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Hampton's Cavalry

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SKETCHES

FROM

HAMPTON'S CAVALRY,

EMBRACING THE

PRINCIPAL EXPLOITS OF THE CAVALRY

IN THE

CAMPAIGNS OF 1862 AND 1863.

BY D. B. REA.

Quorum magna pars fui.

COLUMBIA, S. C.:

SOUTH CAROLINIAN STEAM PRESS.

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PREFACE.

In giving the sketches of these exploits to the public from the immediate scenes where they were acted, our position in the ranks necessarily limits our province, individually, to the events confined to this Brigade, and where it was connected in the same expeditions with Stuart's other cavalry.

Written, as they have been, in hurried moments and snatched intervals in camp, we ask the veil of charity over their imperfections.

CAMP SAND SPRINGS,
Culpeper Co., Va., Jan. 10, 1863.

The favorable reception of the Sketches embracing the part we bore in the campaigns of 1862 encourages us to continue them through 1863—compiling both in one.

Our province will again be limited to a partial portrayal of the scenes through which this cavalry has passed individually, or where the events were shared by the whole or part of the army.

CLARK MOUNTAIN,
Orange Co., Va., Dec. 27, 1863.



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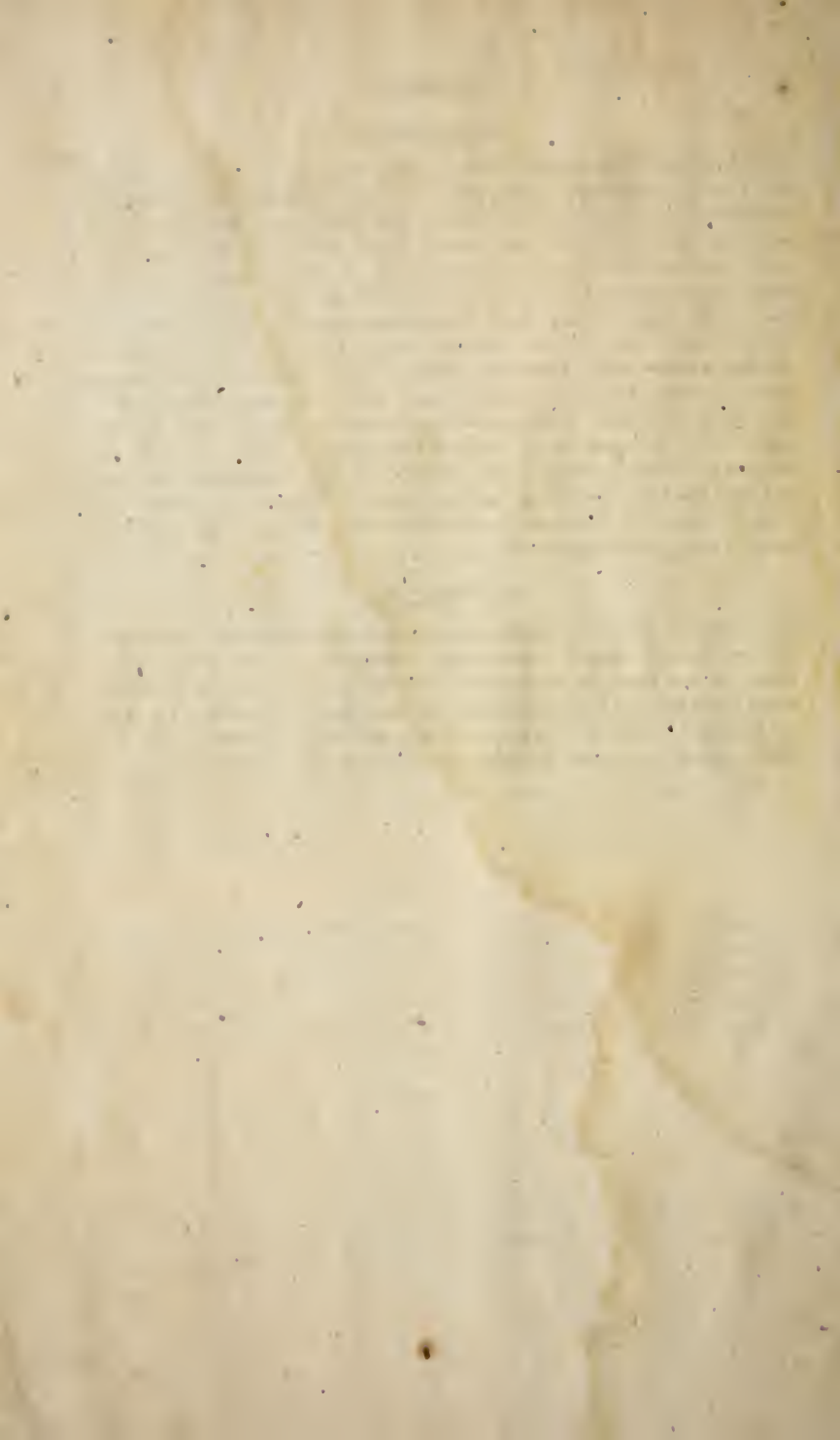
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SKETCHES.

CHAPTER I.

FORMATION OF THE BRIGADE—FIRST SKIRMISHES.

We propose now to speak of the part this brigade took in the summer, fall, and winter campaigns of '62, through Virginia and Maryland—including Stuart's daring and successful raid into the State of Pennsylvania, and in Burnside's rear after the battle of Fredericksburg.

The brigade was organized immediately after the battles around Richmond, comprising the following cavalry regiments, all of which had acted simply as regiments, attached to different infantry corps, viz: the cavalry of the Cobb Legion, commanded by Colonel P. McB. Young; the Second South Carolina Regiment (formerly of Hampton's old Legion), commanded by Colonel M. C. Butler; the cavalry of the Jeff. Davis Legion, commanded by Colonel Wm. Martin; the cavalry of the Phillips Legion, commanded by Colonel Wm. Rich; the First Regiment North Carolina cavalry, commanded by Colonel L. S. Baker; the Tenth Virginia cavalry, commanded by Colonel J. Lucius Davis,* and a battery of Horse Artillery (from Hampton's old Legion), under Captain Hart, a gallant and skillful officer.

These different regiments embodied the flower of the youth and manhood of the different States of Mississippi, Alabama, Georgia, South Carolina, North Carolina, and Virginia—an impulsive youth, most of them brought up in the lap of luxury and ease, fresh from the college and the schools; men of worth and standing from the

*This regiment was in the first of the winter transferred to another brigade, and replaced by the First South Carolina Cavalry, commanded by Colonel John Logan Black.

desk, the shop, the office, and the farm, had been transformed into the hardy and dashing trooper.

The brigade was placed immediately under the command of General Wade Hampton, of South Carolina, who had early equipped and led to the field a veteran legion from his own chivalrous State, with which he had already demonstrated his just claims to the character of a skillful, brave, cool, and daring officer, worthy of the highest confidence, which he now enjoys to the fullest degree in his command.

About the same time General J. E. B. Stuart, that dashing and daring officer, was created chief of the cavalry of the army of Virginia, including our brigade.

The brigade was immediately despatched to the outpost of the Chickahominy, to picket and watch the movements of McClellan on his "new base" on the James, where he lay for weeks, covering under the lash Lee's army had so vigorously plied upon him, in his inglorious attempt of his "on to Richmond by way of the Peninsula." Our advance lines encircled his "base" from the south bank of the Pamunkey to the north bank of the James, our right resting on Malvern Hill. For several weeks the outposts of each army lay quietly in the face of each other, without anything beyond the usual routine of picket duty. Till about the 1st of August the monotony of our watchings was relieved by the rattling of artillery wagons and the tramp of horses, advancing from the direction of the "Federal base," on that part of the line held by the North Carolina and Georgia cavalry—the North Carolinians holding the upper part of the line, at the junction of the Quaker and Charles City roads, and the Georgians the extreme right, on Malvern Hill. The North Carolinians skirmished at intervals all through the night with the enemy's cavalry. At daybreak in the morning, Captain Siler, with a body of dismounted troopers, met their advance on the Quaker City road, and after a sharp skirmish, wounding several of the enemy, they fell back upon their main body, and advanced down a parallel road further to our left, converging into Malvern Hill. Here, in full force, moved on their grand army, our cavalry harassing and hanging on their flanks. With shouts they made the welkin ring, as they re-invested these old memorable heights; and that morning's sun rose upon her slopes frowning with Federal guns to clear the broad plazas around, and the hill-sides were bristling with bayonets, while the spade and the pick

were being busily plied, extending the old works of July 1st, and erecting new ones. Our army, about twelve miles distant, was apprised of this sudden move, and were on the *qui vive*, and reached the vicinity of the hill. A desultory skirmish was kept up on the right, principally by the cavalry, till two o'clock, when the artillery was brought up and opened, which was met with a spirited response for an hour and a half. The different corps of our forces were being brought up, couriers were seen hurrying in dashing speed from one command to another—every appearance foreshadowed a coming engagement, and that the bloody scenes of July 1st were to be re-enacted upon this memorable spot. Firing on the part of the enemy became slow, when a reconnoissance from the Georgia and North Carolina cavalry was thrown out, driving in the enemy's pickets and skirmishers, when the skirts of the hill, which was occupied by the main body of the enemy, was found to be vacated, and their last lines of infantry were seen skulking off over the crests of the hills on the east, hurrying in confusion to their gunboats, that lay in profusion a few miles distant, our cavalry hauging on and pursuing them to their anxious covering. Our loss was only five killed and wounded. The enemy's loss was thirty-five killed and wounded, and one hundred and twenty-five prisoners. Thus ended McClellan's skedaddle No. 2 from Malvern Hill. Doubtless the lesson taught him there, four weeks before, had brought up unhappy associations, which could be relieved only by a promenade under the port-holes of his favorite "craft" that had saved him from the rebel grasp after his seven days' round-about walk from Richmond; or only to perform the celebrated strategy of a valiant French general, who

"Marched his men up the hill,
And marched them down again."

CHAPTER II.

MCCLELLAN VACATES HIS "NEW BASE."

After this event our lines and the enemy's continued the same. The intervening space between the two lines was covered by thick, heavy pine and oak timber. McClellan's position was admirably chosen for concealed movements. The country around, in the bend of the James is, for the most part, a level plain, with gently rising hills as you near the banks of the river, overshadowed by tall, heavy forests, behind which the shrewd Yankee general had carefully located and laid out his numerous camps.

With these natural advantageous surroundings to intercept our watchings, the enemy commenced his grand hegira from the James at Harrison's Landing (as their prisoners and deserters say), on Friday morning, the 15th. The first intimation our cavalry had of it was on Saturday night, the 16th. Early Sunday morning General Hampton ordered out the North Carolina cavalry to make a reconnoissance under his immediate command. He advanced cautiously in the direction of the enemy's camps, feeling the way slowly as he approached through the thick woods. The outer camps were found to have been hastily and recently deserted, leaving behind them a good quantity of commissary stores. The next camps further on were left in a similar situation. Just as the sun was sinking, moving slowly down a gradual descent, in an open space, with a strip of heavy timber in front, beyond which was seen, in the edge of a corn-field, the enemy's pickets. General Hampton immediately formed the regiment into separate detachments, a squadron in each, preparatory to a charge. Skirmishers were thrown out. The advance charged the first post, and after a sharp firing the pickets were driven in. The enemy had drawn up his cavalry beyond the corn, at the farther side of an open wheat-field, to receive us. General Hampton's clear, calm voice rang out: "Charge them." Sabres leaped from their scabbards, and the whole regiment by squadrons went dashing through the standing corn up across the open field, but soon saw that the "skedaddling" propensities of our enemies were predominant, by their hastily turning their backs in a precipitate flight towards their only ark

of safety, the cowardly covering of Yankee gunboats. The pursuit was continued on till within a mile of the gunboats, and here formed a line of battle about dark. The command quietly awaited an advance of the enemy's forces—General McLaws' division being in reserve in supporting distance, deeming that the proximity of our presence would certainly draw them out. Night wore on, but nothing disturbed the quietude, save the smuggled ringing of an occasional bell of the gunboats that lay off in the river. Sabres were finally returned; the men dismounted and lay down on the bare ground, with bridle in hand, and slept for an hour or two. When our scouts returned, having ascertained that the enemy's main body had gone, or in other words had "changed his base," the regiment was immediately set on in pursuit, dashing over broken down bridges and through deserted camps, and marching till nearly daylight; halted and took a few moments' repose; mounted again and took up the pursuit. In passing through a deserted camp was descried on a board posted in a conspicuous place, written in a tolerably legible hand, the following malevolent notice:

"Farewell rebels, we leave you a while to your salubrious clime, and if you follow us up we will give you a repetition of Williamsburg, Fair Oaks, Mechanicsville, Gaines' Mill, and Malvern Hill. We intend to conquer and restore you to the Union yet. We will then hang Jeff. Davis, Beauregard & Co.; and take your men for a standing army to defend the Union for all time."

(Signed)

FIRST ILLINOIS CAVALRY.

What a compliment the latter clause; as by the time they subjugate us their skedaddling army wont have virtue enough to defend that glorious old institution, and have to entrust it to the "ragged rebels" they so much deride. Recollect, at the commencement of the war that same boastful spirit gave out "that the nations of Europe may rest assured that Jeff. Davis & Co. would be swinging from the battlements at Washington at least before the 4th of July. We spit upon a later and longer deferred justice." Many such repetitions as the above have been given; and the boastful author and his conjurors of copperheads may spit and continue to spit their venom, to the exhaustion of the last drop of blood in their vile carcasses, before they attain the Canaan of

their unholy wishes. Another ludicrous incident we will mention. Passing a cross-road, with an old sign-board pointing to Richmond, twenty-five miles; on the same post, immediately underneath, was affixed an old horse's jawbone, the opening pointing to Richmond, inscribed in fancy characters, "To Dixie, twenty-five miles, soon be there." An acknowledged monument of derision. We would suppose that they had besought its Samsonic virtue to lead them victoriously to the long coveted capital of the Southern Philistines. But, alas! their cause was not the same that accompanied that victorious weapon that delivered God's chosen people from the thralldom of Philistinic tyranny.

The pursuit was kept up rapidly till about noon, when near Charles City C. H. some cavalry was captured, and also some teams. After scouting on the Charles City and James River roads, it was ascertained that the enemy's main body was too far in advance to make any further pursuit practicable. A halt was called, and a scout was ordered to McClellan's works at Coggin's and Maycock's points. In approaching the last line of fortifications it was ascertained that the evacuation was complete. Here was found another deep exercise of Yankee ingenuity and strategy. On approaching, could be seen on those distant works sentinels posted at regular intervals, with full equipments clearly visible, but their stationary position finally betrayed them; and, upon closer examination, it was found how nicely they had duped us. The advance, however, relieved them from their long stand, consigning their robust proportions of rags and straw to the four winds, and appropriating their other equipments to Confederate use. The whole country, whose face a few days before swarmed with Yankee soldiery, was now ridden of their hateful presence. The only hostile manifestation was the occasional gunboat patrolling the river. Over this once happy but now forsaken country the frightened birds began to fly; and farther up from the river could be seen families in carts and wagons returning to their despoiled homes. Notwithstanding the desolation that would meet them there, they seemed cheerful and delighted at the idea of again beholding the *bare spot* where their once happy associations were wont to cluster. But what a sad scene would await them—their residences dismantled, fences destroyed, every living domestic animal disappeared, growing crops laid waste, and not even a flower from the over-trodden beds to welcome them back

again. A people that can be cheerful under such circumstances, are certainly imbued with principles of a cause that can never be shaken from its base.

Here ingloriously ended the last act in the drama of the Young Napoleon's favorite Peninsula route to Richmond, giving a most ample commentary upon the frite old couplet,

“That he who fights and runs away,
Will live to fight another day.”

CHAPTER III.

HAMPTON'S COMMAND WITHDRAWS FROM THE CHICKAHOMINY—PURSUES THE RETREATING ENEMY FROM MANASSAS—PROCEEDS TO THE POTOMAC.

What a contrast this juncture presented in our affairs. Here, from the outpost below Richmond, our cavalry had been watching the movements of the enemy upon our beleaguered capital, but were soon to be transported by the sudden rush of events, and hurled against the retreating columns of another portion of his over-confident army, and to vidette almost at the gates of his own capital. At Cedar Mountain, on August 9th, Jackson's never wavering columns met and victoriously thrust back the immense columns of the braggart Pope; and on the 29th and 30th, on the memorable plains of Manassas, his combined forces were again defeated and routed by the masterly strategy and energy of our generals. All our cavalry division, except our brigade, which was left on the outpost below Richmond, under the immediate command of General J. E. B. Stuart, was actively engaged amid these stirring scenes. In the meantime we, too, were withdrawn from our lines, with our horses' heads northward, and by forced marches came up in time to join in the pursuit of the enemy from the scene of his last disaster of the 30th. Accordingly, on the morning of the 2d of September, Hampton's fresh troopers, with a part of Fitz. Lee's Brigade, with Hart's battery of Horse Artillery,

were sent on in pursuit of the retreating enemy, under the immediate command of our gallant chieftain, General Stuart, smiling with a cunning satisfaction as he dashed along at our head. The column moved on in the direction of Fairfax C. H. When within a few miles, turned directly to the left, moving along a by-way down a little run skirted by a range of thickly timbered hills. Winding cautiously down this run, under cover of the woods, the column was crossed and were couched among the thick timber on the hill-sides. Then a small reconnoitering party was led by Generals Stuart and Hampton across the hills to within a short distance of the Fairfax and Alexandria road, three miles above Fairfax C. H. The enemy's cavalry was discovered about a mile across an open field, in a strip of woods skirting the latter, with thick, heavy timber on both flanks of the field. The road leading from Fairfax was still beyond this strip of woods, on which it was presumed that the enemy's columns were passing. A body of dismounted troopers from the First North Carolina cavalry, under Captain Siler, was sent forward through the wood on the right to fully ascertain this fact, and, if possible, to get in the rear and bag the cavalry. At this side of the field Generals Stuart, Hampton, and staff selected a point of observation on a little knob in the edge of the wood on this side of the run. Here a little occurrence took place that came near costing General Hampton his life. General Stuart had laid down on a little pile of timothy hay, and his wearied form was seeking a few moments' repose. General Hampton was busily making observations with his glass, when a tall, stalwart, dismounted trooper on the track of the party just passed, with two old rusty horse pistols in one hand and an old Mississippi rifle in the other, wiping the sweat from his bronzed brow, turning earnestly up his deep, expressive blue eyes, panting for breath, accosted General Hampton: "Well, General, I'm a leetle behind. Did ye see Captin Siler go along across this way?" Continuing: "Ye see, General, the captin's a monstrous good hand with a rifle, and when yee sent down thar for us, we started, every feller with his gun, and me with mine; and when we had got a smart chance up the hill from the boys behind, the captin tuck my rifle and told me to go back, and yee see I had nuthin' but these two old fellers left (exhibiting the old horse pistols), and I had a mine to go on anyhow, but I know'd they would not do at long taw. Altho' the captin's a monstrous good hand with a gun, I can hold one jest

about as plum as the common run ; and so yee see I run back and gathered up this old rifle from one uv the boys, and that's how I cum to be behind." The general, smiling, replied : " It don't matter, just stay here with me ; the captain is gone too far for you to overtake him now." But he still continued, with the earnestness of a true heart : " Ginerol, jist pint out the course and I kin ketch up yit. I can't stand it to see the boys go into a frakus 'thout bein' along with them too." The general, taking his gun, asked him if it was loaded. Ascertaining that it was not, he handed it back, and ordered him to charge it with a good cartridge, and pointed out to him the Yankee position on the further side of the field, instructing him to go round cautiously through the wood on the left, across the run, and creep up in the timber, and when he heard his party attack on the other side he could have a chance, should any run out that way, and also to find a crossing for artillery over the run. He stealthily hurried off with an earnest, determined tread. General Hampton, to satisfy himself as to a crossing, rode directly across the field to the run through a thick undergrowth of ivy and laurel, to the point indicated to the scout, who came hurrying back in the meantime, and with an earnest and inquiring look asked for the general. He was answered by one of his aids that he had rode down there (pointing where he came from). " What was it ? " " Well, yee see, as I was down thar slipin' along thru the bushes, I hears a man riden along on the tuther side uv me. The bushes was moustrous thick, and I jist could see the glimps uv a person, and so I thought he was after some devilment, so I laid my old rifle by a tree, awaiten for him to show himself a leetle plainer. My bead was sot, and I was about to pull down as the bushes waved a leetle, and I cotched a plainer glimpse uv his clothes. I thought they didn't look blue enough to please me, and the hat, too, looked a leetle like the ginerol's old broad un (General Hampton wears a broad brimmed black felt hat with a simple Palmetto device on the underside of the brim, as familiar to his men as his face), and so I dropped my finger from the trigger. And if it wasn't the ginerol nor none of our boys, I didn't want to make any suspicion, and so you see I jist slided out and run up to see, and if not, then I'd gō back and shell my bead on him yit." In the meantime General Hampton came riding up from the same direction. With a smile of the most serene satisfaction, accompanied by an anxious nod, he added : " Well, the

general is allers prawlin' round to see for himself ef things is fixed all right. But it's no joke, he came us near as a gnat's heel of ketobin' it that time. Lord, I would a hated it monstrously ef my rifle had tuck down the good old chap." In the meantime the Yankee cavalry discovered the ruse, and skedaddled at the top of their speed. Captain Siler returned after making the necessary reconnoissance, ascertaining that the enemy's columns were passing along a road from Fairfax C. H., about a mile and a half distant, placing us on his flanks. Accordingly about four o'clock, P. M., Hart's battery of Horse Artillery was moved up from the woods and placed in position on the highest hills that run up from the aforementioned little run, and opened suddenly and furiously upon the unsuspecting columns of the Yankee army, which caused no little dismay in their discomfitted ranks. Mending their pace at every step, they plunged on to get beyond the reach of our murderous missiles that were crashing through their ranks. Heavy columns of black smoke were to be seen rising from their rear—evident signs of a commissary sacrifice. Our horse artillery continued a furious cannonading with good effect until nearly sunset, when the cavalry was sent on in pursuit, the North Carolina cavalry in advance. When opposite the Court House, the command was separated, one part dashing down to the village and the other party dashing into the main road above, capturing a considerable body of the enemy about a mile up this road, while a considerable batch was secured at the Court House. The whole body then moved on up this road after the retreating forces of the enemy, catching up batches of prisoners all along the road. Night was now coming on. The pursuit was nevertheless pushed on till about nine o'clock, when one of those unfortunate occurrences took place incident to night pursuits. Both sides of the road were skirted by a dense, heavy timber. While moving on down to the foot of a hill, a heavy fire of musketry was suddenly poured down into our ranks from behind the timber on both sides. This sudden rebuff caused the soldiers to halt and falter, but the cool and encouraging tones of Hampton braced them, and they were preparing for the charge, when the enemy's artillery, from an advantageous position, opened upon us, and were sweeping the road with shell and canister, while the wood from all sides seemed to be lighted up by the flash of small arms; and to have attempted any further advance would have been Balaklava rashness. The com-

mand was wheeled about and drawn off in good order about two hundred yards back from this position, and were drawn up in an open field for an attack, but no sooner than formed the enemy's firing suddenly ceased. A reconnoitering party was sent out, who reported that the enemy had moved off, and were making good time up the Alexandria road. Our loss in the affair was miraculously slight. Any further pursuit, under the circumstances of darkness and the superior advantages of an ambuscade, was deemed impracticable; and the command was withdrawn, and bivouacked for the night near by the road. Early next morning the pursuit was again taken up, and pushed on vigorously to within five miles of Alexandria, during which time we captured several batches of prisoners; then turned to the left up the Drainsville turnpike, followed the road a few miles, then turned to the right. Passing above Georgetown, we bivouacked on the banks of the Potomac. Next day scouted near Georgetown, where a body of Yankee cavalry were encountered, and dispersed them after killing and capturing a number. The next day, September 5th, took up the line of march, and passed through Drainsville, on to Leesburg.

CHAPTER IV.

CROSSES THE POTOMAC INTO MARYLAND—CAPTURE OF POOLSVILLE—YANKEE SCOUTS CAPTURE IMPORTANT DESPACHES—OUR CAVALRY RECAPTURE THEM—CIRCUMSTANCES ALTER CASES—FIGHTS IN FREDERICKTOWN, MIDDLETON, ON. BUCKETTSVILLE ROAD, AND SOUTH MOUNTAIN—CAPTURE OF HARPER'S FERRY—THE BATTLE OF ANTIETAM—A REMARKABLE COINCIDENCE—AFFAIR AT BOTELER'S MILL.

In approaching Leesburg, the different commands of our army had halted and were lying in the vicinity; and the immense clouds of dust rising from the different roads converging to that point from the south, indicated that the others were on the *qui vive*, moving up. Our column filed on past and rested a few hours on the skirts of the town; and just as the last rays of the setting sun were sinking behind the western hills, the advance was sounded,

and the long line of our cavalry moved on through the streets of this ancient old burgh; debouching to the right, filed down the last crest of hills that overlooks the Potomac, and rested on its banks, just above the bloody scenes where nearly eleven months before the 'Ball's Bluff' tragedy was enacted. The conjectures as to our late reticent movements were not set at rest. The Potomac was to be crossed; splendid bands of music both from the Virginia and Maryland side struck up, and continued discoursing their most inspiring martial airs. The wearied and worn soldier momentarily forgot his fatigue as the Rubicon of his long cherished hopes lay out before him. The moon and stars never shone more brightly on the placid rolling waters of this classic stream—though many a heart silently beat with indefinite longings and sad forebodings, as one would reflect that that same bright moon would shine on strangely contrasted scenes to this. Her gentle rays were soon to play into many a cold pale face, the gurgling waters alone to hum the requiem.

The crossing was without any interruption, as our advance had cleared the opposite banks of a small body of cavalry that fled at their approach. The march was pursued without any obstacle to Poolsville, some eight miles from the river, where our advance encountered an unsuspecting body of Yankee cavalry, and after a sharp skirmish in the streets succeeded in entirely routing and dispersing them, killing, wounding and capturing thirty. Here the brigade halted and bivouacked for the rest of the night, and resumed the march early next morning (September 6th), with the North Carolina cavalry in the advance. After passing through the town of Barnsville, bearing to the right of a range of mountains known as the "Sugar-Loaf Range," we were quietly pursuing our course along a by-way leading around the base of these mountains, when an alarming incident occurred, that came well nigh affecting seriously the ensuing campaign. The Government despatches containing the matter relative to the present campaign upon which the Confederates had just entered, were entrusted to a bearer, in care of our cavalry, who, with a courier, had incautiously rode on ahead of the advance guard a short distance, when they were assailed by a small party of Yankee cavalry springing suddenly upon them in the bend of the road. The bearer and all the despatches were captured; the courier succeeded in escaping back to the advance guard, who under Captain Ruffin were led on

in instant pursuit, which was anxiously and vigorously kept up for four miles, when the objects were suddenly overtaken, being only an officer and private of the Yankee signal corps in charge of the prisoner. They, strange to say, had not examined the portmantau conspicuously appended to the pommel of the saddle, but had leisurely called at a farm-house on the roadside, not dreaming that their quiet would be so suddenly intruded upon. The officer, as the affair turned out, being a romantic youth, while on signal duty on these mountains had signalized to Cupid, who had exchanged his mischievous darts between him and the old farmer's daughter, a bouncing lass of "sweet sixteen," and had doubtless called in his course to have a *tete-a-tete*, to relate the adventures of the morning to his lady love. But he found his romance broken in upon as our dusty troopers dashed up to the house and led him out from the cozy embraces of his mountain Delilah, who had plowed so deeply into his affections as to have shown him of the bright honors which would have awaited him from his sensational masters at Washington from the circumstances of such an important capture. The weeping lass mingled her sobs with his further mortification as General Stuart, who had just rode up, inflicted the right of search upon his person, extracting something more than love documents, which was found to be a matter of some military importance to us. After this occurrence we pursued our march quietly on to the little village of Urbana, where Generals Stuart and Hampton established their headquarters.

Our sudden advent into the State of Maryland caused no little surprise to the inhabitants. One particular instance moves us to give an amusing incident. Just before reaching Urbana, General Hampton's quartermaster sent forward a man to procure forage for the command, who called, a short distance above the town, upon a wealthy old Union farmer, who met him at the gate and kindly invited him to come in. The dusty trooper asked to be excused, and informed him that he wished to buy some corn for his command. The old farmer very frankly responded that he really did not have it to spare; but sympathizingly continued: "The war must go on, the Government must be kept up, and the horses must be fed, and so I must let you have the quantity you ask for. Jim, here Jim," he called to a group of sleek negroes, little and big, young and old, who had swarmed out from their cabins and were standing near,

gazing with intense curiosity upon the booted and spurred individual.

"Yes, sa," advanced a likely boy, showing his ivory between his unfolded lips.

"Well, Jim, how much corn will your wagon hold?" (at the same time remarking he could have it hauled out to camp).

"Do'no, sa: reckon 'bout eight burls; de' I could go two times and take it all; want to see dem soger folks anyhow."

"Well, Charles (to another of the group who seemed as eager as the first), how much will your wagon hold?"

"Yes, sa, my wagin hold ten burls—more an Jim's."

"Well (says the other, subduing his jealousy), we kin 'vide it, and bof go."

"Get up your teams quick, boys, and load up the corn." To which the boys suited the action to the order. Turning to the soldier with an air of indwelling satisfaction, "Well, my friend, let me know where I shall deliver this corn, and I will have it taken right to the spot, as I am a man that goes in for accommodating the Government."

The former, turning and pointing to a column of dust rising at the edge of the village, "I see the command moving up now, and will gallop down and ascertain where General Hampton will locate the camp."

"Halloo!" the latter nervously replied; "stop! stop! , What? Who? What General Hampton?"

"General Wade Hampton, of South Carolina; it's his cavalry you see yonder; it's him you agree to feed."

"But I can't, I can't; I've got no corn to spare; circumstances alter cases. Go to my neighbor Johnston, over there. I aint got none to let go. If I let any more go, my stock will suffer."

"Ah! my old fellow," the former sternly replied, "I have you now. The corn must come, the contract must be filled."

"Well," scratching his head and resuming a calmer tone, "I be drotted if this aint takin' a fellow by the *nap*, without letting him know anything about it."

Suffice it to say old "Fed's" corn was duly delivered by the time our hungry horses were unsaddled.

From this point our lines ran to the Potomac below Poolsville. Hampton on the left and the other cavalry on the right picketed the different roads some distance down towards Washington. Our

lines here were repeatedly and vigorously assailed by the Yankee cavalry—especially that part held by the brave and gallant Fitz. Lee. He was attacked on two occasions, of the details of which we are unable to speak; but sufficient to say, those veteran troopers gallantly repulsed them, and held the line against overwhelming odds of the enemy. That part of the line held by General Hampton was less interrupted. However, the enemy assailed that part of the line on the main Washington road late in the evening of the 10th; but by the timely reinforcements of the North and South Carolina Cavalry they were immediately driven off.

In the meantime our whole army having come up, halted and rested on the Monocacy River near Fredericktown up to the 8th inst., and had now all passed on over the Blue Ridge to play their programme in the capture of Harper's Ferry. Their flanks requiring no further protection from this quarter, the cavalry was accordingly drawn in. The enemy was found to be moving up in several columns on the different roads leading from Washington city, and had advanced to within a few miles of Urbana. Late in the afternoon of the 11th the command moved slowly off from this point in the face of the enemy, and reached Fredericktown, nine miles distant, and bivouacked here for the night without any interruption. From the eminence on which Fredericktown stands the enemy's cavalry was seen early next morning upon our rear, closely followed by his infantry and artillery in solid column.

A detachment of one hundred and fifty men, under the immediate command of General Hampton, was formed as a rear guard, while the main body and the trains moved out, filing to the left on the Hagerstown turnpike. The rear guard, led by Hampton in person, met about noon, at the skirts of the town, the advance of a considerable body of Yankee cavalry, when a sharp hand-to-hand conflict ensued, which resulted in driving them back against their main body. They were rallied and followed our little band, who slowly retired, filing to the left behind the corner, wheeled about and prepared to receive the confident, unsuspecting enemy, who came dashing on up to the corner in fine style, led by a portly Pennsylvania colonel, mounted on a splendid black charger, encouraged by an occasional wave of linen from some female Unionist, or a flap from some enthusiastic old shoemaker's apron as he passed. As he neared the corner, waving his sabre, he shouted, "Come on, boys, let's give 'em h—l." Hampton's little band stood

firm, as fair hands were streaming secession emblems from the balconies and windows above. Our boys dashed at them at the corner. Pop, pop, went the pistols, followed by the clash of sabres. It was only momentary. Cold steel had the usual effect on Yankee valor. They soon broke, cowering before our little body, back to their main force, who were then advancing in rapid strides to their support. Our pursuing party was leisurely drawn off. In pursuing the last body down the streets, some cowardly miscreant fired upon General Hampton from a window as he passed. Our loss was two killed, five wounded and missing. The enemy's loss was five killed, several wounded, and eight captured. Among the latter was their colonel, who so gallantly led the charge. His capture was connected with an act of individual courage and daring worthy of record. As he was nearing the corner at the head of his column, a stalwart Carolina trooper impetuously dashed at him with drawn sabre, but his heavy stroke was warded off and his sabre wrung from his tight grasp by a dexterous parry of his expert antagonist. The confident Yank was raising the final blow, the trooper's horse was spurred against that of the other; darting under the descending blow, which fell harmlessly over him, and before his blow was recovered, with iron nerve he instantly seized his antagonist by the coat collar and wrenched him from his saddle violently upon the stone pavement. The crestfallen Yankee sang out, "I'm your prisoner." His fine black charger was secured and placed in General Hampton's livery, which since has carried his rebel rider safely through many an adventure.

With many regrets we left behind the loyal citizens of this place, who during our short sojourn had contributed freely of their substance to the comforts of our wearied and worn soldiers. The tramp of the enemy's cavalry and the rumbling of his numerous artillery trains presented a sad but pleasing contrast, as the gentle voices of her patriotic women gave vent in the sweetest tones to the tune of Dixie and the Bonnie Blue Flag as we retired, and waving us on with the parting "God bless you." True, our fondest expectations failed of their realization on entering the State, yet out of justice to this place we will state, that five hundred young men of the first families flocked to our standard and followed us from their homes, and have fought and are still fighting our battles. And how long these noble souls will be exiles Heaven only knows. They are truly worthy of a free land; and although their

mother home may be derided and her private motives spurned, the tyrant's grasp must one day relax, and then Maryland must rise redeemed.

Our march was pursued without any immediate pursuit on the part of the enemy. They seemed content with marching and countermarching through the streets as though the whole army was on simple patrol duty. Late in the evening his immense columns could be seen debouching out from the streets and covering the open fields on both sides the turnpike. Passing on before him through this beautiful valley, we gained the base of the first range of mountains beyond Fredericktown, known as the "Catoclin Range." The gap through which the turnpike passes is approached by a gentle acclivity nearly on a straight line from the base to the summit. The extreme summit of the gap is overlooked by high ridges rising on the right and left of the road, still running up to loftier proportions as it recedes from the pass. On the summit in this pass two pieces of artillery were placed in position, and a detachment from the "Jeff. Davis Legion," under Colonel Martin, was left behind to picket and keep a watch out on the movements of the enemy, while the main body moved on down the mountain, through Middleton, a dingy mountain hamlet at the base, on Catoclin Creek, on the other side of which the brigade bivouacked for the night. Early next morning the enemy advanced and attacked Colonel Martin, who was making a vigorous defence with his little body, when General Hampton joined him with the rest of the brigade, with orders to hold it as long as practicable that day. Part of the command were dismounted, and placed along the cliffs that overlooked the road as sharpshooters; two more pieces of artillery were placed in position on the extreme ridge. Early, about midway between Fredericktown and the mountain, the immense column of the enemy, with his long lines of cavalry in front, followed by his artillery, and the roads as far back as the city seemed to be one moving mass of infantry, were on the advance. From this point the grand scenery of the subjacent country stretches out to the view; cataracts dashing from the mountain sides, swelling into rivers and sweeping in their course through the green fields that ornate the valleys below; neat white cottages overhung by the clustering vine, dotted the subjacent country around. But these peaceful scenes were soon to give way to the unhallowed shock of war. The enemy's columns came moving on up the valley about

nine o'clock, with a strong body of cavalry in advance. The artillery and infantry in immediate supporting distance, arrived at the foot of the mountain and advanced to within a mile and a half of our position, when Hampton's favorite Blakely pieces opened from the summit with good effect, plunging their solid balls into their ranks, driving him back down the mountain sides, when his artillery was brought to the front. A lively duel was kept up for two hours, doing no damage, the projectiles of his heavy field pieces plowing into the mountain sides below us, or just over the ridge, falling harmlessly in the valley beyond. His cavalry made several attempts to advance, but were forced back by our well directed shots. Their advance skirmishers came round on the right to flank the position held by the North Carolinians, but their trusty rifle carbines sent them skedaddling back, killing and wounding several of their number. The enemy accordingly about one o'clock was massing a strong force in front at the base, as if to carry the pass by assault, and commenced the ascent. But our few pieces of artillery were so skilfully worked as to check and considerably retard their progress. Our dismounted skirmishers fought and held them back till all our pieces were drawn off, and retired about two o'clock down the western slopes of the mountain, making a stand at the eastern skirts of Middleton, with only Hampton's cavalry at that point. A few miles beyond lay the South Mountain Range, across which the road passes to Hagerstown through a narrow and difficult pass, known as "Boonsboro' Gap." To the left, in the direction of Harper's Ferry, is another pass, known as "Crampton's Pass."

