson, Charles	"
Burgess, A. S.	"	King, John	"
Bird, C. S.	"	Lavalley, Peter	"
Galspie, W. F.	"	Leary, James	"
Pitman, G. J.	"	Myers, Edward	"
Fritz, Franklin	"	Murry, F.	"
Groves, John	"	Morgan, C.	"
Trumpf, Charles	Corporal.	Mohrman, E.	"
Brown, W. J.	"	Mohrman, B. A.	"
Hitchens, T. J.	"	Mitchell, A. H.	"
Lutes, J. D.	"	Nesley, William	"
E. Lott, W. J.	"	Noble, A.	"
Rainsberger, J. D.	"	Powell, J.	"
Nunnenmacher, J.	"	Putmer, M.	"
Ward, Hugh	Blacksmith.	Quinn, David	"
Powers, S. C.	Farmer.	Roxborough, William ..	"
Martin, T. B.	Saddler.	Roxborough, John	"
Adams, J.	Private	Ross, J. D.	"
Bennett, James	"	Ruggers, John	"
Brown, George	"	Sandus, H.	"
Brown, H.	"	Showaker, J. W.	"
Bulmer, T. S.	"	Steele, T.	"
Barker, William	"	Vanderlin, W.	"
Conklin, T. J.	"	Weather, A.	"
Driesbach, Joshua	"	Ward, William	"
Donnelly, Patrick	"	Walker, Henry	"
Flannery, J.	"	Wright, S. S.	"
Grayston, E.	"	Wetherill, A.	"
Crisshaw, John	"	Waite, William	"
Hessner, J.	"	Yeum, J.	"
Hall, W. H.	"		
Hall, W.	"		
Hansen, E.	"		
Henderson, R. P.	"		
Henderson, George	"		
Hempstead, W. C.	"		
Hinsinger, C. H.	"		

THE COMPANY.

Newth, John	First Sergeant.
Cafferty, Milton	Sergeant.
Lumphrey, Oliver	"
Boyd, Andrew	Bugler.

DISCHARGED.			
Gray, W. F.	First Sergeant.	Keon, C.	Private.
Haul, W. D.	"	Kelly, T.	"
Stokes, William.	Sergeant.	Hallowell, C. K.	"
Hobart, B. F.	"	Hoel, Francis.	"
Knowles, E.	"	Gilmere, Robert	"
Krause, D. M.	"	Ralyea, E. B.	"
Himes, Francis.	"	Fennimore, Samuel.	"
De Lacey, Washington, ..	"	Funk, W. H.	"
Connell, Thomas.	"	Davis, Austin.	"
Ostrander, T. B.	"	Davidson, D. J.	"
Fisher, M. A.	Corporal.	Donohew, T. J.	"
Thompson, W. J.	"	Chandler, A. B.	"
Wiley, Moses.	"	Brown, William.	"
Bossert, H. L.	Bugler.	Fisher, C. C.	"
Gillespie, Patrick.	Blacksmith.		
Von Leon, W.	Private.		DIED.
Tacey, W. D.	"	Ellis, Roland.	First Sergeant.
Quinn, John.	"	McGuekin, A. J.	Sergeant
Mears, L.	"	McClellan, J. W.	"
Mapple, S.	"	James, Thomas.	Corporal.
Mannell, C.	"	Back, Daniel.	Private.
Mackey, R.	"	Tacy, Charles D.	"
Myers, H.	"	Erwen, Jacob.	"
Lewis, M.	"	Glossup, Charles.	"
LANCASTER, W.	"	Rhiel, William H.	"
		McLaughlin, Hugh.	"

COMPANY "D."

The following commissioned officers rose from the ranks of this Company :

Brevet Major—Samuel Stevens.

Captains—V. T. Farnsworth, A. S. Delaney.

Lieutenants—I. D. Vermilyea, W. K. Laverty, S. B. Dean, E. J. Goubleman, V. Mack, Thomas Williams.

