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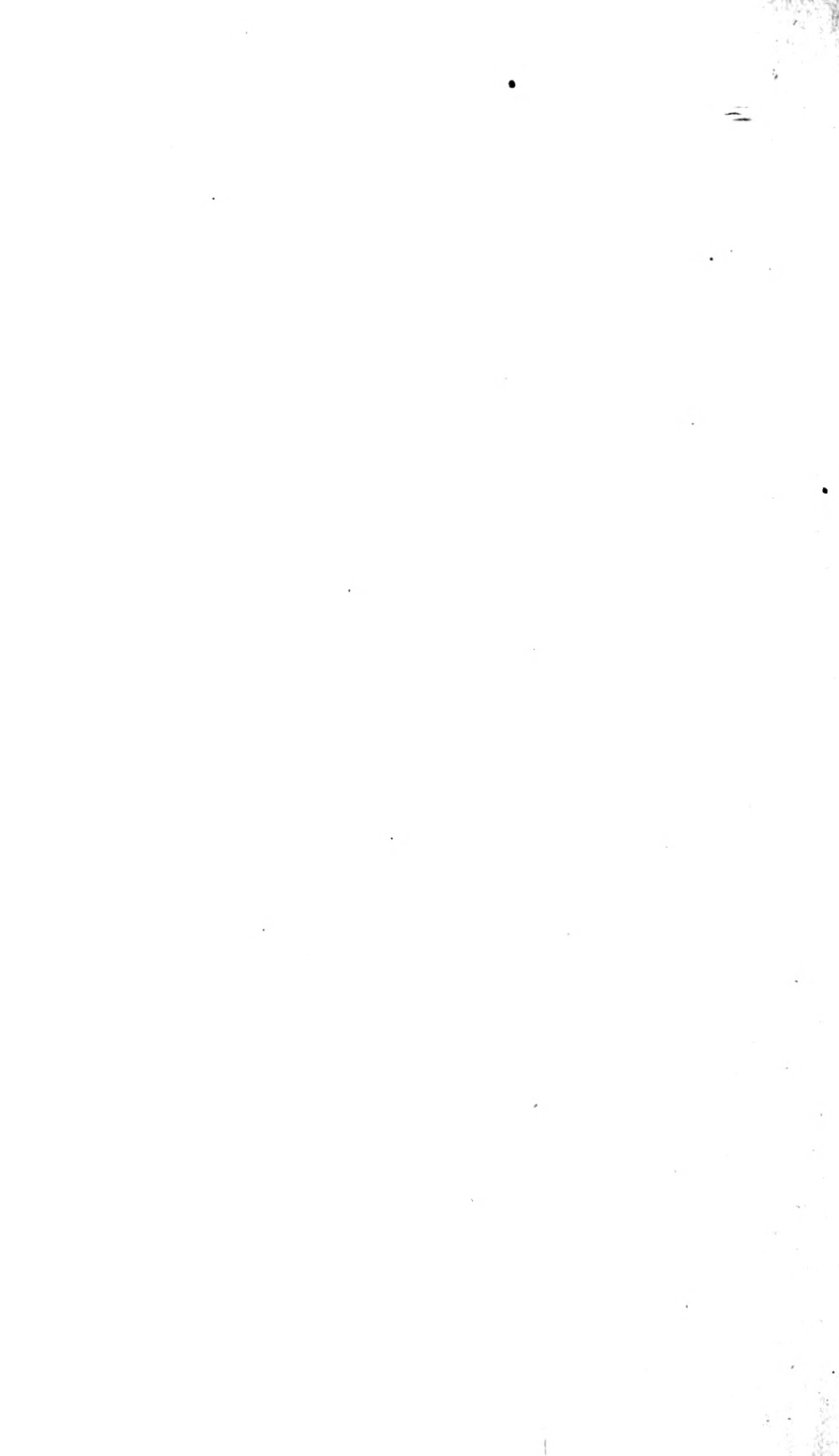
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John A. Horner,
Emmitsburg,
Md.







HXX





Yours truly,

C. August Snowdon.

COLE'S CAVALRY;
OR
THREE YEARS IN THE SADDLE
IN THE
SHENANDOAH VALLEY,

BY
C. ARMOUR NEWCOMER.

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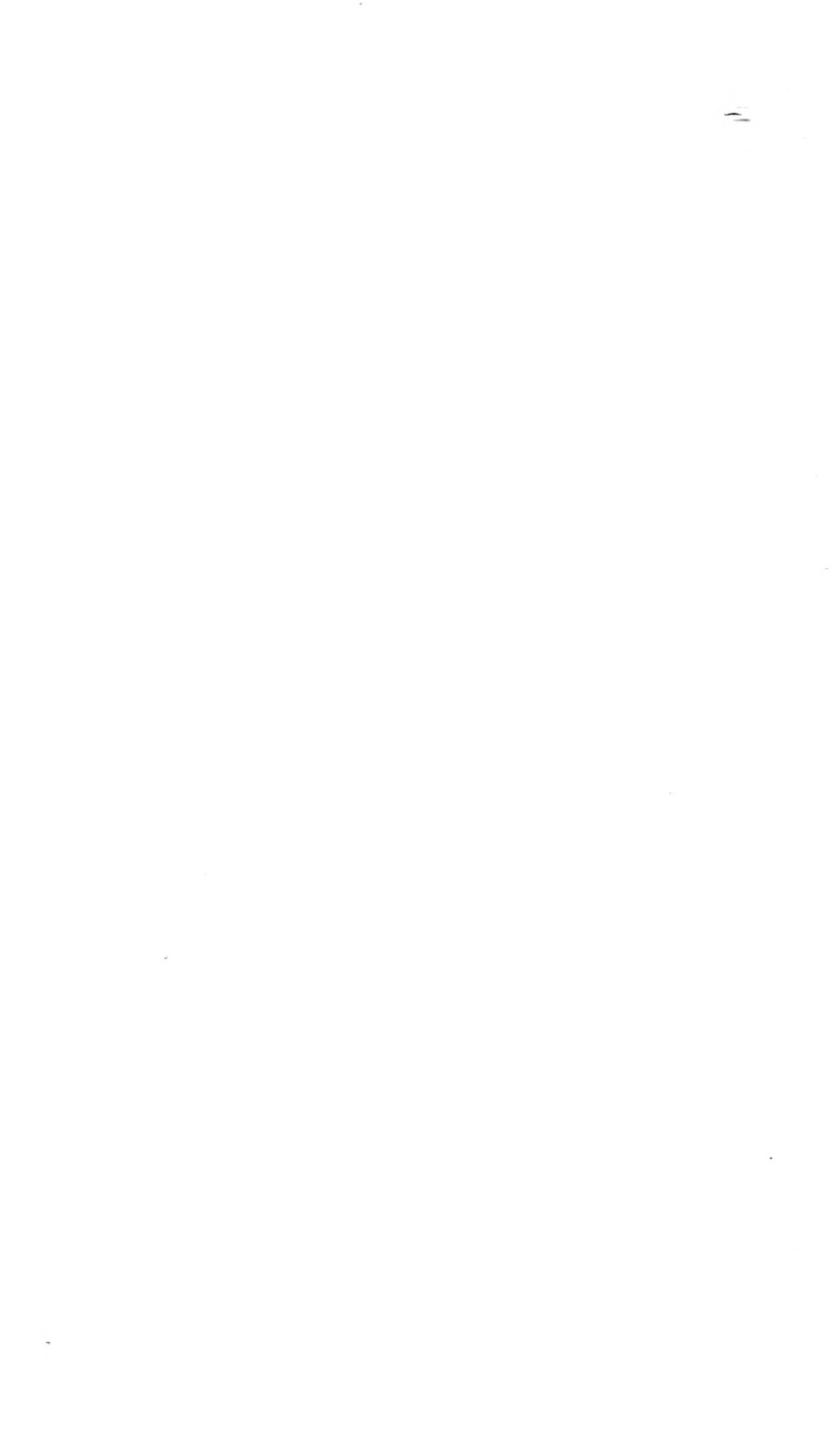
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DEDICATED
TO THE
SONS AND DAUGHTERS
OF THE
LOYAL SOLDIERS AND SAILORS
OF THE
LATE REBELLION,
1861-65.



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COLE'S CAVALRY;

OR

THREE YEARS in the SADDLE

In the Shenandoah Valley.

CHAPTER I.

INTRODUCTION.

THE following pages were written at the solicitation of a number of the survivors of Cole's Cavalry, and I herewith present a brief history of this once famous command, confining myself entirely to facts; most of the incidents related coming under my personal observation.

The strong Southern feeling prevailing in Baltimore culminated in a violent outbreak on the 19th of April, 1861. The march of the Sixth Massachusetts Regiment, on their way to the defence of the Nation's Capitol, in response to President Lincoln's call for troops, was obstructed by a mob composed of the baser elements of society, and the troops were attacked in the streets with stones and firearms; many citizens attracted to the scene by curiosity were shot down by the soldiery, which had a tendency to further inflame the excited feeling of the populace. Any one known

as an outspoken Unionist, or giving expression to loyal sentiments, was often the subject of insult, and at times of personal violence. A number of citizens, who were opposed to Secession, left the city for safety—myself among the number. I visited relatives in the western part of the State, who were large slaveholders and Southern sympathizers, and who endeavored to influence me to cast my fortunes with the Confederacy.

Although connected by ties of birth and blood with the South, I loved my country and flag better than my State or section. A number of my relatives living in the cotton States had already identified themselves with the Southern cause. One of my relatives, (Mr. Rensch,) who had not yet crossed the Potomac, tried to persuade me to accompany him, and, failing in this, he started alone and was shot by a Union Picket at Williamsport, Maryland. I resolved to enter the Federal Army and was determined to join the first Cavalry command that was organized in my native State. Since the riot, affairs in Baltimore had assumed an entirely different aspect, owing to the occupancy of the city by the Government forces, under the command of Major General Benjamin F. Butler, and those of us who were compelled to leave so hastily on account of our Union sentiments, now had an opportunity of returning to our homes without fear of molestation.

CHAPTER II.

FORMATION OF COLE'S CAVALRY.

On the 28th day of August, 1861, myself, with fourteen other young men, enlisted for three years, or during the war. We went to Frederick City, Md., where Company A had already been mustered into the service; Company B was forming in the extreme western part of the State; and Company C had a goodly number on their rolls from Emmittsburg and Gettysburg, Pennsylvania. Company D, the Company I joined, had several more detachments join us from Baltimore City and Howard County, Maryland, which enabled us to be mustered regularly into the service of the United States. At the time of formation, the four Companies, A, B, C, and D, were separate and independent of each other.

Company A elected for their Captain, HENRY A. COLE, from Frederick, who, after the consolidation of the Companies, became the Major of the Battalion, and on the reorganization of the command in 1864, became the Colonel of the Regiment, and the command from its formation as a Battalion, was known as COLE'S CAVALRY.

RICHARD COOMS was made First Lieutenant, GEO. W. F. VERNON was made Second Lieutenant. Lieutenant VERNON later became the Captain of his Company, and on the reorganization in 1864, became Lieutenant Colonel of the Regiment.

Original Members Company A.

Henry A. Cole, Captain.
 Richard Cooms, First Lieutenant.
 Geo. W. F. Vernon, Second Lieutenant.
 Lewis M. Zimmerman, First Sergeant.
 Geo. W. Lease, Second Sergeant.
 Isaac T. Devilbiss, Third Sergeant.
 Martin L. Kaufman, Fourth Sergeant.
 Edward V. Gannon, Fifth Sergeant.
 James W. W. Virts, Sixth Sergeant.
 John A. Hudson, Seventh Sergeant.
 Basil H. Albaugh, Eighth Sergeant.
 David E. Orrison, First Corporal.
 William F. Ulrick, Second Corporal.
 Jeremiah Everly, Third Corporal.
 James H. McDevitt, Fourth Corporal.
 Joseph H. Stansbury, Fifth Corporal.
 Peter J. Caughlin, Sixth Corporal.
 David Speck, Seventh Corporal.
 Roland H. Henry, Eighth Corporal.
 James W. Forsyth, Sadler.
 John W. Crim, Farrier.
 Charles W. Beaty, Farrier.
 David W. Carnes, Wagoner.

Ashmeyer, W.	Cubitts, John M.
Angelberger, Thos. T.	Dellet, John J.
Badeau, Edgar.	Dern, Abraham.
Betson, Joseph.	Dixon, Franklin.
Bishop, Charles A.	Early, John W.
Cline, Frederick.	Edwards, James.
Crawford, B. F.	Fogle, Henry.
Crawford, Joshua M.	Fogle, Solomon.
Cromwell, Arthur H.	Fouch, Temple.
Crouse, John A.	Fosler, Charles.

Fraley, John F.	Null, Harvey T.
Fry, Martin.	Orrison, Logan.
Grams, Jonathan C.	Rice, Job.
Grams, Frank D.	Routzahn, Alfred.
Hall, John B.	Shaefer, Chas.
Hall, Levi M.	Shaefer, Jos. H.
Hargett, David Q.	Shilt, Samuel D.
Hargett, Geo. B.	Smith, Geo. S.
Harris, Edward V.	Smith, Martin.
Harner, Wm. H.	Smelzer, U. W.
Hornie, Christopher.	Staley, Simon M.
Houck, David.	Stone, Edward V.
Jacobs, Philip A.	Stone, Samuel.
Jones, David.	Stott, James H.
Keedy, Walter H.	Stottlemeyer, A. J.
Kelly, John A.	Sweeney, Chas.
Kerns, John.	Tall, Erasmus.
Killian, John.	Tinterman, Wm.
Kintz, Daniel.	Tollinger, Geo.
Kreglo, Isaiah A.	Wachter, C. S.
Lacey, Alfred.	Wachter, G. R.
Mandertfield, H. A.	Wachter, T. M.
Mathews, C. A.	Washburn, D. L.
Main, Geo. W.	Watson, John.
Moore, Edward W.	Wheeler, Thos.
McKnight, Jos. T.	Wilders, James.
Miller, Henry.	Wolf, William.
Miller, John.	Yoste, C. M.
Murphy, Harvey A.	Young, George.
Myers, John.	

This Company during its service had over two hundred members, the greater portion was wounded, killed or died in prison.

WILLIAM FIREY was selected by the members of Company B as their Captain, JOHN METZ as First Lieutenant, and A. M. FLOREY as Second Lieutenant.

Original Members Company B.

William Firey, Captain.

Albert Metz, First Lieutenant.

Alex. M. Florey, Second Lieutenant.

Brush, Jacob.	Jack, Mathias.
Bell, P. M.	Karns, Jacob.
Boggs, William.	Keefer, David.
Coppich, Charles.	Keefer, Silas.
Carpenter, Jonathan.	Lucas, William.
Craft, Andrew.	Links, Henry.
Dick, David.	Lormon, George U.
Davis, Thomas.	Miller, Daniel.
Diel, Reuben.	Myers, John W.
Dennis, Jerry.	Mills, Samuel.
Donaldson, Thomas.	Medcalf, Otho.
Drake, Benjamin.	Mann, Wesley B.
Eyer, Isaac.	Mayhew, Harvey.
Filles, Frank.	McKinny, Lake.
Foos, Gotleib.	Miller, John.
Fink, Michael.	Mills, Amos.
Good, John.	Pearl, Reson.
Gletner, James.	Roger, James.
Hoefly, John.	Robinett, Mathias.
High, Rolla:	Rivers, Samuel.
Holland, Daniel.	Rivers, John L.
Holland, Joseph.	Rockwell, John.
Ira, Isaac.	Sufacool, William.
Jones, William.	Sufacool, Joseph.
Jackson, John.	Stine, J. N.
Johnson, William.	Sosey, Abraham.

Stoufer, Jacob.	Spitmauss, A.
Steffey, William.	Vance, William.
Smith, Harrison.	Wiley, Jerry.
Sleigh, Charles.	Wiley, Harrison.
Strole, Samuel.	Wolf, Hamilton.
Smith, Clark.	Weaver, George.

Company B during its service had more than one hundred and seventy-five members, a large percentage was killed, wounded or died in prison.

JOHN HORNER was chosen as Captain of Company C, with JOHN M. ANNAN as First Lieutenant, and WASHINGTON MORRISON as Second Lieutenant.

Original Members Company C.

- John Horner, Captain.
- John M. Annan, First Lieutenant.
- Washington Morrison, Second Lieutenant.
- William A. Horner, Orderly Sergeant.
- Alexander M. Walker, Quarter-Master Sergeant.
- Oscar McMillan, First Sergeant.
- Samuel J. Maxwell, Second Sergeant.
- Hiram S. McNair, Third Sergeant.
- George Guinon, Fourth Sergeant.
- Oliver Johnson, First Corporal.
- David W. Longwell, Second Corporal.
- Andrew A. Annan, Third Corporal.
- Oliver A. Horner, Fourth Corporal.
- Mosheim S. Plowman, Fifth Corporal.
- John E. Gibson, Sixth Corporal.
- John M. Swan, Seventh Corporal.
- William White, Eighth Corporal.
- Maxwell J. Cable, First Bugler.
- Albert M. Hunter, Second Bugler.

William B. Wenk, First Farrier.

William F. Weikert, Second Farrier.

Samuel J. Wolf, Saddler.

Peter Wolf, Teamster.

Bennett, Joseph A.	McCullough, James.
Bollar, John A.	McPharland, William.
Buckingham, Henry.	Merving, Edwin W.
Ceise, George.	Mellhenny, William A.
Coyle, John B.	McNair, Samuel.
Crouse, William A.	Morritz, John N.
Currens, William H.	Morison, Lake B.
Deihl, Martin.	Myers, Jacob E.
Dorsey, Charles F.	Ocker, John H.
Duphorn, Thomas W.	Reaver, Henry A.
Fites, Theodore.	Reck, Elias O.
Flohr, Reuben.	Richards, Isaac.
Fritchey, Alfred H.	Scott, James A.
Gehr, Henry.	Seitz, John.
Gelwicks, George.	Shaugheny, John.
Gillelan, George.	Sherfey, Thomas B.
Gibson, Charles A.	Shilt, David.
Grimes, James.	Spangler, George.
Gettier, Henry.	Sponseller, George.
Hartzel, Jacob.	Stahl, Jesse.
Hollebaugh, John Z.	Shriver, Geo. W.
Huber, John M.	Test, Joseph U.
Hughes, Henry.	Thomas, Levi E.
Hizer, Lewis.	Turl, Henry.
Jacobs, George W.	Weigle, Daniel E.
Kehn, Calvin.	Weikert, George W.
King, Hiram.	Welsh, Oliver.
Knott, John E.	Weible, Joseph E.
Lott, William H.	Wills, Joseph H. C.
McAlister, Theodore.	Wilson, Samuel D.

Wofford, Thomas.	Hilleary, Henry C.
Wolf, John F.	Bostick, Samuel.

Company C's membership during their service was near two hundred, a large percentage was killed, wounded or taken prisoners.

This Company made more changes in their officers than any Company in the command. [See Roster of Officers.]

PIERCE K. KEIRL became the Captain of Company D, with ROBERT MILLING as First Lieutenant, and FRANCIS GALLAGHER as Second Lieutenant.

Original Members Company D.

Pierce K. Keirl, Captain.
 Robert Millery, First Lieutenant.
 Francis Gallagher, Second Lieutenant.
 Stephen George, Orderly Sergeant.

Armstrong, Benjamin.	Casey, James.
Alt, Conrad.	Craft, John.
Bennett, Charles.	Davis, Charles.
Bennett, Andrew J.	Davis, Lafayette.
Ball, Charles.	Dawson, Louis.
Ball, Joseph.	Dennis, Charles.
Boyd, Andrew J.	Edmonds, Esom.
Brown, Thomas.	Eltonhead, Thomas D.
Brown, George.	Earnshaw, James.
Buford, George.	Eddy, John.
Bowman, William.	Forward, Samuel.
Bryan, Stephen.	Frost, John.
Chamber, Geo. W.	Fowler, Randolph.
Cox, Geo. H.	George, Stephen.
Craig, Donald.	Goff, John W.

Gruber, Charles.	Pierce, John Q.
Grubb, James.	Padgett, J. William.
Gebbins, Oliver.	Rhodes, Augustus C.
Godfrey, Thomas.	Stansbury, John W.
Grogg, William.	Stansbury, Alphens.
Howard, Henry.	Shank, Otho.
Hugg, Benjamin.	Smith, William.
Hilleary, Edward.	Sakers, John.
Hitzelberger, William.	Seifert, John.
Hoofnagle, Charles.	Stewart, William.
Hirshberger, ———.	Stull, Henry.
Iseminger, A.	Sigler, Samuel B.
Lewis, Arthur.	Staton, William.
McCauly, Adolphus.	Sweitzer, Jeremiah.
McConnell, Duncan.	Steadman, Wm. B.
McGregor, William.	Sullivan, J. W.
Mills, Samuel.	Trich, Henry.
Mills, Amos.	Talbott, Howard.
Millholland, William.	Winters, Harvey.
Marks, Henry.	Winters, Wm. H.
Morris, Hickman.	Winters, Warren.
Newcomer, C. Armour.	Welsh, Wm. H.
Nicewarner, Web.	Welsh, Richard.
O'Brian, John.	Wheeland, ———.
Orr, James C.	Wiggans, John.
Purden, Charles.	Williams, John B.

Detachment of Recruits Company D, Aug. 19, 1863.

Allen, William.	Delevan, Francis.
Beal, Robert B.	Doherty, John.
Barthelow, George.	Good, Joseph.
Brown, William.	Giles, Edward.
Benner, Alonzo.	Holmes, Henry C.
Carr, William.	Hoffman, Henry.