Jackson's forces were now sweeping around and environing Harper's Ferry, and the enemy with anxious tread was bending on to the relief of that beleaguered place. Stuart's cavalry had for several days past been hanging in his front, impeding his progress at every step. All the rest of our army lay beyond the mountain passes, up in the direction of Hagerstown; and so the enemy had to be held in this valley that day, till our infantry could get back and take position in these passes to meet the advancing hosts of McClellan. About four o'clock in the evening the enemy came teeming through the pass we had just evacuated, and with exulting shouts came pouring down the slopes. The North Carolina cavalry, under Colonel Baker, was posted on the eastern skirts of the village to oppose them; the other regiments of Hampton's cavalry

being withdrawn across Catoctin Creek and drawn up on the other side, with the artillery. The enemy's cavalry advanced down upon us with files of infantry sharpshooters on each side; they were met by a squadron of mounted and dismounted men under Captain Siler, a brave and daring officer of the North Carolina cavalry, who gallantly fought and repulsed the advance. The whole regiment was exposed to a most murderous fire of the enemy's artillery from the mountain sides above. Our brave boys were falling, and the enemy were attempting to flank the body from above and below, and to hold the place any longer was impracticable; and by the brave and admirable conduct of Captain Siler, who formed the rear guard, notwithstanding his thigh had been shattered by a ball, he stood firm against the overwhelming odds, and held the enemy in check in front, while Colonel Baker, with the remaining squadrons, with great coolness and decision successfully repelled the enemy's movements to intercept him at the creek, and safely withdrew the regiment across Catoctin Creek under a most terrible converging artillery fire from the mountain slopes above, while Captain Hart dashed with his Horse Artillery to an immediate hill that commanded the pike on the Middleton side, and worked his favorite Blakelys with powerful energy and effect upon the enemy's advancing columns, holding them in check until ordered to retire. Our loss in these engagements was mostly in wounded, while the enemy's loss must have been considerable, from the visible effect of our sharpshooters and artillery on his ranks.

The whole brigade moved off, turning to the left down the Buckettsville Road. Having proceeded about five miles, in passing through a thick wood where a road runs up from the left at right angles to our road, a large body of Yankee cavalry was seen suddenly dashing upon us from this road. Just at that time the rear of the Cobb Legion was passing. The quick eye of Colonel Young perceived this sudden dash, and immediately wheeled and led his men impetuously against them; and after a short but desperate conflict, succeeded in routing them. His gallant men set upon them, cutting them down as they broke and fled in the wildest confusion. Their officers attempted to rally them, but that savage rebel yell and clashing sabres added an impetus to their flight. It was with difficulty that General Hampton could call the impetuous troopers off, as it was important that the next mountain pass should be

gained as soon as possible. The enemy's loss was forty killed and wounded, an officer and several privates captured. Our loss was six killed and wounded: among the wounded was the gallant and accomplished Colonel Young, who had his leg shattered by a ball in the latter part of the engagement.

It being now near sundown, the command was moved on without any further interruption to its destination, a pass on South Mountain. Here we bivouacked for the night on our position. This pass formed the extreme right flank of our forces. On the ensuing day (Sunday, the 14th), the forces of D. H. Hill were moving up, and had occupied the Boonsboro' Pass, while a small detachment of McLaws' division had, during the night, moved up and occupied Crampton's Pass. Our brave, weary, foot-sore infantry quietly slept on their arms, oblivious of the near and frequent volleys of their fellow comrades, skirmishing at intervals during the night. All night the approaching tramp of the enemy could be heard nearing the position of our army. The day at length—a calm Sabbath day—opened auspiciously. A bright sun, as the fog of the valley early lifted itself away, rose and reflected its rays on a cloudless sky. From the little hamlets in the foreground, between the two hostile parties, could early be seen the terror-stricken inmates rushing out and precipitately hurrying to and fro to escape the coming missiles of destruction that had already commenced at “long tow” hurtling through the air. The narrow valley below seemed to be one moving mass of Yankee soldiery. The grand and freshly recruited armies of McClellan and Burnside now stood out in skirmishing distance, and their long lines were still pouring from the south through the Catoctin Pass, and pitted against this immense and well apportioned host, were only eight thousand Confederate soldiers, worn down by fasting and overmarching, led by that cool, intrepid Christian, D. H. Hill, of Bethel fame, on whom the God of Battles had so visibly smiled.

Of the details of this hard fought battle we shall not attempt to speak. The enemy appreciating the difficulty in approaching our position, an assault was early and furiously made on the position at Boonsboro' Gap by his heavy artillery, and then continued all along the line. Musketry became general about two o'clock. Up to that time all of his assaults on our little band had been successfully met and repulsed, except the position held by the brave and lamented Garland, whose brigade had been thrown on an advance position

on the side of the mountain, that fought more furiously, and probably did more execution, on that desperate day, than any other troops. An epitome of their noble conduct may not be out of place here. Early in the action this gallant officer fell. His devoted men, composed entirely of North Carolinians, after they saw him borne lifeless off the field, unflinchingly held their position. Five of the best brigades of Burnside's corps closed around this brigade. A remnant of them cut their way through. The Twentieth Regiment N. C. T., of this brigade, made its way out, and gained a position on a steep side of the mountain, behind a rough stone fence, and with their unerring rifles were dealing death by the wholesale into the ranks of the enemy as they would attempt the ascent. Their position gave the enemy's artillery below no chance at them; they, however, succeeded in rolling a piece by hand through a thick timber on the right, and unobserved had placed it in position, so as to command the space behind the stone fence. Here Captain J. B. Atwell took out his company and secreted them in musket range behind a ledge of rocks, picking the gunners off as fast as they could take position around their gun; they, however, seemed nothing daunted at the fate of their comrades, but promptly took their places, only to make the lifeless heap higher. But while this effective work was going on, the enemy's infantry clambered up on the mountain sides and came pouring round in disproportionate numbers on the little band. Here the noble Atwell fell mortally wounded. His men succeeded in bearing his body off, cutting their way back to the main body at the gap. Our position was a strong one, on which to manoeuvre a small body of men; and skilfully did the gallant Hill handle his little handful, holding his position on the ridge and slopes around the pass, against the shock of overwhelming odds, sheltering his men behind the cliffs and stone fences, with comparatively small loss, except the brigade above mentioned. In the meantime that part of McLaws' division were gallantly contending on the right at Crampton's Pass. Here only a part of Cobb's Georgia brigade, with the Sixth and Twelfth Virginia Regiments, held the pass till late in the evening against nine brigades of Franklin's grand Federal division, and retired only after the ammunition had been entirely exhausted.

Our cavalry were engaged during the day in desultory skirmishing on the extreme right. The "grand Yankee army corps" of

Hooker and Burnside, with Heintzleman in reserve, came pressing up in the evening, hoping thereby to throttle our little band by sheer numbers. But our artillery from the summit raked their advancing columns with such immense havoc, while our deadly musketry from the cliffs beneath were dealing such destruction into their faltering ranks, as to cause them to break for more wholesome cover. They would reform and throw fresh troops forward with much the same results, till night put an end to the bloody scene.

About ten o'clock that night General Hill evacuated the position, and, without any show of pursuit on the part of the enemy, withdrew his forces in the direction of Sharpsburg, his object on Sunday being accomplished—to hold the enemy in check till the Harper's Ferry programme was carried out.

Our cavalry withdrew in the latter part of that night in the direction of Harper's Ferry, picketing on the road leading over the Maryland Heights to that place, from which point we will indulge a glance at this notable spot, so conspicuous both before and in the history of the present war.

From a stand-point on these Maryland Heights, that run up from the north bank of the Potomac, spreads out to the view perhaps one of the most stupendous scenes in nature. "On your left comes rushing down the Shenandoah, having ranged along the north base of the Blue Ridge for a hundred miles to seek a vent. On your right rolls down the Potomac, seeking a passage also. In the moment of their junction they rush together against the mountain and rend it asunder, and pass off to the sea." These two rivers at the junction form an obtuse angle, at the immediate intersection of which the little town of Harper's Ferry is situated, ranging up the narrow banks of each river, overhung by terrible precipices in jutting fragments. Up the Potomac banks extend the immense dismantled armory works. At the entrance still stands the old engine house of John Brown notoriety—a monument of that old recreant's treason. The upper town runs up on a high eminence, which is overlooked by a still higher one, encircled by precipitous ascents, both of which the enemy had bastioned around with a line of strong works. On the south banks of the Shenandoah rise the Loudoun Heights, and in front the Bolivar Heights, which, with the Maryland Heights, completely overlook the place.

Up to Saturday the Yankee garrison were entirely ignorant of our investing movement. Jackson, with his ubiquitous corps, had left Hagerstown on Thursday, and bearing round, had crossed the Potomac at Williamsport, passing through Martinsburg on Friday, whence the enemy, under General White, had retired to Harper's Ferry the night before, and sweeping on around, he arrived in front of Harper's Ferry about noon on Saturday.

In the meantime McLaws' division was moving up and occupying the Maryland Heights, and Walker the Loudoun Heights, while Jackson's corps had spread out and were closing up the space between the Potomac and the Shenandoah Rivers, which included the Bolivar Heights; thus the line of investment was a complete triangle, with our favorite Stonewall as the base—soon to demonstrate to General White, the Chicago tailor, that he might cut coats, but to cut himself out of this angle would be a bamboozling problem to his unsophisticated military genius.

On Sunday our forces on this base line prepared to invest the place—A. P. Hill on the right, on the Charlestown road; Ewell's division in the centre; and Jackson's old division completed the line across from river to river. Our artillery from the right opens with its heavy pieces, which startles the Yankee commander; his long caravan of wagon trains is hurriedly drawn out and move in haste across the Potomac, and being fairly stretched out in the narrow defile that winds along the base of the Maryland Heights, the garrison commences forming to follow; but a few unsuspected shells from these heights gave them to understand that their plan of escape was balked in this direction. The frightened teamsters suddenly wheeled and went rattling and crashing, helter skelter, over one another back to the ferry, which was now growing too hot from the streaming missiles from both the Loudoun and Maryland Heights; then re-crossed, turning down the Shepherdstown road, and after stretching out and winding down this road a short distance, met the same unexpected reception, and came plunging back in the wildest consternation to their former post.

The siege now opened, and was kept up from all sides slowly but regularly during the day, the enemy feebly responding. The sun had now sunk behind the western hills; yet the glaring flash of the booming artillery from the mountain sides literally lightened up the darkened horizon. Night wears on, and still the streaming meteors from the adjacent slopes fly around the terror-

stricken ranks of the Yankee garrison. Morning comes, "and as with one consent the hills salute the rising sun, with bombs bursting in the air;" and just as our forces on Jackson's line prepare to assault the place on the right, the gaudy folds of their mammoth garrison flag (measuring forty yards in length) is run down, and the *streaming white* run up in its place. The air rends with shouts from our victorious forces. Lieutenant Chamberlayne, of General A. P. Hill's staff, goes forward, and at ten o'clock receives the sword of the Yankee commander, who had fallen a few minutes before the surrender. Thus ended the career No. 2 of the abolitionists at Harper's Ferry. General Hill remarked to the commanding Yankee officer, who was wondering at our remarkable skill and energy in capturing the place: "That he would rather take the place twenty times than undertake to hold it once." Eleven thousand eight hundred and fifty prisoners were captured, immense stores of all kinds, vast supplies of ammunition, large numbers of splendid cannon, field and light pieces, vast supplies of small arms and ammunition, and a great many horses and negroes. Our cavalry was posted in the place till the next day, foraging our famished horses on the vast quartermaster garner. On the day following all the troops were hurried up the river, and crossed at Shepherdstown, rejoining Longstreet on the Antietam Creek, near Sharpsburg, Maryland.

Early next morning our different corps, sadly reduced by pressing marches, took position on the north side of the Antietam Creek, the enemy being drawn up along the base of the mountain on the other side, and early began advancing in force upon our position. As the sun rose, his gay blue uniforms and bright and glittering weapons contrasted strongly with the dusty, threadbare apparel and unpolished weapons of Lee's "rebel army." The battle opened with a free use of artillery on both sides, soon followed by a general roar of musketry along the entire line. The enemy massed heavy forces and bore down with all his fury on our left; but the indomitable Jackson met him with his usual coolness and determination, repulsing and driving him back a mile and a half. In the centre the intrepid Longstreet, with D. H. Hill's corps, after a desperate and bloody struggle, drove him back, too, from this point, with heavy slaughter. On our right, about three o'clock in the afternoon, General A. P. Hill was advancing from Harper's Ferry, and came up just in time to meet the enemy as he was mak-

ing a bold demonstration in that direction, which was held only by Jenkins' and a part of Toombs' brigades. They had driven this little force before them, and were dashing across the Antietam with every show of success; but at this juncture the timely arrival of the latter corps changed the fortune at this point, and after an obstinate contest, that lasted from five o'clock till dark, the enemy was driven into and across the creek with great loss. During the fight the Federal sharpshooters had picked off and disabled nearly every man of a battery of the Washington Artillery, which had been conspicuously effective in the fight. General Longstreet being near, and discerning the cause of its silence, he dismounted, and with the assistance of his staff worked one of the guns until the crisis was over. As it has been remarked, "To see a general officer, wielding the destinies of a great fight, with its cares and responsibilities upon his shoulders, performing the duties of a common soldier, is a picture indeed worthy of the pencil of an artist." The sun set upon one of the most desperate and bloody fields of the war, the Confederates resting that night on their arms at every point considerably in advance of their position in the morning. And the question may be asked: Why did we not pursue the enemy up? Simply because from the topography of the country, where he was driven against the mountain sides, would have given him signally the advantage over us, and, from the causes above mentioned, our forces were too much reduced to have relinquished their hold and attempt a flank movement. On the next day, Thursday, from our position of the day before, the challenge was early thrown out to renew the engagement, but the beaten foe let the gauntlet lie.

It is no exaggeration to say our army went into this battle reduced fifty per cent., worried out by fasting, incessant marching and fighting. Not more than thirty-five thousand of our brave troops could be counted on that desperate day; for as the columns of many of the commands had to be rushed in almost double-quick marches in order to gain their respective positions at the proper time, many a willing comrade fell out for miles along the road from sheer exhaustion. And it is a base slander upon our brave and noble soldiery to say that Lee's army "straggled on that day." No; to have seen the pale, emaciated soldier, seemingly with nothing but an invisible spirit bearing him on, dispensing with every incumbrance, save his musket and cartridge box,

halting along, flinching at every step, as he hesitatingly set his bleeding feet down upon the stony surface, and then sink down under the goading effect, was a rare comment upon heroism! Yet some pusillanimous *newspaper generals and army critics* called this "straggling." No; if your unfeeling hearts possessed an infinitesimal part of your victim's virtue, then you might with some degree of assurance criticise behind your *paper walls and staff parapets*.

McClellan, with an army already four times as large as our own, and with reinforcements coming up, a retrograde movement was deemed expedient under the circumstances, as every day would strengthen the enemy, and in our present position the means for adding anything to our strength was sadly beyond our reach. Accordingly our forces were withdrawn late Thursday night and Friday morning, in the face of our foe, and safely re-crossed the Potomac near Shepherdstown, at one single ford. This important feat was accomplished in the space of twelve hours, sustaining no material loss, and without any interruption on the part of the enemy.

In this short but eventful campaign, our whole loss was inside of seven thousand men, while the enemy, according to his own confession, lost over forty thousand killed, wounded and taken prisoners. But, as is usual in the case, our loss was mingled with some of our bravest and ^{big} ^{our} officers—the brave and heroic Garland, the noble Starke, and ^{the} ^{most} gallant Branch, of North Carolina, laid down their lives upon ^{the} ^{altar} of their country.

And with such proud record of your fame,
Your bodies may sleep wrapt in gore,
But as long as liberty bears a name,
Your spirits will be cherish'd evermore.

Yet there was still a bloody episode to mark the close of this campaign. The enemy, about ten o'clock on Friday, had with his heavy Parrott guns at long law commenced a show of pursuit, and on Saturday morning commenced crossing in heavy force. Our troops on the opposite side were seen hurrying, as under semblance of a retreat, out on the different roads leading from Shepherdstown, but really retiring covertly behind the adjacent hills; while the rear guard, three brigades of infantry, under Brigadier General Pendleton, were posted on the right bank of the river,

near the passage at Boteler's Mill, commanding which we had masked thirty-five pieces of artillery, and with five or six pieces exposed in advance, making a faint show of resistance, falling back slowly from one position to another, before the advancing enemy's batteries, that were being furiously plied from the opposite side. Late in the evening a large force of the enemy, consisting of nearly three entire divisions, came pouring over with flaunting colors and defiant shouts; and when fairly across, our batteries were uncovered, and with A. P. Hill's division pounced suddenly down upon his confident legions, driving them like chaff before the wind, down into the narrow passage, where the enfilading fire of our batteries were plowing and raking his ranks in a most frightful manner, and from the crowded gorge frightened masses would indiscriminately break panic-stricken up the banks of the river, only to find themselves hemmed in from that quarter, and in many instances, to escape the bayonets of our impetuous soldiery, they would plunge wildly over these precipitous bluffs, shattered on the rocky masses beneath! The scene was truly appalling. The wide, shallow fording was filled with dead bodies, and the wounded, who would chance to fall in the stream, were suffocated in the water by the hurrying, heedless tread of the living. All organization was destroyed, and as the broken remnants would reach the opposite bank they would continue in the wildest disorder across the hills; and why no token of surrender was hung out to stop this fearful slaughter, was a question with the conscience of the commander of this ill-fated movement.

Our loss was only two hundred in killed and wounded, while the Yankee loss must have been at least two-thirds of their number in killed, wounded and prisoners. Thus ended this bloody campaign, leaving the enemy crippled and beaten on his own soil, from which he lay cowering, unable to move for months.

It is but candor to say, that in entering Maryland the Confederates had two objects in view: First, to give her pent up sympathy a chance to burst forth and join us in physical resistance; and however much we are disposed to revere that sympathy, which has always and still exists, there for our cause, the reluctance and tardiness of her people failed to meet the occasion—for "they who would be free, themselves must strike the blow." In the second place, our victorious arms had just driven the enemy before us behind the walls at Washington, and, by threatening his country,

would draw him out and bring the matter to a nearer issue. The former was surrounded by circumstances over which we had no control; and how far we controlled the circumstances of the latter, the facts of the campaign have fully demonstrated to the world.

Some Louisianians, while on picket near Boonsboro', encountered a Yankee scout and killed him. One of the party being a little seedy in the way of pants, exchanged with the unlucky man, at the same time observing the name John D. S., very plainly wrought with red silk thread on the lining of the waistband. However, thinking nothing more of it, nor none the less of himself for wearing Yankee blue, on going back to camp the party called at a neat little farm house, where milk jars, peace and plenty seemed to reign, and called for some milk. They were answered, as they stepped into the little vine-bound piazza, by a repugnant, elderly looking lady, "That she had no milk for rebels, and that she would give it to the neighbors' pigs first; and that it would be her heart's desire to give every rebel that crossed the Potomac a good drink of poison." Which sharp vents of caloric elicited retorts of similar character from the personage who had donned the unlucky man's pants; and after concluding a volley which had mutually raged between them, the latter drew near and coolly remarked:

"Madam, you fight so well with your tongue, it is a great pity you aint a man, to fight for your 'glorious Union.'"

"I thank you, sir. I have an only son there fighting for it, and I only wish I had twenty."

"Well, madam, you are the worst Union case I've met in Maryland, and I want to take your name, as a contrast to some kind people I've met, and let me have it as a remembrancer."

Still with wrathful emotions she continued: "My name I never concealed from friend or foe; it's Mary Ann S.; and I wish my son was here with his rifle, and he would give you something to remember."

The latter, with gathering interest: "What's your son's name?"

"I can give you his name, too, and only wish he could give you rebs a bullet for every word that has passed between us." Emphasizing, "His name is John D. S."

"Well, madam, he'll kill no more rebels, for I killed him this morning, and these are his pants I now have on," at the same time exposing the name from the inside of the waistband. The name was readily recognized. The cloud of angry passion, that had

swelled in every feature of the woman's face was swept off by a sudden gush of despair; and, with her glaring eyes riveted for a moment upon the name that read the fatal message, the unhappy woman swooned and fell on the floor.

The day after the Antietam fight, our cavalry were placed on duty, some distance to the left up the river, and in the evacuation were cut off from the fording at Shepherdstown. But on Friday night, by a circuitous route up the river, passing round a large body of Yankee forces, winding down steep and dangerous cliffs, that seemed impassable for man and beast, helter skelter, down the rugged acclivity, we plunged into the channel of the river—a fording that an Indian pony would snort at and turn away from—our horses, after blundering over rocks, then plunging through eddying whirlpools, dripping and chilled, we reached the Virginia side. Following up the train of our narrative, we proceeded to Martinsburg, from whence, a few days after, General Stuart dashed across the Potomac into Williamsport, and drove the enemy from that place, killing a number and capturing a quantity of prisoners and arms with a small loss; returned again, and established headquarters at Martinsburg, where, a few days after this affair, the Yankee cavalry undertook to pay him back. They came dashing up the Shepherdstown road, driving in our pickets and scouts to the skirts of the town. Hampton's cavalry was falling back before them, while Lee's was dashing round to get in their rear; perceiving this, they suddenly wheeled and broke back; Lee immediately set after them, supported by Hampton, killing and capturing several, and it was by making the fastest possible speed that the whole expedition saved themselves from capture.

CHAPTER V.

STUART'S CAVALRY EXPEDITION INTO PENNSYLVANIA—PREPARATION FOR THE EXPEDITION—TROOPS COMPOSING THE EXPEDITION—CROSSING THE POTOMAC—SURPRISING THE ENEMY'S PICKETS—THE SUCCESSFUL PASSAGE THROUGH THE RIGHT WING OF MCCLELLAN'S ARMY—PASSES OUT OF MARYLAND INTO PENNSYLVANIA—HORSE PRESSING ORDERS ISSUED—CAPTURE OF ST. THOMAS AND CHAMBERSBURG.

Our command was quietly laying around Martinsburg, picketing on the upper lines of the Potomac, and having to a considerable extent recruited the nerves of both man and horse, which had been seriously drawn upon by the incessant and arduous labors of the Maryland campaign, we were here in this beautiful and romantic region of the Old Dominion, enjoying ourselves with as much "*otium cum dignitate*" as a soldier's life would admit of. The first leaves of autumn had just begun to fall; the neighboring mountain peaks were doffing their summer green and fast assuming the bronzed hue; and as the bugle's unwelcome morning sound would cause the soldier to peep from his blankets, the first traces of Jack Frost could be seen upon the half crisped, fallen leaf; while the weather-worn trooper with repeated strokes of his currycomb to smooth the rough hair of his faithful steed, would soliloquize to himself: "Well, I do wish old Stuart and Hampton was as tired uv these ere parts as I am, we'd 'git' a little further inter Dixie than this; as these ere cold mornin' winds from the mountins blows our loose rags off'en the bare places a little cuttin', and our toes peeps a leetle too impidently thru our old shoes for this ere white thing on the leaves uv mornins, and out uv respect fur us they orter consider the policy. And besides, jist tu think uv our poor dum brutes. Why, thar was Jackson's army passed thru these parts last roasting-ear time, and they cleaned the cornfields afore the milk filled the grain, and so horse stock can't stand it much longer. And so it's policy to 'git' further South any way you look at it. But I reckon old Stuart and Hampton knows best." Such rude surmises were frequent from the humblest private in the command, and even the "reliable gentlemen" from headquarters would quaintly give out that a backward move was under way.

In fact, all outward appearances seemed indicative of a "fall back." While we were regaling ourselves over the idea of getting where we could hear a railroad whistle again, or open communication with home once more, orders were issued to the different commands of the division for a detachment of picked men, mounted on the best horses, to prepare five days' rations for a scout on the ensuing day, yet still the idea of covering a "fall back" was entertained by officers and men.

On the ensuing day, October 9th, at two o'clock, we "fell in" and took up the line of march, but found our horses' heads turned northward. The whole force was comprised of detachments from Hampton's, Lee's and Mumford's cavalry, and a small detachment from Scott's partizan corps, with one section of mounted artillery accompanying each, all told, twenty-five hundred men, led by Stuart himself, dashing along on his little dark bay favorite, in his usual don't-care, dare-devil style, while the cheerful, deep cunning expression of his features betokened some one of his favorite "tricks" ahead, while Hampton rode along at his usual easy trotting style, as though he was just going out to look over his broad cotton fields. Leaving the town of Martinsburg to the right, and passing along the base of the north range of the Blue Ridge, which breaks off into hills as it nears the Potomac, we passed through Hedgesville and beyond our outer picket post, where the column was halted and rested till dark, within ear-shot of the roaring waters of the Potomac. After good dark the command resumed the march, and was advancing cautiously over a narrow by-way in the direction of the river, to within a mile of the crossing, and here we were halted for the night. Two reconnoitering parties were thrown out, one under Sergeant R. C. Shiver, of the Second South Carolina cavalry, and the other under Lieutenant Barrier, of the North Carolina cavalry, led by Hampton in person. After a successful reconnoissance, it was ascertained that the enemy had no pickets on this bank of the river, but we discovered their posts immediately on the other side of the ford, beyond the culvert of the canal, which opens to the ford. Here, content with our discoveries, the party bivouacked the remainder of the night on this side behind the cliffs that overhang the banks above the ford, until nearly daybreak, when General Hampton detached fifteen men from the party and placed them under Lieutenant Phillips, and despatched them across the river on an old fish dam, a quarter of

a mile above the ford, to surprise and bag the post at the ford, and the remainder, under Lieutenant Barrier, were posted among the cliffs along the banks for a support, in case the party on the opposite side should become pressed. Day was just dawning; our comrades could be seen slyly creeping under cover of the canal banks, making their way successfully without any interruption to the mouth of the culvert. One more dash and the game is in their hands. But suddenly out dashed a grim bull terrier dog, with snarly gnashes, to dispute the passage of the culvert, which merely gave notice to the sentinels to scamper off without even firing his piece, while the reserve was immediately onslaugthted, and the quick and successive cracks of our carbines, and the excited exclamations "kill them! here goes the d—d blue backed rascals," which gave us to understand that our support was no longer required, and every man to horse, and across we dashed, and found one "blue back" lying bleeding, while earnest leg bail had succeeded in getting off his comrades, which caused a stampede along the whole line, and had it not been for the timely notice of their faithful dog in the culvert, the body would have been nicely bagged, as at the time the reserve were regaling themselves near by in a little shanty at "seven up," little dreaming that their game so early in the morning would be "trumped" by rebel intrusion.

At this rough and difficult ford the whole command, artillery and all, speedily and safely crossed over; and on we hurried over a narrow and difficult defile through the hills of the western part of Washington county, capturing the balance of their stampeding party, who ran into our column before they were aware of our presence. Having pursued this road about five miles, where it crossed the turnpike leading from Hagerstown to Cumberland, we found that we had run against the rear of a division of Yankee infantry, moving on to Cumberland. Just at this point our advance came upon their rear guard and took a batch of them prisoners, and also captured one stand of colors, which sudden and unexpected onslaught put their whole command in confused commotion, and caused them to make fast time down the pike in the direction of Cumberland. Their burning vehicles behind gave full evidence that the *skedaddling* manœuvre was in active play; but as Stuart's business did not lay on their route, they were permitted to "double-quick" along uninterrupted from their own shadows. Here we crossed this pike and pursued our march

Along a narrow, difficult by-way, following the north side of a range of mountains through a rocky, bleak, and almost barren region, with here and there a lonely cabin to relieve the wild scenery. Having moved on some ten miles through this wild region, we found ourselves crossing the last ridge of this range, emerging out down into a beautiful and expansive valley, known as "Blair's Valley," surrounded by an extensive range, known as the "Short Hill" range, which breaks off gradually into lesser hills as the Blue Ridge nears the Potomac, which to the eye of the casual beholder seems as steps to the summit of her lofty peaks. The day was not a bright one; thin, vapory clouds were overspreading the heavens; the sun's pale face looked dimly through the gathering clouds, and the distant ridges seemed wrapped in a misty blue, and the "scar and yellow leaf" at every breeze was losing its hold and came rustling down around us. Such a scene was indeed truly calculated to engender melancholy feelings. But as the "broad acres" of Pennsylvania stretched out before us just at the foot of the last hill, although we were impressed with our hazardous situation, having just passed through and were in the rear of the right wing of McClellan's grand army, yet every soldier's face betokened emotions of inward joy, and with our backs on the last rugged hills, we were beyond the limits of Maryland. The "ultima thule" of Southern invasion was passed. We were indeed on the hostile soil of proud and defiant Pennsylvania, who, sixteen months before, was going to make a light breakfast out of the South, herself alone. But the rebel key had unbolted and rolled away the keystone of the "glorious old arch" wide enough for Stuart's rebel cavalry to pass. No demonstration whatever marked the event, as the column moved quietly forward from the borders of Franklin county, where we entered. It seemed that a simple reflection on our situation would call forth misgivings in the bosom of the most sanguine; but the overweening confidence in our true and tried leader would chide any such a thought, and nerve it with stronger confidence and deeper determination.

On we moved over a private country road, through the secluded entrance of this valley, that had never been trampled by an armed foot of either friend or foe. The unsuspecting inhabitants met and hailed us as Union troops, and no assertion to the contrary was likely to disabuse their minds of the fact that we were rebels, and even when the horse pressing orders were put in execution against

them. they would look incredulously after us as we were leading their faithful steeds off before their eyes. As an instance, we will here give an amusing incident that occurred between an old Dutch farmer and a party of our boys, who were scouring the country some distance from the road. They rode up unceremoniously to his large brick barn, that stood a short distance from the dwelling, dismounted at the barn-yard gate, and were proceeding to the stables. He and his fat better-half were standing in the piazza watching the movement at the barn in astonishment, and as the foremost entered the stables, he hurried down, and in almost breathless excitement he accosted the party: "Gude mornint, men, gude mornint. Vy, vot dush dis mean?" He was informed that we just wanted his horses. Betraying feelings of smothered anger and vexation, he exclaimed: "Mine hosses! mine hosses! Vy, you shoust can't hav tem agin. Vy, ven you tam Home Guards* had tem afore, you shoust keep tem vun veek over de time, and ven you did bring dem home mit der packs all sore and skint up." Continuing in a more vehement strain: "I would shoust so leave old Shackson would cum fish vey and take de last tam vun uv you Home Guards as tu let you hav mine hosses vun time more. Vot vur you vant tem eny how?" He was apprised, good humoredly, that Jeff. Davis wanted them this time. With emotions of the wildest surprise and amazement, hardly awaiting to articulate one word before he'd catch another: "Sheff Tavis! Sheff Tavis! Mine Got! Vot ish Sheff Tavis got tu du mit mine hosses? Mine Got! He vill never send tem pack!" In the meantime the stock was haltered and moving off. Old Dutch had seen that his protests and remonstrations were unavailing. He immediately ran violently towards the house, hallooing to his better half, who was, too, vehemently joining her protests, exclaiming in an earnest vent: "Old voman! old voman! plow de hon!" She snatched down the old tin instrument hanging at the door, and with her flabby jaws inflated to their fullest tension, she blew most lustily, striding the piazza from one end to the other, and kept blowing till we were out of hearing. What this strange proceeding meant, was a question, unless it savored of the old Scottish

* When our forces threatened Pennsylvania from Maryland, the border counties resolved themselves into an organization called the Home Guards, and had pressed the farmer's teams to transport their baggage.

idea of winding the horn when the realm was invaded, and her tin horn reverberations were to call to arms those valorous Home Guards the old man so much derided when his horses were brought in question; but those modern lords of war did not heed her horn incantations; as this little detachment, without any interruption, joined the command at Mercersburg, on the turnpike leading from Greencastle to Chambersburg. Here a faint resistance was made by those valorous Home Guards, who retired at our approach, and secreted themselves in an old wood-shop at the further end of the town, from which, about fifty yards from the main street, they poured a volley into our advance. The old shop was onslaughtered, and without any farther demonstration, the whole party were captured, except one who attempted to escape by jumping out of a window, but a bullet from one of our carbinies took him "on the wing," striking him lifeless in his leap; whom, doubtless, the sickly sentimentality of his burghers would range on the calendar of Northern heroes. This belligerent party proved to be rather hard looking specimens of humanity, and when they saw our full columns moving up, they betrayed terrible emotions of childish fright, and were surprised at not being dispatched forthwith; and others, coming out to the rescue, when taken, even with guns in their hands, denied having any complicity in the affair. With such spirits as these, it was not a matter of wonder that old Dutch's "horn incantations" had no charm. The column here halted a short time, and about two o'clock resumed the march on the turnpike leading to Chambersburg, some eighteen miles distant. On our way we captured St. Thomas, a considerable town, which made no resistance. We pursued our march on through a cold, drenching rain, swelling our "led-horse" train as we moved on, which presented the appearance of additional reinforcements.

About five o'clock, P. M., we found ourselves before the city of Chambersburg, and demanded its surrender. This inland city is beautifully situated in the midst of a rich and productive valley, on a line of railroad running from Hagerstown, Md., to Harrisburg, and contains about ten thousand inhabitants. At this point large quantities of the enemy's army stores were deposited, which rendered it a prize worthy of Stuart's notice. The demand for the surrender was a complete thundershock to the astounded Mayor—the whole population seemed confounded at our presence. Houses,

public and private, were immediately closed. A considerable parleying was manifested by the city authorities, at which General Stuart caused the batteries to be ordered into position and the cavalry into line for the attack, which demonstration soon brought them to a decision, the terms being immunity to private persons and property.

All the army stores were taken in charge, which consisted of large quantities of commissary and quartermaster stores, also heavy and light ordnance stores. The quartermaster's department was duly drawn upon in the way of clothing, while the horses were attired in gay Yankee trappings, and our old, rusty armor was immediately exchanged for the bright, glittering cavalry arms that were tossed in profusion from the numerous boxes. The city was placed under martial law. The command was moved out and bivouacked for the night a short distance east of the city; and after a most disagreeably cold, rainy night, we decamped early next morning, and countermarched back through the streets and were halted, and in looking round, a large Union flag was seen floating from the third story of a private house, which unwelcome emblem was speedily removed by J. M. Rea, Company C, and Ed. Misenhammer, Company F, of the North Carolina Cavalry, which, however, eventuated in a little issue. On accosting the proprietor, he demurred to their admittance, which was immediately forced, followed closely by the surly proprietor to the last flight of stairs, where he was joined, from an adjacent room, by another grim, determined looking personage, where surly's suspicious movements were arrested by Rea, who coolly gave them to understand that any interference on their part would be readily met; and in the face of these two devotees the flag was torn down, but they failed like Jackson to seal their devotion with their blood. Doubtless these two characters were as brave in nerve as our prototype martyr, but that indwelling determination faltered, as the cause was not the same which their favorite emblems bespoke.