Goubleman, E. J.	First Sergeant.	Bashob, A.	Corporal.
Sprague, J. H.	Q. M. Sergeant.	Gill, J.	"
Dunbar, Jas.	"	Hogan, John.	"
Ruyton, Robert.	Com. Sergeant.	McEwin, D.	"
Forkay, R. P.	Sergeant.	Nash, J. L.	"
Westbrook, A.	"	Tom, P.	"
Dean, S. B.	"	Cate, P.	"
Burg, J. B.	"	Mack, P. D.	"
Church, Frank.	"	Shank, L.	"
Wright, D. N.	"	Frederick, J.	"
Gougeon, Henry.	"	Douglas, B.	"
Sumnerville, F. W.	Corporal.	Morgan, E.	Bugler.
Gowan, R. R.	"	Wright, W.	"
Broadwell, H.	"	Morgan, F.	"
Dunn, M.	"	Wright, J.	"
Cook, R.	"	Wright, J.	"
		Morgan, J.	"
		Morgan, J.	"

COMPANY "E."

The following commissioned officers rose from the ranks of this Company:

Lieutenants—H. Zalowsky, F. F. Schmidt, L. E. Kneif, A. Von Lengerke, A. Fiala, A. F. Herman, F. Weiss.

Zelowski, H.	First Sergeant.	John, C.	Private.
Hoyer, William	"	Euzensberger, A.	"
Schmidt, F. F.	Q. M. Sergeant.	Flahar, J.	"
Fiala, Anton.	"	Fomrobert, William.	"
Hurche, H.	Com. Sergeant.	Fitterer, L.	"
Kniepp, H.	Sergeant.	Furlong, F. B.	"
Knief, L. E.	"	Forster, O. H.	"
Wittenboeck, H.	"	Guthal, M.	"
Blasche, C.	"	Geil, W.	"
Wagner, W.	"	Grohman, P.	"
Kneel, C.	"	Goeral, F.	"
Brackall, M.	"	Grimme, L.	"
Loges, H. G.	Corporal.	Honek, V.	"
Bischoff, K.	"	Hessel, H.	"
Brosnan, L.	"	Heftz, Otto.	"
Serviere, E.	"	Hirsch, P.	"
Mempel, A.	"	Helmholtz, Louis.	"
Miy, Henry.	"	Holmes, H.	"
Forster, H.	"	Hotamber, F.	"
Schneider, George.	"	Hartog, H.	"
Willing, M.	"	Hanser, C.	"
Hof, A.	"	Keyser, John.	"
Draab, William.	"	Kernke, L.	"
Kahnert, George.	"	Kieffer, Joseph.	"
Prognan, R.	"	Knop, E.	"
Muller, John.	"	Koch, A.	"
Schmidt, J.	Bagman.	Knip, H.	"
Otto, August.	"	Kunmanger, C.	"
Witt, C.	"	Kuller, A.	"
Ratman, E.	Fur. & Black'h.	Krooz, C.	"
Harmischer, Joseph.	"	Kuptera, J.	"
Epner, C.	"	Lloyd, J.	"
Otto, E.	Sad Ber.	Lebenschlagel, A.	"
Gottlieb, G.	"	Luehman, M.	"
Kessel, J.	Wagner.	Lundin, A.	"
Benschstein, William.	Private.	Pauchmann, M.	"
Brock, C.	"	Lengerke, A.	"
Bentzen, H.	"	Lehr, C.	"
Benson, J.	"	Loges, B.	"
Berg, M. F.	"	Wilson, A.	"
Berg, H.	"	Mockel, K.	"
Brown, L.	"	Marder, J.	"
Bornmann, A.	"	Meyer, A.	"
Bucknigh, Charles.	"	Meyer, G. H.	"
Burns, A.	"	Nagel, Charles.	"
Campbell, J.	"	Neubert, J.	"
Durr, H.	"	Pratt, J.	"
		Rehm, John.	"

Billing, H.	Private.	Zinn, E.	Private.
Ruder, Gus.	"	Zoltman, A.	"
Rosenblatt, M.	"		
Schumacker, F.	"		TRANSFERRED.
Schultze, H.	"		
Schaffner, Andrew.	"	Wagner, Louis.	Private.
Schauer, J.	"		
Schmidt, H.	"		DISCHARGED.
Schmidt, W.	"		
Salzbrunn, O.	"	Bense, John.	Private.
Schneider, C.	"	Harmkramp, William.	"
Schultz, H.	"	Moratz, A.	"
Sulewski, D.	"	Lack, C.	"
Stueckel, E.	"	Resch, F.	"
Thomas, I.	"		
Vitah, Alex.	"		DIED.
Vogel, F.	"		
Weigman, William.	"	Gliech, William.	Sergeant.
Wermuth, F.	"	Ruhkopf, L.	Private.
Waller, George.	"	Foerster, H. O.	"
Weisbecker, A.	"	Luehlin, Franz.	"
Winters, J.	"	Weber, John.	"
Weisz, F.	"	Saal, Louis.	"

COMPANY "F."

