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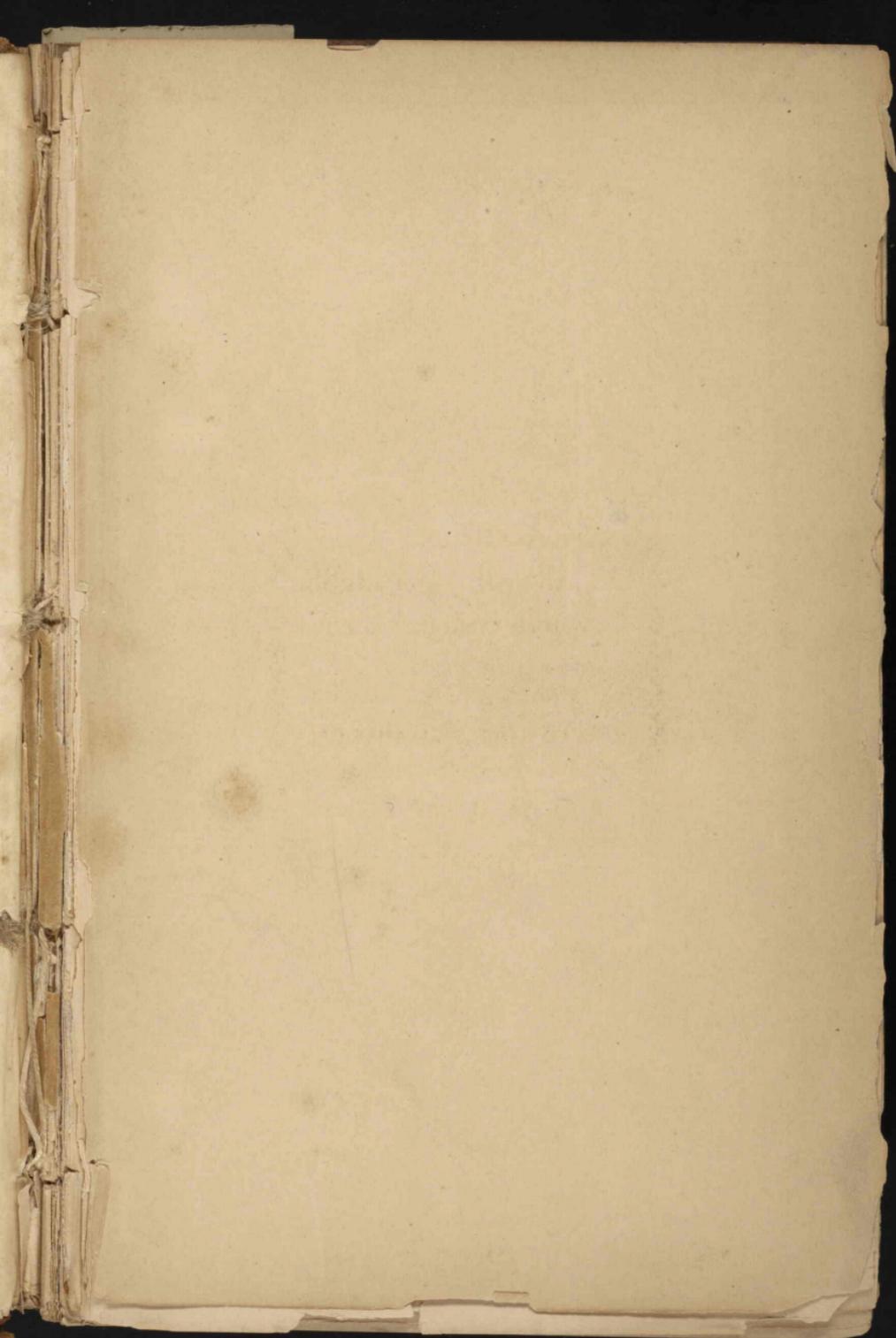
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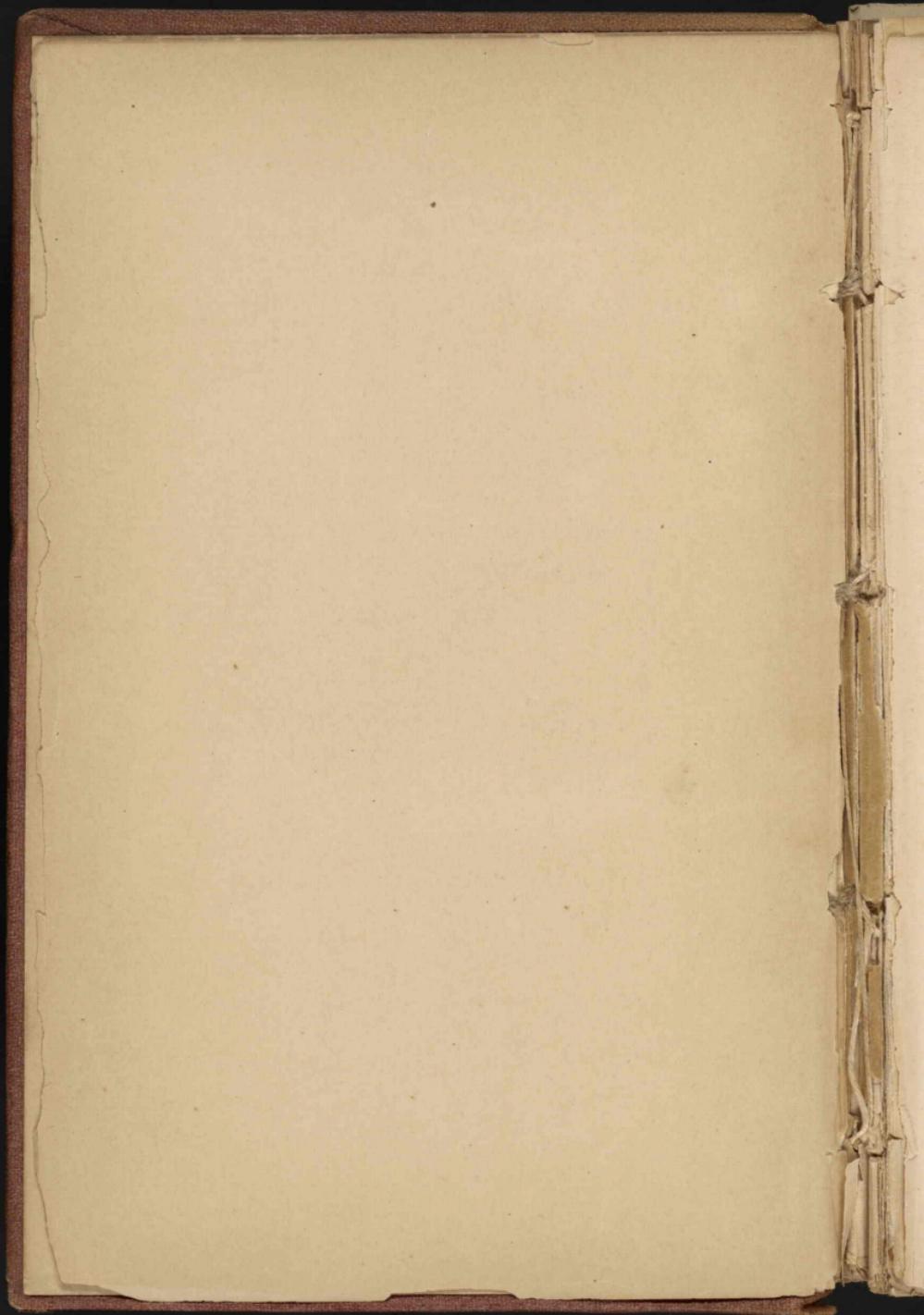
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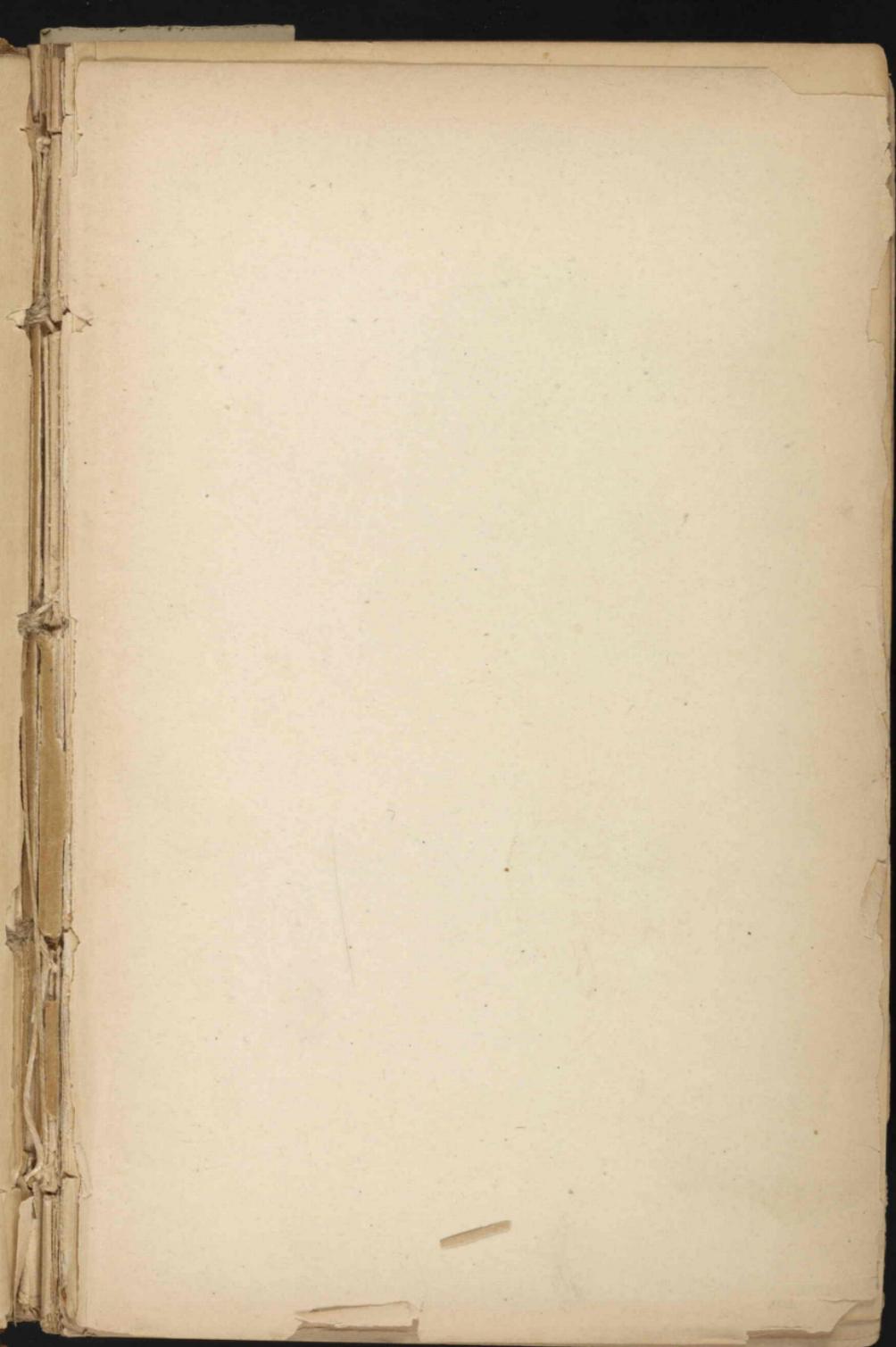
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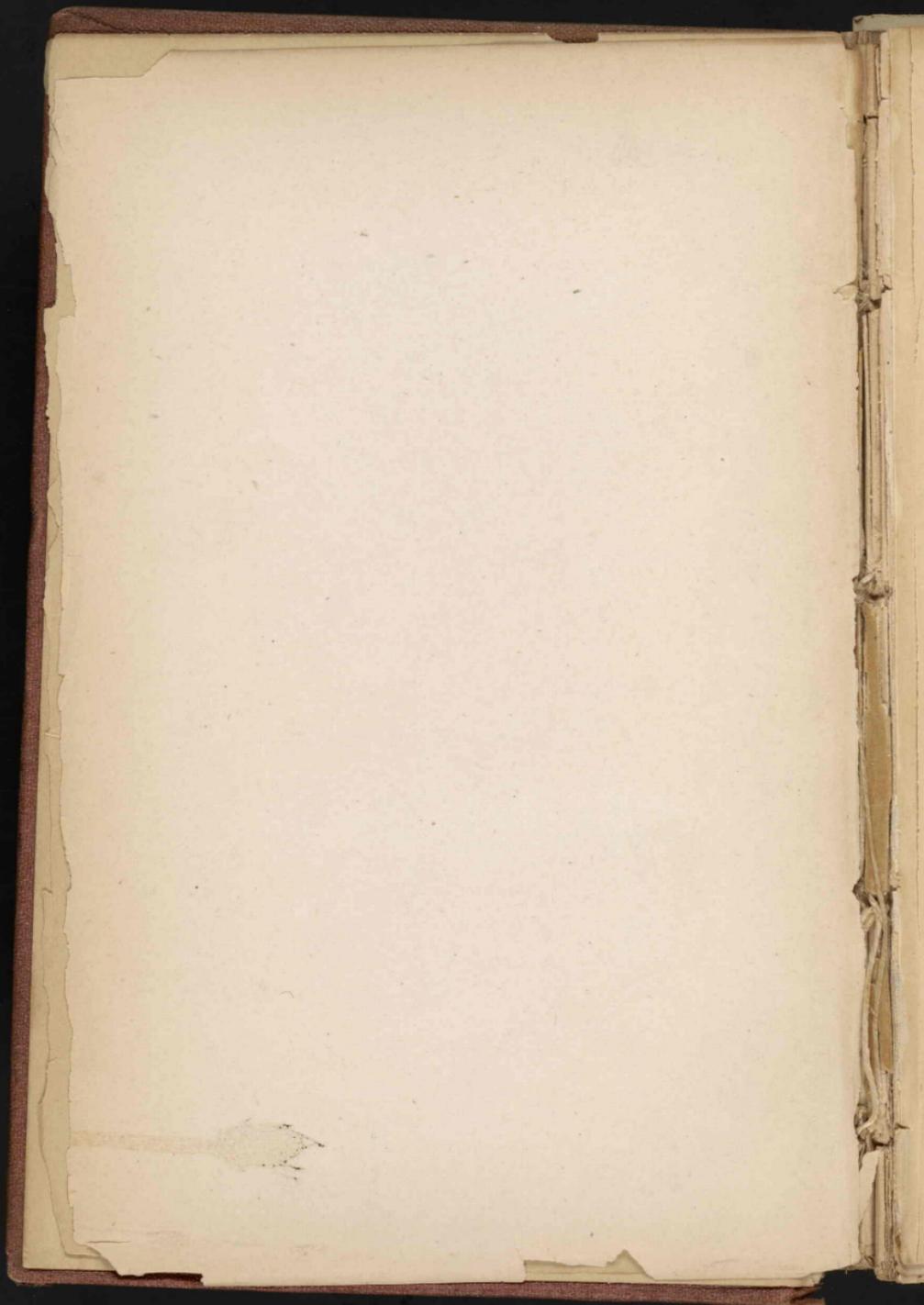
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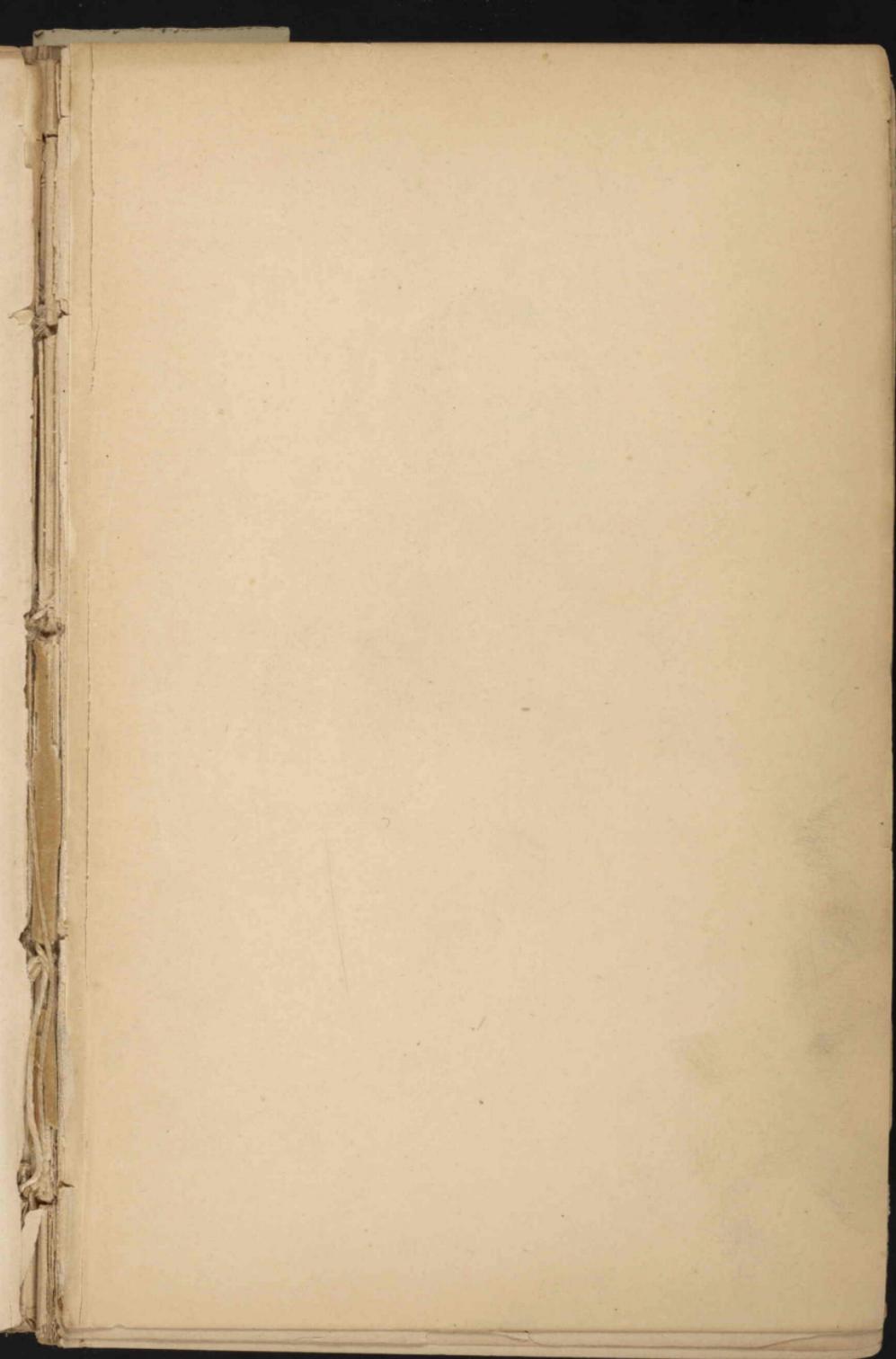
UNITED STATES OF AMERICA.













Maj. Gen. ARNOLD ELZEY.

THE  
MARYLAND LINE

IN THE  
CONFEDERATE STATES ARMY.

BY  
W. W. GOLDSBOROUGH,

*Major in the late C. S. A.*



BALTIMORE,  
KELLY, PIET & COMPANY.

1869.



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A. L. P. 1-3-19

# Dedication.

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TO MARYLAND'S GALLANT SON,  
Major-General Isaac R. Trimble,  
THE SOLDIER "WITHOUT FEAR AND WITHOUT REPROACH,"

These Pages are Dedicated,

*With the sincerest hope that his many Virtues and  
Lofty Heroism may be Emulated by the Rising Generation  
of his Native State.*

Introduction

The first part of the book is devoted to a general survey of the subject, and to a discussion of the various theories which have been advanced to explain the phenomena observed. The second part is devoted to a detailed description of the experiments which have been performed, and to a discussion of the results obtained. The third part is devoted to a discussion of the various applications of the subject, and to a description of the various instruments which have been used in the experiments.

## Introduction.

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**A**LMOST four years have elapsed since the surrender of General Lee at Appomattox Court House, and as yet nothing has been presented to the world to show the prominent part taken in the Great Rebellion by the sons of Maryland. It is a glorious and important page in her honored history, and future generations seem likely to look in vain for a record of the patient suffering and heroic achievements of their forefathers when struggling for their rights against Yankee tyranny and oppression, and which was not surpassed by their sires of the Revolution of '76.

Thus believing, the author has yielded to the importunities of many of the officers and men of the several commands that composed the young "Maryland Line," and presents to the public a little book describing briefly its operations during those four eventful years, and to which they can refer, and by which future historians may be in a measure guided. That it is written by a feeble pen, and by one unaccustomed to such work, will be seen at a glance, and he therefore craves the indulgence of a generous people.

It is much to be regretted that the young men who went South did not organize themselves into *one* command; but the proper steps were not taken in time, and consequently batteries and companies of infantry and cavalry were assigned to other commands whose States were accredited with their services. Never-

theless Maryland had one representative, at least, in this little organization, and for which she has no reason to blush.

The books at the War Department contained the names of over twenty thousand Marylanders in the service, and still at no time could the "Maryland Line" be increased to the proportions of a brigade, much less a division.

One great reason for this was the fact that they were required to officer companies, regiments, and brigades of troops from other States, for, as a general thing, the young men from Maryland were of a superior order intellectually, who were actuated by patriotism alone, and not driven into the service by the conscript officer, or influenced by mercenary motives.

Thinking to contribute to the interest of this little book, the author has added a few incidents of a personal character, which, with the "Maryland Line," he hopes will be favorably received by the Southern people, and by that portion of the people of the North from whom we received a sympathizing tear during our struggle for independence.

BALTIMORE, February, 1869.



THE  
FIRST MARYLAND INFANTRY.

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CHAPTER I.

IT was towards the close of April, 1861, that several members of the Baltimore City Guard Battalion (which organization had been under arms since the memorable 19th) were sitting around the dinner table in their armory, discussing the probability of Baltimore soon being in the possession of the troops under the command of the subsequently infamous Benjamin F. Butler. Various were the opinions expressed; but it was pretty generally conceded that, to use Hawk-Eye's expression, the city "was circumvented," and the Maryland Militia had no longer any terrors for the doughty Butler and his legions. I had long before determined upon going South, when I could no longer serve my native State; and such was also the determination of most of those around me.

"The thing is up, boys," said Dr. Harry Scott,

Surgeon of the Guards, "and we now begin to see who is who. All seemed mighty anxious for a fight last Sunday; but, Lord, what a change has come over the spirit of their dreams! of glory and of conquest, now that the city is about to fall into the hands of the enemy. And how hard those who were most violent at first, are now striving to prove themselves the most loyal men in Baltimore. Then all were disloyal; now look at the loyal! and it pains me to see many of this very organization appear here in citizen's dress, as though they were frightened at what they had done. There's Fulton, of the *American*, out this morning in an article denouncing the outrage upon the American flag in opposing the passage of troops through the city; and it is well known to all that he was among the first and most earnest advocates of the measure. For my part, I am going South to join the Confederate army."

"And I, and I, and I," came from a dozen present.

"And I," exclaimed Jim Sellman, springing to his feet and assuming an attitude that only Jim Sellman could assume. "I tell you, gentlemen, the Federal Union must not and *shall* not be preserved, old Hickory to the contrary, notwithstanding. Such an outrage as this coercion has never before been perpetrated upon a free people; no, not since Noah drove into the ark his monkeys, drome-

daries, rhinoceroses, kangaroos, etc., etc. But then the Lord told Noah to coerce the dumb brute for the benefit of future generations; and it is the devil who tells this government to drive us back into the Union, for the benefit of Yankee cotton and boot and shoe manufacturers. I tell you it shan't be 'did;' and I say again, in the language of the immortal Andrew Jackson, 'The Federal Union must not and shall not be preserved at the expense of Southern independence,' and I for one shall help to bust her. Follow me. I'll be your Beauregard. I'll lead you on to victory or to death. Keep in my foot-prints, that's all."

Twenty men volunteered upon the spot, whereupon the inimitable Beauregard, (for so Sellman was ever after called,) placing his dexter finger in his mouth, and imitating the popping of a champagne cork, circulated the ice-water freely, declaring vehemently it was his "treat."

It was about the 7th of May that the party, now increased to forty men, left Baltimore by the several routes to Richmond. Upon reaching that city we met quite a number of Marylanders who had preceded us. Two companies of infantry were quickly formed, and placed under the command of Captains Edward R. Dorsey and J. Lyle Clark. A third was also started, which, upon being completed, was commanded by the gallant Capt. Wm. H. Murray.

I will not tire the reader with a description of

our life at the camp of instruction, to which place we were ordered after being mustered in ; nor of our quarters in the pig-pens, but lately occupied by the four-legged recruits of the fair grounds ; of the countless millions of fleas that took up their quarters in closer proximity to our flesh than was agreeable ; of the *sweats* around the race track at the double quick ; no, suffice it to say, that through the exertions of our officers, in a very short time our drill and discipline rivalled that of the famous Lexington cadets, who were upon the ground, and vast were the crowds attracted by our afternoon drills and dress parades.

The 25th of June found the companies of Captains Dorsey and Murray in Winchester, to complete the organization of the First Maryland. Capt. Clark, for some reason, preferred attaching his company to the Twenty-First Virginia Regiment, a step he ever after regretted, for the regiment was sent to the wilds of West Virginia, where they saw but little service, and were compelled to endure dreadful sufferings and privations.

The companies of the regiment we met at Winchester had been organized at Harper's Ferry, where they were for several weeks engaged in picketing Maryland Heights and other points, and through their exertions, in the evacuation of the place and destruction of the rifle works, government property of much value to us was saved that would have been otherwise destroyed by the excited and

thoughtless troops, for we were yet young in the art of war.\*

For their services upon this occasion, General Joseph E. Johnston issued the following complimentary order :

HEADQUARTERS, WINCHESTER, }  
June 22d, 1861. }

SPECIAL ORDER.

The Commanding General thanks Lt. Col. Steuart and the Maryland Regiment for the faithful and exact manner in which they carried out his orders of the 19th inst. at Harper's Ferry. He is glad to learn that, owing to their discipline, no private property was injured and no unoffending citizen disturbed. The soldierly qualities of the Maryland Regiment will not be forgotten in the day of action.

By order of \* GEN. JOS. E. JOHNSTON.

W. M. WHITING, *Inspector General.*

The First Maryland was organized and officered as follows: Colonel, Arnold Elzey; Lieutenant-Colonel, George H. Steuart; Major, Bradley T. Johnson; Acting Adjutant, Frank X. Ward.

Company A.—Captain, W. W. Goldsborough; Lieutenants, George R. Shellman, Chas. Blair and George M. E. Shearer.

Company B.—Captain, Columbus Edelin; Lieutenants, James Mullin, Thomas Costello and Jos. Griffin.

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\*The property referred to as having been saved by them from the flames which were enveloping the buildings that contained it, and fired by other troops, was seventeen thousand gun stocks, which they received permission to send to North Carolina as a testimonial of gratitude for all she had done for them.

Company C.—Captain, E. R. Dorsey ; Lieutenants, S. H. Stewart, R. C. Smith and William Thomas.

Company D.—Captain, James R. Herbert ; Lieutenants, George Booth, Nicholas Snowden and Willie Key Howard.

Company E.—Captain, Harry McCoy ; Lieutenants, John Lutts, Joseph Marriott and John Cushing. Edmund O'Brien was shortly after elected Captain, McCoy having resigned.

Company F.—Captain, Louis Smith ; Lieutenants, Joseph Stewart, William Broadfoot and Thos. Holbrook.

Company G.—Captain, Willie Nicholas ; Lieutenants, Alexander Cross and John Deppich.

Company H.—Captain, Wm. H. Murray ; Lieutenants, George Thomas, Frank X. Ward and Richard Gilmor.

Some time after, whilst at Centreville, Company I joined us, having the following officers :

Company I.—Captain, Michael S. Robertson ; Lieutenants, H. H. Bean, Hugh Mitchell and Eugene Diggs.\*

The regiment numbered over seven hundred men, and was second to none in the Confederate army. But two companies were uniformed at the time of its organization, (those from Richmond), but soon after, through the exertions of Mrs. Bradley T.

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\*There were many changes in the regiment afterwards.

Johnson, the whole command was dressed in neat, well-fitting gray uniforms.

With the exception of two companies, the regiment was armed with the deadly Mississippi rifle, which was also procured by Mrs. Johnson, through her influence with the Governor of North Carolina, of which State she was a native.

The organization had scarcely been effected when, in the afternoon of the first day of July, orders were received to cook two day's rations and prepare to move at a moment's notice. Our destination was for some time unknown; but it was soon whispered around that Patterson had crossed the Potomac at Williamsport with a large army, and, although vigorously attacked by a brigade under General Jackson, was driving that General before him, and advancing rapidly in the direction of Winchester. At four o'clock, we commenced the march to meet the enemy, every man full of confidence and enthusiasm. As we passed the then beautiful residence of the Hon. James M. Mason, that venerable gentleman, with his lovely family, stood in the gateway and bid us God speed. Alas, Yankee vandals have been there since; and, when last I visited the place, I found nothing but a mass of rubbish to mark the spot where once stood the stately mansion of one of Virginia's wisest and purest statesmen.

That night the army went into camp near Bunker Hill, some ten miles from Winchester. The

march was resumed early next morning, and by twelve o'clock our line of battle was formed a short distance beyond the little village of Darksville, and about five miles from the advance of Patterson's army. To the First Maryland was assigned the post of honor, the extreme right; and, had there been occasion, most stubbornly would they have contested every inch of the ground they occupied.

The army, under the command of General Joseph E. Johnston, numbered eleven thousand men of all arms, indifferently armed and equipped, and totally unacquainted with the drill and discipline so essential to the soldier; and yet these were the very troops that a few days later hurled back the legions of McDowell from the plains of Manassas, and who now threw down the gage of battle to Patterson and his twenty-five thousand trained volunteers from the cities of the North. The material was there, and time was only required to make them the invincible troops they afterwards proved themselves on more than one hard fought battle field.

Four days we awaited the coming of the Federal army, although General Johnston wished to avoid an engagement if possible. The odds were fearful, two to one, but the troops were sanguine of success should the enemy attack us upon ground of our own choosing. But the enemy did not advance; and, fearing he was too far from Manassas, where Beauregard was daily expecting an attack from

McDowell, the Confederate commander determined to fall back to Winchester, and from that place watch the movements of Patterson.

A few days after, that General advanced his army to Bunker Hill, and went into camp.

No change took place in the relative positions of the two armies until the 18th day of July, when Patterson broke camp and moved around in the direction of Charlestown.

General Johnston was quickly informed of this change of position by the ever vigilant Colonel J. E. B. Stuart, in command of the cavalry; and almost at the same hour he received a despatch from General Beauregard announcing that the enemy had attacked him at Bull Run in heavy force, and that he required assistance. Orders to march were immediately issued, and by four o'clock the last of the troops filed through the streets of Winchester. It was a silent march indeed. There were no bright smiles to greet us from the fair daughters of the town; no waving of handkerchiefs, no expression of joy; for all believed that the Confederate army was retreating from the superior forces of Patterson, and that they were soon to experience the horrors of a military despotism. And the troops partook of the same feeling, for, as yet, our destination had not been divulged to them. But few cheers were heard as they moved sullenly along the quiet streets.

We took the Millwood road, and, after marching

about three miles, Col. Elzey halted the regiment and read the order to march to the assistance of Beauregard.

“You are, therefore,” he continued, “on the march to meet the enemy; and, in the hour of battle, you will remember that you are Marylanders. Every eye from across the waters of the Potomac which separates you from your homes is upon you, and all those who are dear to us are watching with anxious, beating hearts the flashing of your maiden sword. And they shall not be disappointed, for he had better never been born who proves himself a craven when we grapple with the foeman.”

A cheer that might have been heard for miles went up from that little band of patriots; and, with flushed cheek and flashing eyes, they asked to be led against the enemy.

All that night we pressed forward, halting at intervals for a few minutes' rest; and an hour before day we reached the Shenandoah at Berry's Ferry, where it was determined to halt for breakfast. At seven o'clock we resumed our march, and, fording the river, crossed the mountain at Ashby's Gap, and took the road to Piedmont, on the line of the Manassas Gap railroad, where we expected to find transportation to the scene of strife. The day's march was a distressing one, as the heat was intolerable; but the gallant troops pressed rapidly forward, stimulated by occasional reports from the battle field.

During the day, General Johnston organized his army into brigades, which, it is strange to say, had been deferred until the very eve of battle. It was our good fortune to be placed under the command of General Kirby Smith, whose brigade was composed of the First Maryland, Colonel Elzey; Thirteenth Virginia, Col. A. P. Hill (afterwards the famous corps commander); Tenth Virginia, Colonel Gibbons, and Third Tennessee, Colonel Vaughn.

Piedmont was reached late that night by the rear of the army in the midst of a terrific thunderstorm, and, despite the pelting rain, the exhausted troops threw themselves upon the soaking ground and slept soundly until morning.

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## CHAPTER II.

THE sun rose next day bright and beautiful, and the scene that presented itself as we responded to reveille was animated indeed. The troops were eagerly crowding into the cars prepared to convey them to the battle field, and, from the boisterous mirth to be heard on all sides, one would have supposed them on their way to participate in some grand holiday parade instead of scenes of death and carnage.

Several regiments had been forwarded, and all were impatiently awaiting their turn, when we met

with a disaster that threw a damper over all, and well nigh lost us the first battle of Manassas. The engineers of two of the trains were Yankees, who had been in the employ of the company for a long time. These men, true to their natural instincts and training, treacherously concocted a plan to collide their trains and thereby delay the troops of Johnston so much needed by Beauregard; and totally regardless of the consequences that might ensue to the hundreds of brave men placed at their mercy, consummated their wicked designs. Fortunately but few were hurt, and none killed; but an engine and train were destroyed, and the road so blockaded and injured that the utmost efforts of the large force immediately set to work failed to put it in running order before next morning.

The loss of this train was a severe blow to us, as we now had but two trains left. However, on the morning of the 21st of July these two resumed their trips, and each had made a successful run when, in making the second, the engine of the hindmost train—upon which was Kirby Smith's brigade—broke down, and we were consequently delayed until the return of the first engine, some two hours and a half. The battle had been raging since morning, and the whole of the army should have reached Beauregard the evening before, whereas barely two-thirds had joined him at the close of the fight.

It was nearly one o'clock when we disembarked

at Manassas, where we found an officer of Johnston's staff awaiting with an order for us to push forward with all possible dispatch.

Hastily throwing off their knapsacks, the troops struck across the country in the direction of the smoke of battle and the sound of artillery, which could now be plainly seen and heard. Not a breath of air was stirring, and the heat and dust were almost suffocating; but on, on we went, sometimes slacking our pace to a walk to recover breath, but never halting until we had made four miles and were within a mile of the battle-field. Here we stopped but for a minute to allow the men to fill their canteens out of a muddy little stream, when the march was resumed at the same rapid gait, the gallant Smith at our head, encouraging us to "push on."

As we neared the field, we knew by the rapid discharges of artillery and the incessant rattle of musketry, that the fight was being stubbornly contested. We presently began to meet the wounded, one of whom to our inquiry as to how the fight was going, answered, "Go on, boys, go on; but I'm afeared you'll be too late, for I'm thinkin' they're lickin' of us. But go on; there's no tellin'."

All told us the same, but encouraged us to press forward, as we "might get there in time yet." As we drew nearer the field, the enemy were made aware of our approach by the clouds of dust we raised, and several pieces of artillery were trained

upon us. The scene that presented itself as we emerged from a strip of pines was frightful indeed, and in no way calculated to encourage us to advance farther. Wagons in great numbers were coming to the rear at headlong speed, and demoralized fugitives by hundreds from the battle-field were rushing frantically by, crying out, "All is lost, all is lost; go back, or you'll be cut to pieces; the army is in full retreat," etc. And indeed so it seemed; for presently we met a whole regiment coming off, and, upon making inquiry for the cause, we were coolly told that "They had got somewhat *tangled* in the fight; and as we were whipped and retreating, they didn't think it worth while to stay any longer."

But amid prospects so discouraging, the command from our gallant general was ever "Forward, forward, my brave men! pay no attention to those miserable cowards and skulkers."

The First Maryland had the right of the line, at the head of which was riding General Kirby Smith. We were still marching by the flank, when, just as the column entered a strip of woods, it was fired upon by about a dozen of the 14th Brooklyn Zouaves; and the general fell from his horse shot through the neck, and it was feared at the time fatally wounded. Corporal John Berryman, of Company C, First Maryland, fell at the fire also, with a dreadful wound through the groin. The regiment, as did the brigade, formed line of battle

instinctively, and, not knowing what might be the enemy's force, prepared for an attack.

The command now devolved upon Colonel Elzey, the senior officer, who, after waiting some minutes, and the enemy not appearing, moved the brigade obliquely through the woods to the left and front, and as we approached its edge the Federal line of battle appeared in view, which, as they perceived us, poured into our ranks a terrific volley of musketry, that took effect upon several of the men of the brigade. Private John Swisher, of Company A, First Maryland, fell from a musket ball in the head, and died soon after, being the first man from Maryland killed in actual battle.

Colonel Elzey immediately prepared to attack. Holding the Thirteenth Virginia in reserve, he formed the First Maryland, Tenth Virginia, and Third Tennessee, and under cover of a hot fire from the Newtown battery of light artillery, ordered a "charge!"

The enemy held a strong position on a ridge difficult of ascent, and immediately in front of a dense pine thicket. At least three hundred yards separated us, and the charge was to be across a wheat-field, and of course without shelter of any description. It was a desperate undertaking; but upon that charge rested the fate of the Confederate army. At the command, with one wild, deafening yell, the Confederates emerged from the woods, and, amidst a perfect storm of bullets, the gallant fellows rushed

across the field. But they never wavered nor hesitated, and, dashing up the acclivity, drove the enemy pell-mell from their strong position into the thicket in their rear.

Halting the column for a minute to re-form, Elzey pressed on in pursuit; and, when we came once more into the open country, we saw before us, and for a mile down to our right, no organized force, but one dense mass of fugitives. With the successful charge of Elzey upon their right flank, the whole of the Federal army had given way, and was rushing madly in the direction of Washington. Nothing that I ever saw afterwards could compare with that panic; and, as we pressed on in pursuit, men surrendered themselves by hundreds.

It was whilst thus pursuing the enemy that President Davis and Generals Johnston and Beauregard rode up to Colonel Elzey, amid the joyful shouts of the men, and the former, with countenance beaming with excitement and enthusiasm, seizing him by the hand, and giving it a hearty shake, exclaimed: "*General Elzey, you are the Blucher of the day.*"

Inclining to the right, the command halted for a few minutes near the Henry House, and close by the famous Rickett's battery, which had been captured by the Eighth Georgia infantry; after a most desperate struggle. The ground was thickly strewn with the dead and wounded of the Seventy-Ninth New York Highlanders, which gallant regiment had supported the battery. The wounded were suf-

fering terribly for water; and our men spent every moment in attending to their wants.

A little incident occurred here which I shall relate. Among the fatally wounded was an officer who, from his uniform, we knew to be a captain. The poor fellow had been shot through the head, and was about to breathe his last. Thinking to relieve him, Captain (afterwards Colonel) Herbert unbuttoned his coat, when he discovered a pocket-book and a package of letters in one of the pockets. Taking possession of them, he attended the wounded officer until he died. Upon examining the pocket-book, he found it contained some sixty-five or seventy dollars in gold; the letters were from his wife, and proved his name to be Brown. Two years after Captain Herbert was wounded and taken prisoner upon the field of Gettysburg. He had never parted with the gold nor the letters, and when sufficiently recovered from his wounds, he caused to be inserted in the New York *Herald* an advertisement calling upon the widow of the deceased officer to come forward and claim the property. In due time she made her appearance, a charming Scotch woman, not, as she said for the sake of claiming the money, but to hear from his own lips all about the last moments of her husband. She had received an imperfect account of his being shot from some of his men, but wished to learn of his death. Never shall I forget the look of gratitude she gave the Captain when he finished his story, (for the author

was present at the interview,) and seizing his feeble hand, while great tears stole down her beautiful cheeks, she heaped upon him a thousand blessings.

She was our constant attendant for a week afterwards, and when she left us, seemed much affected. We subsequently learned from her that a valuable and highly-prized watch that her husband had on his person when shot, had been recovered with much difficulty, one of his own men having appropriated it after his Captain's fall.

Resuming our march, the column crossed the Stone Bridge, and took the turnpike leading to Alexandria, confident that we were to pursue the enemy to the very gates of his capital. But we were doomed to a bitter disappointment; for, after marching a mile or two, we came to a right-about, and silently retraced our steps to Manassas. Tired, hungry and dispirited, we reached our camping ground long after nightfall, and, despite a drenching rain that set in about 12 o'clock, enjoyed a refreshing sleep.

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### CHAPTER III.

THE morning after the battle of Manassas all seemed chaos, or confusion worse confounded. The cold, disagreeable rain that had set in during the night still continued, and the troops were pro-

vided with no means to shelter themselves from the pitiless storm which raged; and to add to this discomfort, the commissary wagons could not be found, and the men were almost entirely without provisions. Staff officers were galloping in every direction, looking for regiments that had been lost on the march of the night before, and it seemed for a while as though the utmost efforts of the general officers and their assistants would never be able to restore order out of all this muddle.

All day long this state of affairs continued. We had gained a great battle, it was true, and had we continued the pursuit, the command would have remained intact to a great degree; but the demoralizing effects of countermarching an army in the moment of victory were here strongly evidenced. The impression had gained ground that an opportunity had been let slip to deal the enemy a fatal blow, and therefore dissatisfaction was expressed on every side, and more than once I heard it said that "if we had not intended following up what successes we might meet with, there was but little gained in fighting the battle."

Towards evening something like order seemed restored, and we waited in momentary expectation of hearing the command "Forward." But night came on, and we were still idly facing the pelting rain. Shivering, shaking, and wretched, the troops threw themselves upon the wet ground to await the morrow.

At midnight we were aroused by the rattle of the kettle-drum calling us to arms, and never did men more readily respond to the summons. An order had been received for the First Maryland and the Third Tennessee to accompany Colonel J. E. B. Stuart, with cavalry and artillery, to Fairfax Court House.

The night was intensely dark, and our progress was, therefore, necessarily slow. For hours we toiled through the deep mud, stumbling and falling over rocks, stumps and logs, and mistaking our way every mile, when at daylight we struck the turnpike leading to Alexandria, and but six miles from where we had started.