The observer would meet many a scene calculated to keep his attention in active exercise. At every corner could be seen groups of old and young, conversing in an undertone, evincing symptoms of the deepest mortification. The sight of the new *blue* clothing that dotted every company in the command, and the bright United States weapons dangling at our sides, was indeed a sore tax upon their pride. But notwithstanding this, not the least

insult was offered us. An assemblage of elderly men was overheard in a discussion, asserting that if they had just known our number was no more than they now proved to be, they never would have surrendered, and that it was a disgrace that could never be wiped out; while some were chafing with wrathful expressions that our audacity was the most unparalleled recklessness, and that certainly before night the telegraph would welcome our capture or destruction; and the Mayor publicly expressed himself that if the last one of us were not captured before we recrossed the Potomac, it would be a stigma upon the Union army that could never be effaced. A young Carolinian drew up and accosted a venerable one of these old street declaimers, who was rather unsparing of his anathemas against the rebels, and enquired of him "when he thought we would have peace?" With an assumed air of pomposity he said: "Sir, not until this accursed rebellion is crushed." "Well, sir," replied the first speaker, "do you, with all the evidence of the past eighteen months before you—answer me candidly—really think that that matter can be done?" "Well-a," hesitatingly, "we think-a-so," turning in a tone of exhortation, "we don't then expect to treat you as conquered subjects, but we are willing to throw the veil of charity over all this, and regard you as *erring* brethren, and welcome you again into the glorious old Union as brethren." "*Erring brethren*," indignantly interrupted the young Carolinian, with his eyes flashing fire; sarcastically: "Brethren! don't, pray, call us brethren, blinded old hypocrite. Go and view our desolated homes and wasted fields, in the vandal track of your 'Union restoring army,' which proclaims such sentiments of brotherhood a hellish mockery! And now, sir," he continued, "you can't gainsay this conduct towards us, *your brethren*. Let me ask, have not you and your citizens and their property been in our power since yesterday, and has either suffered from our presence?" Turning nervously round, he remained silent. "No," promptly responded an intelligent looking, middle aged gentleman of the group. "Truly, every one of us, and all we have, have been and are yet in your power, and we can scarcely realize the fact that no one within the bounds of this city complains of an unjust act at the hands of your soldiery; and justice demands that we testify that you have demeaned yourselves more like gentlemen to our citizens than our own soldiers in passing through. Good sir," he continued, "allow me to ask the question, why it is your sol-

diers, thus among us, adhere so strictly to the principles of good conduct; is it from the stringent discipline of your officers?" He was answered: "Simply because we are gentlemen at home, and observe the same abroad." This latter fact suggested to our mind the cause of the difference of the valor between the Northern and Southern soldiers, and that moral principle is the basis of true courage—one fighting with valor and vigor for their liberties, and the other with indolence and neglect for the power of his oppressors—officers and men from the same grades of society, contending for their equal rights, one as much impressed with the principle as the other. And in this connection, let it be said, should an officer, under the garb of military discipline, become so indifferent to the principles of equality as to assume an unwarrantable relation of arrogance toward his men, he, most assuredly, is an enemy to himself and the cause. In the first place, when this war shall have passed away, with our independence established, and the days of "shoulder straps" numbered with the things of the past, society will sink back into its former peaceful channel; this unjust bearing will never be forgotten; it will be far better for such an one had he occupied the position of the humblest private in the ranks. And, in the second place, it tends to promote an unprincipled aristocracy, contrary to the genius of our institutions.

But to return to the narrative. On the streets could be seen many able-bodied young men "cutting the gent," as in peaceful times; and if they had but been imbued with that country pride that they so boastfully assume, their mortification must have been extreme. We captured telegraphic despatches in the office at that place (which had remained as duplicates), to the Governor, up to a few hours of our arrival, which stated that we were reported to have entered the State, but that they had no apprehensions that Stuart's "rebel gang" would come that way, and if they did have the assurance to do so, they had a regiment of infantry and one battery of artillery in reach that would take care of them amply; and, besides, they had plenty of arms, and that the citizens would turn out to a man, and would give them such a reception as would scatter them to the four winds. But when the test came, what became of their "regiment of infantry and battery of artillery," and the boasted reception that was to meet us at the hands of their "Home Palladiums," this deponent saith not; but it seemed that, "Bob Acres like," their valor gently oozed out at the sight of Stuart's little rebel band.

CHAPTER VI.

EVACUATES CHAMBERSBURG—PASSAGE THROUGH THE VALLEY—CROSSES THE MOUNTAINS AT STEVENS' GAP—PASSES SAFELY OUT OF THE STATE INTO MARYLAND—JOYOUS RECEPTION AT EMMETTSBURG—SUCCEEDS IN PASSING THROUGH THE ENEMY'S FORCES DURING THE NIGHT AND REACHES THE POTOMAC—PERILOUS SITUATION, BUT AFTER SHARP SKIRMISHING SUCCEEDS IN CROSSING AND REACHES OUR LINES.

About ten o'clock, A. M., the command took up the line of march, turning down the turnpike leading to Gettysburg. After setting fire to the spacious building containing the army stores, we retired. The flames wrapped the building, and for an hour the explosions were terrific, shaking the very earth. Pieces of shell, fragments of timber, brick, and stone, rent the air for hundreds of yards around. In moving on, the occasional bursting of a bomb that had resisted the first impressions of the fire, would strike the ear, and give a parting salute over the dying embers of the charred remains of this proud edifice.

The march progressed along without any marked interest, save considerable accession to the "led-horse column," and astonishing the natives to utter discomfiture. Our approach to the neighboring farm houses on the road was heralded with a gathering in and an immediate closing of the doors, as if a menagerie of wild beasts had been turned loose upon the country. To give a further instance of the terror in which we were held by these unsophisticated people: In passing by a neat log house, immediately on the roadside, a full, good humored looking face of an elderly lady, whose features bespoke mingled emotions of curiosity and fear, was peeping out of a half closed door. Turning to a very old lady standing a few paces back, who gave every expression of fright, and seemed remonstrating with her to desist from her rashness, smiling with advancing satisfaction: "Why, I will look. Why, Aunt Sally, they jist look like our kind of folks; tho' they do look mighty dirty and devilish, I don't believe they'll hurt a body." She was, thereupon, assured we would not harm her, but to open the door and take a look; whereupon the door was confidently opened—she and Aunt Sally's corporeal dimensions jammed the

entrance to its farthest extent, and stood gazing on the passing columns with the most intense curiosity. We passed through a little mountain hamlet called Longtown, at the foot of the mountain, at the upper end of the valley, through Stevens' Gap, so called from an extensive iron furnace at its entrance, owned by Thad. Stevens, of abolition notoriety. His ample stalls lay on the roadside, and contributed more generously to the horse power of the expedition than any of his free-negro-loveism constituents that lay in our route.

Through this gap we passed without any interruption, and, enclosed as it was in many places by steep, rugged, overhanging cliffs, a small body of resolute men could have effectually held us in check at any of these nature-provided points. At the north entrance we turned off the pike, immediately to the right, on a private country road, and passed within four miles of Gettysburg, where a heavy force of the enemy were reported to be stationed to make a movement to intercept us; but we completely foiled their vigilance by winding around by obscure roads. When beyond their lines we fell into a public highway running along the edge of Miller's Valley, on the north side of the "Short Hill" range, passed out of this valley through Fairfield, a small country village, and then across the Short Hills, which passed us over the Pennsylvania State line into Maryland near Emmettsburg, a pleasant and handsome little village, at the foot of these hills.

The sun was nearly down. Men and horses, jaded almost beyond endurance, having been on a continual move for the past three days. At this place we expected to meet a Yankee cavalry force, who were reported to have been there during the day, supposed to be on the look out for us. The command was halted within a mile and an advance sent forward. So worn down were the men, that this little halt found nearly half the column asleep on their horses, but their snatched up repose was suddenly interrupted by a succession of shouts that rang along the whole line of the advance; the main body took it to be the usual signal for a charge, and as quick as thought every man braced himself in his saddle, and the column was hurried on to their support. But what an agreeable surprise awaited us. Instead of meeting the Yankee columns in deadly strife, the old and young were thronging the streets and hailing our advent with shouts of the wildest joy, while clusters of fair women and bevvies of sparkling maidens greeted us with ex-

pressions of the most heartfelt welcome. Refreshments and beverages were profusely borne out and distributed into the ranks by their own generous hands to our wearied and hungry soldiers, which seemed to act as a charm to the dull spirits and exhausted frames of the most way-worn. When one of the troopers would chance to dismount, he was caught and embraced by these lovely ones as a brother, but he would pay the penalty by finding himself minus the last button on his old coat; the fair little rogues would dart off and tauntingly twirl them between their delicate little fingers to their unfortunate companions who had failed to secure a rebel relic. This sudden heartsome ovation from this down-trodden people will ever call forth emotions of pleasing and grateful recollections in the bosoms of every recipient; for, emerging as we had, from a deadly hostile community, where, could even woman's looks have been daggers, we would, the last one of us, shared a worse than Siseran fate; and then, so suddenly to find ourselves in an atmosphere of such congeniality, indeed inspires feelings that can but be imagined. But as the deepest joys are shortest, we must pass hastily on, with misgivings and heartbodings, to leave these noble patriots behind in the tyrant's grasp.

But let fetters ne'er so tightly bind,
 The limbs of those who would be free;
 'T would be madder to 'tempt to gyve the mind,
 Than to stop the rising tide of the sea.

So long as the tyrant 'tempts to bind
 The oppress'd people of such noble soul;
 Tho' he may gyve, they will be free in mind
 As long as the changing tide may roll.

No! let us not, when our bright sunny land
 Is from the vile tyrant's grasp set free,
 Mock thee with Maryland! my Maryland!
 But ungyve your limbs, as your minds, so free,
 Then hail thee as Maryland! my Maryland!

The last rays of the setting sun fell upon this devoted little village as we reluctantly turned and bade her a sad adieu. A body of Yankee cavalry had been here during the day, awaiting, up to a few moments of our arrival, but they broke and skedaddled at our approach, and we were left to pursue our onward march without interruption. We turned to the right on the turnpike leading to

Fredericktown, some twenty-five miles distant, which road, after traveling ten miles, we left, and turned to the left on a private way, crossing the Monocacy River twice, and, bearing again to the left, passed through the village of Woodsboro' shortly after dark, where we also met a warm reception from her sympathizing citizens: but not calling a halt, we turned to the left and passed through Liberty, a village eight miles distant from the latter place. Here (it being dark) we were hailed as Union troops, in pursuit of the rebel Stuart. A Yankee officer, who seemed to be at home, on his oars, with hat flourishing in hand, encouraged the passing column, and hoped they would catch "old Stuart and his rebel gang" before daylight; and concluded by insisting upon the officers to light and take some refreshments with him, who, for want of time, asked to be excused, but broke a few bottles of champagne in the saddle with him. He was then politely informed that he was General Stuart's prisoner, and that there was a position in the "rebel gang" for him. He, however, reluctantly "fell in," and mounted a bare back "Conestoga pony," and was taken along. Here we were getting into "hot water," as the Yankee forces were on the move after us on most of the public roads. We here turned down the Baltimore highway, and passed on to within twenty-five miles of the latter place. Leaving this road to the left, we bore round in the direction of Fredericktown, but learning that a heavy force was at that place, we left it five miles to the right, and by circuitous by-ways successfully evaded the enemy's pickets, passed through Newmarket about three o'clock A. M., captured the telegraph office and recent despatches from the Government, all enjoining the strictest watch out for the rebels. General Stuart passed despatches over the line to the authorities at Washington that the rebel command had gone up in the direction of Harper's Ferry, and that it was not necessary to send any more troops below. The wires were then destroyed and the railroad track obstructed. After halting an hour, the command was again put in motion. General Stuart, however, detached a part of the North Carolina cavalry, under Captain Barringer, and turned, with this separate command, to the right, on the road leading to Urbana, while the main body moved straight forward on the public highway to Hyattstown, without any incident save the capture of several army wagons moving after their commands, which were evidently on the move for us at the dif-

ferent fordings below—just missing the whole train by one hour, thence by a by-way to Burnsville. General Stuart, with his detachment, moved on and reached Urbana before daybreak. Here he halted for an hour, and breakfasted at his former headquarters. This sudden and unexpected advent was a matter of great surprise and congratulation to these sympathizing people, whose warm hospitality we had a few months before enjoyed. However rejoiced, they evinced the greatest solicitude for General Stuart's safety, being in the midst of the Yankee forces. One body had just passed down in the direction of Poolsville, and another had camped just a mile above, and were moving behind, thus placing him between the two columns. He moved leisurely off down the Washington highway. At the far end of the town General Stuart and some of his officers were riding in advance of the column, when they were accosted by an individual running out from a harnessed up vehicle (it was just light), who rudely said to them: "Hey, my lads, which way this morning?" General Stuart indignantly drew up, and said: "Who are you, and what are you doing here this time in the morning?" He assumed a more obedient and respectful tone: "Why, excuse me, Major, I did not know it was really ye, sir. I do hope ye will not think hard of me, Major, as I jist thought ye were some o' the boys passing, and so I hailed ye. You see these infernal teamsters got scared that Stuart's rebel cavalry was coming this ere way, and so they skedaddled off last night and left me and one wagon alone, ye see. Why, these d—d rebel cavalry are iverywhere, and that d—d old rebel Stuart gives us more trouble than a little; but I think they will stop him this trip, as sure as fate." Here, to his trembling astonishment, he was informed that he was General Stuart's prisoner, and to drive out his wagon, which proved to be a well assorted supply of sutler's stores. General Stuart with the detachment joined the main body at Burnsville, having passed through the enemy's lines without encountering his pickets.

The command was moved on cautiously in the direction of Poolsville, where there was a heavy force to intercept us on that road (it being about six miles from this point to the river). But after advancing to within two and a half miles of the latter place, turned off the road and bore round to the right, along a fresh, open way through the woods and fields, where there had never been the sign of a road before. Skirmishers were thrown out on the right and

left, who luckily captured every picket post of the enemy they came in contact with. The main column moved on slowly, feeling their way, till within sight of the Potomac.

Now came the feat of the expedition, the recrossing. Immediately in front of us lay Edward's Ferry, also used as a fording; still four miles to the left lay an obscure crossing, called Cheek's Ford. The first was strongly guarded by artillery and cavalry; the latter was supposed not to be guarded at all, or at least slightly, while heavy forces were moving down from Poolsville. A sudden dash was made by a detachment of artillery and cavalry upon the ferry, which had the effect of driving the enemy's guns from his position; while entertaining him here, the main body wheeled and moved hurriedly down to the ford below. The guard on the upper side were all captured; but high cliffs jutting from the lower side, completely overlooking the ford, were discovered to be lined with the enemy's infantry. With this formidable obstacle in our front, his artillery and cavalry moving down the river, and a heavy body of infantry moving up behind, everything indeed, looked doubtful. But the quick eye of General Stuart met this emergency by manœvering two pieces of artillery on an eminence to the left that overlooked these cliffs, and a few well directed shells thrown in their midst, cleaned them out, and a body of our dismounted sharpshooters were immediately thrown in upon them, driving them entirely off, and held the cliffs while our other pieces entertained theirs furiously, and also kept up a fight on the upper passage. In the meantime the column was successfully crossed over at this ford, and a few pieces of artillery got in position on the high hills on the Virginia side, so as to cover the other pieces in crossing; and just as they were relinquishing their position, a brigade of the enemy's infantry came double-quickening down, but a few well directed shots, thrown in their midst, sent them skedaddling back in confusion. They again re-appeared, reinforced by another brigade, but only in time to see our rear gain the other bank; chagrined and disappointed, thus they beheld their so much coveted game so completely slip their fingers—which was indeed a subject of congratulation to the exhausted trooper as he threw his weary form down upon the "green sward" of the Old Dominion to rest, having passed over a most extraordinary circuit in the short space of three days and a half, surpassing any former movement for celerity on military record.

In 1803 it is recorded, that Wellington's cavalry in India marched the distance of sixty miles in twenty-four hours. Lord Lake, it is said, with his English cavalry, marched seventy miles in twenty-four hours, which is the nearest approximation to this march of General Stuart's from Chambersburg. Taking all his circuitous windings to the Potomac, it was ninety miles in twenty-two hours, bringing successfully off with him a cumbersome train of captured horses; and, what is more remarkable, passed through the right wing, around the rear, and through the left wing of McClellan's army, and for the most part through a deadly hostile country, without a single casualty, capturing four hundred prisoners, destroying a million of dollars worth of Government stores, and bringing off two thousand head of horses.* This annoying dash has given their own citizens a faint idea of the sweets of war, and has taught them a wholesome respect for us, as their most rabid sheet, the New York *Tribune*, candidly expresses: "That Stuart's gang of horse thieves, notwithstanding the fact that they all richly deserve the halter, made a favorable impression wherever they went. We all like pluck, dash, and boldness, even when exhibited by highway robbers. The old farmers who lost all their horses, and as firm in the support of the Union as the hills, could not but admire the coolness, bravery, and discipline, which characterized their every movement. Compared with Stuart's cavalry, our own sink into insignificance, and seem about as valuable as the crowd of dandy ponies that gallop up Fifth Avenue every pleasant afternoon."

We passed through the patriotic old town of Leesburg amid the shouts and congratulations of her citizens; similar manifestations now greeted our entire course; crossed the Blue Ridge at Snicker's Gap, and reached our headquarters at Martinsburg on the 12th.

* And so sure were the old farmers of Pennsylvania of our capture, that they had come on after the pursuing column to prove and take charge of their horse property.

CHAPTER VII.

EVACUATION OF MARTINSBURG AND WITHDRAWAL FROM THE VALLEY—
ENGAGEMENT AT BARBER'S CROSS-ROADS, AT GAINES' CROSS-ROADS, AT
LITTLE WASHINGTON, AT LAUREL MILLS—HARASSES THE REAR OF THE
YANKEE ARMY IN MOVING DOWN TO FREDERICKSBURG—QUINTESSENCE
OF MEANNESS.

Since the events of the last chapter, the command was quietly keeping up the upper post of the Potomac. The river being the line, brought the pickets of each party in speaking distance of each other; and as there was an arrangement not to fire at one another on foot, an exchange of civilities was not of unfrequent occurrence; such pithy dialogues as the following would occur between "Yank" and "Secesh:"

Yank—(derisively). "How are ye, boys—don't you want some coffee over on yer side?"

Secesh—(aptly). "Not any, thank yee; got plenty from Pennsylvania."

Yank—(gathering and coming again). "Don't you want some clothing over there?"

Secesh—"Not a stitch: we got a good supply at Harper's Ferry and over in Pennsylvania."

Yank—(sneeringly). "Why do yer fellers wear our blue clothes; you've got a *bran new* Government, why don't it furnish you in its own *glorious gray*?"

Secesh—"Economy, egad; we get yours so much cheaper."

Here Yankee curiosity seemed satisfied at this game, and assumed a more respectful tone, and then gave the confab a more sociable cast; the Yankee finally concluding by proposing to meet half way in the river and settle the pending difficulties over a bottle of whiskey, which would be accepted, meeting in a nonchalant air to the gaze of the hostile parties on each bank.

On the 1st of November, down on the right, on Fitz. Lee's line in front of Harper's Ferry, the frequent pounding of Pelham's horse artillery gave us notice that the pent up columns of McClellan were seeking a vent through the mountains to make another "On to Richmond." Our main army in the meantime were laying

quietly up in the valley around Winchester, and by the enemy's demonstrations on the extreme left passes, he was leaving our army to the right and moving in the direction of Warrenton, making "that masterly movement" through the mountain down the north bank of the Rappahannock, that the boastful, parasitical Northern press gave out was to thwart the "Rebel Lee," and give them an easy occupation of Richmond. This beautiful programme was to be carried out not exactly by fighting, but to beat the wary Lee there by a foot race. But if circumstances had placed Richmond as a goal of refuge from rebel bayonets, the *gallant* soldiers of the "Young Napoleon," doubtless, from their Bull Runish proclivities, would have won at that game; but, as the sequel of events will show, a sad accident befel his novel programme—that either the Young Napoleon had not carefully examined the track before setting his coursers on, or that the new *rider*, who relieved him, did not spur fast enough.

The enemy, in debouching from his base through the mountains, gave our cavalry and horse artillery active work, both to keep their cavalry, which was largely superior to us in numbers, to the lines of their main body, and from dashing against the flanks of our army that was also on the move. This called in our cavalry from its lines. On the 3d of November we took up the line of march, leaving behind us our good, loyal population to be again cursed by the hateful presence of the Yankees—for no one can hate them so deeply as those who have been in immediate contact with them. On our first day's march we met with nothing of special interest, save the wistful looks of many a longing old man or fair maiden as we passed along. The command bivouacked at the east end of the valley beyond Berryville.

The next day we crossed the Shenandoah River at an obscure ford at the foot of the Blue Ridge, just below where the Manassas railroad crosses, and crossed over the ridge at Manassas Gap. Here the enemy's cavalry dashed upon our advance, but a few volleys sent them skedaddling down the mountain in the wildest confusion, leaving behind several dead and wounded. Here we turned to the right from the main road, and pursued an obscure track along the eastern slope of the mountain, and halted late in the night ten miles beyond the gap, at the foot of the mountain near Barber's cross-roads, in close proximity to the enemy, who were reported to be advancing from the direction of Snicker's

Gap. A strong picket was thrown out during the night, and early in the morning a large force of cavalry and artillery were seen advancing in the direction of the cross-roads, with infantry or dismounted cavalry moving in strong columns down the mountain slopes just behind. Our forces to meet him at this point were only Hampton's cavalry, and not more than three-fourths fit for duty, and a portion of the Ninth Virginia cavalry and one battery of horse artillery, with General Stuart in command. Our forces were kept concealed behind the hills till about eleven o'clock, when the enemy were seen advancing slowly and cautiously towards the cross-roads. Their approach to this point was through a wide lane, with a stone fence running on each side. At the cross-roads stood an old store house and some other dilapidated buildings, and on all sides were undulating open fields, checked off with rough stone fences. The following disposition was made of our little force: One section of artillery on the right at the cross-roads, supported by a squadron of the North Carolina cavalry; another in the centre, and another on the left, supported by a portion of the Georgia cavalry, the remaining four squadrons of the North Carolina cavalry in advance on the left, and the South Carolina cavalry on the extreme left flank; the Ninth Virginia on the main road leading by the store house, with a small body of dismounted sharpshooters, under Lieutenant J. M. Morrow, posted behind the buildings at the cross-roads, and also a small body of the Georgia cavalry as sharpshooters, on the extreme right flank. Our batteries opened vigorously upon the enemy's advance, which elicited a warm response from theirs. The duel was kept up an hour and a half. In the meantime the enemy's sharpshooters were creeping up under cover of the stone fences leading from their column to the cross-roads, and also behind some cross stone fences on the left. The battery at the cross-roads, firing its last round of ammunition, was, with its support, withdrawn. Their cavalry, on seeing this, came dashing down the lane to follow and capture the piece, but a well directed volley from Lieutenant Morrow's little squad checked their advance, and continued pouring it into their confused ranks, and drove them back; they, however, rallied and completed the charge upon the buildings, when the sharpshooters retired, after again emptying a good number of saddles, with several of the party wounded. Immediately at the cross-roads the Virginia cavalry met and drove

them back under cover of their sharpshooters. In the meantime the enemy's cavalry had advanced on the advance squadrons of the North Carolina cavalry on the left, where Colonel Gordon gallantly met and was driving them before him, but ran into an ambuscade of the enemy's sharpshooters behind a stone fence, where a number of our men were captured; retiring, he was charged by the Yankee cavalry, in which the sabre was used quite freely, driving them back again, and following them up vigorously, recaptured most of our men and bore off a number of theirs. The South Carolina cavalry came to their support and held the position. After this an artillery duel was kept up briskly for two hours, when all our wounded were taken off and the command withdrawn without any interruption to the Front Royal turnpike, and bivouacked for the night at Gaines' cross-roads. Our loss was ascertained to have been fifty killed, wounded and missing.

The next day there was some skirmishing of the other cavalry on the left, but our command was not engaged. We bivouacked the ensuing night in the same place, in a thick timber, behind some hills—a most bitter cold night, without axes to prepare firewood—the North Carolina cavalry being the farthest down the road on the advance position. The next morning found the snow falling thick and fast, and continued until the afternoon. About three o'clock, while shivering around our stunted camp fires, calling down anything but blessings upon the head of Mars for introducing such a cruel *modus operandi* for settling difficulties between mortals, the ominous cracks from our well known carbines at the nearest picket post of the last named regiment, and the rushing in of a courier, gave brief notice of the untimely approach of the enemy. Every man to his horse, and down into the road dashed. Our pickets were falling back hurriedly, and were now at the edge of the camp; a large body of their dismounted men were attempting to flank and surround us on the right, and a heavy body of his cavalry was advancing up the road. Colonel Gordon met the emergency by placing the cavalry in the road, and throwing a body of dismounted men out on the right, under Lieutenant Siler, who boldly and vigorously met and drove them back from hill to hill, and held them against their main body until a piece of our artillery was brought up, when they were finally driven back, and retreated precipitately down the road. Their artillery was used quite freely, but without any effect. This regiment was the only

one engaged. No pursuit was ordered, as the repulsed was too strong for the repulsing party, the other regiments of the brigade, being situated some distance up the road, and the onset being so sudden, did not come up in time to make pursuit. The enemy had several killed and wounded, while the success of this spirited little affair was not purchased without loss on our side. Lieutenant J. S. Siler, of Company K, from Macon County, N. C., fell while bravely leading the dismounted skirmishers in the last charge. In him his regiment lost a valiant and noble soul; cool brave, generous, and kind, his men loved him like a brother. A few of his men, nearest him when he fell, bore him off, while the remainder fought like tigers until the affair was over. Sad, indeed, was the scene when his weather-bronzed men wept around his lifeless corpse, as his warm blood crimsoned the fresh fallen snow. But sadder, far sadder, the home scene, when that manly form lay before his devoted friends, a fallen sacrifice for liberty. Father, mother, brother, and sister, your country's altar could not have had a more worthy sacrifice, and may you and yours live to enjoy that sacrifice.

"They who for their country die,
 Shall fill an honored grave;
 For glory gilds the soldier's tomb,
 And beauty weeps the brave."

On the ensuing day, November 8th, the enemy, with a strong force of his cavalry, made a sudden dash upon the camp of the Georgia Regiment, which was situated some three miles from Gaines' cross-roads, on the turnpike near Little Washington. They evaded the pickets at the cross-roads, and came in a by-way from the right (a mile and a half from the camp), where a small body of men, under Lieutenant Wm. Dial, of the Georgia cavalry, with only ten men, were picketing, who gallantly met the onset, falling back slowly to a narrow lane, stubbornly contesting the ground, bore up hand to hand, with their pressing assailants. The command at the camp heard it and were hurrying out to meet the alarm. Colonel Deloney, putting spurs to his horse, left the column behind and dashed up into the *melce*, and hand to hand with his brave boys, nearly all of whom had been cut down, was delivering his blows right and left, when an athletic Yankee trooper assailed him just as he was raising his dripping sabre from its vic-

tim. His new antagonist's blows were dexterously dealt, and an instant parry saved his head; a quick, heavy blow, partially ward-ed off, fell broadside and deadened his sword arm, causing it to fall helpless by his side; one more deadly thrust at heart, but luckily a silver-cased flask in the breast coat pocket turns the weapon's sharp point, and it glides by, only grazing the skin. Exasperated at his foiled attempt, the furious trooper, with knit brows and compressed lips, was raising the final blow, at the length of his powerful arm—the column comes thundering up in hurrying tread—out-stripping the foremost dashes a small boy on a little keen black charger; his darting eye catches his beloved Colonel's awful dilemma, and with upraised gleaming sabre, arrests the fatal blow, by cleaving the confident antagonist's head in twain, and half raising it for another stroke, a pistol shot sends the noble lad, too, reeling from his saddle, dangerously wounded.* The last one of the gallant ten had fallen, killed or wounded. Hand to hand the supporting party furiously took up the rencounter. Old United States regulars had been met, but Southern impetuosity was too much for them; they began to yield and give ground, when a body of our dismounted men gained their flanks, when they broke; here our artillery came dashing up and completed the success and sent them scampering down the road at a most inconvenient speed. They were pursued a short distance, but the pursuing party was called off on account of its weakness. The enemy's loss in killed, and wounded, and captured was seventy-five; our loss was twenty-five killed and wounded.

From this point General Hampton assumed the aggressive. He made two successful dashes on the enemy's position at Laurel Mills, fourteen miles above Culpeper C. H., succeeded in routing and driving them entirely from that region, killing, wounding, and

* We deem it worthy to state that this noble boy, Jimmie Clanton, scarce sixteen years old, is the son of a highly respectable and influential citizen of Augusta, Ga. He was dangerously wounded in the body, but has since recovered. His devoted father, on hearing of his situation, hurried on out to visit him, and repaired to the place where poor Jimmie lay in the most precarious situation. On entering the room, the solicitous parent seeing his suffering boy lying stretched out on his back, after saluting him, not even waiting to inquire of his welfare, but looking anxiously into his pale features: "My boy, my boy, tell me, were you shot facing the foe or with your back to him." Jimmie showed the wound in front. "All right, my brave boy," with his venerable face sparkling with joy. "I'd with far greater pride buried you with that wound in front than for you to have saved your life by running."

capturing a large number ; which rid the farmers of the presence of these notorious scamps who were committing every species of depredations, from negro stealing down to robbing the roost of the last old hen, thus giving more evidence of the thieving brigand than soldiers fighting for principle.

From daily reconnoissances it was found that the whole force of the enemy were rapidly moving on down, and on the night of the 17th, General Hampton, with a detachment from the North and South Carolina cavalry, proceeded cautiously toward his camps, which were found to be vacated. The reconnoissance was pushed on across Broad Run to within eight miles of Warrenton, where their pickets were discovered and driven in, and after skirmishing with and harassing their main body a good part of the day, we retired back across Broad Run, losing one killed and three wounded ; the enemy's loss was fifteen killed and wounded. Early next morning another reconnoissance was made in the same direction, and all the camps were found to have been deserted during the night. We kept on their track through Warrenton ; here General Stuart slept in the identical bed Burnside had slept in the night before, occupying for his headquarters the house where the young Napoleon had turned his command over to Burnside. Here the celebrated Black Horse Cavalry pursued and captured in the farther side of town, a part of their rear guard. We followed closely on their heels. The conduct that characterized their track through the country was enough to demoralize the soldiers of Peter the Hermit. Farms wantonly laid waste, houses pillaged, not a living domestic animal nor a grain for bread left for these unfortunate people ; nevertheless, our presence would seem to cheer them into a forgetfulness of their situation, which augurs that no earthly power can ever shake their faith from our cause.

In passing through the desolated region of Fauquier County we met an instance of meanness, in the way of Yankee trickery, that should be set down to the account of that people who are laboring that they may not "escape history." A certain Yankee General made his headquarters at a Mrs. Bowman's ; as he said, he went there out of kindness, to protect her property ; but rather gave it the protection the wolf gives the lamb. On leaving, he politely requested his bill for self and staff, which was objected to ; docking it one-half, he gave the poor woman an order on the bank at Washington, which she protested would do her no good, and in

lieu of which she asked to be allowed to draw some necessaries from his commissary, which was reluctantly granted, allowing her among some few items a barrel of sugar, which was rolled up to the cellar door; the industrious Brigadier superintending the placing it in the cellar, calling the lady's attention to the fact that the barrel staves were rather open, and that the sugar was working through the crevices, but he had examined and found the sugar in good condition. A few days after the gallant General and his *cortege* had left, Mrs. Bowman had the barrel opened, and instead of the refined saccharine crystals, it had been packed with the commonest dirt of the orchard, the crevices being smeared, alone contained any of the article bartered for. And the only satisfaction the poor duped lady had was a side-wipe retort upon one of this wooden-nutmeg General's Aids, who called a few days afterwards for his dinner; and in the course of his conversation at the table, remarked that she had fine lands, and on asking what such lands sold at, she curtly answered, "that it had sold for thirty dollars per barrel," (the price of the bogus sugar.) Whereupon he insisted on an explanation. She simply referred him to his General, whose conscience doubtless

Shame could never reach,
Tho' it strove with the power
Of the mightiest catapult.

We bivouacked near Warrenton Springs, and next day made a reconnoissance out north of the Springs, when it was ascertained that the enemy's force was moving off from the direction of the upper fords of the Rappahannock, down through Fauquier and Stafford Counties in the direction of Fredericksburg. Our command then bore down and crossed the Rappahannock at Lawson's Ford, and thence moved on to Brandy Station and went into camp in that vicinity.

Here our brigade was posted and held the upper lines of the Rappahannock in front of the enemy's extreme right, picketing and guarding the different fords. From this point General Hampton made frequent and successful raids within the enemy's lines. On the last of November, with a detachment of four hundred men, he crossed the Rappahannock and penetrated into Fauquier and captured an entire Yankee cavalry camp, securing and bearing off a large number of prisoners, and the camp equipments, without the

loss of a single man. He made several daring and successful raids, penetrating as far as Dumfries and Occoquan, surprising and destroying camps, capturing many prisoners, large trains of wagons and sutler's stores, which generally proved rich and valuable, and would give the boys a gay time over the spoils. Candies, syrups, pickled oysters, lobsters, smoked beef tongues, Westphalia hams, coffee, sugar, lemons, oranges, plums, nuts, and in fine a little of everything that a well assorted confectionery on Broadway would contain; and then—which is hardly thinable—"Thomas and Jeremiah," and brandies and wines of the most approved brands. Out of these fine brands was culled a gaudily painted cask, labelled in the most fancy characters, "A CHRISTMAS PRESENT TO GEN. A. E. BURNSIDE," which was placed under special deposit for our General's sideboard. Doubtless the donor of this mis-carried present, would, under the *regime* of Abraham I., be bastiled for instilling *spirit* into the rebellion. On one of these sudden dashes into Occoquan, General Hampton captured the notorious Virginia traitor and spy, J. C. Underwood. These raids were made during the most rigorous season of the winter, traveling day and night, amid the severest storms of sleet and snow, which was borne cheerfully, as our noble and beloved commander, sacrificing every pleasure, never failed to share with us the most extreme privations. These annoying raids so seriously affected the enemy's communication, that the line between Alexandria and Fredericksburg was suspended. The enemy attempted several times to force a passage across at these fords above, but in every instance were successfully met and driven back.

CHAPTER VIII.

STUART'S RAID ON BURNSIDE'S REAR—CROSSES THE RAPPAHANNOCK—MAKES A DESCENT UPON DUMFRIES AND OCCOQUAN—MEETS AND DISPERSES THE YANKEE CAVALRY MOST HANDSOMELY—CAPTURES A LARGE TRAIN OF WAGONS AND SUTLERS' STORES—CAPTURES BERKLEY STATION—PRISONERS AND SUPPLIES.