The following commissioned officers rose from the ranks of this Company :

Captain—J. J. O'Brien.

Lieutenant—Ed. Lake.

McCormick, J.	First Sergeant.	Seranton, G. W.	Corporal.
Barton, Josiah S.	"	Goin, John.	"
Behan, A. D.	Q. M. Sergeant.	Moorhead, D. L.	"
Williamson, C. T.	"	McIntyre, G. W.	Bugler.
Buer, Elias.	Com. Sergeant.	McCarthy, John.	"
Clark, C. D.	Sergeant	Harvy, H.	Fat. & Black'h
Jones, S. H.	"	Little F. J.	"
Marsh, G. W.	"	Wood, C.	"
Evans, J. W.	"	Wood, S.	Saddler.
Cummings, J.	"	Westward, E. B.	"
Watson, Geo.	"	Whitnall, A.	Wagoner.
Parker, Wm.	"	Avery, Dan'l.	Private.
Hattan, Thos.	"	Barton, C. A.	"
Clark, W. H.	Corporal.	Barker, L.	"
Reynolds, C. D.	"	Bernard, J.	"
Holmes, W. W.	"	Bryne, J.	"
Lumner, D.	"	Burk, P.	"
Wright, F.	"	Burgess, R. A.	"
Sweet, M. V.	"	Carpenter, G. D.	"
Leitch, G. O.	"	Carl, Jas.	"
Coslar, O. M.	"	Carm, J. L.	"
Welch, M. H.	"	Crossman, E. J.	"
Kinyon, J.	"	Cole, W. D.	"
Smith, J. J.	"	Cranchick, J. D.	"

Clark, J.Private.	Rooney, R. W.Private.
Carpenter, O. M. "	Rohman, B. "
Cary, J. "	Root, J. M. "
Case, P. "	Stadford, C. "
Carrig, C. "	Smith, A. "
Dean, W. "	Sigel, H. "
Dana, M. "	Stewart, J. C. "
Daniels, E. "	Smith, B. "
Eldridge, T. "	Smith, A. "
Elwood, O. S. "	Souther, H. L. "
Flanagan, P. "	Sterra, H. "
Fish, B. F. "	Tracy, Wm. "
Hagan, Jas. "	Temple, J. A. "
Hart, F. "	Willett, J. "
Hoenigant, J. H. "	Welch, Jno. "
Heiberg, John. "	Walch, Jas. "
Hathfield, Wm. "	Wainwright, Benj. "
Johnson, H. R. "	Wyman, F. J. "
Jenks, Jas. "	Wilder, S. "
Kelly, B. "	Wells, W. H. "
Kenning's, Geo. "	Warren, M. "
Kaler, P. "	Wisson, D. "
Knowles, G. "	Young, C. "
Kelly, R. "	
Loomis, D. "	
Lawton, R. E. "	
Loveridge, C. "	
Law, S. "	
May, P. "	
Mead, C. "	
M'Donald, D. "	
M'Leary, P. "	
Morison, Lindsey. "	
M'Carthy, L. "	
McKinn, M. "	
Munich, M. "	
North, A. "	
Norhay, C. "	
Page, W. "	
Poindexter, Geo. S. "	
Rabin, P. U. "	
	DISCHARGED.
	Lake, EdwardFirst Sergeant.
	Ormsby, E. Q. M. Sergeant.
	Brown, B.Private.
	Brooks, M. "
	Mason, J. "
	McGowan, J. "
	Olin, W. "
	Paul, E. "
	Paul, W. "
	Sweet, A. "
	Vinton, C. "
	White, C. "
	DIED.
	Baker, JohnPrivate.

COMPANY "G."

The following commissioned officers rose from the ranks of this Company:

Lieutenants—Joseph Walter, E. Schneider.

Kearney, H. Sergeant	Mason, J. Sergeant
Page, W. Q. M. Sergeant	McGowan, J. Sergeant
Poindexter, Geo. S. Sergeant	Wainwright, Benj. Sergeant
Page, W. Sergeant	Wilder, S. Sergeant
Emmick, W. Sergeant	Buckman, J. Corporal
Leahy, J. Sergeant	Hart, F. Corporal
Berkheimer, Wilham "	Eichenbaugh, J. "

COMPANY "H."