The rain had now ceased, the clouds grew lighter and lighter, and presently the wind springing up, they were sent fleeting, and dancing, and skipping across heaven's blue face, to be seen no more, we trusted, for many days to come. Never before had the glorious sun been more heartily welcomed by suffering humanity than it was that morning as it rose with silent majesty in the eastern sky. Never before had it appeared so lovely, never risen with such stately grandeur; and, as we gazed in its full, bright face, and began to feel its warm breath envelop us, we forgot all the sufferings and privations of the past thirty-six hours, and were made as happy as we had just before been miserable.

Evidences of the enemy's rapid retreat now appeared on every side. The first thing which we

encountered was an abandoned wagon, laden with army bread. Nothing could have been more acceptable, and the troops were bountifully supplied. A little farther a large camp was found, filled with everything conceivable that could contribute to the comfort and efficiency of an army. As we progressed, wagons in great numbers presented themselves, containing army stores, ammunition, arms, etc., while camp kettles, muskets, cartridge boxes, belts, breast-plates, etc., lined the road for miles. Broken-down buggies that had, no doubt, been abandoned by the valiant Yankee members of Congress who had started with the army, bound for Richmond, put in an occasional appearance. At one place a human arm was found that had, no doubt, been amputated in the ambulance which was conveying the sufferer to the rear in the general flight. It evidently had belonged to an officer, for it was of delicate mould and fair as woman's, and on the little finger was an exquisitely-wrought ring, containing a brilliant and valuable diamond set.

We reached Fairfax Court House by 12 o'clock, where we also found an immense quantity of stores, especially of clothing, which at that time was much needed by the Confederate Government. Nothing could exceed the joy of the inhabitants at once more beholding the gray they loved so well; but more than once they expressed their regret that we had not arrived some hours earlier; "for," said one of them, "four thousand Yankees left here but

this morning, who would have surrendered to a corporal's guard, and those in advance of them were, if possible, in a worse plight, utterly demoralized, and without the semblance of organization."

A half mile beyond the village the command went into camp in a woods by the side of the turnpike, there to await orders from General Johnston, whom we supposed moving with the whole army upon Washington, and but a short distance in our rear.

Reclining upon a bundle of straw, resting my tired, aching limbs, I was joined by my first Lieutenant, Shellman, who, with face radiant with joy, informed me that he had just heard the Colonel commanding express his belief that we would surely be in front of Washington before thirty-six hours. With all my heart did I hope it might prove true; but I had my doubts. I did not like the confusion we had witnessed, and feared it would require some days to reorganize the army, and place it in a condition to assume the offensive. That it was possible to yet retrieve the great error committed on the 21st and 22d, I was inclined to believe; but that it would be done was another question; and an observation from a private soldier suggested itself to me more than once. It was made while we were retracing our steps to Manassas after the battle, when all were out of humor. "A President and two Generals," said he, "are too many to command one army." And subsequent events proved how correct it was.

As day after day passed by, and there appeared no indications of offensive operations being resumed, our hopes of a speedy peace vanished, and we saw nothing before us but a protracted and bloody struggle.

Rapidly the enemy reorganized and reinforced his broken and discomfited army; and in an incredibly short time the genius of McClellan had placed around Washington an army and fortifications that it would have been madness for the Confederate Generals to attack.

It was determined, however, to present to them a bold front to conceal as much as possible our own numerical inferiority, and, therefore, the Confederates were advanced until they held possession of Mason's Hill, but five miles from Alexandria. Munson's Hill was soon after taken also, after a slight resistance; and the Southern army was thereby placed still nearer to the National Capital.

The infantry, under the command of Colonel J. E. B. Stuart, remained some weeks at Fairfax, when it was ordered to Fairfax Station, on the line of the Orange and Alexandria railroad, there to reunite with the balance of the brigade, now commanded by General Elzey. Here we set ourselves down for a long stay, as everything indicated that hostilities would not be renewed until spring, for both governments seemed to have set to work preparing their respective armies for the desperate fighting to be then begun.

Strict and rigid discipline was sought to be enforced throughout the Confederate army; and it was then we saw the incompetency of many of our officers, and had forebodings of the disastrous results likely to accrue from the wretched system adopted by the government of electing officers to companies instead of their being appointed by the Executive after a searching examination by an experienced and competent soldier.

In a measure, the First Maryland Regiment was free from this evil, which was owing principally to the determined steps taken by Colonel Geo. H. Steuart, who had succeeded Colonel Elzey in its command. An old and experienced soldier himself, he soon saw who was competent and who was not. Some of the latter he disposed of in a summary manner, and with others he thought to bide his time. He enforced discipline to the strictest letter of the old army regulations, which, though at first very objectionable to both officers and men of his command, afterwards became popular as the good resulting therefrom developed itself.

Drill by companies was had in the morning of every favorable day, and drill in the afternoon by battalion, with dress parade in the evening. Both officers and men were required to pay the strictest attention to their clothing and person, and the slightest neglect of either would draw from him a rebuke or punishment. The most rigid sanitary regulations were adopted for the camp; and when

the neat appearance and healthy condition of the men were contrasted with that of other regiments around us, the most indifferent were stimulated to exert themselves to their utmost in sustaining the commandant in his efforts to promote the health and comfort of those placed under his charge; and, therefore, from its being at first one of the most obnoxious duties which the soldier had to perform, it became one of the most pleasant.

That Colonel Steuart was popular with the regiment upon assuming command, I cannot say. In fact, I believe he was much disliked; but in less than two months he had won the love and affection of all. Where was there such a camp as that of the First Maryland? Where such drill and discipline; such healthy, rugged looking troops; such neat and soldierly fellows? Where was the regiment that could follow them on a long, weary march with that rapid, elastic step for which they were so famous? Nowhere in the Confederacy. Ever vigilant, ever watchful, ever cheerful in the discharge of their duties, they were the pride and boast of the army.

With his officers, Colonel Steuart was strict and exacting, but always kind and courteous. He established a school for their instruction in tactics, and daily they were assembled at his headquarters for recitation; and not for his commission would one of them have appeared before him unable to recite the lessons he had been instructed to get. As a

body, they were as intelligent a set of men as could be found in the army. I am compelled to say, however, that there were one or two disgraceful exceptions in the number.

One of these, in particular, was a Captain Edelin, *alias* Lum Cooper, who had by some means been elected to the command of a fine company, composed principally of young men from Baltimore. Without even the rudiments of a common school education, holding the truth in utter contempt, and a low swaggerer, he had nothing to recommend him but his having lighted the lamps in the streets of Washington for years, and beat a drum in the war with Mexico. His conduct everywhere in the army was disgraceful in the extreme, and reflected discredit, not only upon the regiment to which he belonged, but upon the State, of which he was neither a native nor a resident. Finally, despised and avoided by all who, without knowing the man, had associated with him in the regiment, he ran the blockade, took the oath of allegiance to the Federal Government, and turned informer upon the Government of which he had been a sworn servant.

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#### CHAPTER IV.

THE fall of 1861 will ever be remembered by the survivors of the regiment, as the most pleasant experienced by them during the whole war. We

had an abundance of clothing and wholesome food, whilst there was no scarcity of money with which to indulge in even some of the luxuries of life. And then the monotony of the camp was often changed to the excitement of picketing in front of the enemy on Mason's and Munson's Hills, in the capture of both of which the First Maryland bore a conspicuous part. In the engagement at the latter place, we lost a private of Company I killed, and Lieutenant Mitchell, of the same company, badly wounded. During these picket reliefs, we had daily encounters with the enemy, in which we invariably got the better of him. The first that occurred I will relate, as Mr. Captain Edelin then and there gave us a specimen of military skill acquired on the head of a kettle-drum in Mexico.

It was on the morning after the capture of Mason's Hill, that Colonel Smith, the officer in command, wishing to advance his pickets as far as Clampitt's house, a mile in front of the main body, detailed Edelin for the duty. He moved his company forward through a thicket, and in a few minutes we were startled by the rapid discharges of musketry, which led Colonel Smith to believe he had encountered a heavy force of the enemy. Captain James R. Herbert's company and my own were immediately sent to his support. Coming up with Edelin, he informed us that he had met a regiment of infantry, but, after a stubborn fight, the enemy had retreated, carrying his dead and wounded along.

“But,” said he, “they are in the woods before us, and I must have artillery to drive them out ;” and, turning to an orderly, he directed him to post off to Colonel Smith and request that officer to send him a battery forthwith.

I saw an expression of ineffable contempt and disgust spread over the face of Lieutenant Costello, of his company, who, calling me aside, informed me that the sight of but one picket had occasioned all the firing, and that by the Captain’s orders.

The courier dispatched to the commandant soon returned with the not very polite reply that “Captain Edelin was a d—d fool, and he wanted no more such crazy requests.”

“Puss in Boots,” as he was usually called, dropped his feathers instanter, but was heard to mutter something about “challenge,” “duel.” Being the senior officer, he had command of the three companies—something which neither Herbert nor myself relished in the least ; and we, therefore, requested to be returned, as there was not the least likelihood of the enemy appearing in any force. Herbert’s request was granted ; but I was ordered to remain where I was.

A short time after two Yankee soldiers accidentally wandered into our lines and were captured. Here was a chance for our hero to win back the good opinion of the Colonel ; so, mounting a great tall horse, (he was a very little man) he, in a pompous and important manner, marched the poor,

half-frightened wretches into the presence of Col. Smith, to whom he told a wonderful story of the skill and strategy he had displayed in their capture.

Being in command during his absence, and not feeling altogether satisfied with the position we held, I concluded to make a reconnoissance. Lieutenants Shearer and Costello were therefore detailed, and, with a squad of men, directed to move forward until they encountered the enemy's pickets. In a few minutes the crack of several rifles told me they had found them. Fearing the party had perhaps fallen in with a superior force, I advanced with a few men to render assistance if required. Upon reaching them, however, I found it was but a single picket they had stumbled upon, who was shot and killed in attempting to escape.

Edelin had heard the firing, and came down the road at full speed, but, halting his horse at a safe distance, bawled out :

“Come back, come back ; you'll all git killed.”

Withdrawing my men, I rejoined the main body, where I was saluted with,

“Capting, how dare you do anythink of this kind without my orders ?”

I explained to him that my purpose was to find a safer place in which to post the men, and suggested that we should move the whole command back to where I had just left.

“I shall do no sich thing,” he answered. “You

never fit in Mexico, and, therefore, what in the devil do you know about *plannin a military battle.*''

Late in the fall the enemy in our front grew restless; and Generals Johnston and Beauregard thought it expedient to withdraw from Munson's and Mason's, and concentrate the whole army on the heights of Centreville, as everything indicated an advance of the immense army assembled around Washington. Therefore leaving at Munson's a small party, with an old stove pipe mounted on cart wheels, to annoy the Federal advance, we took a last look into the streets of Alexandria, and at the detested Federal Capitol, and marched to our new quarters at Centreville.

It was with regret we left our old camp at Fairfax Station, around which lingered so many pleasant associations of the past; and our last reveille seemed to make sad the hearts of all; and the summons to fall in was not as promptly responded to as on former occasions. Never again were the hearty, joyous shouts of the Maryland boys to be heard through its now deserted streets, nor the heavy tramp and the sharp command, as the battalion performed, to astonished, gaping thousands, those intricate evolutions inimitable. No, nor the unhappy sentinel to be frightened to death by the fearful shriek of "Indians got you! Indians got you!" when it turned out only to be our good Colonel making his *periodical* grand rounds.¶ And never more was the gallant Elzey to display his

superb horsemanship to the fair daughters of Baltimore on a visit to the camp, but which performance, much to their disappointment and regret, was brought to an abrupt termination by the breaking of a stirrup strap. No, never, never! all is past and gone forever! Even the old guard house and the Colonel's pen, that had ever and for so long extended to the refractory ones a hearty welcome and tender, affectionate embrace, were bid a sad, sad farewell.

Centreville, when we reached it, presented a scene of bustle and confusion. Troops were arriving in large numbers, and were striving to reach the grounds selected for the respective regiments and brigades all over the same road. At last, tired and hungry, the brigade of Elzey halted upon the very summit of one of the highest hills around the place.

The sight that presented itself from this point that night was one of the grandest I ever witnessed. Before us, as far as the eye could reach, flashed thousands upon thousands of camp fires; and spell-bound we gazed upon this grand pyrotechnic display for hours. And then the next day, and for days after, the evolutions of forty thousand troops of all arms in the plain below us, was a scene indescribably grand.

## CHAPTER V.

THE intelligence we received from Washington now grew every day more threatening. That McClellan, with his immense and splendidly appointed army, intended to advance upon Centreville there seemed no doubt; but whether Johnston intended to fight was by us much questioned. We were in no way prepared to meet the enemy. The army was not organized, and but imperfectly equipped. Sickness prevailed in our camp to an alarming extent; and the utmost efforts of our able commander had failed to increase his force a single man. Time must, therefore, be gained. But how? Johnston was the man for the emergency. We must present a bold and defiant front to the enemy.

Heavy details from the various regiments were, therefore, at once made to erect fortifications. Steadily the work progressed, and in a short time the heights of Centreville were crowned with what seemed at a distance most formidable works. Of siege guns we did not have one; but immense blackened logs answered the same purpose, and frowned most threateningly from many an embrasure. None but those immediately in charge were allowed to approach them; for it was well known our camp was swarming with spies. These preparations had the desired effect; and McClellan, be-

lieving the position to be impregnable, quietly settled himself down to await the coming of spring.

I will not tire the reader with details of the same every-day dull and monotonous camp-life at Centreville, but shall, as rapidly as possible, hasten on to the more exciting and interesting scenes and incidents in which the regiment participated. Suffice it to say, we remained there until late in November, when the brigade was ordered back to Manassas, there to prepare their winter quarters.

The spot selected by the Colonel on which to build our cabins was in the midst of a dense pine woods, and much sheltered from the cold blasts of winter, and where was also wood and water in abundance. By the last of December, in this heretofore lonely and deserted forest, had been reared a neat and substantial village, in which we hoped to remain undisturbed until the spring should have set in, and from whence we would once more go forth to measure our strength with the hosts that had just threatened us with annihilation.

During the months of December and January, with the exception of a little disagreeable picket duty along the line of the Orange and Alexandria railroad, and the surprise of a picket post at Sangster's Station, nothing occurred to disturb the quiet of our winter quarters. The picket alluded to was commanded by Lieut. Richard Hough, of Company F, and in the fight which ensued, Sergeant Sheehan was badly wounded, and Lieut. Joseph Stewart and

ten or twelve men captured. The Federal loss was a lieutenant killed.

The term of enlistment of the twelve months' men was now rapidly drawing to a close, and to have an efficient army in the field when the spring campaign should open, it became necessary for the Confederate Government to take some steps to that end. An order was therefore issued some time in January, granting to all twelve months' men who would re-enlist for the war, furloughs of from thirty to sixty days. The majority did so, and for the first time since entering the army, went home to see their families and friends.

The unwise policy of the government in having enlisted men for a less time than the war here proved itself, and for a long while after occasioned much trouble and caused much demoralization in the army of General Johnston, for bitterly did those who were compelled to remain in camp by reason of their having enlisted for the war, complain of the injustice they believed had been done them. Particularly was this the case in the First Maryland, which contained several twelve months' companies, two of which, Companies A and B, had re-enlisted almost to a man, and gone off on furlough; the others, Companies C, H and I, preferring to remain in the field until their time was up, when many of them proposed to go into the cavalry and artillery, they having a dislike for the infantry arm of the service. However, the war men became reconciled

in a measure, and it was hoped nothing more would be heard of the matter ; but in this we were mistaken, as will be seen hereafter.

The Confederate army was now, owing to the depletion of regiments and brigades by furloughs, reduced to about twenty thousand men, whilst not an organized brigade could be found in the whole command. Of this condition of things the Federal authorities were soon apprised, and therefore, in the early part of March, 1862, an advance upon Manassas by the whole army under McClellan was determined upon. Having no facilities for the transportation of the immense quantities of stores gathered there, and unable to resist the overwhelming force of McClellan, there was no alternative left Johnston but to destroy his supplies and withdraw the army to the south bank of the Rappahannock. It was a sad necessity, and as the troops were guided on their way for many weary miles by the lurid flames from their burning buildings that seemed to lick the very heavens, all felt that the first battle of the war had proved more disastrous as a victory than would have been a defeat. There was no pretension to organization, and what had been but a few months before an organized and victorious army, now presented the appearance of an ungovernable mob, and entirely at the mercy of the enemy, should he have the enterprise and energy to pursue it.

Fortunately, however, McClellan contented him-

self with occupying our deserted quarters at Manassas, thereby enabling us to reassemble and reorganize in a manner our demoralized and straggling troops upon the Rappahannock. Therefore, when soon after that General retraced his steps and prepared to move around to Yorktown, from whence he had determined to advance upon Richmond, Johnston had under his command quite a respectable army with which to reinforce the little band of heroes under Magruder, showing so bold a front to the hosts of the Federal General. But it was also necessary to leave troops behind to watch the movements of McDowell, who still remained at Manassas with a large army, and to this duty the division of Ewell was assigned. It was, perhaps at that time, the finest and best organized division in the army, and was comprised of Elzey's, Trimble's and Dick Taylor's brigades, with artillery and cavalry.

From the opposite banks of the river the two commands narrowly watched each other, and exchanged an occasional shot until the evening of the 19th of April, when orders to "pack up" were given, and in the midst of a drenching rain, we took up our line of march for Gordonsville along the Orange and Alexandria railroad. For three days the cold, chilly rain continued, and for three days the troops, destitute of provisions, toiled over the uneven surface of the railroad's bed before the command reached its destination, cold, hungry and dispirited.

We were allowed to remain here several days to rest and recruit, when one bright, beautiful day, orders were received by General Ewell for his command to cross the Blue Ridge and join Jackson, who was then encamped at Swift Run Gap. Nothing could have exceeded the joy of the troops at this unexpected order, for we had supposed ourselves destined to reinforce the army of Johnston in the swamps of the Chickahominy. To be with Jackson, then, the great and glorious Jackson, in the beautiful Valley of Virginia, was a pleasure unexpected, and it was, therefore, with light hearts and elastic step that we left our camp at Gordonsville. The march was made by easy stages, and in a few days, about nine o'clock in the evening, from the mountain's summit, his camp-fires were descried away down in the plain below us. No more stupid hours in camp, if you please. We now belong to Jackson's army, and if laurels were to be won, we felt that they would surely be ours. Already visions of shattered and beaten armies, of prisoners innumerable, of captured camps filled with the good things with which we had been for so long unacquainted, flitted before us, and thus thinking, and thus trusting, we descended the mountain sides and threaded our way through the camps of the heroes of Kearnstown, and went into *bivouac* a short distance beyond, at Conrad's store.

At the first sound of the reveille next morning, every man sprang nimbly to his feet. They wanted

to see Jackson, to talk with his troops over the great battle they had so recently fought, and more than all, to discuss the prospects before us, and, if possible, ascertain our destination; but, to our utter amazement, when we turned our faces to where we had passed his army the evening previous, nothing met our gaze but the smouldering embers of his deserted camp-fires. We rubbed our eyes and looked again and again, loth to believe our sense of vision. But gone he was, and whither and for what no one could tell. Quietly, in the dead of night, he had arisen from his blanket, and calling his troops around him, with them had disappeared.

For more than two weeks his whereabouts remained a mystery, and various were the conjectures as to what had become of him, when one day there came the news of Milroy's defeat at McDowell, more than one hundred miles away. Swiftly he had traversed the steep ranges of mountains that separated him from his prey, and with irresistible fury had hurled his legions upon the astonished foe in his mountain fastness and routed him with heavy loss, and was even now on his return, and within two days' march of us. General Ewell was ordered to join him at once near Luray, and on the 16th of May we encamped at Columbia Bridge on our way thither.

It was the next day that the term of enlistment of Company C, First Maryland, expired, and the men clamored for an immediate discharge, which,

under the circumstances, was reluctantly given by Colonel Bradley T. Johnson, who had succeeded to the command by the promotion of Colonel Steuart to the rank of brigadier general, and ordered to organize the Maryland Line. And here again the discontent that had prevailed at Manassas among the men enlisted for the war broke out afresh. They declared they had enlisted for twelve months only, and that if the muster rolls had it otherwise they had been grossly deceived by their officers. The dissatisfaction grew more apparent every hour, and when, on the 18th day of May, we marched to join General Jackson, the men were almost in a state of mutiny.

It was on the banks of the Shenandoah, the 21st of May, that we first caught sight of the glorious soldier as he dashed along the lines with hat off, and bowing right and left in acknowledgment of the vociferous cheers that went up from his enthusiastic army.

Our camp that night was within a mile of Luray, and here we were destined to part with the gallant Elzey, who had so long commanded us, and who had led us to our first victory. As I have said, Colonel Steuart had been promoted and ordered to organize and command the Maryland Line, of which the First Maryland and Baltimore Light Artillery were to form the nucleus. For the present, however, Colonel Johnson was in command, as General Steuart had been temporarily assigned to a

brigade of cavalry. Never shall I forget General Elzey's emotion as he drew the regiment up in line for the last time, and with tears rolling down his war-worn cheeks, thanked them for the honor they had helped to confer upon him at Manassas.

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## CHAPTER VI.

ON the evening of the 22d, the army, about twelve thousand strong, went into camp within an easy day's march of Front Royal, where, rumor had it, was stationed a considerable force of the enemy. Here the dissatisfaction that had so long existed in the First Maryland broke out into open mutiny, and the majority of the men in the war companies threw down their arms and demanded an immediate discharge. It was in vain that General Steuart and Colonel Johnson expostulated with them upon their disgraceful conduct, but they declared they had served out their term of enlistment, and would serve no longer, and when next morning we resumed our march, nearly one-half the regiment was disarmed and under guard. The affair was kept concealed from General Jackson, as it was still hoped the men would return to reason, for it was not calculated to impress him very favorably with the troops from whom he expected so much.



Brig. Gen. GEO. H. STEUART.



A halt was made about five miles from Front Royal, and whilst resting ourselves by the wayside, an aid-de-camp was observed to dash up to Colonel Johnson and hand him a dispatch. It took him but an instant to acquaint himself with its contents, when, turning to his command, in a voice tremulous with suppressed anger and with a face flushed with mortification and shame, called it to "attention."

"I have just received an order from General Jackson that very nearly concerns yourselves," he said, "and I will read it to you."

"Colonel Johnson will move the First Maryland to the front with all dispatch, and in conjunction with Wheat's battalion attack the enemy at Front Royal. The army will halt until you pass.

JACKSON."

"You have heard the order, and I must confess are in a pretty condition to obey it. I will have to return it with the endorsement upon the back that 'the First Maryland refuses to meet the enemy, though ordered by General Jackson.' Before this day I was proud to call myself a Marylander, but now, God knows, I would rather be known as anything else. Shame on you to bring this stigma upon the fair fame of your native State—to cause the finger of scorn to be pointed at those who confided to your keeping their most sacred trust—their honor and that of the glorious old State. Marylanders you call yourselves. Profane not that hal-

lowed name again, for it is not yours. What Marylander ever before threw down his arms and deserted his colors in the presence of the enemy, and those arms, and those colors, too, placed in your hands by a woman? Never before has one single blot defaced her honored history. Could it be possible to conceive a crime more atrocious, an outrage more damnable? Go home and publish to the world your infamy. Boast of it when you meet your fathers and mothers, brothers, sisters and sweethearts. Tell them it was you who, when brought face to face with the enemy, proved yourselves recreants, and acknowledged yourselves to be cowards. Tell them this, and see if you are not spurned from their presence like some loathsome leper, and despised, detested, nay, abhorred by those whose confidence you have so shamefully betrayed; you will wander over the face of the earth with the brand of 'coward,' 'traitor,' indelibly imprinted upon your foreheads, and in the end sink into a dishonored grave, unwept for, uncared for, leaving behind as a heritage to your posterity the scorn and contempt of every honest man and virtuous woman in the land.'

The Colonel's address, of which I have given the reader but a faint idea, was delivered with much feeling and listened to with close attention, and scarcely had he concluded when a wild yell broke the painful stillness that had prevailed, and a simultaneous rush was made for the ordnance wagon by those to whom he had just administered so

scathing a rebuke. Never before, perhaps, had they seized their arms with such avidity, or buckled on their equipments with greater rapidity.

"Now, sir," they cried out, "lead us against the enemy, and we will prove to you that we are not cowards, and that neither have we forgotten these arms were placed in our hands by a woman."

"Forward!" was the command, and at the double-quick the regiment passed along the whole army amid the most deafening cheers. "We are going to have some work cut out now, boys, for the Marylanders are going to the front," could be heard on all sides as we moved along, and every man inwardly determined that work *should* be cut out if material could be found.

On the right of the army we joined Wheat with his battalion of Louisianians, and with them moved swiftly upon the doomed Federals holding Front Royal. We approached within a mile of the town, but saw no signs of the enemy. "Another disappointment," ran down the line, but the next moment two or three frightened soldiers in blue broke cover from a picket post, and fled in the direction of the village. They were pursued by several mounted men, and speedily overtaken and brought back. Upon being questioned, they told us that they belonged to the First Maryland, and that the force in town consisted of that regiment, two companies of Pennsylvanians, two pieces of artillery, and a squadron of cavalry, the latter having joined

them that very day, all under the command of Colonel John R. Kenly, who did not dream that Jackson was within fifty miles of him. So at last we had met the much boasted Yankee First Maryland, and although greatly outnumbered, we were ready to take up the gage of battle so defiantly thrown down to us some time before. First Maryland against First Maryland! It was, indeed, a singular coincidence.

We approached the town rapidly, and entered the main street before the enemy were aware of our approach. For a minute they resisted our advance, and a sharp exchange of musketry shots ensued. They were quickly driven out, however, with the loss of several in killed, wounded and prisoners.

The whole command had now taken the alarm, and assembled behind their artillery, which was posted on a hill that commanded the town and its approaches. Dashing through the streets, we were soon in the open country, when the companies commanded by Captains Nicholas, Hembert and Goldsborough were deployed as skirmishers, with Wheat on the left, the whole being under the command of Lieutenant Colonel E. R. Dorsey (who had reached that rank by reason of seniority upon the promotion of Elzey and Steuart), whilst Colonel Johnson commanded the reserves.

The enemy now opened his artillery with great precision, and his shell began to tell in our ranks. Nothing daunted, however, the gallant fellows

moved steadily forward, and reached the very foot of the hill upon which he was posted. From there the fight was stubbornly waged for at least two hours, with no apparent advantage on either side. In the meantime the troops of Jackson were moving to the right and left to envelop the enemy and cut off his retreat. Kenly saw the movement, and determined to withdraw his forces and cross the river (immediately in his rear) if possible. On his right was the turnpike bridge, and on his left, in our front, was the long and high trestle-work of the Manassas Gap Railroad. Dorsey divined his purpose, and, as the enemy commenced to fall back, immediately ordered a charge along the whole line. With a yell the men responded to the command, and the long line of skirmishers pressed forward in pursuit. The fight would have terminated then and there had not the Louisiana battalion stumbled upon the enemy's camp, and bent on plunder, the threats and entreaties of their officers were for some time in vain, and when they were at length prevailed upon to move forward, it was found the enemy in their front, with artillery and cavalry, had escaped over the bridge. Not so in front of the Maryland command. The enemy were closely pressed to the river's bank, where, finding it impossible to escape across the trestle-work, they threw down their arms in a body. By this time a heavy force of cavalry had forded the river some distance below, and charging the remainder of Kenly's command, which was

rapidly retreating up the turnpike, captured it almost to a man, not, however, without meeting with a desperate resistance, in which many were killed and wounded on both sides.

Thus ended the battle of Front Royal, if it can be so termed, and in which Marylander met Marylander for the first time in the war. It has been said Kenly's command had fought a vastly superior force of the Confederates, whereas it was a much inferior one, which, however did not compel him to withdraw from the position he had taken in front of the town, but the flank movement by heavy bodies of our troops did, and it was then we pressed our advantage. The actual number of assailants prior to his recrossing the river with what remained of his command, did not exceed four hundred men. And it has been more than once asserted, also, that Colonel Kenly did not offer the spirited resistance to the Confederate advance expected of him, and that there was no reason why he should have lost his command. This is doing him injustice. He fought his troops like the brave man that he is, and Commissary Banks can thank him for being instrumental in saving the little he did from the wreck of his army at Strasburg and Winchester. He committed one great, inexcusable error, however, in not having his cavalry scouts and pickets out, but it is said they reached him but an hour or two before our attack, although he had called for them several days before. If this be true,

he deserves no blame or censure for his misfortune at Front Royal.

The morning after the fight, when the prisoners were drawn up in line, it was truly amusing to see the men of the two Maryland regiments greet each other. "Why, if there ain't my brother Bill;" "And there's my cousin Jim," could be heard, whilst nearly all recognized old friends and acquaintances, whom they greeted cordially, and divided with them the rations which had just changed hands.

The kindest attention was shown the wounded officers and men, the former being paroled, and allowed to accept the invitation of the citizens to accompany them to their homes, where they were provided with all they required. And whilst we were thus treating our enemies in the field, the cowardly ruffians in Baltimore, who had remained at home, were brutally assaulting every citizen there suspected of sympathizing with the people of the South in their struggle for independence, because some poltroon, who had deserted his companions at the first fire, reported they had been murdered in cold blood to a man after having surrendered themselves.

The officers of the First Maryland Confederate called upon those of the First Maryland Federal, and offered them any assistance in their power, and in some instances it was thankfully accepted. Colonel Kenly was quite badly wounded, by either a pistol ball or a sabre cut, in the head, and at the

time that I saw him appeared to be suffering much mental depression, caused by his misfortune. His wound he seemed to care but little for; but, as he paced the floor, would, from time to time, bend over his adjutant, Tarr, who was desperately wounded, and gaze anxiously in his face.

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## CHAPTER VII.

ON the morning of the 24th Ewell took up the line of march for Winchester, Jackson having moved on Strasburg the evening before. That night we encamped on the banks of the Opequon, six miles from our destination. Here we were ordered to cook some rations, and be ready to move at midnight upon Banks, whom we intended to attack at daylight.

Long before the sun had risen on the morning of the 25th, the commands of Jackson and Ewell were in line of battle about two miles from the town, the former to the left of the Valley turnpike, the latter joining him on the right. Skirmishers were thrown out, and cautiously, at early dawn, through the dense fog that prevailed, the Confederate line advanced.

In front of a portion of Ewell's line the First Maryland was deployed, which, after proceeding a short distance, encountered the enemy's skirmish-

ers, who fell back at our approach. About the same time was heard the spattering of musketry in the direction of Jackson, which told us he, too, had them in his front.

The fog had now become so dense as to make it impossible to see twenty steps in any direction; and Colonel Johnson therefore thought it advisable to assemble his skirmish line, as we had entirely lost sight of our line of battle, and did not know but we might be enveloped by the enemy. Quietly the men were drawn in, and the regiment lay down in an orchard and concealed itself behind a board fence, to await the lifting of the fog.

For an hour everything was still as death, when, the fog rising somewhat, a column of the enemy was revealed lying behind a stone wall about three hundred yards in our front, with his right flank resting toward us, and totally unconscious of our close proximity. They were apparently intent on watching something before them; and presently, to our horror, there emerged from the fog the Twenty-First North Carolina regiment, marching directly upon the stone wall, and altogether ignorant of the ambuscade there awaiting. Scarcely two hundred yards separated them, and in a minute the poor fellows would be in the fatal trap. Like ourselves, they had become separated from the main body and lost their way; but, unlike ourselves, had failed to exercise the precaution to ascertain where they were before advancing.

There was nothing on earth we could do to warn them of their danger. Oh! it was a sad, sickening sight, to see them thus unconsciously marching straight into the jaws of death. On, on they go, and nearer and nearer they approach the treacherous fence, behind which they expect to shelter themselves. They are but forty yards from it.

“Can nothing be done for them?” I heard from more than one around me.

No; too late; too late; and the next instant the long line of blue rise from their cover; there is an instant's pause, and then comes a deafening volley of musketry, and the deadly minnie by hundreds are sent tearing and crashing through the Confederate columns. The slaughter was appalling, and the survivors fled to the rear in the utmost confusion.

But they were avenged; for just then the gallant Griffin, of the Baltimore Light Artillery, espied them, and training the guns of his splendid battery upon the fence, he raked it from one end to the other, sending the enemy flying to a safer position nearer the town.

On the left Jackson was now hotly engaged, whilst, with the exception of his artillery, Ewell is unaccountably idle. Why could he not swing the right of his division around in the rear of the town, thereby enveloping the enemy and cutting off his retreat, whilst he at the same time attacked those who appeared only in front of his left, for there was no enemy on our right, and Jackson was more than

a match for those with whom he was contending? No, he is awaiting orders from Jackson, as he afterwards did from Lee at Gettysburg, and the opportunity is lost.

The fog had now entirely disappeared, and on the hill's side to the left of us were the contending forces of Jackson and Banks engaged in a desperate struggle. For an hour the fight raged, of which we were silent but unwilling spectators. At length Jackson's reserves reached him, a little late, but in time, taking into consideration their long march from Strasburg that night, and he immediately prepared for a charge. The enemy was also hurrying forward reinforcements to resist the onset he knew was coming.

Dick Taylor's and three Virginia brigades were thrown into position to make the charge; and it was a grand sight as, with a yell, they moved forward at the double quick.

"I shall wait for orders no longer, but will join in that charge if I live!" exclaimed Colonel Johnson, quickly swinging himself into the saddle. "Forward, double quick," was the command, and the next instant we were dashing across the country in the direction of the enemy.

Jackson's right was not more than four hundred yards to the left of us, and therefore Johnson thought by moving diagonally and at a rapid pace we would join him almost at the instant he should strike the enemy.

Steadily, in the face of a deadly fire, the Confederate column advances, leaving in its wake scores of dead and wounded; but never halting, never hesitating, it hurls itself upon the enemy with irresistible fury, rending, tearing, and grinding them to pieces. Closely pursued the survivors fled towards Winchester, and pursued and pursuers entered the town simultaneously. The First Maryland passed down Loudoun street, and, pressing on, capturing prisoners at every step, did not halt until it reached the Taylor Hotel, opposite which we found two large storehouses on fire, filled with medical stores. Colonel Johnson quickly detached a portion of the regiment to suppress the flames, while he at the same time ordered a company to surround and search the hotel for the notorious Dave Strother, or "Porte Crayon," who a citizen informed us was there. The flames were speedily extinguished, but fortunately for Strother he had been gone about five minutes, or I am inclined to think much of his "Personal Recollections" would have treated of Libby and Belle Isle.

In obedience to the orders of Banks the town had been set on fire in several places, and men and women were rushing frantically through the streets appealing to the troops to save them from the dreadful calamity that seemed so imminent. Their appeals were not in vain; and in a short time the flames were everywhere extinguished, except near the depot, where several large warehouses had been fired, and which were totally consumed with

their contents. Had the troops of Jackson been one half hour later this ancient and once thriving town would have been only a mass of smouldering ruins.

The defeat of the enemy was complete ; but owing to the apathy of Ewell and the wretched disposition of our cavalry very many of them effected their escape, carrying with them most of their artillery and a large wagon train. As it was, however, we captured an immense amount of stores of every description, and about four thousand prisoners.

The joy of the citizens of Winchester at once more having the protection of the Confederate troops, knew no bounds, and as we filed through the streets in pursuit of the enemy, provisions and delicacies in abundance were lavished upon us, while more than one of our young fellows came in for an earnest embrace from the matron of some well-grown household. Indeed, Colonel Johnson himself received one of these favors. Now, the Colonel was regarded one of the handsomest men in the First Maryland, and having dismounted from his horse in an unguarded moment, was espied and singled out by an old lady of Amazonian proportions, just from the wash tub, who, wiping her hands and mouth on her apron as she approached, seized him around the neck with the hug of a bruin, and bestowed upon him half a dozen kisses that were heard by nearly every man in the command ; and when at length she relaxed her hold the Colonel looked as though he had just come out of a vapor bath.

“How do you like that, Colonel?” I heard Captain Willie Nicholas ask, who, convulsed with laughter, had been watching the performance.

Drawing forth his handkerchief and wiping from his face the profuse perspiration that covered it, the Colonel replied:

“I shouldn’t have cared; but, d— it, she smells so strong of rosin soap, and I never could bear the stuff.”

That night the First Maryland went into camp close by the Winchester and Martinsburg turnpike, and about four miles from the former town. Upon the call of the roll but one man was found missing, Lieutenant Colonel Dorsey, who had been severely wounded through the right shoulder after entering the town.

On the morning of the 26th orders were received to move to Martinsburg, and there collect the large amount of stores abandoned by the enemy. Two or three days were consumed in this duty, after which we rejoined the main body of the army, encamped near Charlestown.

General Jackson’s movements since the battle of Winchester had much puzzled his troops, and entirely confounded the enemy.

“Surely,” we reasoned, “he is not going to cross over into Maryland with the handful of men under his command, for McDowell would quickly compel him to return, and then it would be too late to escape Fremont, who will certainly come down from

West Virginia with his army of twenty-five thousand men."

Our situation seemed a critical one; but then Jackson was with us, and with him nothing seemed impossible.

The day after our arrival at Charlestown General George H. Stuart was ordered to take the First Maryland and two batteries of artillery and attack the enemy's camp on Bolivar Heights, while a small force was also directed to make a demonstration from the Shenandoah Heights upon Harper's Ferry.

It now became apparent to all that the whole movement of Jackson from Winchester was a feint, but for what purpose we were entirely at a loss to conjecture. Little did we then dream of the splendid combinations General Lee had formed for the relief of Richmond, the principal moves in which had been intrusted to Jackson, the first of which he was executing.

Our batteries opened upon the enemy posted on Bolivar Heights about ten o'clock in the morning, and continued the fire without intermission until late in the afternoon, when his guns were silenced, and it became evident he had abandoned the heights. The infantry then crossed over and took possession of his camp, which was found entirely deserted. As soon as we were perceived the batteries upon the Maryland Heights and at Barber's house opened their fire, without effect, however, and our object having been accomplished, after helping ourselves

to the bountiful meal we found on the fire, we retired, and went into camp near Halltown.

The next day found us retracing our steps to Winchester, everything betokening haste, but no confusion. It soon became known to us that Fremont was rapidly approaching Strasburg from Franklin, and that a force under Shields was moving to the same point to intercept Jackson should he attempt to escape down the Valley. It seemed almost impossible for us to get away, encumbered as we were with four thousand prisoners and over two thousand wagons, most of which were laden with the spoils captured from Banks; but Jackson had calculated it all, and he knew what his troops could do.

All day long we toiled on, and at dusk the rear of the army (of which we were part) passed through Winchester; but with what different feelings and with what a different reception from that of a week before. Then it was amid the exultant shouts of the overjoyed citizens; now it was in sorrow and silence, for it was well known that the victorious army of yesterday was in full retreat to-day. Without a word the troops moved through the almost deserted streets, and all felt a relief when we once more reached the open country.

On, on, we pushed, through a drenching rain; and when at last, away in the night, exhausted, and unable to go farther, the men threw themselves down to rest upon the damp ground, it was found we had made thirty-six miles since morning.

## CHAPTER VIII.

**H**UNGRY and but little refreshed, we resumed the march at daylight next morning. When six miles from Strasburg the sound of artillery in our front told us how narrow had been our escape. It was the gallant General Charlie Winder contesting a mountain pass with Fremont until the army, with its long train, should pass. We now felt comparatively safe, our greatest fear having been that Fremont would pass the defile before we could throw troops into it. Of Shields we had no fear, as our rapid marching had thrown him far in our rear, and he could not possibly overtake us. Fisher's Hill was reached late that evening, and all danger being past, the men were allowed some time to rest.

Six miles more to make that night, and then we should be compelled to go supperless to bed: for the commissary wagon had stuck in the creek at Newtown, and we had but little doubt it had fallen into the hands of the enemy. It was all the fault of Commissary Captain John Howard, who would insist upon placing in it a barrel of whisky and three barrels of molasses, besides the regiment's regular rations.

Tired and broken down from the excessive marching of the past few days, the men were but little disposed to go farther, and when the command to

“fall in” was given it was but indifferently obeyed. The delay thereby occasioned was, however, productive of good results, for presently the sound of a wagon was heard approaching from the direction we had just come, and in a moment more the missing commissary wagon came in sight, in charge of private George Bush, of Company A. Colonel Johnson’s countenance underwent a wonderful change, as did that of every man in the regiment. Looking stern, however, he demanded to know of Bush “why he had been straggling?”

“Why you see, Colonel,” he replied, “my feet were kind o’ sore, and I couldn’t cotch up; so I seed this here wagon stuck in the mud, and knowd it belonged to us; and you see I knowd as you know what was in it, and so I says to myself, ‘Them ar Yanks shan’t have her;’ and so I confiscated that are team; but it couldn’t pull it nary inch. So you see, Colonel, as the crackers and meat wasn’t very heavy, but the whisky and merlasses wor, so you see, Colonel, there was no alternation but ter empty her out.”

“Empty her out, sir,” interrupted the Colonel, in a voice of thunder, and with a countenance black as midnight; “empty her out, you rascal? Why didn’t you save a *part* of the contents, at least?”

“And so I did, sir. The meat and crackers wor ondispensable; but you see, Colonel, them ere people about Newtown are mighty poor, and you know, sir, I always wor kind o’ good-hearted, and then

them merlasses and the barrel of whisky wor so tar-nal heavy"—

"And you gave them the whisky and the molasses?" roared the Colonel.

"Now, Colonel," said Bush, "you must really excuse me this time if I gave them all"—

"All?" interrupted the Colonel.

"Yes, sir; all the *superfluity but the barrel of whisky.*"

"Bush, you are a bad soldier," said the Colonel, "and shall have a week's extra guard duty for wasting 'them merlasses,' as you call it, though, under the circumstances, I might have done the same. But it won't do to encourage such extravagance in a well-disciplined command. Captain Howard, knock the bung out of that barrel and give each of the men a stiff drink, while you will take care and reserve an extra one for the officers."

It is needless to say the order was obeyed with alacrity, and the six miles were made in quick time to the song of "Oh, let us be joyful!"

Our camp that night was about midway between Strasburg and Woodstock. At midnight we were awakened from our sound slumbers by the rattle of small arms in the direction of the former place, and shortly after a broken and disordered mass of cavalry came dashing into our camp, riding everything down that came in their way, and yelling at the top of their voices that the enemy was upon us.

Convinced that we were in more danger of bodily

harm from the cowardly cavalymen than from the enemy, we turned out *en masse* and drove them from the ground, and the last we saw of them they were making their way at the top of their horses' speed towards Woodstock. It afterwards turned out that they had encountered a number of the broken down men, and mistaking each other for enemies, in the dark, a fight had ensued, in which the cavalymen were routed.

Early next morning we resumed our march, the First Maryland being in the rear of the infantry, with orders to support the cavalry and artillery under Generals George H. Stuart and Turner Ashby, who were keeping the enemy's advance in check.