Hawk, Thomas.	Reindollar, William.
Lanning, James.	Scarlet, Joseph.
Lailer, Johnson.	Smith, William.
McCabe, James E.	Smith, Thomas.
Moore, John.	Turner, William.
Nail, William.	Valentine, Vincent V.
Pilcher, Joseph.	

Company D had more men on its rolls during the war than any Company in the command, numbering over two hundred and fifty. Its loss in killed, wounded and prisoners was two-thirds of its membership.

The Companies were now thoroughly equipped and ready for active service, and were ordered to guard the Potomac River, which in the winter of 1861-62, they were constantly patrolling from Frederick to Cumberland. Company B, under Captain Wm. Firey, was sent to Western Virginia. The boys were commencing to look upon soldiering in a different light from what they did when they left their comfortable homes; the winter was severe, but there was no complaining of the hardships they were compelled to endure.

During the winter General Jackson's forces had made their appearance on the south side of the Potomac, opposite Hancock, Maryland, and on the 7th of January, 1862, had sent a flag of truce to General Landers, the commander of the small body of Federal troops stationed at that point, to surrender the town. Company A of COLE'S CAVALRY were hastily sent from Hagerstown; Company D was patrolling

from Hancock to Williamsport; the first Maryland Infantry, Colonel John R. Kenly, was also ordered from Williamsport to join with Landers. A fearful snow storm had set in and the weather was bitterly cold. On arriving at Hancock the Rebels had fallen back; Cole crossed the river and followed through Bath or Berkeley Springs, within a few miles of Winchester, and not coming upon the enemy, returned to Maryland, again crossing the Potomac at Hancock.

I will not attempt to give a detailed history of each Company; but of the incidents which came under my personal observation. The Spring of 1862 had rolled around; troops were being concentrated at different points along the Potomac River. It was rumored there would be a general advance into Virginia, and we were all eager for the command to cross over, and at last the order came. How well I remember the fears that many of us had; we wrote to our friends at home that we were about invading the enemy's country, and it was doubtful if any of us would ever return alive.

In March, 1862, my Company with others, crossed the river with General Williams, at Williamsport. We advanced upon Martinsburg, West Virginia, and without seeing a sign of the enemy we occupied the town. Colonel Ashby's Virginia Cavalry were reported to be in the neighborhood of Winchester, and Captain Cole with Company A, was ordered on a reconnoissance, and at Bunker Hill they came across Ashby's Confederates, who greatly outnumbered Captain Cole; the boys of Company A charged the enemy and were driven back, then commenced their maiden

fight, the skirmish was spirited while it lasted; our boys were reinforced by a Company of Infantry, and Colonel Ashby fell back. Captain Cole had his favorite gray mare shot from under him; and a rifle ball cut a lock from his flowing beard. Dennis Stull was killed; Walter H. Keedy and Jonathan D. Grimes were wounded; Captain W. H. Whittleston, Assistant Adjutant General of Williams' Brigade of Banks' Division, had his horse killed under him. The loss of our comrade, and looking upon those that were wounded cast a feeling of sadness over the command, but we soon ceased to mind seeing wounded soldiers and others shot to death.

An amusing incident occurred while encamped near Bunker Hill, which came near proving a very serious affair. The First Maryland Infantry Regiment under Colonel John R. Kenly, afterwards General Kenly, was encamped with others at Bunker Hill, for a few days. There was a distillery close by, and a member of one of the Companies soon discovered there was liquor to be had; the boys filled their camp kettles, and it was not long before a number of the soldiers were drunk. The cook of one of the Companies, had made coffee with half whiskey and half water, and there was quite a number came near dying, after drinking the coffee. (The cook was George McCurley, of Baltimore, who called it "Royal Coffee.") Colonel Kenly placed a guard at the distillery to prevent any one from getting more liquor, but when an examination was made of the premises, not one pint of whiskey was in the building, the boys had gotten in through the rear window, and

removed all the liquor whilst the guard had been guarding the front for several days, not knowing he was guarding an empty building; it is needless to say, the guard was sent to his quarters with a reprimand. (The leader of the gang, Sergeant Bill Taylor, afterward captured and confined in "Libby Prison," from which he made his escape, and after wandering in the mountains for three months, joined his company; and was afterward promoted to a captaincy.)

On March 11th, 1862, General Williams ordered an advance, with Cole's Cavalry in the lead. We came upon the enemy at Stevens' Station, five miles north of Winchester, and for many of us, we were under fire for the first time. Ashby's Cavalry fell back and on the following morning, (Sunday, March 12th, 1862,) Cole's Cavalry charged into Winchester and had the honor of being the first Union troops that had ever been in that historic town. Colonel Ashby was again routed.

At Stevens' Station I was called upon to witness a duel, fought with Cavalry sabres, between two members of my Company, John Chambers, known as "Ginger," a notorious character, who enlisted from and lived at Harper's Ferry, and James Orr. It appears that they had a trifling dispute in reference to their proper position in the skirmish line. I had requested them to stop quarreling and fight the Rebels; they could settle their differences when they encamped for the night; not dreaming my advice would be taken. Chambers was a powerful man, weighing two hundred and fifty pounds; his oppo-

ment, Orr, had been in the United States Navy prior to the war, and understood the sabre exercise. The Brigade had stopped for the night. The principals stripped to the waist, and commenced a deadly combat with their Cavalry sabres; they were on the edge of the camp, with no one to witness the fight but myself and a few members of Company D. Chambers, being the larger man, was the aggressor, but his cuts and thrusts were skilfully parried. After fighting for some time Chambers made a fearful cut, his opponent's guard was broken and he received an ugly cut on his arm. Both parties being satisfied, they donned their clothing and we all returned to camp. It was some months before the remainder of the Company knew the fight had taken place. Chambers and Orr became fast friends for the remainder of their service in the Army.

CHAPTER III.

THE FIRST BATTLE AT WINCHESTER.

GENERAL Stonewall Jackson came down the Shenandoah Valley. General Shields was now in command of the Union forces at Winchester. The pickets were attacked Saturday morning, March 22, 1862, at Kernstown, three miles south of Winchester, and by evening the skirmish became quite lively, and on the following morning, Sunday, the fight became general. After the battle had been raging all day, General Jackson was beaten back, leaving his dead and wounded on the field; Cole's Cavalry with General Banks' division, who had arrived, followed Jackson for several days. General Banks assumed command, with headquarters at Winchester. Our Cavalry was constantly on the go, with an occasional skirmish with the enemy's Cavalry. General Shields was shot through the body in this engagement but recovered.

Myself, with others of the command, and a detachment of the First Michigan Cavalry, were detailed to act as General Banks' body guard and couriers. The day following the occupancy of Winchester, one of our number, Tom Godfrey, an Irishman, rushed into the quarters, very much excited; we expected to hear some startling bit of news, when he informed the officer in charge of his having wandered into the Medical College and of seeing terrible sights. A number of us concluded to make

an investigation, and sure enough a number of subjects were in the dissecting room and one colored lad on the table, partly dissected, the students having left the town on our entrance. It was not long before the building was overrun with soldiers, and many valuable specimens of various kinds found in a medical college were destroyed. One skeleton was supposed to be that of Old John Brown, who was hung a few years prior, or one of his sons, who was executed at the same time, at Charlestown, Va.

The command continued to scout in the surrounding country and was constantly on the move, until Banks' memorable retreat. Cole's battalion brought up the rear; Companies A and C went to Harper's Ferry, and Company D was the last Union troops to cross the Potomac River at Williamsport, having been continuously in the saddle for over thirty-six hours. They were ordered to Hagerstown to rest horses and men. In a few days Company D went to Harper's Ferry, and when the army again advanced, Cole's Cavalry was found in the lead; Jackson had returned up the valley and the command was constantly on the go, contending against small bands of Confederate Cavalry. Mosby's, White's and Harry Gilmore's commands had to be looked after; and Major Cole was kept busy; his headquarters being at Harper's Ferry.

A detachment of twenty men were sent from Company D to Smithfield, an outpost, fifteen miles from the Ferry, under command of Lieutenant Robert Milling. The men had been in the village several weeks, the citizens showing them every courtesy,

inviting them to their homes and entertaining them in the most hospitable manner. The boys lost their usual vigilance. Lieutenant Milling, the officer in charge, with a Sergeant and several men, accepted an invitation to attend a party, several miles from the camp; they were promised a good time. The Lieutenant's head was turned by the persuasion of a beautiful woman. The party was gotten up simply for the purpose of getting the officer from the camp, and the ruse was successful. Captain Baylor, with his Company of Confederates, many of its members from this very town, were notified that the Commanding Officer was absent. Baylor took advantage of the circumstance and charged the camp, capturing thirteen of our number, not however without exchanging a number of shots. Lieutenant Milling was cashiered and dismissed the service. Major Cole who had been out on a scouting expedition with the Battalion, hearing of the capture, hastened to Smithfield, but too late, Captain Baylor with his prisoners had gotten away.

Being one of the number captured, I felt somewhat dejected, when it was discovered that the comrades in pursuit failed to overtake us, but I resolved to make the best of it. About midnight our captors halted at a farm house, and placed us prisoners in an outhouse. After securing the door a guard was placed outside, and we were permitted to rest until the following morning, when we were again ordered to mount our horses and rode rapidly in the direction of Woodstock. Finding we were no longer pursued by Major Cole, Captain Baylor ordered a halt.

We were given something to eat, and the prisoners were drawn up in line in front of a farm house, and the farmer's daughter brought us a large milk crock full of soft boiled eggs that were intended for our breakfast; the crock was passed along the line and each prisoner was told to help himself, by drinking the eggs from the crock. When the guard thought one of us had sufficient, he would compel us to pass the vessel to the next man. The boys on the lower end of the line kept calling out for their turn. We got nothing more to eat that day. An amusing incident occurred while taking our egg breakfast. Among our number was an old Irish chap, by the name of Duncan McConnell. Duncan had been up the Valley on one of our many raids and had stopped at this very house, for a drink of water. After having quenched his thirst and was about taking his leave he remarked to the very young lady who had served us with the eggs, that he would like to marry just such a pretty Rebel girl, not thinking at the time that he should ever see her again. The young lady's memory was good, and as soon as she saw Duncan she recognized him and informed her brother, who was one of our captors. The brother naturally was very much incensed, and inquired from the old fellow if he had ever before been up the Valley, and was informed of the charge his sister had made. Duncan most positively denied ever being in this section of the country, and assured the young man, if he was fortunate enough to get out of this scrape, he would never be there again.

The young lady was most positive he was the party who had insulted her, but Duncan's persistent denial got him off. A number of the Rebel Cavalrymen were eager to hang the old man, as they stated it would be a warning to others not to insult their women. After we had gotten some distance on the road, Old Duncan told the boys he had used the language, but it was simply a jest and he had meant no harm.

CHAPTER IV.

TOBACCO WAREHOUSE AND BELLE ISLE.

We arrived at Staunton, and were placed on the cars and started for Richmond. On arriving at the Confederate Capital, we were escorted before the Provost Marshal, who directed that we be searched and it is useless to state everything of value was taken from us. Our names, company and command were taken down by a young clerk, but it proved afterwards were not entered on the ledger, and caused us much inconvenience later on. We spent several days in the Old Tobacco Warehouse, known as Libby Prison, and with a number of others, sent to Belle Isle. Our names were called and each man answered to his name as it was mentioned. When the officer calling the list had gotten to my name, he requested me to step to the front, at the same time remarking he would like to speak to me; at the conclusion of the roll call he turned to me and inquired where I was from and whether I had any connections living in the south? I replied in the affirmative, and mentioned a number who were then in the Confederate service. In speaking of a relative, the officer grasped my hand and mentioned the one referred to as his own brother-in-law. The guard and prisoners looking on could not understand why the Confederate Officer was shaking my hand and speaking so kindly to me, a Union soldier. I had found a friend and determined to make the best of it. The officer stated he was in charge of

the guard on the Island, and I should not hesitate to speak to him on the following day, as I would recognize him, whilst he might not know me among so many. Several days passed and I saw nothing of my new friend. After several weeks, I was informed by one of the guards, that he was sick in the hospital, a month rolled around, when one day I was gratified to see the officer coming down the line and I did not hesitate to attract his attention. He was much pleased to see me again. After informing me of his attack of sickness, he promised to interest himself in my behalf, a very amusing incident occurred. It was positively forbidden for any one to trade with the prisoners. The officer noticed a man with a barrel of apples; he had been selling them to the prisoners. The man was placed under arrest for violating the rules and he called two of the guards and dumped the apples from the barrel upon the ground. The temptation was so great, and not having tasted fruit for so long a time, I forgot for the moment that I was speaking to my relative's brother-in-law, and dropped on my knees, filling my hat with the pedler's apples. I felt so mortified at behaving so rudely that I failed to speak to the officer after this occurrence. The lieutenant was from Jackson, Mississippi.

There was now over six thousand "Yankee" prisoners, as we were called by the "Johnnies," on the Island. It was rumored that our Cavalry were raiding in the rear of General Lee's Army, and an effort would be made to release us from captivity. The authorities at Richmond became alarmed, and our captors commenced paroling us, working day and

night for several days. Three thousand paroled men left us one Saturday morning and the remainder were to follow on the following day. The names of the thirteen members of Cole's Cavalry who had been captured with myself, could not be found, as the slip of paper the clerk had written our names upon, had been mislaid and the names never entered on the register. We were sent with the paroled prisoners over to Richmond, and another examination of the rolls failed to find our names. We went to Aikin's Landing, on the James River, and after a consultation the Confederate Paroling Officer had a guard placed over us and we were ordered back to Richmond, suspected of having broken our parole and of giving fictitious names. In witnessing our former fellow prisoners marching upon the United States transports and we thirteen of Cole's men sent back again to prison, our feelings can better be imagined than described.

On the following morning after being returned to Richmond, our guards delighted in showing us the papers giving an account of our return and commenting, stating we would be court martialed; and would likely be shot or hung. This was not very encouraging for us. In prison I was speaking about what our fate would be, when I remarked, "I suppose our time has come," one of our number, Thos. Eltonhead, a jovial fellow, jokingly remarked "he would wager an oyster supper, that we would neither be shot nor hung." I replied that "I accept the bet; it was a good one if I lost." In a short time the authorities discovered their error and we were released. I had lost my bet, and was happy for it.

CHAPTER V.

HOME AGAIN.

ON our trip from Richmond to Baltimore, I was taken sick and we were sent to the parole camp at Alexandria, Virginia, remaining there several weeks. In the meantime I recovered my health. A number of our command, who had been taken prisoners, and paroled at various times, had been sent to parole camp at Annapolis. I could not get away from Alexandria by pass, my friend Eltonhead and myself fell in with a squad that had been exchanged and we succeeded in getting on the north side of the Potomac River, and in a short time reported at Annapolis. I had no difficulty in getting permission to visit my home, and remained there until I was properly exchanged, when I again reported to my commanding officer at Harper's Ferry; in my absence many changes had occurred and many of my old comrades had been killed or wounded. Harper's Ferry had surrendered; and the great battle of Antietam had been fought and won by the Union Army.

Major Cole and his Battalion were constantly on the move in the summer of 1862, averaging twenty-five days of the month in the saddle, scouting through Loudoun and adjoining counties, east of the Blue Ridge Mountains and in the Valley and through West Virginia. The command on the various raids, invariably subsisted upon the country; never taking any supply wagons. And it is a remarkable fact that one

hundred miles were repeatedly covered in twenty-four hours. It was rumored at Harper's Ferry that General Pope had defeated General Lee at Manassas, and Colonel Miles, commanding at the Ferry, ordered Major Cole to go to Leesburg, the extreme right of the Army of the Potomac, to capture stragglers of the Confederate Army who were reported in that vicinity. Companies A, C and D were ordered to move at once. Company B had been for some time operating in the mountains of West Virginia. The three Companies crossed the Potomac River at the Point of Rocks, and arrived at Leesburg, Virginia; the advance exchanging an occasional shot with straggling bands of Mosby's and Major White's Confederate Cavalry. When the command had gone several miles south of the town, it was observed that the Confederates were becoming more numerous, the rear guard was kept busy repulsing numerous onslaughts, and upon the hills on all sides were noticed increased numbers of the enemy, Major Cole concluded to fall back to the Potomac River. Lieutenant Green of Company A, who had relieved Company C in the advance, was confronted with a large body of the enemy's cavalry. Lieutenant Green concluded that the forces were other than Mosby's and White's, and he immediately sent Sergeant Lewis M. Zimmerman to the rear to notify Major Cole, he himself falling back with his advance upon the main column, stubbornly contesting the advance of the Confederates. When Lieutenant Green reached Major Cole, the Major had formed the command in a field surrounded by a stout post and rail fence, and it was none too

soon, for the Confederates charged over the hill. It was now discovered that instead of being a few Companies, it proved to be a brigade of General Lee's Cavalry. The gallant Maryland Battalion fought five to one; they discharged their pieces in the face of the enemy, but it was useless to contend against such overwhelming numbers. Major Cole gave the command to draw sabres and charge; a number of the Battalion succeeded in cutting their way through the enemy's column, whilst a few of the men took to the mountains and reported at Harper's Ferry on the following day. It is not known how many of the Confederates were killed. Cole's gallant command sustained a loss of over thirty men, killed and wounded; many receiving sabre cuts.

In numerous instances the men refusing to surrender were cut down by the enemy's sabres.

CASUALTIES IN COMPANY A.

Leesburg, Va., September 2, 1862.

First Sergeant — Hall, killed.

Corporal Julius Apple, killed.

John Hall, wounded.	Basil H. Albaugh, wounded.
Thos. M. Wachter, wounded.	Jas. H. McDevitt, wounded.
Wm. Tinterman, wounded.	J. H. Stottlemeyer, wounded.
Edward Stone, wounded.	C. A. Wheeler, wounded.

CASUALTIES IN COMPANY B.

Having waited for this list until the last moment, we were compelled to go to press without it.

The following day most of the command had gotten safely back to Harper's Ferry, being familiar with the mountain roads; Colonel Miles in command at the Ferry, congratulated Major Cole for his gallant fight against superior numbers of the Confederates, and was surprised that the entire command had not been captured.

It matters not how serious an affair may be, there is always an amusing side to the same. There was a comical fellow belonging to Company D, (George Cox,) better known and called by every one the "Captain," born and reared at Harper's Ferry; he was well acquainted in Loudoun and adjoining counties.

Many the time was when apple jack was hard to get; the Captain would swing several canteens across his shoulder, visit some of his former friends and neighbors, and invariably return to camp with canteens full, and the Captain as full as the canteens. He would be the life of the picket post and could tell more amusing yarns than any man in the battalion, and naturally became quite a favorite. There was one peculiar thing that puzzled the boys, and that was after the fight at Leesburg, the Captain seldom could be prevailed upon to go on a scout, or could he be gotten into a fight; it had gone on for some time and the Captain was requested to explain his conduct, in his own quaint way he would remark he had killed his man and he knew it to be a fact. He stated that when he enlisted he had fully made up his mind to kill one of the enemy, and if every Union soldier would do likewise, the Confederate Army would be annihilated. Naturally the boys were much interested

to know how and when the Captain had slain one of the enemy, and in his own way, said, that when Major Cole gave the command to charge, he was only provoked at the Major for not giving the order sooner, he had managed to get out of the field and had been cut off, but struck the pike, leading to the Point of Rocks, and had commenced to congratulate himself, he was all right, when he discovered three horsemen in his rear galloping towards him and commanding him to surrender. Visions of the horrors of Libby Prison and Andersonville loomed up before him, and he concluded he would give them a run for it. The loads had been shot from his carbine and revolver, and knowing he could not contend against the three "Johnnies" with his sabre, he kept repeating the little verse about the man, "that fought and ran away, lived to fight another day." He refused to halt; he counted each shot as the enemy discharged their pieces and was gratified when the firing ceased, and two of them drew rein and halted, but one blood-thirsty Grayback kept thundering on behind him, and was in the act of drawing his sabre with the intention of cutting him down; (the Captain was encouraging his horse and vowing if he succeeded in making his escape he would never be caught in such a scrape again,) he noticed a large rock in the centre of the road; his horse cleared the obstruction, but the Confederate in trying to draw his sabre pulled his horse too close to the bank, and in jumping over the rock his horse stumbled and fell upon its rider and broke his neck. That is the way Captain Cox

killed his man. He contended that if the fellow had not been following him his horse would not have fallen and the rider would not have been killed.

COLE'S TROOPERS.

BY COMRADE JAS. A. SCOTT, OF COMPANY C.

How the memories flocking come
 Of the trial-days of war,
 Blast of bugle, roll of drum,
 Round the Heights of Bolivar!

From the mists of vanished years
 Cole's brave troopers come to view;
 And the past all reappears
 And is acted o'er anew.

We behold the column stand
 In the serried ranks of war,
 Heart to heart and hand to hand,
 On the Heights of Bolivar.

Then we trace them from their camp,
 Oft through battle fires and flames,
 While their horses thundering tramp
 From Potomac to the James.

And from Loudoun's hills and plains,
 To and fro in strength and pride,
 Marched they, oft with crimson stains,
 To the far Ohio's tide

On the march by day or night,
 Songs of love or war they sang;
 How that *one*—their chief delight—
 "Glory, Hallelujah!" rang!

'Neath the midnight's gloomy arch,
'Neath the sun's meridian ray,
When the summons came to march
Swift they mounted, and away!

O'er the river's rugged ford,
Over hill and mountain crag,
Subject to their leader's word,
Heart and eye upon the flag!

Oft in hunger and distress,
Scorching heat and bitter cold —
Their endurance none the less
Nor their loyal hearts less bold.

Wheresoe'er the foe was found
On they charged with shot and steel,
Or they nobly stood their ground
'Mid the cannon's thunder-peal!

Hear them shout at Winchester
As they dash into the fray—
Where in battle thrice they were,
Each a dark and bloody day!