The battle of Fredericksburg had been fought under the *regime* of its new-fledged general, who had, to use their own favorite phrase, "met a damaging repulse." He had stolen back, with his shattered forces, across the river on his pontoons, which had he, Cæsar like, burnt behind him, his beaten, demoralized army would have been completely gobbled by the wary Lee. But he had succeeded, under cover of night, in doggedly drawing them back again, and he lay cowering between the Rappahannock and Potomac, which presented an opportune occasion for a mischievous prank in his rear by our "light, dashing dragoons." Accordingly, a little over a week after this event, on Christmas morning, December 25th, that season once the signal of joy and mirth, the weather-beaten trooper, if he had any anticipations on that event, they were blasted by the bugle's importunate notes, summoning "boots and saddles." In every camp he could be seen cheerfully busying himself in packing his haversack, adjusting his full complement of cartridge rounds, belting his sabre, and slinging on his carbine, in pursuance of an order of the night previous, to be ready early, with five days' rations, *en route* for some point unknown. About ten o'clock the whole brigade moved off in full trim in the direction of the Rappahannock, where we joined the other cavalry of the whole division, with its accompaniment of two pieces of horse artillery, and bivouacked for the night on the south bank. Early next morning we crossed the river at Kelly's and Bowman's fords, moving up on the Elktown road, with Generals Stuart, Hampton, and the two Lees at our head—which betokened some trick of more than ordinary import--with the brigade of each stretching along the narrow road a considerable distance behind. We passed through Elktown, and penetrated as far as Cedar river without any interruption, when, after dark, the command

was halted, and bivouacked on this side of the river, below Brentsville; whence we decamped early next morning, crossing at Bowman's ford, leaving Brentsville to the left; thence recrossing again, moved on in the direction of Occoquan; and when within eight miles of the latter place, General Stuart detached the brigades of the two Lees, turned to the right, and moved down upon Dumfries, where some recent camps of the enemy had been established since Hampton's last raid, a week before, leaving Hampton with his brigade to move on Occoquan, where a body of the enemy's cavalry were posted, and attack the two places simultaneously. One column, after moving on a short distance, the advance met a small body of Yankee cavalry, and, after an exciting chase, captured the whole party; then moved up to within three miles of Occoquan, and halted. Soon the booming of cannon from the right gave us notice that Stuart was at work on his point. The command moved rapidly on, and when within about a mile of our point, the enemy's cavalry met the advance, and after a few sharp cracks they broke and fled, the whole column in full pursuit after them, chasing them through Occoquan, killing, wounding, and capturing twenty-five, and driving the others across the river; some breaking down the river in the direction of Dumfries. We captured a train of twenty wagons, mules, and a good lot of sutlers' stores, which proved a welcome prey to us. We will relate a little experience with these unfortunate victims:

The first was a short, chuffy, black, lager-beer Dutchman, toiling with a heavy laden two-horse vehicle, just turning out of the road to take up camp. Our advance dashed up, and hailed him to surrender. The astounded driver, dropping his reins, with broad amazement over his round features, and with a despairing look, exclaimed: "Vell, vell, de rebels ish got me. Got tam sich a peeples. Vot for ish our army vort, any how, if dey can't keep van tam leetle pit ov rebel hosse off vot leetle guds a body ish got in de behind here; vy, dey aint vort vun copper zent, to let you leetle pit uv men vip tem off, and cum vay pack here and take our leetle tings from us tish vay." With a deeper grin of despondency, he continued: "Every ting I ish got, der it goes. Vell," extending his hands, with open digits, "dör is vive fingers on dat hand, and vive on dish, and I ish goin' to home and go to vork vid tem hands, and vot leetle I git, I vill stay der mit it de rest of mine tays, afore I vill risk vun cent in tish tam concern vun time more;

if old Sho Hooker would give his poud agist de rebels, and old Linckhon to poot." Three other vehicles with their rolling stock had halted behind. From the foremost, an Irishman, the driver leaving his boss, a merchant-like personage sitting on the box, was accosted by one of our officers riding up: "Well, Pat, I am glad to see you." "An' sure, ye've missed it; its Mike this time. An' faith, captin, ye've a right to bay glad, since I've brought so nicely intu yer hands three sich loads as those." "Have you any boots?" he impatiently asked. "Ah, an' plase yer honor, a fine lot, but as yer foot is kinder like me own, it's outgrown the rest of yer body, (the foot of the interrogator being greatly disproportionate.) I doubt ye could be fitted out o' this lot; but if ye'll say so, I'll take yer measure now, an' have ye a pair made to order, an' whin ye come agin, I'll deliver them. Ye've dun so well this time, ye'll be afther prowlin' around here agin; and as we've disposed uv the stock so easily this time, we'll be afther drivin' to the same market agin."

The wagons were hurried off, amid the dolorous sighs of the ruined sutlers—Mike lively cracking his whip and jesting to the contrary.

The command held this place till ten o'clock in the night, and then retired about eight miles back on the road we came, where we joined the other brigades, who in the meantime had made a successful descent upon Dumfries, killing and capturing one hundred and fifty of the enemy, charging and driving them from their first line of camps, which were held and destroyed, and cannonading a large body of infantry for two hours, bringing off forty army and sutlers' wagons, with only the loss of six killed and wounded. Here, at a late hour in the night, the command halted and rested till morning. In the morning it was ascertained that a large force of the enemy's cavalry was pursuing us. General Stuart wheeled the column, and led it back to meet them; and after advancing about three miles, met their advance. The enemy, anticipating our movements, had drawn up three brigades in line across an extensive old field, fronting the road, approached by a steep hill, the road passing up this hill through a deep cut. General Stuart, with the first Virginia cavalry (his old regiment) in advance, with the other columns in supporting distance. The enemy's advance was charged and driven straight forward in, and just as the end of the cut was reached, General Stuart gave the command, "At them,

my boys, and give it to them in *terce point!*" And at it, with that devilish yell, across the open field in the face of a perfect shower of leaden hail, the gallant Virginians dashed—clash went their sabres—delving into the enemy's ranks they plunged. The first shock had scarcely subsided when their front line broke. Plying the onset with additional fury, the support also gave way, and the confusion became a rout, and broke into a wild flight; their flying column glutting the road—parties indiscriminately breaking through wood and field—the continual pop of our pistols and clash of our sabres—pinning the hindmost up—blockading the road with horse and rider—every step marking the road with a bleeding body.

This exciting chase was thus kept up for two miles, driving them on through their camps, below Occoquan city, and never stopped till within the lines of a large body of infantry, who were moving up from Dumfries, and after entertaining this body with several rounds of shell, the command withdrew, having killed and wounded two hundred, with the loss of only sixteen killed and wounded. Crossed the Occoquan river, and proceeded to Burke station, on the Orange and Alexandria railroad, capturing the telegraph and operator, and some supplies. Here General Stuart opened communication with old Abe, and elicited several respectful responses; when he concluded by remonstrating with him respecting the inferior qualities of his mules, in the following despatch:

"PRESIDENT LINCOLN: The last draw of wagons I've just made are very good, but the mules are inferior stock, scarcely able to haul off the empty wagons; and if you expect me to give your lines any further attention in this quarter, you should furnish better stock, as I've had to burn several valuable wagons before getting them in my lines.

J. E. B. STUART."

"A. LINCOLN."

Destroying the telegraph and obstructing the railroad, moved on all night in the direction of Fairfax, but finding a strong force had been concentrated at that point, passed immediately around it, evading their forces who were on the move to intercept us, and bore round up to Vienna, and swept on round the enemy without any interruption during the day; crossed Bull Run and bivouacked

near Gainesville; thence through Warrenton, where a body of Yankee cavalry came across to intercept us, but the ubiquitous Black Horse alone met and dispersed them; re-crossed the Rappahannock at Warrenton Springs, and proceeded leisurely to camp, and reached it on the 31st. In this raid General Stuart doubtless carried out his most cherished plans, capturing three hundred prisoners, besides killing and wounding at least one hundred, securing and carrying off a large quantity of valuable property, and inflicting serious damage upon the enemy in destroying his camps and supplies. In the meantime the enemy's cavalry attempted a raid on our rear, proceeded to the Rappahannock, crossed at Kelly's Ford, overpowering the small picket force, and was proceeding in the direction of our camps. But General Stuart had left Colonel Baker, with part of Hampton's command, for such an emergency: who gallantly met them, and by skillful manœuvring of the small force he had under him, he drove them back across the river, severely chastising them in their retreat. Their force outnumbered ours five to one, but the promptness of this gallant officer in having his small force at the right place and at the right time saved us from an untold disaster.

Thus ends our crude and imperfect sketches of the humble part we have borne in the summer, fall, and winter campaigns of 1862. And to-night as we lay down our pen, the chilling wintry winds chant a sad requiem of the parting year that has entombed so many fond hopes. We hear the lone step of the sentinel on his weary round, as his steady tread rustles over the incrustated, frozen ground; he breathes in silence against the cutting blasts, and fond memory carries him back to the once happy scenes of peaceful association.

"His musket falls slack, his face dark and grim,
Grows gentle with memories dear."

His reveries break, and his heart utters a silent prayer for peace. Ah! how many hearts at this moment are anxiously throbbing for that much coveted blessing. Yet bear up, God in his own good time will deliver us, and amid the dark, frowning clouds of war a full gleam of hope peers through the gloom, reflected from a just and holy cause, still encouraging us to strike.

Strike—as ye have struck before!

Strike—as ye have struck, once more

Strike—as patriotic sires of yore!

Determined to be free!

These sore trials may run through another year, or even a series of years. Souls are tried in the crucible of suffering, and the hotter the crucible the purer the metal. And when the long pent up beams of peace burst forth, they will shine the brighter; and when we do come to sit down under the green tree of peace, the holier will be the spell. Yes, every pure impulse of the heart—every holy emotion of the soul—and every fond hope of the future inspires us to strike on with redoubled blows,

——— “for the green graves of our sires!
For our altars and our fires!
God and our native land!”

CHAPTER IX.

INTRODUCTION TO THE SPRING CAMPAIGN OF 1863.

We shall now attempt a continuation of the line of events through which our command has passed in the eventful campaign of 1863. We propose to trace a faithful narrative of the movements where we were engaged separately, or in conjunction with the whole or part of the army. The many gallant dashes, hard fought fights, and brilliant successes that have characterized the engagements of this branch of the troops, will lend a thrilling interest to our history when the impartial historian sets forth all the facts of this war to posterity; and the daring and brilliant achievements of our gallant Stuart and his subordinates, Hampton and the Lees, seconded by a brave and indefatigable soldiery, to say nothing of their cavalier compeers of the West, will add lustre to the military renown of the grand achievements of the other noble arms of the service.

The close of the campaign of 1862 left us in mid-winter on out-post duty on the upper lines of the Rappahannock. Our camps lay back on the hills in the vicinity of Stevensburg. The severe winter privations around this old dingy hamlet will long be remembered by Hampton's men as anything but an oasis in life's desert. Rain, rain, sleet, sleet, snow, snow, alternately, seemed to

be the unrelenting programme of old Hiems' majesty. Deeming this a permanent location for the rest of the winter, the busy clang of the axe gave token that vast improvements were under way; and in a few days rudely constructed shelters of every conceivable description dotted the camps; and, from the different modes of construction, one would have supposed that the confused builders of Babel's tower had taken the contract. Variegated modes of architecture could be seen, to suit the energy and convenience of the builder; the regular conical Indian wigwam, covered with earth; a few poles braced up at three sides, covered with a tent fly; and the regular woodman's cabin, with the crib chimney topped off with a barrel, puffing its fumes haughtily up in the air. What joyous comforts in fruition, as well as in anticipation, as these camp denizens would see the long, taggy icicles hanging from the rude roofs, or sit around the sparkling, cheerful fires, and hear the sleet rattling on the boards overhead, and in these cozy comforts exclaim, "Let the storm howl on."

The usual routine of camp duty was interrupted only once or twice by the enemy appearing in front of our lines across the Rappahannock, and sending at long range a few shells over, which would be duly responded to by Captain Hart's battery, with no other seeming purpose than to remind us that the doors of Janus were not opened; while we in turn would remind them of the same idea by the active enterprise of our indefatigable scouts, who, notwithstanding the severity of the weather, were continually penetrating their lines, carrying off batch after batch of prisoners. In one instance Lieutenant R. C. Shiver, a cool and daring young officer, of the Second South Carolina cavalry, with a few men, crossed the Rappahannock in a boat, and surprised and captured a number of prisoners. This young officer made several successful raids, killing and capturing a number of the enemy.

The first snow storm that had christened our winter quarters had scarcely melted away, when an unmerciful order came, precipitating us again out of doors. The darling comforts of our rude firesides, and the little domicile associations that had just begun to re-gentle one's nature, were reluctantly left behind. With bag and baggage now in the middle of February, the brigade moved out for some point unknown. Striking in a westwardly direction, we bivouacked the first night on the historic slopes of Cedar Mountain. The last rays of the setting sun played lingeringly upon the old

devoted field. The *debris* of the late contest lay profusely around, in broken fragments of shell; a rusty bayonet here and there, and broken muskets; scarred and crushed timber on the western slopes, marked the furious tracks of the struggle. A sad interest leads one down in the valley. Near by the little run that takes its name from the mountain, the upheaved sod rests on the bosoms of our fallen patriots of this well fought field, resting quietly in one common grave,

Like true heroes,
They sleep hard by where they fell,
Striking nobly
For the homes they lov'd so well.

Our bivouac fires, as we encoiled under our blankets, were greeted with a calm, clear sky, betokening an opportune occasion for our move. But these sunny-side calculations were sadly doomed to disappointment, as on the ensuing morning, raising our blankets from round our heads, the accumulating snow flakes came avalanching down around the bare neck. Looking out on the cheerless scene, the snow already several inches deep and still falling thick and fast, nothing told that a bivouac ever rested there, save the trembling horses that stood up to their knees in snow; while the promiscuous groups of sleepers that lay along the line of encampment still slept, insensible of the warring elements, beneath the snow mounds that had accumulated over each, which presented the appearance of one vast burying ground, resting snugly from the storm without. How suggestive of that long sleep that has but one awakening. The similitude goes further: as the morning bugle trumps them from their couches, breaking the smooth surface, they come forth from their snowy graves like apparitions rising from the earth, which was indeed a picture for the pencil of an artist. But the scene assumed more of a real cast to the actors, as we mounted and moved forward amid the cutting blasts, through ice, snow, and mud, on the miserable roads of the Piedmont region, which reminded one of the roads Sam Slick traveled over in Texas, where the bottom had fallen out. Our course had turned southward, and the move was no longer a military secret—the command was despatched to the lower counties on the important mission of *recruiting*, which proved to be rather a strange commentary on recruiting stock, which is rather better expressed by Bill Arp on the same subject; we went from one

point to another, "*whippaty whoppaty, flippaty floppaty*, riding around over the land," and after wandering over several of the lower counties of Virginia, the command was ordered back, and reported for duty about the last of May, and was assigned our original position on the outpost, which General Fitz. Lee had held in our absence, on which in the meantime at Kelly's Ford, on the 17th of March, the enemy crossed, and attacked and captured the small picket force; they were met by only a portion of Fitz. Lee's brigade and a battery of Stuart's horse artillery, with General Stuart in command. Pleasanton's whole cavalry division had crossed and was advancing, when a most severe and obstinate fight ensued; and after the most skillful manœuvering and hard fighting against overwhelming odds, the enemy by night was so badly crippled that he retired from the field, and fell back across the river, having suffered a heavy loss in killed and wounded. Our loss was also severe. Among the killed were some of our best and most promising officers—Major Puller, of Virginia; — Harris, of —, and Major John Pelham, of Alabama, chief of Stuart's horse artillery. The latter had won for himself the reputation of being one of the most skillful and successful young officers of the army, of whom the immortal Jackson, on the occasion of the battle of Fredericksburg, awarded the extreme compliment, "*That with a Pelham on each flank, I could vanquish the world*," and to whose memory we will take the liberty to submit the eloquent drippings from the pen of another.

CHAPTER X.

THE GALLANT PELHAM.

On the morning of the 17th of March, Averill's Federal cavalry, three thousand in the saddle, crossed the Rappahannock at Kelly's Ford, and attacked about eight hundred of General Fitz. Lee's command, who faced, without shrinking from these great odds, and fought them stubbornly at every point throughout the entire day.

When the sun, on that tranquil evening, was sinking slowly down behind the quiet forest, unstirred by the least breath of wind, the long and desperate struggle was decided, the enemy retiring, "badly hurt;" and General Stuart added in his despatch, "We are after him. His dead men and horses strew the roads." No harder battle has been fought during the entire war, and never have the enemy rolled back in greater confusion before Southern steel than here. Our heroes won the day by hard and desperate fighting, in charge after charge; but lost in the struggle some of the most valiant hearts that ever beat. Puller, Harris and Pelham were among the number—the "gallant Pelham" of the battle of Fredericksburg. He was in the performance of his duty as Chief of Artillery, and was riding towards his General as a regiment of cavalry swept by him in the charge. He was waving his hat aloft and cheering them on, when a ball from a carbine struck him on the head, mortally wounding him. He lingered till after midnight on the morning of the 18th, when General Stuart telegraphed to Mr. Curry, of Alabama: "The noble, the chivalric, the gallant Pelham is no more; he was killed in action yesterday. His remains will be sent to you to-day. How much he was beloved, appreciated, and admired, let the tears of agony we have shed, and the gloom of mourning throughout my command bear witness. His loss is irreparable." The body of the young officer was sent to Richmond, laid in state in the capital of Virginia, and we are told, "some tender hand deposited the evergreen wreaths, entwined with white flowers, upon the case that contained all that was mortal of the fallen hero." His family received the soldier's remains, they were taken to his southern home; Virginia, the field of his fame, had surrendered him to Alabama, the land of his birth.

The following is the General Order issued by General Stuart on the occasion:

HEADQUARTERS CAVALRY DIVISION,
ARMY OF NORTHERN VIRGINIA, March 21, 1863.

GENERAL ORDERS No. 9.

The Major General Commanding approaches, with reluctance, the painful duty of announcing to the Division its irreparable loss in the death of Major John Pelham, commanding the Horse Artillery.

He fell mortally wounded in the battle of Kellysville (March 16th), with the battle-cry on his lips, and the light of victory beaming in his eye.

To you, his comrades, it is needless to dwell upon what you have so often witnessed, his prowess in action, already proverbial. You well know how, though young in years—a mere stripling in appearance—remarkable for his genuine modesty of deportment, he yet disclosed on the battle-field the conduct of a veteran, and displayed in his handsome person the most imperturbable coolness in danger. His eye had glanced over every battle-field of this army, from the first Manassas to the moment of his death, and was, with a single exception, a brilliant actor in all. The memory of “the gallant Pelham,” his many virtues, his noble nature, and purity of character, is enshrined as a sacred legacy in the hearts of all who knew him. His record has been bright and spotless, his career brilliant and successful. He fell the noblest sacrifice on the altar of his country, to whose glorious service he had dedicated his life from the beginning of the war.

In token of respect for his cherished memory, the horse artillery and division staff will wear the military badge of mourning for thirty days; and the senior officer of staff, Major Von Bocke, will place his remains in the possession of his bereaved family, to whom is tendered in behalf of the division the assurance of heartfelt sympathy in their deep tribulation. In mourning his departure from his accustomed post of honor on the field, let us strive to imitate his virtues, and trust that what is loss to us, may be more than gain to him.

By command of Major General J. E. B. STUART.

R. CHANNING PRICE, *Major and A. A. G.*

Thus passed away a noble, lofty soul—thus ended a career, brief it is true, but among the most arduous, glorious, and splendid which the history of this war contains. Young, but immortal; a boy in years, but heir to undying fame, he was called away from the scene of his triumphs and glory to a brighter world, where neither wars nor rumors of wars can come, and wounds, and pains, and suffering are unknown, where

“Malice domestic, foreign levy, nothing
Can touch him further.”

To him who writes these lines the death of this noble youth has been inexpressibly saddening. It has cast a shadow on the very sunlight, and the world seems somehow colder and more dreary since he went away. It was but yesterday almost that he was in his tent, and I looked into his frank, brave eyes, and heard his kind, honest voice. There is the seat he occupied as we conversed, the bed where he often slept with me, prolonging his gay talk deep into the night; there are the books he read, the papers which he wrote; at this table he once sat, and here where my own hand rests, has rested the hand of the dead. Every object thus recalls him, even as he lived and moved beside me but a few days ago; his very words seem still echoing in the air, and the dreary camp is full of his presence.

Nor am I the only one whose heart has bled for the young soldier. All who knew him loved him for his gay, sweet temper, as they admired him for his unshrinking courage. I have seen no face over which a sort of a shadow did not pass at the announcement, "Pelham is dead."

It is only another mode of saying: "Honor is dead; courage is dead; modesty, kindness, courtesy, the inborn spirit of the true and perfect gentleman, the nerve of the soldier, the gaiety of the good companion, the kindly heart, and the resolute soul—all dead, and never more to revisit us in person."

These words are not dictated by a blind partiality, or mere personal regard for the brave youth who has fallen in front of the foe in defence of the sacred liberties of the South. Of his matchless daring, unshrinking nerve and utter coolness in the hour of deadliest peril, let the name of "the gallant Pelham," given by General Lee at Fredericksburg, bear witness. Of his noble, truthful nature, those who knew him best will speak. He had made for himself a "great, immortal name," and he was only twenty-four when he died.

A son of the great State of Alabama, and descended from an old and honorable family there, he had more than the courage of his race and clime. He chose arms as his profession, and entered West Point, where he graduated just as the war commenced. He lost no time in offering his services to the South, and received the appointment of 1st Lieutenant in the Confederate States Army; proceeding to Harper's Ferry, when General Johnston was in command there, he was assigned to duty as drill-officer of artillery, and in

the battle of Manassas commanded a battery, which he fought with that daring and obstinate courage which afterwards rendered him so famous. He speedily attracted the highest Generals of the army, and General J. E. B. Stuart entrusted him with the organization of the battalion of horse artillery, which he subsequently commanded in nearly every battle of the war upon Virginia soil. Here I knew him first.

From the moment he took command of that famous corps a new system of artillery fighting seemed to be inaugurated. The rapidity, the rush, the impetus of the cavalry were grafted on its more deliberate brother. Not once, but repeatedly, has the horse artillery of Pelham given chase at full speed to a flying enemy; and far in advance of all infantry supports, unlimbered and hurled its thunders on the foe. It was ever at the point where the line was weakest; and however headlong the charge of the cavalry, the whirling guns were beside it, all ready for their part. "Trot march" had yielded to "gallop" with the battalion; it was brought into position and put into action with a rush; and in and out among the guns where the bolts fell thickest was the brave young artillerist; cool and self possessed, but as one of the officers said the other day, "as gay as a school-boy at a frolic." He loved his profession for its own sake purely, and often spoke to the officers above alluded to of the "jolly good fights" he would have in the present campaign. But I anticipate my subject.

Once associated with the command of General Stuart, he secured the warm regard and unlimited confidence of that General, who employed his services upon every occasion. Thenceforth their fortunes seemed united like their hearts, and the name of the young man became noised abroad as one of the most desperate fighters of the whole army. He was rightly regarded by General Jackson and others as possessed of a very extraordinary genius for artillery, and when any movement of unusual importance was designed, Pelham was assigned to the artillery to be employed. His career was a brief one, but how glorious! How crowded with great events that are history now. Let us glance at it.

When our forces fell back from Manassas in 1861, his batteries had their part in covering the movement, guarding the fords of the Rappahannock. During the campaign of the Peninsula his Blakely was as a sentinel on post next the enemy, and at the battle of Williamsburg his courage and skill transformed raw militia into

veterans. In the seven days' battles around Richmond he won fadeless laurels. With one Napoleon he engaged three heavy batteries, and fought them with a pertinacity and unfaltering nerve which made the calm face of Jackson glow; the pressure of that heroic hand, warm and eloquent of unspoken admiration. Soon afterwards at the White House he engaged a gunboat, and driving it away after a brief but hot encounter, proved how fanciful were the terrors of these "monsters," as they were then called. After that work in the Peninsula the young man was famous.

His greatest achievements were to come, however; and he hastened to record them on the enduring tablets of history. From the moment when his artillery advanced from the Rappahannock to the time when it returned thither, to the day of Fredericksburg, the path of the young leader was deluged with the blood of battle. At Manassas he rushed his guns into the very columns of the enemy almost, fighting their sharpshooters with canister, amid a hurricane of balls. At Sharpsburg he had command of nearly all the artillery on our left, and directed it with the hand of the master. When the army crossed back into Virginia, he was posted at Shepherdstown, and guarded the ford with an obstinate valor, which spoke in the regular and unceasing reverberation of his deep-mouthed Napoleons, as they roared on hour after hour, driving back the enemy.

Of the days that succeeded that exciting period many persons will long hold the memory. It was in an honest old country house, whither the tide of war bore him for a time, that the gay, noble nature of the young soldier shone forth in all its charms. There, in the old hall on the banks of the Opequon, surrounded by warm hearts who reminded him, perhaps, of his own beloved ones in far Alabama; there in the tranquil days of autumn, in that beautiful country, he seemed to pass some of his happiest hours. All were charmed with his kind temper, and his sunny disposition, with his refinement, his courtesy, his high breeding and simplicity. Modest to a fault almost—blushing like a girl at times—and wholly unassuming in his entire deportment, he became a favorite to all around him, and secured that regard of good men and women which is the proof of high traits and fine instincts in its possessor. In the beautiful autumn forests, by the stream with its great sycamores, and under the tall oaks of the lawn, he thus wandered for a time from his own land of Alabama, admired and cherished by

warm hearts. in this. When he left the haunts of the old bower, I think he regretted it. But work called him.

The fiat had gone forth from the imperial closet at Washington that another "On to Richmond" should be attempted, and where the vultures of war hovered, there was the post of duty for his horse artillery. The cavalry crossed the Blue Ridge, and met the advancing column at Aldie, and Pelham was again in his element, hurling destruction into the ranks of General Bayard. Henceforth, until the banks of the Rappahannock were reached by the cavalry, falling back in order, as was designed, from that instant the batteries of horse artillery disputed every step of ground. The direction of the horse artillery was left with unhesitating confidence to the young officer; and those who witnessed during that arduous movement the masterly handling of his guns, can tell how this confidence was justified—it was the eye of the great soldier and the hand of the born artillerist which was evident in his work during those days of struggle; he fell back neither too soon nor too late, and only limbered up his guns to unlimber again in the first position he reached. Thus fighting every inch of the way from Aldie round by Paris and Markham's, he reached the Rappahannock, and posted his artillery at the fords, where he stood and bade the enemy defiance. That page in the history of the war is scarcely known, but those who were present know the obstinacy of the contests, and the nerve and skill displayed by the young officer. That may be unknown, but the work done by Pelham on the great day of Fredericksburg is part of history now. All know how stubbornly he stood on that day—what laurels encircled his young brow, when night at last came. This was the climax of his fame—the event with which his name will be inseparably connected. With one Napoleon gun he opened the battle on the right, and instantly drew upon himself the fire at close range of four batteries in front, and a heavy enfilading fire from thirty-pound Parrotts across the river. But this did not daunt him. That Napoleon gun was the same he used at the battle of Cold Harbor; it was taken from the enemy at Seven Pines, and in the hands of the young officer it had won a fame that must not be tarnished by defeat—its grim voice must roar, however great the odds—its reverberating defiance must roll over the plain, until the bronzed war dog was silenced. So it roared on steadily, with Pelham beside it, blowing up caissons, and continuing to tear the enemy's ranks. General Lee

was watching it from the hills above, and exclaimed, with eyes filled with admiration: "It is glorious to see such courage in one so young!" It was indeed glorious to see that one gun, placed in an important position, hold its ground with a firmness so unflinching and heroic—to see a beardless boy, sternly standing in that horrible hurricane of shell, with iron resolution, and a soul as immovable as a rock. Not until his last round of ammunition was shot away did Pelham retire, and then only after a peremptory order had been sent to him. He afterwards took command of the entire artillery on the right, and fought it until night, with a skill and courage which were admirable. He advanced his guns steadily, and at nightfall was thundering on the flank of the retreating foe, who no longer replied. No answering roar came back from those batteries he had fought with his Napoleon so long. He had triumphed. That triumph was complete, and placed forever upon record, when the great commander-in-chief, whom he loved and admired so ardently, gave him the name in his report of "the gallant Pelham."

Supreme tribute, to his courage, immortalizing him in history! To be the sole name mentioned in all that host of heroes, and mentioned as "the gallant Pelham!"

Thenceforward there was little for him to desire. He never cared for rank, only longed for glory; and now his name was deathless. It is true that he sometimes said, with modesty and noble pride, that he thought it somewhat hard to be considered too young for promotion, when they gave him great commands, as at Sharpsburg and Fredericksburg, and called on him when the hardest work was to be done. But he never desired a mere title he had not won, and did his soldier's duty thoroughly, trusting to time. So noble and important, however, had been his recent services, that promotion was a matter of course. The President had appointed him a lieutenant colonel, and it only awaited a formal confirmation of the Senate, when he fell on the Rappahannock. His fall was a public calamity to the nation, but none to him. It was fit that such a spirit should lay down his great work before the hard life of the world had dimmed the polish of the good knight's spotless shield. He wanted no promotion at the hands of men. He had won, if not worn, the highest honors of the great soldier; and having finished his task, the gentle spirit took its flight, pro-

moted by the tender hand of Death to other honors in a brighter world.

In this hasty tribute to one whom I knew well and loved much, it is hard to avoid the appearance of exaggeration. The character of this young soldier was so eminently noble—his soul so brave, so true, so free from any taint that was mean, or sordid, or little—that the sober words of truth may be doubted by some, who will only regard them as that tender and poor flattery which friendship accords to the dead. This sentiment will be experienced only by strangers, however. Those who knew him will recognize the true portrait. His modesty, his gentleness, his bearing—almost child-like in its simplicity—made his society the most charming I have ever known. This modesty of his deportment was observed by every one, and strangers often referred to the singular phenomenon in a youth bred in the self-sufficient atmosphere of West Point, and whose name was already famous. He never spoke of himself: one might live with him for a month, and never know that he had been in a single action. He never seemed to think he deserved any applause for his splendid courage, and was silent upon all subjects connected with his own actions. In his purse was found, folded away, after his death, a slip from a United States officer, once his friend, which contained the words: "After a long silence I write. God bless you, dear Pelham, I am proud of your success." But he had never even alluded to the paper. Distinguished unmistakably by the affection and admiration of his immediate General; rendered famous forever by the magnificent praise of the Commander-in-Chief at Fredericksburg—he never exhibited the least trait of self-love, remaining still what he had always been, as modest, unassuming, and simple as a child.

This and other winning traits come to my mind as I write, and I could speak at length of those charming endowments which endeared him to every one around him. I could dwell on his nice sense of honor, his devotion to his family—on that *prisca fides* in his feelings and opinions, which made a great, true type of the Southern gentleman, attracting the attention and respect of the most eminent personages of his time. But with the recollection of those eminent social characteristics comes always the memory of his long, hard work in the service. I have often seen him engaged in that work, which gave him his great fame; and this

phase of the young officer's character obtrudes itself, rounding and completing the outline.

With what obstinate, unyielding courage he fought! with a daring how splendid, how rich in the suggestion of the antique days! He entered upon a battle with the coolness and resolution of a great leader, trained in a thousand combats, and fought his guns with a fury and *elan* of Murat at the head of his horsemen. No tract of the ground, no movement of the enemy, ever escaped his eagle eye. With an inborn genius for war—which West Point had merely developed, and directed in its proper channels—he had that rapid comprehension—intuition, almost—which counts for so much in a leader. Where the contest was hottest, and the pressure heaviest, there was Pelham with his guns; and the broken lines of infantry or cavalry giving ground before irresistible numbers, heard with deep voices roaring, and saw the ranks of the enemy, torn and scattered. Often he waited for no orders, but took the whole responsibility, and opened his batteries where he saw that they were needed by the emergencies of the moment. But what he did was always the very best that could be done. He struck at the right moment, and his arm was heavy. Many foes had felt it, and the knowledge that Pelham, with his horse artillery, was in front, did not give them much heart for the encounter. They knew that the announcement was another manner of informing them that skill, daring, and stubborn courage were to be dealt with; that wounds, disaster, and death awaited them from the hands of the young leader. What terrified the foe was the gauge of success to our men. The deep roar of Pelham's Napoleons was a welcome sound. When the deep-mouthed thunder of those guns was heard, the faintest took heart, and the contest assumed a new phase to all, for that sound had proved on many a field the harbinger of victory.*

Beside those guns was the chosen post of the young artilleryist, the *gaudium certaminis* seemed to fill his being at such moments; and however numerous the batteries which he threw into action, he never remained behind "in command of the whole field." He

* The rumor obtained a wide circulation that Major Pelham lost one or more of his guns when the cavalry fell back from the mountains. The report is entirely without foundation. *He never lost a gun, there or anywhere else.* Though he fought his pieces with such obstinacy that the enemy more than once charged within ten yards of the muzzles of the guns, he always drove them back, and brought his artillery off safely.

told me that he considered this his duty, and he never shrank, as he might have done, in performing it. He was ever by the guns which were under the hottest fire, and when the enemy shifted their fire to other portions of the field, he proceeded thither, riding at full speed, and directed the fresh batteries in person. His men will remember how cheering and inspiring was his presence to them; how his coolness steadied them in the most exciting moments; and his brave, cheerful voice was the herald of success. "He was the bravest human being I ever saw in my life," said one of his officers I conversed with recently; and all who have seen him will bear similar testimony. His coolness had something in it heroic, and almost terrible at times. It never deserted him, or was affected by those chances of battle that make the bravest men nervous. He saw guns shattered and dismounted, or men torn to pieces, without changing color, or exhibiting any signs of emotion. His nature seemed strung, and every muscle braced, to a pitch which precluded the possibility of faltering. The cause he fought for gave him nerves of iron, and the ghastliest spectacle of blood and death left his soul unmoved, the stern will unbent as before.

That unbending will had been tested often, and had never failed him yet. At Manassas, Williamsburg, Cold Harbor, Groveton, Ox Hill, Sharpsburg, Shepherdstown, Kearneysville, Aldie, Union, Upperville, Markham's, Barber's, Hazel River, and Fredericksburg, at all these and many other places he fought his horse artillery, and handled it with such heroic contempt of danger. One day, when I led him to speak of his career, he counted up something like sixty battles, great and small, which he had been in, and in every one had borne a prominent part. Talk with the associates of the young leader in those hard-fought battles, and they will tell you of a hundred instances of his dauntless courage. At Manassas, he took position in a place so dangerous that an officer who had followed him up to that moment, rode away with the declaration that "if Pelham was fool enough to stay there, *he was not.*" But General Jackson thanked him, as he had thanked him at Cold Harbor, when the brave young soldier came back covered with dust from fighting his Napoleon, the light of victory in his eyes. At Markham's, while he was fighting the enemy in front, they made a circuit and charged him in the rear; but he turned his guns about, and fought them as before, and with his "French Detachment," singing aloud the triumphant *Marseillaise*, as the same Napoleon

gun broke their ranks and drove them back. All that whole great movement was a marvel of hard fighting, however; and Pelham was the hero of the stout, close struggle, as he was of the hot contest on the right at Fredericksburg. Any other chief of artillery might have sent his men in, leaving the direction of the guns to such officers as the brave Captain Henry; but this did not suit the young chieftain. He must go himself with the one gun sent forward, and beside that piece he remained until it was ordered back—directing his own men to lie down, but himself sitting on his own horse, and intent solely upon the designs and movements of the enemy, wholly careless of the “fire of hell” hurled against him. It was glorious, indeed, as General Lee declared, to see such heroism in the boyish artillerist; and well might General Jackson speak of him in terms of “exaggerated compliment,” and ask General Stuart “if he had *another Pelham* to give *him*.” On that great day the son of Alabama covered himself with glory; but no one who knew him felt any surprise at it. “Those who had seen him at work on other fields, knew the dauntless resolution of his brave young soul—the tough and stern fibre of his courage. That hard fibre could bear any strain upon it and remain unmoved.

In all those hard combats no ball or shell ever struck him. The glance of the blue eyes seemed to conquer danger, and render death powerless. He seemed to bear a charmed life, and to pass amid showers of bullets and every projectile, without peril or fear of the result. It was not from the enemy’s artillery alone that he ran the greatest danger in battle. He was never content to remain at his guns if they were silent. His mind was full of the contest; pondering its chances as though he had command of the whole army himself, he never rested in his exertions to penetrate the designs of the enemy. Thus he ventured systematically into the very presence of the foe, reconnoitering his positions, and endeavoring to discover his strength or weakness. Upon such occasions he was the mark at which the sharpshooters directed their most dangerous fire; but they never struck him. The balls passed to the right or left, or overhead—his hour had not yet come.

It came at last upon the hard fight upon the Rappahannock, and the famous youth lies low at last. He fell “with the battle-cry upon his lips, and the light of victory beaming in his eye.” In the words of the General Order which his beloved commander issued, “his record has been bright and spotless; his career brilliant and

successful; he fell the noblest of sacrifices on the altar of his country."