The following commissioned officers rose from the ranks of this Company :

Captain—Eugene Lewis.

Lieutenant—Robert C. Clark.

Miller, Geo.....	First Sergeant.	Delahanty, P.....	Private
Bennett, John.....	"	Dannelly, S.....	"
Elliott, F.....	Q. M. S. Sergeant.	Dewitt, M.....	"
Kelton, P.....	"	Earle, J. G.....	"
Driver, G. W.....	Com. Sergeant.	Evans, Chas.....	"
Cannon, H.....	Sergeant.	Corrigan, T.....	"
Murphy, J. R.....	"	Grady, Thos.....	"
Reasly, C. H.....	"	Garlan, G.....	"
Howard, G.....	"	Green, T.....	"
Roberts, E.....	"	Harris, Wm.....	"
Dempster, W.....	"	Hudson, J. A.....	"
Duffy, M. D.....	Corporal.	Hazel, Thomas.....	"
Everton, W.....	"	Heath, Wash.....	"
Lewis, E.....	"	Hall, W.....	"
Emons, C.....	"	Hudson, Chas.....	"
O'Neil, E.....	"	Hoyt, E.....	"
Wash, J.....	"	Haney, J.....	"
Bogert, J.....	"	Heekey, J.....	"
Wynans, W.....	"	Johnson, E. A.....	"
Spelman, Jas.....	"	Jackson, G.....	"
Wash, G.....	"	Kidd, John.....	"
Edsall, B.....	"	Kelster, P.....	"
Williams, J. H.....	"	Lynch, James.....	"
Ives, C. P.....	"	Loomis, G. W.....	"
Conroy, L. J.....	Boatler	Leonard, W.....	"
Stammler, J.....	"	Lowen, Geo.....	"
Chapman, J.....	Far. & Black'h.	Lewis, J.....	"
Reilly, Wm.....	"	East, A.....	"
Reilly, J.....	"	Lynch, James.....	"
Dyckman, O.....	Saddler.	Lynch, Jerry.....	"
Potter, Jas.....	"	Melvin, J.....	"
Carroll, J.....	Wagoner.	Mann, K.....	"
Abroder, F.....	Private.	McKinley, J. S.....	"
Cherry, Jas.....	"	Mahony, Edw.....	"
Adams, A. H.....	"	McKenna, G. R.....	"
Angwin, W. H.....	"	Marlow, Chas.....	"
Reilly, H. E.....	"	McDonald, J.....	"
Reilly, P.....	"	Muchy, Thos.....	"
Clark, W. H.....	"	Murry, M.....	"
Cook, J. R.....	"	Myers, M.....	"
Cook, P.....	"	Newman, R.....	"
Carroll, T.....	"	Nelson, P. F.....	"
Cook, J.....	"	O'Connell, N.....	"
Cox, J.....	"	O'Connell, P. H.....	"
Cox, J.....	"	O'Connell, P.....	"
Cox, J.....	"	O'Connell, P.....	"
Cox, J.....	"	Peto, J.....	"
Cox, J.....	"	Peto, J.....	"
Cox, J.....	"	Parks, W. S.....	"

Roel, G. Private.	Ward, J. Private.
Raczkievitz, J. C. "	
Reynolds, E. "	
Robinson, C. "	DISCHARGED.
Retchie, W. "	
Redmond, C. "	Clark, R. C. First Sergeant.
Schultz, F. "	Higgins, E. Private.
Stenson, G. "	Rohr, G. "
Suifin, Ward. "	Cannan, W. "
Suifin, Warren. "	Thompson, D. "
Sheppard, W. "	Boughton, H. "
Schefflin, F. "	
Stroud, E. "	DIED.
Torbush, H. "	
Topping, H. "	Thompson, Geo. Sergeant.
Verlander, Wm. "	Murry, J. A. "
Voghts, R. C. "	Halt, L. P. Corporal.
Walton R. "	Voorhies, A. H. Private.
Wilkins, W. "	Walsh, J. "
White, P. "	Moor, F. "
	Cameron, J. "

COMPANY "I."

The following commissioned officers rose from the ranks of this Company :

Lieutenants—A. Schmidt, C. Webber.