When within a mile or two of Woodstock, Fremont's cavalry, under Colonel Percy Wyndham, dashed upon the cavalry under Stewart and scattered it in every direction. It was in vain that gallant officer endeavored to rally the frightened troopers; but the harder he swore the faster they rode, until they came upon the First Maryland in the streets of Woodstock.

"Get out of the way! get out of the way! the enemy are upon you!" they called out at the top of their voices, as they dashed madly through the town.

But Colonel Johnson, not understanding such tactics, coolly wheeled his regiment across the street, and, charging them with the bayonet, drove them back in the direction from whence they came. Some

were rallied by the General, who had by this time come up; but the majority took to the fields, and made good their escape from both friends and foes.

In this disgraceful affair we came near losing two pieces of the Baltimore Light Artillery. Entirely deserted by the cavalry supporting them, they were at the mercy of the enemy; but the brave Griffin, although surrounded, drove his guns through their ranks, and bore his pieces off in triumph.

These skirmishes were of daily occurrence as the Confederate army marched leisurely in the direction of Staunton. By burning bridges along our route we were enabled to retard the enemy's advance, and by easy marches to rest and refresh our men and keep the wagon train and prisoners well up.

Finally, in the afternoon of the 5th of June, the army reached Harrisonburg, where we received intelligence that made the stoutest of us tremble. The turnpike bridge across the Shenandoah had been destroyed, and having no pontoons it was impossible to cross as the stream was very high and rapid.

Any other man but Jackson would have given up in despair, and we should have been lost. Not so with him. There was still another bridge that spanned the river at Port Republic, and thither he determined to march, over roads indescribable. Diverging to the left, therefore, about a mile from Harrisonburg, he took the road to Port Republic,

and, after marching a mile or two, went into camp for the night, the enemy occupying Harrisonburg.

The next morning, the 6th day of June,—a day that will ever be remembered by us—the enemy's vidette's were within rifle-shot upon the hills behind us. He was following us closely; and it was evident we would be compelled to fight before reaching the river. Slowly we retired, the enemy as slowly following.

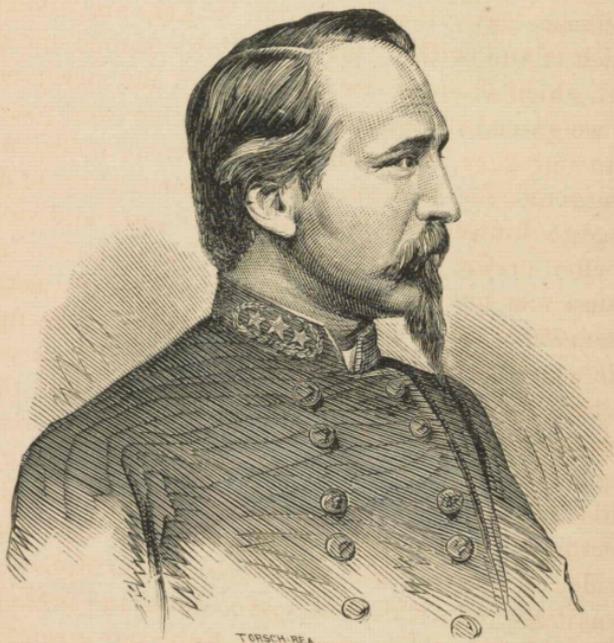
In this way we marched about four miles, when Ashby, in command of the rear guard, determined to give his persistent foe a little turn up. Placing his men in the woods by the side of the road he quietly awaited the attack. Catching sight of the man he had for days been endeavoring to "bag," the dashing Wyndham charged at the head of his New Jersey troops; but, alas! he had reckoned without his host, for a counter charge ordered by the brave Ashby, and made with irresistible impetuosity, overthrew Wyndham, and scattered his Jersey Blues to the four winds. The pursuit was continued until Ashby was nearly up with their advanced infantry, the Pennsylvania Bucktails, who were encamped about two miles from Harrisonburg. Gathering up his prisoners, among whom was Wyndham himself, he fell back to the infantry, determined upon attacking this body, for he deemed their capture an easy matter. Alas! it was a sad, sad mistake, and cost many valuable lives, and among them the incomparable Ashby himself.

Contrary to his own judgment, General Ewell yielded to General Ashby's earnest solicitations, and furnished him with three regiments of infantry with which to attack and surprise the enemy's advance. The regiments selected for the work were the First Maryland and Fifty-Eighth and Forty-Fourth Virginia. So fearful was General Ewell that some disaster would befall the expedition that he accompanied it himself. The troops moved with the utmost caution through the dense woods for about three miles, when they were halted, and the companies of Captains Herbert and Nicholas thrown forward as skirmishers. These were under the command of Ashby, closely followed by the main body under command of Ewell. In a few minutes the rattle of musketry in our front told us that the enemy had been found, and the Fifty-Eighth was immediately sent in, when the fight became very severe, the contending forces not being over fifty yards apart. For about fifteen minutes the conflict continued, when the Fifty-Eighth broke and came to the rear in great confusion. The Forty-Fourth was then sent forward, and appeared to be faring but little better, when General Ewell, who had been in the thickest of the fight and exposed to much danger, dashed up to Colonel Johnson and called out, "Charge, Colonel, charge, and end this matter!" For some minutes we had been suffering from the enemy's fire, and the order was therefore gladly obeyed. Steadily the regiment moved

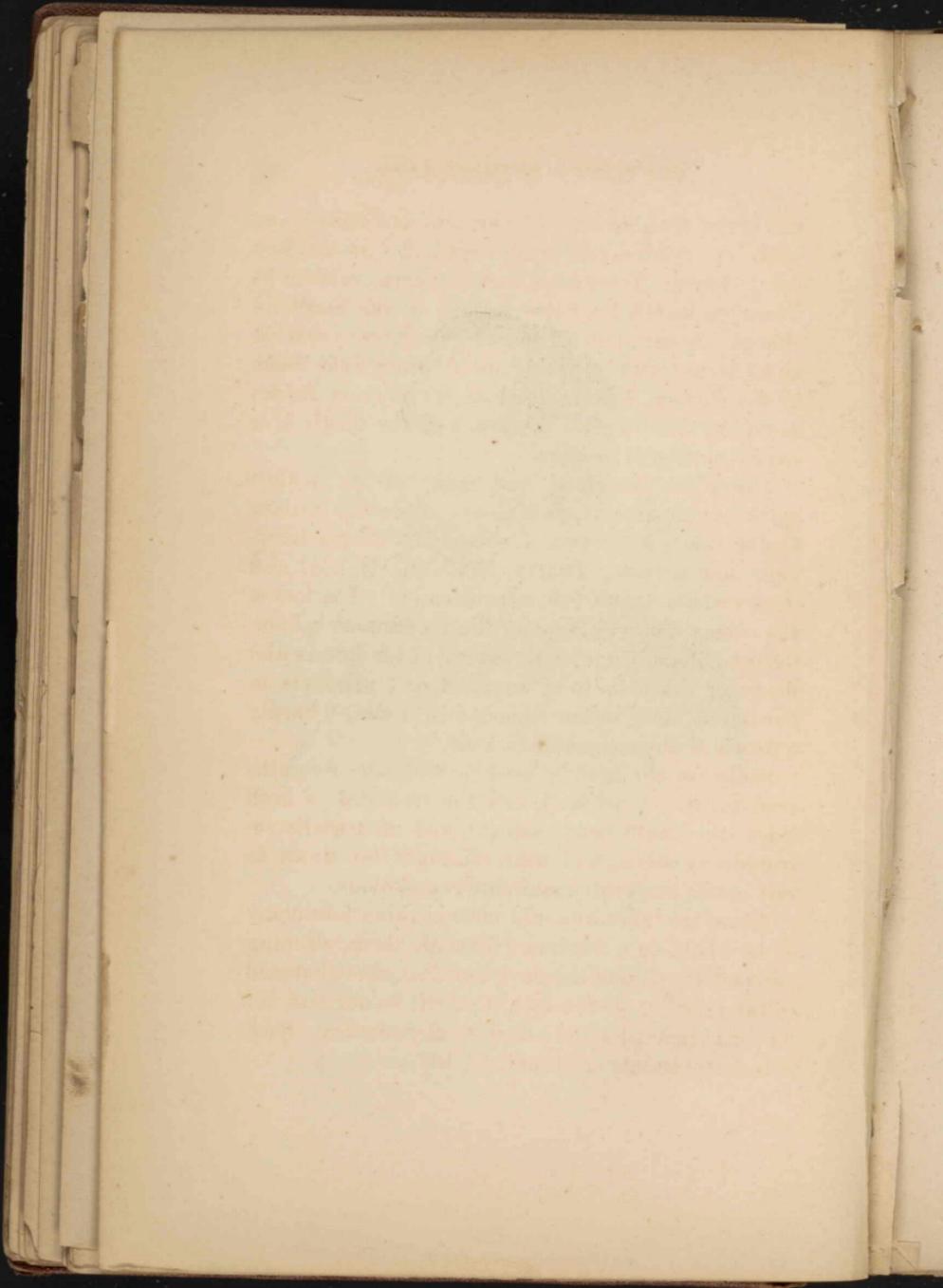
through the woods to the attack, guided by the firing, for not one of the foemen could be seen. At length, feeling that he was within striking distance, Johnson gave the command, "Forward, double quick," and with a yell our fellows dashed up the hill which shielded the enemy from our view; but, as we gained its crest, a terrible volley was poured into our very faces, and the regiment reeled and staggered, for Johnson was down struggling to disengage himself from his dying horse, and some twenty of the officers and men had fallen. The pause was but momentary, however, for collecting themselves the brave fellows rushed furiously upon the enemy, and, reserving their fire until they were within twenty paces of them, poured into their ranks so destructive a volley that the survivors broke and attempted to reach their main body. In this but few succeeded, as they were compelled to recross an open field, about four hundred yards wide, and all the while subjected to our fire, which was delivered with the utmost coolness and precision.

Our loss in this unfortunate fight was severe, for besides the many brave officers and men in the three little regiments, we had to mourn the death of the chivalrous Ashby, the idol of the army. Early in the conflict, while urging his men forward, and exposing himself most recklessly, a ball passed through his body, and he fell dead.

When the news of the death of this Christian gentleman and glorious soldier became known to



Brig. Gen. BRADLEY T. JOHNSON.



the army, a universal wail went up, and strong men wept like children, for truly they had lost one they dearly loved. Never more was his clarion voice to be heard as he led his fierce legions in the headlong charge. Never more the piercing gray eye to sparkle as he dashed with lightning speed through the ranks of the foemen, dealing death blows at every stride, avenging his people's wrongs and the death of a basely-murdered brother.

The First Maryland had many of its noblest spirits to mourn for, and among them the gallant Captain N. S. Robertson, Lieutenant Nicholas Snowden, and privates Beatty, Schleigh, Harris, and others whose names I do not remember. The loss of the enemy was very severe. Their commander, Lieutenant-Colonel Kane, with several of his officers and many of the men were wounded and prisoners in our hands, and, to use Kane's own words, "hardly a dozen of the command escaped."

Sadly, as the dusk of evening came on, we gathered together our dead, and the wounded of both sides who could bear removal, and mournfully retraced our steps, and near midnight lay down to rest beside our cold, inanimate companions.

As we lay there we could not but think how many of us would in a few hours be with them, sleeping our last sleep; and the next morning, as we listened to the reveille, we thought it might be our last, for our dead comrades had heard it but yesterday. Such is the uncertainty of a soldier's life.

In a little church-yard attached to Union Church, near Cross Keys, we dug the one grave that was to contain all that was left of them, and in their uniforms, wrapt in their blankets, we lay them down to rest. Theirs was the burial they would have most wished—a soldier's burial.

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#### CHAPTER IX.

SULLENLY, as the foe advanced, we fell back in the direction of Port Republic, determined, when attacked by Fremont's overwhelming army, to fight to the last man. At length we halted at Cross Keys, and made preparations to pass our wagons and prisoners over the crazy old bridge, which afforded us the only means of escaping the destruction which threatened us. Therefore, forming his army in line of battle on the morning of the 8th of June, to keep Fremont in check, Jackson moved his prisoners upon the bridge, but scarcely had the first of them crossed when they were surprised by a squadron of Shields' cavalry, that dashed into the town of Port Republic, and who speedily captured the guard and released the prisoners. Indeed, General Jackson himself narrowly escaped. Hastening back, however, he brought forward a body of cavalry, and charging them in turn recaptured not only all he had lost, but many of the enemy beside.

From the prisoners he learned that Shields was rapidly approaching with a large force from McDowell's army, and they expressed themselves confident that we would be crushed between him and Fremont.

Things looked gloomy enough, it was true, but such was the confidence of the troops in Jackson that our situation caused little or no uneasiness. Quickly detaching his own division from the line of battle he had formed in front of Fremont, he placed it in position to hold Shields in check, and at the same time cover the passage of the bridge, whilst Ewell, with his little division of five thousand men, was to fight Fremont's twenty-five thousand. Thus when the battle commenced the Confederate lines presented the singular spectacle of two armies standing back to back, facing a foe in front and rear, and but three miles apart.

About ten o'clock the enemy moved to the attack upon Ewell in beautiful order, and first struck his left, which was barely a skirmish line of the First Maryland supporting Griffin's Baltimore Battery. On came the enemy until they had arrived within a hundred yards of us, when the deadly fire from our Mississippi rifles and the grape and canister from Griffin drove them back in confusion. Again they advanced and took position about three hundred yards distant, when they opened upon us a most terrible fire from the Belgium gun. Fortunately we were posted in a skirt of woods, and were well protected from their fire. For hours this desperate

conflict continued, the enemy making repeated attempts to penetrate our line, but every assault was repelled with heavy loss to the assailants. And during those precious hours Jackson was accomplishing his purpose of passing his trains and provisions over the old bridge.

All day long Ewell fought on with the same troops and held the same line of battle, for there were none to relieve those first put in, and these the the enemy were unable to drive one foot. The odds were fearful indeed—five to one; but we were desperate men, fighting for our lives and liberties. At length relief came to us in the declining day; and how anxiously we watched the sun go down that evening, for we were well nigh worn out from seven hour's incessant fighting. At dark the firing almost entirely ceased, and we still held the ground we did in the morning, and Jackson's trains were safely over the river.

The loss of the First Maryland in this engagement was severe, although we fought mostly under cover of the woods, but so terrible was the enemy's fire that it was almost impossible to expose for an instant any part of the body without being struck. It is strange to say not a single man was killed outright, though we had more than thirty wounded out of one hundred and seventy-five men; several of whom, however, afterwards died. In this fight General George H. Stuart, who was in command of the Maryland line, was desperately wounded in

the breast by a grape shot, and General Elzey, who commanded the left, was wounded in the leg.

Late that night, leaving our fires brightly burning to deceive the enemy, we stealthily moved from before them and commenced to cross the bridge, and by daylight the last man had reached the longed-for shore, and Jackson was safe. As the last foot left it, the bridge was fired in many places, and having been filled with combustible material, was almost instantly enveloped in flames. Great indeed must have been the surprise and chagrin of the "great explorer," as at daylight he beheld the lurid flames and dense black smoke that ascended high up to heaven, and heralded to him the escape of the wily foe he had believed inextricably within his toils.

But our work was not yet done ; for six thousand men and a battery of artillery of Shields' command, under General Tyler, held a strong position right in our path, and must be disposed of. They had been silent spectators of the passage of the bridge, never offering to molest us in the least, and Jackson had refrained from attacking them until he had escaped from his more powerful antagonist. But now they must be got rid of, and for that purpose General Dick Taylor and his Louisiana and two Virginia brigades were moved down the river side, and a vigorous attack made upon the enemy's position. They were repulsed, however, with heavy loss, but a second attempt proved more successful,

and the enemy was driven from his position with terrible slaughter, and the battery captured. In this engagement, which was of but two hours' duration, the enemy lost over two thousand in killed and wounded, besides nearly a thousand prisoners.

During the latter part of the battle of Port Republic Fremont's army remained drawn up on the opposite bank of the river, unable to render any assistance to the unfortunate Tyler, and to whose destruction they were silent spectators. The battle over though, and whilst the Confederates were burying the dead and succoring the wounded of both sides, the brutal Fremont, wild with disappointment, opened his batteries upon the ambulance and burial parties, which fire killed many of his own wounded people, and compelled us to leave the balance on the field uncared for, and his dead unburied.

The battle of Port Republic closed Jackson's Valley Campaign, for Fremont finding it useless to attempt to cope with his wily antagonist in his mountain fastness, retired in the direction of Winchester.

Never in his previous or subsequent campaigns did Jackson's military genius and daring show to greater advantage than in this of the Valley of Virginia. In less than six weeks he had beaten the army of Milroy, destroyed that of Banks, baffled that of Fremont, and annihilated that of Tyler, and all with less than twelve thousand men; be-

sides capturing from the enemy millions worth of stores, &c.

From General Ewell's official report of the Valley Campaign we take the following highly complimentary extract:

\* \* \* \* \*

"The history of the Maryland regiment, gallantly commanded by Colonel Bradley T. Johnson during the campaign of the Valley, would be the history of every action from Front Royal to Cross Keys. On the 6th, near Harrisonburg, the Fifty-Eighth Virginia Regiment was engaged with the Pennsylvania "Bucktails," the fighting being close and bloody. Colonel Johnson came up with his regiment in the hottest period, and by a dashing charge in flank drove the enemy off with heavy loss, capturing Lieutenant-Colonel Kane, commanding. In commemoration of this gallant conduct I ordered one of the captured "Bucktails" to be appended as a trophy to their flag. The action is worthy of acknowledgment from a higher source, more particularly as they avenged the death of the gallant General Ashby who fell at the same time. Four color bearers were shot down in succession, but each time the colors were caught before reaching the ground, and were finally borne by Corporal Daniel Shanks to the close of the action.

"On the 8th instant at Cross Keys they were opposed to three of the enemy's regiments in succession."

General Jackson, also, in his official report of the Valley Campaign, thus speaks of the First Maryland's participation in the battle of Harrisonburg :

\* \* \* \* \*

“Apprehending that the Federals would make a more serious attack, Ashby called for an infantry support. The brigade of General George H. Steuart was accordingly ordered forward. In a short time the Fifty-Eighth Virginia Regiment became engaged with a Pennsylvania Regiment called the Bucktails, when Colonel Johnson of the First Maryland Regiment coming up in the hottest period of the fire, charged gallantly into its flank, and drove the enemy with heavy loss from the field, capturing Lieutenant-Colonel Kane, commanding. In this skirmish our infantry loss was seventeen killed, fifty wounded and three missing. In this affair General Turner Ashby was killed. An official report is not an appropriate place for more than a passing notice of the distinguished dead ; but the close relation which General Ashby bore to my command for most of the past twelve months will justify me in saying that as a partisan officer I never knew his superior. His daring was proverbial ; his power of endurance almost incredible ; his tone of character heroic, and his sagacity almost intuitive in divining the purpose and movement of the enemy.”

## CHAPTER X.

ON the afternoon and evening of the 9th, Jackson leisurely moved his almost exhausted troops up the mountain until he reached its summit, where he went into camp to afford rest to his men after their arduous campaign.

But there was work yet to be done, though the nature of which we were then totally ignorant. Jackson could not long remain idle, and three days after the battle of Port Republic found us moving down the mountain's side in the direction of Weir's Cave, where we again went into camp, and were given to understand that our stay would be a long one. But the veterans of Jackson's division, who knew him best, shook their heads, and were heard to say, "with Jackson a long stay means a short one, with plenty of marching and fighting ahead, now mark it." And so it proved in this instance, as will be seen.

The day after our arrival at Weir's Cave, the First Maryland was ordered to Staunton to muster out companies H and I, whose terms of service had expired, and also to muster in a new company just arrived from Richmond under command of Captain Barry.

Before our departure General Ewell issued the following General Order complimenting the command upon their gallant bearing at Harrisonburg,

and directing that one of the buck's tail captured by them in that battle, should be appended to their colors:

## HEADQUARTERS THIRD DIVISION.

## GENERAL ORDERS, No. 30.

In commemoration of the gallant conduct of the First Maryland Regiment on the 6th of June, when led by Colonel Bradley T. Johnson they drove back with loss the "Pennsylvania Bucktail Rifles" in the engagement near Harrisonburg, Rockingham County, Virginia, authority is given to have one of the captured "bucktails" (the insignia of the Federal Regiment,) appended to the color-staff of the First Maryland Regiment.

By order of  
JAMES BARBUR, A. A. G.

MAJ. GEN. EWELL.

The farewell at Staunton with our comrades of companies H and I was a most affecting one. For more than a year we had shared the privations of the camp and the march, had stood shoulder to shoulder on more than one bloody field, and had learned to love each other as only a soldier can love his companion.

Our new company was composed principally of young men from the lower counties of Maryland, and was a fine body, although totally inexperienced. Captain Barry himself was an old soldier, having served in Mexico with considerable distinction.

From what we saw at Staunton, we were led to believe our stay would be a short one, for large bodies of troops were arriving from Richmond, and we did not doubt for a moment but we were destined up the valley after Fremont, and perhaps for

the invasion of Maryland. How great our mistake, and the transportation of these very troops was intended to convey that same impression to the enemy, and thereby keep McDowell from uniting with McClellan, while Lee carried out his great plan of raising the siege of Richmond with Jackson's assistance.

And it succeeded; for the authorities at Washington were quickly apprised of the fact, and instead of sending McClellan the reinforcements he so earnestly plead for, they withheld them to repel the audacious Jackson, should he dare to cross the Potomac, which they did not doubt was his intention.

Suddenly, however, about the 22d of June, the whole army was put in motion, and marching to Staunton, took the immense trains that had been for some time quietly assembling there. Of our destination at first we had not the slightest conception, but that we were moving in the *direction* of Richmond was evident. Could anything have befallen General Lee? suggested itself, for everything indicated haste. By the time we had reached Frederickshall, however, it was generally understood we were destined to reinforce Lee, who, rumor had it, intended to surprise McClellan if possible in his fortifications. This was the terminus of the trip by rail, and disembarking we took the road by way of Ashland.

On the afternoon of the 26th, whilst marching rapidly, some four or five miles to the left of

Mechanicsville, we were startled by heavy volleys of musketry and the roar of artillery coming from that direction. It was then I heard General Ewell, who was riding close by, exclaim, "that's the programme! that's the programme! I think we have them now!" It was but a few minutes after that the first Maryland, in the advance, encountered the enemy, and a sharp fight ensued. We drove them before us, however, for some distance, when we unexpectedly found ourselves in the presence of a heavy column, and were obliged to halt until our main body came up. During this time the utmost confusion seemed to prevail within the enemy's lines, and shortly after we had discovered them they commenced to move precipitately to the rear.

That McClellan was surprised and utterly confounded, was now apparent, and that the next day would initiate a bloody fight no one doubted. As night was upon us, we determined to go into camp, not however until we had taken every precaution to guard against a surprise. The fighting at Mechanicsville still continued, and away in the night we could hear the rattle of musketry and see the explosion of shells.

The morning of the 27th June broke bright and beautiful, and long before the sun had risen the troops were on the march to attack the enemy. The men were in high spirits, and the rivalry was intense between those who had served with Jackson in the Valley and the reinforcements which had

reached us at Staunton, among which was Hood's Texans, who were that day to win a name that will live forever.

We had marched but a few miles when a large body of troops were observed in motion to our right, and as General Jackson had received no notice that any Confederates would move in that direction, he very naturally supposed them to be the enemy, and immediately prepared to receive them, for they were coming directly towards us. Still fearful there might be some mistake, he withheld his artillery fire, but threw an occasional shell in their midst to discover if possible who they were. At the first shot they deployed their skirmishers with the most beautiful precision, and advanced across the open field with great regularity, whilst the heavy columns of infantry moved upon us, closed *en masse* under cover of a wood. A fearful tragedy was now about to be enacted, and was only averted by the daring of Lieutenant George Booth, acting Adjutant of the First Maryland. From the first he had maintained they were our troops, whilst most of the officers, including General Jackson, were of the opinion they were not. The uniforms of the skirmishers were darker than we had ever before seen, and most of them wore white gaiters, something entirely unknown in the army of Jackson. Nearer and nearer they approached, and in a minute more we knew the mass of infantry must debouche into the plain, when the hand of friend would unwittingly be

raised against friend. At this moment Lieutenant Booth, unable longer to restrain himself, without orders, dashed spurs into his horse, and at the risk of being shot to pieces, rode at full speed in the direction of the advancing skirmishers. We watched him with breathless anxiety until he reached the line, where halting a moment in conference with one of the officers, he wheeled his horse and galloped back to inform us it was Branch's division of North Carolinians, which had lost its way. It was a great relief, and we congratulated each other when we met upon the timely discovery.

This affair, however, delayed us at least an hour, and we had no time to spare. Onward, then, we pressed, our advance occasionally skirmishing with the enemy, until we reached a dense pine forest, and here our troubles commenced. The guides were, or seemed to be, ignorant of the roads, and more than once we had to retrace our steps. Jackson was furious, and for the first time I saw him out of humor. Long before this he should have begun the fight, and here he was some distance from the field. Finally, however, we extricated ourselves, and soon after, about three o'clock in the afternoon, heavy skirmishing, and the occasional roar of artillery in our front, told us we were up with the enemy and developing his position.

As we neared the field the artillery and infantry fire increased in volume, and it was evident that the advanced troops of Jackson were hotly engaged, as

were those of Hill on our right. Steadily the rattle of musketry swelled as Jackson forwarded reinforcements, until it became almost deafening. But as hour after hour passed, and that awful fire did not recede, he began to show symptoms of uneasiness. Upon his success on the left depended everything. Should he fail the splendidly conceived plans of General Lee would fail also, and Richmond would be at the mercy of the invader. Was it a wonder, then, that he rode nervously to and fro, and appeared for the first time to fear that the gods of battle had forsaken him? Every eye was upon the great chieftain as he galloped along the lines of the troops held in reserve, and the anxious expression upon that heretofore immovable countenance was observable to all.

“General Elzey,” said he, riding up to that gallant officer, “move your brigade forward; this officer will show you to where you are most needed,” at the same time pointing to a member of his staff who, all covered with dust and the smoke of battle, had just ridden up.

“Good bye, Captain,” exclaimed the brave Captain William Shearer, of the Winchester Boomerangs in the Thirteenth Virginia, and a dear friend. “I hope to see you soon again;” and as his command filed by the poor fellow pressed my hand for the last time; for, alas, in a few minutes the brigade was cut to pieces, and he was carried from the field with a fatal wound in the head. And here, too, fell

its heroic commander, Elzey, with a fearful wound through the face; and the dashing McDonald, of his staff, shot dead while performing prodigies of valor.

As these disasters came thick and fast, and the enemy seemed to defy his utmost efforts, the right hand of Jackson was more frequently extended towards heaven, as though invoking the aid of the great invisible Being there, and his horse moved more rapidly as he impatiently spurred through the ranks awaiting intelligence from the front.

"There goes Hood's Texans!" exclaimed Colonel Johnson, as that splendid command, the last of our reserves, commenced to move. "If they fail, God help us;" and we all felt the truth of the observation.

The little First Maryland was now left all alone, for having been detached from Scott's Virginia brigade after the battle of Port Republic, and to which we had been attached temporarily; we were not expected to take much part in the heavy fighting, but were reserved principally for skirmish duty.

"Colonel Johnson will remain where he is, and arrest all stragglers from the field," was the order of General Jackson, as he put spurs to his horse and rode towards the front.

"I will until after you get out of sight, Mr. Jackson, but no longer," the Colonel muttered.

"And neither would I, Johnson," exclaimed a gentleman in citizen's clothes, who at that moment

threw himself from a much jaded horse and advanced to his side. "I came here for my first fight, and it has got to be with the Maryland boys."

Turning around what was my surprise to recognize in the person of our visitor Mr. George Kyle, (afterwards Major Kyle,) who had ridden from Richmond to be one of its defenders.

"Here, boys," he continued, "I have some letters for you from home, just arrived by blockade-runner, and as they may be the last you will ever receive, I would advise you to lose no time in reading them;" and he commenced distributing to the eager troops the large package of letters in his possession. As he did so the musketry fire redoubled in intensity, and from the yell which followed we knew the Texans had grappled with the foe.

"Great God!" exclaimed Kyle, stopping midway in the distribution of the letters, "is it possible that men can cheer in the face of such a fire as that?"

"Attention, battalion," was now the sharp command from our Colonel, and moving rapidly by the right flank we were on our way—we knew not whither. Our route lay through a dense woods for some distance, and from whence we suddenly came into a broad plain, and away to our left burst upon the view the two armies desperately contending. As we then moved by the left flank into line of battle the splendid brigade of Georgians under Lawton came up on the run, and moving in front of us led the way towards the scene of strife. Swiftly

the two columns moved forward in the face of a terrible fire of musketry and artillery. Finding the fire too hot, Lawton soon ordered a halt, and his men lay down to shelter themselves from the flying bullets. But "Forward!" was the command of our Colonel, and onward through that storm of bullets moved the little First Maryland, which, as they passed over the prostrate bodies of the Georgians, were enthusiastically cheered. On, on, they moved through that vale of fire and death with the same precision as on battalion drill. Immediately in our front was a battery that had proved terribly destructive to our troops from the commencement of the battle. Again and again had it been charged, but without success. That battery Johnson was determined to assail, but our chances of success were slim, indeed.

Regiments broken and shattered were now met coming to the rear, and many of the men attached themselves to our command. One gallant fellow, the color bearer of Wright's Legion, carried back some distance by the rush of his panic-stricken comrades, declared his flag should go no farther, and planting himself upon our left, rallied many of his companions. The First Maryland had thus been augmented to about four hundred men, and with these Johnson intended to charge the battery and its infantry supports.

Taking advantage of a rise in the ground, he halted the men under its shelter, and ordered them

to rest preparatory to making the desperate assault. Scarcely had the command been given when Captain McHenry Howard, of General Charles Winder's staff, galloped up with orders to remain where we were until that General could overtake us with the Stonewall Brigade. "The General has observed your movements, sir, and thinks the place too strong for you; we will, therefore, charge together." In a few moments Jackson's favorite brigade was with us, and, at the command of General Winder, we moved forward with irresistible impulse, and scrambling over the enemy's breastwork of knapsacks, we swept everything before us.

The last charge had been made, and the last battery captured at Gaines' Mills, and the right of McClellan's army was seeking safety in flight.

Night was upon us, and completely exhausted, we threw ourselves upon the ground in the midst of the dead, wounded and dying, and despite the shrieks and cries and groans of anguish from hundreds around us, were soon wrapped in sleep.

The field next morning presented a ghastly spectacle, and the thousands of maimed and dismembered bodies attested the severity of the fight. Litter-bearers were moving in all directions, gathering the wounded, while burial parties were busily engaged with pick and spade digging the trenches in which were to rest those beyond all worldly cares and suffering. The camp-follower was also plying his avocation, and as he moved from one to another

of his victims an expression of satisfaction or disappointment would escape him as he counted the yield of each. Some of the men, however, were in search of boots and shoes, which they so much needed, as thousands of Jackson's command were barefooted, and had been for weeks.

As I walked over the field I observed one of them, a North Carolinian, with his foot upon the stomach of a dead man, tugging vigorously at a boot, which after a little while he succeeded in getting off. I stopped to see how he would get the other one, for the leg had been shattered to pieces just above the knee by a cannon ball, and hung but by a few shreds. A desperate effort separated the leg from the body, and the fellow was in a quandary. Looking around he espied me, when approaching, he extended the ghastly stump, and said, "Mister, will you please hold onter this tarnel thing until I git the boot off?" The assistance he asked for I declined to render, when shouldering his prize he started off muttering, "If you won't, some of the boys will, that's all."

## CHAPTER XI.

ABOUT ten o'clock on the morning of the 28th, Ewell's division was ordered to move on the York River Railroad, and destroy it at Dispatch Station. As we advanced the enemy set fire to his stores to prevent them falling into our hands. Vast quantities were captured, however, and for many days we lived on desiccated vegetables, and indulged in an occasional cup of coffee. But little resistance was offered our advance, under General J. E. B. Stuart, and without the loss of a man we reached our destination about three o'clock in the afternoon. Working parties were at once detailed from the various regiments, and set to work tearing up the track.

Whilst thus engaged, General Ewell and staff went out to reconnoitre, but presently returned at full speed. Riding up to Colonel Johnson, he directed that officer to send some men to "drive those fellows off who had given him chase." I was ordered to take a dozen men of my company, and the Colonel prepared to accompany me. After crossing a ravine by a narrow path I came into a large open space, when to my surprise, not over a hundred yards in front of me, I observed a mounted officer and two attendants. Commanding my men in a low voice to make no demonstration, we walked quietly towards them. Not to be caught in this

way, however, they wheeled their horses and slowly rode off. Being in advance of my men, and seeing they were about to escape me, I levelled my Mississippi, which I invariably carried on such occasions, and fired. The shot was hastily aimed, and instead of taking effect upon the officer, for whom it was intended, it struck the man behind him, who, raising himself convulsively in his saddle, fell forward on his horse's neck, and would have rolled to the ground had he not been caught and held by one of his companions. My men then fired, but without effect. At this instant Colonel Johnson, who had not yet overtaken us, dashed through the woods, exclaiming as he approached: "Look to your left, Captain, look to your left!" I did so, and what was my surprise to behold a heavy column of cavalry drawn up but a short way off, and apparently deliberating whether to charge or retire. I was in a bad scrape. A half mile from the main body, with a dozen men, and they, too, with unloaded guns. For a moment I thought I was gone; but Colonel Johnson, whose presence of mind never forsook him in the midst of the most trying difficulties, wheeled his horse towards the woods and cried at the top of his voice: "Come on, my brave men, here we have a whole regiment of them!" This had the desired effect, and the gallant troopers went off like the wind, nor did they stop until they had ridden a mile, when again halting they drew up in line.

General Ewell, hearing the firing, soon after joined us, when Griffin was ordered up with a section of the Baltimore Light Artillery. Scarcely had he fired the first shot, however, when there issued from the woods in the rear of the cavalry three or four puffs of smoke, and as many shells came shrieking over and around us, and almost at the same time a battery on our right opened an enfilading fire that made the position untenable.

“Some things can be done as well as some others!” exclaimed the General. “Captain Griffin, you will limber up and go to the rear.”

By twelve o'clock the next day, Sunday, the 29th of June, the railroad had been destroyed for a considerable distance, and we suspended our labors.

During the afternoon I took a stroll through the enemy's deserted camps, and feeling fatigued, I laid down on the railroad bank and commenced to read a chapter from a little Testament I had picked up in my rambles. I had been thus engaged perhaps half an hour, when on raising my head I was astonished to behold, about two miles up the road on the other side of the Chickahominy, a locomotive and train of cars standing upon the track. Returning immediately to camp I reported the fact to Colonel Johnson, who informed General Ewell, and he, with General Trimble and several others, repaired to the spot. Glasses were brought into requisition, but to save us we could not make out what they were doing. During my absence a tree had been cut

down and rolled in front of the engine to conceal their movements. For half an hour we were lost in conjecture, when suddenly the tree was removed from the track, and the train, all enveloped in flames and smoke, came rushing with fearful speed directly towards us.

That it was an infernal machine of some sort instantly suggested itself, and a general stampede ensued, we forgetting at the moment that the end of the bridge towards the enemy had been burned the evening before, and therefore the impossibility of the train reaching us. On the fiery mass rushed, every moment increasing its speed, until it reached the bridge, when it plunged headlong into the shallow stream, and a vast pillar of white smoke sprang upwards into the sky, which rose higher and higher, and continually unfolded itself from within in waves of snowy vapor, until the sun was hidden from our view. The sound of the explosion instantly followed, and the earth shook and trembled as though riven by an earthquake. It was a spectacle of inexpressible grandeur, and one never to be forgotten by the few who witnessed it. For a moment we were held spell-bound; when General Ewell, who was the first to recover his presence of mind, exclaimed "That was an ordnance train. Have the troops formed immediately, for the enemy is retreating, and we will be of no further use on this side of the Chickahominy." And his conclusion seemed correct, for now in every direction could be seen the smoke from burning stores.

In the midst of a drenching rain which set in soon after, the troops retraced their steps until midnight, when we went into bivouac. Early next day our march was resumed, and soon after we crossed the Chickahominy near where McClellan had had his headquarters.

Now at every step something left by the enemy was encountered to attract our attention. Pontoon trains, wagons, cooking utensils, barrels of beef, and boxes of crackers; a balloon with apparatus complete for manufacturing the gas; towers, look-outs, &c., &c. Upon the Charles City road we found a great many of his dead, still unburied, killed the day before in an encounter with Magruder. That McClellan was retreating towards Harrison's Landing by way of Malvern Hill was well known to our General-in-Chief, and in that direction we were ordered to direct our steps.

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## CHAPTER XII.

ON the afternoon of the 1st of July the troops of Jackson passed by Frazier's farm, and the dead that lay on every side gave evidence of the terrible conflict that Longstreet had had there the day before.

About four o'clock the rattle of musketry and the roar of artillery began in our front, and rapidly increased as we advanced. Passing the Willis

church we halted in the woods to await orders. The battle had now fully begun, and raged with great fury. It was evident from the very first that the enemy had greatly the advantage in position, and that on our part the battle would have to be fought almost exclusively with infantry. Several times Jackson sent in his artillery, but they were quickly compelled to return torn and disabled. Never before had I listened to such an infernal din, and it was every moment increasing. The woods in which we lay was swept by the artillery, and immense trees were cut down by the huge shells from the gunboats as though they had been straws. In the midst of all this dreadful fire Jackson sat calmly upon his horse, surrounded by his staff, who in vain urged him to seek some safer position. At last, after a shell had exploded in their very midst, killing a staff officer and several horses, he was persuaded to leave, and it was with a feeling of relief that we saw him retire.

As the battle progressed we seemed to be faring badly, for our best troops were constantly coming to the rear beaten, and in the utmost confusion. For four hours did this fire continue, and for four hours was the First Maryland compelled to lay under it without being able to return a shot.

At last with gladness we responded to the order to advance, although it seemed as though we were marching into the very jaws of death. The scene as we cleared the woods and approached the field

was grand beyond description. For miles the moonless sky was lit up by the incessant flashes of artillery and musketry and exploding shells, and it seemed as though we were stalking forth into a very sea of fire and flame. But nothing mortal could withstand that artillery, and again we were compelled to seek shelter from its fury. For half an hour longer it continued, when it perceptibly slackened, and soon ceased altogether.

Completely unnerved and prostrated by the fire we had been compelled to endure so long, we threw ourselves upon the ground in the midst of the dead and dying, not to sleep, but to lay awake and watch the enemy's lanterns flitting over the field, where they were busily engaged removing the wounded, and to listen to the cries of our own poor fellows who lay mangled and dying upon that field of awful carnage.

At length I fell into a broken sleep, from which I was awakened before day by Colonel Johnson, and ordered to hold myself in readiness to advance my company, along with Captains Herbert and Edelin, at the first appearance of daylight. As it dawned we moved forward over heaps of dead and wounded, and in a short time after encountered a small force of the enemy, which retired after exchanging a volley with us, and it now became evident that McClellan had withdrawn during the night.

Soon after day the rain commenced to fall in torrents, and drenched to the skin and miserable, we set to work to remove our wounded and bury our

dead, of which there seemed no end. The majority of the wounds were of the most dreadful description, being inflicted principally by fragments of shell, whilst most of the killed were horribly mangled. Very many had fallen in the woods, and as the rain accumulated in the dense foliage, huge limbs that had been shattered the day before by artillery, would give way and come to the ground, crushing the poor wretches who had dragged their already maimed bodies under them for protection from the pitiless storm. Altogether, Malvern Hill was the most dreadful field I ever beheld, and I hope never to witness such another.

By night of the 2d our melancholy task was done, and next morning we moved upon the enemy at Harrison's Landing. After slight skirmishing here for several days, General Lee thought it best to withdraw, as McClellan's position was a strong one, and the army therefore sought the more healthy country around Richmond wherein to encamp.

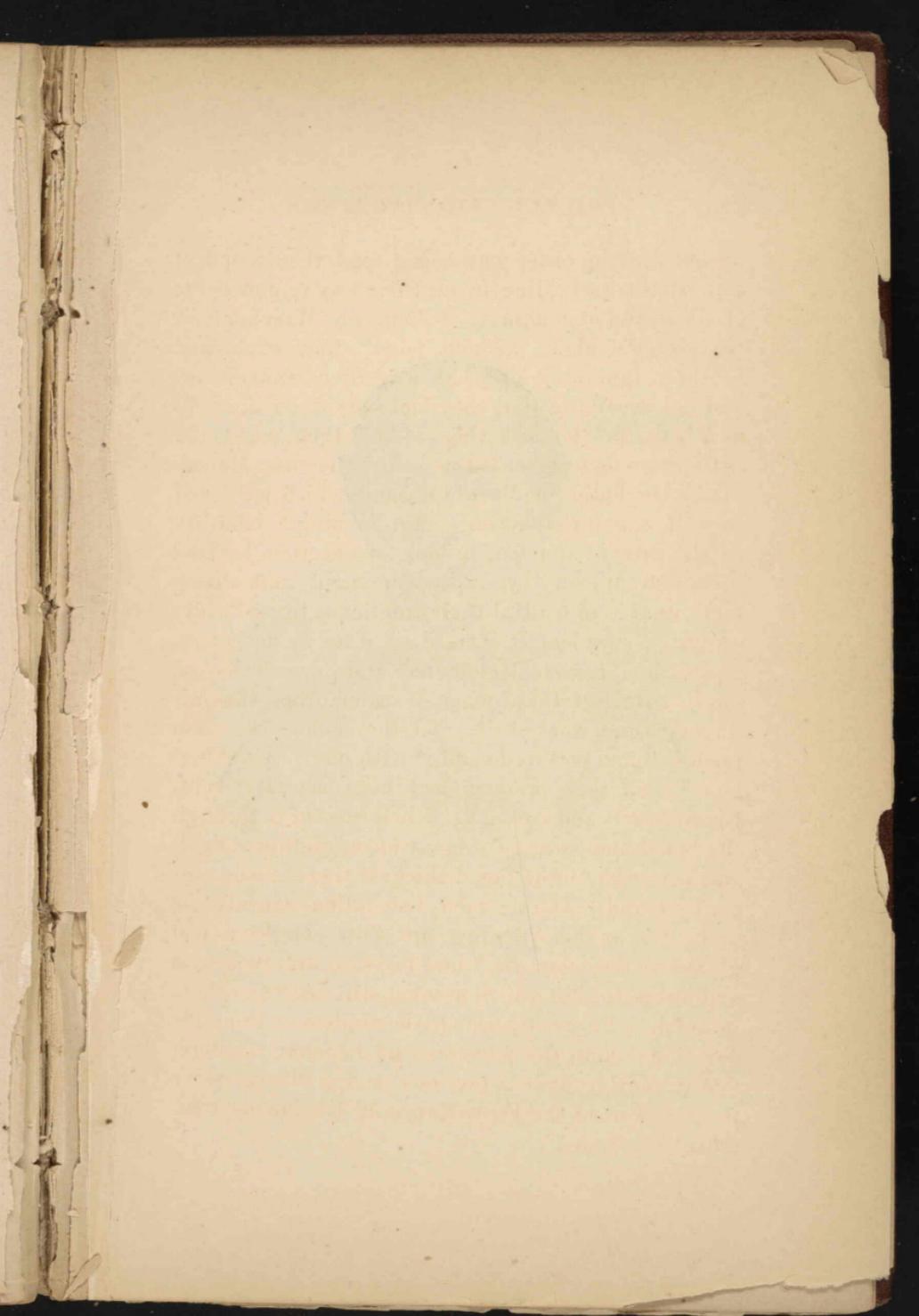
The First Maryland was stationed on the Central Railroad, about three miles from the city, from whence in a few days it was ordered to Charlottesville to recruit, and where it arrived about the 15th of July. Recruiting went on slowly, however, and after remaining at Charlottesville until the 4th of August, the command was ordered to Gordonsville, on its way, we supposed, to join Jackson, who was then near Cedar Mountain, and daily expecting to encounter his old adversary Banks, in command of the advance of Pope's army.