How to mem'ry rise again
Charlestown, Smithfield, Berryville,
Woodstock, Romney, Moorefield's plain,
Cedar Creek, and Fisher's Hill!

Leesburg, Aldie, Rectortown,
Waterford and Upperville,
Gettysburg—of world renown—
Loudoun Heights, whose mem'ries thrill!

Ashby's Gap, Monocacy,
 Sharpsburg's day of loyal might,
 Sad Newmarket's tragedy,
 Piedmont's well-contested fight;
 Fall of Staunton, Lexington,
 Lynchburg and its dire retreat—
 Empty haversack and gun—
 In starvation, dust, and heat!
 Some went down to bloody graves,
 Struck with shot or shell or blade,
 Others died in mud and caves
 In the horrible stockade!
 Others perished by degrees
 From the wounds received in strife,
 Some a prey to fell disease,
 Slowly yielded up their life.
 Now the marches long and sore,
 Fights by day, alarms by night,
 Now the shot and cannon's roar,
 Call to mount and march and fight
 Are to them forgotten things:—
 But in reminiscent thought,
 Mem'ry oft the spirit wings
 To each well remembered spot.
 And the rustic there at eve,
 'Neath a dim and dusky sky,
 In his fancy may conceive
 He can hear them pass him by—
 Hear the clashing of their steel,
 Hear their song—now soft, now loud—
 See the column march and wheel,
 Men and steeds of mist and cloud!

CHAPTER VI.

SEIGE OF HARPER'S FERRY.

THE command, on arriving at Harper's Ferry after their disastrous fight at Leesburg, counted up their losses, and in a few days were again ready for active service.

The Confederates were moving upon Harper's Ferry in great numbers, General Dixon S. Miles, U. S. A., in command, was being surrounded. The great guns on Maryland Heights were booming day and night, the forces at Bolivar Heights were contending with a force in their front, and it was rumored the Confederates had crossed the river farther west, and the enemy was gradually working their way in the rear of the Union forces on Maryland Heights. It was evident to all that Harper's Ferry must fall; there was not space sufficient to handle all the troops concentrated at Harper's Ferry; they were in a trap; their opportunity for evacuating the Post had been lost and there was nothing to be done but surrender. The rank and file thought they had been sold out and did not hesitate to give expression thereto. After the capitulation, Colonel Miles was shot and killed, and it was generally supposed by one of his own men. If he was a traitor he received his just deserts. A great injustice has been done Colonel Miles, as he was a competent officer, and the stigma upon his name should be removed. He was under orders from Washington, and it was his duty to obey.

There was a large force of Cavalry at the Ferry. General Jackson was expecting to get the horses that Lee's Army so much needed. Major Cole had his little band of Cavalry drawn up in line, and stated, that without a doubt, they would all be prisoners on the following day. If the men so willed it they should endeavor to cut their way through the enemy's lines. Every officer and man in the command that had a horse fit for duty told the Major they would follow him, let it be to victory or death. Lieutenant Green and Lieutenant Samuel Mills, of A and D Companies, urged their men to prepare themselves for the worst, and every man was supplied with an extra amount of ammunition. The officers of the various companies personally superintended seeing that no man carried any extra luggage.

Colonel Miles approved of the undertaking and issued the following order:

HEADQUARTERS,

Harper's Ferry, Va., 14th Sept., 1862.

SPECIAL ORDER No. 120.

1st.—The Cavalry force at this Post, except detached orderlies, will make immediate preparation to leave here at 8 o'clock to-night, without baggage, wagons, ambulances or lead horses; crossing the pontoon bridge and taking the Sharpsburg road.

2nd.—The Senior Officer, Col. Voss, will assume command of the whole; which will form in the following order: the right at Quartermaster's Office; the left up Shenandoah Street, without noise or loud command, viz: Cole's Cavalry, 12th Illinois Cavalry,

8th New York Cavalry, Rhode Island Cavalry, 1st Maryland Cavalry. No other instructions can be given to the Commander for his guidance than to force his way through the enemy's lines to our army.

By order of Col. Miles,

(*Signed*) H. C. REYNOLDS,

Lieut. and A. A. A. Genl.

It was soon known that Cole's Cavalry was going to undertake a hazardous task as soon as night approached. Officers and men of the different Cavalry commands besieged Cole's camp and requested that they be permitted to join with Major Cole, and go out with the Maryland boys; the request of course was granted, and at ten o'clock on the night of September the 14th, 1862, Cole's Battalion took the advance over the pontoon bridge across the Potomac River, with their brave Major in the lead, and the following regiments: 12th Illinois, 8th New York, Battalion of the 1st Maryland, and a Rhode Island Regiment, making in all twenty-one hundred Cavalrymen. Lieutenant Hanson Green of Company A, with three men, were detailed as an advance, and were the first to cross the bridge. Lieutenant Green and his companions were thoroughly familiar with the country, and their courage had been tested in many an engagement.—It was deemed necessary to have one in whom Major Cole had implicit confidence as advance guard. One mile above Harper's Ferry the advance was halted by Confederate pickets. The night was very dark. Major Cole coming to the front with the command failed to halt, the

Rebel vedette discharged his piece and fell back. The Cavalry continuing to advance until near Sharpsburg, Maryland, where they came upon the enemy guarding a wagon train, and the Rebels supposing the Federal Cavalry to be a Brigade of their own command failed to fire upon them, Major Cole captured the train without the loss of a man. At daylight, when near Hagerstown, he discovered it was General Longstreet's ammunition wagons, and the capture of this train proved a great loss to the Confederates. It has been said, that in a great measure the battle of Antietam, which was fought a few days later, was won to the Union side because General Longstreet's Corps of General Lee's Army had run out of ammunition. But for the loss of the train, captured by Major Cole, the battle of Antietam might have gone against General McClellan. The train was taken to Chambersburg, Pennsylvania.

It is needless to state that General Stonewall Jackson was surprised and disappointed the following day, when he entered Harper's Ferry with his forces, Miles having surrendered, to find that the large body of Union Cavalry had cut their way out.

General McClellan was much gratified at having this large body of Cavalry join his army, which did good service.

It is just and proper that I should mention an incident that occurred during the siege of Harper's Ferry. Colonel Miles desired to communicate with General McClellan, who was then at Middletown, Maryland; Colonel Miles sent for Major Cole and communicated his wishes, as it was necessary to have some one

carry this important message who possessed undoubted courage. The message was of too great importance to entrust to one of his men, and Colonel Miles stated he desired Major Cole should deliver the dispatch to General McClellan in person. Major Cole left headquarters at midnight, and passed through the Rebel lines, and safely delivered the message. General McClellan personally thanked Major Cole and sent him back with a reply to Colonel Miles at Harper's Ferry, where he arrived in due time to take his command and other Cavalry out of the besieged garrison.

Major Cole and his command were ordered by General McClellan to annoy the enemy on the flanks. The membership of the Battalion, whilst constantly receiving recruits, had now become greatly reduced, their loss in killed and wounded had been heavy. The command being a perfectly Independent Battalion which had been raised by a Special Act of Congress, was subject to the orders of no one, except the General commanding the Department. The Battalion could perform more valuable service than if they had been brigaded. There was now not more than one hundred and fifty men answering roll-call, but that small body of troops, captured, killed and wounded more Confederates in the summer and fall of 1862, than the Battalion had in active service.

In October, 1862, General Stuart's Confederate Cavalry made their famous raid around General McClellan's Army, and the only prisoners taken from Stuart was at Hyattstown, Maryland, where Cole's Cavalry charged the rear guard and captured twenty-five of Stuart's raiders.

Captain Firey's Company B had not been with the Battalion for some months, they had been detached, and operating in the mountains of West Virginia and Western Maryland. Firey's Company as it was known in that section, had met with severe losses during the year of 1862. They had performed much hard service, and many of the original members had been killed off, and like the other three Companies they were recruiting at all times. In the winter of 1862, Company B again joined the Battalion at Harper's Ferry.

CHAPTER VII.

HARASSING THE ENEMY.

GENERAL Geary's Division started on a reconnoissance to Winchester in the winter of 1862. Major Cole with the command were again given the post of honor in the advance. They captured a number of prisoners at the various towns and villages passed through; on arriving at Winchester the Battalion charged through the town, driving out a small body of Confederates. General Geary again returned to Harper's Ferry.

The command was kept constantly on the go. There was scarcely a day that Cole's men were not on a scout either in Loudoun or Jefferson Counties. Captain Baylor, of the 12th Virginia Confederate Cavalry, had been annoying our pickets stationed outside of Bolivar Heights. Baylor's Company was raised in the neighborhood of Charlestown, Smithfield and vicinity, and was the same Company that had captured the thirteen members of Company D at Smithfield during the summer. There was more than the usual desire to meet this particular Cavalry Command; the boys were anxious to repay them for past reverses received at their hands. They had not long to wait. Shots had been exchanged between the two commands almost daily for some time. At Halltown, six miles south from Harper's Ferry, there is a small stream of water. Baylor's men were doing picket duty several hundred yards south of the stream, and

Cole's pickets a short distance north of the stream. The men on picket duty arranged among themselves that hostilities should cease at a certain hour of each day, and both commands come to the stream and water their horses. It was no unusual sight to see Confederate and Union Cavalrymen watering their horses at the same time and frequently exchanging papers and trading coffee for tobacco.

A detachment of the Battalion, under command of Captain Vernon, started on one of their daily raids, and had gone through Halltown, driving the Rebel picket from his post in the direction of Charlestown. A portion of Baylor's Cavalry attempted to intercept them; shots were exchanged, Baylor's men falling back, when Captain Vernon's rear guard galloped up and reported the Rebels were coming up the pike, in the rear. The 12th Virginia had as they supposed the "Yanks" in a trap. Both front and rear columns began to advance more rapidly upon Captain Vernon, down the pike. Captain Vernon discovered he was in a tight place, but surprised the enemy by charging the column in his front, with drawn sabres. Baylor was completely surprised at this move, and before he could recover, Captain Vernon had him a prisoner, with a large number of his men, including Lieutenant Baylor, a son of the Captain. Captain Vernon gave the command to right about, and with the prisoners he had taken, charged the squadron who had attacked him in the rear, capturing more of their number, and the rest scattering like sheep to the fields and making their escape. The most of Baylor's Company, with himself and his

Lieutenant, were brought safely into the Union lines. Captain Baylor's Company of the 12th Virginia was heard of no more, at least not in the vicinity where they were organized.

The command received a number of recruits after the first of January, 1863, and a large number of our members who had been captured and had survived the tortures of Libby Prison, Belle Isle and Andersonville, had now been exchanged and returned to the command for duty.

The Battalion in the Spring of 1863, was again ready for active work, and was ordered to Kearneysville, on the Baltimore and Ohio Rail Road, twelve miles west of Harper's Ferry, from where detachments were raiding the country and capturing Confederates who were visiting their homes, for the purpose of placing crops in the ground.

Captain Vernon was Provost Marshal at this point, and his guards were patrolling the country. A number of Government horses with the "U. S." stamp upon them had been taken from the farmers, and all citizens desiring to pass through the lines were compelled to get a pass from the Provost Marshal. The Captain had his headquarters in a small one-story log house, and all contraband goods captured, were stored in this building before being sent to Harper's Ferry. A citizen who had been selling the soldiers liquor had been arrested, and a barrel of whiskey found on his place confiscated. The whiskey was brought to headquarters and placed in the room used as the Provost Marshal's office; the driver after unloading the liquor set the barrel on end instead of

simply rolling the same in, and it was not long before every one in camp knew there was a barrel of whiskey in the house, and some of the men were determined to have it out. The guard was on duty day and night at the front door, and it was no easy matter to get the barrel out without being observed; at last, one of the men secured a long auger and gained entrance to the cellar, in the rear of the house. It was raining and the guard had no thought of what was going on; a number of camp kettles were brought from the camp and the soldiers in the cellar bored a hole through the flooring and through the bottom of the barrel. The liquor flowed through and was caught in the kettles, passed out of the window and hastily carried off. On the following morning, when Captain Vernon discovered his loss he was not in the best of humor and the guard received a severe reprimand.

CHAPTER VIII.

ENGAGEMENT AT SHARPSBURG.

WHEN General Milroy advanced up the Shenandoah Valley, Cole's Cavalry continued their headquarters at Kearneysville, and later, when General Milroy met with his disastrous defeat at Winchester, June 15th, 1863, the Battalion with Major Cole in command, covered his retreat and were the last Union soldiers to reach the Potomac River.

After General Lee crossed into Maryland, the command met a detachment of Confederate Cavalry at Sharpsburg, and had quite a spirited fight; we were now acting as partisans and constantly annoying the enemy, capturing their pickets and picking up stragglers, and were on the move day and night.

Major Harry Gilmor was in Frederick; and Captain Vernon with a detachment of forty men, charged the town and drove Gilmor and his command through the streets, capturing several of his men. The citizens, seeing it was Cole's men that had made the dash into the town, raised their windows and cheered, and the ladies waved their handkerchiefs as we went through.

Lieutenant Link of Company A, deserves special mention for his bravery on this occasion. Gilmor lost one man killed and one wounded, besides three men captured.

It has been a disputed question when and where the first gun was fired on Pennsylvania soil, and at what

place the first blood was spilled; let me state, without fear of contradiction, that it was at a place called Fountain Dale, Adams County, Pennsylvania, near Monterey Springs, and by a portion of Cole's Maryland Cavalry, under command of Lieutenant William A. Horner and Sergeant O. A. Horner, of Company C. The Confederate Cavalry were visiting the farms and pressing into the Confederate service the farmers' horses; Lieutenant Horner came upon a squad of the Rebel Cavalrymen, at Fountain Dale, with twenty stolen horses in their possession; the Lieutenant and his men captured fifteen out of the twenty-five Confederates, and recaptured the farmers' horses; the enemy lost one man killed and one wounded. Sergeant O. A. Horner deserves special mention, having captured a Rebel officer, who was a bearer of dispatches from General Lee to General Ewell. The dispatches were turned over to General Meade, commanding the Federal forces and were of great importance. Sergeant Horner was later promoted to a Major's position.

General Lee's Army had now passed through Maryland into Pennsylvania and General Meade had superseded General Hooker of the Army of the Potomac; Major Cole was ordered to remain at Frederick with sixty men and the remainder of his command were assigned to duty as scouts, guides and couriers, owing to their fitness for this dangerous work, and their familiarity with the country; later following General Lee into the Shenandoah Valley, where the command was again united.

The writer was one of the sixty men that remained at Frederick with the Major; we were encamped on the western outskirts of the town. The Maryland Brigade, under command of General John R. Kenly, were encamped several miles from Frederick, guarding the bridges over the Monocacy and the fording at the Potomac River at the mouth of the Monocacy; Major General French was in command of all troops around Frederick, and a portion of his men were guarding the gaps in the South Mountain.

CHAPTER IX.

BATTLE OF GETTYSBURG.—RETREAT OF LEE'S ARMY.

THE battle of Gettysburg was now being fought, the booming of cannon could be distinctly heard; it was on the third day of July. A Company of Confederate Cavalry drove in our pickets on the Harper's Ferry Road, and had gotten into the town; "boots and saddles" was sounded by our bugler, and in less time than it takes to relate this incident Major Cole was in hot pursuit; we captured five men and wounded one. After pursuing the Rebel Cavalrymen to within a few miles of Harper's Ferry, we returned to our camp at Frederick. In the chase it was necessary to cross a wooden bridge; the Confederates had several of their men stationed at this bridge and as soon as their command had gotten across they tore up the plank flooring and we were compelled to jump our horses over a space of six feet, and had one of the horses stumbled he would have fallen into the stream twenty feet below.

On the following day we again started for Harper's Ferry with one piece of artillery; at the town of Knoxville, four miles east of Harper's Ferry, we charged a Company of Virginia Cavalry, and kept them on the go until they reached the Railroad bridge crossing the Potomac River. The Rebels were compelled to cross the bridge in single file. Their confederates on the Virginia side, having heard the firing

had swarmed to the river bank and opened fire upon Major Cole and his little band. Our forces were compelled to fall back and await the arrival of the piece of artillery that was following in our rear. In a short time the artillerymen arrived and opened fire, and after a few rounds the Confederates fell back to Bolivar Heights.

Two of our men crossed over the bridge to the Virginia side, with several buckets of oil that they had procured at Sandy Hook, one mile from the Ferry; they saturated the bridge with the oil and set fire to it; it was but a moment and the entire structure was in a blaze. A large amount of forage that had been removed from Maryland Heights by the Confederates, after the evacuation of the Heights by the Union forces, was also consumed. We returned to Frederick. General Lee had been defeated at Gettysburg, and was now in full retreat. Cole's Cavalry had destroyed the bridge at Harper's Ferry, which Lee would have utilized in crossing the Potomac River, had he been able to force a passage through the gaps in the South Mountain.

On our arrival at Frederick the following morning, two men were captured on the outskirts of the city, that proved to be Confederate spies: their actions were suspicious, which caused their arrest. One of the prisoners was a man I had known in Baltimore, he had been connected with the *Baltimore Argus*, a "copperhead" sheet, during and before the war, as a reporter. His name was Richardson; his companion was unknown. They were thoroughly searched, and in Richardson's boots, under the insoles, was

found the damaging evidence. General Buford gave them a drumhead court martial, and they were both hung on a small locust tree. Their bodies remained hanging for three days before they were cut down, and their clothing had been entirely stripped from their persons by the soldiers, and cut in small pieces, and retained as relics.

An incident that deserves special mention, occurred during the retreat of General Lee's Army. Lieutenant John Rivers, with twenty-five men, was following in the rear of a Confederate Brigade of Cavalry. It was near noon and Lieutenant Rivers, was informed by a citizen that if he would ride fast he would come upon the enemy not far in his front; the Lieutenant with his twenty-five men started on a gallop over a hill, and before he could halt his command he was in among the Rebels. It was too late to turn back, down the road the Lieutenant and his men charged. The Confederates had stopped and were feeding their horses on both sides of the road, and their bridles were off their horses' heads. It was difficult to tell which was the most frightened, the "Johnnies" or Rivers and his men. Twelve hundred Confederate Cavalrymen with the bridles off their horses. The Rebels supposed that Lieutenant Rivers and his men were the advance of a Brigade of Union troops, and being taken so completely by surprise were willing to surrender. The Lieutenant gave orders to "right about" and it kept his men busy taking the revolvers from the enemy. The Rebels almost to a man had thrown down their guns, and called out that they would surrender; before they had gotten over their

surprise Rivers and his little squad were out of their midst, with more prisoners than their own number. After the Confederates realized the true condition of affairs they gathered up their arms that they had thrown down, and bridled their horses, and a portion of the command followed Cole's daring riders a short distance and then returned to their companions and rode off in the direction of the Potomac.

General Lee had gotten safely across the Potomac River, the Army of the Potomac was on its way to Richmond; Major Cole's command was once more united and in Virginia. Heavy work was now cut out for the Battalion to perform, and in the fall of 1863, they were in the saddle constantly, and there was scarcely a day that some portion of the command was not in an engagement. It frequently occurred that the Battalion left camp at Harper's Ferry long before daylight in the morning, and each of the four companies taking different directions, and after scouting for several days, would concentrate at some given point, perhaps one hundred miles from their starting place, never failing to bring prisoners with them. In the fall and winter of 1863 they fought the enemy at Snickersville, Leesburg, Rector's Cross Roads, Upperville, Charlestown, Mount Jackson, Woodstock, Ashby's Gap, Front Royal, Edinburg, New Market, Harrisonburg, Romney, Moorefield and other places, in which they generally came out with flying colors, but in many instances not without serious loss to the command in both killed and wounded, and occasionally losing one or more of the boys by being taken prisoners by the enemy.

For a time the Battalion was brigaded with the First New York, known as "Lincoln Cavalry," and the Twenty-First Pennsylvania Cavalry, under Colonel Boyd.

Many instances of individual bravery and daring came under my observation, but it is impossible to mention each and every incident and member as they deserve, space will not permit. Suffice it to say, that every man in the command did his duty as a soldier, from their brave Major Cole, down to the most humble private in the ranks.

The main body of the Confederates had now gone out of the Valley: Mosby's, White's and Harry Gilmer's commands of Confederates still remained, and were continuously making raids on the Union lines, firing upon pickets and occasionally holding up a train on the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad. Snickersville, Upperville and Rector's Cross Roads were considered Mosby's stamping grounds; many of his men lived in this particular locality. Major Cole concluded to visit this section, knowing that every man, woman and child's sympathy was with the enemy.

CHAPTER IX.

RAID TO RECTOR'S CROSS ROADS.

THE Battalion left camp at Harper's Ferry, went through Charlestown and captured a few men at Berryville. It is proper perhaps to state that Lieutenant John Rivers, of Company B, had his accustomed place with the usual detail of six men from each of the four Companies as an advance guard, a position Lieutenant Rivers always took when the command was on one of their many raids. The command of the advance was given the Lieutenant because of his daring and courageous action in many a bloody encounter. The writer was fortunate in being one from his company who was detailed to make up Lieutenant Rivers' squad. When I remark fortunate, I mean the men in the advance had a better opportunity of capturing prisoners, and as Cole's men usually retained the revolvers and good horses taken from those captured, the advance was a place sought for.

After leaving Berryville we crossed the Shenandoah River at Snicker's Ferry, and went through Snicker's Gap in the Blue Ridge Mountains, where the advance came upon a Rebel picket post; after an exchange of shots, they were compelled to give way and dashed down the mountain side with Rivers and his men in hot pursuit. A scouting party of Confederates were at Snickersville, and hearing the yells and shots and seeing their pickets were being driven in, formed in

line of battle to receive us; Lieutenant Rivers deployed his men and the skirmish became spirited, when Major Cole with the command appeared in sight and joined in the fight. The Major ordered the Battalion to charge the enemy, who were soon put to flight. They proved to be two companies of Mosby's men.