The theme grows beneath the pen, which at first attempted a slight sketch only, and my paper is growing too long. A few words are, however, necessary still to complete the outline of this young soldier. His name will remain connected forever with great events; but it will live perennial, too, in many hearts who mourn bitterly his untimely end. All who knew him loved him—I believe no human being disliked him. His character was so frank, and open, and beautiful—his bearing so modest and full of simplicity—that he conciliated all hearts, and made every one who met him his friend. His passions were strong, and when he was aroused, fire darted from the flint, but this was seldom. During all my acquaintance with him—and that acquaintance dated back to the autumn of 1861—I never had a word addressed to me that was unfriendly, and never saw him angry but twice. "Poor boy," said one who loved him, "he was angry with me *once*," and the speaker had known him longer than I had. He had rare self-control, and I think this sprung in a great measure from a religious sense of duty. He would sit and read his Bible with close attention, and though he had never made a profession of his religious convictions, it is certain that these convictions shaped his conduct. The thought of death never seemed to cross his mind, however; and he once told me that he had never felt that he would be killed in this war. Alas! the brief proverb is the comment: "Man proposes, but God disposes."

Thus—modest, brave, loving, and beloved, the soldier, the charming companion—he passed away from friends who cherished, leaving a void which no other being can fill. Alabama lent him to Virginia for a time; but, alas! the pale face smiles no more as he returns to her. Many mourn his early death here where his glory was won, as in the Southern land from which he came. To these—the wide circle who loved him for his great qualities, and his kind, good heart—his loss is irreparable, as it is to the whole land. The "breed of noble minds" like his is not numerous, and when such forms disappear, the gap is hard to fill—the struggle for our liberties is more arduous than before. But the memory of this great young soldier still remains with us; his name is immortal in history as in many hearts which throbbed at his death.

Poor, colorless phrases. Faded flowers I try to strew on the grave of this noble soul. But the loss is too recent, and the wound has not yet healed. The heart still bleeds as the pen traces the dull words on the page.

"Mourn for him! Let him be regarded
As the most noble corpse that ever herald
Did follow to his urn!"

Strange words, it may be said, for a boy little more than twenty; exaggerated estimate of his loss.

No, the words are not strange; the loss is not exaggerated; for the name of this youth was John Pelham.

The great victory of Chancellorsville over "the finest army on the planet," clouded by the *untimely* fall of the peerless Jackson, had opened auspiciously the spring campaign. Stoneman's grand raid at the same juncture, was a ridiculous counterpart of the overconfident Yankee commander's sanguine programme to "gobble" Lee's army. With his powerful column of infantry, he proposed to attack and rout it in front, and to his dashing cavaliers he had assigned the important part of cutting the communications in the rear, and thereby secure its certain destruction. This part of the programme, however, was the only redeeming feature in "fighting Joe's" maiden effort, which truly caused some little sensation for the moment, but really did little more than make a hasty circuit by the tread of their hurried columns; and the only apology for the impunity was the broken down condition of the cavalry on the upper part of the line, and the absence of Hampton's command, and the circumstance of a battle going on at the same time, which necessarily demanded the immediate presence of General Stuart and all the other cavalry, which in battle, as well as on the outpost, is the eyes and ears of the army; and simply because this raid was allowed to pass unchastised, many narrow minds, *far* in the rear, who will have themselves heard, dealt many heavy blows upon the character of this devoted patriot and noble officer, who had shown himself upon this occasion, as well as every other, nobly at his post, doing his duty in the thickest of the fight; and all such undue imputations are more than answered and put to lasting silence in the circumstance of the wounded hero Jackson delivering over to him his command at that critical period of the

raging battle, who placed himself at the head of his devoted men, and sending for his dispositions and plans, the suffering hero confidently exclaimed: "Go back to General Stuart, and tell him to act upon his own judgment; I have implicit confidence in him."

The Yankee authorities had spared no pains in reorganizing and perfecting the efficiency of the cavalry arm of the service for the operations of the spring campaign. During the winter they had recruited and organized four full divisions, each commanded respectively by Averill, Kilpatrick, Buford and Gregg, which constituted a corps under Major General Stoneman; besides, a regiment of mounted rifles, armed with a superior gun, known as the "Spence repeating rifle," accompanied each brigade—thus from their own estimates outnumbering our cavalry three to one, and besides the double facility of at once remounting their men when dismounted. With this superiorly equipped and organized force, under their most able and skillful cavalry officers, they vauntingly boasted that they would at once "ride down and demolish Stuart's rebel cavalry."

After the battle of Chancellorsville, General Stuart, too, was active in organizing and disciplining his comparatively small force, comprising Jones', Hampton's, Wm. H. and Fitz. Lee's, and Robinson's brigades (the latter only comprising two regiments, the Fourth and Fifth North Carolina cavalry); and about the first of June these commands were all collected and massed on the upper lines of the Rappahannock, near Brandy Station, in concert of a formation of new combinations that were to initiate an important movement against the enemy. In view of the same considerations, the corps of Longstreet and Ewell moved up a week after, in the vicinity of Culpeper C. H., some eight miles from this point.

CHAPTER XI.

BATTLE OF BRANDY STATION.

Stoneman, dripping with the unguent of praise lavishly poured upon him by the sensational Northern press in accomplishing, as it termed it, "one of the grandest feats known to ancient chivalry or modern cavalry," after resting a few weeks under the pressure of his lately won laurels, wheeled his columns and quietly passed them round on the night of the 8th of June, and massed them behind the high hills in rear of Kelly's and Beverly's Fords, preparatory to an open tilt with Stuart on the south banks. Our usual picket force extended around the different crossings of the river, while the camps lay but a few miles back, near Brandy Station.

The battle field was most splendidly adapted to cavalry fighting, being a range of extensive open fields, that bears off in an almost level plain for four miles from the river, nearly back to Brandy Station, and then rising in a range of gently sloping hills, broken here and there with small rivulets from gushing springs that head at the bottom of these slopes; and as you near the latter place, flanked at intervals on each side by bands of woodland. The Orange and Alexandria Railroad runs through, bisecting the plain into two nearly equal parts. The station—a small village around the depot—is approached from the south by two public roads: one leading from Raccoon Ford, on the Rapidan, through Stevensburg, and the other directly from Culpeper C. H., and another from the south-west from Rixeyville—all converging into each other at the station, and leading on to the north-west, forks a mile beyond, the left leading off to Beverly's Ford; the right runs a short distance and crosses the railroad, crossing the river at Rappahannock station. On the last line of these eminences, overlooking the whole plain, a half-mile west of the station, stands the Fleetwood House, General Stuart's headquarters.

So quietly conceived were the movements of the enemy during the night behind the hills in our front, that no intimation of an advance was discovered by our pickets till about daybreak, when a heavy column of the enemy's advance came suddenly pouring over the opposite hills, dashed simultaneously across both fords at Bev-

erly's and Kelly's, about eight miles distant. The different brigades were hurried forward and took their positions--W. H. F. Lee and Jones on the left at Beverly's Ford, Fitz. Lee and Hampton on the Beverly Ford road, on the west end of Brandy plains, and Robinson on the right on the obscure road leading from Kelly's Ford; and the Second South Carolina Regiment and the Fourth Virginia, under Colonel Butler, were despatched back beyond Stevensburg on the main road leading from Kelly's Ford.

The enemy hurried a heavy force of cavalry, supported by infantry, across both these fords, and pushed rapidly forward his advance from Beverly's. Dividing his column, one advanced straight out to the front, and the other deflected to the left down the road leading to Brandy. The Second North Carolina Regiment, of W. H. F. Lee's brigade, were thrown forward to meet the advance of the former, which had driven our pickets back upon Elkwood, about half a mile. The enemy gradually pushed them back from this position to a stone fence that ran across a bottom a short distance on this side of Elkwood, where Captain S. J. Andrews had posted a squadron of sharpshooters, which proved a serious annoyance to the enemy's advance. His sharpshooters attempted several times to carry the position, but were repulsed; a body of cavalry attempted to charge it, and after a desperate effort were driven back, leaving the greater part of their number victims to the unerring aim of the North Carolinians. The fight here finally quieted down till later in the day into a long range skirmish. In the meantime the other column had pushed forward rapidly, following the retiring pickets closely, came dashing up in heavy advance, with the main column supporting it at a short distance. It was with the utmost energy that our advance could check them long enough for Jones' brigade to form; and after an indiscriminate skirmish, General Jones retired slowly before them, and drawing them on to the last point of woods that skirted the plains from the west, drew them on into the plain where a battery of our artillery had taken position, when he charged them with the Eleventh and Twelfth Virginia Regiments, and after a hotly contested hand to hand fight for several minutes, the enemy's line swerved and broke back into the woods, and were pressed till they reached a heavy support of infantry and cavalry, when our dismounted men advanced, and after a hot contest driving them still further back upon the ford. Baffled in his advance

on this point, he swung and bore his forces round to the right on our flank, and appeared under cover of the wood about half a mile across an open plain. Hampton's brigade was advanced at a gallop with drawn sabres to receive the enemy, but they seemed indisposed to be drawn out into an open field fight. In the meantime they were sadly picking the mounted men off with their long range guns. A squadron of sharpshooters were dismounted from each regiment, and were thrown into the woods, which was found to be infested with dismounted cavalry and the knapsack gentry advancing in heavy lines, and they were at once charged with that old rebel yell, and driven back a considerable distance, our men betaking themselves to trees in regular Indian style, and fighting on against the heavy lines of the enemy, whose thick and successive volleys flashed closely from one end of the line to the other, with a coolness and determination that caused but few shots from having their telling effect. In one instance a poor Carolina boy is greeted with the fatal *chuck* from a Minie messenger; with a low, convulsive groan he raises his leg, shivered in almost splints, from under him as he fell, patiently raising the helpless limb in as easy a position as the case would admit, he reloaded his rifle and laid up against a stump, and kept on deliberately giving the enemy the best he had. In the meantime General Jones and the other cavalry on the left were still beating the enemy back down upon Beverly's Ford. The enemy being reinforced in front of General Lee, about noon attempted to turn our extreme left flank. Their advance was met by the Second North Carolina, under Colonel Sol. Williams. A severe hand to hand fight ensued. Old United States regulars had been met; the enemy swerve back and yield a short distance; a fresh column is thrown forward to their support; in turn the veteran North Carolinians are pressed back, slowly, stubbornly contesting every inch of ground, when the whole brigade comes up to its assistance, and the whole Yankee column waver and break back beyond their former position, leaving us undisputed masters of this part of the field, with all his dead and wounded, which lay profusely around, and several prisoners in our hands. Our loss was severe in officers. General W. H. F. Lee was severely wounded, and Colonel Williams, of the Second North Carolina, fell, leading his men on in this desperate charge—an able and skillful officer and an accomplished gentleman.

The enemy thus driven in at this point, and Hampton also steadily driving him down upon the ford at Rappahamock Station, was about to bring the matter to an immediate favorable issue on this part of the field; when about one o'clock, suddenly large clouds of dust were seen rising in the direction of Brandy Station. A large force of the enemy's cavalry, with rapid strides, were sweeping down upon our rear.

Here, in connection with this juncture, the events transfer us to another part of the field. In the meantime, while the enemy had been engaging our left mainly in front of Beverly's, he had crossed Kilpatrick's division and artillery at Kelly's Ford, moved far to the left, and had advanced on Stevensburg. The small force, already mentioned, placed on this road, met the enemy on Dagget's farm; a charge was ordered, in which only part of the 2d South Carolina Regiment participated, at which the enemy's advance recoiled, and only by the mere stress of overwhelming odds that little handful was borne back, retreating, fighting, through Stevensburg—making frequent stands—charging back upon the advancing columns of the enemy. In one of these last desperate charges Lieutenant Colonel Hampton (brother of General Hampton) fell, gallantly leading his men, and Colonel Butler had his leg shot off by a cannon ball. Slowly and sullenly they fell back, contesting the ground against the overwhelming odds—delivering deliberate volleys as they retired back on Brandy station. The enemy came pushing eagerly his columns on our rear, approaching the Fleetwood House, where our batteries were in position. The position now assumed a most critical feature; this new and daring movement on the part of the enemy placed our forces in a perilous situation. Nearly all the troops had been sent down to press our advantages at the fords, from two to three miles distant. The only available force at hand were two Virginia Regiments, whom General Stuart dispatched to meet and hold the advance till other troops could hasten to their support. The long lines of the enemy's dusky columns were sweeping in dashing style up the plains that approach Fleetwood, fast enveloping our rear. Our batteries from Fleetwood now reach their advance, and are worked with the utmost vigor and rapidity; plunging the shot and shell so as to unsteady and arrest the advance. The little handful of Virginians are now resolutely hurled against the vastly disproportionate opposing force, which brings it to a momentary pause. The enemy

gather and swoop at it in front and flank, hurling it back by the mere weight of numbers. Couriers had been despatched to Hampton to report immediately to this suddenly menaced point. In vain Stuart, poising himself high in his saddle, from the Fleetwood Hill, eagerly looks out for the much-needed reinforcements. A heavy column of the enemy now break with confident shout straight for the battery on the hill, which belches at them rapid discharges of grape and canister, sweeping through the ranks with terrible effect. Yet on they come. Another heavy column sweeps obliquely round to the right. Just at this juncture rising clouds of dust are seen rapidly approaching from the plains above. This phenomenon lightens up Stuart's anxious features; he shouts to the gunners, with his face kindling with the highest satisfaction, "Give it to them, my boys; *thank God, I see Hampton and his glorious men, they 'll fight them.*" The enemy's advance had now reached the first pieces, the cannoniers boldly met them, shouting "*boys let's die over the guns*"—hand to hand, with their swabsticks and rammers, they stand up against the crowding Yankee troopers. At this critical moment, the Cobb Legion, a short distance in advance of Hampton's other troops, with its dashing and fearless colonel at the head, came up at the top of speed, and dashed to the rescue, yelling like demons. The Yankee ranks are immediately hurled back at the point of the sabre, and thrown into hopeless rout towards the station—hotly pursued—falling at every step beneath the clashes of these gallant troopers. The Yankee gun, that had been blindly thundering amid the smoke and dust from the opposite hill, suddenly ceases, followed by a hearty shout—the prize is ours. The gallant Georgians have cleared the field, leaving the track strewn with blue-clad victims—among them a colonel and three officers of the line—capturing a major and several other prisoners.

In the meantime, the other column swung round to the right, meeting the other portion of Hampton's men, the Jeff. Davis Legion, First North Carolina and South Carolina Regiments, just on the west side of the railroad on an open plateau of ground, where a most handsome tournament ensued—each regiment tilting at its antagonist as it entered the lists—a few furious surges, and his line breaks; officers and men hurry across the railroad, and on their heels the commands dashed, precipitating the rout, when unfortunately our own artillery opened a furious short-range fire upon our

columns, mistaking, amid the smoke and dust, our columns for the Yankees, causing a momentary pause; which gave the closely pressed columns of the enemy time to gain on us, who were making the fastest possible time for the woods, half a mile beyond. We, however, pushed on through a storm of shell and canister, and succeeded in killing a good number, and capturing a lot of prisoners; among them a major and several other officers, and a stand of regimental colors. Our loss was comparatively small.

Here a gallant little episode, emanating from this part of the fight, is worthy of special notice. In this last charge Colonel Baker ordered Captain Cowles, of Company A, and Captain Wood, of Company G, First North Carolina cavalry, to charge and capture a body of the enemy that seemed to have lopped off from the main column. These officers dashed at them, killing and capturing most of the party, and pursuing the rest to the woods. The circumstance of our guns firing into and pausing our column, placed the party far in advance, just as the whole flying mass was reaching the wood. Notwithstanding the mere handful under this command, the opportunity could not be lost—the little party, numbering not over twenty-five men, spurred on after them, cutting, and slashing, and taking prisoners as they went, goading on the rear of at least two thousand flying Yankees, running at a break-neck speed, thinking the whole rebel cavalry upon them. Depleting their little party at different stages of the race to take prisoners back to the rear, who had accumulated by scores, yet on these two daring officers dashed in the exciting chase, till the fugitive column was brought to a halt by jamming down into a narrow passage in a creek; where from the causes above stated, not more than half a dozen men remained with these two officers; yet the panic-stricken enemy did not wait to feel the force in the rear. At this point a real down-easter looking personage, dressed in a short sack and baggy pants of broad check cassimere, was standing on the roadside attempting to arrest the train of fugitives flying past him, at the top of his voice, assuring them that there were no rebels near; when the chivalrous gent. found Captain Coles' pistol at his breast, demanding his surrender. He tremblingly "*went up the spout,*" passing his address over to the gallant Captain as Mr. Buckley, correspondent of the *New York Herald*, who, with another officer on the opposite side of the road, engaged in the same chivalrous conduct, were safely borne to the rear.

(Doubtless dating his next doughty communication from the historic walls of the Libby.)

This little party now becoming encumbered with prisoners, and just as another heavy column were closing in the rear of them, dashed out with prisoners and all, and by a circuitous route eluded a body who were sent in pursuit of them, and safely joined their command late in the evening, having captured and secured more than twice their number in prisoners.

This last grand charge gave us possession of nearly every part of the field that had been occupied by the enemy, except a point far down upon the railroad, where the enemy had several pieces of artillery posted, where an artillery duel was kept up by the batteries of each party till late in the evening, when it was driven off, and then Colonel Baker was ordered to advance, supported by the brigade. Advancing at a brisk pace, the rear of the enemy was overtaken, and after an exciting chase, capturing several of the number, the main body was driven precipitately across the river. The sun set upon us undisputed masters of the field. The enemy, as usual, termed it "only a reconnoissance in force, and after accomplishing their purpose, retired across the river." Our loss was pretty severe in killed and wounded, while the enemy's loss was at least double ours. Three pieces of splendid artillery and four hundred prisoners fell into our hands.

The importance of this victory cannot be too highly estimated, not only in punishing the enemy severely, but had he gained a base on this side of the river, it would have seriously affected our subsequent movements. As it was, he gained no foothold, and failed to unveil any movement of our army. This brilliant and decisive victory over the enemy's far better equipped and organized cavalry, gave full satisfaction to General Lee, as he expressed in his official papers.

"On the 7th of June a large force of Federal cavalry, strongly supported by infantry, crossed the Rappahannock at Beverly's and Kelly's Fords, and attacked General Stuart. A severe engagement ensued, continuing from early in the morning until late in the afternoon, when the enemy were forced to recross the river, with heavy loss, leaving four hundred prisoners, three pieces of artillery, and several colors in our hands."

CHAPTER XII.

THE PENNSYLVANIA CAMPAIGN—CAPTURE OF WINCHESTER—EWELL'S FORCE CROSSES THE POTOMAC—STUART'S CAVALRY FIGHTS AT MIDDLERBURG AND UPPERVILLE—OUR WHOLE ARMY ENTER PENNSYLVANIA—BATTLE OF GETTYSBURG—LEE RETIRES FROM GETTYSBURG—CAUSES OF THE RETROGRADE MOVEMENT.

We will attempt a brief review of the events that turned for a short space the tide of invasion against our haughty invaders, who had come with all their boasted paraphernalia of war to put the last traces of the rebellion under their merciless tread, little dreaming that the despised perpetrators of that rebellion would ever tread so far upon their own precious soil, striking terror into the hearts of the powerful North. Fruitless as this short and indecisive campaign may be regarded in its immediate results, yet when duly considered will go far to make up events that will contribute to the prestige of our arms, and will add additional glory to our former achievements.

After the grand rebuke administered to the Federals at Chancellorsville, our army lay scarce four short weeks, recuperating around the hard trodden hills of old Spottsylvania, until it was to take up the line of march to distant fields. The enemy still lay on the opposite bank of the Rappahannock, recruiting his shattered columns, occasionally making a spasmodic demonstration with his long range guns on Lee's front.

In consideration of the unwillingness of the Federal commander to assume offensive operations, General Lee proposed to inaugurate a movement that would draw him from his old unapproachable position at Fredericksburg, as he better expresses it in his official papers:

"The position occupied by the enemy opposite Fredericksburg being one in which he could not be attacked to advantage, it was determined to draw him from it. The execution of this purpose embraced the relief of the Shenandoah valley from the troops that occupied the lower part of it during the winter and spring, and, if practicable, the transfer of the scene of hostilities north of the Potomac."

The movement actuated by these considerations began by moving up Longstreet's and Ewell's corps to Culpeper C. H., reaching this point on the 8th of June. "General Jenkins with his cavalry brigade had been ordered toward Winchester to coöperate with the infantry in the proposed expedition into the lower valley, and at the same time General Imboden was directed with his command to make a demonstration in the direction of Romney, in order to cover a movement against Winchester, and prevent the enemy at that place from being reinforced by the troops on the line of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad." Both these officers got in their respective positions before the movement commenced from Culpeper C. H.

On the 10th of June Ewell's corps were placed under marching orders, and moved up the south side of the Blue Ridge, crossed at Front Royal, and passed on to Millwood. Here Rhodes' division was despatched to Berryville. General Ewell, with the divisions of Johnston and Early, moved straight on to Winchester, and he appeared suddenly before the place on the evening of the 13th of June.

Winchester, the preliminary object of the opening campaign, had been occupied and held, since our evacuation the fall before, by a Yankee garrison, under the notorious Milroy, who had been carrying a high hand in the valley, where his thieving brigands had ventured, making indiscriminate war upon helpless women and children, carrying off all the negroes and household property of loyal citizens, and had also cruelly burned down several dwellings of those who had sent their negroes South before his *regime*, and failed to produce them in accordance with a certain abolition proclamation he had issued to the people of his military district.*

* In one instance he demanded of a Mr. Colston, a wealthy and highly respectable citizen of Frederick County, to return his refugee negroes within a specified time, which was an impossibility. A party was accordingly sent to burn his dwelling. On reaching the place they found Mrs. Colston confined to bed in a precarious situation, unable to be moved without endangering her life. The officer in charge, being somewhat of a humane disposition, returned without accomplishing his purpose, and reported the circumstance to his unnatural master, who placed him immediately under arrest, and commissioned a ruffian character to carry out the brutal order, who repaired at once to the place. An elderly lady being the only attendant on the helpless woman, plead in vain; the torch was applied without attempting to remove the poor woman, and it was with the utmost difficulty that the old lady could prevail upon one of the party to assist in moving her out upon her couch before the flames reached her chamber.

This modern autocrat, deeming his location here permanent, had his delectable family brought out, and pompously condemned the best furnished house in the place to their use, driving out the former occupant, sending him and his interesting family adrift upon the cold charities of the world, thus reveling in the ease and luxury contributed by the former owner. Mrs. General Milroy certainly had ill-forebodings, as from time to time she selected the best furniture and had it shipped to her home in Pennsylvania.

In the meantime this modern satrap had proceeded to secure his authority over this defenceless region by erecting an extensive line of fortifications, frowning down with a full complement of field and siege guns on the approaches to the place. Surrounded by this strong cordon of massive forts, this vain military hanteur confidently boasted in devilish sentimentality, "*That he would stay here till hell froze over, and then fight across on the ice!*" But in all such fancied human security, verily "Man proposes, and God disposes."

The sudden appearance of Ewell's troops thus before Winchester, precipitated the Yankee garrison in the wildest excitement; couriers aroused from their cozy shades were seen spurring from post to post; bodies of troops were hurried out in different directions. The self-conceited commander had dismissed the reports of his flying pickets, and treated the affair as a guerilla excursion. So much so was he lulled in this opinion, that his skirmishers were met by Nichols' Louisiana brigade (the advance of the corps) nearly at the skirts of the place, and after a short skirmish, they were driven back into the town. Johnston's division moved immediately up and took position on the road near Shawnee Springs, throwing his line of skirmishers forward, corresponding to the enemy's. Early's division following Johnston to within a mile of his position, deflected from the road to the left; obliquing across the fields, reached the valley turnpike near Kernstown, encountering and driving in a small picket force of the enemy; crossed this road obliquing still further to the left, bearing round the Romney turnpike, gained the left flank of the enemy's strongest work. Skirmishing in front and on the flanks, Early swung still further round to the left, and at night gained fairly the rear of the works. Thus night closed with all the points on the south, east, and west closely invested. On the next morning, 14th, the formidable works in Early's front, that he had expected to assault, had been vacated during the night. From this point he opened at once upon the

other works of the enemy, which was vigorously responded to, thundering away at Early, and also paying his compliments to Johnston across the town on the east, who responded to the fire slowly at intervals. Throughout the day the artillery gave vent in continual belchings, intermingled with occasional volleys of small arms as our forces would press the lines of investment, until late in the evening. General Early's division was placed in position for an assault upon the enemy's works, during an interval of incessant cannonading, forming the brigades in *echelon*, with Hays' Louisiana brigade in advance, and Smith's Virginia brigade supporting, swung round, and amid the excitement of the heavy cannonading they succeeded in gaining the rear of the main fortification, in which the enemy had concentrated his best guns, and glided quietly under cover of low brushwood to within a few paces of the works, and then charged with an alacrity so characteristic of these troops, rushing over the works, carried them at the point of the bayonet, capturing the entire garrison with an inconsiderable loss. This position commanded the whole line of works, which were evacuated after dark. General Ewell anticipating this event, in the meantime sent Johnston's division round to the right, and by means of by-ways gained a point four miles north of Winchester on a road leading to Harper's Ferry, just in time to intercept a large body of the escaping garrison; quietly maintaining this position, roll after roll of the fugitives came pouring into the nicely interposed meshes, swelling the list to three thousand. Early had captured around the forts some two thousand. General Jenkins' cavalry (constituting the advance of Ewell's corps) were sent on in further pursuit, catching up numbers flying on the way; but none of the batches produced their *chivalrous* chief, who, as the affair turned out, not waiting to negotiate a surrender, or even to conduct the retreat, but doffing his glittering regimentals, and *Scotch* cap and cloak like, exchanged them for an humbler garb, obtained a guide, and then between suns put spurs with an *elan* that even out-distanced his nimblest footed fugitives, trailing through wood and glen, clambering up hills and winding through vales in a manner that would have done credit to the wildest gray-fox of the mountains; and instead of respecting his *bombastes furioso* assertion of maintaining his darling position "till hell froze over," etc., etc., from the manner of his wind-splitting flight, one would rather suppose that the Prince of Tartarus had failed in the *freezing contract*,

when both parties mutually rush to occupy the disputed point, but the enemy succeed in reaching it first, and pour into our ranks such an effective fire, already being sadly thinned, as to compel us to retire; but on rallying again, the enemy are forced to yield, and leave us the hotly contested point. The enemy's lines are again steadied, and the battle rages with increasing fury; the enemy gives back, stubbornly contesting every inch of ground; late in the evening his reserves come up, our columns steadily press on, throwing the whole force slowly back. In advancing, a space is left uncovered between Early's and Rhodes' divisions; the enemy attempt to take advantage of it and throw a heavy force at the point, when the flank of one of the divisions is wheeled and deploys around, while the other obliques to its front and turns upon it with a fury truly grand; they rush upon the menacing force with yells above the battle-roar, and closing round it, the whole force surrenders, numbering about four thousand, besides leaving the space strewn with the dead, and several pieces of artillery also falling into our hands. Here the tide was signally turned against the enemy—he was, by night, beaten and driven before our columns with terrible slaughter. Our forces pursued him a mile beyond the town, and nothing but night saved his columns from an entire and complete rout; leaving General Reynolds, one of their best officers, dead on the field—five thousand killed and wounded, six thousand prisoners, and several pieces of artillery. Our loss did not exceed two thousand, mostly in wounded. General Archer and five hundred of his brigade were captured. Many valuable field and line officers were killed. Among those who nobly fell that desperate evening, in no feelings of partiality allow us to drop a tribute to the memory of Major E. A. Ross, of the 11th (Bethel) North Carolina Regiment, a promising young officer. At a point where the battle was raging most furiously, this regiment was pressing on unquailing in the face of a fearful iron and leaden storm, when the colonel fell severely wounded, he dashes to his place, and in gallantly leading his men on in the desperate charge, receives a mortal wound and falls, shouting his men on to victory. In the first battle* of his country he had won his maiden laurels. With "Bethel" emblazoned upon

* The battle of Bethel, where, with a company of mere boys, he contributed greatly to the happy fortunes of that day.

his regimental flag at the instance of the State, he had seen it wave victoriously over the beaten foe on the soil of his native State.* And thus fell this gallant officer, just as its tattered folds were wavering over the first victory in the enemy's land, gloriously dying "with the battle cry upon his lips and the blaze of victory in his eye." He sleeps his long sleep on the enemy's soil; and may no fanatical foot ever press the sacred sod upon his bosom. And when the final shout of spiritual victory "shall swell land and sea," may his noble spirit, and the many others who have died for human liberty; go up washed in the blood of Him who died for the spiritual liberty of mankind.

Another incident connected with the same regiment is worthy of notice, as a grand comment upon the rare devotion to our cause. In the severest stage of the same desperate charge, just before the young hero fell, the color-bearer was killed while nobly waving the colors in front of the regiment; at which event the regiment seemed to waver. The Adjutant, Lieutenant H. Lucas, a mere boy, caught up the colors, and amid the leaden showers from the enemy's heavy lines, dashed several paces ahead, waving the favorite bunting, calling on the men: "For God's sake, follow the Bethel flag." The words had scarcely escaped his lips, when a fatal ball sends him, too, reeling to the ground. The men catch the inspiration, and rush by as he faintly throws the colors again up to the breeze, and shouts with faltering voice: "*Press on to victory. I'm played out.*" Suffice it to say, this gallant charge contributed in no small degree to the successful issue of the day.

The enemy had retired to a high range of hills a mile south-east of the town, and there, during the night, had concentrated the entire force of his army. From Marsh Creek, south of Gettysburg, rises an unbroken and continuous eminence, extending for several miles around to the north-east—the principal of which is known as McPherson's heights—which highly advantageous line Meade had occupied, and had thrown up several lines of fortifications on the different heights; which commanded the plains for miles in front. The enemy's lines extending his left from an eminence a short distance from a point on Marsh Creek, embracing the heights in front of Gettysburg—his left resting near Hunters-town—something in the shape of an arc, with the curvature from us.

* The battle of White Hall, N. C.

The remainder of Ewell's and A. P. Hill's corps having arrived, and two divisions of Longstreet's, the preparations for the attack were completed about two o'clock. Our lines were drawn round to correspond with the enemy's. Longstreet, with the divisions of Hood and McLaws, on the right; Hill in the centre, with Heath's division, on his right, Anderson in the centre, and Pender on his left; and Ewell on the left, with Rhodes' division on his right, Johnston in his centre, and Early on his left; with each respective division moving up on the most favorable position. Sharp and heavy skirmishing, intermingled with frequent shots from long range pieces, was kept up between the parties until about four o'clock, when the dull, increasing booming of the cannon from each line, announced the battle begun. Steadily our lines move forward, driving the enemy's heavy skirmish lines back against his first lines at the bottom of the slopes. The incessant pounding of artillery along the entire length of each line, commingled with the continuous rattle of musketry, told that the bloody work had now opened in earnest. Amid this steady work, a shout goes up above the battle's din; a charge breaks from the centre; an advanced battery of the enemy in a point of woods up one of the slopes, is the point. Anderson's division moves up to the work, Wright's brigade leads the way. On they dash, in a style truly grand—through an open field, both in the face of the fire of the battery immediately in front and the converging fire from batteries on the right and left—sweeping through their bleeding ranks; shells bursting thick in wild fury fill the air, and solid shot plows along in its monotone sound, and grape and canister belched forth in deathly sweeps, all with fearful effect, on the rapidly advancing columns; and as they near, quick and incessant discharges leap from the enemy's first line, terribly thinning our ranks. With a steady onward they are furiously hurled back at the point of our bayonets, leaving the battery of six pieces in our hands; and the enemy driven from a strong position. Only for a few moments these noble veterans, now a thinned handful, echo the shout of present victory. The unusual celerity with which the charge was carried, placed them far beyond the supporting divisions, with their flanks entirely exposed. The enemy catches the advantage, and resolutely throws a darkened mass on their right and left. Oh for a support. Behind could be seen nothing but the bleeding victims of the terrible onset. Alas! the goal of their glorious exertion is

sadly lost—the much needed support is beyond reach at the critical moment. They retire sullenly, fighting their way down the hill, joining their lines to the other division. The battle rages on with little advantage at this point to either party.

In front of General Longstreet the enemy held an elevated ground. He in the meantime had moved his troops to attack the position, while Ewell attacked the fortified high ground on the enemy's right. The battle, too, rages with unrelenting fury on their lines. Night comes on and wears on apace; still the cannon's continuous roar, and the incessant rattle of musketry, especially on the right and left, are kept up. Some splendid charges have been executed from these parts of the line, and with good effect, for following the sound as darkness broods over the terrible scene, it is clearly perceivable that the two curves and points of the arc are being brought closer and closer together. Longstreet has driven the enemy a considerable distance, and occupies the desired ground in his front; Ewell, too, has pressed him back on the left. By this impression on the enemy's extremes, his position has assumed the shape of the letter V, with its point towards us.

About eight o'clock the awful storm ceased, which lulled as suddenly as the Tiberian storm, as if by the mutual consent of the hostile parties. The battle smoke slowly cleared away, and the clear sky looked down upon the battle-rent field. The gay wavering field of grain now lay trampled under foot, bespattered with human gore; gently gliding rivulets mingled their murmurings with the cries and groans of the wounded and dying—of friend and foe that lay stretched along their green banks. The stars peered out and shone brightly upon the awful scene, kissing the many cold, pale faces that lay over the ensanguined field.

The brave and intrepid Barksdale, of Mississippi, fell mortally wounded in the last charge beneath the enemy's works, and was left in the hands of the enemy as his men were forced suddenly back by the enemy's overwhelming numbers; of whom a lying Yankee correspondent palms off in hellish glee, "that this once proud and haughty rebel, a damnable type of the slave aristocracy, lay the picture of remorse, and craved as a dying boon a cup of water and a stretcher from an ambulance boy;" when, really, the dying moments of the brave and generous man insured the respect of a Yankee officer, who testifies of the glorious manner of his death, and enjoined upon him to inform his friends that

“he died at his post, fighting for his country, and that his countrymen were invincible.” Major General Hood and General Pender were severely wounded, leading their men in the thickest of the fight. Many gallant officers were killed and wounded, while our general loss was quite heavy all along the entire line.

Friday morning dawned; the rising sun cast his bright morning rays from the frowning hilltops upon the Confederates below, each party early busying themselves for another hostile shock that was to mark one of the bloodiest days of the army of the Potomac.

The partial successes of the day before encouraged General Lee to renew the attack. Longstreet was reinforced with three brigades of Pickett's division, and Heath's division and two other brigades of Hill's corps were ordered round to his support. His batteries were advanced to the position gained by him the day before. Hill merely lay threatening the centre, while Ewell again set his command in motion for the attack. The movements on the other parts of the line were to depend on Longstreet's success. Immediately in front of Longstreet lay the principal height, which the enemy had strongly fortified during the night, and massed a large quantity of his artillery, from which every movement of ours was distinctly seen, and he prepared to meet it. From about nine o'clock the slow booming of the cannon, intermingled with the sharp crack of the skirmishers, was the principal feature till about twelve o'clock, the morning being spent in manœuvering the troops to the positions. The heights in front lay across open fields covered with growing crops, upon which Pickett's division is thrown forward and moves up to the desperate work, which is graphically described by a correspondent:

“The fight at this time opened with that fierceness and desperation which told that both were battling desperately to win the victory which had been so long as it were poising in the balance. Favorable information comes from Ewell. Hill holds them in the centre. On the extreme right Longstreet is gaining ground; one hill on the right, the strongest hold they have, must be carried. The undertaking to carry it by assault is very hazardous, but there is no other way to take it. The hill is alive with men four lines deep in support of the powerful batteries there. This point is the key to the position of the Federal army—their fortifications must be charged, and with the support of our artillery we must silence their batteries, and carry their heights.

"Pickett's division is selected for the work. They commence steadily, and in beautiful line, to march upon the fatal spot. The distance is too great to charge with the yell and rush that generally characterizes charges. They press on through fields, over fences and ditches. The enemy can see all our movements, and troops are double-quickened up to meet us. Our noble boys charge on through shot and shell, their ranks melting away as they advance under the murderous artillery fire of the enemy. Our artillery performs excellently. The batteries of Cabell, Haskell, Alexander of this corps, and Pegram of Hill's, at one time almost silence those of the enemy. Their three rear ranks are broken and almost annihilated by the well directed fire of these batteries; we press to within forty yards of their breastworks, when we received from their concealed front rank a fire, the mention of which almost makes the heart sicken. Surely none can escape; all must perish before such a murderous volley.