The reader may judge then the surprise of all, when a few days after our arrival an order came for the disbanding of the regiment. Nothing could have surprised us more, and we were not sparing of anathemas upon the government that had shown so little gratitude to the brave men who had been so long battling in its behalf. To disband us within the very sound of the enemy's cannon. Could anything be more humiliating? And then to assign no reason for it. Had we disgraced our colors, or had we ever turned our backs upon the foeman? What could all this mean?

But murder will out, and it was not long before we discovered that it had been brought about by two or three politicians from Maryland, who were aspirants for military fame, but which fame they were to acquire by being at once foisted into high positions. Now, as Mr. Davis could not be made to appreciate their talents as these men would have him, and give them what they asked for in the army, they sought through the Secretary of War to have the First Maryland disbanded, hoping that what remained might form a nucleus for a regiment which they were to raise and command. In the first they succeeded—in the last they failed.

It was the 17th of August, if I mistake not, that Colonel Johnson drew the little remnant of heroes up in line for the last time, and after a few appropriate and touching remarks, read the order disbanding them. Not a man but felt his humiliation,

for even as the order was being read the troops of Longstreet were filing by on their way to new fields of glory and of conquest. "Come on, Marylanders, we can't get along without you!" they exclaimed in their ignorance of what was then transpiring, and not dreaming that they had seen us on the field as a body for the last time. And then when the little State flag presented us before the first Manassas by the ladies of Maryland, and which we loved so well, was furled never again to flaunt defiantly in the face of the foe, a look of affection beamed upon it from every eye in the command, and strong men, unable to control their emotions, turned sadly away. Never had it seemed so dear to us before, and although now all tattered and torn it looked more beautiful than when it came from the fair fingers that worked it. To the donors we then pledged ourselves to defend it with our heart's best blood, and that promise had been sacredly kept. Brave hearts and strong arms had carried it through the blood and carnage of many an ensanguined field, and where the fight raged thickest there it was ever to be found. Heroic men had fallen beneath its folds, and as the eye grew dim they sought a last glance at the colors they had loved so well in health and strength, but which seemed still dearer to them in death. Farewell, dear little emblem of woman's devotion; upon thy folds rests no dishonor. There, fold it gently, for it is precious, and will ever serve to remind us of the First Maryland Regiment of Infantry, C. S. A.



tion for me to yet think of carrying a musket in the field.

A few days after my arrival, while walking up Main street with a friend, I was approached by an officer in a handsome uniform and handed a large sealed envelope stamped "official business." Judge my surprise when upon opening it I found a commission as First Lieutenant of infantry in the Provisional Army of the Confederate States, with orders to report to Colonel Shields at the Camp of Instruction. This was a windfall, indeed, and with all my heart I thanked the kind friend who had taken so much interest in my behalf.

Some funds were now to be raised on the strength of the commission to pay board bills, etc., and I therefore directed my steps to the office of dear, good old Major John Ambler, paymaster, upon whom I had more than once before called when in trouble—and what Marylander had not. They were his especial favorites, and he would rather pay them at the beginning than at the end of every month.

This little necessary piece of business attended to, I proceeded to rub up my uniform preparatory to paying my respects to Colonel Shields, at Camp Lee. I found the Colonel a very pleasant gentleman, who received me most cordially, and upon presenting my papers I was assigned to my quarters with orders to report next morning, when I would receive instructions.

In the morning I was on time. With a bland

smile the Colonel informed me that my duties would be confined to superintending guard-mounting, instructing the sentinels in their duties, and to organizing into squads, to drill as many as possible of the several thousand conscripts in camp.

I must confess this was putting it upon a sick man pretty heavy, but I determined to do the best I could for the present. Upon inquiring if I had any assistants, I was told, "yes, Captain, Frank Schaffer, but he isn't here much."

I had never met Schaffer, but knew who he was, so I started out to hunt him up. I soon found him, and reported my orders. He laughed, and told me not to trouble myself much about the conscripts, "unless," said he, "you want to be driven as crazy as a March hare."

I soon found that he was right, for of all the mean, filthy, ignorant, God-forsaken people it had ever been my lot to encounter, these conscripts exceeded all. You might drill them for hours without making the least impression, and when at last exhausted patience would draw forth language rather strong and unmilitary, you were sure to hear something like "I don't know nuthin 'bout soldiern, nor darned ef I keer 'bout larnen, and jist say I might go home, mister, an' I'm off."

I soon found it utterly impossible to do anything with them, and took the responsibility of directing my attention to the lighter duty of mounting guard, for I knew the commandant would never be the

wiser, as he seldom came out of his office except to go home. As to looking after the camp it was something he never thought of; indeed, never having had any experience as a soldier, he scarcely knew one end of a musket from the other.

My guard was composed of this conscript material too, and a pretty guard it was. They thought nothing of smoking their pipes when on duty, or halloaing to their companions at a distance; they would carry their muskets in all sorts of fashions, but generally dragging it by the bayonet, and as to keeping them on post when they felt hungry, that was out of the question, although I punished many of them severely for this breach of discipline.

One day I was making one of my usual rounds, when I espied a sentinel in front of the officer of the day's tent resting his arm and chin upon the muzzle of his gun. When I approached he never moved, but began to whistle a lively tune. I stopped directly in front of him and asked "what he was doing there?"

"Wall, not much of anything," he replied, "looking after that ar feller's things back thar, I believe," at the same time kicking back towards the officer's tent, and still in the same attitude.

"Come," said I, "straighten yourself up; have you never been taught to salute your officers when they approach?"

"No I haven't, and I don't keer much about larnin'," was his reply; "say, mister, what did that thar rig<sup>^</sup>cost you've got on?"

This was unbearable, and after using no gentle force to straighten the fellow and make him shoulder his musket, I set to work to instruct him in the duties of a sentinel. After half an hour's hard work I left him thinking I had succeeded pretty well. A short time after I had occasion to return the same way in company with Captain Schaffer, the officer of the day, to whom I related what had occurred in front of his tent. He laughed, and offered to lay a wager that he had forgotten every word I had told him, which I readily accepted. As we approached what was my chagrin to find the fellow in exactly the same position I had at first found him, nor did he move when we got directly opposite to him. Again I asked him "what he had been put there for?" As before, he answered "to look after that thar feller's things back thar," accompanied with the old kick.

"Have you not been taught the duties of a sentinel, sir?" I demanded in an angry tone.

"Wall," said he, without moving an inch, "thar was a feller 'round here a bit ago, who wor a tellin of me somethin', *but I kinder believe he didn't know any more about it than I do.*"

I troubled myself no more about that sentinel, the reader can rest assured.

After having remained at Camp Lee some three weeks, I determined to resign my commission, and endeavor, if possible, to raise a company for the field, for I had discovered that a good many young

men were coming over from Maryland about that time to go into the army. I found it the most difficult task I had ever undertaken, as most of them preferred the cavalry or artillery to the infantry. However, by great perseverance, and the aid of Captain Richard Winder, about the 20th of December I mustered into the service a company of eighty-five as fine men as ever trod a battle-field. They were principally from the lower counties, and well behaved and intelligent men.

With the assistance and influence of Generals Elzey and Winder, I was enabled to arm and equip them well, which I could not have done otherwise, for clothing and the improved arm were at that time in much demand.

Having received my orders, on Sunday, the 30th day of December, 1862, with Volandt's band at the head, I marched my company through the streets of Richmond to the Virginia Central depot, where I took the cars *en route* for the Valley of Virginia, to join the First Maryland Battalion of Infantry, or as it was afterwards called, to distinguish it from the First Regiment, the Second Infantry.

I found it at New Market at daylight on the morning of the 2d of January, upon the eve of marching to Moorefield, on an expedition against the enemy, along with the rest of Jones' command, to which they were temporarily attached.

My men being wearied, I was directed to remain behind and do provost duty until the return of the

expedition. It proved a fruitless one, and they returned after a week of great suffering, having been compelled on their march to break the ice and ford the many rapid mountain streams between the two places.

For the first time in a good many months I had the pleasure of taking by the hand my old friend and former companion in arms, Major James R. Herbert. I also, to my great delight, found many of the officers and men of the old First in the Battalion, now numbering seven companies, and among the former Captain Wm. H. Murray, Captain John E. Howard, and Lieutenants George Thomas, Clapham Murray, and Zollinger.

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## CHAPTER II.

THE Second Maryland Infantry, which was destined to take such a brilliant and conspicuous part in the great rebellion, was formed and partially organized in Richmond during the autumn of 1862.

To the exertions of Major Herbert, Captains William H. Murray, Ferdinand Duvall, and other officers, the Confederacy was mainly indebted for this splendid command. As I have said, they but partially organized in Richmond, and then proceeded to Winchester, where the organization was perfected and Captain Herbert elected Major.

Shortly after my company joined them, an order was issued by General Jones directing that the officers of the command should go into an election for a Lieutenant-Colonel, it having more than the requisite number of companies. Major Herbert was chosen Lieutenant-Colonel. A short time after Captain W. W. Goldsborough was promoted to the Majority, when the organization stood as follows:

Lieutenant-Colonel, James R. Herbert; Major, W. W. Goldsborough; Acting Adjutant, Lieutenant George Thomas; Quartermaster, Major James Hardin; Commissary, Captain John E. Howard; Surgeon, Dewilton Snowden.

Company A.—Captain, William H. Murray; Lieutenants, George Thomas, Clapham Murray, William B. Zollinger.

Company B.—Captain, J. Perrin Crane; Lieutenants, John H. Stone, Charles B. Wise, James H. Wilson.

Company C.—Captain F. C. Duvall; Lieutenants, Charles W. Hodges, Joseph W. Barber, Thomas H. Tolson.

Company D.—Captain, Joseph L. McAleer; Lieutenants, James S. Franklin, J. T. Bussey, S. T. McCullough.

Company E.—Captain, John W. Torsch; Lieutenants, William Broadfoot, W. R. Byus, James P. Quinn.

Company F.—Captain, A. J. Gwynn; Lieutenants, Polk, John Hyland, and Forrest.



Maj. W. W. GOLDSBOROUGH.

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Company G.—Captain, Thomas R. Stewart; Lieutenants, James Davis, W. H. Wrightson, G. G. Guillette.

After the Moorefield trip the Second Maryland spent the remainder of the winter in camp at various points in the Valley of Virginia, first at New Market, then near Edinburg, Lacy's Springs, Harrisonburg, and at Woodstock.

Nothing of importance occurred during that time to disturb the monotony of camp life, except an occasional alarm, or expedition after pig iron to the furnaces in the vicinity of Edinburg. These expeditions were facetiously called "Jones' pig iron raids" by the men, and which they, as well as the officers, heartily detested, for it seemed as though General Jones invariably selected a blinding snow storm in which to make them.

It was in March, whilst encamped near Woodstock, that one day a cavalry picket dashed into camp and informed Colonel Herbert that a large body of the enemy's cavalry were advancing rapidly down the valley turnpike, and were within three or four miles of us. The long roll was instantly sounded, and although the men were all engaged at one thing or another around the camp, and the summons was totally unexpected, yet within less than three minutes the column was formed and on the move. Such was the state of efficiency our able commander had brought his battalion to.

We marched rapidly up the turnpike until we had

passed Woodstock, three miles from our encampment, and were within two miles of the enemy before we were overtaken by the cavalry, under command of Jones in person. He ordered us to halt and form line of battle, whilst he pressed forward to ascertain the number and character of the Federal forces. In a short time we were startled by a volley of small arms and the wild yell which we knew too well came from our men in the charge. It was not long before prisoners began to come to the rear in large numbers, and we were assured that it had been successful. The General had encountered the Twelfth and Thirteenth Pennsylvania cavalry, and at one charge, with an inferior force, scattered them to the four winds, capturing, killing, and wounding over three hundred of them.

Although the troops were without shelter the whole winter, except such as they could erect out of brush and leaves, there was scarcely any sickness, and a hardier set of men I never saw. It was demonstrated to our entire satisfaction that tents were not fit for troops in winter, as the winter before we had tried them for a while in the First Maryland, and much more sickness prevailed.

It was some time in April, 1863, that General Jones determined to make a raid upon the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad in the neighborhood of New Creek and Cheat River. The Second Maryland was to accompany the expedition as far as Moorefield, between sixty and seventy miles distant, to bring

back the wagon train, which could accompany them no further, and to gather up stores of every kind to be found in that rich and fertile valley.

It was a lovely morning that we left our camp, and although the roads were bad we made good progress the first two days. On the third day, however, the rain commenced to pour down in torrents. It was a cold, sleety rain, and about as disagreeable a one as it had ever been my misfortune to encounter. On we pressed, though, fording rapid streams waist deep and climbing immense ranges of mountains. By three or four o'clock of the third day we had reached the summit of the last range, at the foot of which lay the beautiful town of Moorefield. Suddenly the wind sprung up, the clouds and mist disappeared, and away off in the distance lay this magnificent valley, one of the most enchanting spots in West Virginia. I was perfectly charmed, and for a long while gazed upon the scene before me in silent admiration.

That night we went into camp within two miles of the town, and next morning moved a portion of the command into the place, whilst the remainder encamped upon its suburbs.

General Jones finding it impossible to cross the river at Moorefield, moved up to Petersburg with his cavalry, where a crossing was effected.

We were now left to ourselves, with instructions to rest the men and horses, and then return to the Valley of Virginia in the vicinity of Harrisonburg.

We had but little to fear from the enemy, who were at Winchester, some seventy miles off. We therefore took our own time about leaving, for we found Moorefield a most delightful place, and the people kind and hospitable. However, after a stay of three days, we retraced our steps by the way of Franklin to Harrisonburg, taking with us about one hundred and fifty prisoners that General Jones had captured after a sharp fight at Greenland Church, and also some of our wounded, among whom was the gallant Colonel Richard Dulaney, of the Seventh Virginia Cavalry.

We reached Harrisonburg without an incident worthy of note, and went into camp to await the return of the expedition, which we did not expect for at least a month.

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### CHAPTER III.

AS we felt satisfied our stay at Harrisonburg would be a prolonged one, and the weather being fine, Col. Herbert set to work to make the Battalion as efficient in drill and discipline as possible. He had taken advantage of the winter, when the men could not drill, to teach his officers their duties, and as most of them were totally inexperienced they required a great deal of instruction. By spring they were familiar with Hardee, and that, with the little

training they had had in the fall, made them perfectly competent to handle their respective companies in company and battalion drill.

“To equal the First Maryland in drill and discipline,” I have heard Col. Herbert say, “is my greatest ambition.” And he was gratified, and more than gratified, for I think without *any* exception the Second Maryland was the most perfect command that was or had ever been in the Confederate army. One great reason for it was that they had been properly mustered in, and no misunderstanding therefore existed as to the length of time they were to serve, as had been the case in the First Maryland.

Still another reason was that the officers, with scarcely a single exception, were a remarkably intelligent set of men, and took the greatest pride in the battalion. With all the love and fond remembrance I still cherish for the old First, I am compelled to admit, in all candor, that the Second was a superior command, and for the reasons I have stated.

On the 22d of May General Jones returned from his trip to West Virginia, which, taking everything into consideration, proved a failure. It is true he had destroyed a part of the railroad, but the damages had been as quickly repaired. He had captured horses, cattle and sheep in large numbers, and also some prisoners; but then he had sacrificed some valuable lives, and so completely broken down his

men and horses as to require a long season of rest before again ready for the field.

A short time after his return the Second Maryland and the Baltimore Light Artillery and First Maryland Cavalry were ordered to Fisher's Hill, to relieve the gallant Major Sam Myers, who was stationed there with a small force of cavalry. Soon after our arrival we were joined by the lamented General Albert G. Jenkins, with a splendid brigade of Virginia cavalry.

Whilst at Fisher's Hill it was determined by the officers of the Maryland Line to select a commander, it being then temporarily under the command of Lieutenant-Colonel James R. Herbert. By their unanimous voice Colonel Bradley T. Johnson was chosen, and Lieutenant Bussey dispatched to Richmond to notify that officer of the fact. Colonel Johnson was then a member of a military court, much against his will, with the rank of Colonel of cavalry, and he at once accepted the command, and started for it next day, but did not reach it until after the battle of Gettysburg (though he was in the latter part of that engagement, acting as aid-de-camp to General Ewell,) and upon looking into the matter, and finding the battalion of infantry cut to pieces, advised that the consolidation should be postponed for the present, whilst he himself was assigned to the temporary command of the Third Virginia Brigade, the same he commanded with so much distinction at the second battle of Manassas,

and first invasion of Maryland, and to which General Jackson, before his death, had so long tried in vain to have him permanently appointed.

During our short stay here nothing of moment occurred with the exception of a slight skirmish in the streets of Strasburg, in which Captain John W. Torsch with three companies was engaged with a regiment of the Federal cavalry. The enemy was driven off with loss, and pursued beyond Middletown by a portion of the First Maryland cavalry, who were, however, unable to come up with them, so precipitate was their flight.

On the 10th of June the whole command moved down and went into temporary camp at Cedar Creek. Whilst here a company of the First Maryland cavalry, with a few of Jenkins' men, all under the command of Captain W. I. Raisin, had the misfortune to run into a Federal ambuscade, in which he sustained a loss of four men killed, and thirty wounded and captured, the gallant Raisin being of the number, with a desperate wound in the head.

On the afternoon of the 12th a dispatch arrived announcing that General Ewell was at Front Royal with his whole corps. Great was our surprise, for we had little dreamed he was nearer than Fredericksburg. What it meant we could not conjecture, but that a movement was to be made on Winchester was apparent to all.

Late that night a second dispatch arrived direct-

ing Colonel Herbert with his infantry and the Baltimore Light Artillery, (General Jenkins with the cavalry had left that afternoon to join General Ewell,) to move in the direction of Middletown immediately and protect Ewell's wagon train, which had been ordered to that point.

The next morning, by order of General Ewell, we moved up the Valley turnpike, somewhere along which we were to await the arrival of General Early, who was to strike the turnpike near Newtown. We halted about two miles from Kearntown, where shortly after a second order arrived directing us to halt at Newtown and there await Early's approach. It was too late, however, for we had passed that place, and fearing the effects a retrograde movement would have upon his raw troops, Col. Herbert determined to take the responsibility of waiting for Early where he was. In an hour or two that General joined us with his division of infantry.

Our approach had by this time been discovered by the enemy, for a regiment of cavalry was descried in the road less than a mile in our front. A piece of Griffin's battery was now run up and masked by a small party of horsemen, and a shell thrown into the midst of the surprised cavalrymen, who scattered in every direction. In a few minutes a battery made its appearance upon a neighboring hill, when a lively exchange of compliments took place between it and the Baltimore Light Artillery.

Meanwhile Early was engaged getting his troops

into position. Three companies of the Second Maryland, under the command of Major W. W. Goldsborough, were thrown forward as skirmishers, with orders to advance until the enemy were developed in force. Griffin's opponent had now retired, and the whole command moved forward in line of battle. In a little orchard, near Kearntown, which was flanked on the right by a strip of woods, the skirmishers first encountered them, and a sharp fight ensued. Steadily the Marylanders pressed forward, and although subjected to a severe artillery fire from a battery on a hill a short ways off, drove the enemy before them.

General Early had in the meanwhile formed his troops for a charge, and in a few minutes a yell on our left announced it. It was Gordon with his splendid brigade of Georgians. In beautiful order they dashed forward and drove the enemy pell-mell into Winchester.

That night (one never to be forgotten, for the rain poured in torrents until morning) we held a position at Hollingsworth's Mills, but half a mile from Winchester.

At early dawn the rain ceased and the troops were all on the alert. Shortly after sunrise the skirmish line along the whole front got in motion and approached to within two or three hundred yards of the suburbs of the town. Here they halted for a few minutes exchanging shots with the enemy, when the Marylanders charged into the town, and

a lively skirmish ensued in the streets of Winchester. Although opposed by a greatly superior force they held their ground for some time until ordered back by General Gordon.

Reluctantly they withdrew, the enemy following, until they reached a stone fence about two hundred yards from the town, when the fight was renewed, and continued several hours, the enemy holding a position in cemetery lot. This the Marylanders finally drove them from with loss.

We afterwards ascertained that it was the Fifth Maryland we had encountered, nearly the whole of which was captured next day.

While this little affair was transpiring, Early was placing his artillery in position and moving a column of infantry (Hays' Louisianians) in the rear of the town to storm a strong fortification, the key to the enemy's works. About four o'clock the artillery opened, and under cover of it the Louisianians charged on the run, and in the time I am relating it, had possession of the place; and when had they ever failed in the assault?

Holding these relative positions, darkness came upon the combatants, and we felt confident unless Milroy retired during the night he would be assaulted in the morning.

Having command of the skirmish line I was instructed by General Ewell, who had come up that morning with the main body of his corps, to keep a watchful eye upon the enemy, and if I saw any

signs of his withdrawing from his works to report the facts to him immediately. I therefore kept my scouts in the town all night, who constantly reported that everything indicated such a move, which intelligence was communicated to the commanding general, who hastened several brigades by a circuitous route around to the rear of the town, and about three miles distant, to intercept them should they attempt to escape by way of the Martinsburg road.

Thus the night wore away, and at the first peep of day, agreeable to orders, I put my skirmishers in motion and entered the town. All was still as death. Not an enemy was to be seen as I cautiously moved along the deserted streets. Presently I met a citizen, who in reply to my interrogatories told me he thought Milroy had retired during the night. To make sure he was not mistaken I ascended with him to the upper story of his house, from whence I could see into the main fort, and although the flag seemed defiantly flying from the flag-staff I could see it was deserted. I had scarcely regained the street when the roar of artillery and the crash of small arms some two or three miles up the Martinsburg road confirmed my belief.

Pushing rapidly down the main street, I did not halt until I reached the Taylor Hotel, where I encountered a half dozen unarmed Federal soldiers, who informed me their companions were all gone, and they had been left behind to attend the sick and wounded at the hotel, which had long before been

converted into a hospital. I immediately moved up and took possession of the Star fort, where I found about two hundred of the enemy who had preferred to remain behind rather than follow the fortunes of Milroy.

On looking around the fort I discovered twelve splendid rifled pieces, which were but indifferently spiked; the ammunition had been destroyed by throwing it into a well.

The sound of battle had in the meanwhile ceased up the road, and in a short time a long line of prisoners, numbering over two thousand, made their appearance, who had only surrendered after a desperate fight.

During the whole day prisoners continued to come in, until the number was much augmented, and we had the satisfaction of knowing that the miserable hordes under the brutal Milroy were pretty much all in our hands, but to our chagrin we found that the wretch we had so long wished to lay our hands upon had escaped.

Such was the battle of Winchester, or rather one of the battles of Winchester, and a complete surprise it was, for not until the day after our first attack at Kearntown was Milroy induced to believe it was a force of any magnitude that was in his front.

We found the town full of stores of every description, and our captures amounted to considerable, for besides twenty pieces of artillery we captured several

hundred horses, an immense train of wagons, ambulances, several thousand stand of small arms, &c.

The loss of the Second Maryland in this affair was as follows :

Company A, Captain William H. Murray.—Killed, none ; wounded, Sergeant E. S. Dorsey, severely ; privates, Sommerville, Sollers, slightly ; John Wilson, slightly.

Company B, Captain J. P. Crane.—Killed, none ; wounded, privates J. E. Joy, mortally ; H. Corry, slightly ; William Herbert, slightly.

Company C, Captain Ferdinand Duvall.—Killed, none ; wounded, Captain F. Duvall, severely.

Company D, Captain Joseph L. McAleer.—Killed, none ; wounded, private John Devres, mortally.

Company E, Captain John W. Torsch.—Killed, none ; wounded, Lieutenant W. R. Byus, slightly ; captured, Lieutenant Joseph P. Quinn.

Total, 9 wounded and 1 captured.

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#### CHAPTER IV.

THE morning after the battle of Winchester the command was temporarily attached to the brigade of General George H. Steuart (composed of Virginians and North Carolinians,) of Edward Johnson's division, and shortly after the whole of

Ewell's corps took up its line of March in the direction of Smithfield, where we arrived about dark, and went into camp for the night.

The next morning we resumed the march, our course shaped towards the Potomac, which there seemed but little doubt we were destined to cross, but with what object in view we had not the slightest conception. We crossed the Baltimore and Ohio railroad at Kearneysville, and then took the road leading to Shepherdstown. The day was intensely hot and the troops marched leisurely. By midday we went into camp about three miles from the river that separated us from our own beloved Maryland, and which we cherished a fond hope of crossing on the morrow.

It was whilst we lay here that I took advantage of the time afforded to pay a visit to the estimable family of the Hon. Alexander H. Boteler, whose beautiful residence was but a mile from our camp. I found Mrs. Boteler at home with her two accomplished and attractive daughters, and they vied with each other in their endeavors to make my visit an agreeable one.

Mrs. Boteler informed me that they had been subjected to all sorts of annoyances from the Yankee soldiery, and taking me to her chamber pointed out a bullet hole through a pane of glass in the window which had been fired by a thing in uniform whilst she was looking out into the yard, the ball passing through her hair and lodging in the ceiling.

It was late in the evening, and with many regrets, that I left this lovely family and their little paradise, and wended my way back to camp: Alas, all that is now left of that once sweet, happy home is a mass of ruins, for the brutal and relentless Hunter visited it soon afterwards and burnt it to the ground.

On the afternoon of the 18th of June we broke camp and moved up the road leading to Shepherds-town, through which village we passed amid the joyous shouts of the inhabitants, and were in a few minutes upon the banks of the Potomac, into which the men plunged waist deep, and began make their way to the longed-for shore. I wished I possessed the pencil of the artist to paint that scene, for it was one that will never be forgotten by those who witnessed it.

Upon reaching the Maryland shore the joy of her exiled sons baffled description. They shouted and screamed, and rolled upon the ground in the delirium of their joy, and to one not acquainted with the cause it would have seemed as though bedlam had been let loose, and in this Pandemonium I must confess our gallant brigade and battalion commanders played a conspicuous part, leaving out others of minor rank.

That night we encamped upon the banks of the river, and next morning passed through the town of Sharpsburg and halted upon the famous battle field.

After remaining in camp here three or four days,

we moved on towards Hagerstown, which place we passed through, and encamped a short distance beyond.

By many of the citizens of Hagerstown we were heartily received ; others again scowled fiercely upon us, and no doubt wished every rebel son of us to the devil.

On the morning of the 23d of June we left our camp near Hagerstown, and crossed the Pennsylvania line, and passed through Greencastle, where Steuart's brigade was detached from the division and ordered to proceed to Chambersburg by way of Mercersburg, McConnellsburg, &c., and we arrived on the evening of the 26th without an incident worth mentioning.

After crossing the Pennsylvania line, the most prejudiced observer could not help being struck with the perfect discipline that pervaded the entire army. There was not a single straggler to be seen upon the road, for under no circumstances was a man suffered to leave the ranks, except when at a halt, which was ten minutes in every hour, and then he was limited to one hundred yards from his command. There was no running about the country pillaging and robbing and burning ; no defenceless women insulted and outraged, as had been the case hundreds of times in our own country when invaded by the hireling hordes of Yankeedom. Oh, no, the army of Gen. Lee was composed of different material and was commanded by a Christian soldier, who held such

hellish acts, and the instigators of them, in abhorrence.

On the morning of the 27th we passed through Chambersburg and took the turnpike to Carlisle, and on the afternoon of the 28th of June the worn and wearied division went into camp a short distance to the right of the road, and about three miles distant from that town. The day had been excessively warm, and our march a long and tedious one, but stimulated with the hope of soon having in our possession the capitol of the great Keystone State, and proud to know we were invading the enemy's country, not a complaint was heard nor a straggler to be found.

The order to "break ranks" had been obeyed with alacrity; and as the dusk of evening came on hundreds of fires could be seen throughout the woods at which the hungry troops were busily engaged cooking their meat and boiling their coffee. A night of refreshing sleep followed the repast, and at reveille every man was promptly at his post, and prepared, nay impatient, to resume the march to Harrisburg, which town we cherished the fond hope of reaching that day.

But hour after hour sped by and no order to "pack up" was given. What could it mean? For days we had taken up the line of march at sunrise. Twelve o'clock, and no order. One, two, three o'clock, and an aid was observed to dash up to brigade headquarters, and in a few minutes the welcome

command to "fall in" was heard throughout the vast encampment.

All was bustle and excitement, and many were the speculations indulged in by both officers and men, as the companies formed, as to the cause of our delay and our probable destination that day.

"It is my impression," observed one, "we will go no farther than Carlisle, where Rhodes is encamped, join him, and make the attack upon Crouch's forces about midday to-morrow."

"There is where you are mistaken," was the reply of a comrade. "You see the different corps and divisions have been marching on converging roads. Well, we are almost up with Rhodes, and our delay of a day was evidently occasioned by Ewell's being ahead of time. Now mark me, we will make a forced march to-night and begin the attack at daybreak in the morning. General Lee can spare no more time, in my humble opinion. Already he has lost too much, and the next thing we know, Hooker will be at our heels, and between him and Crouch we will have a devil of a hot time of it."

Entertaining such opinions pretty generally, great was the surprise of all to observe the head of the column, upon reaching the turnpike, file abruptly to the left instead of the right, and we found ourselves retracing the steps of the day before.

Disappointment and chagrin was depicted in every countenance as we silently wended our weary

way. The boisterous, merry shout of the past few days was no longer to be heard ; and the troops did not move with that elasticity of step in the retreat (as we termed it) which had characterized their advance, for officers and men had alike become impressed with the belief that some disaster had befallen us, and we were a second time to recross the Potomac.

After a march of twelve miles the command went into *bivouac* near the village of Springfield. The evening's meal was moodily discussed, and all went sulkily to sleep.

The reveille of the following morning was not as cheerfully responded to as before ; and shortly after taking up our line of march the barefooted (and there were hundreds of them) who, with cracked and bleeding feet had borne the advance march so cheerfully, now began to murmur and complain.

During the day's march we met about two hundred paroled Federal soldiers who had been captured a day or two before by General J. E. B. Stuart's cavalry, and ordered to proceed to Carlisle. They were hundred days men, called out by the Governor of Pennsylvania, to repel the invaders of their sacred soil, and had been but a few days in the field. As they passed our bronzed and weather-beaten gray jackets the contrast was striking indeed. The one clothed in new and well-fitting uniforms, the other in rags, and shoeless. Many were the wistful glances directed at their well-cased

feet by Steuart's men, but they passed us without molestation. Not so, however, with the Stonewall Brigade, which was immediately in our wake. The temptation was too great for their commander, General Walker, to resist, and halting the young heroes of a single skirmish, he addressed them pretty much as follows :

"I would judge from your appearance, young gentlemen, you have not been long in the service, and while we have been blistering our feet on your devilish turnpikes, you have been enjoying the pleasures and comforts of home. Your term of service has now expired ; return there and remain, for I tell you soldiering is both a disagreeable and a precarious occupation. But before you go—and you have but a short distance ere you meet your friends, and we, God knows, how far without meeting one—I think it but fair we should make an exchange in the way of boots. What say you?"

A hearty burst of laughter was the response at, to them, so novel an idea, and in an instant every pair of shoes was "shed" in army parlance, and tendered to our barefooted soldiers.

It was quite amusing to see the poor fellows move off, picking their way daintily over the rough and uneven turnpike ; and from the gait we left them "advancing on Carlisle," I much question whether they reached their destination inside of several days.

Another incident similar in its character occurred

an hour or two after in the Second Maryland. A gallant young non-commissioned officer of Captain William H. Murray's company, came to me and presented for my inspection what *had* been a pair of shoes, but were now minus the soles. His feet were in a shocking condition, and he expressed a fear that he would be unable to proceed much farther, unless I could supply him, or grant him permission to "forage" for a pair. Being curious to see how he would proceed about it, "I spreck nottings mit mine mouf, but I spreck like ter tivel mit mine looks," as the Dutchman would say; and going upon the old adage that "silence gives consent," the Sergeant quietly resumed his place in the ranks. But a little while elapsed, however, before I observed him gradually fall to the rear of the column; and as he neared me, he pointed significantly to a fat old farmer who was lazily leaning on a gate-post, intently watching the passage of the troops. I aver I did not wink at the Sergeant, but he afterwards persistently maintained that I did. Be that as it may, he stepped up to the old fellow, and bantered him for a trade. Now the Dutchman could scarcely speak a word of English, and the Sergeant not a word of Dutch, and after vainly endeavoring to make him understand his Saxon, had no alternative but to trade *sans ceremoni*. So, throwing off his "uppers," he in the most artistic manner stooped down, raised one foot, and in an instant the Teuton stood "one boot off and one boot on." The fellow fol-

lowed, the Pennsylvanian never moving a muscle or budging an inch, but watching the strange proceeding in utter amazement. After admiring the "fit" for a moment, the audacious rebel politely bid the old gentleman "good day," and rejoined his command, congratulating himself no doubt upon the excellent exchange he had made. As we passed out of sight I turned in my saddle and cast a look behind. There he still stood, gazing after us, as if transfixed to the spot, and no doubt soliloquizing, "Ven tat tam fellow prings mine poots pack."

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## CHAPTER V.

THE afternoon of the 30th of June found the advance at the little town of Greenvillage, six miles from Chambersburg, where we filed to the left and took a country road, as we supposed, in search of suitable ground on which to encamp for the night. At length we halted in a beautiful field, close by which there was wood and water in abundance.

An hour or two after our arrival, Lieut. Col. Herbert and myself visited brigade headquarters for the purpose of learning, if possible, the reason for the retrograde movement, and the probabilities of our returning to Virginia without a fight.

We found the General agreeable and affable as usual, and with him the gallant Colonels Warren, Walton, and Parsley, of the brigade. They were discussing the very subjects upon which we wished so much to gain some information, and we listened attentively.

Walton seemed much annoyed, and in his blunt and earnest manner expressed great disappointment at the result so far of the second invasion of the enemy's country.

"I am as much in the dark as any of you, gentlemen," said the General; "but I do not agree with you in the supposition that we are to recross the Potomac without a great battle. The result of that battle will determine our future movements. We will pursue this road on the morrow, most assuredly, but where this road will lead us to is a question I cannot solve. Hill and Longstreet are in advance of us; Rhodes is, or was, at Carlisle; Early is supposed to be in the neighborhood of York, and that we are converging toward some given point is very evident, but of the whereabouts of that point I am totally ignorant."

In my youth I had more than once travelled almost every road in York, Adams, and Franklin counties, and was therefore familiar with them all. From the General's remarks it instantly flashed across my mind that we were about to move on Baltimore and Washington. That I had discovered the designs of General Lee I did not doubt for a

moment, and looking wondrous wise during the rest of the conference, I determined to keep my own counsel until the next morning, when I would surprise my brother officers by unfolding to them what I was confident must be the reason for this countermarch. How near I was to the truth the reader will see.

The dawn of the first day of July broke bright and beautiful; and, as I watched the glorious sun rise majestically in the cloudless sky, I little thought its decline would inaugurate one of the most dreadful battles of the century, and usher into eternity the souls of hundreds of my fellow-men, who die engaged in deadly strife.

At seven o'clock the march was resumed; and when it became apparent we were not yet to seek Virginia's sod, a spirit of enthusiasm diffused itself throughout the command which could hardly be controlled. Poor fellows, little did they then think a few hours more would see thousands of them stretched stark and stiff, and wounded and dying upon the gory field of Gettysburg.

"Captain Murray, I will lay you a wager," was my exclamation as I rode to the side of that gallant young officer. "I will wager you my last ten in Confederate currency that we will see Washington's Monument in Baltimore in so many days. Come, do you take the bet?"

Raising his eyes, he looked at me with an expression which seemed to say as plain as he could speak, "Are you jesting, or are you a fool?" and then broke out into a hearty laugh.

"If I did not know you and the Colonel were at headquarters last evening, I would be inclined to believe you had partaken of some of the proceeds of Commissary John Howard's successful raid of yesterday," he replied.

"But I do not know anything of Captain Howard's raid or what he captured," I somewhat petulantly rejoined, for I did not like the idea of my great secret being treated with such indifference; "and I moreover assure you I am altogether in earnest. Now listen, and I will convince you I am right: You know that Longstreet and Hill are in advance of us, and I will inform you that Rhodes has left Carlisle, and Early is at York. Well, from York there is a turnpike to Baltimore, as you are aware. Early will take that road and operate upon the line of the Northern Central Railroad. There are two fine turnpikes also from Gettysburg (whither we are going, as this road can lead us nowhere else,) to Baltimore, the one passing through Littlestown, Westminster, &c., the other by the way of Hanover and Manchester to Reisterstown, sixteen miles from the city, where the two meet. Rhodes will join us at Gettysburg, and the whole army, with the exception of Early, will take these parallel turnpikes and reach Reisterstown simultaneously, for the distance is the same. Rest assured all this marching and countermarching was for the purpose of misleading Hooker; and now that General Lee has him out of the way, he intends to slip into Baltimore and Washington before he can discover his error."

I believe my reasoning made some impression; but not being of so sanguine a temperament as myself, he was far from being fully convinced. How far right and how far wrong I was in my conjectures the sequel proved. It was not my first attempt to penetrate the designs of my commander-in-chief, but I determined it should be my last.

After a rapid march of a few hours the column reached the town of Fayetteville, through which we passed without a halt. Shortly after, the troops of Longstreet's corps were encountered, quietly cooking their rations in a wood close by the roadside. These veterans—scarcely a man of whom did not carry the scars of some hard fought field—suspended their labors and closely scrutinized us as we passed by. How it made my heart thrill with pleasurable emotions as I heard the compliments they bestowed with no sparing hand upon the splendid command to which I had the honor of belonging. By the tap of the drum they moved like machinery, and with that quick, nervous step and precision for which they were so justly celebrated throughout the entire army.

“Look out for your laurels, Fourth Texas,” I heard an officer exclaim in that regiment of imperishable renown, “for if I mistake not there goes a little battalion that will give you a tug for your next wreath.” And similar remarks were heard on every side.

On we pressed, and rapidly neared the town of

Gettysburg. But eight miles more, and we will encamp for the night upon its outskirts.

But what means this commotion ahead? Something is out, most assuredly. The order passes along the line to "Move up, men, move up."

"Dr. Snowden," I remarked to the surgeon of the battalion, who was riding by my side, "I have imagined for some minutes that I heard the sound of artillery ahead, and from the confusion among the staff officers I am half convinced I did."

"I was about to remark the same," the Doctor replied. "There it is again, and there, and there," he continued, as so many sounds of artillery were distinctly heard. "But here comes the Colonel, perhaps he can enlighten us."

As Colonel Herbert approached I could see from his manner that something was wrong. Addressing me, he said:

"You will keep your men well up, sir; no straggling under any circumstances. There is serious work going on ahead, and it is likely we will be into it in less than three hours. The orders are to press forward with all dispatch."

The words were overheard by some of the men, and the news ran through the battalion like wild fire. One prolonged yell announced it to the other regiments and brigades, and for a minute the welkin fairly rung with their joyous shouts. More distinct at every step became the roar of artillery, and we knew from the incessant discharges that the fight was a fierce one.

I must confess I was puzzled, completely nonplussed. Who had dreamed of the enemy being in that quarter? I will venture to say not an officer of the army outside the corps commanders, and perhaps their respective staffs. And I do not believe they, or even General Lee himself, expected forty-eight hours previous to encounter him there. A dreadful blunder somewhere, but where I will leave it for the historian to tell.

"How about that nice little trip to Baltimore and Washington, and those parallel turnpikes, now," said Captain Murray addressing me. "Ah, that was a beautifully arranged affair, I must confess; but there seems to be obstacles in the way of its fulfillment."

"And the ten dollars," chimed in Torsch. "It will buy a pint of Monegahaly, as the people hereabouts call it. Yes, we'll take that ten when we reach Gettysburg. We will, won't we, Cap?"

I acknowledged my plans had miscarried, which was all owing to the enemy's getting betwixt us and Washington's monument; but that I was still somewhat inclined to believe it was only a small force of the enemy who had stumbled upon our advance. And this belief seemed to be strengthened as we neared the battle-field, for the discharges of artillery were not now near so rapid as they had been an hour or two before.

About two miles from Gettysburg we passed a farm house by the roadside, which had been con-

verted into a hospital and filled with our wounded, as was also the yard. A little farther on a great many ambulances were encountered, well freighted with torn and bleeding men, and directly a long line of the more slightly wounded, all making their way to the rear in search of surgical aid. From these we learned the fight had been a desperate one, and the casualties numerous on both sides; but that we had been successful at every point. A little farther and we filed to the left to avoid attracting the fire of the enemy's artillery, which was still being served, but slowly.

Passing a large field, in which were several thousand Federal prisoners, we were directly upon the battle ground. The evidences here gave most unmistakable testimony of a stubbornly-contested battle, as the ground was covered with the dead—blue and gray side by side. In and around the railroad cut dug by Thad. Stevens many years since, the slaughter of the Federal troops was appalling. They literally lay in heaps, whilst our loss at this point appeared comparatively small.

We here learned that portions of Ewell's and Hill's corps had encountered a heavy force under General Reynolds, and that he himself was among the killed. Our own loss had been by no means slight. Besides a large number in killed and wounded, General James Archer and almost his entire brigade had been made prisoners.