We now advanced steadily in the direction of Leesburg where the advance captured several prisoners, and were again confronted by the enemy, who were routed. Small squads of Mosby's Cavalry were hovering on our flanks and a number in the rear, who kept the rear guard constantly on the move.

At Upperville the advance charged the town and received a warm reception. We were driven back upon our main line, the enemy had evidently received an addition to their forces, as their numbers now equalled that of Major Cole's command. After fighting for more than an hour the Rebels were forced back, and for a considerable distance it was a running fight, the enemy retreating in the direction of Rector's Cross Roads; Cole and his men were flushed with victory and continued pursuing, getting farther away from any relief in the event of meeting with a reverse. The command had been on the move for several days, the horses had been ridden hard in the last twenty-four hours and needed rest and provender, and as the command invariably secured forage from the farmers on the route,—we had not had the time of securing any.

Major Cole was for once indiscreet, and continued following the fleeing enemy. As the advance neared

Rector's Cross Roads, it was discovered that several companies were advancing on a trot to join the Confederates who were falling back before Cole. The Major now discovered that we not only had our former antagonists, whom we had routed in the morning and the day before, to contend with, but several additional companies, with fresh horses. It was evident to all that we could not cope with our antagonists, and the order was given to fall back, but not before we had repulsed a charge made by Mosby. Affairs now began to look serious. A number of our men had been wounded and several killed. Captain Vernon of Company A, Captain Firey of Company B, Captain Hunter of Company C, and Captain Frank Gallagher of Company D, had been in the front of their respective companies leading their men on, were now encouraging the boys and cautioning them to stand firm and not become disorganized. We were falling back on the trot and were being hard pressed. One of our companies would form on an eminence and receive the advancing enemy, whilst the other three companies would continue moving on, and at the next hill another company would form and permit the company that had been in the rear to pass to the front and reload their pieces; by hard riding and constantly checking the enemy's advance we were enabled to reach our lines in safety with some fifteen prisoners that we had captured in the different skirmishes we had made on our raid; we also destroyed a large tannery at Upperville, that was turning out a large amount of leather, which was being utilized by the Confederates. We had met Mosby upon his own

ground, and considering that the command of Major Cole numbered only two hundred and fifty men when they left camp and had fought fully four hundred of the enemy at Rector's Cross Roads, and got safely back to camp with only the loss of three killed, six wounded and seven taken prisoners. Our forces had captured fifteen prisoners with their horses and arms and killed and wounded a number of the enemy, the number we were unable to know, and destroyed a tannery. We considered that we had not gotten the worst in the raid. Whilst we were more often successful, we frequently met with defeat from the enemy's Cavalry and often had cause to remember Mosby, Gilmor and Imboden. Colonel Ashby of the Confederate Cavalry had been killed. Cole's men always spoke of him in the highest terms as a fighter; perhaps it is due to the fact that it was Ashby's Cavalry that Cole's men met so often in the spring and summer of 1862, and had Ashby lived, I am confident he would have given the Union forces considerable annoyance.

CHAPTER X.

RAID TO NEW MARKET.

THE command, with the 21st Pennsylvania Cavalry and the 1st New York Lincoln Cavalry started on a ten days' raid up the Valley. At Berryville, the Battalion of Cole's Marylanders parted company with the 21st Pennsylvania and 1st New York, they going to Winchester, up the Valley and Cole's men from Berryville kept along the Shenandoah River, through White Post, occasionally picking up one or more Confederate Cavalrymen at the different farm houses. When the command arrived at Ashby's Gap we came upon a body of the enemy whom we put to flight and then proceeded on our way, nothing unusual occurring. We arrived at Woodstock, where later in the day we were joined by the New York and Pennsylvania Cavalrymen we had left at Berryville; we went into camp for the night. At the Hotel in Woodstock, the writer met a man whom he knew, from Maryland; he had left home for the purpose of joining the Confederate Army, but he had not yet joined any company or taken up arms. I told him of his folly and advised him to return to his home in Baltimore, and left him; he did not take my advice, and later joined the Southern Army and returned to his home at the close of the war and served as a policeman for a number of years in Baltimore. His having been in the Confederate Army was a good recommendation. On the following morn-

ing we took up the march for New Market, Cole in the advance. We captured several prisoners and a large quantity of tobacco. We had six army wagons which we loaded with the tobacco, and I regret some of the men in the command did not observe the usual discipline, but raided the stores in the town; we started down the Valley and it was no common sight to see a Cavalryman with one and sometimes two boxes of tobacco strapped over his horse's back, and the trooper walking by the side of his horse. In some instances other merchandise had been brought off. Had we been compelled to have gone into action it is needless to state the plunder would have been thrown away. The second day after leaving New Market, we arrived at Charlestown, eight miles from camp, the boys were beginning to count up their gains and calculating what they would make out of their capture, when the command was halted, and after being drawn up in line, Colonel Boyd who was the commanding officer of the expedition, rode along the entire line and compelled the men to place the boxes of tobacco and other merchandise they had brought all the way from New Market with them, upon the sidewalk; wagons were procured and the goods placed in them. That was the last seen of what they all thought was going to bring them a snug little sum; some of the men were smart enough to break the boxes and filled their saddle pockets, and others rolled a quantity of tobacco in their blankets, which was not seen by Colonel Boyd. They had the laugh on their comrades, many of them having walked all the distance from New Market having

their saddles packed with the merchandise. From that day to the close of the war Colonel Boyd was not a favorite with Cole's boys. The goods were turned over to the Provost Marshal as contraband goods. On the same raid some one had gotten into a farm house at New Town and took from the old farmer a large amount of money in gold and Virginia State bank notes. A large reward had been offered for the apprehension of the thief. It was at first supposed that a member of Cole's Cavalry was the guilty party, and in consequence the command was deprived of their pay for more than six months. After a thorough investigation by Major Cole, ordered by the General commanding the department, the members of Cole's command were exonerated from any complicity in the matter. This little incident was very unpleasant, whilst the members did not hesitate to confiscate provender for their horses and food for themselves at times, and perhaps a good horse in exchange for one run down, they would not rob or either would they permit citizens and non-combatants to be robbed. The greater number of Cole's men were from the best families of Western Maryland, and would not tolerate such conduct among its membership.

CHAPTER XI.

IN CAMP AT BOLIVAR HEIGHTS..

THE command was again in camp at Bolivar Heights, and the blacksmiths, as on former occasions, after coming from a scout were busy putting new shoes upon their horses. It was necessary to have their feet in good shape at all times, as a Cavalry horse is perfectly useless unless his hoofs are in proper condition. The blacksmiths of the different companies always supplied each man with an extra pair of horse shoes, which the trooper would carry in his saddle pocket, and could be tacked on in a few minutes in the event of his horse casting a shoe.

The camp at Bolivar Heights was always visited by numerous soldiers of other commands on the return of the Battalion from their raids, and the citizens of Harper's Ferry never failed to welcome them back. Cole's Cavalrymen were privileged soldiers and were permitted, when not on duty, to visit the town at pleasure; there was no guard around the camp. It is to the credit of the boys that they never abused a privilege granted them.

The command had now been in camp for more than a week when the bugles sounded "the assembly." Orders were given to saddle up. It was the middle of the month of October and it had been raining for two days, and no prospect of a let up. The men donned their rubber coats, mounted their

horses, counted off by fours, and at the command, followed their leader across the wooden bridge over the Shenandoah River. The men asked no questions, they had become familiar with obeying orders, and when they started out no one knew where they were going or how long they would remain away, except Major Cole or the officer in command. It continued raining as we passed through Hillsboro' to Leesburg, and as night was approaching we went into camp. The detail that had been sent on ahead for forage had returned, they had confiscated a bullock, and it was not long before the boys were cooking their coffee in their heavy tin cups and broiling slices of beef on the hot coals of the fire. The pickets were detailed and placed on their respective posts. The men laid around the fires and slept, not minding the rain which was coming down in torrents; there was no sign of an attack, for as Tom Godfrey, an Irishman, a member of Company D, remarked: "The Rebels were too sensible to be out in such weather."

Early the following morning we were on the move; the roads were muddy. After scouting all day, we had not seen or come upon one single "Johnnie." We passed through Snickersville, up the mountain through Snicker's Gap, in the Blue Ridge Mountain, down to Snicker's Ferry at the Shenandoah river. The river was greatly swollen from the heavy rain and fording was out of the question. Major Cole stated it was necessary we should be on the other side, and the men should prepare to swim their horses across the stream. On the opposite shore

was a soldier dressed in a gray uniform. He gave instructions where the men should enter the river. Major Cole, with the entire command, was soon swimming their horses, and when we emerged from the river, on the opposite bank, the Confederate, as we supposed, came forward and to our surprise was one of our men. He had left Harper's Ferry the same day we did, and had gone alone in a different direction, and met us at this point. It now became evident to us all why Major Cole was desirous to cross the river.

CHAPTER XII.

THE VISIT TO BERRYVILLE.

OUR scout informed us he had left the enemy's camp several hours before, near Berryville. The rain had ceased falling, but heavy clouds still continued to hang over the Valley. Vivid flashes of lightning would occasionally light up the heavens. Major Cole informed the men of the true condition of affairs and said it was necessary to have a detachment of the command visit Berryville, and have the men mingle with the enemy, if any should be in the town, and if possible ascertain the strength of the Confederates reported there by our scout. We should get all information possible, at the same time to use the utmost caution not to disclose our identity. Captain Frank Gallagher was to be in charge of the squad.

Major Cole informed the men it was a hazardous undertaking, he would not have any one detailed, but wanted five men from each one of the four Companies to volunteer. It is useless to say that a majority of the men in the command rode to the front; and as but twenty men were wanted it was decided to take the first five men in each Company's file. The writer made one of the number from his Company. Our orders were to go to Charlestown, after leaving Berryville, providing we were fortunate enough to get out of the town.

Captain Gallagher gave the order to "fall in" and we moved off by "twos." It was night and very dark, but we were familiar with the road, and felt easy on that point. It would take two hours before we could reach Berryville, and the Captain would have ample time to explain to each man his plans and what to do in the event of being discovered that we were Union troops. A word was agreed upon and given to us, and an answer to the same to be used in the event we became scattered and should come across one-another. It had now become intensely dark and the frequent flashes of lightning were blinding. We had now gotten to within one mile of the town and had not yet come upon the enemy's picket post. It was decided if any one inquired to what command we belonged, we were to tell them a detachment of Gilmor's. The edge of Berryville was now reached, many houses were lit up, and whilst we did not come upon the enemy's pickets, we soon discovered that the town was full of Rebel soldiers, many of them no doubt visiting their friends in the town; the sidewalks were lined with armed men. In front of the Union Hotel and in the building, there could not have been less than one hundred Confederates, some with their muskets on their shoulders and others with their sabres clanking by their sides; naturally, when we rode up and halted, they not dreaming we were any but their friends, commenced talking and asking the prospects of meeting the "Yanks." We soon learned from their conversation that we were talking to Imboden's men, and they were moving on Charlestown, and perhaps Harper's Ferry. Captain

Gallagher had dismounted and entered the hotel, and it was impossible to see his blue uniform as the poncho he had on covered him almost to his heels. The proprietress of the hotel was in the dining room, in the back part of the house, and when the Captain entered the room she looked up and at once recognized him, and as she remarked afterwards, she came near fainting, as she at first supposed he had been captured and his captors were bringing him in to get something to eat. The tables in the room were crowded with Confederate officers eating their supper, and the landlady, whose name I regret I have forgotten, but suffice to say, she was a loyal woman and had frequently given Cole's men information on former occasions. She took in the situation and informed the Captain she had room for just one more if he did not object to eating in the kitchen; the Captain kindly thanked the lady and accepted her invitation, and in the far corner of the room, at a small table, she placed a plate for the Captain, and at the same time remarked she would sit down for a few minutes and rest herself, as she was most tired to death. It was a ruse of hers to have an opportunity to speak to Captain Gallagher privately. She gave him all the information he desired to know and let him out of a side door where he joined his men who had been waiting on the outside, and had become very impatient at his seemingly long absence; myself, with one of the men, had gone to the farther end of the town and we inquired from a Rebel soldier who was coming up the sidewalk where the camp was located, he gruffly replied "*damn* the camp, but do you know where I can

get a canteen full of apple jack?" I informed him I thought General Imboden might have some at headquarters. The "Johnnie" mumbled a reply and continued on up the street. Captain Gallagher had remounted his horse as I came up and the column moved slowly through the town; I rode by the side of the Captain, at the head of the line. The Captain informed me that we should get to Charlestown as soon as possible, and notify Colonel Simpson, who was in command at that point. Imboden, with two thousand Confederates, was in and around Berryville, and had gone out of town on two different roads, one being the White Post road; the camp fires could be distinctly seen from the town, in that direction. The lady at the hotel was unable to state in what direction the second column of Rebels had gone.

Our little squad, under Captain Gallagher, had now come to the road leading to Charlestown, and after a short consultation we concluded that it was the better policy to get out of Berryville as speedily as possible, as we had accomplished our object. Our next intention was to warn Colonel Simpson, who was stationed at Charlestown, in command of the 9th Maryland Infantry Regiment. This Regiment had not yet seen much service, and it was evident that it was Imboden's intention to attack Charlestown. After leaving Berryville some three miles in our rear, and not yet coming upon any pickets, we concluded General Imboden felt perfectly secure and had no thought that an enemy was so close to his camp, and that he purposed starting for Charlestown early in the morning. On leaving Berryville we had taken the precaution of sending

three men as an advance guard. The clouds in the heavens had passed away and the moon shone bright; we were now thankful it had not cleared off whilst we were in Berryville, as our identity might have been discovered. Corporal Gibbons, with privates Mills and McGregor, who were in the advance, came dashing back and said they had been halted by a picket guard stationed some distance down the road. After a hasty consultation we concluded to flank the picket post, and started through a dense woods; we had not proceeded far before our Captain uttered a cry of pain, myself, with others, hastened to his side and discovered that he had been kicked by one of the horses. His leg was broken and he was suffering great pain. Being a non-commissioned officer I assumed command and placed a man on either side of the Captain, to prevent him from falling off his horse. We were compelled to move slowly and with great caution through the woods. After some time we came to an opening, and seeing a farm house in the distance I concluded to apply to the farmer, and if possible get information that would place us on the road leading to Charlestown; on arriving at the house the column was halted, and myself with Sergeant Alpheus Stansbury, of Company D, entered the gate, and from the size of the mansion we concluded the proprietor must be a person of some means and decided we would be more successful in getting information at the negro quarters than from the master of the house. I rode with Sergeant Stansbury across the lawn without attracting attention from the inmates

of the dwelling. On reaching the quarters I dismounted and gained admittance; an old negro answered my call and after being informed we were Union soldiers who had lost our way and wished to be shown the right road, the old man woke up one of the younger boys who was very anxious and willing to act as our guide. After travelling several miles, we reached a road that our colored escort said would take us into Charlestown. It was now long after midnight, and Captain Gallagher was suffering great pain. Every man in the squad was anxious to get the Captain where he could get medical attendance; day was breaking when we came upon the pickets of the 9th Maryland, at Charlestown. We immediately took the Captain to Colonel Simpson's headquarters and it was determined that he must be taken to Harper's Ferry to have his broken leg set. The Captain was placed on a mattress and made as comfortable as circumstances would permit; he was given an opportunity to rest, having been in the saddle for over eight hours since the time his leg was broken.

The horses and men required food and rest, having been on the move and the men in the saddle for twenty-four consecutive hours; we concluded to remain in Charlestown for a short time. Saddles were removed from the horses and the faithful animals given a feed and a good rub down, after which the men rolled themselves into their blankets and were soon enjoying a much needed sleep. After allowing the men to sleep four or five hours, they were awakened and we continued on our way to camp at Harper's Ferry; Imboden had not yet attacked the town.

Sergeant Alphens Stansbury had been untiring in his devotion to Captain Gallagher, never leaving his side, and on arriving at Charlestown refused the rest he so much needed, and procured an ambulance from the Surgeon of the 9th Maryland Regiment. After the Captain rested for a short time he took him to Harper's Ferry, where he had his broken leg set and properly cared for.

CHAPTER XIII.

ENGAGEMENT AT CHARLESTOWN.

MAJOR Cole, with the Battalion, did not arrive at Charlestown until late in the evening, and then proceeded to camp, at Harper's Ferry. Major Cole insisted upon Colonel Simpson, commanding the 9th Maryland Regiment, to vacate Charlestown and fall back with his Regiment several miles on the Harper's Ferry road as soon as night approached; Cole telling him he would have a better chance to handle his men, instead of having them cooped up in the Court House, a position they were then occupying. Simpson refused to accept the Major's suggestions, saying he would not leave his post until driven out. Major Cole advised that in the event of an attack he (Simpson) should take possession of the houses on both sides of the street, as the enemy would not shell the town and relief could come from Harper's Ferry. Simpson replied he could take care of himself if the enemy came down upon him. Major Cole reported to General Sullivan the true state of affairs, on his arrival at headquarters. General Sullivan did not send reinforcements to Colonel Simpson, and on the following morning, Sunday, October 18th, 1863, General Imboden had surrounded Charlestown, and after a feeble resistance the 9th Maryland Infantry surrendered. Colonel Simpson, with his entire staff, except his Adjutant who had been wounded, mounted their horses, dashed through their own lines and made

their escape, leaving the men to their fate. Had Colonel Simpson taken the advice of Captain Gallagher and Major Cole, the 9th Maryland would never have been taken prisoners and many lives saved, as they were confined at Andersonville for more than a year; when the time came for the members of the 9th Regiment to be exchanged, not one-third were living to return to their homes.

The noise of the firing at Charlestown, eight miles distant, was no sooner heard at Harper's Ferry, than the Battalion's bugles sounded "boots and saddles," and in a few minutes Cole's rough riders were galloping swiftly toward the echoes of battle. Captain Minor's Indiana Battery and the 34th Massachusetts Infantry, with the 10th Maryland Infantry, followed. Cole's men, without waiting for the supports, charged Imboden and drove him out on the Berryville road. Imboden's Artillery of six pieces opened upon the command with grape and canister, which caused a check in our advance. Our support of Infantry and Minor's Battery had not yet come up, and the Battalion deployed as skirmishers and fought Imboden's Brigade until they arrived; Imboden fell back on the Berryville road and our forces continued following until after dark. Our loss was very heavy. The officers and men of the command deserve the highest praise for their gallant conduct in this engagement, and in justice, I should particularly mention Captain George Vernon, Lieutenant Samuel Sigler, Lieutenant John Rivers, Sergeant O. A. Horner, Captain Hunter, Sergeants Stansbury, L. M. Zimmerman, and Private Smith, of Company D, were conspicuous for their

gallantry and bravery; private Thomas Smith dashed into the enemy's line and brought two prisoners off of the field with him. It would be an injustice to others to attempt to individualize those who did more than their fellows, although Private A. C. Roland, of Company A, who sacrificed his life for his Captain, certainly deserves special mention. Lieutenant Link was leading his men when his horse was shot from under him, and in falling the Lieutenant was severely injured. Captain Vernon who had been on the other end of the line now dashed up in front of his men, not knowing a company of the enemy's sharp-shooters were behind a stone wall not two hundred yards distant, shooting any one exposing himself at that dangerous point. Young Roland grasped the horse's bridle in expostulation, at the same time a bullet struck the faithful soldier, who died a moment later in the arms of a comrade. Roland had never missed a fight the Battalion had been engaged in; he was of an unusual happy disposition and was liked by the entire command.

Major Cole had concentrated a number of men on the main road preparatory to making a charge upon the enemy's battery, and we had advanced to within a few yards of their line, when the writer of this book was struck in the head by a rifle ball, knocked down and the entire front portion of his hat shot away, and strange to say no abrasion of the skin was made; the hat being drawn tightly over the head when the ball struck, it glanced off. The bugle sounded "charge;" I was again in the saddle, following our gallant leader, charging the Rebel Battery; they

opened upon us with grape and canister and we were met by the enemy's infantry, who checked our advance; after emptying our revolvers in their faces we fell back, to give the 34th Massachusetts Infantry an opportunity to meet the enemy's column. Imboden withdrew. It had become too dark to follow, and our forces slowly returned to Charlestown, where we encamped for the night. The command had been fighting since early morning, and our forces had killed and wounded a number of Confederates, had taken seventy-five prisoners and five army wagons loaded with provisions. The Battalion had lost some of their best and bravest men, and on the following morning when the Orderly Sergeants called the roll, many comrades who had answered the day before failed to respond; they had answered to their last roll call.

The excitement of a Trooper's life soon "makes the living forget the dead."

CASUALTIES IN COMPANY A.

Charlestown, W. Va., October 18, 1863.

Corporal Henry H. Roland, killed.

CASUALTIES IN COMPANY B.

Charlestown, W. Va., October 18, 1863.

Loss two men killed and three wounded, but are unable to give the names.

CASUALTIES IN COMPANY C.

Charlestown, W. Va., October 18, 1863.

Corporal W. A. McIlhenny, wounded.

Edward Jourdon, killed. John Brown, wounded.

John Sites, wounded.

CASUALTIES IN COMPANY D.

Charlestown, W. Va., October 18, 1863.

George Bartholow, killed.

William Black, killed.

William Carr, killed.

Henry Hoffman, killed.

Louis Dawson, killed.

George Earl, wounded.

C. A. Newcomer, wounded.

Theophilus Brown, wounded.

CHAPTER XIV.

STRASBURG—MT. JACKSON—THE CONFEDERATE "INDEPENDENT MARYLAND LINE" AT NEW MARKET.