"Not so. Our men rise, many wounded, from the cloud of smoke, and press on with their ranks sadly thinned; some reach the breastworks and capture many of the guns. A dark cloud of Yankees show themselves; they have been heavily reinforced with infantry and artillery. What an awful moment! Where are our reinforcements? What a momentous question. Alas! we have none at hand! They have been too slow. No help at hand, and we are driven out of the fortifications and forced back by overwhelming numbers."

These noble men retire beneath the enemy's breastworks. The enemy in some instances attempt to follow, but are hurled back with terrible slaughter and chased into their works.

Ewell has pressed the enemy hard on the left, his whole line charging simultaneously with that of the right, driving the uncovered columns of the enemy before him, who have attempted a demonstration on his flank. They are driven back to their works, and are assaulted with a fury seldom ever witnessed. The first line is carried about dark, and a heavy line in front of the second work meets the second onset of our impetuous troops. Their furious volleys stagger our columns, who with a renewed yell press on. The flashes of the guns of each line nearly reach each other. A heavy, darkening mass of reinforcements move down upon our thinned ranks; they are forced to relinquish their hard earned toils; they fall back, sheltering themselves behind the shelving

rocks along the slopes, and stand and fight in parties, firing in the darkness at the flashes of the enemy's volleys, until in many instances their ammunition is exhausted, or they are flanked and captured.

Here in one of these last charges occurred one of the grandest little episodes of the war. In the darkness during the charge, the Sixth North Carolina, Eighth and Ninth Louisiana Regiments, many of them found themselves mingled with the Yankee columns. Some surrendered, and others with great coolness slid out in the darkness, and made their way down to the foot of the heights, where Captain W. B. Montgomery, of the Ninth Louisiana, accidentally ran against the color bearer of the Sixth North Carolina, who had safely borne his colors out of the terrible *mêlée*, and rallied some broken squads around it to the number of not more than fifty men, and posted them behind a stone fence about forty yards from the base of the hill. The Yankee column, about a brigade, thrown forward from the heights, were hastily moving down the hill towards the position where the little squad lay; on they come with heavy, hurrying step, the whole brigade moving in three or four lines. Not a gun has broken the silence for several minutes. The field officers, mounted on horseback, were riding up and down the advancing lines, in low tones encouraging their men to keep steady, and to make one more charge and the day would be theirs. With unsuspecting tread they have reached within forty paces of the fence, when the cool, intrepid captain whispered, "fire, boys." The unerring flashes leap along the stone fence, terribly dealing death in the enemy's advancing ranks; many of the tinsel clad riders bite the dust, as riderless horses are seen dashing wildly in different directions; quick, successive volleys, repeated with the same fatal effect before their columns recover from the first shock; the confused ranks of the astounded foe break in disorder back up the mountains, leaving their dead and wounded behind them. The ground was found strewn with the dead, among them several field officers. This gallant little party safely made its way back and joined their column on the original lines, who to their country's pride may well claim the honor of firing the last gun, and administering the last repulse on the ensanguined field of Gettysburg.

Another remarkable incident that occurred during one of these last charges, is worthy of a place in history. Sergeant Charles

Clansey, color bearer of the First Louisiana Regiment, Company E, had nobly borne his colors far in the last of these desperate charges. After dark, finding himself cut off from his regiment, and after several ineffectual attempts to get out with his colors, he lay down behind a ledge of rocks, detached the colors from the staff, and concealed them in his bosom just as he surrendered. During the night he procured a needle and quilted it in the back of his shirt, was carried to Fort Delaware, and kept it concealed all the while from the guard and the numerous detectives that swarm the prison. He was recently exchanged, and returned the identical old bunting to his regiment, who have laid it up as one of the sacred relics of the war; riddled and torn, it associates with it all the hard fought battles of the army of Virginia. Presented to this gallant regiment on leaving home, by the fair daughters of Louisiana, and consecrated by the blood of its noble defenders, may it yet wave over men worthy of freedom's happiest boon.

Our loss in this day's engagement was quite heavy—General Garnett was killed, and Generals Kemper and Armistead severely wounded. The enemy's loss was also heavy, as his troops at many points were crowded on the hillsides and exposed to our terrible artillery fire, which evidently devoured them by the wholesale, and at every attempt at an open assault on our lines, he was punished with heavy loss.

This day's fight ended the bloody and indecisive battle of Gettysburg. The next day, Saturday, the 4th, our troops lay on the same lines of the day before, the enemy continuing in our front far back on the slopes and on the heights, neither party making any hostile demonstration, but lay all day in easy gunshot of each other. Our troops, wearied by continual watchings and fighting, but not dispirited, lay all day still expecting again to hear the onward command given. And why was it not given? It remains now no longer a *secret*. The three days fighting had so hopelessly reduced our *ammunition*, that a renewal of the engagement could not be hazarded, which is now established by the evidence of *every* ordnance officer of the army; and besides, the difficulty of obtaining supplies rendered our present situation exceedingly critical—hence a retrograde movement on the part of General Lee became absolutely necessary. He commenced withdrawing his army late in the evening of the 4th, and "the rear of the column

and that his majesty had been forced to plume his congenial companion with the wings of his own sable personage, that he might place safety between his own precious self and the wary rebels.

In the meantime, Rhodes' division, that had been detached at Millwood, proceeded directly to Berryville, capturing four hundred prisoners and that place, pushed on to Martinsburg; entering the latter place on the 14th, he captured seven hundred prisoners, five pieces of artillery, and a considerable quantity of stores: making the total of these operations sum up six thousand one hundred prisoners, twenty-nine pieces of artillery, two hundred and seventy wagons and ambulances, with four hundred horses and mules, and besides a large amount of military stores. Our loss was about fifty killed and wounded. Thus was wrested, for the third time, from Yankee grasp, this historic point, clearing the valley to our future operations.

In viewing the happy results of this event, it evidently bears prominent traces of the genius, skill, and energy that were so characteristic of the late lamented leader of this veteran corps, showing that his mantle had truly fallen upon one next worthy to wear it. The skillful and successful manœuvring of each division of the corps, and the nice calculations of time and chance of bringing each into its respective position just at the nick of time to meet the emergency, go, indeed, to establish that the wishes of our *Dead Dundee* have not been misplaced in giving a leader who will lead his own old glorious corps "after his own way."

Longstreet moved from Culpeper Court House on the 15th, crossed the Blue Ridge at Ashby's and Snicker's Gaps. General Stuart, with his cavalry, moved in front of Longstreet with the brigades of Robinson and Jones, while Hampton was thrown further round on the flank to watch the movements of Hooker's columns that were now moving up from Fredericksburg:

The advance of General Stuart—Jones' and Robinson's brigades—moved in front of Longstreet to Front Royal and then turned to the right, moving down to Middleburg in Loudon County, and met a large body of the enemy's cavalry and artillery on Thursday evening, 18th, moving up from Aldie. Late in the evening, as they approached Middleburg, a brisk skirmish commenced between Robinson's dismounted skirmishers and the skirmishers of the enemy, which, just after dark, resulted in two

gallant charges, driving the enemy back some distance, killing several and capturing one hundred prisoners. The enemy was heavily reinforced during the night; our forces were withdrawn to a better position a short distance above the village. Early next morning the enemy moved up and renewed the engagement, which was kept up hotly during the day between the dismounted men of each party, with occasional use of artillery at intervals. The cool courage and deadly aim of the North Carolinians of Robinson's brigade held in check and drove back largely disproportionate numbers of the enemy. We held our position until night put an end to the fight. Early on Saturday morning Hampton's brigade, which had come up late the previous evening, was placed on the advance lines in front of Middleburg, and Jones to the left, and lay all day in line of battle amid a drenching rain, with nothing transpiring save occasional picket firing. Night wore on, the soldier, wet and weary, lay with his head on his arms, in troubled sleep until the approaching dawn. Many a one that rose from his wet couch that gloomy Sabbath morn was soon to sleep on a bloody couch, to rise no more till the dawn of a brighter day.

During the night the enemy had been reinforced with a large force of cavalry, artillery, and several brigades of infantry, moving up nearer our lines early in the morning under cover of the heavy timber and thick fog. Our position lay two miles above Middleburg, near Rector's cross-roads. The ground was most illy adapted to cavalry purposes, being rolling and breaking off in rugged hills, the fields checked off with numerous stone fences and broken by rippling runs, juttred on each side by rugged, precipitous banks. Our line lay on each side of the turnpike leading from Middleburg to Ashby's Gap, extended on an eminence each side of the pike beyond the stone bridge over Rector's Run. Hampton's brigade held the right, supported by Robinson—the left by Jones and the Lees.

About sunrise Hart's artillery, planted in the road, opened on the heavy lines of the enemy's advancing skirmishers; which elicited a vigorous response from the enemy's batteries. The sharpshooters of each party became engaged, hotly at it they went all along the whole line, the incessant peals resembling the work of a regular battle. Our artillery plunged its discharges into the advancing ranks, checking their progress. The enemy replied sullenly and slowly—telling, however, that he had his best guns to

bear upon us—blowing up one of our caissons. A strong column of infantry were ascertained to be moving round upon Hampton's flank, held by the sharpshooters of the First North Carolina cavalry, under Captain Wm. Houston, who after a stubborn resistance were outflanked and overpowered. Captain Houston fought to the last, and fell, nobly encouraging his men—a braver, fearless man, a truer and more perfect gentleman never lived.

Our line was now withdrawn in good order beyond the stone bridge, and fell back as the enemy's infantry column gained our flanks; now from hill to hill disputing his advance, principally with our artillery, until beyond Goose Creek, where all our artillery were massed on a high eminence on each side of the road, when a most desperate artillery duel was kept up for two hours. Our artillery unflinchingly held its position against the superior odds of the enemy's guns, causing him frequently to shift his position. The enemy brought up and massed all his artillery upon us, numbering thirty pieces, nearly trebling ours, which was worked with terrible energy. Round shot went ruthlessly hurling, and shell screaming through the air—plowing the earth up for yards—bursting in the air, scattering its devilish fragments fearfully around—often sending both horse and rider reeling to the ground. Finally the long, heavy lines of the enemy's forces come pouring down the turnpike on the opposite hill, filing out through the fields. Our well charged grape and canister administer frequent checks to his progress, while the well-directed aim of our sharpshooters, who lay under the hill, pour volley after volley, and waver back his teeming ranks.

The enemy's old flanking process causes us again to withdraw and take a position a mile further back. In withdrawing our forces back through the fields, the enemy had got his artillery in a favorable position, from which we were exposed to an awful fire, sweeping the hills with grape and canister, while shell and solid ball came screaming in storms of metal hail through the air, laying many a horse and rider low on the green sward beneath. Our batteries took position on the last eminence from Goose Creek and opened furiously, silencing some of the guns of the enemy. From this position towards Upperville opens an extensive plain, and after crossing a few little basin-marsnes an almost unbroken surface presents itself for more than a mile, covered with grass and clover, skirted on the right by a long band of heavy timber,

through which the turnpike runs; at the further end of this plain, to the left of the road, lies a large, freshly plowed cornfield, which from the recent rains renders the upper surface quite boggy; on the right, open, undulating pasture lands, and near the skirts of the town stands an enclosure of thick undergrowth. Upperville is a little hamlet at the junction of the Snicker's and Ashby's Gaps Turnpikes.

Our artillery, after entertaining the enemy for a short time from its last position, were withdrawn, and the whole column of Hampton's brigade moved off directly across this plain to the left of the road, and the other brigades, Robinson's, Jones', and the Lees', moved to the right through the open field. When about midway of this plain, General Stuart wheeled the columns as they were moving, in line of battle, challenging the haughty columns of the enemy to an open field fight, who were moving his splendidly equipped columns with exultant shouts over the eminence we had just vacated. The "cold steel" order was given, which ran like electricity down the whole line, bracing the trooper in his saddle and lighting up his eye for the coming charge; but the enemy, not accepting Stuart's open challenge, filed his columns through the band of woods, and halted, moving up his infantry, and began sweeping the plains and shelling the woods with his long-range guns.

The commands were withdrawn still further back, Robinson, Jones, and the Lees to the skirts of Upperville—the former occupying the turnpike, the three latter the space round to and on the Snicker's Gap road, on which, too, the enemy was advancing. Hampton moved straight across the plain through the cornfield, moving to the far side of the field. The enemy evincing a disposition to press us, Hampton wheeled his men to receive them, when they came dashing in fine style at us. Placing the Jeff. Davis Legion in front on the edge of a little strip of woods near the cornfield, the other regiments of the brigade were moved back a short distance near an orchard at the skirts of the town. On the enemy dashed against the Jeff. Davis Legion, who bore up nobly against the heavy shock. The First North Carolina then charged in *echelon* to its right, while the other regiments followed in the same order with the yell. General Hampton at the head rang out, "Give it to them, my brave boys, give it to them!" The two columns met about midway in the cornfield—the Confederates with sabre

alone delved into the Yankee column, the enemy meeting them for the most part with the pistol, popping like a fired canebrake; but a few well plied surges of the keen blade soon told who were the masters of the field; his ranks break, and are impetuously hurled back to the wood, from whence they had emerged from his infantry, who were strongly posted behind a stone fence in anticipation of such an emergency, who opened a galling fire upon us, in consequence of which we retired, bearing off a number of prisoners, to our former position. Across the same ground another fresh column of the enemy in heavy numbers dashed to punish our success. The column gallantly wheels, and again met them on the same spot, and hand to hand the two columns plunge fearfully into each other. The assault is again met with the same happy results, and they go back broken and cringing to their supports in the woods, who too keep up a galling fire upon us, leaving the ground again dotted with blue coats and several prisoners in our hands. The brigade is formed on the same ground for another onset, but the foe seemed satisfied at this open game, and did not venture again on this part of the field from under his darling supports, but contented himself by bringing up his artillery and raking the plains with a galling fire. Under these unfavorable circumstances the command was withdrawn, bearing off all our wounded and prisoners. In the meantime that part of the field on the right of the road was boldly assaulted, and for a short time the enemy gained some little advantage, but by bold and desperate charges made by the North Carolina and Virginia brigades, the enemy were repulsed, leaving the ground covered with his killed and wounded, and capturing many prisoners. Our loss in killed and wounded in these engagements was quite severe, mostly in wounded, among them some valuable officers. Colonel P. G. Evans, of the Fifth North Carolina, fell mortally wounded while leading his men in one of those desperate charges. He was a most gallant and daring officer.

Although the enemy fought us with largely superior numbers and advantage in infantry, the loss inflicted upon them in these engagements was much larger than ours in killed and wounded, besides the prisoners taken. Although Stuart met the numbers that were brought to bear against him, he finally, by superior courage and hard fighting, succeeded in repulsing them, thus foiling the enemy in his important mission of making a successful reconnoissance to ascertain the movements of our army, which was seri-

ously puzzling to his anxious authorities. Stuart on Monday morning turned upon the enemy, who retreated rapidly before him, and pursued them for ten miles without bringing them to an engagement.

In connection with these engagements another spirited and successful little affair occurred. The Phillips Legion, under Major Pucked, had been left behind the brigade on detached duty, and were moving up to overtake the command. On the 21st, at New Baltimore, on the Warrenton turnpike, the legion met a body of Yankee cavalry, largely superior to his force, who had deployed in line by squadron to receive him. Major Pucked advanced his little command by fours, and gallantly dashed upon them hand to hand. A few furious surges soon broke their lines, and he sent them helter skelter before him in wild confusion, killing and wounding a number, and capturing thirty-five prisoners with their equipments, with a very slight loss to the legion.

The following is General Lee's official notice of these operations:

"The cavalry, under General Stuart, was thrown out in front of Longstreet to watch the enemy, reported to be moving in Loudoun. On the 17th his cavalry encountered two brigades of ours, under General Stuart, near Aldie, and was driven back with loss. The next day the engagement was renewed, the Federal cavalry being strongly supported by infantry, and General Stuart was in turn compelled to retire.

"The enemy advanced as far as Upperville, and then fell back. In these engagements General Stuart took about four hundred prisoners and a considerable number of horses and arms."

To follow the course of events: in the meantime General Ewell had crossed the Potomac, part of his corps crossing at Williamsport and part at Shepherdstown, and re-united at Hagerstown on the 20th. Jenkins' cavalry had been thrown forward scouring the country in his front, while General Imboden had moved on his left, "driving off the forces guarding the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad, destroying all the important bridges on that route from Cumberland to Martinsburg, and seriously damaged the Chesapeake and Ohio Canal." General Ewell moved on and arrived at Chambersburg on the evening of the 22d. Resting his troops one day, he pushed on to Carlisle, eighteen miles distant. Generals Longstreet and A. P. Hill had crossed the Potomac, and were moving on the same route, and reached Chambersburg on the 27th.

General Stuart with the cavalry continued to follow the movements of the Federal army, hanging on his flank and rear, harassing him at every opportunity, and by extraordinary vigilance and energy shielded the movements of our army from the surveillance of the enemy's reconnoitering parties that attempted night and day to break through our lines to unveil Lee's movements of "*mischievous mystery*."* General Stuart continued on after the enemy's columns. His advance between Fairfax and Alexandria met a body of the enemy's cavalry, called "Scott's Nine Hundred," who engaged our advance with terrible desperation, and stood up hand to hand until the whole party were all cut to pieces and captured. Major Whittaker, of the First North Carolina, a brave and accomplished officer, fell mortally wounded in leading the advance in the first charge. Stuart here turned to the left, obliquing towards the Potomac.

In the meanwhile Hooker had withdrawn from Stafford, crossed the Potomac at Washington, and moved on through Maryland, so as to cover Washington and Baltimore; and at Frederick City, for some unexplained cause, relinquished his command to Meade, who turned up the east side of the South Mountain, and moved rapidly towards Gettysburg, throwing Reynolds with his corps considerably in advance of the main body.

General Ewell was threatening Harrisburg from Carlisle; but from the recently discovered combinations of the enemy, on the 29th, he was directed to proceed towards Gettysburg, and also the corps of Longstreet, and on the 30th A. P. Hill was instructed to move in the same direction. Heath's division of Hill's corps moved on in advance, and crossed South Mountain at Stevens' Gap. The advance of Ewell's corps had encountered the Pennsylvania militia, which affair may be better described by an eye witness:

"Our boys hearing that there was a chance for some fun with the militia hurried on to Gettysburg, high in anticipation of an easy victory. Many were their regrets when they saw the "melish"

* So reticent had Lee's movements been conducted, that the most of his army had crossed the Shenandoah, seventy-five miles from his former base, before the Yankee commander-in-chief was aware that any considerable portion of it had left his front and the direction it had taken, as a despatch in the hands of Pleasanton's adjutant, captured by Mosby, addressed to the former by Halleck, testifies, ordering him to take all his cavalry, and whatever other force he might think proper, and find out something of Lee's whereabouts, as his movements for the last week were "shrouded in a '*mischievous mystery*,'" which explains his desperate efforts at Middleburg and Upperville.

fleeing so fast as to make pursuit on foot the height of folly, and that before they had the pleasure of increasing, if possible, their celerity by sending a volley after them. Our infantry was utterly out of the question, so the cavalry, with nimble horses, came, and after a good chase succeeded in gathering up some three or four hundred of the frightened gentry.

"The flight is said to have been eminently ludicrous. When they first began to run they had the amplest equipments, and no doubt the many little notions forced upon them by their grateful wives; but in a little while, one by one, they divested themselves of *all* that impeded their progress, and came down to it in a way worthy of their cause. Guns, haversacks, canteens, cartridge-boxes, home mementoes, all went by the board in their famous flight, which did not end till they put a river between themselves and danger, the bridge over which was burnt, and while in flames caught to several houses, which shared the same fate."

General Reynolds, on the morning of the 1st of July, reached Gettysburg and moved on and met General Heath's division a few miles west, on the Chambersburg Turnpike; skirmishing a short time, the battle opened generally, the whole Yankee corps bearing down furiously on this division, and were met with a steady advance on the part of our troops, who seemed inspired with a vigorous onward movement, driving the enemy back rapidly before them, to within a short distance of the town, where we encountered a larger force. Ewell coming up with two of his divisions, Rhodes' and Early's, by the Heidlersburg road, took position on the extreme left. The battle now joined along the whole line. The enemy's artillery opened furiously from many favorable positions, to which ours readily responded. Our columns moved steadily upon these favorable positions, in the face of incessant discharges of iron and leaden hail, driving the enemy sullenly back at some minor points, still stubbornly holding his main positions. A desirable position had been occupied in our front, from which the enemy were enabled to inflict serious punishment upon our advancing columns, which was at once charged and taken, but the enemy being heavily reinforced, our forces were compelled to yield it back; it was again charged and retaken; and in turn the enemy rushes upon it again and thrusts us back from it the second time, but fell back immediately as our forces were rallying to the third assault, when they as soon retire, falling back a short distance, and turning again

did not leave Gettysburg until after daylight of the 5th,** carrying off with us five thousand prisoners, besides paroling two thousand on the field.

How was it with our enemy, who afterwards claimed a *great victory*? Why did Meade sit quietly and look down upon Lee withdrawing his army, and not pursue him? The tale is simply told—he had commenced a retrograde movement *six hours* before Lee commenced leaving his position, as one of the Washington sheets bulletined to the public that Saturday afternoon General Meade was withdrawing to another *line of defence*; to which is also added the captured despatch of a courier, stating that Meade's headquarters on Saturday night would be at Westminster, the next favorable *line of defence* from Gettysburg; besides our scouts state that the citizens of the vicinity of Meade's position testify that the troops in the rear were withdrawing early in the evening of the 4th, but as soon as Meade fully ascertained the fact of Lee withdrawing, he wheeled, faced about, and played conqueror over the *debris* of a battle field where he had been beaten in every uncovered action.

The enemy's entire loss in casualties is estimated at eighteen thousand, and in prisoners seven thousand, making the sum total twenty-five thousand, while our loss, frightful enough, did not foot up more than half that number, and nothing but the superior advantage in position the enemy had assumed after his first day's defeat, and his large preponderance of artillery, saved him from utter and hopeless rout; yet in the face of all these facts a grand victory is claimed and heralded on the bulletin boards of the North, and that the Baboon dynasty, scenting among the slimy sloughs of despondency, had jumped up another Napoleon, who had beaten and routed "the audacious rebels," leaving their credulous subjects anxiously gaping to hear in the next *despatch* that their newly fledged chieftain would have the rebel Lee and his entire army *cul-de-sac*, before he could reach the Potomac; which to follow the sequel of events, we will see how sadly they had calculated, as to the probabilities of such a momentous fate.

* See General Lee's official report.

CHAPTER XIII.

STUART'S DETOUR ROUND BY WASHINGTON—CAPTURES SEVERAL CANAL BOATS, A LARGE NUMBER OF OFFICERS, AND AN IMMENSE TRAIN OF WAGONS—MAKES A CIRCUIT IN MEADE'S REAR, AND REACHES GETTYSBURG—DESPERATE CAVALRY FIGHT AT HUNTERSTOWN—GENERAL HAMPTON SEVERELY WOUNDED—SUCCEEDS IN CHECKING THE ENEMY—THE ARMY CROSSES SOUTH MOUNTAIN—A GALLANT AFFAIR IN THE PASS BY A DETACHMENT FROM ROBINSON'S CAVALRY.

During these terrible engagements, our cavalry had by no means been inactive, but had acted its part in these trying scenes.

Stuart, with his cavalry, on the enemy's flank, above Alexandria, having seen the enemy's rear pass, dashed in and destroyed several of his wagon trains; and on the 27th, crossed the Potomac at Seneca Falls, eighteen miles above Washington, moved down the Chesapeake and Ohio Canal, and captured several boats. One, a splendidly rigged craft, with the stars and stripes flying profusely over it, and freighted with a live cargo, in the shape of Yankee officers and officials, was anchored and taken in, to their great surprise and mortification. The others were richly laden with commissary freight, which was destroyed. He then dashed down within four miles of Washington City, pouncing on several officials of the Baboon dynasty on pleasure excursions in the vicinity—causing the trembling-kneed tyrant to barricade the streets with barrels, boxes, etc., etc., against a *coup de main* of this "energetic rebel;" of which circumstance he is reported to have said, after his nerves had become somewhat steadied? "Some of my Cabinet were a leetle frightened, but I warnt scared a hooter." However, the lynx-eyed Jeb contented himself with a naked-eye view of the steeples and spires of this modern Sodom, dashed on up the main Washington and Frederick road, captured two hundred and seventy wagons and teams, attacked and repulsed, with the Second North Carolina regiment, after a desperate hand-to-hand fight, a large body of the enemy's cavalry at Hanover, who attempted to rescue the train. Moved on, and met another body of cavalry at Rockville, most of which W. H. F. Lee's brigade killed and captured. Dashed on round, picking up and paroling

numerous prisoners in the rear, and reached Carlisle on Wednesday evening, bringing up with him his enormous captured train—having swept round the entire rear of Meade's army—making the first communication with General Lee since leaving Ashby's Gap. Late on Thursday evening, the 2d, the enemy's cavalry were discovered to be moving round on our left, with the supposed intention of reaching our trains at Cashtown. Hampton, with his command, was ordered back to meet them. Cobb's Legion were thrown forward, and met a body of Yankee cavalry near Hunterstown, who were posted along the road in largely superior numbers. Colonel Young made a fearless dash at them, and after a desperate fight, in which the sabre was mainly used, the gallant Georgians handsomely repulsed them, killing and wounding upwards of one hundred, and capturing several prisoners—losing sixty-five in killed and wounded, among them nearly every commissioned officer was killed or wounded. Doubtless no affair of this war was characterized with more fierceness and desperation.

The enemy retired that evening beyond Hunterstown, and early next morning had concentrated a heavy force of cavalry, mounted infantry, and artillery at that point, and was bearing round on our left flank. Stuart advanced with his command to meet them: They had learned his intention to attack them, and they threw themselves on the defensive, and took a favorable position near Hunterstown, with their cavalry drawn up under some hills, their artillery in the edge of some woods on the hill behind, with heavy lines of sharpshooters well thrown out in front. In our front we were impeded by numerous stone and bar fences, with only one open passage, a narrow lane, leading to the enemy's position. Jenkins moved up on the right, Chambliss (commanding W. H. F. Lee's cavalry) and Fitz. Lee on the left, and Hampton in the centre at the mouth of the lane. Sharpshooters from the commands chiefly on the right were thrown forward, when the fight opened vigorously, and the artillery of each party open and kept up a most furious duel. A line of our sharpshooters were suddenly being pressed by a body of Yankee cavalry emerging from a wood. General Fitz. Lee, with the first Virginia Regiment dashes forward and meets them in the open field, with sword in hand, and after a sharp fight repulsed them. General Fitz. Lee in this affair at the head of his column fearlessly dashed into the Yankee ranks; in crossing sabres he encountered an athletic Yankee trooper, whose

powerful arm was proving too much for him, but the timely interference of his Adjutant, Major Ferguson, dashing to his side, shot his antagonist just as he was making the confident thrust at him. In the meantime Hampton, in moving up to Fitz. Lee's support, was ordered to charge another large body moving from the wood; no preliminaries had been made in removing the fence obstructions between our position and the enemy's, who occupied an open field beyond a line of bar fence. The narrow lane was the only means by which they could be reached; which was raked by the artillery of the enemy. Through this narrow passage, amid the enemy's raking fire, Hampton's column dashed, with its fearless leader at the head. The open field is gained at the end of the lane; he quickly deploys his column. The enemy are formed under the hill and approach in splendid order. Hampton, cool, with his noble eye flashing fire, rings out: "*Charge them, my brave boys, charge them.*" On his fiery troopers dash, with gleaming sabres uplifted, with a wild, deafening yell. The two hostile columns tilt together, with furious clashing of sabres, intermingled with the popping of pistols; horses and riders lock together in the dread *melee*, friend and foe fall and are crushed beneath the angry tread. The lines of each party are swinging to and fro, backwards and forwards, finally the enemy's begin to waver, and are being thrust back slowly at the point of the sabre. But at this fortuitous juncture a fresh column of Yankee reinforcements dash forward over the hill; our column in turn is borne back, fiercely contesting every inch of ground. Hand to hand they bear up against the opposing odds. The tall form of Hampton is conspicuous in the fight, he too plies his sabre with his men, at the same time encouraging the men to stand firm. The whole Yankee column bears down upon us with all its energy and fury, still the line bears up against the renewed shock. The whole line seems to be striving with his man, and more of the enemy pressing on; two have dashed at the gallant Hampton, but pay the penalty before his dexterous arm; another fresh squad rush from the line and bear upon him. The flashes from the muzzle of his pistol keep them at a moment's bay. Two Mississippians, Privates More and Dunlap, of the Jeff. Davis Legion, fearlessly dash to his rescue with sabres lifted high in the air, bringing their sharp edges down upon the heads of the pressing assailants, but sadly they go down beneath the angry tread. Now still gleaming sabres from several arms are playing over his head, already

spiriting with gore, his unerring pistol sends another reeling from his saddle; frantic with rage they press him back against the fence, just as the column is too being borne back; two brave men, Sergeant Nat. Price, Company A, First North Carolina, and Private Jackson, Company B, Cobb Legion, desecrating the awful dilemma of their beloved commander, recklessly dash into the unequal contest; a sure shot from the pistol of the former blows the nearest one through just as he is repeating a blow upon the general's bleeding head. Throwing themselves between him and the pressing antagonists, still chafing for their victim, the former earnestly shouted, "General, general, they are too many for us; for God's sake leap your horse over the fence; I'll die before they shall have you." The spur is suited to the suggestion; his noble steed clears the fence amid a shower of balls that shred the air, one severely wounding him in the side. The party furiously dashes at the deliverers, just as they too are wheeling to follow, and with uplifted sabre one is coming down upon Price; another barrel sends him reeling from his saddle. The next in van raises his vengeful arm to cleave him down, his uplifted arm receives the blow, and before another is raised to finish the work, his faithful steed follows in the leap and safely bears him along side his coadjutor on the other side of the fence.

The general was now borne off, bleeding from two frightful sabre cuts across the head, fracturing the skull, and a severe wound from a pistol shot in the side. On leaving he requested Colonel Baker, of the First North Carolina cavalry, to take command, and encouraged the men to fight on and not give up the field. They catch the inspiration from the wounded hero, together with the encouragement of the gallant officer at their head, and turn upon the pressing foe with a renewed energy. They spur back deeper into the enemy's ranks; his columns waver, and after a short but terrible onset of these impetuous troopers, they break against the renewed charge, and are hurled back across the field, falling beneath our vengeful steel at every step. Their batteries enfilade our column most fearfully. The enemy frequently rally. Several dashes are made at their colors. Major Connor, of the Jeff. Davis Legion, a most gallant and daring officer, was killed in a rash attempt to bear off a stand of the enemy's colors. Heavy columns of reinforcements are moving up to the menaced point; yet our men hold their position after the recall is sounded; and

amid a storm of grape and canister some of the more impetuous throw themselves forward some distance in advance of where the column reined up, spurring on to reach the battery, wrapping the crest in livid flames. To have seen these heroes dashing into it was truly grand; and let the admirers of heroism know the name of the foremost—Private J. G. McReynolds, of Phillips' Legion. Spurring almost under the white smoke of the guns, more like some demon phantom, he shouts back, "Come on, boys, come on! My God, let's take the battery." Finding his column retiring, he dashed back without a scratch, amid the missiles large and small that were shredding the air.

After this desperate charge, forcing the Yankee columns back to the mouths of his numerous and well served guns, heavily supported by infantry, our columns retired back, holding the first disputed point; the other parts of the line were not so fiercely assailed, but in all the efforts of the enemy he was promptly repulsed. This point in Hampton's front was the hardest contested part of the field. The enemy having concentrated his main force here, attempted by desperate efforts to break our centre, in which he was effectually foiled by the superior courage of Fitz. Lee's and Hampton's veteran troopers. His cavalry being thus severely punished in an open hand to hand contest, attempted to drive us from our position by his numerous and well posted artillery, in which a most terrible artillery duel was joined. Our batteries of horse artillery, aided by four pieces under Lieutenant Blair, of the Jackson battery of Ewell's corps, furiously kept up the fight the remainder of the day, without any decided effect, each party holding its same position at night. Our loss was quite heavy, particularly in officers. The enemy's must have been equally as much or more so. General Stuart was particularly conspicuous in the fight, dashing from one point to another, encouraging the point that required his presence the most, entirely reckless of his personal safety. In thus maintaining his position, he effectually held in check and repulsed the most desperate effort of the enemy's cavalry to turn our left flank, who with the additional incentive were burning to wipe out the disgrace Stuart had just inflicted upon them by his daring and mischievous pranks upon their rear. He still maintained his position the following day, and was among the last to leave the field, bringing up the rear of our retiring army.

On the evening of the same day, the 3d, a detachment of about four hundred men, under Colonel Black, First South Carolina cavalry, met a body of Yankee cavalry advancing from Emmettsburg, who were attempting a demonstration against our right flank, with the support of a regiment of infantry, ambuscaded and drove them back with heavy loss.

Late in the same evening, further round on our right, beyond Marsh Creek, Jones' cavalry, supported by Robinson, encountered another heavy body of the enemy's cavalry, and after a desperate hand to hand conflict, repulsed them, killing and capturing a great number.

Our trains moved from Gettysburg on two routes, one by way of Cashtown through Stevens' Gap, guarded by Imboden; the other by the road through Fairfield, leading across the South Mountains. General Robinson was ordered on in advance on this route; he sent forward a small squadron of about thirty-five men, under Captains McKellar and Shaw of the Fifth North Carolina cavalry, to picket this Gap in advance of the column, on Jack Mountain. The pass on the top of the mountain is quite narrow and makes a slight bend from the south. The enemy's cavalry, in the meantime, by remarkable energy had moved round to the left and crossed the mountain on some obscure road and were hastening up to occupy this pass. Just as this small force was being posted at the point, an entire regiment of the enemy's cavalry were seen advancing rapidly up the opposite side of the mountain. Our little body of pickets were thrown forward to the best advantage along the most advantageous positions near the bend. The enemy came dashing up by squadrons, and just as they turned the bend our little party met them with a galling fire, causing a temporary recoil. Their officer in command rallied a small body, calling on the others to follow, he gallantly, with a few of his men, succeeded in dashing by; he still kept on at the top of his speed and was killed, and his party captured by a small party in the rear. The whole regiment made several bold dashes to carry the position, but were successfully repulsed in every attempt, leaving the pass strewn with their dead and wounded. They retired, baffled and beaten by those two bold and intrepid officers. And to them and their brave men the greatest credit is due for defending and holding this important pass, which, had they succeeded in successfully occupying, would have at least subjected us to serious annoyance, if not to untold disaster.

CHAPTER XIV.

THE ENEMY'S CAVALRY MAKES A BOLD ATTEMPT TO CAPTURE OUR TRAINS AT WILLIAMSPORT—ARE SUCCESSFULLY ROUTED BY GENERAL IMBODEN—CAVALRY FIGHT AT HAGERSTOWN—GENERAL LEE TAKES POSITION AT HAGERSTOWN—CAVALRY FIGHT NEAR FUNKSTOWN—AT BENVIOLA—THE WHOLE ARMY RE-CROSS THE POTOMAC—FITZ. LEE'S CAVALRY FIGHT AT LEETOWN; ROUTS THE ENEMY—THE ARMY WITH-DRAWS FROM THE VALLEY, AND RESUMES ITS ORIGINAL LINES ON THE RAPPAHANNOCK.

Our columns moved on without any further interruption, save a dash of the enemy's cavalry on some wagons that had lagged behind, capturing some of our wounded.

Our vast trains of wagons, captured property, and prisoners had safely passed on, and reached Williamsport on Monday evening, the 6th, under charge of General Imboden, with his cavalry, one regiment of infantry, and a large body of "Company Q,"* from all the cavalry, as an escort,

The enemy's cavalry, by forced marches, had dashed round and placed themselves between our army and the trains, and held the road at Hagerstown, throwing forward a heavy force of cavalry and artillery, under Kilpatrick. They suddenly came dashing down upon General Imboden at Williamsport, eager for the prize collected at that point. This officer, with consummate energy, promptly met them, by throwing forward his homogeneous forces, "Company Q," teamsters, convalescents, and his small body of regular forces. After a sharp fight of artillery and small arms, the enemy was gradually driven from his first position; when, about dark, the whole line moved forward with a yell. The enemy relaxed his hold, and retreated precipitately in the direction of Boonsboro', leaving a great many killed and wounded behind, inflicting a very small loss upon us.