It was nearly dark when we entered the town;

and, halting in one of the streets to await orders, the troops stretched themselves upon the ground to rest their weary limbs. Having some acquaintances in the place, and feeling rather hungered, I suggested to Colonel Herbert that we should go up to Will's hotel, where I thought we could procure some refreshments; but upon reaching the place we found it closed and apparently deserted. Returning, I met a gentleman whom I had known in former years—Mr. Henry Stahle, editor and proprietor of a Democratic paper there—and we entered into conversation upon topics entirely foreign to the war. A crowd of gaping citizens soon surrounded us, and imagining Mr. Stahle was hatching treason, forthwith reported him to the authorities. Now, as Mr. Stahle had been suspected of being a copperhead for some time, owing to the manly and independent tone of his paper, his being seen in company with a rebel officer was proof positive, and when our forces fell back he was handed over to the tender mercies of General Morris, of Fort McHenry notoriety. I trust the reader will excuse this little digression, but I thought the incident worth mentioning.

About nine o'clock we received orders to "forward," and, passing through the town, struck the York turnpike, which was pursued for a mile, when we filed to the right and marched across the open country until we neared the Hanover road, when the command "on right by file into line" was given, (for we had been marching right in front,)

and the Second Maryland Infantry took its place in the line of battle, where so many of the noble spirits who composed it were to bleed and die in the dreadful conflict about to ensue.

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## CHAPTER VI.

THAT night the troops slept upon their arms, prepared to resume hostilities or repel an attack at a moment's notice. Colonel Herbert and myself selected a spot somewhat retired from the main body, and, after picketing the horses, laid ourselves down to sleep. To sleep, did I say? To rest I should have said, for it was many hours ere I closed my eyes in sleep. A thousand recollections of the past presented themselves. I thought of home and the loved ones there; of many incidents attending the two eventful years of carnage and bloodshed through which I had been spared where so many died. Truly God had been merciful, and I offered up a silent prayer that I might survive the fight of the coming morrow. And then I thought of the hundreds around me who were taking their last sleep save that which knows no waking; of those in dream, dreaming of their once happy homes, of wives and children, of fathers, mothers, brothers, sisters, and sweet-hearts, but to awake in the morning only to the dread reality.

At early dawn I arose from my blanket hungry and unrefreshed. The Colonel appeared in the same condition, for after rubbing his eyes and looking around him for a minute he broke forth with:

"Why in the devil didn't you think of making old man Sheeley give you some of the cooked provisions out of the mess chest? Now the wagons are the Lord knows where, and here we are sucking our thumbs to appease hunger. I can go twenty-four hours without eating, but darned if I like it to be an hour over that time."

"And pray, sir, why didn't *you* ask Mr. Sheeley for some of the provisions in the mess chest?" I inquired.

"Because I didn't think of it."

"And neither did I; but if you will promise to say nothing more about Sheeley and the mess chest I will introduce you to a little private arrangement of my own."

The Colonel looked up inquiringly for a moment, and although he said nothing, I could plainly read in his countenance "Oh do."

At the battle of Winchester, some weeks previous, I secured a number of large sized boxes of sardines, all of which I had given away, save one. This I had in my saddle pocket, along with a small flask of brandy that I procured as we passed through Greenvillage. I had kept it a secret, for on the march you have plenty of visitors if you are known to possess a flask of liquor. Here was an emer-

gency, however, and it was for an emergency I had saved it. The flask and sardines were speedily produced, and for the first time in twenty-four hours I saw the Colonel smile. And then he took the cork out of the flask, threw back his head and *smiled* again, and, as he lowered the uplifted arm, I discovered considerable daylight through the bottle he had smiled at. Ahem, like master like man, and I followed his example. Then the sardines were discussed, and we grew amiably disposed, and we talked and talked about—everybody and everything but Sheeley and his mess chest.

The morning wore away and there were no evidences of a renewal of hostilities. About ten o'clock General Johnson requested me to make a reconnoissance from a hill about three-quarters of a mile in our front. Being perfectly familiar with the country, having hunted over almost every foot of it in my youth, I put spurs to my gallant sorrel, and, making a detour to the right, I after a few minutes rapid riding reached its summit. Here screened from the enemy's view by an undergrowth of cherry trees, I witnessed a sight I shall ever remember. In front of me, distant about half a mile, was the long ridge leading to cemetery heights, and then cemetery heights themselves. This ridge and the heights were crowned with innumerable batteries of artillery, and immediately in rear of them a long dark mass of infantry, their bayonets glittering in the sun. I was on the ridge

which separated the contending armies, and never before upon the eve of battle was I so struck with the advantages one army had over the other in point of position, save at Fredericksburg. In fact the thing was about reversed except in the numbers of assailants. It was almost impossible for us to find position for a single battery on our left or in our centre. The spot upon which I stood was the only one in front of Johnson, and a battery could hardly live here an hour, as was demonstrated that day. For at least twenty minutes I gazed upon the opposite heights, where all seemed life and animation, and then turned my horse's head and galloped back to where I had left the General, and to whom I made my report. As the coast was clear, in company with Major Latimer, his chief of artillery, he proceeded to the hill, and shortly after ordered up two batteries of artillery, one the Chesapeake artillery, under command of the lamented Captain Brown, of Baltimore.

During the afternoon Colonel Herbert proposed we should visit General Walker, of the Stonewall Brigade, which was in position a short distance to our left, and if possible procure something to eat, as we were suffering very much from hunger, having partaken of no food except the sardines since the morning of the day before. We found the General in pretty much the same predicament, but his Adjutant-General very kindly furnished us with two biscuits apiece, which were thankfully accepted.

In the course of the conversation which ensued, mutual surprise was expressed that the attack had not been renewed.

"However," said Walker, "it is not too late; and I think it possible it will yet be made before nightfall."

Now these late-in-the-evening fights are the most disagreeable things imaginable, as will readily be conceded by all who have participated in them, and I sincerely hoped the General's prediction would not be verified. In the first place, you are as liable to shoot and be shot by friend as by foe. Moreover, the inextricable confusion inevitable is unpleasant, for you are more likely to get into the enemy's lines than keep in your own, and I saw many instances of it that night.

While we were conversing, some of the pickets brought in a prisoner, an ill-favored, brutal looking Dutchman, who had been pounced upon while out foraging. The fellow appeared relieved at the idea of escaping the fight, for drawing a long breath he said:

"Ich been feel mooch besser; I like not mooch fight."

Upon our inquiring why Hooker had been superceded by Meade, he replied:

"Vat for he let der Lee in Pennsylvany coom?"

The prisoner could not or would not give us any information upon many points we questioned him. He only knew that he belonged to a "Pennsylv-

vany" regiment in the "Oonan" army. So much and no more could his intelligent mind comprehend.

"It is too bad," exclaimed Walker, rather excitedly, "to think that such men as we have around us should be butchered by the miserable mercenary devils of which this is a fair specimen. Sometimes I am half inclined to show the wretches no quarter. Take the creature to the rear."

Expressing a mutual wish that fortune would favor us in the coming fight, we separated, not to meet again for many months.

Soon after reaching the battalion Capt. W. H. Murray, of whom I have before spoken in this narrative and of whom I have yet to speak, joined us. He was one of my dearest friends, and his was a friendship I was proud to boast. With Colonel Herbert we had started out early in '61 as privates in the First Maryland; arose to the rank of Captain almost simultaneously; first saw fighting at the battle of Manassas; and had together participated in most of the battles fought by the Army of Northern Virginia from that time to this. A thorough disciplinarian, brave as a lion, calm and collected amid the roar of artillery, the rattle of musketry, and the carnage of battle, I regarded him as one of the very best officers I ever saw. By his men he was almost idolized, whilst by the battalion he was universally beloved. The companies he commanded in the First and Second Infantry were model ones, and I question whether throughout the whole Confederate

Army two such could have been found. As an evidence of their discipline and fighting qualities, and the tenacity and desperation with which they stood to their work at Gettysburg, I would state that out of ninety-eight men that he took into the fight, but thirty-one reported after the battle.

“Anything to be done to-day?” was his inquiry as he took a seat by our side.

“General Walker seems to think so,” was Col. Herbert’s response; “but his opinion is based upon no positive information. This long silence betokens a dreadful battle when it does commence, and I am getting tired of the suspense. By-the-by, Captain, now you know perfectly well that I am not at all superstitious, but I’ll be hanged if I haven’t a presentiment that I am to be hit in this affair. You and myself have escaped so far without a scratch, but we won’t this time, mark my words. With G. there it has become so common a thing that nothing else is to be expected.”

“And for that very reason I shall escape,” said I. “You know the old saying that ‘it is a long lane that has no turning;’ well I think I am around the bend, whilst you two have not yet commenced the trip.”

“There it comes,” exclaimed Murray, suddenly springing to his feet as the sound of a single piece of artillery was wafted to us on the evening’s breeze from away down to our right. “And there, and

there, and there!" as three more distinct discharges were heard.

For a moment all was still as death. Not a sound to break the same quiet that had preceded the four explosions. It was but a moment, however, for these were Lee's signal guns to commence the battle, and the thunder of two hundred pieces of artillery burst forth from our lines. The enemy replied with as many more, and the earth shook and trembled as though riven by an earthquake. The air was filled with exploding, crashing, screaming shells. "Lay down!" is the command, and every man was flat on his face.

Perhaps nothing in battle is so trying to an infantryman's nerves and patience as the preliminary artillery fire that precedes it; and the same effect is produced upon the artilleryman by the whistle of the minnie ball; although the destruction of human life by musketry is at least five hundred per cent. greater than by artillery; and an old soldier will contend a battle has not fairly begun until he hears the rattle of small arms, when he will exclaim to the recruit: "Now somebody is getting hurt; all this thunder was only for its effects."

The brigade on our right being in a more direct line with the shots fired at the batteries of Latimer on the hill in front, begin to suffer severely, and the litter bearers are busily engaged carrying off the wounded. Latimer is working his guns savagely, but is being terribly handled, for three times his number of guns

are concentrated upon the two little batteries, rending and tearing him to pieces. Caisson after caisson shoot high up in the air as they are exploded by the enemy's shells.

"He can't stand that pounding much longer," remarked the Colonel; "and for all the execution he is doing I wish General Johnson would order him away. Here comes a litter from that direction with a wounded man. Let us see who it is."

Approaching the sufferer we were shocked to behold the familiar features of the chivalrous Captain Wm. Brown, of the Chesapeake Artillery. His face was pale as death, and although both legs had been horribly shattered by a cannon ball, he smiled as he recognized us. Turning to Captain Torsch, he said in a weak voice:

"Captain, if you should get home, tell my poor old father I died endeavoring to do my duty."

"We are making out badly up there," said one of the litter bearers. "Major Latimer has been carried from the field mortally wounded; and if kept on that hill much longer more of us will be likely to follow him!"

For at least two hours this awful fire continued without a moment's cessation, when aids were seen dashing furiously down the long line of infantry on our right, who spring to their feet as they pass, and were at once in motion.

"Mount your horse quickly," said the Colonel, "for we are going in;" and the next instant, in a

clear, distinct voice, heard even above the din of battle, he gave the command, "Forward, guide centre!" and the gallant sons of Maryland commenced their march to defeat and death.

Preceded by a cloud of skirmishers, steadily the long line in grey advanced across the Hanover road, and entered the woods before them. We found the ground here very uneven, and covered with immense rocks, which necessitated the dismounting of field and staff officers, and the horses were sent to the rear. We passed over more than a mile of this country before our skirmishers encountered those of the enemy upon the banks of Rock creek. A sharp fight ensued, but our gallant fellows dashed across the creek, which was waist deep, and put them to flight. The order was then given by some one for the skirmishers to join the main body. The disastrous consequences that followed this order will be presently seen.

We were rapidly approaching Culp's Hill through one of the densest woods I ever passed. Darkness was upon us, and nothing could be seen save the flash of an occasional musket in our front. More and more difficult became the ascent, but over every obstacle pressed the devoted division. Not a shot was now heard, and the woods seemed inhabited but by ourselves. What has become of the enemy? In an instant the question is answered, as the heavens are lighted up by the flash of thousands of muskets, and the deadly Minnie tear and rend our

ranks fearfully. The column reeled and staggered like a drunken man. To add to the horrors of the situation, a fire was also opened upon us in rear by a body of our own troops, who receiving some of the bullets that escaped us mistook us for the enemy. Men fell like autumn leaves; but the brave fellows disdained to retreat. The enemy's fire was returned, though with little effect, as they were protected by their breastworks. No command could be heard above the infernal din. What was to be done? To stand there was certain death, and therefore, why not sell our lives dearly as possible? At this moment the heroic Walton approached me and asked "what on earth shall we do?"

"As I am not in command of the battalion, I can do nothing," was my reply.

"Well, I shan't wait for orders any longer, but will charge the works if I lose every man in my regiment. Take the responsibility and charge with your left at the same time."

"I'll do it," was my response, and hastily detaching the companies of Captains Torsch, Stewart and Crane, with Walton, dashed at the breastworks, cleared them in a moment, with the loss of but three men, and instantly wheeling to the right opened a destructive, enfilading fire upon the enemy who still remained in the breastworks, which compelled them to fall back to Culp's Hill.

On our right Nicholl's brigade of Louisianians had not been so successful, and there the fight still

raged. The enemy here held a stronger position, and could not be dislodged.

As the firing in our front had ceased temporarily, I took advantage of it to go in search of Colonel Herbert, from whom I wanted further orders, and to whom I wished to report my situation. Upon reaching the right of the battalion, however, I was grieved to learn, through Lieutenant George Thomas, that the gallant Colonel had been pierced at the first fire by no less than three balls, and carried from the field in a supposed dying condition.

Sending for the commanders of companies, with the view to ascertain their respective losses, I was shocked at the reports made by them. Nearly one hundred men had fallen in the Second Maryland alone, and at least three hundred in the brigade, during those few dreadful minutes.

As Captain Murray had the right of the battalion by seniority, I directed him, for the present, to take command of that wing whilst I looked after the important position I had taken at right angles with him after we had carried the enemy's breastworks, and to inform General Steuart, if he should see him, where I was, and how I was situated. I had scarcely returned, when the enemy opened again with increased fury, but as the brigade was now sheltered behind the log breastworks and immense rocks that covered the hill, their fire did but little execution. The men were directed to fire at the flash from their

muskets, and from the shouts of "stop that firing, you are shooting your own men," I was convinced it was with effect. They must have been new troops, ordered from another point, as they did not seem to be aware of the change that had taken place in their front. Many came into our lines to remonstrate with us, and found themselves prisoners.

An incident of this kind occurred here, which, under different circumstances, would have afforded some amusement. Captain Torsch, of Company E, whose gallantry had been conspicuous during the evening, whilst urging his men to fire as rapidly as possible, was approached by a Federal officer and peremptorily ordered to cease. The Captain had received no instructions to obey officers in blue uniforms, and he therefore declared "he'd be d—d if he would," and seizing the astonished "lover of the Union" by the throat, dragged him into my presence, and demanded in an excited manner that I should "give him the devil for coming inside our lines and interfering with him in the discharge of his duties." The fellow was dreadfully scared, and begged piteously to be sent to the rear, as he "did not wish to be shot by his own men."

Another, somewhat similar, occurred shortly after, in which the author was a party. Whilst directing the firing, I was approached by an officer on horseback, and asked how "the fight was going?" I saw his mistake directly, and telling him I did not

know, walked towards his horse's head to take him by the bridle. As I did so his suspicions must have been aroused, for he inquired "What corps is this?" "A Rebel corps, sir, and you are my prisoner!" I exclaimed, presenting a pistol to his breast. With perfect self-possession he dismounted, and unbuckling his belt handed it to me with sword and pistol attached, playfully remarking as he did so, "Take them, sir, they are yours, and fairly won." He proved to be Lieutenant Egbert, a staff officer, who in carrying a dispatch had become lost in the darkness.

By ten o'clock the firing had ceased, and the men rested upon their arms, prepared to repel an attack at an instant's warning. The officers were required to remain awake during the night, and a vigilant line of pickets kept a watchful eye in the direction of the enemy, who were but fifty yards distant. They were also on the alert, as we were assured by an occasional volley of musketry.

During the whole night artillery and wagons could be heard rumbling along the Gettysburg turnpike, and as the sound seemed to recede we thought the enemy might be retreating. Generals Johnson and Stuart were attentive listeners, and I heard Johnson express such a belief. I sincerely hoped it might prove true, for I was sickened at the prospects before us.

## CHAPTER VII.

THE long wished for day at length began to appear, and at early dawn the troops were awakened from their slumbers to renew if necessary the dreadful struggle. In vain I peered through the misty light for a glimpse of the enemy, but none could be seen. They had certainly retreated under cover of night, and we were right in our conjectures; and now for a pursuit in the direction of Baltimore. But even as I thus anticipated the pleasures in store for us, of the prospect of once more seeing home and loved ones there, I was startled by a terrible volley of musketry in our front, whilst simultaneously several pieces of artillery opened upon the flank of the three companies I had thrown across the breastworks the previous evening, and I was compelled to hastily withdraw them and seek the cover of this our only protection. The fire was awful, and the whole hill side seemed enveloped in a blaze, although it was but occasionally we could catch sight of an enemy. The trees were riddled, and the balls could be heard to strike the breastworks like hailstones upon the roof tops. The fire was returned as best we could, but it was almost certain death to expose any vital part of the body; and many were killed and wounded by reckless exposure of person.

The right of the battalion, where were stationed

companies A and C, under the command of Captain Murray and Lieutenant Charles Hodges respectively, were exposed to the severest part of the fire, and suffered in greater proportion than the others. Until nearly eight o'clock this dreadful storm of bullets continued to sweep over and around us without the slightest abatement. All along our line wounded men were lying bleeding to death, as it was impossible to remove them to the surgeon's quarters after they were struck. Feeling anxious to know how the right fared, I cautiously made my way there, and sheltered myself behind a rock where were Colonel Parseley and Captain Murray. I inquired of Parseley if he had suffered much.

"Very much indeed. I have but thirteen men left. And now I have but twelve!" he exclaimed in the same breath, as one of his men fell over dead in Captain Murray's lap, shot through the head.

I heard the words but imperfectly, for the same ball struck me full in the forehead and knocked me almost senseless; but its force was spent, and an ugly bump was the only result.

"Take care there, Sergeant Blackistone, you are exposing yourself too much," I shortly after remarked to the orderly of Company A, and even as I spoke a ball passed through his arm, lacerating it badly. Poor fellow, it was his first and last wound, for he died shortly after in the hospital at Frederick, where he was held a prisoner.

"My men are out of ammunition, sir," said

Captain Murray ; "and with your permission, I will withdraw them to the cover of those rocks on the left for half an hour—or a less time should you need me—and get some water and replenish their cartridge boxes. I have suffered fearfully, sir, and the men are somewhat dispirited."

I suggested it would be a dangerous undertaking, but with great caution the point might be made.

Gradually they worked their way down the line, and reached the shelter in safety, and another company was ordered to take their place.

As I returned, the commanders of companies informed me that their ammunition was also exhausted. The difficulty was to get it, as none was within half a mile, and it was almost certain death to leave the shelter of the breastworks. I reported the matter, however, to General Steuart, whom I found sitting with his staff behind an immense rock, and he told me I had better call for volunteers.

"General, do not ask one of your officers or privates to volunteer to perform this duty whilst you have a staff officer left. I will bring the ammunition, if I live!"

Words that should be written in letters of gold, and they fell from the lips of Lieutenant Randolph McKim, one of the General's aids. The noble fellow made the venture, and succeeded in his mission.

It was about half an hour after the above, that

Captain George Williamson (Adjutant-General of the brigade, and one of the bravest men that ever trod a battle-field,) directed me to move my command by the left flank, file to the right at a given point, and form line of battle under cover of a woods, and as close as possible to its edge, without attracting the attention of the enemy, and that the rest of the brigade would form on my right and left.

I divined the object of the move instantly, and told the Captain "I considered it murder, and therefore would take my men in under protest."

"The General has expressed the same opinion, sir; but the order comes from one higher than he, and is peremptory," was his reply.

Sending for Captain Murray to join the command, the devoted little brigade—already reduced to about nine hundred men—made their way slowly, sometimes crawling, to the spot where they were to be senselessly slaughtered. Nine hundred brave men to storm a mountain, and upon whose sides bristled the bayonets of ten thousand foemen, and artillery innumerable. Some one's hands are stained with the blood of these gallant men, and God will mete out fearful retribution in the world to come.

We were now within less than two hundred yards of the enemy, with an open field in front, over which we were to charge.

"Captain Murray, you will take command of the right," were my last words to one of the noblest of men.

Slowly I moved down the column, with feelings I had never before experienced on the battle-field, for I felt I had but a minute more to live; and as I gazed into the faces of both officers and men, I could see the same feeling expressed, for all were alike aware of their danger. But no coward's glance met mine: There was no craven in those ranks. *They* had sneaked to the rear the day before. But the compressed lip, the stern brow, the glittering eye, told that those before me would fight to the last. Reaching my post, I looked up the line, and there stood the brave Steuart, calmly waiting for the troops to get in position.

"Fix bayonets," was the command, quietly given; and the last act in this bloody drama was about to be enacted. It was a dreadful moment. But one brief second of life yet left! The sword of the General is raised on high! "Forward, double-quick!" rings out in clarion tones, and the race to meet death commenced. The fated brigade emerged from the woods into the open plain, and here—oh God! what a fire greeted us, and the death-shriek rends the air on every side! But on the gallant survivors pressed, closing up the dreadful gaps as fast as they were made. At this moment I felt a violent shock, and found myself instantly stretched upon the ground. I had experienced the feeling before, and knew what it meant, but to save me I could not tell where I was struck. In the excitement I felt not the pain; and resting

upon my elbow, anxiously watched that struggling column. Column, did I say? A column no longer, but the torn and shattered fragments of one. But flesh and blood could not live in such a fire; and a handful of survivors of what had been a little more than twelve hours before the pride and boast of the army, sought to reach the cover of the woods.

But that merciless storm of bullets pursued them, and many more were stricken down. Among those who escaped, with a slight wound, was Adjutant Winder Laird, who, as he passed where I lay, caught me up and carried me to the shelter of the woods.

Faint and sick from the loss of blood, I fell into a stupor, from which I was aroused by the voice of Lieutenant Thomas Tolson.

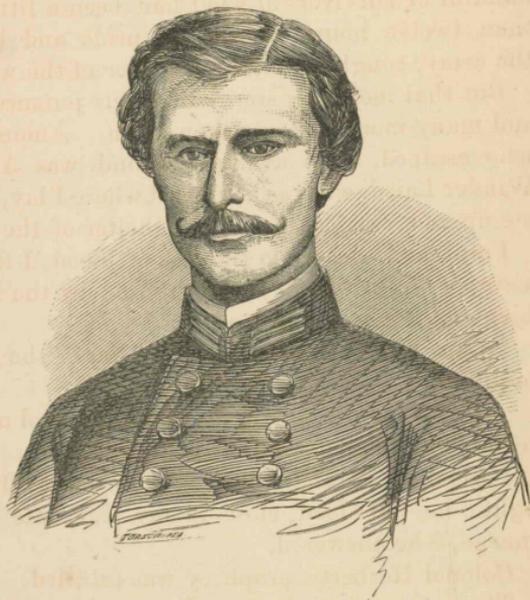
"Can I do anything for you sir?" he kindly inquired.

"Tell Captain Murray to take command of what remains of the battalion," I directed.

"Alas, sir, Captain Murray has fought his last fight; he fell dead, close to my side, late in the charge," he answered.

Colonel Herbert's prophecy was fulfilled.

The command of the battalion now devolved upon Captain Crane, who, with little difficulty, rallied the survivors, and from the breastworks we had occupied, still maintained the fight. Borne back at length, by overwhelming numbers, this little band of heroes sullenly retired, stubbornly contesting every foot of ground until they reached Rock



Capt. WM. H. MURRAY.

The first of these is the fact that the  
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creek, where they took a stand, from which the utmost efforts of the enemy failed to dislodge them.

Darkness put an end to the conflict, and the exhausted troops threw themselves upon the ground to snatch a few moments' sleep. But human endurance was yet to be taxed to a greater degree before allowed to seek that rest and repose it so much needed, for that night General Lee had determined to retire from Gettysburg, and recross the Potomac.

Such was the part taken by the Second Maryland in the great and bloody battle of Gettysburg, and although it brought mourning and sorrow into many families in that glorious old State, still it had better a thousand times been that than the blush of shame for a son's recreancy.

The casualties were frightful indeed; and it became necessary to leave the severely wounded in the hands of the enemy, among the number Colonel Herbert, Major Goldsborough, Lieutenant Joseph Barber, (who died a few days after) and Lieutenant Wilson. Captains Stewart and Gwynn, and Lieutenants Thomas, Tolson and Broadfoot, although severely wounded, succeeded in getting away, the latter, however, died at Martinsburg soon after reaching that place.

Of the officers and men who escaped unhurt, but two hundred reported after the battle, out of five hundred that went into the fight. I annex a list of the casualties, which will be found pretty nearly correct:

Field and Staff.—Killed, none ; wounded, Lieutenant-Colonel James R. Herbert, seriously ; Major W. W. Goldsborough, seriously.

Company A, Captain Wm. H. Murray.—Killed, Captain Wm. H. Murray ; privates, John W. Hardesty, Wm. Bruce, T. Lloyd, James Iglehart, Jr., Arthur Kennedy, George W. McIntyre, Wilbur Morrison, Harman Nicalai, Henry A. McCormick, George C. Starlings, John H. Windolph ; wounded, First Lieutenant George Thomas, severely ; First Sergeant Wm. J. Blackiston, severely ; Sergeant James H. Thomas, severely ; Corporal Charles E. Maguire, severely ; privates, John Bond, slightly ; Philip Barry, slightly ; Wm. H. Bowly, mortally ; Charles S. Braddock, slightly ; James E. Carey, slightly ; Wm. S. J. Chandler, mortally ; Moses Clayville, severely ; Jacob N. Davis, severely ; Wm. J. Edelin, slightly ; Barnard Freeman, severely ; Alex. Fulton, slightly ; Wm. F. Gardiner, severely ; Samuel T. Glenn, slightly ; Motley Hanson, slightly ; Samuel J. Hopkins, severely ; D. Ridgely Howard, slightly ; Leonard W. Ives, mortally ; W. T. V. Loane, slightly ; W. S. Lowe, severely ; John Marney, dangerously ; Philip Pindell, mortally ; Frank H. Sanderson, mortally ; A. J. Sollers, slightly ; Charles H. Stale, severely ; Wm. T. Thelin, severely ; Charles M. Trail, severely ; Andrew C. Trippe, severely ; John P. Williams, dangerously ; Jacob E. Zollinger, severely ; Wm. H. Laird, slightly ; Craig Lake, severely ;

Lamar Holliday, dangerously; Wallace Bowling, severely; Thomas B. Bowling, severely; J. A. Klimkiewiez, severely; captured, H. Tillard Smith, James A. Peregoy, Albert Emery, Bernard Hubball, David H. Lucchesi.

Company B, Captain J. Parran Crane.—Killed, Sergeant Thomas S. Freeman; private Warren F. Moore; wounded, Second Lieutenant James H. Wilson, severely; Sergeant Z. Francis Freeman, slightly; Corporal George Hayden, mortally; Corporal Thomas Simms, severely; Corporal Thomas F. Wheatley, slightly; privates, James P. Alnez, severely; John H. Chunn, slightly; Edgar Combs, slightly; Thomas J. Delogier, seriously; Albert Fenwick, slightly; Henry Ford, slightly; John A. Hayden, severely; James B. Keech, severely; Thomas Magill, slightly; Joseph H. Milstread, slightly; Wm. H. Simms, severely; Wm. L. Turner, slightly; Henry Turner, severely; James R. Webster, dangerously; John W. Wills, severely; James H. Wills, severely.

Company C, First Lieutenant Charles W. Hodges commanding.—Killed, First Sergeant Robert H. Cushing; privates, Samuel Duvall, Michael Davis, Jeremiah Dulaney, Bernard Kenney, Benjamin L. Lanham, James McWilliams, John T. O'Byrn, Benjamin Payne; wounded, Second Lieutenant Joseph W. Barber, mortally; Second Lieutenant Thomas H. Tolson, slightly; Sergeant George Probst, severely; Corporals Beale D. Hamilton,

mortally; James A. Lawson, mortally; privates, Samuel Anderson, mortally; Robert H. Clough, slightly; Tobias Duvall, seriously; Thomas Edgar, mortally; Samuel H. Hamilton, slightly; Edgar Hammond, mortally; Charles Hammond, slightly; John McGwinn, severely; Wm. V. McCann, seriously; James Nash, mortally; Wm. L. Nichols, mortally; Frank R. Steele, severely; Wm. H. Skinner, slightly; Wm. H. Shipley, severely; John G. White, slightly; captured, Corporal Edward A. Welch; privates, Robert M. Dawson, Walter Mullikin, Francis E. Storm, Justus Schutz.

Company D, Captain Joseph L. McAleer.—Killed, privates, James A. Brown, Cornelius Keron; wounded, Sergeant Wm. Jenkins, slightly; Corporals Joshua Owings, mortally; Emmett M. Webb, mortally; privates, Lewis Green, severely; Richard G. Killman, slightly; John Hayes, slightly; Philip Lipscomb, slightly; John H. Septer, severely; Wm. Watts, slightly; James H. O'Brien, severely; Thomas J. Hines, seriously; captured, privates Wm. Hogarthy, John Lamb.

Company E, Captain John W. Torsch.—Killed, none. Wounded, First Lieutenant Wm. J. Broadfoot, mortally; Sergeant P. M. Moore, mortally; Corporals, John Cain, slightly; James Reddie, severely; privates, Michael Barry, severely; Charles E. Byus, severely; John Brown, severely; Alex. Brandt, slightly; James Fallon, slightly; Edward Fallis, severely; Stephen Helbig, severely; James

Lamates, severely ; Daniel McGee, slightly ; John N. Martin, slightly ; Wm. P. Moran, severely ; Frank Roberts, severely ; Herman Radecke, severely ; John Sullivan, severely ; Wm. Wilkinson, slightly. Captured, Michael Burke.

Company F, Captain Andrew J. Gwynn.—Killed, Henry G. Taylor ; wounded, Captain Andrew J. Gwynn, slightly ; Second Lieutenant John G. Hyland, slightly ; First Sergeant Nicholas J. Mills, severely ; Sergeant Joseph S. Wagner, severely ; privates, Leroy Anderson, slightly ; George H. Claggett, slightly ; J. N. Claggett, slightly ; Philip Doyle, severely ; Lemuel Dunnington, slightly ; Benjamin Hodges, slightly ; Benjamin F. Dement, severely ; Robert Holder, severely ; Minion F. Knott, severely ; Alexis V. Keepers, slightly ; Samuel Polk, severely ; John W. Thompson, slightly ; R. Wagner, severely.

Company G, Captain Thomas R. Stewart.—Killed, Second Lieutenant William C. Wrightson ; privates, J. S. Littleford, J. H. Gossom, W. B. Cator. Wounded, Captain Thomas R. Stewart, severely ; Corporal Edward Briddell, severely ; privates, J. R. Fentswait, mortally ; W. B. Fontain, mortally ; E. W. Breslin, mortally ; Charles A. Clarke, severely ; James Abbott, severely ; Benjamin F. Twilly, severely ; D. B. P. Yingle, severely ; W. A. Vickers, severely ; S. E. Adkins, Daniel Boyles, slightly ; J. L. Woolford, slightly ; William Robbins, slightly. Captured, privates L. H. Weaver, Ross Messick.

## CHAPTER VIII.

DURING the latter part of the night of the 3d, and all day of the 4th, the weary and dispirited troops of Lee retraced their steps. There was no confusion, no disorganization, for, except the depleted ranks, the army was as intact as when it marched over the same road but a few hours before, on their way, as they believed, to certain victory. But how different must have been the feelings of all as they looked around and missed the familiar forms and features of their comrades now still in death or prisoners in the hands of the enemy, thousands of them wounded and dying. To add to their wretchedness the rain commenced to fall in torrents shortly after they began their retrograde movement, and continued the whole of the next day, making the marching very fatiguing and the roads almost impassible for the wagon trains.

Steadily they retired, followed by the army of Meade at a respectful distance. In fact it was a mere show of following that was demanded by the people of the North after what they believed to have been a great victory.

"Do not let the army of Lee escape you," was more than once telegraphed to the Federal General. But that officer knew better than all others the shattered and disorganized condition of his own army, and the certain destruction that awaited him

should he venture an attack. To follow, then, to quiet the clamorings of the people and the officials at Washington, was all he pretended to do. Had this not been the case he would have gladly taken up the gage of battle so defiantly thrown down to him by General Lee at Hagerstown, and where he suffered him to remain until the Confederate Commander, tired of waiting, again resumed his march by the same slow stages towards the Potomac.

On the 14th of July, Steuart's brigade recrossed the river at Williamsport, and took up the line of march in the direction of Martinsburg, after an absence from Virginia's soil of just twenty-six days, of which eleven were spent in Pennsylvania and fifteen in Maryland.

Passing through Martinsburg, destroying the railroad at and near that place, the command went into camp near Darksville, where it was determined to rest and recruit the tired troops for a few days.

On the 22d Johnson's division broke camp near Darksville and proceeded to Winchester, where it arrived that evening after a fatiguing day's march.

Next morning rumors prevailed that the enemy were crossing at Snicker's Gap, and the troops were hurried forward to check, and if possible drive them back. They were found in no force, however, and after a little artillery practice they retired.

Passing through Front Royal and Luray, and crossing the mountains at Thompson's Gap, on the 28th of July they took the road leading to Madison

Court House, and passing through that once beautiful village, marched for Orange Court House, via Gordonsville, crossing the Rapidan at Liberty Mills, and arriving at their place of destination on the evening of August 1st.

The division was destined to remain here some time, and the incidents attending its stay, and many of the subsequent movements of the Second Maryland, I will give the reader in the form of a diary.

Friday, September 6th.—Up to this date but little of interest has transpired since our arrival, August 1st. The troops have greatly recovered their spirits since the disastrous invasion of Pennsylvania, and are eager to again meet the enemy. We are now thoroughly organized, and although our regiments and brigades do not number as many men as they did three months ago, still we have a large and efficient army. To-day, at five o'clock, P. M., we were called upon to witness a sad, sad scene, in the execution of ten men in the Third North Carolina, of our Brigade. Their crime was desertion, and that under peculiar circumstances. They were men of families, and intelligence had reached them that their wives and little ones were in want. Unable to resist the appeal, these poor fellows started off without leave to succor them if possible. But, unfortunately, they took their arms with them. An officer of their regiment (Adjutant Mallett) was sent to bring them back, and was killed. They were apprehended, tried by court-martial, and sen-

tenced to death. All that it was possible to do was done by their friends to save them, but in vain; and these brave men, who had proved their devotion to the cause in which they had embarked on many a bloody field, were at last to die by the hands of their comrades. The execution took place upon the brigade drill ground, and was witnessed by the whole division, which was drawn up so as to form three sides of a square. The doomed men evinced the greatest firmness when pinioned to the stakes, and died like the brave men they were. At the first fire all fell dead but one, and it was necessary to discharge three shots into his body before life was extinct. It was indeed a sad, sickening sight.

September 11th.—To-day we had a grand review of Ewell's Second Army Corps, by General Lee, who expressed himself highly pleased.

September 19th.—This morning the whole of Johnson's division moved in the direction of Fredericksburg, and halted, after a march of twenty miles, at Mitchell's Ford, on the Rapidan, where we formed line of battle, in anticipation of an attack from the enemy, as several small parties of Federal troops could be seen in the distance. The command remained here until the 8th of October, inviting an attack, without being gratified, when the division returned to within five miles of Orange Court House.

October 9th.—This is a cold, frosty morning, and at daylight we moved towards Madison Court

House, and encamped within four miles of the place.

October 10th.—We were awakened at five o'clock, and moved at six, passing to the right of Madison Court House, and shortly after forded Robinson's River, where our cavalry had a skirmish, capturing about one hundred of the enemy. After crossing the river, we moved in the direction of Culpepper Court House, and encamped within eight miles of it. During the evening heavy cannonading was heard in our front, and it seemed as though a fight was imminent, as it was well known Meade, with his whole army, were not far off.

October 11th.—The column moved at early dawn, and, marching slowly, went into camp in the vicinity of Culpepper Court House. During our march we saw evidences, on every side, of Yankee vandalism. Whole fields of corn had been wantonly destroyed, and the citizens complained bitterly of the treatment they had received.

October 12th.—We were aroused at two o'clock in the morning, but did not move until half-past six, when we continued the road to Culpepper, passing a great many deserted camps, which gave every evidence that the enemy had abandoned them in haste. Leaving Culpepper to the right, the command soon after forded Hazel River, and struck the Warrenton turnpike at Jeffersontown.

From this place to the Rappahannock, a distance of three miles, a sharp skirmish ensued, the enemy

retiring. In this affair quite a number of prisoners were captured. At dark we crossed the river, and took up our quarters in a deserted camp.

October 13th.—The column moved at sunrise, taking the Warrenton pike, and passed through what was once the beautiful Warrenton Springs, though now nothing but a mass of ruins. From thence our route lay through the village of Warrenton, six miles distant, and near which we encamped for the night. It is now pretty generally believed a fight will not take place this side of Manassas, twenty-two miles distant, as the enemy are rapidly falling back.

October 14th.—We moved at sunrise, taking the road to Manassas. The cannonading was heavy during the entire day. After marching sixteen miles the division went into camp about five miles from the old battle-field.

October 16th.—Early in the morning the brigade moved to the front and formed line of battle at Bristow's Station. A sharp artillery fight soon after commenced which was very destructive to the horses, though fortunately the men escaped with a few slight wounds.

We remained in this vicinity two days, busily engaged destroying the railroad, when we turned our faces towards the Rappahannock, marching parallel with the road, and crossed over a temporary bridge on the 19th.

October 26th.—The division moved at 7 A. M.

and recrossed the Rappahannock and advanced to Bealton Station, where it formed line of battle.

October 27th.—All quiet save a little skirmishing between the cavalry and artillery. To-day at dress parade the long-looked for order was read detaching the battalion from the brigade, and transferring it to the command of Colonel Bradley T. Johnson, who had been ordered by General Lee to assemble the Maryland Line, and picket the line on his flank from the White House to New Kent Court House, and protect his communications with Richmond, with his Headquarters at Hanover Junction, where the North and South Anna rivers were of vital importance to him.

On the 2d of November the battalion took the cars at Brandy Station and arrived at the Junction next day.

Although the men had endured such great privations in the long and arduous campaign of the summer, they left the front with regret ; but they were still anxious to see the Maryland Line assembled once more, and to be with their old friends and companions. In the Line every man felt a deep interest and took a just pride, and it was hoped that should they be again united they would never be separated. It was not from any feelings of dislike to General Steuart that they openly expressed this preference, but that the General could not be induced to believe, and for sometime before their departure he had been exceedingly arbitrary in his treatment of

them, which did engender a dislike, and therefore the order to leave was hailed with delight.

The author has forgotten to mention, and will here give it but a passing notice, that whilst encamped at Orange Court House, the battalion was augmented by an eighth company, from Richmond, under the command of one Captain C. C. Callan. They were not Marylanders, but a set of worthless men, with a few exceptions, who had been taken out of the military prisons there. It was contrary to the wishes of the officers and men of the Second Maryland that they were assigned to that command, and the matter, for a time, excited no little feeling. However, they were not long troubled with Captain Callan, who was dismissed the service, whereupon most of the men deserted. The few who remained were still designated a company, and by their choice Lieutenant Bussey, of Company D, became their Captain.

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## CHAPTER IX.

IN a short time after the arrival of the infantry, Colonel Johnson had assembled the whole of the Maryland Line at the Junction, and immediately proceeded to establish his lines and erect winter quarters.

The beautiful situation selected was soon cleared, trees were felled, and in a little while villages were reared that would have done credit to more experienced builders.

After having done everything possible to contribute to their bodily comfort for the winter, they turned their attention to something of a spiritual nature, and soon, under the direction of their "fighting parson," the Reverend Mr. Cameron, a neat and substantial little chapel graced the grounds.

The winter, and away into spring, was passed here most pleasantly, and was one ever to be remembered. Scarcely a week went by but the camp was enlivened by the appearance of throngs of lady acquaintances from Richmond and the surrounding country, and by the management of that most estimable of women, Mrs. Bradley Johnson, parties, concerts, and balls were frequently gotten up. These were largely attended, and for the time the cares and privations of the field were forgotten. And then on the Sabbath day it was truly an interesting sight to see the gallant fellows escorting the fair damsels of the neighborhood to their little church to listen to the word of God.

But things cannot always be as we would wish, for about the first of March, 1864, the peace and quiet of their camp was invaded by a rumor that the Yankee cavalry under Kilpatrick was coming down upon them. Instant preparations were made

to give them a reception. The infantry was not brought into requisition, but taking the cavalry and two pieces of artillery Colonels Johnson and Brown harrassed them for days, a detailed account of which will be found in the operations of the cavalry.

After the raid of Kilpatrick everything went on as before, and weeks glided by in this delightful place almost imperceptibly.

About the 10th of May, by General Order No. 38, A. I. G. Office, General Arnold Elzey was ordered to Staunton to recruit and receive transferred Marylanders from other commands, and it was for a time hoped that the Maryland Line would be much increased in numbers, and in the future kept intact. But in this they were disappointed, for the men, now accustomed to their officers, and having made their associations where they were, preferred to remain. But few were, therefore, added to the little command. This failure to increase the numbers of the Line necessitated the distribution of the several commands to other bodies, and never after did they operate together. Colonel Johnson was ordered to the command of a cavalry brigade in Early's army in the Valley, and took the cavalry with him. The artillery was also ordered to report to Early soon after the battle of Cold Harbor, whilst the infantry was assigned to Breckinridge, as will be seen.

On the 27th of April winter quarters were broken

up, and the troops left the little village in which they had spent so many happy hours with regret.

The campaign of the year was now about to be inaugurated, and they were to change the quiet and (in this instance) pleasures of the camp for the perils and privations of the field.

After a short march the battalion went into temporary quarters a little distance southwest from the Junction, on the old telegraph road.

After remaining here until the 23d of May, most of the time engaged in guarding the various railroad bridges in the vicinity, the Second Maryland was ordered to Hanover Court House, there to await orders from General Breckinridge.

On the 26th, by order of that General, it joined his division, when the whole moved down the telegraph road and halted within ten miles of Richmond.

On the 28th the march was resumed as far as Atlas Station, where next morning slight skirmishing ensued, in which the enemy were repulsed.

On the morning of the 30th they opened a heavy artillery fire upon Breckinridge's command, which was as vigorously responded to, and kept up until the evening of the 31st, the battalion sustaining a loss of but one man wounded.

June 2d.—In the early part of to-night the division moved in the direction of Gaines' Mills by way of Mechanicsville, passing on the road many destitute families fleeing from the neighborhood. There were

a large number of children among them who were suffering terribly from hunger, and their appeals to the rough soldiers for a mouthful of food was distressing indeed. These shared their day's rations with them, and they eagerly devoured the coarse bacon raw.