COLE'S Cavalry had removed their camp from Harper's Ferry to Charlestown. One or more of the companies would go out on a scout daily; none of the enemy had been seen since the fight with Imboden, and a number of new men having joined the command, the different companies had their full quota. The new men were anxious that they should get into a fight, they had not long to wait however, as orders were received to prepare fifteen days' rations for a raid up the Valley.

General Averill's Cavalry Brigade was moving on Lynchburg and destroying the Railroad between that point and Knoxville, Tennessee, in order to prevent the forwarding of reinforcements by Lee to the besieged Confederates at Knoxville. The old Battalion Brigade, with the 1st New York Lincoln Cavalry, 21st Pennsylvania Cavalry, 34th Massachusetts Infantry, Minor's Indiana Battery, and one Battalion each of the 13th and 14th Pennsylvania Cavalry, had been ordered to protect Averill's raiding brigade by interposing themselves between that gallant leader and Lee's Army. They moved down the Shenandoah Valley to a point beyond Harrisonburg; after Averill had accomplished his purpose, the brigade retreated before Fitz Lee's division of Confederate Cavalry, bringing in a large number of prisoners without sus-

taining any great damage. During the retreat from Harrisouburg the Battalion covered the brigade and was under constant fire.

The command left camp at Charlestown the first part of the month of December, 1863, with the 21st Pennsylvania Cavalry, Colonel Boyd, the 1st New York Lincoln Cavalry, 34th Massachusetts Infantry, Minor's Indiana Battery, and two Battalions of Pennsylvania Cavalry, one from the 13th and one from the 14th—it may be possible that I am mistaken in the number of the regiments the two battalions belonged to; they were new men and had seen but little service. At Winchester the 1st New York left the main body and joined the brigade further up the Valley. Perhaps it may be proper to state that Cole's Cavalry and the 1st New York Lincoln Cavalry were fast friends and had the greatest confidence in the fighting qualities of one another; if a fight was on hand each command could rely upon the other to stand by them to the last.

Cole's men were in the advance through Strasburg, where we came upon a small body of Confederate Cavalrymen, who fell back at our approach. The advance had a skirmish at Woodstock; at Edinburg the Confederates were increasing in numbers. The Major of one of the Pennsylvania Battalions came to the front and requested that his men be given an opportunity to go in the advance and have something to do; Major Cole granted his request and permitted the Pennsylvanians to pass to the front; an hour had perhaps passed by, when, in turning an angle in the road, the advance came upon the enemy who had dis-

mounted and entrenched themselves behind logs and rails. The Rebs opened a lively fire upon the advance, who "right about faced" and came to the rear somewhat hurriedly. Major Cole deployed one of his companies as skirmishers, who drove the enemy from behind their entrenchments; the other three companies charged down the road and we soon had them on the run.

Before Mount Jackson was reached, Major Cole, with thirty men, left the command. Galloping down the road a small body of the enemy's Cavalry were noticed on our flank; we got in the rear of them before being observed, capturing half a dozen, the others making their escape. Two men took the prisoners to the rear, and the Major with the remainder of his squad struck the main pike and was at least one mile in advance of the Battalion; the column was fully five miles in the rear. At Mount Jackson the Rebels saw the small number of men in the advance and made a stand; they had partially destroyed a small wooden bridge crossing a stream, and when Major Cole's men charged down the hill the horses jumped over the chasm, which was fully eight feet wide. The most of us got over in safety; as the Major's horse jumped the ditch he stumbled and threw the Major completely out of the saddle on the horse's neck, and the horse going at full speed towards the enemy, he having lost all control over him. Private Charley Fosler, known as "Cole's forager," and called the "flying Dutchman," took in the situation at a glance, and galloping up to the side of Major Cole's horse he grasped the bridle and succeeded in checking him.

The Battalion had driven the enemy through Mount Jackson and were advancing upon New Market. Any one standing at the latter place can look down the Valley pike for a distance of ten miles; before we had gotten to New Market the Confederate Cavalrymen could be plainly seen forming in line of Battalion on the outskirts of the town, and we knew a warm reception awaited us. There had been several prisoners captured, and from them we were informed that the troops we were fighting called themselves the "Independent Maryland Line." We had never heard of this command before, and after this particular day at New Market they were never heard from again.

On entering New Market from the north side, it is necessary to ascend a steep hill. The Rebels commenced shooting at long range, our command advancing steadily to within several hundred yards without firing a shot; Major Cole then gave the order to "charge." The enemy continued firing and stood their ground until we were almost among them, when they broke and through the town they went at break-neck speed; for over four miles we kept up the chase. It reminded one of a great Derby race; the men were scattered over the road for a great distance. A number of prisoners were captured and half a dozen of the enemy killed and wounded. After discharging our pieces we did not take time to reload, but continued following the fleeing Confederates, who would turn off the road at every convenient point, scattering through the fields. Captain Vernon, Bugler Thomas Angelberger and myself sat upon our horses and

looked at the Rebels running with no one in pursuit, our men having been halted, we watched them until they disappeared over the hills in the distance.

The Maryland Line was certainly greatly panic stricken, and it is a question if the commander, Colonel O'Farrell, was ever able to get them together again. Colonel O'Farrell is now the Governor of the State of Virginia. I captured a man by the name of Chambers, whom I knew in Baltimore before the war,—and strange to state, I met this same gentleman but a few weeks ago,—thirty-one years since the above occurrence. Mr. Chambers had his horse shot from under him in the fight, and it was he that informed me that Colonel O'Farrell was in command of their forces. The only person on our side that got hurt was a correspondent of the "*Philadelphia Bulletin*," who was in the advance with the command; he was shot through the body on our entering the town. I never found out whether the correspondent died or recovered from his wound.

We returned to New Market, where the main column had gone into camp for the night.

CHAPTER XV.

HARRISONBURG—STAUNTON ROAD.

BRIGHT and early the following morning, "boots and saddles" was sounded by the buglers. Colonel Boyd, of the 21st Pennsylvania Cavalry, who was in command of the expedition, ordered Cole's Cavalry in the advance, towards Harrisonburg, which place was reached in the afternoon, not having seen one Confederate in our front. A detachment of Gilmor's Rebel Cavalry were following in the rear of our column, which had the effect of preventing any straggling. On reaching Harrisonburg the Battalion charged through the town, the 1st New York and 21st Pennsylvania had come up, Minor's Battery and 34th Massachusetts Infantry had halted and gone into camp some miles back; the two Battalions of Pennsylvania Cavalry had gone on a reconnoissance to our right and did not arrive at Harrisonburg until late in the evening; one of our scouts reported to Colonel Boyd that the enemy were coming down the Valley in considerable force; Colonel Boyd concluded to go into camp at this place. Major Cole was ordered out on the Staunton road, after going a short distance from Harrisonburg the command came upon several companies of Confederate Cavalrymen, and after a lively skirmish they retired up the Valley. Major Cole, after tearing down the telegraph wire, returned to Harrisonburg and went into camp for the night. The pickets were thrown out and at night the enemy's

camp fires could be seen in the distance. There was every prospect of a fight in the morning. Colonel Boyd destroyed a large amount of forage that had been stored in a warehouse. Some of his men raided a number of stores in the town, the latter without orders. On returning to Harrisonburg after our skirmish on the Staunton road, the writer rode down a side street in the suburbs of the town, the inhabitants appeared to be very poor people, the houses were small frame structures. I noticed in coming down the street a soldier with a large package on his back and apparently trying to avoid me. I demanded him to halt. He dropped his bundle and made off; what was my astonishment to find he had thrown down a large full bolt of muslin, evidently a part of the booty taken from the store that the Pennsylvania Cavalry had looted. I dismounted, and whilst wondering what disposition I should make of the goods, two poorly clad women, with some half a dozen children clinging to their dresses, came to the door of one of the houses. A happy thought came to my mind that perhaps these poor people needed this muslin, and I determined to let them have it instead of turning it in at headquarters. I called the women to me and they told me their husbands were in Jackson's Army. I gave them the bolt of muslin and advised that they should make it up into clothing for their children. They thanked me, and with tears in their eyes saying, "God bless Cole's Cavalry, if our husbands are in Jackson's Army." I have often wondered if these two Stonewall Jackson's men lived

to return to their families. I started down through the town to join my command; in passing the hotel, Colonel Boyd, who was standing on the porch, called me to him and informed me that I should accompany a gentleman whom he had been speaking to, and he (the gentleman) would direct me to a house where a Mrs. Johnson lived, one mile down the road, to whom I should report and remain at her house until relieved; I should permit none of the soldiers to molest this lady's property. I obeyed the Colonel's orders so far as reporting to Mrs. Johnson, but I must confess that I left the following day without being relieved. If I had not done so I would have been picked up by Fitz Lee's Cavalry. Mrs. Johnson and her daughter were two ladies who had lived in Alexandria, Virginia, and their strong Southern feeling, and giving expression to the same, was the cause of their being sent through the lines; they had located at Harrisonburg. I remained at the house of these ladies until the following morning; at early dawn the reports of firearms could be distinctly heard; a detachment of Cole's men, under Captain Vernon, had made an early start and come upon the enemy in greater numbers than they had yet seen; it proved to be Fitz Lee's Division of Cavalry sent from Lee's Army. I bade Mrs. Johnson farewell, she kindly thanked me for what she supposed a service I had rendered her, and I hastened to join my command.

The object of our expedition up the Valley had been accomplished, and we were ordered to fall back. Fitz Lee was following us and getting further away from Lynchburg. General Averill, seeing his oppor-

tunity, destroyed the Railroad between Lynchburg, Virginia, and Knoxville, Tennessee.

Cole's Cavalry, whilst having the advance in going up the Valley, were now transferred to the rear guard, in falling back, and were fighting constantly for several days. The expedition had been successful, a large amount of property had been destroyed and over one hundred prisoners captured.

CHAPTER XVI.

IN CAMP AT HARPER'S FERRY—SCOUTING AT LEESBURG.

AFTER the fifteen days raid up the Valley the men and horses required a much needed rest, the horses were reshod and the command left Charlestown and went into camp at Harper's Ferry. Their stay however was of short duration ; the weather had become extremely cold, and the men had not had time to prepare winter quarters before they were ordered to move their camp across the Shenandoah River into Loudoun County, two miles from Harper's Ferry, on the east face of the Blue Ridge Mountain, known as "Loudoun Heights." Tents were pitched and after several days a portion of the command went on a scout through Leesburg, to Upperville, under command of Captain Hunter of Company C.

It was New Year's day, 1864; the thermometer in this mountain country was below zero. The command ran across a large number of Mosby's Cavalry ; our scouting party being greatly outnumbered were compelled to fall back, and in crossing Goose Creek, at Leesburg, the men were compelled to swim their horses across the stream, and when they arrived at camp many of the boys were nearly frozen to death. Their heavy boots had gotten full of water which had frozen, and their boots were cut from their feet ; A number of the men were compelled to go to the hospital, where it was found necessary to amputate their toes, and in several instances their feet ; which

had become terribly frostbitten. The command had lost a number of their best men in killed and wounded, and five or six taken prisoners in this raid.

William Millholland was among the number who was severely wounded near Rector's Cross Roads. After being shot and falling from his horse a cowardly Rebel dashed up and emptied his revolver into Millholland's prostrate body, then riding off supposing him to be dead; some time after the engagement Millholland came to, and was unable to move; the thermometer was down to zero. He had despaired of ever seeing any one again, when a citizen came through the woods and Millholland attracted his attention. The man succeeded in getting him upon his back, and carried him several hundred yards to his humble home, where he remained for four days. A scouting party passing by, the lady of the house reported that a Union soldier was wounded at her house; the officer in charge of the company had Millholland placed in the ambulance and on the following day they arrived at Warrenton, where the soldier had his wounds dressed six days after being wounded. He was never able to perform any more service, and was mustered out of the army at the expiration of his three years. Millholland was a brave soldier and had been in many an engagement.

The Battalion had been for some time very fortunate and had been coming out with flying colors, but this last reverse had somewhat put a damper upon the spirits of the men for a few days; it was not long however before the boys regained their accustomed

self-assurance and were willing and anxious to meet their late antagonists.

Snow had fallen to a considerable depth; everything about the camp on the mountain side looked dreary in the extreme. With the large number of our comrades who were under treatment in the hospital, and those who had been lost in our disastrous fight on New Year's Day, left the Battalion with less than two hundred men for active duty. Those who were not on detail kept to their tents, as the weather was very cold.

CHAPTER XVII.

MOBLEY, THE OUTLAW—SURPRISED BY MOSBY.

AN occasional scouting party from one or more of the companies would frequently leave camp and go as far as Hillsboro', nine miles distant, and after dark would visit farm houses a few miles from camp. An outlaw, by the name of Mobley, with less than one dozen men with him, had been reported as being in the neighborhood, and it was for the purpose of capturing him that our men were making their nightly raids in the surrounding country. Mobley, with his few men, were never known to take a prisoner; anyone falling into their hands would be instantly shot, as they wanted nothing but the soldier's horse and arms. A large reward had been offered by the Government for Mobley, dead or alive, and our men were anxious to get this reward; this is why the scouting parties were hunting for him and his followers among the farmers in the vicinity, whom he was known to be visiting at intervals. He was afterwards killed by a member of Major Means' Loyal Virginia Cavalry, who claimed the \$1,000 for his dead body. After the death of Mobley, his few followers disappeared from the neighborhood of Loudoun County.

We had now been occupying our new camp for two weeks. It was two o'clock, Sunday morning, January 10th, 1864; the stable guard had just been relieved, when the tramp of horses' feet was heard on the icy road, but a few hundred yards distant. The night was

dark and bitter cold; our guard on the edge of the camp halted a column of horsemen he saw advancing upon him. The Rebels, for such it proved to be, refused to obey the command of the guard, who then fired off his carbine. The Rebel yell resounded through the mountain fastness; Cole's camp was surprised.

Colonel Mosby, their old antagonist, had captured the pickets; he and his followers, many of whom were natives of Loudoun County, had crossed the mountain and fell upon the camp, and then fired a volley into the tents where Cole's men lay sleeping, many of them no doubt dreaming of their sweethearts and loved ones at home. No one who has not experienced a night attack from an enemy can form the slightest conception of the feelings of one awakened in the dead of night with the din of shots and yells coming from those thirsting for your blood. Each and every man in that attack, for the time, was an assassin. But we should remember that war means to kill; the soldier in the excitement of battle forgets what pity is, and nothing will satisfy his craving but blood.

The rude awakening brought Cole's hardy veterans out into the deep snow covering the mountain, and they promptly picked up the gauge of battle. Long experience in border warfare had taught these gallant Marylanders to shoot at the horsemen, and not attempt to mount their own faithful chargers.

For several nights Cole's men had slept on their arms, as they had been accustomed to do, whilst on their many raids in the enemy's country, but a fan-

ried security led them on that fateful night to remove their heavy boots and coats, and in some instances, all their outer garments; they rushed to repel the attack, without waiting to dress, and for some minutes the fighting was fierce. Lieutenant Colston, of the Confederate Army, with Mosby's command, fell immediately in front of my tent, at the head of a Rebel company.

During the fight every man was for himself. There was no time to wait for orders, the cry rang out on the cold frosty air "shoot every soldier on horseback." Many of the Confederates who were killed or wounded were burned with powder, as Cole's men used their carbines. It was hand to hand, and so dark, you could not see the face of the enemy you were shooting. It was a perfect hell! Every man cursing and yelling, and the horses were plunging and kicking in their mad efforts to get away. When one of the poor beasts would get wounded he would utter a piercing shriek that would echo throughout the mountain. Mosby's men had emptied their revolvers. The night was too dark for them to see to reload their pieces. They were now completely at the mercy of Cole's Rangers, who were using their carbines with good effect. Captain Smith, one of Mosby's most gallant leaders, had shouted, "fire the tents, shoot by the light," but his order was never executed. A well-aimed bullet sped through his brain and he fell dead from his horse. The Confederates, who had expected that Cole's men would make but a feeble resistance, having been taken so completely by surprise, now found themselves in a trap in our camp. They were dumb-

founded. Captain Vernon, of Company A, had discharged the last load from his second revolver when he fell with a ghastly wound in the head; as soon as his brave followers discovered that this gallant officer was shot the vengeful bullets of the hardy veterans flew the faster. The Rebels seeing that the bloody struggle was fruitless, the Confederate chief reluctantly gave the order to retire.

Mosby had been badly used up; our comrades who had lost their lives on the last New Year's day, and in other engagements, where he had been defeated, were now avenged. It was difficult to tell how many had been lost until after daylight.

The boys who had been fighting so gallantly in the snow, many of them with nothing on except their underclothing, were now too glad to have an opportunity to dress, and as many of them jokingly remarked, they did not mind the fighting so much but the next time that Mosby came, they would thank him to send word so they would have an opportunity to dress and be in proper condition to receive company.

LOUDOUN HEIGHTS, VA., JANUARY 10th, 1864.

By COMRADE J. A. SCOTT, OF COMPANY C, WASHINGTON, D. C.

Upon the wintry mountain side,
From succor far away,
With hearts in peril often tried,
Cole's hardy veterans lay.

The winds swept cuttingly and fleet
Across the frozen snow,
The shivering sentry on his beat
Walked briskly to and fro.

Their white tents rising from the ground
The wind, with curious art,
Had so embanked with snow around,
They seemed of earth, a part.

The night closed down in bitter cold,
And as its gloom grew deep,
The soldier, in his blanket rolled,
Sought rest and peace in sleep.

From war and elemental strife,
Perchance his thoughts did roam
Afar to sweetheart, child or wife,
Mid quiet scenes of home.

Perhaps he dreamed his toils were o'er,
His armor laid from sight,
The sun of peace ablaze once more,
Had closed war's dreadful night.

But hark ! what din is in the air ?
What rush the ear alarms—
And here and now with fitful glare,
What crash and roar of arms!

Alas! alas! that man should be
A more relentless foe
Than tempest on the land or sea—
Than winter's frost and snow.

Rise, soldier, rise! thy sleep forego ;
Death rides upon the wind
In other shapes than frost and snow ;
On, on, thine armor bind.'

Rise, soldier, rise! thy soul in arms,
Strike, for thy Country's weal ;
For her, in dangers and alarms,
Thy heart and limbs be steel.

And up they rose, those soldiers proud,
Grasped arms with eager haste,
And dashed into the battle-cloud,
Upon the wintry waste.

And now, both to and from the foe,
Death-shots like fire-flies flew,
And here and there the trampled snow
Soon bore a crimson hue.

Some sank upon the icy ground
Whom naught but death could quell,
And, fore-front, struck with ghastly wound,
Brave Vernon fighting fell.

Fierce shout and oath and yell and shot
Were mixed in horrid mirth,
Night's deepest gloom upon the spot
No light from heaven or earth.

One thought possessed the breast of each—
To yield they did not know—
A lesson of respect to teach
The daring Rebel foe.

Amid the horrors of the night,
With frozen hands and feet,
They stood and fought, nor ceased to fight
Till victory was complete.

The rolling years may come and go,
Survivors may grow old,
But not till death shall lay them low
And turns life's current cold,

Can they forbear to speak with pride
That makes the dim eye glow,
About the lonely mountain side
And battle in the snow?

While Loudoun rears her height sublime,
Her stream runs to the sea,
Her airs shall in all coming time
Breathe of Cole's Cavalry.

CHAPTER XVIII.

PURSUIT OF MOSBY—ATTEMPT TO CAPTURE MAJOR COLE.

Down at the Ferry, General Sullivan, the District Commander lay. The ringing rifle volleys and echoing pistol shots awoke his forces and the 34th Massachusetts Infantry, Cole's comrades in many a bloody fray, sprang at a double quick for the camp on the mountain side, two miles distant. They arrived too late to be of service to the Cavalry, which had won the fight and was already in the saddle in pursuit of their ancient enemy. Sullivan rode over at daylight, with words of soldierly praise for the brave fellows who had so gallantly defeated the wily partisan in his desperate attempt to "gobble them up"—an expression frequently made use of in military parlance,—nor were Sullivan's congratulations the only ones; a unique bit of war time history is the fact that the General-in-Chief of the Armies of the United States sent a congratulatory telegram to a mere Battalion,—the only instance of this kind during the entire war.

The detachment who had followed Mosby returned to camp; blood stains on the snow marked the enemy's retreat, and it was evident that a number had been wounded. During the day, a citizen living four miles from camp reported to Major Cole that an officer had been left at his house severely wounded; the writer was ordered to take a squad of men and go to the farmer's house, after dark, and bring the wounded man to camp. On arriving at my destination, I found

everything as the citizen had represented. The officer was a Lieutenant, a man much larger than the average size, a fine specimen of manhood, and perhaps twenty-five years of age. The Lieutenant had been shot in the breast, the ball going clear through his body; it was evident he could not live; I spoke to him kindly and told him my orders were to bring him to camp, but if he would give me his word of honor as a soldier and gentleman, not to be removed from the farm house without first acquainting Major Cole, I would assume the responsibility and permit him to remain where he was. The soldier grasped my hand and thanked me, and said he did not see how one of Cole's men could be so kind to one of Mosby's command, after trying to murder us in our beds. I told him to think no more of worldly affairs, but turn his thoughts to heaven and ask forgiveness from God, the Great Father of us all. I returned to camp without my man, and on the following day we received word that the Lieutenant was dead.

When Mosby charged the camp, a special detail of twenty men, under an officer, attempted to capture Major Cole at his headquarters, which was in a two-story house on the edge of the camp, and by the side of the mountain. As the officer and a portion of his command entered in at the front door of the house, the Major made his escape from the rear of the building into the mountain, and hastened to the camp, where his presence greatly encouraged the men. Captain Gallagher, who was still suffering with his broken leg in an adjoining room to the Major's quarters, escaped unnoticed. The Captain would not consent

to be taken to the hospital, and from the time his leg was broken, near Charlestown, he was never able to perform any hard service up to the time of his being mustered out of the army.