In the meantime General Stuart had fallen upon the other body at Hagerstown, in which Robinson's and Jones' brigades drove them through the town in a most gallant style. They were fol-

* This was the soubriquet given to that part of the cavalry who had unserviceable horses, which constituted a grand cortege of limping horses after the wagon trains.

lowed up by an advance of the former under Colonel J. B. Gordon, commanding the Fifth North Carolina cavalry; and after pursuing them about a mile, they succeeded in rallying, posting themselves in a strong position in the road, where they had posted a battery of artillery raking the road. This gallant officer, however, advanced at a sweeping pace almost to the mouths of the guns; but from the galling fire his command temporarily recoiled. Rallying, he completed the charge, repulsing the enemy; and it was only by the utmost speed of the artillery horses that the guns were saved from capture. In this and the engagement at Williamsport the enemy were punished severely, while our loss was comparatively small:

Our army all arrived in Hagerstown by the 7th, and halted in the vicinity. In this retrograde movement, in which the enemy subsequently proclaimed that Lee's forces were hopelessly demoralized and routed, Meade had not made the least show of immediate pursuit, but had allowed Lee to leisurely march to Hagerstown, where he halted and assumed a position, and awaited patiently the approach of the self-styled victorious army for the space of *six* long days.

In the meantime sharp occurrences took place between the cavalry of each party. On the evening of the 8th, General Fitz. Lee dashed upon a body on the national turnpike, near Funkstown, killing and wounding several, and capturing one hundred and fifty with all their equipments. The next morning Hampton's brigade, under Colonel Baker, was sent forward to reinforce the latter. A large body of the enemy, both cavalry and infantry, were moving up from Boonsboro'. They were met in the afternoon beyond Benviola, on an extensive open plain at the foot of South Mountain. A sharp skirmish opened, followed by artillery. The skirmish increased, and was kept up with the fury of a battle. The enemy were driven back a considerable distance. Several ineffectual attempts were made to bring his cavalry out to an open engagement, but in every instance he declined. The artillery fight was kept up till near sundown, when a heavy body of his infantry had moved round and extended its line so far upon our left flank as to compel us to fall back to a more favorable position. In withdrawing from this open plain, the ground breaks off into hills over which the road passes, with stone fences on each side. The columns were all drawn in and were moving down the narrow defile,

when the First South Carolina cavalry, Captain J. H. Barry, bringing up the rear, was charged upon furiously by the Yankee cavalry, who wheeled and gallantly met them; hand to hand they bore up against their pressing assailants in the most gallant style. They received and returned the well plied steel of the Yankees; horses and riders intermingled recklessly with each other; for ten minutes the red, dripping sabres of each party are unflinchingly parried and thrust in deadly strife; a furious yell and redoubled effort on the part of the unquailing South Carolinians; the enemy recoil and break beyond the line of their flanking column, who are hurrying up, and pour into our columns from the hill above a most galling fire, which from his heavy supports in the rear, we retired slowly, and fighting them till dark from the next hill. Our loss was pretty severe. The ensuing day our dismounted skirmishers skirmished with the advancing enemy, attempting to draw them on to our general lines along the Antietam, but without success. We skirmished hotly on the ensuing day, holding the enemy in check in front of General Lee's position near Hagerstown. General Lee's ordnance supplies having reached him, he awaited day after day for the enemy to advance, but he cautiously stands off, as if determined not to risk a battle. The difficulty of obtaining supplies for the army, and the non-combatting disposition of the enemy, General Lee quietly withdrew on the morning of the 13th, and crossed the Potomac at Williamsport and Falling Waters, without any serious interruption on the part of the enemy. Brigadier General Pettigrew, bringing up the rear at Falling Waters, while resting his men who had been toiling all night in the mud and rain, a small body of the enemy's cavalry was unfortunately mistaken for our own, and penetrated our line and mortally wounded this gallant and accomplished officer, who died a few days afterwards.

Thus ended a campaign in which, by transferring hostilities to the enemy's soil, our troops had promised themselves the most happy results. They went not for rapine and plunder, but solely for striking for freedom on the foeman's soil, and how far that matter may have been accomplished, an impartial survey of events will show that the immediate results are not altogether negative. Our troops met the enemy on his own soil, whipped and drove him from his first position, crippled and held him in a position in which nothing but the position itself saved him from immediate and

hopeless rout; while nothing but the sad exhaustion of ammunition compelled us to retire from a victory just within our grasp; when in reality the enemy had commenced a retreat from the horrors of an imaginary fatal blow that they expected from Lee, who quietly retired, and after replenishing his ammunition, took another position; cramped for the want of transportation for supplies, he lay for six days and invited the enemy to fight, and retired only when his supplies were entirely exhausted, having inflicted on the enemy a loss in battle in killed, wounded and prisoners over twice his own, to say nothing of the immense amount of captured property secured—thus falling short of the hoped for results by extraneous causes over which our authorities, from the extreme nature of circumstances, had no control; and by this bold demonstration in striking the enemy in the heart of his own country, we have given him a higher appreciation of the valor and courage of the Southern troops, which tends really to depreciate confidence in themselves.

The few days' repose in the valley was interrupted by only one excursion of the enemy's cavalry, who advanced from Shepherdstown on a reconnoissance upon our lines. Fitz. Lee met them at Leetown, about five miles above Shepherdstown, completely routing and driving them pell mell through the latter place, killing and capturing about two hundred. The movements of the enemy down the other side of the Blue Ridge required a corresponding movement on the part of General Lee, and the two armies again found themselves confronting each other on the old Rappahannock lines. The Yankee General had pushed his columns with remarkable rapidity, as though he intended to gain Richmond by a foot-race; but finding himself confronted by the ubiquitous columns of Lee, he was content to pause in the old, beaten war-path on the north banks of the Rappahannock. He took up his headquarters upon the estate of Mr. Joseph Downman, where, instead of pushing on after the demoralized army of Lee, he rested his laurels, and went to working up all the cedar in the vicinity in decorating and embellishing his quarters. A grand ovation was given, at which, from a cedar-wrought throne, in the presence of the gaping abolition notables and officers, the Governor of Pennsylvania presented him a sword for his meritorious services.

Our army halted and lay below Culpeper C. H., while the cavalry occupied the front. The Yankees had thrown their lines

across the river, extending from Beverly's Ford down to the mouth of Mountain Run, reaching out a short distance from the river. Our lines ran round corresponding to theirs, a short distance apart.

CHAPTER XV.

A GLANCE AT MOSBY AND HIS MEN.

John Singleton Mosby is the son of Alfred D. Mosby, formerly of Albemarle County, Va., but now in the vicinity of Lynchburg. He is the maternal grandson of Mr. James McLaurine, Sr., late of Powhatan County, Va., and his mother was Miss Virginia J. McLaurine.

The subject of our sketch was born in Powhatan County, Va., on the 6th of December, 1833. He entered the University of Virginia at a very early age, and graduated with much distinction. Shortly thereafter he was married to the lovely daughter of the Hon. Beverly Clarke, late minister to Central America.

At the commencement of hostilities between the North and South, our hero resided at Bristol, Washington County, Va., where he was successfully engaged in the practice of law. He immediately gave up his profession, and entered the army as a private, becoming a member of a company raised in Washington, and commanded by Captain Jones, now General Jones, in which position he served twelve months. Upon the promotion of Captain Jones to the colonelcy of the First Virginia cavalry, Mosby was chosen as adjutant.

He continued in this position but a short time, for upon the reorganization of the regiment, from some cause the colonel was thrown out, and consequently his adjutant was relieved from duty. Mosby was then chosen by General Jeb Stuart as a sort of an independent scout. He first attracted public attention when General Jos. E. Johnston fell back from Manassas. On this occasion General Johnston desiring to ascertain whether the movement of McClellan was a feint, or if he really intended to march his army to

the Peninsula, sent Mosby to ascertain the fact, who, in company with five others, went to the rear of McClellan's army, and returned to General Johnston with the desired information. Captain Mosby was the first to make the circuit of the enemy while in front of Richmond, thereby enabling General Stuart to make the celebrated raid around the entire Yankee army, on which occasion Mosby went in advance. His *personnel* is described as "slight, muscular, supple and vigorous; his eye is keen, penetrating, ever on the alert; he wears his sabre and pistol with the air of a man who sleeps with them buckled around his waist, and handles them habitually almost unconsciously. The captain is a determined man in a charge, dangerous on a scout, hard to outwit, and prone to 'turn up' suddenly where he is least expected, and bang away with his pistol and carbine."

His exploits since the last service as an independent scout have become a part of the history of the war. No partisan has in so short a time, and with such small material, won a more solid reputation in the peculiar and effective mode of warfare. With a small command in the winter of 1862 and 1863, he greatly annoyed the enemy's camps and communication between Washington city and Warrenton. On one occasion in the latter part of last winter, with thirty men he penetrated the enemy's lines, and proceeded to Fairfax Court House; slipping through the pickets of the outposts, he led his party after dark without observation to the inside pickets, and surprised and captured the whole number. With a few of his picked men he proceeded into the village to the headquarters of General Stoughton, and made prisoners of him and staff in their beds, and passed quietly out with the prisoners through the darkness. In passing Centreville in the dark, he came within seventy-five yards of the enemy's redoubts, and was suddenly hailed by the sentinel, but his resources ever ready, he at once produced the impression that they were Yankees passing out on duty, and were allowed unsuspectingly to pass. This valuable requisition on the Yankee officials were conducted to a secure place, and were safely forwarded to Richmond. This brilliant exploit elicited the following complimentary order from General Stuart:

GENERAL ORDERS No. —

Captain John S. Mosby has for a long time attracted the attention of his generals by his boldness, skill, and success, so signally

displayed in his numerous forays upon the invaders of his native State.

None know his daring enterprise and dashing heroism better than those foul invaders, though strangers themselves to such noble traits.

His late brilliant exploit, the capture of Brigadier General Stoughton, United States Army, two captains, thirty other prisoners, and fifty-eight horses, justifies this recognition in General Orders. This feat, unparalleled in the war, was performed in the midst of the enemy's troops, at Fairfax C. H., without loss or injury.

The gallant band of Captain Mosby share the glory, as they did the danger of the enterprise, and are worthy of such a leader.

J. E. B. STUART,

Major General Commanding.

On the 1st of last April, with a detachment of only sixty-five men, he encountered and was attacked, near Drainsville, by *two hundred* picked Yankee cavalry, who were scouting for him. He at once placed himself at the head of twenty-five of his men, holding the others in reserve, and charged the two hundred with such impetuosity that he succeeded in completely routing them, killing ten, wounding twenty-five, and taking eighty-three prisoners. Among the killed and wounded were five officers. Mosby's loss was only one killed, and a few wounded.

About the first of May the Yankee General Strahl with a body of cavalry had moved up near Warrenton Junction, and placed the First Virginia bogus cavalry to guard the Junction. Mosby was ever hovering round—found out their position, and with the commands of Captain Pairo, thirty men, and Sergeant Mickler, eleven, and with his own detachment, numbering in all about one hundred, he resolved to attack the point. He rendezvoused on the night of the 2d of May, on Payne's farm, and proceeded to Germantown, where he run on a party of infantry and captured them. From thence, traveling that night, he proceeded to Warrenton Junction, run in the pickets. The most of the enemy had dismounted and posted themselves in a farm house. Mosby formed his men under a most galling fire, with himself and Sergeant Mickler in the lead, charged the party outside the house, sabring them down as they ran in. Then the most desperate fighting ensued.

Our men jumped from their horses and made a fierce onset on the house, which had the lower doors barricaded, while every small aperture from above and below was bristling with rifles, flashing their deadly volleys incessantly into the little band below, who stood unquailingly, returning the fire at every exposed aperture. The gallant men were falling. The intrepid Mosby, chafing like a tiger, and firing whenever a head would show itself, shouted with infuriated tones, "Break the door down." Privates J. M. Sloan and W. P. Parks, scouts from the First North Carolina cavalry, gallantly dashed to the door and smashed it in and leaped in the passage, amid the flashes of pistols in their faces, shooting the crowding foe down right and left, and then using the butts of their pistols in the *mêlée*, which was now becoming general, as others dashed in the entrance; for a few moments the dread strife raged. They were crowded and thrust back, when the cry of "surrender" eagerly went up from all sides. Nearly twice Mosby's entire number surrendered. Mosby's loss was several wounded and a few killed. Among the killed was Private G. T. Thornwell, son of the celebrated J. H. Thornwell, D.D., LL.D., of South Carolina, as brave and noble lad as ever drew sabre. Mosby was hotly pursued by a heavy body, but succeeded in eluding his pursuers and bringing out nearly all the prisoners.

In June following, while Hooker's army was in motion, Captain Mosby, with three men, penetrated twenty miles into the Yankee lines, capturing two officers and eight or ten privates, and also secured Hooker's despatches to Pleasanton, containing valuable information. The despatches and the prisoners were placed in charge of two privates who accompanied him, and sent back to the Confederate encampment. He then proceeded alone to the bank of the Potomac, and after learning that Hooker was not crossing, started on his return to General Lee's headquarters. On his route he stopped at a farm house for the purpose of making some inquiries; when, hearing a slight noise in his rear, he turned and perceived two soldiers picking cherries from a tree. He immediately mounted his horse, and, riding to where the two men were standing, inquired to what regiment they belonged. They responded: "To the Fifth New York cavalry." Mosby then said: "I am Major Mosby, of the Confederate States army, and you are my prisoners." The men immediately surrendered their arms, and the party started on their way to General Lee's headquarters. Com-

ing to the main pike, Mosby discovered a long train of Federal wagons, guarded by cavalry. He at once turned into the woods with his prisoners, and told them that he was in "a tight place, and must get out. He relied entirely on them for his escape; if either of them showed the slightest sign to betray him, he would instantly shoot him." Having thus cautioned them, he tied their horses' heads together to prevent their escape, and starting them in a gallop in front of him, passed the long train, and arrived safely at General Lee's headquarters with his two prisoners, whose uniforms had prevented the Yankee cavalry guarding the train from capturing him. The following special order from General Lee shows the high estimation in which this brave and successful partisan is held:

SPECIAL ORDERS No. 82.

His Excellency the President has pleased to show his appreciation of the good services and many daring exploits of the gallant J. S. Mosby, by promoting the latter to a Captaincy in the Provisional Army of the Confederate States. The General commanding is confident that this manifestation of the approbation of his superiors will but serve to incite Captain Mosby to still greater efforts to advance the good cause in which he is engaged. He will at once proceed to organize his command as indicated in the letter of instructions this day furnished from these headquarters.

By command of

R. E. LEE.

W. W. TAYLOR, A. A. G.

Mosby performed the important service of reconnoitering the country in advance of General Ewell on the Pennsylvania campaign. While waiting for the advance guard of General Ewell, he engaged and routed a superior body of Yankee cavalry at Seneca Falls.

After returning from the Pennsylvania campaign, he betook himself again to his old haunts, harassing the enemy's line of communication, and swooping down upon any small party that should isolate itself from the main body. He was severely wounded in one of these skirmishes, but has recovered.

In Meade's last advance across the Rapidan, Mosby was again at work. On the night of the 28th of November he pounced down upon the enemy's rear at Brandy Station, whipped and drove off a

superior body of the enemy, captured several prisoners, destroyed twenty-five wagons, and brought safely off one hundred and twenty of the finest class of mules.

CHAPTER XVI.

SECOND CAVALRY FIGHT AT BRANDY STATION—REORGANIZATION OF THE CAVALRY—WE EVACUATE OUR LINE ON THE RAPPAHANNOCK—ENGAGEMENT AT JACK'S SHOP--THE SPLENDID PLANS OF THE ENEMY THWARTED.

That part of the line held by Hampton in front of Brandy Station was advanced upon by the enemy's cavalry, early on the morning of the 1st of August. After driving our pickets in a mile below Brandy, his column, a whole division that had crossed over in the night, commenced advancing rapidly, and were promptly met by Colonel Baker, commanding the brigade, when a sharp fight opened between the dismounted skirmishers of each party. The enemy's superior numbers gave him greatly the advantage in flanking, which compelled our men to relinquish our first position. We withdrew back about half a mile upon a line below the station. In the meantime the enemy came pressing on. Captain Hart was withdrawing his batteries to the slopes in front of the Kennedy house when a column of Yankee cavalry came dashing down the west side of the railroad, evidently with the view of reaching it, when the Jeff. Davis Legion was wheeled, supported by the Cobb Legion, and met them in fierce onset and drove them back. At the same time another column was deflecting around on the east side of the railroad, attempting to gain our right flank before we could get into position, who were charged by the First South Carolina, supported by the Phillips Legion, in a most gallant style, driving them back in a most handsome manner. At this juncture the whole plain, stretching out back to the slopes at the station, presented the appearance of one moving mass of Yankee horsemen.

Colonel Baker, with great coolness, formed the brigade to meet the coming shock of these immense odds, as they rapidly moved up. Our battle line extended from the Kennedy house on the right, across the plain to Botts' farm on the left. The fight had now been provoked, and the enemy saw from our spirit, that, notwithstanding their superior numbers, the ground was to be hotly contested. On they came with thundering tread as their long lines swelled out over these old historic plains. Hart's battery had taken position and was playing beautifully upon their ranks. The lines of skirmishers of each party were being taken up for more fearful work. The word "charge" is given. The whole line leap forward squarely, with sabre in hand, raising the battle yell; at it they go, intermingling the clashing steel with the popping of pistols. The opposing ranks commingle, obscured by the dust and smoke, horses and riders go down in the dread strife. The enemy's heavy columns recoil and give back before the well plied sabres of our intrepid troopers, when a heavy fresh column advances on our flanks, and robs us of the hard-earned advantage. Our line is dexterously withdrawn and slowly retires beyond the point of the flanking columns, when it again wheels and strikes the Yankee column right and left, and under the same circumstances is compelled to retire before the overwhelming columns of the pressing foe; Parthian-like dealing blows as we retire. An extensive flank movement is attempted on our right flank to gain our rear. Colonel Baker rallies the men, who are almost worn down from the extreme heat, and sweeps at the head of part of his troops in the charge to the right, but the brave hero falls severely wounded at the first onset, and is borne off the field. Colonel Young, of Cobb's Legion, dashes to the front and gallantly leads the shattered and torn columns forward; they dash, yelling, upon the enemy, whose first lines break back upon the second. Our line then falls back slowly, contesting every inch of ground. The gallant Young too is borne from the field severely wounded, shouting to his men as he fell to fight on. Colonel Black, of the First South Carolina, then takes command, he too receives a wound and is compelled to leave the field. Lieutenant Colonel Lipscomb, of the Second South Carolina, gallantly fights the wearied and shattered columns over the smoke-wrapped field, and only stubbornly yields when forced back by the weight of numbers; he too is incapacitated by a severe wound. The command then devolves

upon ———, who still leads the men to the best advantage against the enemy, who are fast becoming weary of the fight. This little column has borne up all day without any assistance. Late in the evening a brigade of infantry moves up to their support at a double-quick, and rush upon the Yankee troopers, firing deadly volleys into their ranks, emptying many a saddle. The Yankee columns break, and a grand skedaddle ensues. Pursuit on foot becomes the height of folly, yet the Yankee troopers' speed is none the least abated until he reaches the farthest end of the plain, near Brandy Station. Our loss was heavy, while we inflicted, according to their own reports, a loss of three to one upon the enemy. No fight of the war has been conducted so long and so fiercely against such overwhelming odds—fighting with one small brigade against two full divisions, with his mounted rifles as sharpshooters, and several pieces of artillery—conducted in an open field throughout, where no advantage in position could be offered to either party. Captain Hart's battery was nobly worked against the enemy's; but his ammunition became exhausted about the middle of the fight, and he was compelled to retire. The following eloquent order was issued to the brigade from our cavalry chief a few days afterwards:

HEADQUARTERS CAVALRY DIVISION,
ARMY NORTHERN VIRGINIA, August 6, 1863.

GENERAL ORDERS No. 27.

The gallant and spirited resistance offered by Hampton's brigade, Colonel L. S. Baker commanding, to a body of the enemy's cavalry, greatly superior in numbers, on the 1st instant, deserves the highest commendation at the hands of the division commander.

The good conduct of the officers and men of that veteran brigade in such a conflict, reflects the highest credit upon their patriotism and good soldierly qualities, and is worthy of the emulation of the entire division.

In this contest the horse artillery as usual performed a part equal in heroism to its already brilliant prestige: and but for the supply of ammunition on the field becoming exhausted, the enemy's loss, confessedly more than three times our own, would have been far greater.

The division mourns the loss of some brave spirits, and the noble wounded who for a time have left us, will, it is hoped, ere long be

welcomed to our ranks, to strike again for independence and victory.

Let the sons of the Carolinas and the Gulf in Virginia continue to rival the heroism of their noble comrades of Vicksburg and Charleston, remembering that every blow struck at the enemy, no matter where, is a blow for *home* and its *hallowed rights*.

J. E. B. STUART, *Major General*.

The cavalry of the army about the 1st of September underwent a reorganization. Comprising only one division heretofore, it was divided into two, composing a cavalry corps, still under the command of its skillful and gallant chieftain, General J. E. B. Stuart. General Hampton, promoted since receiving his wounds to Major General, was placed in command of the first division, and General Fitz. Lee, also promoted to Major General, was assigned to the second division. The former was composed of Young's brigade, consisting of the First and Second South Carolina Regiments, the Cobb Legion, the Jeff. Davis Legion, and the Phillips Legion; Gordon's brigade, consisting of the First, Second, Fourth and Fifth North Carolina Regiments; and Rosser's brigade, consisting of the Eleventh and Twelfth Virginia Regiments; General Fitz. Lee's division was composed of W. H. F. Lee's, Wickham's and Lomax's brigades.

General Lee, a few days after this affair, withdrew his army south of the Rapidan, with the view, in case Meade should advance, of offering him battle on this favorable line, leaving the cavalry to picket and watch his movements on his front lines. The enemy lay remarkably quiet until the 13th of September, when he commenced a general advance along the entire lines held by the cavalry, who, in accordance with a preconcerted plan, fell back before them, however hotly contesting the advance where a favorable opportunity offered, our horse artillery performing nobly its part in checking the enemy's columns, but unfortunately its rashness lost us three pieces by attempting to hold them too long. The gunners nobly worked them to the last, causing the enemy to pay dearly for the prize.

The different commands fought their way slowly, checking the enemy's advance, and at dark safely retired across the Rapidan. The following day the enemy's cavalry and artillery appeared at some of the different fords, in which mutual shelling engaged each

party with little effect. Our cavalry was thrown on each flank, Hampton's division holding the position on the left along the Robinson River up to Madison C. H., Fitz. Lee the right on the Rapidan. In vain General Lee lay and awaited the approach of Meade, who had advanced as far as Culpeper C. H., and began putting up winter quarters by pulling down all the untenanted dwellings in the vicinity, converting them into numerous huts for his soldiers; not even churches were spared, but were sacrilegiously dismantled for this purpose; nothing but the framework of the finest mansions were left standing, the monuments of vandal wantonness.

While quietly picketing the line of the Robinson River, the enemy's cavalry suddenly advanced on the upper part of the line near Madison C. H., held by Colonel Funsten, commanding Jones' brigade, on Monday evening, the 21st September. The three divisions of Gregg, Buford and Kilpatrick were ascertained to be moving in this direction. Colonel Funsten skirmished with their advance, and fell back that night to Jack's shop, on the Madison and Orange turnpike, some six miles below the Court House. General Stuart with the three brigades of Hampton's division and several pieces of his horse artillery, took position at the shop next morning. During the night the enemy had moved Gregg's division round to our left, Buford's moved down the pike and occupied our front, while Kilpatrick had by a forced march bore undiscovered far round to our right. Against these superior odds and well laid combinations only three small brigades of our cavalry could be brought to bear. Our forces met Buford a short distance beyond Jack's shop, where the sharpshooters and artillery of each party became actively engaged. Our men were gallantly holding the position, when the enemy, from his superior numbers, was discovered throwing a heavy body round through the woods to our left, which caused us to fall back and take another position, below the village. The engagement was continuing hotly round the village, with but little advantage to either party, when information came that Kilpatrick had gone round and crossed the Rapidan at Wilhite's Ford, had recrossed at Liberty Mills, and was moving up the Madison pike in our rear. General Stuart attempted to withdraw his forces quietly from Buford's front, leaving the Second South Carolina regiment to hold him in check and bring up the rear. Buford had received the signal, a rocket sent up from Kilpatrick, and attempted to press us as we were withdrawing. Colonel Lips-

comb, of the Second South Carolina, gallantly met him; a stubborn hand to hand fight ensued, checking and driving him back, and then slowly retired after the column, that had met Kilpatrick about two miles below. The command was now completely surrounded, and no recourse but to fight out or surrender. The former alternative was resolved upon. Officers rode up and down their lines and apprised the men of their awful situation, encouraging them to do their best. The confident enemy began to press in front and rear—then was presented the novel sight of fighting the enemy in front and rear at the same time. Our guns from the same hill pointed both ways, opened vigorously upon the circumventing-columns of the enemy. A portion of Jones' Brigade, the Phillips Legion, Fourth North Carolina and the Cobb Legion, were ordered to charge the enemy in front, which was performed in a most gallant style, breaking their columns, driving them across the Rapidan at Liberty Mills, capturing about one hundred and fifty prisoners. Buford was held in check in the rear, formerly our front. Kilpatrick was closely followed up on the Orange side, and after a sharp fight above the Mills he was driven back across the river about dark, losing several prisoners. Our loss in this engagement was about one hundred killed, wounded and missing. Colonel Wm. Deloney, of the Cobb Legion, was severely wounded and fell into the enemy's hands—one of our most gallant officers. The enemy's loss was ascertained to have been upwards of three hundred killed, wounded and captured. Among the captured was Kilpatrick's Adjutant, a Captain Irwin—who had been captured at Gettysburg, and had violated his parole.

Gregg's Division, that had gone round on the right, made a dash at our camps, near the junction of the Robinson and Rapidan Rivers, on the neck known as the Horse Shoe, where alone the First South Carolina Regiment and the Jeff. Davis Legion boldly met them, and gave them such a warm reception as to satisfy them that they could make nothing in that quarter, causing them to retire in the direction of Madison C. H.

On the following morning, General Stuart having received reinforcements from Fitz. Lee's division, followed after the enemy and drove them late that evening precipitately across the Robinson River. The enemy had started provisioned with several days' rations, and doubtless proposed an extensive raid upon our communication in rear, in which old pet object he was foiled by the

superior courage and hard fighting of our men. The enemy had the plans on us, but sadly lacked the pluck to carry them out. Colonel St. Leger Grenfell, a British cavalry officer, who was present on the occasion with Stuart, expressed himself at the surprisingly happy termination of this affair "as one of the most brilliant on record. The depressing influences that usually attend troops when they know they are surrounded, were not evinced in the slightest manner by the men, but each man when being apprised of the situation, only gritted his teeth the more savagely and grasped his sword the firmer, and that under such circumstances the best Continental cavalry would have thrown down their arms;" but these ragged sons of freedom, "who feed their horses on weeds, and pay a dollar a piece for horse shoe nails," presented the striking anomaly of turning a whip into a whip by shaking an enemy twice their numbers off their back; and kicked him far enough to the rear so as to deal a stunning blow to another of equal size in front, and kept it up till he was sore of the job he had undertaken.

CHAPTER XVII.

GENERAL LEE MOVES UPON MEADE'S FLANK—STUART'S SPLENDID SUCCESS WITH GORDON'S AND YOUNG'S BRIGADES AT ROBINSON RIVER—GORDON FOLLOWS UP THE ENEMY AND ATTACKS THEM NEAR CULPEPER COURT HOUSE, AND AGAIN ROUTS THEM—FITZ. LEE ATTACKS THE ENEMY AT MORTON AND RACCOON FORDS, AND AFTER A SEVERE FIGHT ENTIRELY ROUTS THEM—THEY STAND AND GIVE FIGHT AT STEVENSBURG, BUT ARE AGAIN ROUTED—STUART AND FITZ. LEE MAKE A JUNCTION AT BRANDY STATION—ANOTHER SEVERE CAVALRY FIGHT ENSUES, AND THE ENEMY AGAIN ROUTED AND DRIVEN ACROSS THE RAPPAHANNOCK—JONES' BRIGADE ENCOUNTER GREGG'S CAVALRY DIVISION AT JEFFERSON, AND AFTER A SEVERE FIGHT, DRIVES HIM ACROSS THE RIVER WITH HEAVY LOSS—GENERAL YOUNG BLUFFS THE ENEMY AT CULPEPER—STUART GETS SURROUNDED AT AUBURN—CUTS HIS WAY OUT—THE AFFAIR AT BRISTOW—STUART PUSHES THE ENEMY'S REAR AND ENGAGES HIM AT MANASSAS—MEADE MAKES HIS ESCAPE—OUR ARMY RETIRE AFTER DESTROYING THE RAILROAD—STUART DRAWS KILPATRICK ON IN PURSUIT—TURNS UPON HIM AND ROUTS HIM WITH HEAVY LOSS, CAPTURING SEVERAL WAGONS AND AMBULANCES AND A GOOD NUMBER OF PRISONERS—RETIRES AFTER THE ARMY ACROSS THE RAPPAHANNOCK—YANKEE CHIVALRY VERSUS WOMEN.

The circumstances surrounding the enemy's occupancy of Culpeper gave no tokens of active operations upon our lines on the Rapidan. Accordingly General Lee resolved on a flank movement upon his position, hoping thereby to draw the enemy out and compel him to an open engagement, or failing in this event, by rapid marches to head him off before he could reach his fortifications in his rear, and force him to an issue. His plan being to throw his forces across the upper fords of the Rapidan and move unobserved on his right flank, his forces were withdrawn from their position on the Rapidan, and crossed above the junction of the Robinson River early on the morning of the 8th of October, and proceeded in the direction of Madison Court House. A show of force in front of the enemy was still kept up on the Rapidan by burning heavy camp fires, and by keeping our regular picket force in front, and the better to conceal our advance, our forces were led along meandering

by-ways, evading all high grounds, so as to keep concealed from the enemy from their lookouts on Thoroughfare Mountain and their other elevated points.

Late Friday evening General Stuart advanced with Hampton's cavalry division, bearing considerably round to the right, resting on Friday night beyond Madison Court House. Colonel Chambliss, commanding General W. H. F. Lee's brigade, was ordered to cross the Rapidan River at Peyton's Ford, and picket Robinson River and keep up the line of pickets unbroken, till he could swing round by Madison Court House, and cross the river somewhere in that vicinity.

Early the following morning, the 10th, General Stuart crossed the Robinson River above James City. Throwing forward Gordon's brigade in front and Young's to the right, the enemy's line of pickets were charged and captured. The supports, a body of cavalry and infantry, were discovered near Bethesda Church. Lieutenant Dandrell, of the Jeff. Davis Legion, making the reconnoissance, reported the fact to General Stuart of the enemy's infantry being there in force. He turned with a smile of nervous satisfaction, "they are the very bucks I want," ordered a regiment from each brigade forward to charge them. Our eager troopers fell upon them, soon confusing and putting to flight the whole force, capturing nearly the whole of the One Hundred and Twentieth New York infantry, the rest breaking with the fugitive cavalry, escaped by reaching the thick wood and flying to the mountains. It was really diverting to have witnessed the scenes of our dismounted boys chasing the fugitive infantry, barking and yelping like a pack of hounds in close chase after a fox. Driving around, occasionally one would jump from his hiding place with ponderous knapsack and well packed haversack; with shoutings and vociferations the pursuit would join: "Unlimber that caisson (knapsack). Oh, you might as well throw down that coffee; I know you have got it; I see the sign (a little black coffee pot dangling from the belt); I'll have it. You'd just as well stop." A few unhealthy Minie zips would have the salutary effect of bringing to bay Yankee, coffee and all.

After closing up this chase, General Young was sent with his brigade to the right to Thoroughfare Mountain, and General Stuart with Gordon's brigade moved directly forward on the main road leading to Culpeper Court House, and bivouacked about

ten miles from that place. Early next morning the command was moved forward after the retreating enemy, and overtook a body of cavalry a short distance from the Court House, whom General Stuart ordered General Gordon to charge; he led with the Fourth North Carolina, commanded by Colonel G. D. Ferebee, in advance. He fell upon them in a most gallant style, routing and driving them in wild confusion, capturing a good number. Our loss was small. The colonel of the regiment was severely wounded, nobly discharging his duty at the head of his column.

While this flank movement was progressing, in the meantime the enemy had discovered a change in our front, and had self-complacently supposed that Lee was retiring and falling back upon Richmond; and to fully ascertain this fact, Buford had taken out his division on Sunday morning to make a reconnoissance beyond the Rapidan, and was crossing at Morton's Ford, when Fitz. Lee, who had been left at these fords, attacked him and drove him immediately back across the river, crossed his command, and pressed after him; he attempted to stand on the Stringfellow Farm, but was beaten and routed with heavy loss, and driven in the direction of Stevensburg, where he rallied his forces and fought desperately for some time, but Fitz. Lee's veterans compelled him to yield, leaving the ground strewn with dead men and horses. Fitz. Lee's loss was also severe, losing some gallant spirits, among them Captain W. B. Newton, commanding the Fourth Virginia—a pure and generous spirit and a brave and noble officer.

General Stuart had left Young's brigade behind at Thoroughfare Mountain, and despatched Funsten round on the left on the Rixeyville Road; and with Gordon's brigade, after routing the enemy at the last named point, moved directly on Culpeper, capturing several prisoners. The main body had retired in the direction of Brandy, destroying what commissary stores there were left behind, where the divisions of Kilpatrick had reached, and Buford was fast beating a retreat before Fitz. Lee. General Stuart pushed on rapidly to effect a junction with the latter at or near that point. The whole plain south of Brandy was a moving mass of Yankee horsemen, dashing in a confused pace that seemed to be inclining over to the left, as if beating a retreat in that direction. Gordon's brigade alone had reached Botts' farm, about a mile distant. Stuart anxiously stretches his gaze to the south for the columns of Fitz. Lee, and then upon the retreating masses of the Yankees impa-

tiently, and soliloquizes to himself, "Ob, that Fitz. Lee only was up to time." Immediately the dust of his advance is seen rising, and his guns thundering far on the right against a broken column of Yankees that he is driving rapidly before him in the direction of Brandy. The Yankees betray a nervousness, and still bear to the left. A portion of Gordon's brigade, the Fourth and Fifth North Carolina regiments, under that gallant officer, led by Stuart in person, are thrown forward and meet the advance of the Yankee column just beyond John Minor Botts', and were charging this body with evidence of success, when suddenly a heavy column of the enemy pours over the hill upon their flank; it is with the utmost dexterity the command is withdrawn, and Generals Stuart and Gordon, who were mingling in the charge, barely escape capture.

In this affair it is due to relate an incident of coolness unrivalled. As these two regiments were driven back, Private H. W. Alexander, Company F, of the Fifth North Carolina, being mounted on quite an inferior charger (favoritely known in the company as Billy Patterson), in wheeling suddenly to make the retreat, Billy losing his equilibrium, fell with his devoted master under him. In this uncomfortable position a part of our column and the entire Yankee column passed over miraculously without hurting either. The unfortunate rider lay unable to extricate himself from Billy's ponderous weight, who quietly lay stretched out his full length, making no efforts to rise. The Yankee column was being in the meantime beaten back in another direction, and those who were dismounted in the fight were making their way back. One of the dismounted party was running down the road towards our entangled hero, who poising himself on his elbow, drew up his old Mississippi rifle to his shoulder and coolly demanded a surrender. The Yankee threw down his arms and acknowledged himself taken in "out of the wet." The former extended the mortification still further by holding his bead on the game, compelling the prisoner to assist in extricating him from his unpleasant situation.