In the afternoon the division of Breckinridge reached the farm of Dr. Gaines, and took its position in line of battle, which was upon the same ground held by the Federals in the memorable engagement of the 27th of June, 1862. The Second Maryland was here held in reserve, to support Echols' brigade of Virginians, and formed line about one hundred yards in rear of the main body.

The skirmishing was very heavy during the afternoon and evening, and the enemy made repeated attempts to charge the Confederate lines, but the utmost efforts of their officers failed to induce the troops to leave the shelter of the woods in which they were posted.

During the night the lines were strengthened by the arrival of Wilcox's and Finnegan's brigades, which also formed in reserve.

June 3d.—To-day is memorable in the history of the glorious little Second Maryland, for they this day won honors of which every Marylander may be justly proud, and wrung from the great Lee, in his official report, a compliment which will live forever on the pages of history.

At the break of day the command was hastily

aroused from its slumbers by the loud peals of cannon and the rattle of small arms. Springing to their feet, what was their surprise to behold that part of the line of battle in their immediate front precipitately retreating, and abandoning their works, and the artillery there stationed, to the enemy, who were swarming over the breastworks. But an instant was, however, left for reflection. Another moment and their own artillery, double shotted with canister, would be turned upon them, and their destruction was inevitable, and, perhaps, the destruction of the whole division. And then and there they did what few troops had ever done before. Almost spontaneously (for in the confusion and noise no command could be heard) they rushed upon the overwhelming masses of the Federal infantry with the bayonet, and wrested the guns from their hands just as they were about to belch forth death and destruction to all who stood in their way. A most desperate and sanguinary hand-to-hand struggle then ensued, in which the bayonet and the short swords of the officers were used with dreadful effect, and it can be said to be one of the few instances of the kind in the history of battles. The enemy did not long withstand this mad attack, but fled over the breastworks and sought the cover of the line of works from which they had just emerged, falling by hundreds at every step, from the fire of the recaptured artillery and the deadly minnie that relentlessly pursued them. Again and again they

advanced, but right upon the heels of the Maryland boys had followed Finnegan, with his Floridians, and the utmost efforts of the heavy Federal columns failed to make the least impression, and the result was, that the whole ground in front was strewn with the dead and wounded of the enemy, and at the close of the sanguinary battle of Cold Harbor Breckinridge remained master of his position, with several hundred prisoners in his possession, captured in the headlong charge of the Marylanders.

The fight was not yet ended when the glorious Breckinridge, who had witnessed it all, dashed up, and, with tears of gratitude streaming down his classic face, extolled their conduct and thanked them for what they had done; and even as he did so he came near falling a victim to his own generous impulses, for a cannon shot struck his noble charger full in the breast, and horse and rider fell heavily to the ground. Except a few bruises, however, the General escaped unhurt.

Here is what "a Virginian" says, in the Richmond *Sentinel*, of the part taken by the Marylanders in this great battle:

NEAR RICHMOND, June 6th, 1864.

*Mr. Editor*—The public have already been informed, through the columns of the public journals, of the general results of the late engagements between the forces of General Lee and General Grant. But they have not yet learned the particulars, which are always most interesting, and in some instances, owing to the confusion which generally attends large battles, they have been misinformed on some points. It is now known by the public that the enemy were momentarily successful in one of their assaults,

on the lines held by Major General Breckinridge's division, which might have resulted in disaster to our cause.

It will be interesting to all to know what turned disaster into victory, and converted a triumphant column into a flying rabble. The successful assault of the enemy was made under cover of darkness, before the morning star had been hid by the light of the sun. They came gallantly forward in spite of a severe fire from General Echols' brigade, and in spite of the loss of many of their men, who fell like autumn leaves, until the ground was almost blue and red with their uniforms and their blood. They rushed in heavy mass over our breastworks. Our men, confused by the suddenness of the charge, and borne down by the rush of the enemy, retreated, and all now seemed to be lost. At this juncture the Second Maryland Infantry, of Colonel Bradley T. Johnson's command, now in charge of Captain J. P. Crane, were roused from their sleep. Springing to their arms they formed in a moment, and rushing gallantly forward, poured a deadly fire into the enemy and then charged bayonet. The enemy were, in turn, surprised at the suddenness and vim of this assault. They gave back—they became confused; and General Finnegan's forces coming up, they took to flight; but not until nearly a hundred men were stretched on the plain, from the fire of the Second Maryland Infantry, and many others captured. Lieutenant Charles B. Wise, of Company B, now took possession of the guns, which had been abandoned by our forces, and with the assistance of some of his own men and some of General Finnegan's command, poured a deadly fire into the retreating column of the enemy.

Thus was the tide of battle turned, and this disaster converted into a success. I am informed that the whole force of the enemy which came within our lines would have been captured, had it not been for the mistake of an officer who took the enemy for our own men, and thus checked for a few moments the charge of the Second Maryland Infantry. I take pleasure in narrating these deeds of our Maryland brethren, and doubt not you will join in the feeling.

A VIRGINIAN.

In this affair the battalion suffered a loss of between thirty and forty men killed and wounded, as follows:

Battle of Cold Harbor, Captain J. Parran Crane commanding.

Company A, Captain George Thomas command-

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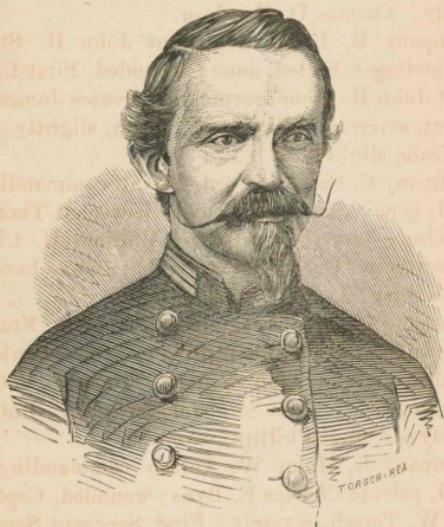
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Capt. JNO. W. TORSCH.

ing—Killed, privates Wm. H. Hollyday, Henry C. Owens; wounded, Alexander Fulton, mortally; Thomas O'Brien, severely; Frederick Heister, slightly; Wm. Hoffman, severely; John C. Henry, slightly; Thomas D. Harrison.

Company B, First Lieutenant John H. Stone commanding.—Killed, none; wounded, First Lieutenant John H. Stone, severely; privates James R. Herbert, severely; Rinaldo J. Moran, slightly; A. W. Neale, slightly.

Company C, Captain Ferd. Duvall commanding. Killed, none; wounded, Second Lieutenant Thomas H. Tolson, severely; privates, William H. Claggett, severely; C. S. Ford, severely; Henry Loughran, slightly; R. B. Willis, severely.

Company D, First Lieutenant James S. Franklin commanding.—Killed, private James Hurley; wounded, Second Lieutenant S. Thomas McCullough, severely; First Sergeant Thomas C. Butler, severely; Abram Phillips, severely.

Company E, John W. Torsch commanding.—Killed, private Charles E. Byus; wounded, Captain John W. Torsch, severely; First Sergeant Samuel Kirk, severely; privates Levi G. Dawson, slightly; William Wilkinson, mortally; Joseph Smith, slightly.

Company F, Captain H. A. Gwynne commanding.—Killed, Lemuel Dunnington; wounded, Captain H. A. Gwynne, slightly; Sergeant R. F. Muirhead, severely; privates Andrew Cretin, slightly; Hillary

Cretin, slightly ; Bernard Dooley, slightly ; Alexis V. Keepers, slightly.

Company G, First Lieutenant G. G. Guillette commanding.—Killed, Wm. S. Reed ; wounded, private Michael Hines.

Company H, Captain J. Thomas Bussey commanding.—Killed, none ; wounded, Maurice Ward, severely ; William Hardy, slightly.

Not long after the battle of Cold Harbor, much to their regret the Second Maryland was transferred temporarily to Walker's brigade, I say much to their regret, for General Breckinridge had won the heart of every man of the command.

Their stay with Walker was short, and they were assigned to Archer's brigade of Heth's division.\* With this command they were destined to see much heavy fighting around Petersburg, where the Confederate army entrenched itself soon after the bloody battle of the 3d of June.

On the 13th of June a severe fight occurred at White Oak Swamp, in which the Confederates gained a signal success. The loss of the Second Maryland in this affair was as follows :

Company A.—Killed, private John G. Wagner.

Company C.—Killed, private Lewis H. Viet.

Company G.—Killed, private William H. Calhoun.

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\*General Archer was soon after taken sick and died, when General McComb assumed command.

After the fight at White Oak Swamp the command was set to work, along with the rest of the army, building breastworks and entrenching themselves in their position. In this they were much annoyed by the enemy's sharpshooters and artillery, and many casualties occurred. Up to the 25th of August the loss of the Second Maryland was as follows :

Company H.—Wounded, Captain John J. Ward, severely, June 26th ; private John Parker, slightly, August 9th.

Company G.—Wounded, privates Thomas Brannock, slightly, June 26th ; James Abbott, severely, August 12th ; George Langford, severely, August 25th.

Company C.—Wounded, private Richard T. Anderson, severely, August 12th.

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## CHAPTER X.

ON the 18th of August the Confederates in heavy force, under Mahone, made a desperate attempt to dislodge the Federals from a strong position at Ream's Station, on the Weldon railroad. The battle was a terrific one, and the Confederate General gained a complete victory, driving the Federals before him with heavy loss in killed, wounded, and prisoners.

He was attacked in turn next day by a large force, and after making a brave and determined stand, was compelled to fall back, leaving the enemy in possession of the road.

The loss on both sides was dreadful; and here again the Second Maryland proved of what material it was made. Disdaining to retreat without the command, when all others were seeking safety in flight, they stood to their post to the last. Again and again were they assaulted, but again and again they drove their assailants back with heavy loss. At length in overwhelming numbers the enemy came upon them and reached the breastworks. But there that little band remained for a time as firm as the rocks of Gibraltar. But the enemy crossed the breastworks, and the struggle was hand to hand. Desperately the bayonet was thrust, and the butts of muskets crushed through human skulls. But this unequal struggle could not be of long duration, and surrounded and overwhelmed, the survivors sought to fight their way out. Many succeeded, but one-third of that gallant band lay dead and wounded, or were prisoners in the hands of the foe.

Many were the noble spirits who fell, and among the number the brave and chivalrous Adjutant J. Winder Laird. The author had served with him in the First, and then in the Second Maryland, in both of which, by his kind and affable disposition, he had won the love of his companions; and but a

short time before his death he had been promoted to the rank of Adjutant, as an evidence of their esteem. Gentle as a woman in his daily intercourse with men, upon the battle-field his whole nature underwent a change. Ever foremost in the fight, his splendid figure towering above his companions, with eyes flashing, nostrils dilated, and his features all animating, he became as fierce as an unchained lion, and by his reckless exposure of person and daring courage made himself the target for many a bullet. Here at Ream's Station, in the full tide of victory, and whilst cheering his men on in the pursuit, he was struck in the forehead and fell dead without a groan, Alas, the fatal bullet that pierced the brain of Winder Laird went straight to the heart of a fond, doting mother, who did not long survive the death of her darling, and they now rest side by side in the little churchyard at Cambridge, Md.

The following is the loss sustained by the battalion in killed, wounded, and prisoners :

Battle of Weldon Railroad.—Captain J. Parran Crane commanding, who received a severe contusion.

Field and staff.—Killed, Adjutant J. Winder Laird.

Company A, First Lieutenant Clapham Murray commanding.—Killed, private Jacob W. Davis ; wounded, Lieutenant Wm. P. Zollinger, slightly ; Corporal Willis Brannock, slightly ; privates J. E. Fitzgerald, slightly ; John C. Henry, severely ; N.

Heenan, severely ; D. Ridgely Howard, severely ; George W. Marden, slightly ; Somerville Sollers, slightly ; Richard C. Tilghman, severely ; Joseph I. Joy, severely ; captured, First Lieutenant Clapham Murray, First Sergeant James F. Pearson, Sergeant James W. Thomas ; privates, William Adair, Charles S. Brannock, J. R. Phelps, Theophilus N. Deale, William J. Edelin, H. L. Gallagher, James S. Raley.

Company B, First Sergeant C. Craig Page commanding.—Killed, First Sergeant C. Craig Page ; wounded, Sergeant P. T. Reeder, slightly ; Corporal J. Z. Downing, severely ; privates Dyoniusius Ball, severely ; John H. Chum, slightly ; J. J. Delozier, slightly ; J. Marion Freeman, slightly ; Washington Page, severely ; Henry Turner, slightly ; captured, Sergeant F. Z. Freeman, Corporal W. F. Wheatley, private James F. Keech.

Company C, First Lieutenant Charles W. Hodges commanding.—Killed, Sergeant Robert T. Hodges ; wounded, privates Daniel Duvall, severely ; H. H. Crawford, slightly ; John G. White, slightly ; captured, Corporal Edward A. Welch ; privates Theodore Cooksey, W. C. Gibson, John C. Miller, Robert H. Welch.

Company D, First Lieutenant James S. Franklin commanding.—Wounded, privates John Johnson, slightly ; C. C. Leitch, slightly ; Philip Lipscomb, slightly ; Thomas Macready, slightly ; cap-

tured, First Lieutenant James S. Franklin, Sergeant William Jenkins, privates John Lynch, William Killman.

Company E, First Lieutenant William R. Byus commanding.—Wounded, First Lieutenant Wm. R. Byus, severely; privates S. M. Byus, slightly; Thomas McLaughlin, severely; James Hanley, severely; Elisha Butler, severely; captured, Sergeant George L. Ross, Corporal John Cain, privates James Lamates, John L. Stansbury, John Cantrell, John Grant, James Applegarth.

Company F, First Lieutenant John W. Polk commanding.—Wounded, private Josiah T. Boswell, severely; captured, Sergeant Joseph L. Wagner, Corporal J. T. Brown, James H. Dixon.

Company G, Lieutenant G. G. Guillette commanding.—Killed, John D. Edelen; wounded, private Martin L. Rider, slightly; captured, Lieutenant G. G. Guillette, Sergeants Daniel A. Fenton, George W. Manning, Algernon Henry, Corporal Benjamin F. Twilly, privates William L. Brannock, W. L. Etchison, Levi Wheatley.

Company H, Captain J. T. Bussey commanding. Wounded, Captain J. T. Bussey, severely; private William Hargy, slightly.

## CHAPTER XI.

ON the 30th of September Heth's division again encountered the enemy at Pegram's farm. It was a desperate engagement, in which the Confederate arms gained a decided victory. As in every preceding battle, the Second Maryland took a conspicuous part and covered itself with glory, but losing fearfully in killed and wounded. Out of one hundred and forty-nine men that went into the fight forty-three were killed and wounded, as follows :

Battle of Pegram's Farm, Captain Ferdinand Duvall commanding.—Wounded, Captain Ferdinand Duvall, severely.

Company A, Captain George Thomas commanding.—Killed, Corporal S. Pinckney Gill, George Deatore; wounded, Captain George Thomas, severely; Second Lieutenant Wm. F. Zollinger, slightly; privates John Goodwin, severely; Frederick Huster, severely; Wm. A. Hance, slightly; missing, private Wm. H. Hubbard, supposed killed.

Company B, Second Lieutenant Charles B. Wise commanding.—Killed, private John H. Junger; wounded, Sergeants John G. Barber, slightly; Whittingham Hammett, slightly; privates Robert Beal, severely; Charles J. Foxwell, slightly.

Company C, Sergeant George Roberts commanding.—Killed, private Richard T. Onion; wounded, Sergeant George Roberts, slightly; privates Wm,

Grace, severely; Thomas L. Mitchell, severely; captured, private John T. White.

Company D, Sergeant Isaac Sherwood commanding.—Wounded, privates David Hammett, slightly; W. Beale Owings, severely; John Spence, severely; missing, Philip Lipscomb.

Company E, Sergeant Wm. Heaphy commanding.—Wounded, Corporal Benjamin F. Amos, severely; privates John Keppleman, severely; Michael Noonan, severely; captured, private Martin O'Hallon.

Company F, Captain A. J. Gwynne commanding. Killed, private Abel Hurley, . wounded, Captain A. J. Gwynne, slightly; privates John H. Claggett, severely; John W. Claggett, slightly; Thomas J. Webb, severely; Hillary Cretin, severely.

Company G, Second Lieutenant George Brighthaupt commanding.—Wounded, Lieutenant George Brighthaupt, mortally; Corporal William Lord, severely; private Robert Mumford, slightly; captured, Sergeant Michael Hallohan, privates Jesse Waters, Michael Eligett.

Company H, Corporal Patrick Heenan commanding.—Killed, Corporal Patrick Heenan; wounded, private Edward Welch, severely.

On the next day, October 1st, 1864, they again encountered the enemy on the Squirrel Level Road, and repulsed them after a sharp engagement. The loss of the Marylanders in this affair was as follows:

Battle of Squirrel Level Road, Captain John W. Torsch commanding.

Company A, Sergeant Charles E. Maguire, commanding.—Wounded, private William T. Bailey, severely.

Company B, Second Lieutenant Charles B. Wise, commanding.—Wounded, private Wm. Herbert, mortally.

Company C, Corporal C. M. Clayton commanding.—Wounded, privates John W. Blumendeur, severely; Charles Hammond, severely; Frank Wheatley, mortally.

Company D, Sergeant Isaac Sherwood, commanding.—Wounded, Sergeant Isaac Sherwood, severely.

Company E, Sergeant Samuel Kirk commanding. Wounded, privates John Brown, severely; Wm. Gwynn, slightly.

Company F, Sergeant John W. Polk commanding.—Wounded, Charles A. Hoge, mortally.

Company H.—Wounded, private James Powers, slightly.

For a long while after the battle of Squirrel Level Road, the Second Maryland remained in the trenches, or were engaged in picketing along their front. It had been reduced to about one hundred men, and still these men were compelled to do the duty of a battalion. So numerous were the desertions in the brigade to which they belonged that it at last became necessary to keep the Marylanders almost constantly on picket, for as sure as this duty was entrusted to other troops just so sure were they to find deserted posts in the morning.

And still these brave men never complained of what was imposed upon them. Throughout that dreary fall and the long, cold winter, nearly naked and half fed, they silently did their duty, whilst thousands were proving recreant to the cause. Elegant and refined gentlemen, who at home never knew what it was to want for a single comfort, were in rags and tatters, sleeping in mud and filth, and when the bleak winds of December pierced many a rent in their wretched garments they only drew their sorry blanket the closer around their gaunt and shivering limbs, and cheerfully responded to the call for any duty. Was it a wonder, then, that after the battle of Cold Harbor General Breckinridge should have exclaimed, "What could not be done with a hundred thousand such men."

I shall again resort to a diary in my possession :

December 19th.—To-day to the great surprise and joy of all, Colonel James R. Herbert, who was left in a supposed dying condition upon the field of Gettysburg, appeared in camp and was enthusiastically received. The Colonel had endured a long imprisonment at Johnson's Island, and looked anything but well.

January 8th, 1865.—Just as had been expected, to-day Colonel Herbert, much to the regret of all, was compelled to relinquish the command of the battalion and go to the hospital. His loss was deeply felt, for the command was sadly in need of his valuable services.

February 5th.—About 10 o'clock to-day the brigade received marching orders, and moving to the right was joined by heavy bodies of troops, when the whole crossed the breastworks and marched quietly along between the two picket lines some distance, when the Federal skirmishers were attacked and driven in, and an assault made upon their works, and although maintained with great vigor, it was repulsed with heavy loss. Two other charges by fresh troops met with no better success, when the Confederates retired, leaving most of their dead and wounded on the field.

In this severe fight the Second Maryland took a conspicuous part, and, as usual, suffered severely. Among the killed was Lieutenant Charles Hodges, of Company C. The noble fellow, in the midst of the storm of bullets, halted for an instant to unbuckle the belt of one of his command who had fallen wounded, when he was struck in the head and fell dead.

In his death the command lost one of its most valuable officers, and the cause an ardent supporter. His was a character not found in every-day life, but when encountered, like a pearl, was to be prized and treasured by all who loved that which is pure and unblemished. A gallant soldier, a devout Christian, he was beloved by all who knew his worth.

February 24th.—At this time the number of desertions from the brigade and division to which the battalion belongs are very numerous, the men

leaving their posts on picket in great numbers. Much dissatisfaction exists, and truly not without cause. For months they have been in the trenches with scarcely a sufficiency of food to sustain life, and almost in a state of nudity, whilst the weather has been intensely cold. To the honor of the Second Maryland, however, be it said that as yet but one desertion has taken place, that of Porter of Company A. Nor is it likely there will be another, for the men seem determined to bear their sufferings uncomplainingly whilst life lasts.

March 27.—Fighting has been going on for the past two days along our front south of Petersburg, and it is evident the crisis is fast approaching. In the series of engagements the enemy have been successful, attacking our thin line with heavy columns, and all our rifle pits between Hatcher's Run and the Weldon Railroad are in his possession. They are now within seventy-five yards of the position this division occupies, and an attack is hourly expected.

March 29th.—The line was changed last night, but an attack is momentarily expected. Heavy firing on the right.

April 3d.—Last night about dark Captain Torsch received the following order from General McComb :

HEADQUARTERS McCOMB'S BRIGADE, *April 2d, 1865.*

CAPTAIN :

You will report with your Battalion, *under arms, at once, at the Chapel of Gen. Cook's brigade.*

By command of

BRIG. GEN. WM. McCOMB.

JOHN ALLEN, A. A. A. G.

Captain JOHN W. TORSCH, Comd'g Maryland Battalion.

The battalion promptly repaired to the point designated, where it found three battalions in readiness to assault the trenches lost a few evenings before. The troops then moved to the attack in gallant style, but the Second Maryland alone performed the work assigned them, the troops on the right and left having given way, which leaves the battalion in a precarious situation. Although the enemy are in their works in force, and but twenty yards in our front, they do not venture to attack. Capt. Torsch (who has been in command of the battalion for some months) declared it as his intention to fight them to the last, in which resolve he is most heartily seconded by the little command.

April 5th.—Before daylight on the morning of the 4th we succeeded, after twenty-four hours of intense anxiety, in extricating ourselves from the perilous position we had gotten into the preceding night. Captain Torsch then threw out skirmishers in front, under Captain Duvall, and the remainder of the battalion he formed behind a line of works at intervals of thirty paces.

At daylight the enemy made two spirited attacks about a mile on our left, both of which were repulsed, but a third proved successful. Moving then to the right and left they carried everything before them. Captain Torsch, finding his left flank attacked, formed his men perpendicularly to the rear, and taking position behind some logs, repulsed and drove back two attacking columns in succession.

McComb meanwhile endeavored to reinforce Torsch on the right. At this instant the enemy attacked on what had been Torsch's front, but now his right flank, when McComb, finding himself almost surrounded, gave orders for the whole brigade to fall back to Hatcher's Run, though contesting every foot of ground, but losing heavily in prisoners.

Captain Ferd. Duvall, in command of the skirmish line, finding himself hard pressed, and his further retreat cut off, with a handful of men threw himself into a small interior work, resolved upon making a last determined stand. Again and again did the enemy attempt to dislodge this devoted little band, but they were as often hurled back with heavy loss. At length by hundreds they swarmed over the breastworks and gained the interior of the works, and then, and not until then, did they surrender.

The officers taken here were as follows :

Captain Ferd. Duvall, Lieutenants Zollinger, Tolson, Polk, Byus and Wise.

Captain Torsch, with the remnant of the battalion, had in the meantime fallen back to Hatcher's Run, where finding the Boydton plank road bridge in the hands of the enemy, they plunged into the stream and swam to the opposite bank, and joined the forces on that side.

The rest is soon told. In the retreat of the army which followed, the handful of men left of the battalion assisted in bringing up the rear. The

privations endured until the army reached Appomattox Court House are too well known to repeat, and by none were they borne more uncomplainingly than by Captain Torsch and his men ; and when, on the 9th of April, 1865, they laid down their arms in obedience to the last command they were ever to receive from their beloved Lee, it was with feelings not easily imagined. As an organization the Second Maryland Infantry here ceased to exist, but it has left a heritage to its posterity and to its State of which they may be justly proud.

Captain Torsch, on whom the unpleasant duty devolved, surrendered upon this occasion the following officers and men, who can point to the record and proudly say, " We were of the first, and were the last."

List of officers and men of the Second Maryland Infantry surrendered at Appomattox Court House, April 9th, 1865 :

John W. Torsch, Captain commanding ; William R. McCullough, Adjutant ; Dewilton Snowden, Assistant Surgeon ; Edwin James, Q. M. Sergeant ; Frank Dement, Sergeant Major ; F. L. Higdon, Ordnance Sergeant ; M. A. Quinn, Chief Musician ; Charles F. Drewry, Joseph E. Smith, Musicians.

Company A.—Corporal H. Tilliard Smith. Privates, William J. Edelin, Bernard Freeman, Henry Holliday, John J. Hunter, William H. Laird, William E. Lowe, N. L. Lowe, John W. McDaniel, Alex. Murray, Edward O'Donovan, James A. Peregoy, Andrew T. Miller.

Company B.—Sergeant Phillip T. Reeder. Privates Henry Ford, Thomas Magill, William G. Matthews, John C. Mills, A. W. Neale, F. X. Semmes, James A. Wills, Walter Wood.

Company C.—Corporal B. D. Mulliken. Privates, Evans Duvall, Franklin Duvall, J. N. Blumenar, William H. Claggett, William Grace, Thomas Mitchell, James R. Moog, Peter Orr, Joshua Watts.

Company D.—Sergeants, Thomas C. Butler, Isaac N. Sherwood. Privates, Samuel B. Dove, R. H. Shepherd.

Company E.—Sergeant Wilbur Rutter. Privates, William Gavin, Edward Lawn, Joseph Ridgel, William Unkel, William F. Brawner, James Gardner, Elisha Rutter.

Company F.—Privates, G. W. Claggett, G. N. Guy, John O. Hill, A. V. Keepers.

Company G.—Sergeant Daniel A. Fenton. Privates, John Callahan, William Pickel, Joseph Manly, William R. Mumford.

Company H.—John Parker.

The following General Order from General Lee, issued the succeeding day, and distributed to the commanders of corps, divisions, brigades, regiments and battalions, explains itself:

HEADQUARTERS ARMY NORTHERN VIRGINIA, }  
Appomattox C. H., April 10, 1865. }

GENERAL ORDERS No. 9.

After four years of arduous service, marked by unsurpassed courage and fortitude, the Army of Northern Virginia has been compelled to yield to overwhelming numbers and resources.

I need not tell the brave survivors of so many hard fought battles, who have remained steadfast to the last, that I have consented to this result from no distrust of them, but feeling that valor and devotion could accomplish nothing that would compensate for the loss that must have attended a continuance of the contest, I determined to avoid the useless sacrifice of those whose past services have endeared them to their countrymen.

By the terms of the agreement, officers and men can return to their homes and remain until exchanged. You will take with you the satisfaction that proceeds from the consciousness of duty faithfully performed, and I earnestly pray that a merciful God will extend to you His blessing and protection.

With an unceasing admiration of your constancy and devotion to your country, and a grateful remembrance of your kind and generous consideration for myself, I bid you all an affectionate farewell.

Signed, R. E. LEE, *General*.

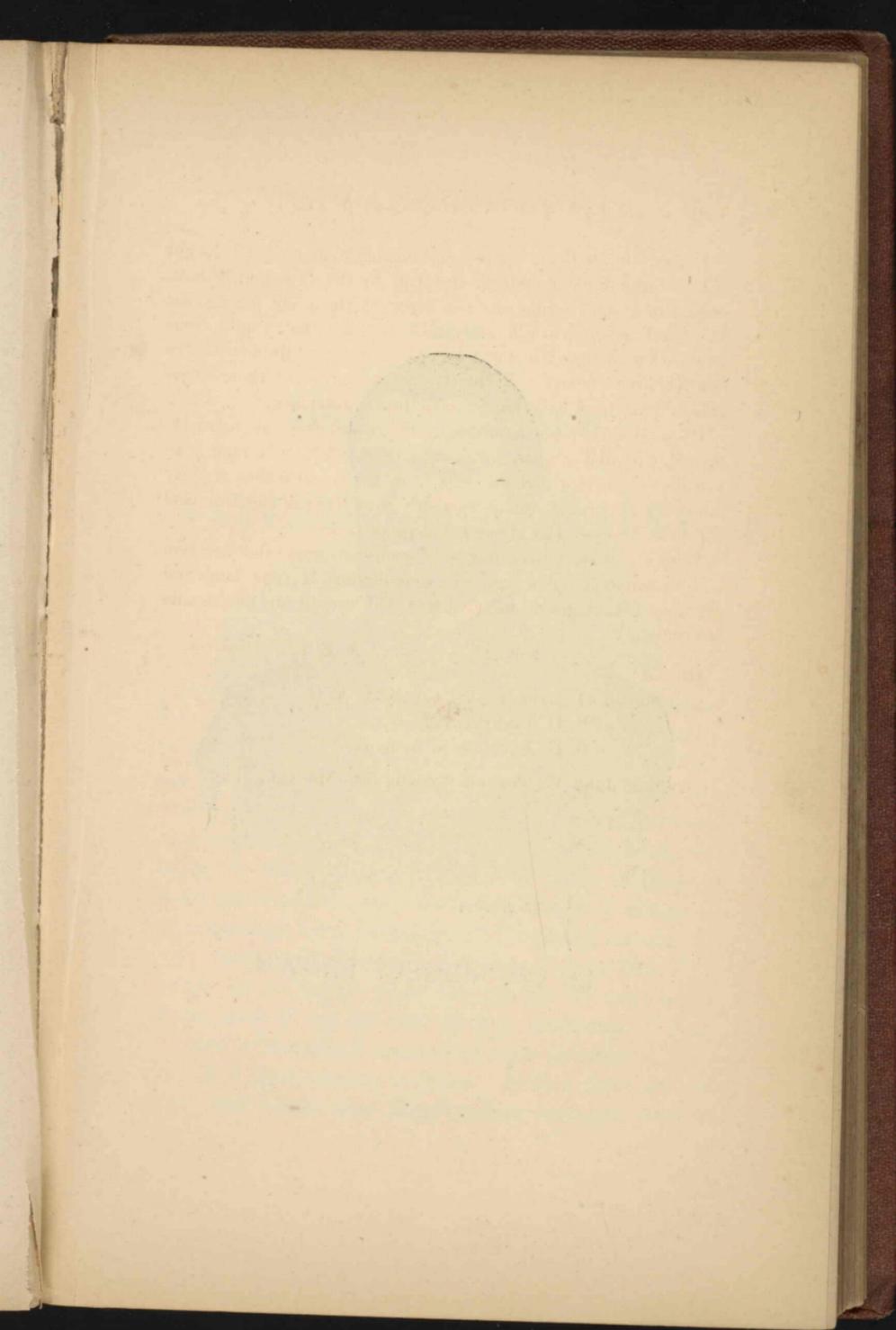
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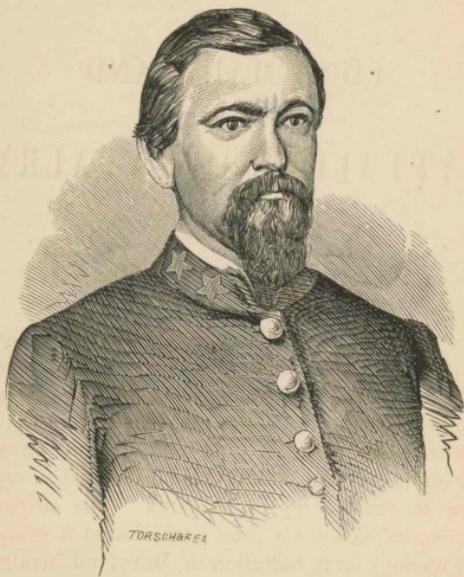
Signed, O. LATROBE, Lt. Col. & A. A. G.

" R. H. FINNEY, A. A. G.

" P. G. JOHNSON, A. A. A. G.

To Captain JOHN W. TORSCH, Com'dg Sec. Md. Inf.





Lt. Col. RIDGELY BROWN.

THE  
FIRST MARYLAND  
BATTALION OF CAVALRY.

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## CHAPTER I.

ON the 15th day of May, 1862, there was assembled in a quiet room in the city of Richmond a little band of Marylanders, numbering eighteen men, who had just been transferred from Captain Gaither's company, of the First Virginia Cavalry, and ordered to the "Maryland Line," then organizing in the Valley of Virginia. The subject of their conversation was the formation of a company as a nucleus for a battalion of Maryland cavalry.

"I have withdrawn," said one, "from the First Virginia, to fight with the people of my native State, and if we do not form a company, I shall go into a Maryland command and shoulder a musket, if I cannot carry a sabre. It is a duty we owe her, and there are Marylanders enough here to

represent her handsomely, if the proper steps are taken to assemble them."

"I entirely agree with Lieutenant Brown," said a second speaker, (Frank A. Bond,) "and shall follow his example, though I see no reason why we should not now, in this very room, organize, and set to work recruiting, for I feel confident that in a short time we can gather from among those here and the many coming over, men enough to muster in."

Those present readily concurred, and before leaving the room it was agreed that Company A should be officered as follows: Captain, Ridgely Brown, of Montgomery; First Lieutenant, Frank A. Bond, of Anne Arundel; Second Lieutenant, Thomas Griffith, of Montgomery; Third Lieutenant, James A. V. Pue, of Howard.

And thus was formed the nucleus of the First Maryland Battalion of Cavalry, a command that was destined to become an honor to the State, and the pride of the cavalry arm of the service.

Company A rapidly recruited, and was in a very short time mustered in, and ordered to the Valley of Virginia. Here it did good service—participating in Jackson's memorable campaign against Banks, and the subsequent retreat from the superior forces of Fremont. In the cavalry engagement near Harrisonburg, between the commands of Ashby and Percy Wyndham, the gallantry of Company A was so conspicuous as to

attract the attention of General Ewell, who paid it a handsome compliment.

Thence they proceeded, with Jackson's army, to Richmond, and participated in the seven days' fights. It was with the army of General Lee in Maryland, and after that campaign returned to the Valley of Virginia, to be joined by three companies which had been formed by Captains George W. Emack, Robert C. Smith and Warner E. Welsh.

At Winchester, on the 25th of November, 1862, the battalion was organized as follows:

Major, Ridgely Brown; Adjutant, George W. Booth; Quartermaster, Ignatius Dorsey; Surgeon, Wilner McKnew.

Company A.—Captain, Frank A. Bond; First Lieutenant, Thomas Griffith; Second Lieutenant, J. A. V. Pue; Third Lieutenant, Edward Beatty.

Company B.—Captain, George W. Emack; First Lieutenant, M. E. McKnew; Second Lieutenant, Adolphus Cook; Third Lieutenant, Henry Blackiston.

Company C.—Captain, Robert C. Smith; First Lieutenant, George Howard; Second Lieutenant, T. Jeff Smith; Third Lieutenant, W. S. Turnbull.

Company D.—Captain, Warner E. Welsh; First Lieutenant, W. H. Dorsey; Second Lieutenant, Stephen D. Laurence; Third Lieutenant, Milton Welsh.

Subsequently the battalion was joined by the following additional companies:

Company E.—Captain, W. I. Raisin; First Lieutenant, John B. Burroughs; Second Lieutenant, Nathaniel Chapman; Third Lieutenant, Joseph K. Roberts.

Company F.—Captain, Augustus F. Schwartz; First Lieutenant, C. Irving Ditty; Second Lieutenant, Fielder C. Slingluff; Third Lieutenant, Sam'l G. Bonn.

Company H.—Captain, Gustavus W. Dorsey; First Lieutenant, N. C. Hobbs; Second Lieutenant, Edward Pugh.

The company of Captain Dorsey joined the battalion in July, 1864, having served with distinction up to that time in the First Virginia regiment, of which Generals J. E. B. Stuart, W. E. Jones, and Fitzhugh Lee had successively been Colonels. It will be seen there is a vacancy, occasioned by the death of Third Lieutenant Rodolphus Cecil, who was killed whilst the company was serving in the First Virginia.

After the formation of the battalion, it was ordered to New Market, to join the infantry and artillery of the Maryland Line there encamped.

The winter was passed at various points in the Valley, with its usual routine of picket duty, and but little to vary the monotony of camp life. During that time an expedition was made to Moorefield, by General Jones, but it was attended with no incident worthy of note.

The author cannot say, though, that it was by any

means an unpleasant winter. We did suffer many hardships and privations, it is true, and were compelled more than once to sleep in the snow; but then we had our enjoyments in social intercourse. The cavalry visited the infantry and artillery, and the infantry and artillery visited the cavalry; and especially was this the case when it was known a committee from either had returned from a trip to the "Fort." And when, on rainy days, we were compelled to seek the shelter of our shebangs, we could listen to Lieutenant Bill Dorsey narrate the particulars of his famous duel. Pshaw! Don Quixote and his windmill were nowhere.

The reader may wonder what is meant by this mysterious "Fort." In a word, it was a secluded spot in the mountains where persimmon whiskey was distilled, the road to which was known to Tom Griffith's big stone jug full well.

The author paid a visit to this famous "Fort" on one occasion. He would not have gone had he not been ordered by Colonel Herbert. Oh, no, for he had been for a long while thinking of signing the temperance pledge. But then he had been taught to always obey orders. Colonel Herbert had invited Colonel Funston and Colonel Massey to dine next day, and it seemed so unsociable not to have something stronger than water on the table, if only for appearance sake. And then chickens and turkeys were to be bought, etc. He went, and with him Captain Ferd. Duvall, mounted on Emack's

race horse. In due time we arrived, and found things cheap, very cheap.

Captain Duvall was a prodigal man with his money, and bought one gallon and a half of persimmon juice, which was poured into sundry three pint canteens. The day was damp and raw, and it was necessary to try the whiskey to test its quality.

"I don't think it's good," I remarked, after tasting it.

"You are mistaken," said the Captain; "it's capital. Try it again."

And we had another pull.

"Better than I thought," said I, taking the canteen from my lips.

"You were right at first," said Ferd., almost strangled; not good at all—not good at all."

"You are mistaken," I insisted, "as you will be convinced if you try it again."

And we did try again, and found it capital.

And then poultry was to be bought; and here again the Captain was prodigal. Three turkeys, six chickens, one goose, two ducks and a guinea fowl was the extent of his purchase, which we strapped behind our saddles.

"One more pull, Major," said he, "and then ho for camp."

The pull was taken, and we started, chatting merrily along the road. But persimmon soon began to tell, and "Anne Arundel" became sentimental.

"Sweet Evelina, dear Evelina, sweet Evelina,

dear Evelina. Say, Major, that's what Colonel Herbert sings when he's thinking of his sweetheart at home. That's all he knows of it, and that's all I know. Look here, if you don't tell anybody, I'll confide a secret. I'm feeling desperate to-day; havn't you observed it? I'll tell you why. I *had* a sweetheart at home, too, but don't you think she's gone back on me. Yes, done gone and fell in love with another feller. Sweet Evelina, dear Evelina. D— Evelina. Come, let's have a horse race; I want to see what Emack can do."

The chickens and turkeys had long been forgotten, and off we started at full speed, Baltimore city against Anne Arundel county, and after an even race of two miles we brought up in front of Colonel Herbert's tent.

The Colonel came out and wanted to know what in the devil we were riding like fools for. "No poultry, I see."

"Lots of it, lots of it," said I. "Just look behind our saddles, will you!"

"Nothing there that I can see."

Sure enough, chickens, ducks, turkeys and goose were all "done gone."

A courier was immediately dispatched back over the road we had raced, and he found them strewed along for a mile and a half.

But our misfortunes did not end here, for next day our camp was visited by an unusual number of the officers of the Maryland Cavalry and Baltimore

Light Artillery, and before dinner, to our surprise, every drop of whiskey had disappeared. Here was a dilemma, for Colonel Herbert didn't know a breath of it; and when the cloth was spread, and no black bottle made its appearance, he looked blue, and Funston looked blue, and Massey looked blue, and Ferd. and myself looked bluest. But it was "done gone," and couldn't be helped, so we had a temperance dinner that day.

In March, 1863, a small party from companies A and D, under the command of Captain Bond and Lieutenant Dorsey, whilst picketing on the back road, below Fisher's Hill, made a dash upon the enemy's pickets in the vicinity of Kearns town, killing and capturing a number of them. They were attacked in turn by a large body of cavalry, and compelled to retire precipitately, with the loss of two or three men. This daring act caused a general alarm in Winchester, and Milroy immediately dispatched the 12th and 13th Pennsylvania up the turnpike, running parallel with the back road, to cut the party off. The movement was, however, observed, and information of their approach communicated to General Jones, who, with a part of his command, moved forward to meet them. The enemy were encountered at the little village of Maurytown. The surprise was complete, and the rout that ensued was perhaps unparalleled in the history of the war. At one charge the enemy were scattered in every direction, and pursued to the very

gates of Winchester, losing nearly three hundred men in killed, wounded, and captured.

In this affair the First Maryland bore itself with conspicuous gallantry, although but few of the men had ever before been under fire.

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## CHAPTER II.

FOR some time prior to the 21st of April extensive preparations had been going on in the command of General Jones for a move in some direction. These preparations were anxiously watched by the officers and men, for all were heartily sick of the camp, and were ready for any undertaking. Orders were at length given to cook two days' rations, which made it evident that the long anticipated movement was at hand. On that day the forces of Jones (numbering three thousand five hundred men) were marshaled, and soon on the road to Moorefield. The roads were in a shocking condition, and the troops moved slowly, and after marching fifteen miles the command went into camp.

Next day the object of the expedition was made known. As had been surmised, it was intended to operate upon the line of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad, and to secure supplies from the rich and fertile valleys of West Virginia.

The Maryland Line accompanied the expedition—the infantry and artillery as far as Moorefield, and the cavalry the whole way.

On the third day, the command reached the vicinity of Moorefield, in the midst of a drenching rain, which continued throughout the night and the next day. In the morning, the several mountain streams in the vicinity of that place were found so swollen as to be almost impassable. By running great risk, however, the command reached the banks of the Potomac, which they found impossible to cross at that point. There was, therefore, no alternative but to move down to Petersburg, thirteen miles distant, and try another ford. The point was reached on the afternoon of the 24th, but even here it was found the attempt would be extremely hazardous. But General Jones was determined to proceed at every risk, and the men were ordered to plunge into the rapid stream.

A fearful scene then presented itself, and for some time baffled description. Hundreds of frightened steeds, and their no less frightened riders, were struggling in the dark, rapid waters; and, alas! more than one poor soldier and his gallant horse, that had borne him so faithfully, were swept away, and no more to be seen until the turbulent waters should have subsided and surrendered up their lifeless bodies.

The crossing was at length effected, and the command moved up the stream and went into camp

within three miles of where it had started that morning, after having traveled a distance of twenty-six miles. The start was a bad one, but all hoped the end would prove more propitious.