The 34th Massachusettes Infantry remained at our camp during Sunday.

The officers and men of the Battalion were recounting their individual encounters with the enemy, and some of the yarns were extremely amusing. In justice to all, every officer and man deserves the highest praise for their action; they fought as soldiers never fought before.

General Sullivan sent Major Cole twenty gallons of whiskey to be distributed among the men. It is needless to say they all pronounced the General a royal good fellow, and drank his health. If a suitable medal had been presented to the officers and men, it would have been more appropriate, and even at this late day Congress should recognize the survivors of this fight for their gallantry, and place them upon the roll of honor.

CASUALTIES IN COMPANY A.

Loudoun Heights, Va., January 10, 1864.

Samuel Stone, killed.	Harvey A. Null, killed.
	Edward Stone, killed.
	Captain Geo. W. F. Vernon, wounded.
	First Sergeant Lewis M. Zimmerman, wounded.
John Killian, wounded.	Edgar Badois, wounded.
Wesley Carnes, wounded.	Martin L. Kaufman, wounded.
	Simon Staley, wounded.

CASUALTIES IN COMPANY B.

Loudoun Heights, January 10, 1865.

Sergeant Carnes, killed.

Captain John Rivers, wounded.

Sergeant Wesley Mann, wounded.

Samuel Rivers, wounded. Gotleib Fuss, wounded.

CASUALTIES IN COMPANY C.

Loudoun Heights, Va., January 10, 1864.

Wm. H. Weaver, wounded. D. W. Longwell, wounded.

CASUALTIES IN COMPANY D.

Loudoun Heights, Va., January 10, 1864.

George Burford, killed. Reson Cross, killed.

Henry Howard, wounded.

CHAPTER XIX.

REPORT OF BATTLE AND COMPLIMENTARY LETTER OF GENERAL HALLECK.

On the following day, after the fight, Monday, January 11th, Major Cole sent this report to General Sullivan the Brigade Commander :

“SIR:—I have the honor to report that my camp was attacked, between three and four o'clock this morning, by Major Mosby's command of Rebel Guerrillas, some four hundred strong, augmented by volunteers from Lee's Army. They cautiously avoided my pickets and made an impetuous charge, with a loud yell, on the right of the camp. In consequence of the charge, the right Company, B, offered but a feeble resistance, but in the meantime, the second Company in line, Company A, was speedily rallied by its commanding officer, Captain Vernon, who contested their further advance in such a sanguinary manner as to form a rallying point; in the meantime, the enemy had charged the left Company, C, and centre Company, D. The command was now thoroughly aroused to the danger that threatened them, and one and all, from the officers to the privates, entered into the contest with such a determined zest as led to the utter rout and discomfiture of the enemy, leaving three prisoners in our hands and a loss in killed, (left on the field,) of five, divided as follows: one Captain, two Lieutenants and two

privates. They removed a large portion of their wounded, as my detachment in pursuit observed blood stains for miles along their line of retreat. Our loss was four enlisted men killed and sixteen men wounded, among whom are Captain Vernon, Company A, seriously shot through the head, left eye destroyed, and Lieutenant John Rivers, slightly in the leg. I am happy to state that there are hopes of Captain Vernon's recovery."

Brigadier General B. F. Kelly, the Department Commander, upon receiving General Sullivan's account of the fight forwarded it to Brigadier General Cullum, Chief of Staff of the General-in-Chief, adding :

"I cheerfully comply with the request of General Sullivan, in calling the attention of the General-in-Chief to the gallant conduct of Major Cole and his brave command; his repulse of a murderous attack, made by an overwhelming force, at 4 o'clock, on a dark, cold morning, evidences a discipline, a watchfulness and bravery most commendable."

In due time, through the hands of Generals Kelly and Sullivan, Major Cole received this dispatch :

"HEADQUARTERS OF THE ARMY,

WASHINGTON, January 28th, 1864.

"Brigadier General B. F. Kelly, Cumberland, Md.,

"GENERAL :—I have just received, through your headquarters, Major Henry A. Cole's report of the repulse of Mosby's attack upon his camp, on Loudoun Heights on the 10th inst. Major Cole and his com-

mand, the Battalion of Cavalry, Maryland Volunteers, deserve high praise for their gallantry in repelling the Rebel assault.

Your obedient servant,

H. W. HALLECK,
General-in-Chief."

Lieutenant Colston, of Mosby's command, was killed immediately in front of my tent ; after the repulse of the enemy there was taken from the Lieutenant's person two passes, reading :

"Pass Lieutenant Colston in and out of lines at pleasure.

ROBERT E. LEE,
General."

I was compelled to turn the passes into headquarters, by order of General Sullivan. It is presumed the passes were used by our scouts to great advantage. The Lieutenant also had on his person the picture of a beautiful young woman, and on the reverse side was written "Your sister, Florence." The picture was sent by myself to Baltimore, to be returned to the young lady. I was never positive whether the lady received the picture I had sent to my home until a few days since. A member of my family had given it to a Mr. John Fowler, who was personally acquainted with the Colstons, to be delivered to them. A few days ago, over thirty years after this occurrence, I was introduced by Captain Dudley P. Barnett, formerly on the staff of General Rhodes, of the Confederate Army, to Mr. Frederick M. Colston, of the firm of Wilson,

Colston & Co., bankers, in Baltimore, who told me he was a brother of the Lieutenant killed in Cole's camp on Loudoun Heights, January 10th, 1864, and his mother had received the picture. Mr. Colston had also served as Major in the Confederate Army, and is a member of an old Maryland family, being a cousin of the late Honorable John P. Kennedy, historian.

The Battalion remained in their camp on Loudoun Heights until the middle of the month of January, after which they moved to Harper's Ferry and encamped on Bolivar Heights.

CHAPTER XX.

SENT TO WEST VIRGINIA.—MECHANICS' GAP.

THE latter part of January, 1864, the Battalion was again ordered to leave camp for West Virginia, and join the forces sent to pursue a Confederate Division operating in that locality; the Confederates had captured and destroyed a train on the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad. Colonel James A. Mulligan, with a Brigade, including his famous Irish Regiment, the 23d Illinois Infantry, were in pursuit of the Rebels. General Thomas L. Rosser, with his Brigade of Cavalry, and General McCausland, were in command of the Division of Confederates.

Cole's Cavalry, with a number of Federal troops, left camp at Harper's Ferry and marched to Winchester; thence to Romney. The Battalion in advance captured the pickets at the latter place. A force of Confederates were occupying a position at Mechanics' Gap, four miles from Romney. Major Cole, after capturing the pickets, continued to the foot of the mountain and awaited the arrival of Colonel Fitzsimmons, commanding a New York Regiment, who was in command of our forces. A number of Confederate officers, who had been invited by a citizen living one mile from the Gap, to partake of his hospitality, were compelled to leave him and his family rather hastily, at our approach, mounting their horses and making their escape in the mountain; myself, with others of Cole's men, however partook of the

royal feast that had been prepared for the host's Rebel friends, to the great disgust of a number of fair ladies who had come out from Romney to help entertain the Confederate officers. Perhaps it was somewhat rude for the boys to seat themselves at the table without being invited, and eat that which had been prepared for others, to the great disappointment of the mistress of the house and her old colored cook. I however insisted upon paying for the meal and counted out fifty dollars in good Confederate money.

The command was ordered to attack the enemy in their stronghold; the mountain on either side of the road running through towers fully four hundred feet in height, and the gap in the mountain is not one hundred yards wide. One Regiment of Confederate Infantry were stationed at this point to contest our advance. If we could succeed in forcing a passage, we would then be in the rear of the Confederates retreating before Colonel Mulligan. We crossed a small stream of water at the foot of the mountain, a small body of the enemy's Cavalry falling back at our advance. When we had gotten to within a few hundred yards of the Gap, the Rebel Infantry, stationed on the top of the mountain opened fire. The Battalion fought this Regiment the entire half day, using their trusty carbines with good effect. On one side of the road the mountain is almost perpendicular, and at times when one of our bullets took effect the Rebel soldiers shot would plunge out in open air and tumble clear to the bottom of the mountain. Why the Colonel commanding our forces failed to use the

two twelve pounder cannon and shell the enemy from their elevated position, has always been a mystery to me, but I suppose the commanding officer had an object in not doing so, that he did not see fit to divulge to those under him. At the close of the day we fell back out of range of the enemy's guns. Orders had been given out that the command would make an early start on the following morning.

Old Billy Staton, a member of Company D, (who in general appearance very much resembled Colonel Miles, who had been killed at Harper's Ferry,) the men would always address as the "Colonel." The old gentleman was extremely neat in his dress and the buttons on his uniform were always bright and shining. He wore a large brass wreath on the front of his hat, with the letter of his Company in the centre, that could be seen at a great distance. Uncle Billy had been in the thickest of the fight. A rifle ball struck the old man's hat, passing through the brim, without injuring him in the least; one of the boys dismounted and handed him his hat. He coolly remarked that "he was thankful to the 'Johnnies' for not spoiling the handsome brass wreath on the front of his hat." The old man was a good soldier, he had served in the Mexican war and could always be relied upon in the time of a fight.

The command lost several men in killed and wounded; the exact loss of the enemy was not known, at least five were known to be killed, as they fell from their lofty height to the foot of the canyon, or mountain.

Our pickets had exchanged shots with the enemy during the first part of the night. At two o'clock the following morning the men were again in the saddle and on the move, we rode rapidly through the mountains until daybreak, when we halted and fed our horses; each man had been provided with sufficient forage the night previous. We were now within a few miles of Moorefield, in West Virginia. The smoke from a large camp fire could be plainly seen in that vicinity. A body of soldiers was seen advancing upon Moorefield, some distance off. It proved to be Colonel Mulligan, who had been following the enemy, on the west side of the mountain. Our Captain, who had ridden hard from Mechanics' Gap, joined with Mulligan and prepared to attack the enemy. The Regiment of Confederates whom we had fought the day before, at Mechanics' Gap, had retreated after dark, leaving only a small squad on picket, who had been doing the firing at our pickets the night previous. The Rebels could now be seen falling back in the direction of Strasburg, with Rosser's Cavalry covering their retreat; our Cavalry following, the advance exchanging shots with the enemy. The order was given to trot, gallop, and before the command was given to "charge" a courier dashed up and our command was halted, and for some cause known only to the Commanding Officer, the enemy were permitted to retire without giving them battle. Mutterings of discontent could be plainly heard throughout the ranks. The men were anxious to engage the enemy, but they could do nothing without orders.

I am stating plain facts, but do not wish to criticise the action of any one.

Cole's Cavalry, with a Pennsylvania Cavalry Regiment, returned to Romney and back to Harper's Ferry. The defeat of Mosby at Loudoun Heights had given Cole's Cavalry a great reputation, and on our return from the mountains of West Virginia, it was rumored that the Battalion would be raised to a full Regiment.

CHAPTER XXI.

RE-ENLISTMENT.—LIST OF OFFICERS.

On February 13th, 1864, three-fourths of the Old Battalion re-enlisted for the war. They were granted a furlough of thirty days, and at once set out for their homes, not however before visiting old Frederick City, where they were given a reception such as no command ever received. Captain Vernon who had been so severely wounded in the head, on the night of Mosby's attack, and whose home was in Frederick, was now sufficiently recovered to be up and about. The Captain, with the Mayor of the town, the corporate and County authorities, a large concourse of citizens formed into line, and the whole body marched through the streets. Church and fire bells rang, flags waved from every available point and cannon boomed a welcome to the returning Battalion. It was certainly a gala day, and the reception made the boys feel proud. The Honorable Madison Nelson, one of the Judges of the Court of Appeals of Maryland, made a speech to them in the city hall, into which they were conducted to the strains of "Home, sweet home." A banquet followed, after which the members of the Old Battalion sought their respective homes.

Honorable Augustus Bradford, the Governor of the State of Maryland, sent for Major Cole and personally congratulated and complimented his Battalion in the highest terms, and suggested that he augment

the Battalion to a full Regiment. The Governor stated he had taken the greatest interest in the Cavalry command. There was no difficulty in obtaining the necessary authority.

Before the furlough had expired two additional Battalions, of four Companies each, had been raised in different parts of the State and reported for duty at Frederick. Major Cole became the Colonel of the Regiment; Captain George W. F. Vernon, of Company A, Lieutenant Colonel; Lieutenant A. M. Flory, of Company B, Major of the First Battalion; J. T. Daniels, a new recruit, Major of the Second Battalion; Robert S. Mooney, Major of the Third Battalion; Sergeant O. A. Horner of Company C, Adjutant; Lieutenant Daniel Link, succeeded Captain Vernon, of Company A; Lieutenant John Rivers, was made Captain of Company B; Sergeant Henry Buckingham was made Captain of Company C; Captain Frank Gallagher continued as Captain of Company D, but in the hospital, not yet recovered from a fractured leg, and Lieutenant Samuel Mills was in command of the Company.

A very small percentage of the old non-commissioned officers had been promoted in the new Companies, which caused much disappointment and dissatisfaction among the members of the Old Battalion. Colonel Cole said in speaking to the writer, of this slight to the men who had assisted in making the name of Cole's Cavalry a household word in Western Maryland, that it was a mistake he had often regretted. Influence had been brought to bear upon the Governor and he had commissioned a number of new officers without consulting with the Colonel of the command.



COLONEL HENRY A. COLE.

CHAPTER XXII.

ROSTER OF OFFICERS UNDER REORGANIZATION.

The full Roster of the Officers of the Regiment was as follows :

COLE'S MARYLAND VOLUNTEER CAVALRY.

Original organization of First Battalion, August 10th, 1861. Augmented to a full Regiment April 20th, 1864.

Field and Staff:

Henry A. Cole—Colonel, promoted from Captain Company A to Major, August 1st, 1862, to Lieutenant Colonel, March 7th, 1864, to Colonel, April 20th, 1864.

George W. F. Vernon—Lieutenant Colonel, promoted from Second Lieutenant Co. A, to First Lieutenant, June 8th, 1862, to Captain, October 15th, 1862, to Major, March 7th, 1864, to Lieutenant Colonel, April 20th, 1864; wounded January 10th, 1864, having left eye shot out in midnight attack on camp by Mosby's Guerrillas.

J. Townsend Daniel—Major, March 19th, 1864.

A. M. Flory—Major, promoted from First Lieutenant Co. B, to Major, April 20th, 1864; honorably discharged, October 2nd, 1864.

Robert D. Mooney—Major, promoted from First Lieutenant Co. I, to Major, April 20th, 1864.

- O. A. Horner—Major, promoted from private Company C, to Corporal, August 31st, 1861, to First Sergeant, June 10th, 1862, to Second Lieutenant, January 15th, 1864, to First Lieutenant and Adjutant, April 20th, 1864, to Major, February 1st, 1865; captured July 7th, 1864, and escaped same day.
- Charles Ostrelli—First Lieutenant and Adjutant, promoted from private Company I, to Sergeant Major, May 1st, 1864, to First Lieutenant Co. E, December 30th, 1864, to Adjutant, February 1st, 1865.
- Walter R. Way—Surgeon, promoted from Assistant Surgeon, April 20th, 1864; honorably discharged and appointed Assistant Surgeon United States Volunteers, December 3rd, 1864, by order Secretary of War.
- D. W. Onderdonk—Surgeon, promoted from Assistant Surgeon, January 24th, 1865.
- John McIlvaine—Assistant Surgeon, promoted from Hospital Steward to Assistant Surgeon, May 17th, 1865.
- H. F. Winchester—First Lieutenant and R. Q. M., (dismissed.)
- H. H. Vernon—First Lieutenant and R. C. S., died at Frederick, Md., June 23d, 1864.
- Samuel J. Maxwell—First Lieutenant and R. C. S., promoted from Sergeant Co. C, to Company Commissary Sergeant, January 1st, 1863. Re-enlisted as a Veteran Volunteer, February 13th, 1864, promoted to First Lieutenant and K. C. D., July 7th, 1864; captured September 2d, 1862; exchanged December 18th, 1862.
- Charles Cole—Chaplain.

Non-commissioned Staff.

Charles L. K. Sunwalt—Sergeant Major, promoted from private Company K, to Sergeant, September 1st, 1864, to Sergeant Major, January 6th, 1865.

H. G. Winter—R. Q. Sergeant, promoted from Q. M. Sergeant Co. D, to R. Q. M. Sergeant, May 1st, 1864, Veteran Volunteer.

W. L. Curreno—R. C. Sergeant, promoted from private Co. C, to Corporal, June 10th, 1862, to Sergeant, May 7th, 1864, to R. C. Sergeant, September 1st, 1864, Veteran Volunteer.

Samuel J. Wolf—R. Saddler Sergeant, promoted from Saddler Co. C, to R. C. Sergeant, November 1st, 1864, Veteran Volunteer; captured September 2nd, 1862; exchanged December 18th, 1862.

Charles S. Long—Chief Trumpeter, promoted from private Co. F, to Chief Trumpeter, May 1st, 1865.

James R. Scott—Hospital Steward, promoted from private Company C, to Corporal, January 1st, 1863, to Hospital Steward, December 1st, 1864, Veteran Volunteer; wounded at Leesburg, Va., September 2d, 1862; captured September 14th, 1862; exchanged February 18th, 1863.

James McDonald—Veterinary Surgeon.

COMPANY A.

Captain Daniel Link—Promoted from private to Sergeant, to First Lieutenant, to Captain; honorably discharged, January 24th, 1865.

Captain Franklin Hitchcock—Promoted from private in Company C, to Second Lieutenant Company A, to First Lieutenant, to Captain.

First Lieutenant Cooms—Deserted, 1861.

Second Lieutenant Hanson Green—Resigned, December, 1862.

First Lieutenant Charles W. Beatty—Promoted from Farrier to Fifth Sergeant, to Second Lieutenant, to First Lieutenant, Veteran Volunteer.

Second Lieutenant D. E. Orrison—Promoted from private to Corporal, to C. Sergeant, to First Sergeant, to Second Lieutenant.

COMPANY B.

Captain William Firey—Dismissed May 30th, 1864.

The dismissal of Captain Firey from the Army was greatly deplored by not only the members of Company B, but by the rank and file of the entire Old Battalion. Captain William Firey was a brave, conscientious gentleman and soldier, and ever ready to do a kindness for those under him. The Captain had been sick for some time, and when he became convalescent he took command of his company on a scout, and when the command went into camp for the night, near Upperville, Va., the ground was very damp, some one suggested that he, the Captain, lodge at a house not far distant; unfortunately the building was outside of his picket line. During the night the enemy charged down upon the picket post and captured several men. Charges were preferred against Captain Firey for being outside of his lines in the

enemy's country, and placed the blame upon him for lack of discipline. He was court-martialed and dishonorably dismissed the service, after serving his country so gallantly for over two years.

Second Lieutenant Albert Metz—Killed in action June 15th, 1863.

Captain John L. Rivers—Promoted from private to Q. M. Sergeant, to Second Lieutenant, to Captain.

First Lieutenant Frank Burr.

Second Lieutenant Charles W. Mann—Promoted from private to Q. M. Sergeant, to First Sergeant, to Second Lieutenant, Veteran Volunteer.

COMPANY C.

Captain John R. Horner—Resigned June 10th, 1862.

First Lieutenant Washington Morrison—Resigned June 10th, 1862, promoted from Second Lieutenant to succeed Annan.

First Lieutenant John Motter Annan—Killed accidentally at Frederick, Md., November 14th, 1861.

Captain A. M. Hunter—Promoted from Bugler to Second Lieutenant and to Captain; captured September 2d, 1862; exchanged December 18th, 1862; honorably discharged, September 28th, 1864.

Captain Henry Buckingham—Promoted to Corporal from Private, Corporal to Sergeant, to Second Lieutenant, to Captain; mustered out with Regiment June 28th, 1865.

First Lieutenant William A. Horner—Promoted from First Sergeant to First Lieutenant, June 10th, 1862; captured September 14th, 1862; exchanged

February 1863 ; honorably discharged, September 28th, 1864.

First Lieutenant O. D. McMillan—Promoted from First Sergeant to First Lieutenant, Veteran Volunteer ; captured September 2d, 1862 ; exchanged December 18th, 1862 ; mustered out with Regiment.

Second Lieutenant H. I. McNair—Promoted from Sergeant to Second Lieutenant ; resigned January 2d, 1864, to accept promotion in 3d Maryland Cavalry.

Second Lieutenant William A. McIlhenny—Promoted from private to Corporal, to Q. M. Sergeant, to Second Lieutenant, Veteran Volunteer ; wounded at Charlestown, October 18th, 1863 ; mustered out with Company.

Second Lieutenant O. A. Horner—Promoted from private to Corporal, August 31st, 1861, to First Sergeant, June 10th, 1862, to Second Lieutenant, January 15th, 1864, to First Lieutenant and Adjutant, April 20th, 1864, to Major, February 1st, 1865 ; captured July 7th, 1864, and escaped same day at Middletown, Md.

COMPANY D.

Captain Pierce K. Keirle—Resigned June 18th, 1863.

Captain Francis Gallagher—Promoted from Second Lieutenant to First Lieutenant ; captured September 2d, 1862 ; exchanged December 18th, 1862 ; honorably discharged, September, 1864.

First Lieutenant Robert E. Milling—Dismissed Sept. 1st, 1862.

First Lieutenant Samuel S. Mills—Promoted from private to Q. M. Sergeant, to Second Lieutenant, to First Lieutenant; captured at Leesburg, Va., September 2d, 1862, and at Winchester, August 20th, 1864, escaping both times; honorably discharged December 2d, 1864.

Captain Tapham Wright Kelly—Independent Company consolidated with Company D and commanded the Company until close of war. First Lieutenant Henry A. Bier, Second Lieutenant C. F. Benchoff.