Meuser, H. First Sergeant.	Busch, M. Private.
Schmitt, G. "	Blair, J. "
Zumloh, Theo. Q. M. Sergeant.	Bohle, F. "
Schmidt, A. "	Becker, C. "
Frederick, G. Com. Sergeant.	Berliner, E. "
Lung, A. Sergeant.	Bronnmelmer, H. "
Keller, A. "	Clauson, A. F. "
Gentz, P. "	Canfield, I. A. "
Hansen, L. "	Deer, F. "
Schmitt, F. "	Duer, C. "
Wagner, H. "	Ehrle, A. "
Albecht, H. Corporal.	Gnehlfin, A. "
Hosson, P. "	Gohens, J. H. "
Keller, H. "	Grab, John. "
Schmidt, R. H. "	Flugge, H. "
Huff, C. "	Fresse, C. "
Le-Knaut, G. "	Hayne, F. "
Meyer, H. "	Hennrich, A. "
Herrmann, J. "	Rayne, Charles. "
Herrmann, F. Bugler.	Reyer, W. "
Hansen, J. "	Reh, S. "
Legals, A. Far. & Black'n.	Herrmann, A. "
Schultz, J. H. "	Hillsdorf, Conrad. "
Schmidt, J. F. Saddler.	Hinze, J. H. "
Reich, J. F. Wagoner.	Hirsch, H. "
Hansen, W. "	Hirsch, W. "
Alch, J. Private.	Honnamire, J. "
Brown, H. F. "	Hugh, J. "

Diamond, John.....	First Sergeant.	Gilbert, Henry.....	Private.
Johnson, LaFayette F. ..	"	Garlin, John	"
Vosburg, Charles D.....	"	Harris, William J.....	"
Atherton, Nelson.....	Q. M. Sergeant.	Henry, Charles P.....	"
Nevins Wm. S.	"	Howard, James.....	"
Nevins, Henry M.....	"	Hyer, James.....	"
Durham, Marcus.....	Com. Sergeant.	Hope, Joseph.....	"
Mann, Christian J.....	"	Hill, William.....	"
Averill, Paul.....	Sergeant.	Heath William H. H. . .	"
Beasley, James W.....	"	Hamilton, Hiram B.....	"
Cummins, George W. . .	"	Helmer, Rufus A.....	"
Hamlin, John K.	"	Jones, James M. W. . .	"
Harrison, Andrew J. . .	"	Johnson, John H.....	"
McNott, William.....	"	Kingsbury, Henry E. . .	"
Mills, George W.....	"	Kellogg, John W.....	"
O'Brien, John.....	"	Kantorwitz, Samuel. . .	"
Smith, James W.....	"	McCullum, Emmitt. . . .	"
Wait, Ferdinand F.....	"	Mansfield, John W.....	"
Warren, Charles.....	"	Murtha, Patrick.....	"
Williams, Morgan F. . .	"	Martin, Thomas J.....	"
Walt, John.....	"	Martin Willson.....	"
Anderson, William D. . .	Corporal.	Mason, Theion.....	"
Callighan, James.....	"	Mead, John M.....	"
Croque, Kenzie B.....	"	McMillen, John.....	"
Jackson, Levi S.....	"	McNaughton, John.....	"
Lindley, Allen.....	"	Munger, Harmon H. . .	"
McNaughton, Dugal. . .	"	Meyers, Mathew.....	"
Stoeger, George.....	"	Nichols, William H. . .	"
Hoffman, A. H.....	Soldier.	Noble, Erastus W.....	"
Hoffman, Omar.....	"	Neyport, Thomas.....	"
Knight, E. Iwin.....	Bugler.	O'Connell, Michael.....	"
Jones, Job.....	Farrier.	Pomeroy, Jerome B.....	"
Parker, Benjamin.....	"	Pool, David S.....	"
Trotman, E. Ison.....	"	Price, Arthur A.....	"
Welton, Chancey.....	"	Phillip, Judson S.....	"
Anderson, Charles.....	Private.	Parkinson, William B. . .	"
Averill, George.....	"	Reid, James.....	"
Anderson, John.....	"	Reeve, Hasbuck.....	"
Blodgett, Rufus A.....	"	Sime, Austin T.....	"
Brown, John.....	"	Stoie, John K.....	"
Bryant, W. Byron.....	"	Stoie, J. H. G.....	"
Clarke, Joseph A.....	"	Schears, Judson L.....	"
Collins, Elbert S.....	"	Scherber, John W.....	"
Daggett, Henry.....	"	Smith, Martin C.....	"
Deussen, Owen D.....	"	Stilson, John W.....	"
Durham, Andrew F. . .	"	Simpson, John.....	"
Davenport, Adlberg. . .	"	Sutton, James H.....	"
Dunn, R. J. G.....	"	Taylor, J. H. G.....	"
Eldred, Edward W.....	"	Taylor, Ethan A.....	"
Fitzgerald, A.....	"	T. . . W. . . S.....	"
Felerson, Smith.....	"	Williams, J. H. G.....	"
Fox, B. Ison.....	"	Wilke, Josiah.....	"
Graves, E. Iwan M. S. . .	"	Wells, Dan O.....	"
Grant, William.....	"	Weston, John M.....	"
Gilbert, John W.....	"	Westatry, William.....	"
Gilbert, Roswell.....	"	W. . . A. . . S.....	"