Unincumbered with artillery, wagons, and infantry, the command started off at a rapid gait, but after marching a few miles, the 7th Virginia, which was in advance, suddenly came upon the enemy's pickets. It was soon ascertained that the main body (numbering about one hundred and fifty men) was posted in a log school house, which completely commanded the road through Greenland Gap, over which Jones must necessarily pass. A flag of truce was sent forward, and a demand made for the surrender of the place, which was refused. An assault was then ordered, but as the troops could only move over the narrow road two abreast, it was repulsed with loss, Colonel Richard Dulaney, of the 7th Virginia, being among the wounded.

In a second assault, on foot, about nightfall, the men succeeded in reaching the school house, though not without severe loss, and demanded its surrender. The reply was a volley of musketry, through the loopholes, and not until the place was fired did the miserable creatures surrender, and beg piteously for the worthless lives they had forfeited by all the rules of war; and they were spared.

The Confederate loss was heavy, and the First Maryland suffered severely in officers and men. Among the wounded of the former were Major

Brown, Captain R. C. Smith, Adjutant Booth, and Lieutenants Pue and Beatty.

This obstacle overcome, and the prisoners sent to the rear, the column pushed rapidly forward, and, after proceeding some ten miles, the First Maryland was ordered to move towards Oakland, whilst the main body took another direction.

Riding all day and night, at one o'clock on the 26th the First Maryland charged into Oakland, Md., capturing fifty prisoners.

Leaving that place, the column moved upon Kingwood. Arriving within a short distance of the town, a halt was ordered, and Captain Bond's company directed to charge the place. By fours the company moved forward at the trot, and as they approached, were surprised that they were not fired upon. "Gallop-march, charge!" shouted the gallant Bond; and, yelling like furies, Company A dashed through the village, slashing right and left with their sabres at the imaginary foe. But, alas, they had left two weeks before, and nobody was hurt. A disappointment, Captain; but perhaps you will be better rewarded next time.

There was but an hour's halt here, when the column moved in the direction of Morgantown, which place was reached at 1 P. M. The citizens had assembled in considerable force, prepared to dispute Brown's advance, but upon a demand being made for the surrender of the place, they quietly submitted, no doubt thinking discretion the better part

of valor. That night the battalion went into camp at Independence, and next morning made connection with the main body.

Returning to Morgantown, the command crossed the river, and, after a short halt, commenced a night march in the direction of Fairmont, at which place they arrived about 8 o'clock next morning. A body of four hundred infantry was posted here to dispute their passage. They were drawn up in an open field, surrounded by high fences. The First Maryland was ordered to charge. It was a most desperate undertaking, but at the command of the gallant Brown they dashed forward. Upon reaching the fence, and within fifty yards of the enemy, they were received with a terrific fire, which, strange to say, killed sixty horses and but one man—young Myers, of Frederick. In an instant the fence was thrown down, and Brown was upon them, when they called for quarter.

Thence Jones moved upon Clarksburg, but finding the enemy in strong force, the place was flanked by way of Bridgeport. This town was also charged by the First Maryland, resulting in the capture of sixty men. In this affair Robert Whitely, of Baltimore, was killed.

On the 2d of May, the column reached a place called Buchanan, after many days of rapid riding, which was only performed by continually changing the broken-down horses for fresh ones found in the country. At Buchanan Major Brown's wound be-

came so painful as to necessitate his going to the rear; and, although not the senior officer, owing to his experience and acknowledged judgment and discretion, Captain Frank Bond was called upon to command the little battalion.

An early start was made on the morning of the 6th, in the direction of Parkersburg, and marching all night, at daylight on the 7th the column struck the railroad at Cairo, where, at the summons of Captain Bond, a body of fifty Federal infantry surrendered. After destroying the bridge at this point, the command moved on several miles farther, where it encamped for the night, having made a march of eighty miles without removing saddles.

On the 8th, but twenty miles were made, and the troops went into camp at Webb's Mills, tired and hungry. Provisions for men and forage for horses must be had, but there seemed a scarcity of both. The farmer upon whose place the First Maryland encamped declared he had neither. The smoke-house was searched, and nothing but two or three pieces of bacon was revealed, which the man insisted was all he had in the world. Poor fellow! he had the sympathies of the whole command. But he was a Union Yankee, and what Yankee won't lie, even for a piece of bacon? for while all hands were sympathizing with him in his extreme destitution, some of the men inadvertantly kicked over a few armsfull of rotten hay where had been an old haystack, when, behold! before their astonished vision lay an

immense pile of bacon buried in the ground, and thus covered. The poor old wretch was wild with fright, but when assured only enough would be taken to feed the few men of the command, he could scarcely credit his senses. We wonder whether had it been a Yankee command in a Rebel country the owner would have escaped with his bacon? No; had he saved the house over his head he would have been fortunate.

Bright and early, on the morning of the 8th of May, the troopers were called from their sound slumbers by the loud blasts of the bugle, and after a scanty feed given to their horses, and a slice of the old man's bacon partaken of by themselves, the "mount" was sounded and the march resumed. They were that day to witness an unusual sight, as all were aware, should nothing interfere, for the command was on its way to Oil City, to destroy the immense quantity of oil known to be there. The roads were in a most wretched condition, but the twenty miles that separated them from their prey was soon traversed.

As expected, a large amount of oil was on hand, calculated at 300,000 barrels, which was principally in large boats, into which it had been pumped, to be conveyed off and barreled. The coming of the audacious Rebels was altogether unexpected, or much of it could have been removed to a place of safety. But this time the fates decreed against the Yankees, and many thousands of dollars

worth of Northern capital was to fall a prey to an outraged people's avenging torch.

Preparations were immediately made for a grand illumination. The works were first touched off, and next the barges, and perhaps such a sight as followed it had never before been the province of man to witness. Immense volumes of dense black smoke arose, and with the lurid flame mounted high in the air. The burning boats were cast off from their moorings, and floated down with the current, enveloped in smoke and flame, and as the oil ran out and covered the surface of the water, it appeared as though before them lay a sea of liquid fire. For hours the raiders watched the vast conflagration, which seemed a lamp of magnificent proportions, lighted to illuminate the whole world.

It served as a beacon to the enemy, though, and the troopers were admonished to be up and away.

On the 10th, the march was resumed, and by the next day the column passed through De Kalb and Glenville, and encamped within six miles of Duttonville.

For several days the march was continued at a rapid gait, without an incident worth mentioning. Horses, beeves and sheep were gathered in great numbers, and started for the Valley, to mount and feed the troops of the Confederate army. Save these, all other property was respected.

Through Dutton, across Elk river, on they went, passing "Imboden's Life Insurance Command" at

Somerville; thence across the almost perpendicular Flat Top mountains; and on the 16th encamped within four miles of Lewisburg—men and horses completely broken down.

A rest was here absolutely necessary to refresh man and beast. But a day was allowed, however, and on the 18th they were once more on the wing, and from day to day the march continued homeward, until the battalion reached its old camp, near New Market, on the 30th of May, after an absence of thirty-nine days, on one of the most remarkable raids of the war.

But the expedition was by no means a success. General Jones' original purpose was to destroy the Baltimore and Ohio railroad at various important points, but, as he might have expected, these points were guarded by large bodies of troops, which compelled him to forego that intention. He started without accurate information, and only learned it when in the enemy's country. He then turned his attention to gathering the stock along his route, much of which, however, never reached the Valley. It is true he did destroy an immense amount of property and a few unimportant bridges, but it had no practical results. One of the valuable lives lost, then, was worth more than all the good accomplished. And, moreover, his command returned to the Valley in a completely broken down and unserviceable condition.

## CHAPTER III.

IN a day or two after the return of the First Maryland to the Valley, it was ordered to join the remainder of the "Line," then encamped at Fisher's Hill. A short time after, this force was augmented by the arrival of General Albert G. Jenkins, with a fine brigade of Virginia cavalry, and he assumed command of the whole.

Here, for several days, the battalion was quietly employed in doing picket duty, and recruiting man and horse for the campaign that seemed about to be inaugurated. Not an incident of moment occurred, and in a week's time the command was again ready for the field.

On the 12th of June information was received that the enemy were advancing towards our camp, which had been moved up to Cedar Creek. The infantry and artillery were marched to the vicinity of Middletown, and placed in position, whilst General Jenkins held his cavalry in readiness. After waiting some time, and there being no signs of our pickets (which had just been relieved, and those relieved not yet returned,) falling back, it was naturally concluded the force of the enemy had been greatly exaggerated. Having arrived at this conclusion, General Jenkins was about to order his troops back to camp, when he was startled by the rattle of small arms and the discharge of artillery,

some four miles up the road. It was not long before we were made aware of the cause, which I will give the reader as told me by several of the officers and men engaged.

The company from the First Maryland relieved was that of Captain Wm. I. Raisin, which, along with a company from Jenkins' cavalry, that had also just been relieved, was about to return to camp, when a body of the enemy's cavalry were observed coming down the turnpike towards them. Information of the fact was immediately sent by Captain Raisin to General Jenkins, who disposed of his troops as before stated. In the meantime, Colonel Harry Gilmor, (who had been sick in bed for several days at Middletown,) hearing of their approach, got up and joined Raisin. For some time that officer manœvered with the enemy, who fell back as he slowly advanced. Finally, the men, who had become impatient, commenced to move forward at a rapid trot, which the next instant became a gallop, and then a headlong charge, which Raisin's utmost efforts failed to arrest before the whole command was in the midst of a large body of infantry, in ambuscade, which opened upon them with deadly effect, as did two pieces of artillery. In the greatest confusion the survivors wheeled about, leaving four of their comrades killed and about thirty wounded and prisoners in the hands of the enemy. Among the latter was Captain Raisin, who, whilst bleeding and senseless under his dying horse, was most inhu-

manly beaten by the wretches into whose hands he had fallen.

I have thus gone into the particulars of this affair for the reason that Colonel Gilmor, in his "Four Years in the Saddle," asserts that Captain Raisin gave the command to charge, contrary to his (Gilmor's) judgment, which I believe is doing him injustice, and reflects upon his reputation as an officer. More than one who was close by assure me that he did not, and that it occurred as above stated.

A reason I have for thinking Colonel Gilmor is mistaken in this matter, is the fact that not one week before, whilst in command at Fisher's Hill, during the absence of Colonel Herbert, and before the arrival of General Jenkins, I had taken Captain Raisin, with his company, and two companies of infantry to lay in ambush, on precisely such an expedition, though unsuccessful, by reason of the enemy not making their appearance, and upon which occasion I cautioned him not to allow them to catch him in a similar trap. Now, it is not likely that an intelligent man like Captain Raisin would so soon have forgotten the expedition and caution of but a week before.

An incident that I am reminded of would lead me to believe that if an order to charge was given, it was given by Harry himself. A few minutes after the affair, I met one of Jenkins' men by the roadside, lamenting the wounding of a valuable horse, which he was leading. "This is a pretty bad piece of business," I remarked.

"Y-a-s," he drawled out, "and may I be darned ef I'm goin' to foller that thar feller with the spang new yaller clothes any more."

Harry had just donned a new uniform, mounted with a superabundance of yellow lace.

On the evening of the 12th, the battalion (with the exception of Bond's company, which was detailed to remain with Colonel Herbert,) was ordered to join General Ewell, who, much to their surprise, was at Front Royal, moving on Winchester. In the skirmishing which ensued around that place, they took an active part.

After the capture of Milroy's forces, at Winchester, General Jenkins with his command was ordered to precede the army of General Lee into Pennsylvania, and to his command the First Maryland was temporarily assigned. With him the battalion operated for some time, skirmishing with the enemy at various points, and participating in the battle of Gettysburg.

On the retreat from Gettysburg the little battalion was called upon to show of what metal it was composed.

Here, along with other cavalry, in covering the retreat and protecting the immense wagon trains, they were continually engaged with the overwhelming forces of the enemy. Many and terrific were the encounters; but, hand to hand and sabre to sabre, they contested every foot of ground, losing many men in killed, wounded and prisoners. Upon

this memorable retreat every officer and every man proved himself a hero. It seems invidious to particularize where so many were truly brave; but still, I will say, that among that heroic band, none shone more conspicuously than Captains George W. Emack and Warner E. Welsh. Fighting desperately, their deeds of daring at times amounted almost to madness.

At length Hagerstown was reached. Upon the very heels of the First Maryland, and Tenth Virginia commanded by Colonel Lucius Davis, pressed the would-be incendiary and assassin, Ulric Dahlgren. Furiously he charged the Confederate column in the very streets of the town. The Tenth Virginia, in the rear, was thrown into confusion, and fell back and passed the command of Captain Bond. But that little band of heroes were not to be affected by the unmanly panic, but moved at the same dogged, determined pace. Bond was but waiting for the Virginians to get by. The enemy were within a hundred yards of him, and an unguarded Confederate wagon train was at their mercy. That wagon train must be saved, for it contained much of General Ewell's supply of ammunition. "Fours, right-about wheel, march! Charge!" rung out the command; and in an instant the gallant fellows had obeyed the order. Bond, mounted upon his fiery mare, Bertha Rives, was too quick for his followers, and darting like lightning, amid a shower of bullets, he found

himself within twenty yards of the astonished enemy before he was able to check her. Here, for an instant, that brave man confronted almost certain death, as the muzzle of his pistol swept from right to left, in search of a victim. He was found, a quick, ringing report is heard, a spasmodic motion of the leg, and Ulric Dahlgren was a cripple for the brief remainder of his wicked life.

All this, reader, did not occupy half the time I have taken to relate it, for in an instant Captain Bond's men were at his side, and closed with the enemy. A desperate hand-to-hand conflict ensued, but they were driven back in confusion, pursued by the relentless Marylanders, who cut them down at every step. The wagon train was saved, and the command received the congratulations of General Ewell.

Alas! it was but a little while after that the chivalrous Bond was himself wounded and a prisoner. Having passed Hagerstown, whilst riding too far back to the rear, he was struck in the leg by a piece of shell from a Confederate battery which was firing over him, and terribly injured. He was taken back to Hagerstown, where everything was done by the noble women of the place to relieve his sufferings. He eventually recovered, and is now a thriving farmer at his home in Anne Arundel county.

## CHAPTER IV.

**B**UT little of moment occurred after the engagement at Hagerstown; and crossing the Potomac with the army, the First Maryland repaired to Winchester to recruit. It was here that the company under the command of the noble Schwartz joined it.

After a stay of ten days at Winchester, the battalion was ordered to join the brigade of General Fitzhugh Lee, then encamped near Leetown. Soon after, on the promotion of that General to the command of a division, it was assigned to the brigade of General Lomax.

From this time to the 11th of October the battalion was occupied with picket duty, enlivened by an occasional skirmish with the enemy.

A few days prior to this date, General Lee's movement to gain the rear of Meade's army, then confronting along the line of the Rappahannock, had commenced.

On the 9th the cavalry division of Fitzhugh Lee broke camp, and sent the baggage to the rear, but bivouacked on the same ground until three o'clock on the morning of the 11th, at which time they moved out towards the Rappahannock, Lomax's brigade marching upon Morton's Ford, while Wickham's brigade marched to Raccoon Ford.

General J. E. B. Stuart personally superintended

the movement of the whole cavalry column higher up the river, advancing by way of Culpepper Court House. These dispositions were designed to cover General Lee's movements, by interposing the cavalry between his line of march and the enemy.

Before Lomax's brigade reached Morton's Ford, reports from pickets represented the enemy as advancing in force, and upon reaching the river a heavy column was found occupying both sides. The collision between the hostile forces was abrupt and sudden, for to both it was unexpected. In a very few minutes the First Maryland was formed, and engaged heavily. The fight soon became general, and continued for more than three hours, the enemy using artillery freely, whilst Lomax was without a single piece. At length, by a sweeping charge of the whole line over the plain lying between the contending forces, the struggle was ended at that point, the enemy retiring slowly towards the river, followed by the victorious Confederates. About half way down to the river's side the rear of their cavalry turned and covered the retreat of the main body by making a gallant charge, that struck the Maryland Battalion, which held the extreme left of the line, but it was handsomely repulsed, the brave officer who led it falling mortally wounded in their midst.

The main body retreated across the river, rapidly pursued by Lomax, who came up with them within a few miles, when a running fight ensued to

Brandy Station, often before the scene of heavy cavalry fighting. Before reaching Brandy Station, the brigades of Lomax and Wickham united, as had also the two columns of the enemy, for Wickham had been heavily engaged at Raccoon Ford. Here the enemy's cavalry met the infantry sent to support them, when they turned upon their pursuers, and the fight was renewed with redoubled fury, and charges and counter charges were made, until both sides paused from sheer exhaustion.

The left of the Confederate line then crossed the road leading from Culpepper C. H. to Brandy Station, and the battle was resumed. Whilst it was raging fiercely, a short time before dark, a heavy dust arose in the direction of Culpepper. This was soon ascertained to be the enemy's cavalry, rapidly advancing from that town. Fearing an attack in the rear from this new enemy, General Fitz Lee immediately drew back his left, which was then in danger, and reformed parallel to the road by which they approached. Down he came in splendid style, his sabres drawn and flashing in the rays of the declining sun, and to an inexperienced observer it would have seemed as though everything would have been swept from before it. Not so the gallant men who stood in his way awaiting the attack. But the enemy was evidently not seeking a fight, for suddenly he moved to the left, upon discovering the Confederates in his path, and sought to pass without a collision. But this did not suit General

Lee, who immediately ordered a charge, and Yankee and Confederate were soon dashing along in most admirable confusion, until the infantry was reached, when General Lee was compelled to retire out of range.

A short time after, General J. E. B. Stuart, with Hampton's division, came down the Culpepper road, and then was ascertained the reason why the Yankees had wished to pass so rapidly. That General had defeated them at Culpepper, and was then in hot pursuit.

This was the first cavalry fight in which the Spencer repeating carbine was used by the enemy, but notwithstanding this advantage over the old muzzle loading gun, they were badly beaten, having been driven upon their infantry, and engaged from early dawn until night put an end to the conflict.

The loss of the First Maryland was severe, as they were engaged almost continually during the fight, both mounted and on foot.

The enemy acknowledged a loss of one thousand men in killed and wounded.

On the day after the fight at Morton's Ford, the cavalry corps crossed the Rappahannock at Warrenton Springs, and moved down the Warrenton and Alexandria pike, and breaking into several columns, marched by different but nearly parallel roads in the direction of Centreville. Fitz Lee's division moved towards Catlett's Station, on the Orange and Alexandria railroad. At a small place

on Cedar creek, called Aubren, Lomax's brigade (the reader will bear in mind that the First Maryland was attached to this brigade) made a dash at the enemy's wagon train then passing, but finding it protected by a corps of his infantry, Lomax withdrew. This affair, though brief and unsatisfactory, gave occasion for a complimentary order from General Lomax to the First Maryland, which was well deserved, for by their gallant bearing, they materially assisted in extricating that General from a most perilous position.

By this time Meade had divined the object of General Lee's movement, and his whole army was in retreat towards Washington, in order to prevent that General from gaining his rear. During this retreat, the cavalry made several attacks upon his flank, in all of which the Maryland cavalry were actively engaged. But little was effected, however, owing to the careful and compact order in which the enemy retired.

Finding his prey had escaped him, General Lee fell back to the line of the Rapidan, leaving the cavalry to guard his rear, which also fell back slowly—Hampton by the Warrenton pike, and Fitz Lee by the Orange and Alexandria railroad, the two running parallel.

The enemy's cavalry, under Kilpatrick, thinking retreat meant defeat, pressed after Hampton, and his advance and Hampton's rear soon became engaged. Hampton continued his retreat until he

reached within two miles of Warrenton, when the trap he had prepared for Kilpatrick was sprung. So eager was that officer to immortalize himself, and so confident was he of success, that he never stopped to think of the danger that might be lurking behind the range of hills on his left. Fitz Lee was there, and when he thought to crush Hampton at a blow, and drive him into the Rappahannock, the sound of a few cannon shots on his rear and left suddenly put a new phase on affairs. With the sound of these guns, Hampton ceased his retreat, and turned and charged, while at the same moment Fitz Lee struck him in flank at Buckland. The fight which ensued was short, bloody, and decisive, and Kilpatrick's exultant pursuit was converted into a precipitate rout, and his troopers scattered over the country in all directions.

During this fight, the First Maryland fought on foot, but when the rout commenced, they mounted and pursued to near Gainsville, where the enemy met his infantry. It was now dark, and Colonel Brown could not see what was in his front; but halting a moment to rectify his line, he gave the command to charge, when both cavalry and infantry broke and fled in the utmost confusion. Many were killed, wounded, and captured; and Brown, now aware that he was in the presence of Meade's army, withdrew to Buckland, where was assembled the commands of Hampton and Lee, and where they congratulated each other on the signal victory they

had achieved over the bully and blackguard leader of the "Buckland racers."

After this affair, Mr. Kilpatrick's thirst for glory perceptibly subsided, and the Confederate army marched peacefully and uninterruptedly to the vicinity of its old line on the Rappahannock.

Nothing of moment occurred here beyond the usual picket duty, until the First Maryland was ordered to join Colonel Bradley T. Johnson at Hanover Junction, where that officer had been ordered to assemble the Maryland Line, and picket along Lee's line of communication with Richmond.

Before the separation, division and brigade orders were issued and read at the head of the regiment, highly complimentary to the gallant little command; and I will here state, that it was the fate of the First Maryland to serve, at different times during the war, with many of the divisions and brigades of the cavalry corps, and the fact can be referred to with pride, that no General with whom it served suffered it to pass to another command without publicly complimenting them in general orders.

## CHAPTER V.

THE battalion reached Hanover Junction the last of November, when Colonel Johnson established his picket lines, and prepared to go into winter quarters.

The winter was spent most delightfully, and nothing occurred to disturb its pleasures save an attempted raid made by Butler to Bottom's bridge, whereupon the cavalry and artillery were promptly moved upon his flank to Tunstall's station, when he retired.

About the first of March, 1864, Colonel Johnson received a telegram from General Lee, saying that a large body of cavalry had passed his flank, and was moving in the direction of the Junction. That officer immediately sent out his scouts to the north and west, and soon discovered that it was a heavy column, indeed, and moving southwest. It crossed the Virginia Central railroad at Frederick's Hall, on Johnson's left, and took the road which led direct to Richmond.

Of course he at once saw that the object of the enemy was an attack upon that city, believing that there were but few troops to oppose him. Colonel Johnson immediately ordered his pickets to destroy the boats on the Pamunky, to cut off his retreat in that direction, and with sixty men of the First Maryland cavalry, and two guns from the Bal-

timore Light Artillery—the only disposable force he had left after sending out his scouts to watch the enemy's movements—he followed in pursuit. Just outside of Taylorsville, the enemy's pickets were encountered and driven in, and pursued to Ashland. Here a large force was met on its way to destroy the railroad and buildings there, and, after a sharp encounter, the enemy retired.

Moving as rapidly as possible along the Telegraph road, Colonel Johnson threw himself upon the enemy's flank at Yellow Tavern, and posting his men, commenced to capture small parties that came along. Among his captures was a sergeant, with five men, who proved to be a bearer of dispatches from Colonel Dahlgren to General Kilpatrick. Kilpatrick's guns were then thundering away at the outer defences of Richmond, and Dahlgren's dispatch informed him that he would attack at dusk that evening on his road, and he looked for Kilpatrick to attack with vigor on his (Kilpatrick's) side of the city.

Seeing at once that he had destroyed the communication between the co-operating forces, Colonel Johnson prepared to attack and harrass Kilpatrick's rear. Taking care not to expose the number of his force, he attacked a picket in the rear of the centre of the line of battle drawn up in front of Richmond, and drove it in. This bold act conveyed the impression to Kilpatrick that he was cut off, and seriously in danger in his rear. Hastily mounting his troops,

he moved at the trot down the Peninsula towards the Pamunky, and crossing the Chickahominy, before dark, at Meadow bridge, he went into camp. Colonel Johnson encamped on the opposite side. During the night, Hampton came upon the enemy, with the First and Second North Carolina, and broke up his camp, capturing several hundred prisoners and horses.

At daylight in the morning, Colonel Johnson crossed his small force over the river, and came up with Kilpatrick's rear guard, near Old Church, which was immediately attacked, and several prisoners captured. Still taking every precaution not to expose to the enemy the smallness of his force, he continued to harrass him, and drove his rear guard through Old Church in confusion. Here, thinking himself seriously menaced, Kilpatrick formed line of battle. It seemed really ridiculous—three thousand men and four pieces of artillery in battle array to fight sixty men. Moving a regiment to the rear, he compelled Colonel Johnson to fall back half a mile, but as soon as this returned to the main body, he again renewed his attacks upon the unhappy rear guard.

In this way they moved down the Peninsula some distance, when a scout informed Colonel Johnson that a column of the enemy was moving down the road, immediately in his rear. He was thus between two forces. Dismounting his men as rapidly as possible, and deploying them in the woods, on

each side of the road, he awaited their approach. Upon perceiving him, they made a charge, and went through his line, not, however, without losing forty-five men and horses.

This proved to be a remnant of Dahlgren's marauders, four hundred strong, laden with plunder. Among the many articles of value recaptured from them was a silver dish cover, belonging to Mrs. Morson, of Goochland.

From their statement, it appeared that Dahlgren, not receiving an answer to the dispatch sent to Kilpatrick, and which was fortunately intercepted by Colonel Johnson, as already seen, started with a hundred men to find him, but failed to get across the Pamunky at Dabney's ferry, owing to the destruction of the boats, as has been stated, and in his endeavors to escape through King and Queen county, was ambuscaded in the night, and he himself killed by a mere boy, and his whole command captured by the home guard.

Kilpatrick finding the expedition a failure, and believing himself pressed by a superior force, although but sixty sabres were at his heels, made for the lower ferries of the Pamunky, but failed to cross, for the same reason Dahlgren had, and finally reached Tunstall's Station, and joined the forces under Butler, having been followed the whole way by the Maryland Battalion.

For this gallant exploit, General Elzey, in command of the defences of Richmond, issued a general

order complimenting the command, and General Wade Hampton, in his report to General Lee, distinctly gave the credit of saving Richmond to the little battalion; for, by destroying the combination between Dahlgren and Kilpatrick, they prevented the joint attack on the city, and by the vigorous and incessant harrassing of the latter's rear, conveyed the impression that he was attacked in force, at once changing his movements into a retreat, (deserting his subordinate Dahlgren,) and converting the attacks of Johnson into a pursuit.

Thus the devilish scheme originated by the wretched Dahlgren to get possession of the Confederate Capital, was frustrated. I say devilish, for upon his inanimate body was found papers that will cover his name forever with infamy. Although not the senior officer, he had command of the expedition, and these papers prove that it was his purpose to murder President Davis and the members of his cabinet, destroy the city, and give its women up to the lusts of his brutal soldiers. But, to thwart his hellish designs, God interposed a little band of brave men, and the city was not only saved, but the hirelings of Yankeedom scattered to the four winds, and its leader's career brought to an ignominious end, by a bullet from the gun of a mere boy. It is indeed hard to conceive how a heart so young should have been so steeped in wickedness; but his own history, written by his own hand just before the wrath of an offended God overtook him, cannot be denied.

It is a little singular that this man should have lost his leg, in the streets of Hagerstown, at the hands of one of the officers of the very command that balked him in his wholesale attempt at murder, arson and outrage.

For the services rendered upon this occasion Colonel Johnson won his rank as Brigadier General, which had been so long denied him by the Confederate Congress, although urged upon them months before by General Jackson, who had kept a vacancy in the Third Brigade open for him, and had refused to assign the command to any one else. This body of wise men contended that Maryland had its share of general officers, and could have no more, no matter how great the merit or ability the applicant might present for their august consideration. No, these important positions must be parcelled out as a fisherwoman does her stock in trade, and old and superannated political hulks who aspired to a command were to be served first. So it was with the gallant Colonel Edwin Willis, of Georgia, who was killed at Cold Harbor. This young man, with a thorough military education, and one of the most brilliant and comprehensive minds in the South, and whose promotion had been more than once urged, was compelled to act in a subordinate capacity because Toombs and Cobb and other useless political generals stood in his way.

## CHAPTER VI.

ON the 9th of May, 1864, Sheridan began his raid around Richmond. Colonel Johnson, had gone on a scout towards Yorktown, and left Colonel Brown in camp in command of parts of four companies. On the afternoon of that day Colonel Brown received information that a portion of the enemy's cavalry were raiding in the rear of Lee's army, and had cut the railroad and destroyed the cars and provisions accumulated at some point above Hanover Court House. He immediately assembled his little command of one hundred and fifty sabres, and set out to ascertain the truth of the report. Shortly after passing Hanover Junction the gleam of camp fires in the distance, (it was just after dark,) along the line of railway in his front, seemed to confirm the rumor. The battalion pushed on at a trot, taking the usual precaution to throw out an advance guard and flankers, and about 11 o'clock, P. M., arrived at a point about a mile from Beaver Dam, when it became evident that they were in close proximity to a large force that was taking no pains to conceal their presence. The battalion was halted, and Colonel Brown himself dismounted and went ahead on foot to reconnoitre. He found the enemy in great glee, laughing and shouting at the top of their voices, whilst at the same time they were busily engaged in burning

railroad ties, and generally seemed to feel the existence of an enemy to be an absurdity. So close did Colonel Brown get to them, that he came near surprising a party in a cut, and from where he could see, by the light of the burning cross-ties, for a mile or two along the road, whilst he was invisible to the enemy. After having taken a good view, he quietly returned to his command, which had been silently awaiting him, and dismounting all the men that could be spared, amounting to some eighty or ninety, he advanced on the railroad. Silently the little band crept on, carbine advanced, and ready to begin the work of death at an instant's warning. Not a word was spoken; and the men held their breaths in anxious expectation, until right upon the bank of the railroad, when a whispered exclamation announced that the enemy had gone. Not far, though; for they could be plainly heard a short distance up the road. The skirmish party was then formed in column, and moved by the left towards the county road, not a hundred yards distant, with the intention to again deploy and advance until the enemy was found. Not half the column had crossed the fence which bounded the road, when there was a challenge and shot, almost simultaneous, followed by a volley from both sides. In the darkness, blinded by the fires the enemy had lighted, the head of the column had come suddenly upon a Yankee picket, at a point which Colonel Brown, not an half hour before, had found entirely

unguarded; but during his absence they had finished their work and gone to bed, posting pickets, in the meantime, from habit more than anything else, as the picket was only a few yards from the main body, which appeared to be resting in a continuous line along and on both sides of the road.

Colonel Brown deployed at once, and advanced rapidly, the whole line keeping up a vigorous fire, which was made more effectual, because, while being in the shadow themselves, the confused enemy was distinctly visible by the light of the fires they had built. This could be plainly seen, as in driving the Yankees back they passed over the ground which had been held by them, and found many dead and wounded men and horses. Still pressing the enemy back, Brown came to a skirt of woods, about half a mile from the point where he first met them, when a cavalry charge was made upon his thin line, which, however, was handsomely repulsed, and the enemy driven back in confusion. Passing through this woods, he found them posted in great strength on both sides of the road, in open fields, awaiting his attack. Upon observing this, Colonel Brown slowly withdrew his command unmolested.

He now ascertained, from evidence before him, and from prisoners taken, that instead of fighting, as he supposed, a small raiding party, he had engaged the advance of Sheridan's army of thirteen thousand men. Mounting his men, he held his ground until daylight, when a dispatch was

received from General J. E. B. Stuart, directing Colonel Brown to harrass and delay the enemy as long as possible, as he was in pursuit. Accordingly, he at once advanced upon the enemy's pickets and drove them back, when they were reinforced, but again driven back several times in succession, until Sheridan pushed forward heavy reinforcements, when Colonel Brown deemed it advisable to retire a short distance, the enemy manifesting no disposition to pursue. Thus for some time the opposing forces watched each other in silence, when Brown moved his men some distance to the rear to feed the horses, but leaving a force of twenty men, under command of Lieutenant C. Irving Ditty, to observe their movements.

But a few moments elapsed before the enemy became restive, and could be seen forming a strong column in the road, with heavy masses on each side of it, and clouds of mounted and dismounted skirmishers taking position in front. The fact was at once communicated to Colonel Brown. A bugle sound now announced the enemy's approach, and the heavy columns moved forward in imposing array upon Ditty's little force of twenty men. At this instant Brown came up at a gallop, and a spirited fight ensued. A dozen times did the column of mounted men attack, but a dozen times they were foiled and driven back in confusion, until the dismounted men moved through the woods on Brown's flank, and compelled him to retire; and at

last, about midday, they forced him back beyond the woods into the clear country, where Sheridan could see the insignificant force that had for so many precious hours kept his army in check. Then, and not until then, could his cavalry be brought to a charge, which the First Maryland, from its better knowledge of the country, easily avoided; not, however, without a parting volley, which emptied several saddles; two riderless horses running into their ranks.

The battalion then hurried on rapidly to Hanover Junction, whither it was supposed Sheridan was moving, where they united with the Second Maryland Infantry and Baltimore Light Artillery, when all prepared to give a good account of themselves should the enemy make his appearance.

It was but a little band of brave men opposing an immense army, and their destruction seemed inevitable, for General Lee had dispatched them to hold the point to the last, and that he had no reinforcements to give them. Quietly, as they stood in line of battle, they discussed the matter, and determined that the Maryland Line of '64 should reflect no disgrace upon their hereditary name. But they were saved the sacrifice, for Sheridan, passing six or eight miles in their rear, marched directly upon Richmond.

In this affair at Beaver Dam, Captain A. H. Schwartz, of Company F, and Lieutenant J. A. V. Pue, of Company A, were painfully but not dan-

gerously wounded, almost by the first fire. During the lull of hostilities, and before daylight, they were removed to the house of Mr. Redd, a kind Virginia gentleman, living about five miles from the scene of conflict. Here they were kindly cared for and rapidly improved, when General Lee fell back in the direction of Richmond, and they were left in the enemy's lines, who immediately sent a force of two hundred cavalry to capture them. Upon an examination of their condition by the surgeon with the party, he declared it his belief that they would die if removed; but the officer in command, who seemed really ashamed of his brutal mission, said those were his orders, and he must obey them. However, he at last yielded to the entreaties of the ladies of the family, and reported the facts to General Gibbons, who, like the brute he is, gave *imperative* orders for their removal. This was done, and the two poor, suffering men were placed in an ambulance and started off, the guard stealing the covering thrown over them by the ladies of Mr. Redd's family, before they had gone five miles. Being taken across the country to Fredericksburg, they were there placed on board a transport and conveyed to a Washington hospital, where, soon after their arrival, the gallant, whole-souled Captain Schwartz died, in great agony, and Lieutenant Pue suffered months of excruciating pain.

This is but another instance of the many thousands of Yankee brutality to Confederate prisoners, and

yet these people prate continually about Confederate cruelty to prisoners of war.

On the day after the fight at Beaver Dam, General J. E. B. Stuart came up, and ordered Colonel Johnson to watch General Lee's flank with the First Maryland cavalry, whilst he with twenty-five hundred horse threw himself between Sheridan and Richmond.

Stuart met the enemy at Yellow Tavern, and after one of the most dreadful cavalry combats of the war, he saved the capital, but lost his life.

In the latter part of May, Lee's army fell back before Grant, and made Hanover Junction a point of defence. Sending for Colonel Johnson, he directed him to take Brown's battalion and pass around Grant and see what he was doing, and especially his base of supplies. The little command crossed the North Anna, below Lee's right, and pursued its way around to Penola Station, on the Fredericksburg railroad, where Johnson discovered a heavy column moving down from Bowling Green, and at the same time ascertained that the enemy drew his supplies from Tappahannock. Turning to retrace his steps, he found the whole of Sheridan's cavalry moving up through King William, in his rear, and all the fords on the lower Anna in his possession. This compelled him to cross higher up, which was effected by throwing the horses into the stream from a high bank, whilst the men crossed on a raft hastily constructed. He finally reached the

main body in safety, having captured several couriers, from whom it was ascertained that Sheridan was coming up and Burnside moving down from Bowling Green.

On the 27th of May, Colonel Johnson was ordered to report with his cavalry to General Fitzhugh Lee, who was then at Hanover Court House. A short time after his arrival, the enemy crossed at Dabney's Ferry, when by order of General Lomax he was directed to go down and drive them back. Upon his arrival, he found Colonel Baker, of the Fifth North Carolina, in command of Gordon's old brigade, skirmishing with a force not far from the Ferry. Believing it to be a small body, it was arranged that Baker should hold them where they were, whilst Johnson passed around to their flank, by which movement it was hoped they would capture the whole of them. Taking a side road, he had not gone more than a mile before he encountered Baker's pickets retiring in good order, followed by the enemy. Before he could deploy his men on some open ground on the side of the road, they were upon him in overwhelming force. The greater part of the battalion had unfortunately just passed through a gate into a field when the enemy attacked. A dreadful hand to hand fight ensued, and before the gate could be reopened for them to retreat, many were killed and wounded, among the latter the brave Brown, by several sabre cuts over the head. Being at length extricated from this dilemma, the

command was drawn up on more favorable ground, and a determined stand made for thirty minutes. But it was soon perceived that the enemy were wrapping around the little battalion and threatening it with destruction, and the order was given to retreat. This was conducted for a time in an orderly manner, but the enemy pressing them hard, a rout ensued, in which every man was expected to look out for himself.

The battalion lost in this unfortunate affair between fifty and sixty men in killed, wounded, and prisoners. Colonel Johnson and Lieutenant Colonel Brown made narrow escapes, the former having his horse killed and his sabre shot away, whilst the latter received several severe cuts over the head. If unfortunate for the Maryland battalion, however, it was fortunate for Baker, whose brigade of North Carolinians would most assuredly have been cut to pieces had the enemy not been held in check for a full half hour, thereby enabling them to escape. The force encountered turned out to be Custer's brigade of four thousand men, supported by the rest of Merritt's division of cavalry.

Among the officers captured at the fight at Polard's Farm, as it is called, was First Lieutenant George Howard, of company C, the particulars of which are too good to be lost, although it does seem near akin to profanity to laugh when so many were made to weep.

It appears that the Lieutenant, who could never

be induced to don a uniform or ride a fast horse, finding himself hard pressed in the general rout, quietly dropped off unperceived, and concealed himself in a strip of woods that skirted the roadside. The pursuers passed by without observing him, and he began to congratulate himself upon his narrow escape, when unfortunately two or three straggling troopers stumbled upon his place of concealment. It was instantly suggested to him to pass himself off as a farmer of the neighborhood, and his appearance and dress indicated as much. To an inquiry of one of the Yankee soldiers as to "what he was doing there?" he replied that "a fight had taken place on his farm between their fellows and some Rebs, and he had sought the woods for safety."

The party believed it, and in company they rode down to the scene of conflict, when the first object that met his gaze was one of his own men sitting in a fence corner, severely wounded. Forgetting himself, and the enemy with him, and yielding to the impulses of his generous nature, he threw himself from his horse, and advancing to the side of the suffering man called him by name, and inquired if he was much hurt.

"Pretty badly, *Lieutenant*," was the reply, and the next minute he found himself seized, and a prisoner in the hands of his late companions.

"*Lieutenant*, ah!" exclaimed one of them, in utter amazement, and glancing first at rider and then at horse, "*well, I must say that some of your Reb officers do beat the devil on a make-up!*"

## CHAPTER VII.

For the next few days the battalion was engaged in skirmishing about Hanover Court House, the enemy occupying them there whilst his columns were crossing at Dabney's Ferry, and pressing on towards Richmond.

On the 1st of June, the enemy moved on the South Anna bridges, Johnson's small command of one hundred and fifty sabres and Griffith's battery contesting every foot of ground, in a fight from daylight until two o'clock in the afternoon, when they were driven back by a brigade of the enemy's cavalry.

It now becomes my painful duty to record the death of one of the best and purest of men, Lieutenant Colonel Ridgely Brown, who in the day's fight was struck in the head by a stray ball and instantly killed. The death of this good and generous man was a sad blow to his little command, by whom he was almost idolized, and Johnson lost an officer who had been invaluable to him, for to his sound judgment and advice he was much indebted for his success in the affair with Kilpatrick.

In a General Order issued on the 6th of June, Colonel Johnson thus speaks of his death :

HEADQUARTERS MARYLAND LINE, }  
 June 6, 1864. }

## GENERAL ORDER No. 26.

Lieutenant Colonel Ridgely Brown, commanding First Maryland cavalry, fell in battle on the 1st instant, near the South Anna. He died, as a soldier prefers to die, leading his men in a victorious charge. As an officer, kind and careful; as a soldier, brave and true; as a gentleman, chivalrous; as a Christian, gentle and modest; no one in the Confederate army surpassed him in the hold he had on the hearts of his men, and the place in the esteem of his superiors. Of the rich blood that Maryland has lavished on every battle field, none is more precious than this, and that of our other brave comrades in arms who fell during the four days previous on the hill sides of Hanover. His command has lost a friend most steadfast, but his commanding officer is deprived of an assistant invaluable. To the first he was ever as careful as a father; to the latter as true as a brother.

In token of respect to his memory, the colors of the different regiments of this command will be draped, and the officers wear the usual badge of military mourning for thirty days.

By order of Colonel Bradley T. Johnson.

GEO. W. BOOTH, A. A. G.

A correspondent in the Richmond *Sentinel*, who signs himself "A Virginian," pays the following handsome tribute to his memory:

Of the many brave and noble men who have fought the invaders of Southern soil, and have died in defence of Southern homes and Southern rights, none deserve a higher tribute of praise, or a larger measure of thanks from the Southern people than Colonel Brown. A native of Montgomery county, Maryland, and a citizen of that State, at the commencement of the present war, it would have been but natural for him to have taken the passive attitude which was assumed by his State, where he would now in all probability be gladdening by his presence a large circle of relatives and friends, instead of throwing dark shadows around their hearts from his lowly grave in Virginia. But like many other

noble sons of Maryland, he left his quiet and secure home to give his services to the Southern Confederacy, threatened with subjugation, and even extermination. He labored day and night in its service, and has poured out his life's blood upon its altar.

He came to Virginia on the first day of June, 1861, and was mortally wounded on the first day of June, 1864, just three years after. He entered the army in the capacity of a private. In less than a year he was raised to the position of a lieutenant; he soon reached the rank of captain, and was then promoted to a lieutenant colonelcy. To each of those positions he was lifted by merit alone, and would probably have soon reached much higher rank, had not envious death closed his career.

Never was there an officer more beloved by his command, and never was there one who more deserved it. As brave as a lion in time of danger, he was as careful of his men as a mother of her children. His men say that when thrown upon his own responsibility he never led them into a position of peril without first examining it himself; nor ordered them to go where he was not ready to lead; and they felt perfectly secure under his leadership. After his promotion to the command of a regiment of cavalry, it was remarked that he was much more silent than before. A friend asked him the reason. He replied that so many lives committed to his charge involved a responsibility which pressed heavily upon him.