Lieutenant Sam Sigler—Promoted from private to Bugler, to Second Lieutenant; captured at Smithfield, August 22d, 1862; exchanged December, 1862; honorably discharged, September, 1864.

COMPANY E.

Captain G. J. P. Wood—Dismissed September 26th, 1864, revoked May 11th, 1865, by order of the President of the United States.

Captain John P. Forrest—Promoted from private to C. Sergeant, to First Sergeant, to Captain.

First Lieutenant Charles V. Duncan—Resigned June 8th, 1864.

First Lieutenant E. V. Gannon—Promoted from private to Sergeant Company A, to First Lieutenant, Veteran Volunteer.

Second Lieutenant John T. Hickman—Wounded in action at Charlestown, Va., August 22d, 1864; honorably discharged on Surgeon's Certificate of Disability, November 2d, 1864.

Second Lieutenant P. Walsh—Promoted from private to Q. M. Sergeant, to Second Lieutenant.

COMPANY F.

Captain William F. Bragg.

First Lieutenant H. B. Younger—Captured August 5th, 1864, at Keedysville, Md.; exchanged April, 1865.

Second Lieutenant Uriah Garber.

COMPANY G.

Captain George M. Kershner.

First Lieutenant Frank D. Kerr.

Second Lieutenant Thomas McAtee—Resigned June 11th, 1864.

Second Lieutenant John T. Noile—Promoted from private to First Sergeant, to Second Lieutenant.

COMPANY H.

Captain B. F. Hauck—Killed in action at Charlestown, Va., August 22d, 1865.

Captain J. W. Kraft—Raised Company of Heavy Artillery, consolidated with Cole's Cavalry, assumed command Company H, August, 1864.

First Lieutenant E. H. Johnson—Dishonorably dismissed, January 25th, 1865.

First Lieutenant Joseph B. Swaney—Promoted from Second Lieutenant.

Second Lieutenant Robert Butler—Promoted from private Company I to First Sergeant, to Second Lieutenant.

COMPANY I.

Captain W. L. Atkinson.

First Lieutenant A. Woodhull—Dismissed April 6th, 1865.

Second Lieutenant Alexander M. Briscoe—Promoted from private to Q. M. Sergeant Company F, to Second Lieutenant Company I, to First Lieutenant; captured at Hagerstown, July 29th, 1864; escaped from Hospital, at Columbia, South Carolina, with assistance of Miss Carrie Carey, a Southern lady, February 14th, 1865.

COMPANY K.

Captain L. M. Zimmerman—Promoted from private to Corporal Company A, to Sergeant, to Second Lieutenant, to Captain of Company K; captured at Leesburg, Va., September 2d, 1862; exchanged December 10th, 1862; wounded at Loudoun Heights, January 10th, 1864.

First Lieutenant George E. Owens.

Second Lieutenant B. F. McAtee—Resigned November 14th, 1864.

Second Lieutenant Charles H. Barto—Promoted from Sergeant Company H to Chief Trumpeter, to Second Lieutenant.

COMPANY L.

Captain John H. McCoy—Promoted from private to Corporal Company F 2nd Maryland Infantry, to Second Lieutenant, to Captain, and transferred to Company L.

First Lieutenant A. A. Troxell.

Second Lieutenant Charles J. Gehring.

COMPANY M.

Captain L. H. Greenewald—Promoted from private Company F, to Sergeant, to Second Lieutenant, to Captain.

First Lieutenant George M. Lease—Promoted from private to Q. M. Sergeant Company A, to First Lieutenant of Company M, Veteran Volunteer; wounded August 24th, 1864.

Second Lieutenant C. A. Santmyer—Promoted from private to First Sergeant, to Second Lieutenant.

CHAPTER XXIII.

SHENANDOAH VALLEY.

AFTER the Regiment had been properly equipped they saw much hard service and kept up the reputation the Old Battalion had made; they participated in the Valley Campaign, with Sheridan, and lost a number of men in killed and wounded.

The members of the first, or Veteran Battalion, as they were called, had returned to camp at Frederick City, their thirty day's furlough having expired, and were now thoroughly equipped and ready for duty, and were ordered to join General Sigel, then moving up the Shenandoah Valley, participating in the disastrous fight at New Market, May 15th, 1864. The Battalion was only saved from annihilation or surrender by their desperate courage, and superb fighting qualities, that had before enabled it to cut its way through opposing ranks of the enemy. The Battalion suffered severely and many a poor fellow bit the dust in this engagement. In this battle Sigel was badly beaten by Breckinridge, and his Germans completely routed, and many of them captured by the Boys' Brigade of Cadets, from the Virginia Military Institute, commanded by Colonel Scott Shipp. Colonel Shipp was wounded and the command devolved upon Professor Captain Henry A. Wise, who after the war became Superintendent of the Public Schools of Baltimore City. The Cadets charged and captured a battery. Senator Faulkner, John A. Wise,

and many others who have since risen to eminence, were in the Cadet Brigade, which lost a large percentage of their membership in killed and wounded.

On the return of the command to Harper's Ferry, the Battalion was again sent to Loudoun; they had not met Mosby since the latter's defeat on the 10th of January. After scouting several days, we came upon a portion of his command at Upperville, and also at Snickersville; defeating them at both places and capturing several prisoners.

The two new Battalions of Colonel Cole's Regiment went from Frederick to Camp Stoneman, near Washington, for the purpose of being mounted and equipped.

After the defeat of Sigel, he was superseded by General Hunter, who was ordered to clear the Valley of all Confederate forces, and these two Battalions were temporarily armed with muskets and assigned to Colonel Mulligan's Brigade of Infantry, which had charge of a wagon train loaded with ammunition and provisions sent to General Hunter, whilst on his famous raid to Lynchburg, Virginia. Two-thirds of the old Battalion who were mounted and a number of the new men owning their own horses, under command of Major Daniels, and Captain Daniel Link of Company A, had been detailed to take the advance of Hunter's army, destroying a large amount of Confederate property, including a wagon train captured near Lynchburg. They participated with Hunter in the battle at Harrisonburg, June 3d, 1864, Piedmont, June 5th, Tye River, June 7th, and Lynchburg,

June 17th and 18th, and also at Lexington, Buckhannon and Salem.

Lee hastened Early's Corps to the aid of the Confederates at Lynchburg. Hunter was several hundred miles from his base of supplies, and Early massed such an overwhelming force in front of him that he was compelled to fall back; retreating up the Kanawha Valley, in West Virginia. Early, instead of continuing in pursuit of Hunter, changed his course to the Shenandoah Valley, and had gotten to Leetown, within ten miles of the Potomac River, where he struck Colonel Mulligan's Brigade, who had started with a supply train for Hunter's army, and was repulsed. A portion of the old Battalion, who had not gone on the raid with General Hunter, had been sent from Leetown by Colonel Mulligan in the direction of Winchester. Mulligan had sent his train back to Harper's Ferry. In leaving the camp Cole's men went to Charlestown, and then out the Berryville road. In going through Charlestown it was observed that the citizens were congregating upon the street corners, and from their general manner something unusual was up. Lieutenant Sam Sigler, of Company D was in command of our scouting party of sixty-five men. Night was approaching when we met a farmer who informed us that Early was at Winchester and was expected to be in Charlestown next day. After this information we concluded to return to camp, but halted several miles outside of Charlestown, on the Summit Point Road, supposing that if Early was at Winchester, the men of his command living around Charlestown, some of them would get to their homes

in advance of the Confederate Army, and our conjectures were correct. I had charge of the pickets; the men were dismounted in a strip of woods standing by their horses. I had relieved the guard after midnight, and had gotten but a short distance from one of the pickets when I heard the man on duty halting some one, and called upon me to return to his post. The comrade I had relieved from duty I sent to the reserve, with instructions to have the command ready to mount. When I approached the sentinel he had under arrest a horseman, who upon investigation I discovered was a mounted Infantryman, and he informed me that he belonged to Early's Army, and had left his command at Winchester. After a short consultation among ourselves we concluded to return to camp and started at once. In passing through Charlestown on our return, many houses were lit up; we knew the occupants were expecting their friends, and at daylight we came into the camp at Leetown. Lieutenant Sigler started at once to Colonel Mulligan's headquarters, with the prisoner we had brought in. The men unsaddled their horses, and the next instant we heard the pickets on the outpost firing. The bugle sounded "boots and saddles," the men had scarcely time to mount their horses when the enemy was upon them; had our scouting party remained away thirty minutes longer than we had, the Rebels would have gotten to the camp first. Our detachment of Cavalry were instantly thrown out in advance of Mulligan's brigade as skirmishers and engaged the enemy. Sigel who had been restored to the command of the lower Shenandoah Valley, had his headquarters at

Martinsburg. Mulligan, with his Brigade, repulsed the enemy, and Sigel immediately evacuated Martinsburg without coming to Mulligan's assistance, and fell back into Maryland, after which he ordered Mulligan to fall back across the Potomac at Shepherdstown, and from thence Sigel took his entire command to Maryland Heights.

Cole's new Battalions were under fire for the first time at Leetown and they behaved most admirably, forming line of battle in face of an artillery fire with promptitude that would have done credit to older veterans.

I do not wish to criticise General Sigel's movements. It is a well known fact that it left Early a clear pass over South Mountain to Frederick, and resulted in his nearly capturing Washington. The Capital was defenceless until the arrival of the 6th Army Corps, which General Grant promptly threw around it.

On July 6th, 1864, Adjutant O. A. Horner had charge of a wagon train sent from Harper's Ferry to Frederick, and reported to Colonel Higgins, in charge of the post. Rumors of Rebels advancing upon Frederick from Boonsboro', had been received at headquarters; Colonel Higgins ordered a scouting party, composed of members of the 12th Pennsylvania Cavalry and Means' Loudoun Rangers, an independent Virginia Battalion, to go in the direction of Middletown under command of a Major Thorp; about seventy-five men in all. Colonel Higgins requested Adjutant Horner with his few men, some eight or ten, to accompany Thorp, and take the advance. The column had

advanced to within one mile of Middletown, when they came upon the enemy's picket post; Adjutant Horner immediately ordered his men to charge and drove the pickets upon their reserve, about twenty-five men, who in turn charged Horner's small squad. Major Thorp with his entire command "right about" and dashed back towards Frederick, in the greatest disorder, and behaving in the most cowardly manner. Adjutant Horner finding it was impossible to check the enemy, was compelled to fall back and in doing so, the Adjutant's horse was shot and fell upon its rider, who was captured by the Rebels, but succeeded in making his escape; concealing himself in a small negro cabin. The Confederates re-established their picket post immediately in front of the house; Adjutant Horner found an old coat and hat belonging to the former occupant of the building which he donned and leisurely walked out into the yard and succeeded in making his escape to the mountains, walked to Frederick and reported at headquarters in his unmilitary garb. After procuring suitable clothing and a fresh horse he returned to his regiment at Maryland Heights.

CHAPTER XXIV.

MONOCAKY BRIDGE—SCOTTING IN FREDERICK COUNTY.

On July the 9th, 1864, General Early was confronted at Monocacy, Maryland, by Lew Wallace and General E. B. Tyler, who had in their commands a number of new regiments who were under fire for the first time, some of these regiments had only been in the service but a few days and were unfamiliar with the tactics. Alexander's Maryland Battery and the 1st Regiment Potomac Home Brigade of Maryland Infantry, Colonel Maulsby, did good service. After fighting for one-half day against the flower of the Southern Army, (Early's Corps,) Wallace and Tyler were defeated with a loss of nearly two thousand men.

The Sixth Army Corps had arrived and Washington was saved.

During Early's invasion of Maryland, Cole's Cavalry was not idle; a number of the men of the new Battalions had secured horses and had been in several minor skirmishes. Lieutenant Colonel Vernon, with a detachment of the old Battalion, were for a time separated from the Regiment, who were at Maryland Heights and Pleasant Valley, Maryland. The Colonel's instructions from the General in command, were to harass the enemy, capture their pickets, and do all the damage he could accomplish. We were for the most part of the time inside the enemy's lines, and performed a great deal of hard and dangerous service, capturing a large number of prisoners, among

which was a Confederate Major with the mail for Bradley T. Johnson's Brigade.

The battle of Monocacy had been fought. Lieutenant Colonel Vernon and his small force of sixty-five men were familiar with the country. The enemy's Cavalry were overrunning Frederick County in small detachments, gathering up horses from the farmers. Our detachment had come upon several small squads of Rebel Cavalrymen and either captured or dispersed them. On our arrival in the neighborhood of Middletown we were informed by the citizens that an old gentleman, a farmer by the name of George Blessing, living several miles distant, had shot one or more Rebels, and Colonel Vernon started at once with his men for Blessing's farm. As our advance was proceeding up the lane leading to the farmer's house they were halted by an old gray-haired man, fully sixty-five years of age, who demanded that they should go back, or he would shoot. The old gentleman was partially concealed behind a large tree, with a rifle in his hand. Colonel Vernon called him by name and informed him we were Cole's men and had come to protect him. Mr. Blessing gave us a hearty welcome and said he had mistaken us for the Confederates whom he had exchanged shots with a number of times during the day, and had driven off the enemy not an hour before, who threatened to return and hang him and burn his property. To prove his assertion, he led the way up to his barn yard, where lay a dead Rebel and one in the barn, wounded. The old farmer had some half dozen guns of different patterns; when

the roving bands of Confederates approached his house he would warn them off, they would fire upon him, and this old patriot stood his ground. He would do the shooting whilst his small grandson would load the pieces. Our command remained at the farm house over night and the "Johnnies" failed to put in an appearance; they would have received a warm reception if they had returned. Our men buried the dead soldier and left the wounded prisoner in the hands of his captor, who promised to have him properly taken care of. On the following morning we made an early start in the direction of Frederick, picking up an occasional straggler.

Our advance came near running into a large body of the enemy's Cavalry. They turned off the main road however, and we permitted them to go by without following them up, as we had received information that several Confederate officers had stopped over night with a Mr. Preston, who lived but a short distance from the road. Colonel Vernon was very anxious that these officers should be taken, and instructed me to ride on ahead with two men, and capture them, which I did. When I got to Mr. Preston's house we captured four officers, who were enjoying themselves under the shade of the trees in the yard. We pounced upon them so suddenly, they did not have an opportunity to make their escape. One of the officers, a Major, handed me his revolver, which I carried during the remainder of the war. My two comrades each captured a man; we were about to return to the command which I knew would be

awaiting us out on the road, when I was told by a colored servant, that one of the officers had ran into the house. On investigating, I discovered him under the bed in Miss Preston's bed-chamber. He quietly crawled out, at the same time requesting me not to shoot. After turning our prisoners over to the guard Colonel Vernon and myself again went back to the house. The Colonel was personally acquainted with the Prestons, and wished if possible to get some information from them. On arriving at the house we were invited to dismount and come in, which invitation Colonel Vernon very politely declined, but sat upon his horse talking to Mr. and Miss Preston, when two Confederates came riding down the lane. I was concealed behind an outhouse, Colonel Vernon was in plain view, they evidently imagined he did not see them, and no doubt it was their intention to capture him. Miss Preston in the meantime trying to warn the Rebels to go back. The Colonel reminded her of her intention, and just as the two Confederates were in the act of opening a gate to let themselves through I moved from behind the outhouse and told them to throw up their hands. Before they recovered from their astonishment, I had their arms in my possession. We bade Mr. and Miss Preston good day and joined our command on the main road, continuing on our way.

We had now reached a point three miles West of Frederick, on the main road, advancing cautiously, having been told by the citizens that the enemy's picket post was not far off. John Fraley, one of

Company A's first and bravest men, who was riding by my side, proposed we should ride on ahead of the advance and stop at a public house, kept by a Mr. John Hagins, who was a personal friend of Fraley's although a strong Southern sympathizer, having a son in the Confederate Army. Hagin advised us to turn back, as there was a Rebel picket post at the toll-gate, one quarter of a mile down the Frederick turnpike, and but a short time before a small squad of Confederate Cavalry had passed in that direction.

Fraley insisted that we should try and capture the picket post before Colonel Vernon came up, and if I refused to accompany him he would go alone, which I of course would not permit. From Hagin's house to the toll-gate there was almost a continuous line of trees growing by the side of the road. Fraley and myself approached the pickets, keeping well under cover of the trees, until we had gotten up to within one hundred yards of them, when we dashed out with a loud yell, at the same time discharging our revolvers.

The Confederates went pell-mell into a small one room house, used by the toll-gate keeper as an office, and closed the door after them. Fraley was unable to hold his horse, and he continued at break neck speed in the direction of Frederick. I became alarmed fearing the Confederates would discover that I alone was on the outside, and perhaps turn the tables and capture me instead of surrendering to one man. Fraley had gotten completely out of sight.

The frame building the Confederates were in had a small window at the side, the door was closed. Thrusting my revolver in at the window, I enquired who was in command; the Sergeant who had charge of the post was much excited, and I demanded he should open the door and come out backward bringing his gun, and the remainder to follow in rotation. The small room was so completely packed they could scarcely move on the inside, and had great difficulty in opening the door. The Sergeant was the first to come out, as I directed, closing the door with his back to me, and I ordered the Sergeant to place his gun against the side of the building, after which he returned to the inside, sending another one of his men out. There were but four soldiers in all, and some six or eight citizens who had been visiting the picket post when Fraley and myself charged down upon them. One old gentleman assured me he was a Union man, and had advised the Rebels to surrender. Colonel Vernon had heard our shots and came galloping to the front and was greatly surprised to find me guarding the building, with the prisoners on the inside. Fraley had succeeded in checking his horse and was now returning up the road and was much chagrined at not being present at the surrender of the pickets. It is useless to state that Colonel Vernon was much pleased with the capture. We stationed our pickets at this point, and the command removed a short distance, fed our horses and remained over night.

In the morning the command cautiously advanced upon Frederick. The rear guard of Early's Army had gone out the night before in the direction of Washington. The command returned to Harper's Ferry. Early returned to Virginia pursued by Emory and Crook.

CHAPTER XXV.

RETURN TO VIRGINIA.

WHEN Early's command crossed the Potomac into Maryland, before Colonel Vernon had been sent with his detachment to harass the enemy, Cole's Cavalry fought a force of Confederates at Brownsville, Maryland, driving them out of Pleasant Valley, through Crampton's Gap. The new Battalions lost a number of men in killed and wounded in the two days skirmishing; the officers and men behaving and fighting in the most soldierly manner.

There is an incident connected with the battle of Monocacy that perhaps should be mentioned. After the Union forces were compelled to fall back before Early, a number of raw recruits became panic-stricken; the officers failed to control their men. General E. B. Tyler, who had achieved distinction on more than one occasion upon the battlefield, was powerless to check the rout, and was one of the last to leave the field. In his anxiety for the safety of his men he failed to notice that his own retreat was cut off. Lieutenant E. Y. Goldsborough, a brave and gallant Marylander, a resident of Frederick City, was a special Aide upon General Tyler's staff and could have made his escape, but he refused to leave his chief as other members of the staff had done. The General and this faithful officer were now entirely surrounded by the enemy's cavalry and were compelled to seek safety in a dense thicket of under-

brush, near Mount Pleasant, five miles east of Frederick. These two officers remained concealed for over two days, when myself, with twenty men who had been sent on a reconnoissance, got information from a loyal citizen that a Union officer of high rank had been cut off and could be found at the point designated.

I took the liberty of pressing into service a carriage,—the driver said he was then on the way to attend a funeral; his story may have been correct, but at that time it mattered little to us. General Tyler and Lieutenant Goldsborough both expressed their thanks at being relieved from their perilous position; they occupied the carriage and I had them conveyed to Frederick City, where our forces were again in possession. After the war I became intimately acquainted with both of these officers. The carriage was not returned to the owner, a Mr. Ulrich, who kept a livery stable in Frederick for several months after this occurrence, it having been sent to Washington. Mr. Ulrich no doubt realized a handsome sum from the Government for its use.

Early had now returned to Virginia, pursued by Emory and Crook. Colonel Cole, with the entire mounted portion of the command, were attached to General Crook's division, and those of the new Battalions who had not been mounted, were sent to Hagerstown and given condemned horses from the corral; they later joined the Regiment, and saw much hard service. Early was retreating in the direction of Winchester, through Snicker's Gap, and across the Shenandoah River at Snicker's Ferry. Cole's Cav-

ally assisted in capturing a portion of Early's wagon train near Snickersville. Many of the wagons captured contained merchandise that had been stolen from storekeepers during Early's raid in Maryland. One wagon captured had been used by the Paymaster of the Rebel Army, and contained thousands of dollars in Confederate money, and several thousand dollars in United States greenbacks, which were secured by two members of Company B, of Cole's command.

On July 24th, Crook attacked Early at Kernstown, and was defeated. The mounted portion of Cole's new Battalions suffered severely. Colonel Mulligan who had distinguished himself upon more than one occasion, was killed in this fight. His death was a great loss to the Federal Army in the Shenandoah Valley. General Crook fell back to Harper's Ferry; his loss at Kernstown being over twelve hundred men.

Private Franklin Dickson, of Company A, was severely wounded in this engagement, and was sent to the hospital at Winchester. The doctor in charge, after an examination, decided his arm should be amputated. Dickson refused to have his limb taken off, and overheard the surgeon tell one of his attendants that the enemy would be in town in a short time and those in the hospitals would be prisoners. Dickson, although suffering with his shattered arm, got out of the window and took possession of an ambulance that was standing at the door, with several wounded men, and placing the reins in his one hand, drove out of Winchester in the direction of Martinsburg, as the Confederates came in at the other end of the

town. On arriving at Martinsburg he reported to the surgeon in charge of the hospital at that place. The comrades he had brought with him were taken in charge and the surgeon stated Dickson should remain. After examining the arm, which had become greatly inflamed, he said that his life depended upon the amputation of it. Dickson again refused to have his arm amputated, and walked from Martinsburg to Williamsport, Maryland, a distance of twelve miles, taking a stage coach at that place to Hagerstown and from thence to Frederick City, in an army wagon. At the hospital in Frederick, the surgeon operated upon the arm; an old Army surgeon stating his arm might be saved. Dickson suffered for more than ten years after the war, when Dr. Stone, of Mount Pleasant, Frederick County, performed an operation, taking a large amount of decayed bone from the arm, after which the wound healed up. Private Dickson had been wounded on two former occasions; once receiving a severe sabre cut over the head. He was one of Cole's most daring men; he was born in Frederick County, Maryland.