Wader, JosephPrivate.
 White Albert C "
 White, Safford..... "
 Warren, Porter..... "
 Wheeler, Montsier "
 Smith, Alfred.....Colored Undercook.

DISCHARGED.

Wall, WilliamSergeant.
 Ewarts, Charles B.....Private.

TRANSFERRED.

Thurston, Daniel F....Q. M. Sergeant.
 Holden, Henry T.....Private.

DIED.

Anson, James.....Private.
 Brott, Anthony "
 Baldwin, James..... "
 Keeler, Alexander..... "
 Sailing, Frederick..... "
 Laur, Andrew "

COMPANY "L."

The following commissioned officers rose from the ranks of this Company:

Lieutenant—Benno Von Rockeritz.

Blum, AndrewFirst Sergeant.	Brauer, Bartholomew, Private.
Krome, Christian..... "	Beltz, Julius..... "
Ahlborn, George.....Q. M. Sergeant.	Bormann, Adolph..... "
Flinster, Edward,Com. Sergeant.	Brokel, Michael..... "
Leynitzer, Henry..... "	Clemens, John..... "
Roehrs, Frederick..... "	Conroy, John..... "
Elling, Henry.....Sergeant.	Colar, Joseph..... "
Hokenrir, John..... "	Collende, William..... "
Hepke, Frederick..... "	Dietrich, Henry..... "
Matzen, John..... "	Dobrowsky, Henry..... "
Riegel, Richard..... "	Drewlow, William..... "
Wacker, Frederick..... "	Eiring, Henry..... "
Adams, JamesCorporal	Flegel, Edward..... "
Ard, Frederick..... "	Fosser, George..... "
Broekhausen, Henry, .. "	Gulde, John..... "
Gliesing Henry..... "	Gram, Charles..... "
Kuebusch, Herman..... "	Gratz, George..... "
Lane, Ernest..... "	Griff, Peter..... "
Loughly, Christian..... "	Geis, Andreas..... "
Machbaker, Francis, .. "	Gougenham, Albert, .. "
Meunger, Joseph..... "	Goitz, Lorenz..... "
Nick, August..... "	Gander, Henry..... "
Nesberg, Peter..... "	Gradowill, John..... "
Swager, Fritz..... "	Meunich, Wilhelm..... "
Vogel, John..... "	Harlland, Henry..... "
Wuensch, Augustus..... "	Hombann, Charles..... "
Rehmann, John.....Farrier.	Heimann, Augustus..... "
Rehmann, Thomas.....Barber	Harts, Phillip..... "
Wehrschmidt, Christ .. "	Herrick, Henry..... "
Schmitt, Fritz..... "	Heuser, Conrad..... "
Andriaman, Phillip.....Private.	Herrick, William..... "
Andriaman, George..... "	Heinemann, Charles..... "
Belkany, E. Lar, Pvt. C.	Hess, Peter..... "
Belkany, August..... "	Hess, Carl P., Charles..... "
Boller, Augustus..... "	Hess, Peter..... "
Bromberg, Adolph..... "	Hering, Henry..... "
Brown, John P..... "	Haterich, Henry..... "