At this juncture the columns of Fitz. Lee arrive. The Yankees hastily form on the first line of ridges west of Brandy. The horse artillery is thrown forward and worked with terrible rapidity, while the enemy's guns respond with a corresponding energy. The sharpshooters of each party are popping away in full blast. Our columns with drawn sabres move at a brisk trot across these

old battle-ridden plains, rocking with the thunders of artillery raking up and plowing the earth in devilish fury; as they near the enemy's column the trot is spurred to a gallop, accompanied with the demon yell that fires the Southern troopers to the wildest fury; they, with *raised* sabres unquailingly dash into the flashes of the Yankee pistols that greet them in successive volleys. The two hostile columns interlock; the Yankees are forced back from their position upon heavy supports behind; our renewed efforts still push them back, and at last at twilight the field is cleared—the smoke-wrapt plain of Brandy is again ours! The enemy made a most stubborn resistance, and it was only by straight forward, hard fighting that he was compelled to yield, leaving a large number of killed, seventy-five wounded, and three hundred prisoners in our hands. Our loss was about eighty killed and wounded. The enemy during the night, under cover of his guns, crossed the Rappahannock.

A remarkable instance of individual courage and daring occurring in one of the desperate charges is here worthy of notice. Joe Loving, a fearless and intrepid soldier of the First North Carolina, in the charge, sprang far into the enemy's ranks, bore out a Yankee officer and halted a few paces from the column—the bullets were whizzing thick through the air—he made the Yankee rein up at his side, who betrayed the greatest impatience to get out of such a hot place, coolly unslung his carbine and went to picking off blue-coats with as much *nonchalance* as though he was shooting gray squirrels in the woods. The frightened tinselled begged and implored to be taken to the rear, but cool Joe still continued to level and bring down his victim. "My God," he exclaimed, "we will both be killed, let's get away from here." "What, leave here?" the former retorted, "nary time—thar's a fair acre of you blue-bellies over thar, and I've got to see it cleared first." Joe continued to give them the best he had, till he had the satisfaction of seeing his favorite "acre" cleared, and safely bore off his trembling prisoner, of whom he averred that even after the danger was over "he still continued to be scared into three fits a minute."

The next morning General Stuart resumed his march and crossed the Hazel River, and proceeded on to Jeffersonton on the Rixeyville road in front of General Ewell's corps. Colonel Funsten, commanding Jones' brigade, had moved on in front and came up with

Gregg's whole cavalry division at Jeffersonton, where he had posted his forces in a strong position, behind houses, hills, and the stone walls of a church. The Eleventh Virginia regiment was in advance; the other cavalry was still behind. This regiment was dismounted as sharpshooters, and promptly charged the enemy, and after a most gallant attack had to fall back with loss. Ramseur's brigade, of Rhodes' division, now came up and appeared in the enemy's front, opening a brisk skirmish with him; while General Stuart, with the Twelfth Virginia, bore round to the left and led a bold and successful charge on the flank, and routed them in confusion, driving them over the Rappahannock. The enemy posted a strong guard of infantry and dismounted cavalry to hold the ford. Lieutenant Colonel Massie, of the Twelfth Virginia, was ordered to charge it, which he did in the most gallant style, under a most galling fire of artillery and musketry. After crossing he vigorously followed, charging another body that had rallied, he cleared the hills beyond. In this engagement we killed and wounded upwards of two hundred, capturing about five hundred prisoners. Our loss was pretty severe, mostly in wounded. These charges were made under the eye of General Lee and General Rhodes, who witnessed with the highest satisfaction the results, declaring that no troops could have behaved better.

It seemed that the Yankees were, up to Monday morning, in great doubt as to the real proportions of our demonstrations. And Monday morning, after Stuart left Brandy, he sent back across the Rappahannock, at Kelly's Ford, two divisions of cavalry, the second, third and sixth corps, to make a reconnoissance. They pushed on to Brandy, where Colonel Rosser, with about two hundred men and one piece of artillery, had been left to watch out for any movement from below. The enemy appeared suddenly in the evening; Colonel Rosser dismounted his command and deployed them as sharpshooters; with these and his gun he fought them, retiring from hill to hill, in the direction of Culpeper C. H., where a large train of A. P. Hill's wagon train had arrived. In the meantime General Young, with his brigade that had been left behind at Thoroughfare Mountain, receiving Colonel Rosser's message, hurried up and took position beyond the Court House. He dismounted nearly his entire brigade, scattered along, giving semblance of an extensive front, and boldly skirmished with them and opened his few pieces of artillery with a vim upon the enemy's

advance; which was vigorously kept up till night. He had his men to build up extensive camp fires along the entire front, and had his brass band brought to the front and played every martial air that could be thought of till late in the night. This gallant young general thus adroitly baffled and kept the enemy off; who deeming this bold, open-handed, defiant proceeding as emanating from a heavy force, quietly withdrew in the latter part of the night and recrossed the Rappahannock, who trotted doggedly on the tracks of their retreating comrades, who had, by this time, learned something of the extent of Lee's movements, and were making Gilpin speed to evade him.

The enemy had now become fully sensible of his position, and was running with all his might for his works near Washington; his columns were pushing along the line of the Orange and Alexandria Railroad. Ewell was moving rapidly in his rear; Hill was bearing round so as to gain his front before reaching Manassas; Stuart was placed between the two columns.

After defeating the enemy at Warrenton Springs, General Stuart moved on to Warrenton, clearing Ewell's front, and bivouacked near that place. Next morning about ten o'clock, he took Lomax's, Gordon's and Funsten's brigades and proceeded in the direction of Catlett's Station to make a reconnoissance. Crossing the road leading from Warrenton Junction to Greenwich, he left Lomax's brigade as a guard in his rear, and was proceeding with the others on in the direction of Catlett's Station in order to gain the flank of the enemy passing there. In the meantime the enemy passed a column of theirs round on this Greenwich Road, and in its course accidentally placed itself between General Stuart and the force at the cross-roads, and about dark he found himself completely cut off. This column moving on his left and the one down the railroad on his right, he found himself suddenly in an uncomfortable angle, with the base also a moving mass of Yankees. Fully ascertaining his position about dark, he turned in to the left a short distance off the road near Auburn, and quietly masked both brigades, Gordon's and Funsten's, and Major Beckham's artillery under a hill as close as man and horse could conveniently be packed, and there went into silent, cheerless bivouac for the night. The darkness of the night seemed to favor the forlorn situation, which, however, to the minds of the most sanguine, without some outside relief, would be but a prolongation of the disaster that

seemed awaiting us on the coming morning, should the enemy still occupy his position, or in more hopeful moments could we, Micawber-like, hope for something in the night to turn up and relieve us from the unpleasant dilemma. The strictest silence was enjoined; a correspondent fully delineates the situation during the night. "Not a word was allowed, except in a low whisper; not a spark of fire could be struck, while the long night we stood there listening to the confused sounds of that mighty column of armed foes passing by us a few hundred yards off. We could distinguish by the sound everything that passed—the murmur of infantry, the hoof-music of the cavalry, the heavy rumbling of artillery, the rattling of wagons, and the shouts of the cattle and sheep drivers. Anxiously we waited the morrow. A few laid down, and shivering, slept; many watched and wondered; many whispered their conjectures of the result of our strange situation. All were quiet—the horses seemed to feel the necessity of it, and the very mules of the ambulances, though they had not been fed since morning, restrained from their usual demonstrative cries. All waited wonderingly for morning; and oh, the wild waking of that morning. Shortly after daylight the enemy *en masse* were seen bivouacked on a hill about four hundred yards off, making fires and preparing to cook breakfast."

The morning was quite foggy, from which it was still hoped that the enemy would pass us unobserved; but the first rays of the sun lifted it away. Yet the enemy still remained with stacked arms, laughing and talking in high glee over their coffee and hard tack, perfectly unconscious that a rebel was near. General Stuart ordered everything in readiness. The artillery was suddenly run up to the top of the hill, and all seven pieces opened at once on the astounded foe, who quickly deployed in line of battle. Our guns continued to pour it into their ranks. General Gordon with the First North Carolina, commanded by Colonel Thos. Ruffin, was ordered forward to charge and break the enemy's lines. The enemy had formed in three lines at the threatened point. These brave veteran troopers went down upon them by squadrons with a fearless yell, dashed against the first line and broke it at the point of the sabre, hurling it back in confusion on the second line, which in turn is likewise assailed, who receive the shock with great coolness, pouring a most galling fire into the pressing column, causing a temporary recoil. Their noble commander dashes to the

front, and with his tall form raised high in the stirrups, his noble eye flashing fire, he earnestly calls out: "My men, all I ask of you is to follow me," and had scarcely closed his lips when a fatal ball pierced him through and reeled him from his saddle. His men, as though inspired with his invincible spirit, with vengeful shout rush with redoubled fury upon this compact line of the enemy and with a few terrible surges throw it back in confusion on the last line; which is likewise broken and scattered before the clashing sabres of these fearless troopers. This successful effort now opened a way for our pent up columns. The artillery and all passed on safely out. General Gordon, who had borne himself most nobly in this fight, had captured a whole infantry regiment, but a superior force of the enemy arriving compelled him to release it. This charge has scarcely a parallel for gallantry and successful daring, and may well rival the most brilliant of Murat's gallant dashes. General Gordon had the heel of his boot shot away, and a spent ball struck him a hard blow on the side of the nose. Colonel Ruffin was left mortally wounded, and died; he was a most gallant officer, a devoted patriot, and a gentleman in the highest traits of character; our other loss was small. The enemy's must have been considerable, as our troopers cleaved many down in the charge, and the artillery played upon them with good effect.

General Stuart made a detour still further round and came on the rear of the enemy's last corps. Keeping well upon its rear, captured a number of prisoners, and bivouacked near Warrenton.

On the same evening, A. P. Hill dashed for the enemy's front at Bristow Station—but who had made such extremely fast time for the last eight hours—but struck only his rear, which, though a small affair, failed to add anything to that officer's laurels.

The Yankee army now, by its remarkable celerity, had placed itself beyond the reach of Lee. He, however, was followed up by our cavalry the following day. General Fitz. Lee, with his cavalry followed up and attacked the enemy at Blackburn's Ford, on Bull Run, the scene of the battle of the 18th July, 1861, where he skirmished and drove them off. General Stuart, with the other division, in the meantime, proceeded to Bates' Ford to cut off their wagon train; coming up with the enemy, had a severe fight, which continued for some time in the night, driving the enemy steadily before him across Bull Run. Here once more these old beaten plains were greeted by the faint notes of battle, which doubtless

to our retreating foe conjured up the terrible scenes of the past, and placed them far from wishing to cross arms with us again upon those ill-omened plains.

The entire command bivouacked for the night on these waste and desolate plains, which from its thoroughly desolated appearance reminds one that it had really been plowed and sown in salt. Even the birds seemed lost in flying across it.

Meade now, by his remarkable speed, had placed himself beyond pursuit, from which our army now turned and gave its attention to interrupting his line of communication, in destroying the railroad, bringing it on with them as they leisurely retired to the Rappahannock.

On the next morning, the 16th, General Stuart left Fitz. Lee at Manassas to watch the movements of the enemy in front, and with Hampton's division he set out to make an expedition in their rear. At Groveton he met the enemy's picket, which was driven in, and then moving to the left by Gainesville, he crossed the Catharpin and Little Rivers, and fell into the turnpike below Aldie, and then proceeded to the rear of Frying Pan, where he encountered a considerable body of infantry and skirmished with them for two hours; driving them back a short distance, he found himself confronted by the Sixth Corps, who encamped there, busily entrenching against an attack from Lee's army. General Stuart boldly pushed forward several pieces of his artillery, and complimented them with a number of shell and round shot, and then quietly withdrew, and marched back without any molestation, leaving the dumb-founded enemy standing off at long range, shelling the empty wood long after he had gone. It has been since definitely ascertained that "this expedition induced the enemy to *retire his whole force from Centreville to Fairfax Court House, under the impression that General Lee had gotten in his rear and was about to attack him.*"

On the 18th, General Stuart still was hovering round, watching the movements of Meade, who had now begun to face about after he had ascertained our army had retired. This late hero of this lightfooted retrograde movement after Lee had thus slowly withdrawn, and fully persuaded that his track was cold, with feelings apparently contradictory to his conduct, in bitter agony he is reported to have used the "pungent expression," "that it was like pulling an eye tooth not to have had a fight out of Lee;" and to keep up an apparent respect for this "pungent expression" of self-

abnegation, he wheeled the cavalry and set them about to relieve somewhat the pain that assimilated the extraction of the most cherished grinder; but cunning, unfeeling Jeb with his cavalry was still in his reversed front, totally ignorant of the homoeopathic mission of his dashing cavaliers, projected a mischievous manœuvre, the stunning results of which, doubtless, relieved but little the pungent grief of the disappointed Yankee chieftain.

General Stuart having left Fitz. Lee behind below Gainesville, retired with all the other cavalry before Kilpatrick, who was coming on raving like a hyena, boasting to a citizen on the road that "Stuart had been boasting of driving him from Culpeper, and now he was going to drive Stuart." He is described as about sitting down to an excellent dinner that he had ordered, as he made use of the remark, when the sound of our guns from the direction of Gainesville attracted his attention; he unceremoniously took his leave, and with a few rapid strides he gained his horse, and in confused haste dashed dinnerless away. The preconcerted signal from Fitz. Lee was announced, when General Stuart, who had retreated before the enemy two miles below New Baltimore, who with Kilpatrick's whole division, with Custer's brigade in advance, were pushing rapidly after him, he faced Hampton's division about, throwing Gordon's brigade in advance, with the other two brigades, Young's and Rosser's, moving up in support. Pushing back rapidly he appeared suddenly before Custer's brigade that had deployed just this side of the village to receive us, with his sharpshooters thrown forward, awaiting a leisure skirmish, that usually precedes a cavalry action, but General Stuart was not disposed to await formalities. The old veterans of the First North Carolina, led by Colonel Rufus Barringer, was ordered immediately to charge the Yankee column, who were drawn up in a beautiful line, with the stars and stripes flaunting gaily in the breeze. Down upon them our column furiously pounced, and in the face of leaden hail from their pistols and carbines, after a few sabre clashes the enemy's line wavered and broke helter skelter down the pike; deafening yells rent the air, adding an impetus to their flight; on they went pell mell in one flying mass, goaded on by the sabre points of their eager pursuers. Their officers at some points attempted to rally their men, but Captain Cowles, a most gallant and dashing officer, who with the most fleet horse outstripped the advance, gave them no time to make a rally, would dash recklessly upon them,

sabring them down or taking them prisoners. On the race went for several miles, driving them across a creek. Their broken line here again attempted to rally. It was indeed an amusing scene to have witnessed the efforts of the Yankee officers as they reached the opposite hill, dashing through their confused, jumbled up ranks, attempting to steady and rally their men, with curses and oaths intermingled with their buglers' confused notes, giving their variegated *tootings* more the domestic sound of a covey of cackling Guinea hens than inspiring martial airs. Our gallant captain, who still had a portion of the most fleet of the advance up with him, dashed upon them, adding chaos to confusion, cleared the hills, capturing a number of prisoners.

In the meantime Fitz. Lee had tapped the enemy's flanks from the right. They broke to the left at Buckland down Broad Run, and were so hotly pursued that they deserted their ambulance and wagon train that was captured in crossing the run. The pursuit was still kept up vigorously for two miles further, picking up frightened batches of prisoners all along the route. Dark now came on; still General Stuart pushed on, driving them back on their infantry near Haymarket. The moon was shining brightly. General Stuart with a small body of dismounted men went forward to reconnoitre. The conversation in their infantry camp could be distinctly heard. Our sharpshooters were engaging them. They shelled the woods all around. All demonstration finally ceased on our part, when a rich incident occurred. The enemy thinking we had entirely withdrawn, sent out a company to picket on the Buckland Road. After proceeding some distance down the road, the officer in charge of the picket, a major, rode up to our videttes inquiring for General Webster, who it seems was to show him where to place the picket. General Stuart, with the little party of twelve or fifteen men with him, was lying in the woods near by. Our videttes whom the major accosted were disposed to parley with him, when the latter impassionately exclaimed: "Where the h—l will I find General Webster? He was to show me where to place the picket." When General Stuart advanced toward him and replied: "Here, here, this way; wont General Jeb Stuart do as well?" Whereupon the little party bounded at the astounded major, who with his company immediately surrendered, and were safely carried to the rear.

This incident closed the "Buckland Races." Kilpatrick's division, the best in the whole Federal service, was killed, captured, and dispersed. In this affair about three hundred and fifty prisoners were taken, and a large proportion killed and wounded. Our loss was inconsiderable. And to cap the climax to this Yankee cavalier's misfortune, he lost his celebrated *race-horse*. It seems he has a passion for racing, and kept a favorite thoroughbred mare, called "Lively," which in this famous *race* being led by one of his orderlies, somehow flew the track and took to the woods and fields, and was a few days after picked up by some of Mosby's men, and also two of his soldiers whom he had sent to scour the country for her; and Lively's chagrined master may not be surprised should she cause him to fly the track before this war is over.

In the same connection there is another happy incident connected with this affair. The Yankee General Custer,* who led Kilpatrick's advance after Stuart from Buckland, is described as being quite exquisite in his person—long, curly, flaxen hair, dripping with unguents, flowing down round his shoulders, *chapeaued* with a high black felt, freighted with an undue proportion of feathers, dressed in blue velvet, trimmed with a profusion of gold lace, with glistening patent leather boots up to his knees, bedecked with silver spurs, dashing along with a similarly exquisite staff at the head of his column. He reined up with a pompous air at a lady's door on the roadside near New Baltimore, and inquired if all Stuart's cavalry had retreated beyond that point. The lady replied that she thought not. And in the most *hauteur* spirit he responded: "Well, d—n 'em, they had better be a making quick time, for we 'll put the ragged scoundrels before us faster than they came down," and then spurred off in dashing style to overtake the head of his column, which he had scarcely reached, when the "ragged scoundrels" had the presumption to give him notice that they were in his front, causing him and staff soon to exercise that form of tactics anything but complimentary to his boasted *threats*. Leaning forward, digging his spurs into his horse at every jump, hat in hand, curls streaming wildly in the air, staff and all dashed through the town (as a little urchin standing by describes it, "jest a siftin"). Every rebel yell from behind but increased his

* This officer acknowledged, on the entire expedition, a loss of three thousand horses from his command.

pace to such a pitch as to challenge the devil to take the hindmost, and where the poor tarletan stopped there is "no telling;" probably he may have had himself expressed to some experienced barber on Broadway, to have his disheveled curls arranged for another onward to punish the "ragged scoundrels" for their rudeness in so badly disarranging his toilet. But the "unkindest cut of all:" Among the wagons captured was the headquarters baggage of this exquisite officer, containing his papers, clothes and everything. The papers gave us some interesting facts connected with their cavalry, showing much heavier loss in the recent campaigns than we expected.

With the "*Buckland Races*" terminated the cavalry part of the campaign, which was one unbroken series of successes from the time it crossed the Rapidan and Robinson Rivers till the last finishing stroke at Buckland, alone placing *hors de combat* between two and three thousand of the enemy.

The excellent plans of our cavalry chieftain—the nice calculation of time, chance, and material, and the manner in which they were so beautifully executed by those entrusted with them, is indeed remarkable; and the frequent sudden emergencies that arose, and the manner in which officers and men met them, will not fail to challenge the respect of the country. An excellent comment upon the services of the cavalry in this campaign is given from the pen of another:

"They have met and fought the enemy all along the roads from the Rapidan to the Rappahannock, advancing upon the Federals by two routes. They guarded the flanks of General Lee as he marched to intercept Meade, doing the work so perfectly that the Federal general never at any time could ascertain a single fact in relation to Lee's movements. They drove the enemy, after a fierce and final struggle at Brandy, clear across the Rappahannock; they did the same next day at Warrenton Springs; they damaged the retreating columns seriously, to say the least, at Auburn; they drove them across Bull Run, and took possession of the fords in front of Centreville; they penetrated to the enemy's rear at Fry- ing Pan, and made them fall back from Centreville to Fairfax C. H. and entrench, under the impression that the rebel army was in their rear; they got Kilpatrick 'between two fires' at Buckland, and broke to pieces his entire command, killing, capturing, or driving them back on their infantry reserve—the best cavalry in the

whole Federal service. They effected these results, besides furnishing General Lee with thorough and reliable information of every movement and design on the part of the enemy.

“And yet, these services of the cavalry have not been more important than upon other occasions. The high reputation for courage and efficiency which they have received has not been the result of better generalship on the part of the commanders, or greater gallantry on the part of the men. It has resulted from the circumstance that the infantry of the army had an opportunity *to see the cavalry at work, and observe the results.* * * * * Far from the field of cavalry operations, which are generally on the flanks of the army, or in the rear or front, some honest minded men repeated sneers emanating from some regiments, and ended by believing every calumny that was circulated. The only explanation that can be given for the *naive* and enthusiastic applause that greeted the charge at Warrenton Springs—a gallant and dashing little affair, it is true—but only one of many such which occur on every expedition of the cavalry. The infantry broke out in rapturous plaudits on that occasion, and evidently thought that such things rarely occurred—that the cavalry had ‘turned over a new leaf.’

“We repeat, that the misfortune has been heretofore that the brave boys of the infantry did not see their comrades of the cavalry at work, and not finding them prominent in the big battles, believed they preferred the rear, and did no fighting. It is fortunate this hallucination is exploded. The gallant blood of the noble hearts which flows in every cavalry fight cries aloud against this cruel calumny. While the infantry are resting after their toils, the cavalry are fighting; and it would astonish some of those who have been in the habit of repeating the sneers alluded to, if they could know how much precious blood of field officers, company officers, and noble men in the ranks is shed in almost every skirmish which occurs on the outposts.”

Our command withdrew at its leisure, and recrossed the Rappahannock without the least molestation, and was placed on the upper fords of the Rappahannock and Hazel Rivers.

“There is a plant most fragrant when trampled on,” has a most beautiful aptitude in the following instance of the devoted heroism of one of Culpeper’s noble daughters. After vacating Culpeper, General Kilpatrick made his headquarters at the house of Mr. H. Triplets, near Stevensburg. The mother and two interesting daugh-

ters comprised the family, whose rare devotion to our cause extended by no means a free-willed hospitality to *such* guests, whose special kindness had been lavished upon the other party far beyond their means, and will be remembered by many a grateful Confederate soldier long after the war is over. Their Yankee guest is represented as one strictly after the Puritan school—stern and unrelenting in his decrees—and his name was a terror to the helpless man or woman whose open expressions of “disloyal sentiments” should reach his ears. Notwithstanding his well known character for severity, the eldest daughter, Miss Eliza,* was far from being unnerved at his presence, and gave frequent and unreserved expressions of her devotion to our cause before these Yankee lordlings, of which the Yankee general was duly apprised; and in punishment of such open heresy, he ordered the “stars and stripes” to hang from the young lady’s chamber window. The officer and party entrusted with the execution of the order were proceeding to execute it, when the young lady met them at her door, and defiantly forbade them entrance. The affair was immediately reported to the *chivalrous* Yank, who peremptorily ordered the execution of his order, and if the young lady persisted, to arrest her and ship her to Washington. The officer returned, and found her still as obdurate as before, and informed her of General Kilpatrick’s decree. She sternly declared that the hated flag should not float from her window, and she was willing to resign herself to her fate, and nothing but the tears and entreaties of her mother could persuade her to desist from her purpose. The hated emblem was unfurled from the window, and the Yankee officials were chuckling over their victory over this “rebel she adder,” when the noble girl’s mortification gave way to desperation, and she rushed up stairs, and was proceeding to tear down the hated emblem, and was only prevented by a Yankee officer rushing in, who capitulated by removing it himself. The Yankee officer indulged the insult, which finally resulted in challenging his highest respect.

* This same young lady, during the Brandy fight of the 9th June, while a furious artillery duel was raging over the village of Stevensburg—one of our men having fallen severely wounded in an orchard near by, and the shells of each party were bursting thickly near the spot—the poor man was seen attempting to drag his shattered limb after him to some more secure place. This noble girl seeing his awful situation, inconsiderable to her own personal safety, boldly ventured out and assisted the wounded man away beyond the reach of these awe-inspiring missiles, that were screaming and bursting in mad fury hard by.

CHAPTER XVIII.

THE UNFORTUNATE AFFAIR AT RAPPAHANNOCK STATION—THE EVACUATION OF CULPEPER COUNTY—GENERAL HAMPTON RETURNS TO HIS COMMAND AND COVERS THE RETREAT—TAKES THE OLD LINES ON THE RAPIDAN—GENERAL HAMPTON MAKES A SUCCESSFUL FORAY IN THE ENEMY'S LINES, SURPRISES AND CAPTURES A CAMP—MEADE ADVANCES AND CROSSES THE RAPIDAN—OUR CAVALRY HARASS HIS FLANK AND REAR—HE PRECIPITATELY RETREATS BACK ACROSS THE RIVER—AN UNKNOWN HERO—CONCLUSION.

After forcing the enemy back upon his works near Washington, our army took up its old line on the Rappahannock, and lay quietly for several weeks. Detachments were engaged, in the meantime, in tearing up the railroad beyond the river. On one occasion the Yankee cavalry made a reconnoissance toward the river and came on the party at work, who promptly met them and drove them back with considerable loss, while our loss was trifling. A brigade of infantry was kept just on the north bank of the river, in the old works of the enemy. Here a most unhappy episode occurred. Suddenly, on the 6th of November, an overwhelming force of the enemy made their appearance in front of the works, which were held by the veteran brigades of Hays and Hoke, and drove in the pickets, who were stationed but a short distance from the main body. The main column of the enemy moved on rapidly, and before reinforcements from the camps—about six miles distant on the other side of the river—could reach, the enemy, with his heavy columns, had completely invested the works, and gradually closed in upon them, and after a most desperate resistance the greater portion of these two gallant brigades were killed and captured. But the enemy paid most dearly for his advantage—his first lines were literally torn to pieces. Our men displayed the utmost heroism; after their ammunition had become exhausted they clubbed their guns, and not till they were hopelessly overpowered did they surrender—really killing and wounding more of the enemy than their own number. The enemy were allowed to cross over Saturday night without any opposition. Our forces fell back to Stevens-

burg and awaited them in line for two days. The enemy showing no disposition to attack, our forces retired across the Rapidan.

To the cavalry was entrusted the bringing up of this retreat. They gallantly met the enemy's advance, and held them in check. General Young's brigade encountered a heavy body of the enemy on the right, near Stevensburg. General Hampton arriving from his long absence, in consequence of the severe wounds he received at Gettysburg, General Stuart ordered him to his favorite old command, and he immediately repaired to that part of the field. The skirmish was in full blast as the old scarred hero coolly rode along the battle line amid the welcome shouts of his devoted men, and the whistling of bullets that were shredding the air. The enemy made nothing in that fight, Hampton's boys showing their cherished leader

That the valor shown on former fields,
With the true hero never yields.

The cavalry too moved over with the rest of the army and resumed the picket lines.

The Yankees were not doomed to rest with impunity in their regained limits. On the night of the 17th November, General Hampton, with a detachment of about five hundred picked men from each brigade, crossed over at Ely's Ford, penetrated the enemy's lines, and surprised and captured a part of the Eighteenth Pennsylvania cavalry, among them an adjutant and one lieutenant, two flags, one hundred horses and mules, several wagons, and all the camp equipage. General Rosser's brigade pursued the remainder, and drove them back upon their main body near Stevensburg. In this gallant exploit we lost only one man killed. The command was withdrawn by way of Germanna Ford safely, with the prisoners and the other captures.

The yahoo authorities at Washington had been vainly casting about for some success from *somebody* or from *somewhere* to hang a reasonable hope of their radical rebellion-crushing ideas upon; and in solemn conclave they ordered Meade with his grand army to cross the Rapidan for that favorite purpose; and how far he succeeded in satisfying the yahoo's wishes, the sequel will show.

The grand advance reached the lower fords of the Rapidan on the 25th of November, and were allowed to cross over with little opposition; but in the little opposition shown them, our artillery worked terrible havoc at every passage they made.

General Lee swung back his army, resting the right at Vidiersville, on the Orange and Fredericksburg Plank Road, eight miles from the river, and the left on a line from Vidiersville to the river, coursing along a little stream known as Mine Run; thus as it were politely opening a door for his ingress. On Friday, the 27th, while Johnston's division was going down to take position on the right, they were suddenly attacked by two full corps of the enemy. The column was wheeled by the left flank, and charged the enemy at once. Their fierce onset broke the enemy's entire line, and drove them back a mile and a half, leaving the ground strewn with his dead and wounded; and also several hundred prisoners fell into our hands. Our loss was about five hundred in all, mostly wounded. No affair of the war can lay claim to higher gallantry, for promptness and fierceness of the onset, which successfully carried the enemy in most overwhelming odds in confusion before them. General Lee strengthened himself in his position, and awaited the attack. The lines of the enemy were advanced in close proximity to ours on Sunday, giving every indication of an early battle.

Our cavalry, in the meantime, were thrown round on their right flank. Gordon and Young attacked them on Saturday, and after a sharp engagement, making a successful reconnoissance of their position, they withdrew their commands back up the plank road.

On the same day General Rosser, with his brigade, made a daring circuit round on the enemy's rear—fell upon a large wagon train—captured and destroyed about seventy-five wagons, and brought off one hundred and fifty five mules and several prisoners.

On Sunday, General Hampton took the whole division and made another circuit round on the rear of their left, dashed on Gregg's Division, severely using it up, driving them through and beyond their camps, capturing the entire camp equipage, some two hundred prisoners, and a large number of horses.

The command was moved back and resumed its position on our right flank, and on Monday, joined in with our infantry, and was engaged in hot skirmishing throughout the day. All day Tuesday the usual monotony of long-ranged skirmish firing was wearing away the patience of officers and men, and General Lee determined to await the attack no longer, and prepared his columns for action on the ensuing day. His advance was set in motion, when, lo! and behold, nothing but a thin line of skirmishers could be seen re-

treating rapidly before him. The main column had quietly withdrawn during the night, leaving the outside pickets in our front. Their columns had doubled-quickened beyond pursuit, and had combined to place the Rapidan between themselves and Lee's forces. Meade certainly came to fight, but made a poor apology to the God of War, and left in indecent haste. This movement, from the statement of their own prisoners, including the havoc our artillery played among them at the different fords in crossing, cost him over two thousand men. Our loss, with the exception of the engagement, was trifling.

In passing over that portion of the ground where our advance skirmish lines had engaged the enemy, one of our soldiers was found lying in a lonely nook of pines, a victim to the sharpshooter's fatal ball. A faint beam of the sun's rays peered through the umbrageous pines, playing dimly in his cold, pale face. His handsome features still wore a calm, sweet, earnest expression, with his pale hands gently folded, and his lustreless eyeballs heavenward, as though in his last moment his dying gaze had lingered on the far-off spirit land. He was sleeping death's noblest sleep, an *unknown hero*.

— On the field of strife,
 Battling for his country's dearest rights.

Which elicited from General Young, as the party was gazing "in mute grief" on the sad spectacle, the following heartfelt soliloquy :

"There sleeps the *true hero*. Who knows but he has an anxious father, a fond mother, and tender sister, or a dear little brother, or perhaps a loving young wife at his far-off sunny home, whose hearts at this moment are anxiously throbbing for his welfare? While here he lies in this wild nook, far from home and friends, weltering in his blood on the frozen ground; no fond face cheered him in his dying throes—no tender hand soothed his death-bed cares." Turning sadly away, he continued: "My boys, bury him the best you can."

With their sabres alone they sorrowfully dug his grave, and gave him the soldier's rude burial, leaving the wintry winds chaunting his requiem through the tops of the thick standing pines.

No name marked the lone spot
 Where thus war's poor victim fell;
 Let it never, no never be forgot,
 That down in that lonely dell
 A hero's ashes, without an urn,
 Rudely rest, unknown to fame.
 But such sacrifice will ever burn,
 As long as liberty bears a name.

The Yankees, during their short visit, perpetrated every species of outrage upon the district of country their army occupied. Says a correspondent: "They re-enacted the scenes of last December at Fredericksburg—fields were made desolate, houses first sacked and then burned, and negroes carried off tied; in a word, everything that devilish malice could suggest or do was perpetrated upon the peaceful and non-combatant denizens in their line of march. A few outrages I will mention. Captain Beale, Mr. Lockwood, and Captain Dick Johnston were seized and carried off to prison. They burned the houses, kitchens and barns of Reuben Gordon, besides taking all his cattle and grain; they burned and destroyed many other houses in the vicinity; they sacked the houses of Mrs. Willis and Colonel Rowe; the Locust Grove house was several times fired, but the lady in it managed to put it out. A most respectable gentleman, who has been over the entire ground overrun by the enemy, tells me he thinks they carried off every living four-footed animal. To such straits were the people brought by the acts of the enemy, that a gentleman whose character for veracity is undoubted, tells me that he saw some poor children pulling off the fat from the thrown away entrails of slaughtered animals, in order to subsist, and I have heard of one of the leading citizens of that section, once in great affluence, who was compelled to make application the day after the Yankees left to General Hampton's commissary for bread and meat to feed his family. I also heard of a well vouched case of rape upon the person of a negro child eleven years old, with other disgusting recitals of the barbarous conduct of this loathsome race, who carry fire and sword in this cruel crusade, more, if anything, against unarmed and unoffending women and children and non-combatant men than our soldiers in arms, whom they are by no means anxious to meet in the field in honorable conflict."

This brings us to the close of another year's campaign. The increasing vindictiveness and malignity of our cruel and unprincipled foe, only foreshadows the hellish intentions that in the event of his success he has in reversion for us, which instead of goading our spirits to despair, only adds additional strength to our disgust, and new energy to our resistance—such a resistance as knows no end, save in success.

We now close our sketches of 1863; which leaves us much the same in relation to an early termination of these troubles as at the end of the campaigns of 1862. The preponderant material and mighty appliances of our foe have been brought, with all his energy, to bear against us, but we have manfully stood the terrible shock. Entirely relieving our own Capital, we have twice flaunted our battle-flag around his own, and carried it far upon his own soil, and only withdrew it when compelled by extraneous causes. And we can justly congratulate ourselves that we are still "unterrified, unbroken, and unbent," while the boasted armies of the tyrant at Washington have done but little more than add destruction in their former beaten tracks, and their most advanced outposts extend but little beyond those of the preceding year.

The blood of the best of our land has flown again upon our numerous battle fields; but the Moloch of war seems not yet satisfied with the holocaust of death—

But still frowning sits,
And with his red right hand
He breaks the bloody wand—
Calling for more victims still.

The heart upheaves an anxious wish for something to hinge a reasonable hope for an early peace upon; but it returns again, like Noah's dove, and rests in the ark of our holy cause.

Our foe still adheres to the hell-gotten principle of subjugation, and is seemingly resolved to push us to the last extremity, which must be met with deeper corresponding spirit. We have seen that all outside influence has been vain and illusory—clearly demonstrating, in our case, that "they who would be free, must themselves strike the blow."

The cheerless scenes of winter privations are again on us. The cutting blast, with aching fierceness, plays over the white sheeting around us. The third winter our bivouac fires still

lighten up our border hills; and the sweet comforts of home seem distant still. Had we not better live a lifetime thus, in holy hope, contending to preserve ourselves from slavery the most hateful to be conceived?

When we reflect that our foe gloats in devilish satisfaction upon the event of enslaving us and placing us beneath the negro in the social scale; "better far would be a slavery to the English, for they are noble and brave; better slavery to the French, for they are gallant and chivalrous; aye, even to our own negroes, for they at least know what labor is, and would have some compassion as task-masters." But should we be but *true* to ourselves, no contingency of this sort need ever overshadow our anticipations. Listen to nothing that the desponding may say, or any proposition that would tend to lure us from the stern path of duty, although that path may be tracked, like that of the heroes of Valley Forge, with blood and suffering. Let us press on, resolved that the past sufferings of our ragged soldiery—and all the toil and blood of the past three years—shall lose none of their hallowed influence, and show to our foes

"That a breath of submission we breathe not—
 The sword we have drawn we will sheathe not;
 Its scabbard is left where our martyrs are laid,
 And the vengeance of years has whetted its blade;
 That they shall never, no never, make us slaves;
 If they rule it will be over our ashes and graves.
 Accursed may his memory blacken,
 If a coward there be that would slacken
 'Till we 've expelled our foe, and show ourselves worth,
 Beings sprung from the God-like of earth.
 Strike home, and the world shall revere us,
 As heroes descended from heroes."