CHAPTER XXVI.

RETURN TO MARYLAND—FIGHT AT HAGERSTOWN AND SHARPSBURG.

A PORTION of the old Battalion was sent to Hagerstown and joined with the new Companies, who had secured horses from the corrals at that point. Lieutenant Colonel Vernon was in command and Captain Louis M. Zimmerman was acting as Provost Marshal. Colonel Cole, with the remainder of the Regiment, was stationed at Sharpsburg, and two companies at Williamsport, under command of Captain William Bragg, and Company I, under command of Captain Atkinson, near Dam No. 4.

On the morning of July 29th, 1864, having been at Hagerstown but a few days, one of our scouts reported the enemy crossing the Potomac River at Williamsport and going north. Colonel Vernon at once sent me to Williamsport, with a dispatch to Captain Bragg, who was then the senior officer in command at that post. The Rebels had not yet made their appearance at Williamsport.

Captain William Atkinson, of Company I, sent a detail, under command of Lieutenant Alexander M. Briscoe, to the fording, at Dam No. 4; during the afternoon two Companies of the 10th West Virginia Cavalry and one Company of the 12th Pennsylvania Cavalry were driven back upon Captain Atkinson's position. Captain Atkinson being the senior officer, commanded the four Companies and retreated in the

direction of Pennsylvania, pursued by the enemy's Cavalry, not however before sending a courier down to the fording, with instructions for Lieutenant Briscoe, to fall back. The enemy had attempted to cross the river at Dam No. 4 and were repulsed by the small force at that post. Lieutenant Briscoe seeing he had a full Company to contend against, had given the order for the men to fall back, but before he mounted his horse he fired his carbine at the Rebel Captain, killing him, and the body floated down the river. The Confederates seeing their Captain was killed, became confused. Briscoe ordered his men to again open fire, the enemy retreating on the south bank of the river. Lieutenant Briscoe fell back to Hagerstown going with Major Mooney.

I returned to Hagerstown, and had scarcely time to report to Captain Zimmerman, the Provost Marshal, when firing was heard on the southern outskirts of the town; the pickets had been attacked and were falling back. "Boots and Saddles" were being sounded by the buglers, and Major Robert Mooney was in command of our four Companies. Lieutenant Colonel Vernon had taken a small portion of the command down to the river, and joined with Bragg, who had been attacked by a superior force and fell back on Sharpsburg, joining with Colonel Cole. Major Mooney deployed the men and fought through the streets of Hagerstown. We were forced back by the Confederates, after fighting three hours, falling back on the road leading to Greencastle, Pennsylvania. After being driven out of Hagerstown a short distance, what was our astonishment to find General

Averill's Brigade drawn up in line; they did not engage the enemy as the Rebels halted on the northern edge of the town. General Averill fell back to Greencastle and encamped for the night.

In the fight at Hagerstown the command lost a number in killed and wounded, and a few taken prisoners, including Lieutenant Briscoe, who behaved so gallantly in the early part of the day, at Dam No. 4. The Lieutenant's horse was shot from under him and in falling Briscoe's hip was dislocated; he was sent to Columbia, S. C. Major Mooney distinguished himself for bravery, and was the last of our men to leave the town. Adjutant O. A. Horner had his horse shot from under him, and deserves special mention for his bravery. Captain Zimmerman had a number of men in his Company who had not yet received bridles or saddles, but the men insisted upon taking a part in the fight, and mounted their horses bare-back, with nothing on the horse's head except a halter. I regret that I have not the names of these comrades as they should be mentioned individually.

Colonel Cole, after being joined by Lieutenant Colonel Vernon, near Sharpsburg, where they engaged the enemy, had been more successful, having routed the Confederates and captured some prisoners, after which Vernon proceeded to the Gaps in the South Mountain, leading to Frederick.

On arriving at Greencastle, I remained over night at the house of a relative, and on the following morning joined my command with Averill, who had fallen back to a small town, six or seven miles east of Chambersburg. Before overtaking Averill I was joined on

the road by one of our scouts, who stated the Rebels were making for Chambersburg, and if Averill wished to prevent them from entering the town he had better be up and moving. We remained at the little village, within one hour's ride of Chambersburg, for one half day,—the rank and file could not understand the delay. We were evidently giving the Confederates, under General McCausland, an opportunity to enter Chambersburg, as there was but a small force of State troops with one Company of the Maryland Patapsco Guards, Captain Thomas McGowan, and one gun, from a New York battery, at this point.

CHAPTER XXVII.

BURNING OF CHAMBERSBURG.

ABOUT the middle of the day, on July 30th, 1864, a dense volume of smoke was observed ascending to the heavens; every man in the command knew the town was on fire, and wondered why our forces were lying idle. Chambersburg could have been saved; some one had blundered. When orders came to mount, every man in Averill's command, including those of Cole's Cavalry, who were with him, were eager and anxious to avenge this act of incendiarism, but on our arrival at Chambersburg the enemy had gone; they had accomplished their hellish work and were retreating in the direction of the Potomac. Those of us, who were in the advance, went through the burning town, bending forward upon our horses' necks, as fast as our faithful steeds would carry us. We had no knowledge of the great destruction and devastation that we should witness, and when we had once started it was necessary to continue through the burning streets. Houses on fire on both sides, it was no time to turn back, and to stop was to be burned up; our poor horses were mad with fright. Each and every one of us felt relieved when we got to the outer edge of the town. The atmosphere was stifling, with the smoke that settled over the earth like a pall. The citizens were gathered in groups; strong men with bowed heads, women wringing their hands and the little children clinging to their mother's dresses

and crying. Desolation on all sides! It was a sad picture, long to be remembered.

Myself, with two members of Company A, Charley Fosler, known as the "Flying Dutchman" and John Kelly, a splendid soldier, were sent by General Averill on the extreme advance. The Confederates had fallen back on the Pittsburg road. Averill was now pressing McCausland, exchanging shots with his rear guard. In going through the country my two comrades and myself came upon a number of farmers who had their horses concealed in a dense thicket of underbrush; we came upon them without being observed, and they mistook us for Rebel Cavalrymen, and pleaded to spare them, and not run off their stock. We assured them that there was no danger, as we were members of Cole's Maryland Cavalry. We advised them to remain in the woods over night, and return to their homes in the morning, as the Rebels by that time would be far away.

Merchandise of every description was strewn along the road, boots, clothing, window curtains and even infants' shoes and little slips, and women's dresses, that had been stolen from the houses in Chambersburg and along the route, were now thrown away by the raiders, no doubt not wishing to be captured with stolen plunder in their possession.

McCausland and Johnson tried to cross the Potomac River at Hancock, but were prevented by Federal troops, who had erected a battery on gondola cars, on the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad, on the Virginia side of the river; the battery on the cars was designated as "ironclads." Averill forced the Confede-

rates through Hancock and they retreated in the direction of Cumberland, crossing the river the day following; General Averill following into West Virginia, coming upon them at Moorefield, where he captured four pieces of artillery and a large portion of Bradley T. Johnson's Brigade, including a number of officers.

On arriving at Hancock, Maryland, and after the skirmish we had with the "Johnnies," General Averill informed me that Cole's men had been sent back to Hagerstown from Chambersburg, and myself with Fosler and Kelly should return and report to our commanding officer. We rejoined Major Mooney at Hagerstown, and went to Frederick, where Colonel Cole, with the remainder of the Regiment had gone.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

BATTLE AT KEEDYSVILLE.

COLONEL Cole was now in command of his full Regiment, all the men being mounted, and Captain Zimmerman's Company K, had been provided with proper accoutrements. General Hunter, who had returned from his famous raid to Lynchburg, was now in command at Frederick. On August 4th, 1864, Hunter received information that Early was again advancing upon Maryland, and ordered Cole's Cavalry to Hagerstown; the Regiment left Frederick in command of Lieutenant Colonel Vernon, Colonel Cole having been detained at headquarters on business, expecting to overtake the command when they went into camp a few miles outside of Frederick. Lieutenant Colonel Vernon hearing from a citizen that the Confederates had established a picket post at Boonsboro', concluded to take the Regiment to the summit of the South Mountain, where he encamped for the night. Our advance, under command of Captain Zimmerman, stationed his pickets at the foot of the mountain, three miles from Boonsboro'. On the following morning, Lieutenant Colonel Vernon concluded to make an early start. One of our trusted scouts, who had left camp during the night had returned and reported the enemy in large numbers at Keedysville, five miles south of Boonsboro'. We were ordered to mount, and took up our line of march in that direction; the Confederates had stationed a

vedette on the road leading into Boonsboro', who fired upon our advance and fell back. Captain Zimmerman, with his company following, and on the outskirts of the town of Keedysville, met the enemy's first line of skirmishers; Captain Zimmerman deployed his men. Lieutenant Colonel Vernon hearing the firing in his front, ordered the Regiment up on the trot, and taking in the situation at a glance concluded a larger body of Confederates were confronting him than he had supposed were on the north side of the Potomac River. Vernon immediately formed his entire command in line of battle and attacked Vaughn's advance Brigade of Tennessee Cavalry, and drove them back upon Early's Infantry, then in position on the south bank of the Antietam; in this engagement the Regiment lost heavily. Captain Louis M. Zimmerman and the members of his Company K, deserve special mention for their bravery; they held the enemy's line of battle in check until Colonel Vernon brought the Regiment up. This Company alone lost eighteen men, out of a membership of thirty-five.

After Lieutenant Colonel Vernon had defeated this Brigade of Cavalry, and having retarded the advance of Early's Rebel Army for a period of four or five hours, the command retreated in good order under a heavy fire of artillery, over the South Mountain, bringing off our wounded and a large number of prisoners.

Those captured could scarcely credit that they were fighting only a single Regiment and said they knew it was Cole's Cavalry, but supposed it was a

Brigade instead of a Regiment. The command fell back to Middletown, where they encamped for the night.

Colonel Cole, who had been detained at General Hunter's headquarters in Frederick, hearing the Artillery firing, hastened to join his Regiment; arriving at Keedysville too late to engage in the fight. The Colonel made a narrow escape from being captured by the enemy's Cavalry, and joined the command at Middletown during the night. Lieutenant Colonel Vernon sent the writer with a dispatch to General Hunter, at Frederick, who was much surprised to know the enemy had crossed into Maryland in such great numbers.

The General was gratified at Lieutenant Colonel Vernon's report, and remarked to his Adjutant General, that "Cole's Maryland Cavalry were the flower of his Division."

I remained at General Hunter's headquarters over night and joined the Regiment on the following day. General U. S. Grant came to Frederick the same evening and stopped with General Hunter, and for the first time I saw the great Commander-in-Chief.

At Keedysville, the young bugler of Company K, Allen Greer, a mere boy, was at the head of the Company with his Captain, when the Company made the charge on the enemy's line, and when soldiers were being shot all around him, he continued blowing his bugle, sounding the various calls, such as "Charge and rally," &c., the sound of this young bugler's trumpet could be heard above the din and roar of musketry and artillery firing.

Sergeant John G. Maynard, of Company K, also deserves special mention for his bravery and gallantry, and I regret not to have space to mention each and every officer and man in the command personally, as they deserve.

CHAPTER XXIX.

REBELS RE-CROSS INTO VIRGINIA.

THE Confederates started to recross the Potomac River at Shepherdstown, on the following day, August 6th. Colonel Cole was now in command of the Regiment and again advanced in the direction of Boonsboro'. We encamped for the night on the same ground we had stopped at two days before, on the summit of the South Mountain; on the following day Colonel Cole with his orderly and myself left camp for the purpose of getting information in reference to Early's movements. The three of us charged into Boonsboro' and exchanged shots with some half a dozen Rebels, who left the town in the direction of Keedysville. After following them for some distance we returned and remained at Boonsboro' during the remainder of the day, getting back to camp late at night. A loyal citizen from Sharpsburg reported that Early's command had recrossed the river and only straggling Cavalry remained in Maryland. On our return to camp, after having advanced to the foot of the Mountain we came upon our outpost. The vedette had dismounted, seated himself on the ground, and had fallen asleep, with his horse standing by his side. The penalty of a soldier sleeping on his post, in the face of the enemy, is death. The Colonel on discovering that the picket was asleep, drew his sabre from the scabbard and struck the soldier across his shoulder, who awoke

and for the moment supposed that he was in the hands of the enemy. The soldier was placed under arrest and taken to the reserve picket post, the Sergeant of the Guard receiving orders to bring him before the Colonel in the morning. The boy, for he was not more than eighteen years of age, belonged to one of the new companies, and had no thought of sleeping. He was completely exhausted from being in the saddle for so long a time, but had committed the fatal error of dismounting, and sitting down. I felt deeply interested in the young soldier and knowing the kindness of heart of our generous and gallant leader, thought I would exert myself in his behalf on the following morning, so I spoke to the Colonel and urged upon him not to prefer charges against the prisoner, as he had been in the service but a short time and did not know the great responsibility resting upon a man on picket duty. By giving him a severe lecture it would have its effect. Whether the Colonel had decided upon this course before I spoke to him I know not. The young man was let off, and for the remainder of his service in the Army he proved himself a good soldier.

CHAPTER XXX.

UNDER SHERIDAN IN SHENANDOAH VALLEY.

GENERAL Sheridan had now superseded General Hunter, and later on Cole's Regiment was assigned to duty under General Merritt, in the Shenandoah Valley, participating in the battles with Sheridan at Charlestown, Halltown, Summit Point, Berryville, Opequan Creek, Winchester, Fisher's Hill and Cedar Creek, where it is reported in verse and song that Sheridan made his famous ride from Winchester, which is cited at the close of this chapter.

The command was with Sheridan in all his campaigns up the Valley, and lost a large number of its membership.

The latter part of August and the first part of September, 1864, the few survivors who had not re-enlisted when the Battalion had been raised to a Regiment, had now served three years. Their time having expired, they were now mustered out of the United States service. Captain Frank Gallagher and Lieutenant Sam Sigler of Company D, took their honorable discharges, after serving for three years; their records had been honorable ones. Lieutenant Samuel Mills, of Company D, was acting Quartermaster of the Regiment until a regular Quartermaster was appointed; the former quartermaster having been dismissed the service. Company D had been greatly reduced in killed and wounded, and after the few

men had taken their discharges, left but a small portion of Company A, without commissioned officers.

Captain Tappan Wright Kelly, a son of General B. F. Kelly, had command of an independent Company, and had seen some service in the western part of Maryland and West Virginia, was assigned to Cole's Regiment and took command of Company D, with Henry A. Bier as first Lieutenant and Columbus F. Benchoff as second Lieutenant.

SHERIDAN'S RIDE.

BY THOMAS BUCHANAN REED.

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 roar of that red sea uncontrolled,
Making the blood of the listener cold,
As he thought of the stake in that fiery fray,
With Sheridan twenty miles away.

But there is a road in Winchester town,
A good, broad highway leading down;
And there through the flash of the morning light,
A steed as black as the steed of night,
Was seen to pass as with eagle flight—
As if he knew the terrible need,
He stretched away with the utmost speed;
Hills 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 steed 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 steed like a bark fed with furnace ire,
Swept on with his wild eye 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,
And striking his spurs with a terrible oath,
He dashed down the line 'mid a storm of huzzahs,
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 his 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 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 Soldier's Temple of Fame,—
There with the glorious General's name
Be it said in letters both bold and bright:
“Here is the steed that saved the day
By carrying Sheridan into the fight
From Winchester—twenty miles away!”

CHAPTER XXXI.

BRIGADED BY GENERAL SHERIDAN—OBJECTED TO BY COLONEL COLE—AND OBJECTIONS SUSTAINED BY SECRETARY OF WAR.

GENERAL Sheridan had brigaded the Regiment and had intended taking the command with him when he moved from the Shenandoah Valley. Colonel Cole objected to being Brigaded, claiming that inasmuch as the Battalion had been an independent command, raised by special act of Congress, the Regiment should remain the same. The matter was reported to the Secretary of War who sustained Colonel Cole. General Sheridan refused to have independent Regiments in his command, and ordered Colonel Cole with his Regiment to West Virginia to guard the lines of communication, where he remained until the close of the war.

The command was mustered out of service at the close of the war, at Harper's Ferry, on the 28th day June, 1865.

During the term of service of Cole's Cavalry, from 1861, to the time of its being mustered out, it has to its credit over one thousand prisoners captured; had fought in nearly two hundred battles or skirmishes, had wounded or killed more men than it numbered itself; and had captured or destroyed an immense amount of the enemy's property.

But a small fragment of the original Cole's Cavalry, the first or Veteran Battalion, remained. Had

the first Battalion not been increased to a Regiment, their percentage of loss would have been greater than nine-tenths of the Regiments in the service, but by adding eight new Companies in 1861, the full Regiment was credited with the entire loss, which greatly reduced the percentage of losses. The majority of the survivors of the Old Battalion were maimed and scarred. The bones of the most of the brave Marylanders, who left Frederick City in 1861, and cheered the flag and their gallant commander, whom they were ever ready to follow, in the paths of duty and glory, were strewn from Gettysburg to Lynchburg, and many reposed in the graveyards of Belle Isle, Salisbury and Andersonville.

On the *following* page will be found a poem from "*Frank Leslie*," in regard to Cole's Cavalry.



“NO FELLOW HAS GOT ENOUGH MONEY TO BUY HIM.”

A-FIGHTIN' WITH COLE.

BY HARRY SHELLMAN.

THAT hoss! Why, yes, he's the knowin'est mind;
He knows Decoration an' Fourth of July;
An' w'enever the bugles, or things of that kind,
Comes 'round, both his head an' his tail git up high,
An' he goes cavortin' in a way that'll win ye;
He knows the music. Why, Lord bless your soul!
We was together down there in Virginia;
Down in the valley a-fightin' with Cole.

Ain't worth nothin'! No; he's too old for the plow,
 Or the carriage, or such like. Just do for the boys,
 The young ones, to climb on. That's all that he now
 Amounts to, 'cept prancin' around at the noise
 Of music an' guns. Would I sell him? Why, no;
 No man's thousand dollars will ever come nigh him.
 While I've got a spot where that old hoss kin go,
 No fellow has got enough money to buy him.

Never heerd tell of Cole's fightin' battalion,
 Maryland cavalry? Well, now, I declare!
 We went in together, me an' that stallion,
 Right from the farm—a lively young pair.
 All through the Rebellion together we scouted,
 At Winchester, Leesburg, Loudoun, a whole
 Grist of fights, where sometimes we won—or was routed—
 Down in the valley a-fightin' with Cole.

We both belonged to blue-blood aristocracy,
 An' inclined to be wild, then, was Lion an' me,
 So we skipped from our home here on the Monocacy,
 An' went in the fight for the flag of the free.
 Excitement! We got enough. Many's the close call
 We had. Why, the thought even now takes my breath.
 Me an' that hoss, we went plumb through it all
 An' came out all right from that cyclone of death.

The swish an' the swash an' the jinglin' of spurs,
 The clang of the sabres, the carbine's dull rattle:
 The rush an' the crush when the fierce charge occurs:
 The mad, wild excitement of bloodshed an' battle:

The scout an' the bivouac, the long raid ;—what's in ye
 Shows up when alone on a midnight patrol ;
 An' they showed they was *men* that was down in Virginia ;
 Down in the valley a-fightin' with Cole.

Once, worn out, we stopped by the roadside a sportin'
 An' I went to sleep. I woke with a cry ;
 That hoss was a lickin' my face an' a-snortin' ;
 The boys had rode on an' the rebels was nigh,
 I jumped in the saddle, an' he was so glib he
 Dashed off 'fore I fairly got fixed in my seat ;
 He knowed that for me it were leg it or Libby,
 An' he knowed how to dust w'en we had to retreat.

Yes, we was together a-scootin' an' scoutin' ;
 Sometimes we was comin', sometimes we was goin' ;
 One day it was Mosby's men doin' the routin',
 Another to us their heels they was showin' ;
 Dashin' an' fightin', you bet we was, down there.
 Me an' old Lion went in heart and soul,
 Ripe for the chase, charge, or scrimmage we foun' there,
 Down in the valley a-fightin' with Cole.

One day up at Winchester we got surrounded ;
 The Johnnies was thick an' they charged like a storm ;
 Minie-balls whistled an' big hoss-guns pounded—
 We had to hustle ; you bet it was warm.
 Three comes right at us, w'en Lion, he wheels,
 Gits on his hind legs an' paws, then comes down ;
 One I shot, while *he* let fly with his heels,
 Then we scooted off out of Winchester town.

There is the mark of the bullet that caught him,
Right on the flank as we galloped away.
The rebs tried to down him, but they never come nigh him,
For we wasn't born to be killed by the gray,
Why, stranger, for truth, I have nothin' to say,
But you can't git that hoss to save your soul;
Why, we was together down there in Virginia,
Down in the valley a-fightin' with Cole.

CONCLUSION.

And now Comrades of Cole's Independent Cavalry and old Soldiers, whose friendships were formed and welded in the strifes and turmoil of that faithful struggle which raged for four years to maintain the unity of the States and the preservation of our liberties, let us be thankful for all the favors and blessings we have received under the shade of "Old Glory," and the beneficence of a kind and overruling Providence, and with the hope of recalling to your memories the years gone-by—I close my labors.

THE AUTHOR.