Gorman, John.....	Sergeant.	Horn, Joseph.....	Private.
Mason, George.....	"	Horton, Daniel.....	"
Porter, Patrick H.....	"	Hulse, George C.....	"
Patterson, Samuel B.....	"	Hyde, Charles S.....	"
Relly, Alexander.....	"	Henrys, William.....	"
Stinson, Samuel.....	"	Hughes, Michael.....	"
Toomey, Thomas.....	"	Hurl, Henry.....	"
Bishop, William H.....	Corporal.	Hickey, Thomas F.....	"
Cummings, Thomas H.....	"	Hurley, John C.....	"
Dunworth, Michael.....	"	Higgins, Edward.....	"
Hanna, Francis.....	"	Hawes, John.....	"
Kane, John.....	"	Jones, William.....	"
Kennoy, Thomas.....	"	Kearney, Miles.....	"
Sedward, Robert.....	"	Keller, George.....	"
Mahon, Samuel.....	"	Kelly, William.....	"
O'Neil, Patrick.....	"	Kelly, James.....	"
Quinet, George T.....	"	Kleinschmidt, Charles.....	"
Roehrer, John.....	"	Kennedy, Robert.....	"
Snooks, Joseph.....	"	Largo, Thomas.....	"
Traver, John.....	"	Lindsey, James.....	"
Hennessey, Edward.....	Farrier.	McCabe, James.....	"
Rutter, Thomas H.....	"	McCarthy, Thomas.....	"
Krumback, Christ.....	Bugler.	McCauley, John.....	"
Leo, Andrew.....	"	McLaughlin, William.....	"
Antes, Henry P.....	Private.	Melville, Thomas H.....	"
Affleck, John.....	"	Miller, William.....	"
Allum, Thomas.....	"	Miller, Andrew H.....	"
Austin, Charles.....	"	Miller, George.....	"
Bulke, Henry.....	"	Moran, Peter.....	"
Berrington, Perceval H.....	"	Morse, Christopher.....	"
Bagley, Peter.....	"	Murphy, Timothy.....	"
Bussling, Edwin A.....	"	Murphy, James.....	"
Batley, Charles H.....	"	McDermott, Peter.....	"
Burke, Thomas.....	"	McMangus, John.....	"
Cook, William.....	"	Mara, James.....	"
Creery, John.....	"	Maloney, John.....	"
Corder, Henry C.....	"	Maran, Owen.....	"
Cox, Daniel.....	"	Mooney, William J.....	"
Dehart, William F.....	"	Murray, Francis.....	"
Dyas, Richard A.....	"	Murray, Thomas.....	"
Doran, Michael C.....	"	O'Connell, Michael.....	"
Enright, Isaac.....	"	Peck, Charles.....	"
Farral, Michael.....	"	Patterton, James.....	"
Fanning, Wesley.....	"	Ryan, Henry.....	"
Gardner, George.....	"	Sullivan, Lawrence.....	"
Gatkins, Baytes.....	"	Sullivan, John.....	"
Gaynor, John.....	"	Shaw, Sol, Jean.....	"
Gebhart, John E.....	"	Speck, Joseph.....	"
Gogge, Irvin.....	"	Smith, Jacob.....	"
Gilligan, Patrick.....	"	Turner, James.....	"
Gorman, Thomas.....	"	Ughe, James D.....	"
Gordon, M.....	"	Uings, Thomas.....	"
H.....	"	Vorringer, Benjamin.....	"
H.....	"	Wilson, Joel P.....	"
Hannedy, Michael.....	"	Weber, Stephen D.....	"
Higgins, John.....	"	Wilson, Wessley J.....	"

Wiley, John.....Private.
 Whelan, Edwin....."

Siekle, C. B.....Private.
 Devlin, John....."

DISCHARGED.

Barber, S. T.....Private
 Hickey, James....."
 Dufur, D. "
 Failing, J. "
 Kennedy, R. "
 Loyalle, P. "
 King, Owen..... "
 McCormack, R..... "
 McCorb, F. "
 Morgan, C. "
 Quinn, D. "
 Ryan, W. "
 Sheppard, J. "
 Sheppard, J. H..... "

TRANSFERRED.

Connelly, M. Blacksmith.
 Mara, W. Private.

DIED.

Garrighan, P. First Sergeant.
 Dodge, James.....Private.
 Garvin, John..... "
 Hughes, J. "
 Lynch, J. "
 Miner, G. H. "
 Ross, Andrew..... "
 VanSickles, G. W. "



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