He was a Christian man, and death has been his gain. The loss is all to those who remain behind—to his parents, who have lost a devoted son; to his acquaintances, who have lost one of friendship's greatest treasures; to the Confederacy, which has lost one of its most valuable defenders. But more than this—morality has lost one of its best exemplars, and chivalry one of her noblest sons. His influence for good in his command, who can supply?

Many soldiers and many citizens will mingle their tears on his grave, to water the flowers which friendship and affection will plant there; and when flowers shall wither, his memory will continue to bloom in many hearts.

#### A VIRGINIAN.

Hampton having been assigned to the command of the cavalry, in the place of Stuart, he on the 12th of June, with four thousand five hundred sabres, met Sheridan at Trevillian's Station with thirteen thousand. The First Maryland was posted on

Hampton's extreme left to support General Rosser. The first charge of the enemy was made by the dashing Custer, at the head of his brigade, and he went through Hampton's centre, creating terrible confusion among the led horses and ordnance wagons; but the daring and intrepid Rosser was in his way, and charging him in turn with his brigade and the First Maryland, he cut him in two, and pursued him to his very wagon train, capturing his private papers, and effectually breaking up his brigade. This charge of Rosser's is pronounced one of the most brilliant of the many made during the war.

The battle of Trevillian's lasted two days, and was the hardest cavalry fight of the war, and although Hampton fought great odds, Sheridan suffered a terrible defeat. During these two days, the Maryland battalion was in the thickest of the fight, and fought as though to avenge their comrades who had fallen at Pollard's Farm. And they were avenged, for in that bloody struggle many a Federal soldier felt the weight of their sabres or fell at the crack of their unerring revolvers, and two hundred prisoners and horses fell into their hands.

During the winter of '63-4, Colonel Johnson originated a plan for capturing President Lincoln, which he suggested to General Hampton, who, after several conversations with Johnson upon the subject, gave it his approval, and entered heartily into the undertaking

The Confederate spies in Washington had kept General Lee thoroughly posted as to the disposition and force of every command of the enemy in and around his capital. To carry out this daring enterprise then, Colonel Johnson was to take the Maryland battalion, numbering two hundred and fifty sabres, and cross the Potomac above Georgetown, make a dash at a battalion of cavalry known to be stationed there, and push on to the Soldier's Home, where it was well known Lincoln lived, and after capturing him send him across the river in charge of a body of picked men, whilst the main body was to cut the wires and roads between Washington and Baltimore, and then move back through Western Maryland to the Valley of Virginia; or if that means of retreat was cut off, Johnson was to go up into Pennsylvania, and on west to West Virginia beyond Grafton. It seemed, indeed, a most desperate undertaking, but everything promised its successful accomplishment. Indeed, so sanguine was Hampton that the plan of Johnson would succeed, that he wanted to undertake it himself at the head of four thousand horse, and was only prevented by Sheridan's advance upon the Confederate capital.

After the fight at Trevillian's, then, he gave Johnson orders to prepare for the trip. The best horses in the cavalry command were selected, and the best men in the battalion picked out, but whilst shoeing his horses and recruiting his men in Goochland county, he was prevented from carrying out

his much cherished plans by an order from General Early to join him at once with his battalion in the Valley, and cover his rear whilst that General went after Hunter, who had marched upon Lynchburg.

In a week Early returned to Staunton, and it was then that Colonel Johnson received his long delayed commission as Brigadier General of cavalry, and was at once assigned to the command of the brigade formerly commanded by W. E. Jones, who had been killed at the battle fought near New Hope.

Much to his gratification he was given permission, on the 3d day of July, to attach the First Maryland to his brigade, and then ordered to take the advance of Early's army, moving on Martinsburg. At Leetown the brigade encountered Mulligan's advance, and after a severe fight the enemy was driven back with loss. In this affair the First Maryland fought with its accustomed vim.

On the 5th of July General Johnson crossed the Potomac at Sharpsburg, where he met a small force of the enemy's cavalry, which Lieutenant George M. E. Shearer, with a detachment of the First Maryland, pursued into Hagerstown, where coming suddenly upon a superior force he was compelled to retreat upon the main body.

In the pursuit which ensued Shearer was taken prisoner, along with several of his men.

General Johnson now shaped his course in the direction of Frederick, in the vicinity of which he awaited the arrival of Early, who overtook him on the 8th.

On the 9th, General Early dispatched General Johnson on a secret service by special order from General Lee. In this order he was directed to destroy communication between Baltimore and the North, threaten Baltimore, and break the railroad and cut the telegraph wires between Baltimore and Washington, and thence move on Point Lookout so as to attack on the morning of the 12th, when an attack was also to be made on the sea side. After releasing the prisoners, some fifteen thousand, he was to take command of them and rejoin Early at Bladensburg, whilst that General was in the meantime to attack Washington and carry it by assault.

Johnson moved his whole force to Cockeysville, and after destroying the bridges there he detached the First Maryland and Gilmer's battalion, the two having been temporarily consolidated, and all under Colonel Gilmer's command, and directed that officer to burn the railroad bridges over the Bush and Gunpowder rivers, which he did. Johnson then moved rapidly around Baltimore, and at Beltsville found a force of about one thousand of the enemy's cavalry, which he charged and drove into Bladensburg, after which he started for Point Lookout, but had not gone many miles when he received an order from General Early to join him at once.

At Cockeysville Johnson had learned that the 19th corps of the enemy was landing at Locust Point, of which fact he at once advised Early, and it was this information which compelled the Con-

federate General to forego the intended raid on Point Lookout, and which had reached him just as he was about to assault Washington with his whole army.

In obedience to this order, General Johnson retraced his steps, and joined Early next morning at Blair's house.

Early now turned his back on the Yankee capital, and directed his steps towards the Potomac, and crossed near Poolsville. In the retreat from Maryland, General Johnson was ordered to protect his rear. At Rockville he charged the enemy's cavalry, and beat him, capturing eighty prisoners and horses. At Poolsville he was vigorously attacked in force, but drove his assailants back, and kept them in check until the whole army had recrossed the river.

It will thus be seen that General Johnson's brigade constituted the advance guard in the invasion of Maryland, and the rear guard in the retreat. The Maryland troops were placed at the head of the column in the first and the rear in the latter; thus, from the 5th of July, the day of crossing, to the 14th, the day of recrossing the Potomac, they were almost constantly engaged, and always closest to the enemy.

## CHAPTER VIII.

SOON after the return of the army under Early from Maryland, that General determined to send McCausland on an expedition into Pennsylvania, with his own and General Johnson's brigades, for what purpose will be seen by the following extract from his "Memoirs of the Last Year of the War for Independence:"

"On the 26th of July, we moved to Martinsburg, the cavalry going to the Potomac. The 27th and 28th were employed in destroying the railroad, it having been repaired since we passed over it at the beginning of the month. While at Martinsburg it was ascertained, beyond all doubt, that Hunter had been again indulging in his favorite mode of warfare, and that, after his return to the Valley, while we were near Washington, among other outrages, the private residences of Mr. Andrew Hunter, a member of the Virginia Senate, Mr. Alexander R. Boteler, an ex-member of the Confederate Congress, as well as of the United States Congress, and Edmund I. Lee, a distant relative of General Lee, all in Jefferson county, with their contents, had been burned by his orders, only time enough being given for the ladies to get out of the houses. A number of towns in the South, as well as private country houses, had been burned by the Federal troops, and the accounts had been heralded forth in some of the Northern papers in terms of exultation, and gloated over by their readers, while they were received with apathy by others.

"I now came to the conclusion that we had stood this mode of warfare long enough, and that it was time to open the eyes of the people of the North to its enormity, by an example in the way of retaliation. I did not select the cases mentioned, as having more merit or greater claims for retaliation than others, but because

they had occurred within the limits of the country covered by my command, and were brought more immediately to my attention.

"The town of Chambersburg, in Pennsylvania, was selected as the one on which retaliation should be made, and McCausland was ordered to proceed with his brigade and that of Johnson, and a battery of artillery, to that place, and demand of the municipal authorities the sum of \$100,000 in gold, or \$500,000 in United States currency, as a compensation for the destruction of the houses named and their contents, and, in default of payment, to lay the town in ashes, in retaliation for the burning of those houses and others in Virginia, as well as for the towns which had been burned in other Southern States. A written demand to that effect was sent to the municipal authorities, and they were informed what would be the result of a failure or refusal to comply with it. I desired to give the people of Chambersburg an opportunity of saving their town, by making compensation for part of the injury done, and hoped that the payment of such a sum would have the desired effect, and open the eyes of the people of other towns at the North, to the necessity of urging upon their government the adoption of a different policy. McCausland was also directed to proceed from Chambersburg towards Cumberland, Md., and levy contributions in money upon that and other towns able to bear them, and if possible destroy the machinery at the coal pits near Cumberland, and the machine shops, depots, and bridges on the Baltimore and Ohio railroad, as far as practicable.

"On the 29th, McCausland crossed the Potomac, near Clear Spring, above Williamsport, and I moved with Rhodes' and Ramseur's divisions and Vaughan's cavalry to the latter place, while Imboden demonstrated with his and Jackson's cavalry towards Harper's Ferry, in order to withdraw attention from McCausland. Breckinridge remained at Martinsburg, and continued the destruction of the railroad. Vaughan drove a force of cavalry from Williamsport, and went into Hagerstown, where he captured and destroyed a train of cars loaded with supplies. One of Rhodes' brigades was crossed over at Williamsport, and subsequently withdrawn.

"On the 30th, McCausland being well under way, I moved back to Martinsburg; and on the 31st, the whole infantry force was moved to Bunker Hill, where we remained on the 1st, 2d, and 3d of August.

"On the 4th, in order to enable McCausland to retire from Pennsylvania and Maryland, and to keep Hunter, who had been reinforced by the 6th and 19th corps, and had been oscillating between Harper's Ferry and Monocacy Junction, in a state of uncertainty, I again moved to the Potomac, with the infantry and Vaughan's and Jackson's cavalry, while Imboden demonstrated towards Harper's Ferry.

"On the 5th, Rhodes' and Ramseur's divisions crossed at Williamsport, and took position near St. James' College, and Vaughan's cavalry went into Hagerstown. Breckinridge, with his command and Jackson's cavalry, crossed at Shepherdstown, and took position at Sharpsburg. This position is in full view from Maryland Heights, and a cavalry force was sent out by the enemy to reconnoitre, which after skirmishing with Jackson's cavalry, was driven off by the sharpshooters of Gordon's division.

"On the 6th, the whole force recrossed the Potomac at Williamsport, and moved towards Martinsburg; and on the 7th, we returned to Bunker Hill.

"On the 30th of July, McCausland reached Chambersburg, and made the demand as directed, reading to such of the authorities as presented themselves the paper sent by me. The demand was not complied with, the people stating that they were not afraid of having their town burned, and that a Federal force was approaching. The policy pursued by our army on former occasions had been so lenient, that they did not suppose the threat was in earnest this time, and they hoped for speedy relief. McCausland, however, proceeded to carry out his orders, and the greater part of the town was laid in ashes.

"For this act I alone am responsible, as the officers engaged in it were simply executing my orders, and had no discretion left them. Notwithstanding the lapse of time which has occurred,

and the result of the war, I am perfectly satisfied with my conduct on this occasion, and see no reason to regret it.

“McCausland then moved in the direction of Cumberland, but on approaching that town, he found it defended by a force under Kelly, too strong for him to attack, and he withdrew towards Hampshire county, in Virginia, and crossed the Potomac near the mouth of the South Branch, capturing the garrison at that place, and partially destroying the railroad bridge. He then invested the post on the railroad at New Creek, but finding it too strongly fortified to take by assault, he moved to Moorefield, in Hardy county, near which place he halted to rest and recruit his men and horses, as the command was now considered safe from pursuit. Averill, however, had been pursuing from Chambersburg with a body of cavalry, and Johnson's brigade was surprised in camp, before day, on the morning of the 7th of August, and routed by Averill's force. This resulted also in the rout of McCausland's brigade, and the loss of the artillery, (four pieces,) and about three hundred prisoners from the whole command. The balance of the command made its way to Mount Jackson in great disorder, and much weakened. This affair had a very damaging effect upon my cavalry for the rest of the campaign.”

McCausland had not the manliness to take the responsibility of this surprise, which was brought about by his own neglect and incaution, but sought to throw the blame upon Johnson, who demanded a court of inquiry, but it was not allowed. McCausland was the commanding officer, and Johnson his subordinate. He had selected the camp and posted his pickets, and was of course bound to keep himself advised of the position and propinquity of the enemy, and to advise his subordinate of danger. He never did keep himself so informed; the only intimation

he ever gave was a mere verbal one by a courier, at two o'clock at night, that Averill was at Romney, thirty miles off, the evening before, and to be ready and saddle up by daylight. The order conveyed no intimation of danger, and General McCausland had no such idea, for he slept three miles away from his camp, and was absent when his command was attacked.

Soon after the Moorefield affair Early's army moved to Fisher's Hill, when Gilmor (with whom the First Maryland was still serving) was ordered to scout in his front. Shortly after Sheridan retreated to Winchester, beyond which place Early pursued him. A series of severe encountres ensued with the enemy's cavalry in the vicinity of Winchester, Martinsburg, Bunker Hill, Leetown and Charlestown, in which the First Maryland took a prominent part, losing heavily.

One of the heaviest of these fights I will here speak of at length, as it has been most strangely misrepresented by Colonel Gilmor in his "Four Years in the Saddle." The fight at Bunker Hill is the one alluded to, where Colonel Gilmor says the First Maryland "refused to charge when ordered by him." The facts are these:

On the morning of the 13th of August, 1864, a brigade of Lomax's command (to which was attached the First Maryland and Gilmor's cavalry, all under command of Gilmor,) had advanced and driven in the enemy's pickets, and pushed back his

cavalry several miles below Bunker Hill, where they halted for a while and then turned to retrace their steps. The enemy in the meanwhile had been heavily reinforced, and pressed hard upon the retreating column, of which the First Maryland formed the rear. The enemy became more and more pressing as they advanced, until a charge was ordered by Colonel Gilmor, which had the effect of checking them, and his vastly superior force only saved him from rout. These charges had to be repeated again and again, the First Maryland retiring excellent order at a walk. When the stream which crosses the pike at Bunker Hill was reached, Gilmor, who had been much delayed, of course, in making these charges, found himself entirely unsupported, all the other regiments of the brigade having retired to the shelter of the infantry, which was formed in line about a mile distant. At this juncture the head of the enemy's column, immediately in the rear of the battalion, had entered the stream before the rear of the First Maryland had reached the opposite bank, two other of his columns meanwhile moving unopposed parallel to the pike, and were at least a mile in the rear of the little band battling with ten times their number. At this most critical period, right in the midst of the stream, the battalion wheeled and again charged, meeting the enemy midway, when a most desperate hand to hand fight ensued, the blood of both intermingling with its current. For some minutes they

held the enemy in check, expecting reinforcements, but none were available, and under the desperate nature of the circumstances General Lomax ordered a battery, near the line of battle which the infantry was forming, to open on the struggling mass. The artillery officer remonstrated, as he was satisfied he would damage friend as well foe ; but the order was repeated. The first few shots fell in the ranks of the enemy, and rendered material aid to the handful of heroes in such imminent peril, but unfortunately a shell at last struck right in their midst, when, of course, the battalion broke. The fire of a foe in front and a friend in rear was more than human nature could withstand ; but even then they did not leave the field, but retired, stubbornly contesting every foot of ground, until they reached a house standing in a field near the pike, and midway between Bunker Hill and the infantry line, where some of the command formed on both sides, which they were obliged to do to confront the now rapidly advancing enemy. Here a stand was made, and the fight continued for sometime. On the side of the house next the pike was the color bearer of the battalion, Colonel Gilmor, Captain Ditty, Captain Raisin and some fifteen or twenty officers and men, and it becoming evident that they could no longer hold the enemy at bay, Colonel Gilmor turned to this handful and exclaimed, " We'll go at them again," but had not moved five steps, the battalion at his heels, before he dropped his pistol and wheeled around,

the blood streaming from his neck, and galloped off, saying as he did so, "I'm killed." Seeing the folly of remaining longer, the command retired upon the infantry, which easily repulsed the enemy's cavalry. This was the last order to charge given that day, and most faithfully was it obeyed, even by twenty against a thousand.

This is a correct statement of the matter, and it is much to be regretted that Colonel Gilmor should be the only man who ever preferred such a charge or cast a reflection upon the fair fame of the First Maryland, every man of which was a hero of an hundred battles, and would follow where any man dared to lead.

In this desperate fight I have to record the death of the gallant Lieutenant Henry Blackiston, of company B, who fell while performing prodigies of valor. Poor fellow, he was universally beloved, and his death deeply regretted by his companions.

After this affair, great dissatisfaction was produced in the First Maryland by an order of General Early's consolidating the command, then very much reduced, with Gilmor's irregular cavalry, and placing the whole under that officer. The entire battalion remonstrated against what they conceived to be the injustice done them, and all the officers tendered their resignations except one, and that one acted upon the conviction that resignation was not the proper remedy of the wrong, which he condemned as fully as any one. None of the resignations were accepted,

when the objection to the consolidation was urged at the Department in Richmond so earnestly that the order was revoked, and the command severed from the connection with Gilmor, and returned to its original status.

Soon after Captain G. W. Dorsey was assigned to the command of the battalion, with the rank of Lieutenant Colonel, to fill the vacancy occasioned by the death of the lamented Ridgely Brown. Major R. C. Smith, who had been permanently disabled in the fight at Greenland Gap, was retired, and the vacancy thus occasioned not afterwards filled.

After Colonel Dorsey's accession to the command, the campaign was constantly active, and the enemy being nearly as strong in cavalry alone as General Early was in troops of all arms, his cavalry was compelled to contend with great odds. Fights and skirmishes of a greater or less magnitude were of daily and almost hourly occurrence, and with the picket duty to be performed, men and horses were employed to the utmost limit of endurance. In most of these engagements the Confederates were successful, but in one of them, at Fisher's Hill, on the 22d of September, the enemy gained considerable advantage by suddenly throwing a heavy force, consisting of two or three divisions, which he had moved up under cover of the North Mountains on Early's left, upon the line of dismounted cavalry, which was all that General could spare to cover that

point. Here, after they had broken the Confederate line, Colonel Dorsey ordered the First Maryland to charge, with the view to check the enemy, if possible, and gain time to bring up reinforcements, but it only availed to release some prisoners and to get the horses of the dismounted men out of the way. In the face of such odds, Dorsey was forced back with some loss, and although severely wounded himself, extricated his command, and made an orderly retreat.

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#### CHAPTER IX.

THE campaign of '64 in the Valley of Virginia was marked by acts of barbarism and savage cruelty on the part of the enemy, such as history scarcely parallels; but certainly not in the annals of any nation making the least pretense to civilization. In years past, the American heart was wont to burn with righteous indignation at the recital of the wrongs of Poland and Hungary; but then Russia and Austria were but in their rudiments. It was reserved for the "best government the world ever saw" to reduce barbarity to a science, to substitute the torch for the sword, murder for honorable warfare, and to elevate the incendiary's crime to the dignity of national policy. Having failed to subdue

the men of the Southern Confederacy in the field, the soldiers of the Federal army, with such vast odds in their favor, of numbers and resources, with the whole world open to them, and contributing immensely both of men and means—the Federal soldiers, with all these advantages, descended to make mean war upon women and children and dumb brutes, seeking in the sufferings of these helpless victims the victory elsewhere denied them, and thus to strike their foe whom they dared not meet in fair conflict.

An official, high in rank in that army, and at this writing high in position under that Government, wrote that the Valley should be so devastated "that a crow flying over would be obliged to take its rations." And faithful and vigorous were the efforts made to carry out that policy. The Vandals, whose name has become a synonym for ferocious cruelty, were accustomed to spare the ungarnered crops not required for their own maintenance; but by official orders from army headquarters, Sheridan's army in the Valley of Virginia obscured the light of day, and illuminated the darkness of night, with the smoke and flames of the conflagration that devoured alike the dwelling and the stable, the barn and the mill, stored with hay and grain, and the yet ungathered crop standing on the ground. Whole fields of corn were wantonly fired in the shock, and in many instances horses and cattle in their stalls, and swine in their pens, were heartlessly burned alive. For two

weeks and more did their fires fiercely burn, while the brave officers commanding this corps of murderers and incendiaries made report of their noble achievements, and the Yankee nation applauded. It was rebels, rebels against this most beneficent Government, who suffered, and in their pangs was offered a sacrifice holy and acceptable on the altar of *Freedom*. Truly *Vandalism* should be expunged from our vocabulary, and *Yankeeism* written instead.

General Hunter, whose chief monument was the smoke from the Virginia Military Institute, and the private dwellings burned by his order, had the honor of inaugurating this system of warfare in the Valley, which was afterwards so fully adopted and elaborately carried out by the Yankee Government.

All these brutal wrongs the First Maryland cavalry witnessed, and where powerless to prevent, they did not forget to avenge where opportunity offered.

Other wrongs they had to remember and avenge, such as their whole prior experience had never before known—the cold-blooded murder of their comrades.

In October, 1864, Churchill Crittenden and John Hartigan, privates of company C, were detailed to procure provisions for their company, which could only be obtained from the neighboring farm houses. The regiment was lying then in Page county, and as the country between the two armies had not been foraged so closely of its supplies, because of its being

a middle ground, these two men, so detailed, sought the required rations between the two lines. Whilst getting their supplies at a farm house, a large scouting party of the enemy came suddenly upon them. They attempted to escape, and a running fight ensued, which resulted in the death of two or three of the enemy and the wounding of Crittenden severely, and the capture of both himself and Hartigan.

The prisoners were taken back two or three miles, and there by order of General Powell, then commanding Averill's old brigade, shot in cold blood, denying them the poor privilege of writing to their friends, though Hartigan, particularly, who had a young and lovely wife, earnestly entreated with his last breath to be allowed to send her a message.

These facts were all carefully traced out, and verified by the statement of the citizen at whose house the two men were first attacked, and near which they fought and were captured; by the statement of the citizen, some two miles to the rear, near whose house they were buried, not by the assassins, but by the pitying farmer; and by the evidence rendered by the opened graves of the poor murdered men.

From that time, General Powell's name was familiar to the ears and memories of the First Maryland cavalry, and many were the vows there uttered over the dead bodies of their comrades to avenge their death—and they were fearfully avenged, though the chief assassin escaped.

In November, 1864, the battalion, now in General Davidson's brigade of Lomax's division, crossed the mountain and camped near Washington, in Rappahannock county, in order to obtain supplies, which were now exceedingly scarce. For days at a time the only food was apples and bread made of corn meal of such miserable quality as to be utterly inedible except under pressure of the direst necessity. Coffee and sugar had long before disappeared—so long that it was a real effort of memory to recall their flavor—and the taste of meat was now a matter of rare occurrence, and then often obtained by the capture of a bewildered squirrel or rabbit, or the *accidental falling of a tree* on some luckless hog, which happened oftener than people would suppose or believe who are unacquainted with the pertinacity with which that animal will haunt a cavalry camp to steal from the horses, and at which they have often been known to be killed by a *kick*. Apples were, however, in abundance, and excellent, and assisted greatly in keeping up the commissariat.

Supplies of all kinds, however, were exhausted in two or three weeks, and the battalion moved back to the neighborhood of Madison Court House. Here it remained until December, when General Davidson was relieved by General Jackson, the former General having been only temporarily in command during the absence, while wounded, of the latter, the proper commander of the brigade.

At this time the enemy made a simultaneous advance upon Madison Court House, Staunton and Charlottesville, at which latter place Custar's division of cavalry was fought by Brethod's battery of horse artillery, composed mainly of Maryland soldiers, without support of any kind; and so bold and vigorous was their defence that Custar retired with loss, under the impression that a large force confronted him. The column advancing upon Madison Court House, consisting of two divisions, was engaged and held in check nearly a day by Jackson's brigade, the fight having begun in the morning and lasted until 9 P. M. The battle was closed by a charge of the First Maryland upon the left flank of the enemy, which was most advanced. The charge was made less effective by reason of the leading squadrons stumbling into a deep and wide ditch, which, owing to the darkness, could not be seen until too late to prevent the horses from falling. But although not damaging the enemy to the extent hoped for, it had the effect to break and scatter his line in confusion, and keep him quiet for the balance of the night.

After waiting for some time for further demonstrations from the enemy, and there being none, General Jackson quietly withdrew his brigade a few miles, and the men lay down in the snow, which covered the ground to the depth of ten inches, to get a little rest. In the meantime General Lomax, who had been notified in the beginning of the

enemy's advance, was assembling at Liberty Mills his different brigades, which had necessarily been scattered in order to subsist. By daylight General Jackson was moving to that point, where, after partaking of some food, the troops were directed to throw up rude breastworks, which was done by piling fence rails along the banks of the stream. This had scarcely been accomplished when the enemy made his appearance and deployed most beautifully on the opposite hills, when a brisk skirmish began, which continued all day and until night, when the exhausted troops were ordered to unsaddle and seek some rest, but they had barely dismounted when a courier dashed up and reported that the enemy had crossed the stream, and that they were to be charged at once. In an instant the gallant troopers sprang to their horses, and Jackson's brigade dashed at the enemy's advance. For some time the ground was stubbornly contested, when Jackson's column to the right and left of the First Maryland broke, which compelled the whole to fall back. They were quickly rallied, however, when a desperate charge was made, and the enemy in turn compelled to retire. Lomax then withdrew his division to Gordonsville, where it rested that night, and at daylight it was again drawn up in line of battle to meet the enemy, who had made his appearance. A sharp but brief conflict ensued, in which the enemy was repulsed, when he withdrew, and finally retired by the road he came to Winchester.

## CHAPTER X.

AFTER this affair the brigade of Jackson retired to within twelve or fifteen miles of Orange Court House, where it remained until about the first of March, when Sheridan moved down the Valley in heavy force, and captured the little that remained of Early's command near Waynesboro'. The First Maryland was ordered to hang upon his flank, which it did with great tenacity, first striking him on James river, beyond Charlottesville, and following him to the White House, on York river. So small a force could accomplish nothing by a direct attack, and it therefore confined its operations to cutting off scouting and marauding parties, which amounted in the aggregate to more than their own number three times over.

The battalion rested for some days near Richmond after it had returned from following Sheridan, when it was ordered to join Lomax in West Virginia. It accordingly marched to join that officer, and when about two days advanced on the journey, was ordered back with all speed to report to General Fitz. Lee at Stony creek, twenty miles from Petersburg.

Reaching Richmond on the evening of April 2d, 1865, it went into camp on its suburbs. Early next morning (Sunday) the battalion moved through the city, and had the pleasure of greeting many of their comrades, prisoners on parole, awaiting exchange.

The day had nothing of Sabbath quiet, churches were unattended, and the streets filled with anxious crowds of soldiers and citizens eagerly seeking and discussing the army news. Already many painful rumors were rife betokening disaster, but resolutely refusing to doubt the success of the cause in which their very souls were embarked, the little band of Marylanders—now reduced to less than one hundred in the saddle—pushed on, followed by the regrets and blessings of their paroled brothers, whose obligations forbade them, as yet, to take part in the stirring events then occurring. As the lines at Petersburg were approached, it was inexpressibly cheering to see everything calm, and the army apparently as confident and defiant as ever.

It was well known that the odds against General Lee were immense, but all Confederate victories had been won against such advantages, and an abiding faith in the justice of their cause, and genius of their great chief, kept up the spirits of Colonel Dorsey's command in spite of all drawbacks. When, therefore, bodies of troops of greater or less force were seen in motion, on or near the Petersburg road, in perfect order, and advancing towards the sound of the firing, which had all day been heard in their front, the Maryland soldiers took these facts as perfect confirmation of their pre-entertained opinion that all the news which had given rise to such distressing rumors were, instead of a retreat of the Army of Northern Virginia, only a

strategic device on the part of General Lee to bring Grant out from behind his breastworks in order to attack and destroy him. Nor was this idea weakened at all when, after reaching Petersburg about dark, they found everything prepared for motion, and heard that General Lee's lines had been broken. The heavy batteries in front were in full action, and it naturally seemed that so much firing must indicate stout resistance.

Failing to find any order from General Fitz. Lee at this point, who had before this left Stony creek for some point to him unknown, Colonel Dorsey availed himself of such shelter as the ground afforded to rest and feed man and horse, and to await information or orders. Here there was abundance of food and forage, for which there was not transportation, and orders had been issued for its destruction. Colonel Dorsey was therefore permitted to take as much of both for his command as could be carried, which was not much, as the horses were too weak, on account of long marches and insufficient food, to bear any considerable increase of burden. Horses and men, however, had one full meal, and it being the soldier's philosophy to let each day take care of itself, all were soon stretched upon the ground to catch such repose as might be vouchsafed them.

The enemy's fire seemed to increase in violence, and shot and shell soon began to pass over the encampment, and far in its rear, but did no damage, as the

intervening hill gave full protection. In this situation, heedless of all the noises, exhausted nature demanded rest, and the First Maryland slept.

A couple of hours passed, when the command was aroused, saddled up, and prepared to move, Colonel Dorsey having at last received orders to follow in the rear of Mahone's division, which formed the rear of the Confederate army. This division had not yet come up, and while awaiting its appearance, the command looked on and grieved over the destruction of ordnance and quartermaster's stores, which were now being fired in every direction to prevent their falling into the hands of the enemy. These fires had evidently aroused the enemy into increased action, and his batteries were now in a constant blaze, while the explosion of his shells and the Confederate ammunition wagons made the night hideous with war's most infernal din. Fortunately the enemy directed his guns at the fires, and as everybody kept away from them, no damage was done.

The battalion was drawn up along the roadside waiting to march, and coaxing their horses to eat as much oats as possible. Near by was a train of cars loaded with ammunition, and word was passed to look out, as it was about to be set on fire. For a while every man stood to horse, but the explosion not ensuing as soon as expected, attention was called off, and the caution forgotten. Bridles were let go, and some of the men walked towards the quartermaster's stores, near the ammunition train, to make

further selections. Suddenly a tremendous shock was felt, which threw many to the ground, whilst the horses reared and plunged and broke from their riders, and for a time all was the wildest confusion. When matters had become a little calm, two men belonging to the quartermaster's department were found dead, and twenty horses of the First Maryland had run off at full speed towards Richmond, though fortunately none of the men were hurt beyond a few bruises. The runaway horses must have been terribly frightened, for in their poor condition they ran twenty miles without halting, and only thirteen of the twenty were recovered; thus the battalion lost the services of seven men, who being dismounted, had to remain with the wagons. The explosion took place two hundred yards distant, but the force was great enough to knock down those nearest to it, and greatly shock the others.

Soon after this occurrence, Mahone's division came up at the quickstep, and in fine order and spirits, which cheered the hearts of the little cavalry band beyond expression. Day had dawned before the rear passed, and just at that time, in the grey light of morning, was seen a brilliant flash, and for a few moments the earth trembled under foot, and a tremendous explosion plainly told that the fortifications at Drury's Bluff were no more. In ten minutes another flash, shock and explosion ensued, and the Confederate gunboats on the James had shared the fate of the batteries on shore. Other

similar explosions followed as smaller magazines were destroyed, filling the whole atmosphere with sulphurous smoke, while the flames licked the sky from many a conflagration, and it was with sad hearts that the little battalion turned and followed in the footsteps of the infantry. Thus commenced the retreat that ended in the surrender of the army of Northern Virginia.

The roads were muddy and wretchedly cut up by the passage of the artillery and heavy wagons, and the army, though in constant motion, made slow progress. By the next afternoon, Monday 3d of April, Amelia Court House was reached, where the enemy made a slight demonstration, but did not seriously attack. Early on the morning of the 4th Colonel Dorsey ascertaining the whereabouts of General Fitz. Lee, joined his division, in pursuance of his original order, and was assigned to Payne's brigade.

Before this the small supply of provisions and forage which were brought from Petersburg had been exhausted, and as none had been issued, men and horses were almost starving.

The enemy's cavalry now became exceedingly active, and Payne's brigade was daily engaged from daylight to dark, and often the struggle lasted all night. Grant's immense cavalry force enabled him to make simultaneous attacks at several points, and thus he succeeded in destroying a large portion of General Lee's wagon train, as it was impossible for the small force of Confederate cavalry to guard all

points. The only thing to be done was to attack the enemy wherever he struck the train, and most vigorously was this plan followed.

In all these affairs, without exception, the Confederate cavalry was successful; and in one, when General Robert E. Lee was personally present and observing, repulsed a sudden and determined charge of Gregg's division with great loss, and captured Gregg himself.

Fate seemed to have determined that the Confederate sun should set in halo worthy of its noonday splendor, and gave a series of unbroken successes to the cavalry, and crowned all by the magnificent charge of Gordon's corps of infantry on the very morning of the surrender, when that gallant General swept away the enemy's lines and captured his batteries in a style that showed that nothing of his old vigor was lost. There was a serious embarrassment, however, attending the cavalry victories, viz: The capture of so many prisoners, which towards the last became nearly as numerous as General Lee's whole army, and presented a difficult question both as to feeding and guarding. No rations having been issued, men and horses had been subsisting from the 4th of April on a scanty supply of hard corn, which the troops had not even time to parch, and ate raw from the cob as they marched. On one occasion some one of the battalion got hold of a raw ham, and generously divided it as far as it would go. Raw ham, and raw corn from the cob may not

be very palatable to one unfasted, but to Colonel Dorsey and his men it seemed a luxury.

At Amelia Springs there was a severe fight, in which the enemy was defeated and pursued some miles. Here a small portion of flour was issued to each man, but which there was no time to cook, and the flour was tied up in bags, handkerchiefs, stockings, or anything else at hand that might serve the purpose; and so it remained for two days before opportunity to cook it offered, the battalion being in the meantime constantly engaged.

At last it was impossible for human nature to hold out longer, and the second night after the fight at Amelia Springs, it was determined to cook the flour. As soon, therefore, as night came on—which rendered the enemy's fire less accurate, and induced his cavalry to become less aggressive—the brigade, leaving a strong picket force still actively skirmishing, withdrew behind a neighboring hill and prepared to cook. There were no cooking utensils nor any convenience to make, but soldiers who had gone through a four year's war had many devices at hand to meet exigencies. A detail with canteens was sent to the stream near by for water, and oil cloths were substituted for kneading trays. In this way the flour was hastily moistened into a paste, and as hastily parched in the embers of the very spare fires which proximity to the enemy reduced to the smallest possible dimension that could be dignified with the name of fire. The

skirmishers were then relieved by some who had eaten, to make similar provisions for their wants.

From this time until Lynchburg was reached, on the night of the 9th of April, when General Lee surrendered at Appomattox Court House, the First Maryland subsisted on corn and some rations taken from the captured enemy. It was hard to take food from prisoners, perhaps, but necessity knows no law, and between starving men the weakest must yield.

Every day's history was much the same, a constant night and day struggle with the enemy's cavalry, who would scarcely be repulsed at one point before they had to be met at another, perhaps five or ten miles distant.

When the army reached the vicinity of High Bridge it was ascertained that a force of the enemy was directly in front, having by a forced march, and being unencumbered, passed around General Lee's left and thrown themselves directly in his path. The brigade (which I have forgotten to state, was now commanded by Brigadier General Thomas T. Munford, he having succeeded General Payne after the fight at Amelia Springs, the latter officer being disabled by wounds) was at once ordered to attack them, which it did with much gallantry, all being dismounted except the First Maryland, which was sent to the left to cut off the enemy's retreat. The enemy, which proved to be a brigade of infantry and about two hundred cavalry, behaved very gal-

lantly, and at once met General Munford vigorously. His cavalry charged several times, but were repulsed with heavy loss, while the enemy's infantry and Munford's dismounted cavalry kept up a heavy fire, both sides suffering severely, without material advantage to either. At length Deering's brigade came up and dismounted, and joining Munford, a general charge was made by the dismounted men in front, and the First Maryland mounted in the rear and right flank of the enemy, which resulted in the defeat and capture of his entire force.

Nearly all the field officers on both sides were killed or badly wounded.

It will be remembered, in this connection, that although the Confederates had two brigades engaged here against the one of the enemy's infantry and the force of two hundred cavalry, yet he had greatly the advantage in numbers as well as of a deliberately selected position. Confederate brigades at this period of the war frequently did not number five hundred men, and on this occasion General Munford took into action (including Deering's men) a smaller force, considerably, than was captured.

For a short time Munford rested his command, when, after turning over his prisoners, he again sought the enemy towards the rear of General Lee's army. He here found Fitz. Lee closely pressed, and joined his forces to impede as much as possible their advance. A narrow and deep stream crossed the road over which the retreat was being conducted,

and at the crossing place the mud was much worked up by the passage of the army. As this stream was neared the enemy, from the crest of the range of hills about a mile distant, had a clear view of the retreating forces. He hurried up his batteries and opened furiously, while his cavalry pressed hard upon the rear. Crossing the stream, a portion of the division, including Munford's brigade, was deployed along its banks to dispute the passage. A slight and hastily constructed breastwork of fence rails, thrown up under the fire of the opposing artillery, was all that Munford had to aid him against the immense force advancing. The whole face of the country beyond the stream now seemed a mass of troops. Artillery crowned every available point, while cavalry and infantry in column advanced rapidly upon the handful of men that stood in their path. It was necessary that a stand should be made to give time for the wagon and ordnance trains to pass a small bridge near Farmville. The enemy's skirmishers soon lined the banks of the little stream, and poured in a rapid fire upon Munford, which was vigorously returned. In a few minutes a heavy column of cavalry charged at the ford, when they were received with a murderous fire at a range of not over forty yards. The ford was narrow, deep and marshy; the dead and dying men and horses encumbered their advance, and the enemy were forced to fall back defeated after many of them had actually crossed the stream. Several

batteries were then opened upon Munford, but the firing was too wild, and everything having been accomplished that was desired, and the train safely over the bridge, the Confederate cavalry retired rapidly, but in excellent order, towards Farmville, moving in several different columns in order to present smaller marks to the artillery, which was firing with much increased accuracy, owing to the clear view which the open fields afforded.

The enemy then crossed the stream where he had been repulsed, and also at several other points lower down, and followed in rapid pursuit, and were soon charging Munford's rear furiously through Farmville. One column charged a piece of woods in which lay a force of infantry in ambuscade, and was literally cut to pieces.

The streams about Farmville were much swollen, and in order to save time, General Fitz. Lee's division, still in several different columns, crossed at as many different points, in most cases swimming their horses. At nightfall the fighting ceased, but was resumed in the morning with increased fury.

All this time a large force of the enemy, both infantry and cavalry, had marched rapidly by parallel roads, and had gotten between General Lee and Lynchburg, then his only depot of supplies, had captured all the trains with provisions sent out from that city to meet his army, then on the verge of starvation, and on the morning of April 8th, near Appomattox Court House, suddenly attacked

his ordnance train, which in advance of the whole army was pressing on towards Lynchburg, guarded only by one small brigade of cavalry. But notwithstanding the great disparity of forces, a severe fight was kept up nearly an hour, the artillery particularly being well and effectually served, and drove back the enemy in front. The infantry and dismounted cavalry, however, now completely surrounded and drove the men from their guns, and captured all the artillery and wagons, which left General Lee almost destitute of both. Some few artillerists escaped on their horses, and fled down the road towards the infantry, followed by a column of cavalry. But the infantry was prepared for their approach, and permitting the flying artillerists to pass, they poured in a most deadly volley, which scattered the pursuers in all directions.

For the balance of the night all remained quiet, and the two armies anxiously awaited the coming of the morrow, which must decide the fate of the army of Northern Virginia. Further retreat was impossible as the enemy held the roads on all sides, and without rations, cannon or ammunition to supply even the wants of twelve thousand men now left General Lee, he, on the morning of the 9th of April, confronted Grant's mighty host. All the difficulties of the position were well known and appreciated by the Confederate army, but the men who formed that army then, who had followed their flag through all the gloom and trials of the retreat—a retreat which

needs only the pen of a Xenophon to make as famous as that of the "Ten Thousand"—those men, though not of numbers, but of country, in the dawn of that April morning advanced to meet their persistent foe with all the calm and lofty courage that would have made Appomattox Court House a Thermopylae. Those men, had their leader so willed it, would have laid down their arms and lives together. They were men indeed, and worthy to close the record of the army of Northern Virginia.

As soon as the day gave sufficient light, the battle opened fiercely, and all thought an engagement had commenced which was to prove the most desperate and terrible of the war.

General Fitz. Lee's division of cavalry, now under command of Brigadier General Munford, (General Fitz. Lee being at the headquarters of the army) moved through Appomattox Court House, and formed in line of battle on the right of the road about half a mile beyond that place. The halt was brief, and it moved in column obliquely to the right and entered a heavy wood, where it soon came in contact with the enemy.

Throwing out skirmishers to engage them, General Munford moved again to the right oblique until they were again struck, when more skirmishers were thrown out, the first having fallen in the rear, and these movements were continued until he found a weaker place in the enemy's line, and made good his passage to the Lynchburg road.

Nothing was known positively. The sounds of a severe fight were plainly heard, and those movements of the cavalry excited much surprise and comment among the men and officers composing the division.

At first it was thought that the intention was to get in the enemy's rear and charge him while engaged in front by the infantry, which opinion was much strengthened by a near approach to a battery of the enemy's in full action against General Lee's infantry, but another detour proved its fallacy, and all were lost in conjecture until the Lynchburg road was reached, when it became evident that the immediate object of the movement was to reach that road, as the division at once halted and formed on each side. From this point the masses of Grant's army were plainly visible, standing as if on dress parade.

The firing had now ceased, and surprise at what seemed unaccountable movements gave place to alarm. Surrender of the army was whispered, but was heard with indignation by many who would not acknowledge their own fears to themselves, and all comment was unheeded, and by general consent it was determined to await events in silence. We could see, indeed, on the bronzed countenances of those veterans an anxiety too deep for words.

The First Maryland happened to be nearest to the road and to the enemy, the men dismounted, but standing to horse—the usual precaution of

skirmishers in front having been, of course, observed.

Everything was still. Not a sound betrayed the presence of the hosts of armed men in the vicinity, and but for the long lines of blue in sight upon the hills in front, all might have been taken for a hideous dream.

Suddenly a heavy column of cavalry, moving rapidly along Munford's front, and parallel to his line, was seen, about half a mile distant, marching towards the road, which was presently reached, and a part of the force, still in column, advanced by the road, and the remainder in line through the fields to right of the road, and drove back the skirmishers.

As soon as the design of the enemy was perceived, Colonel Dorsey mounted his men and moved in column to the road, which was separated from him by a fence, in which gaps had been made. Through one of these gaps the First Maryland was passing as rapidly as was consistent with good order, but the first section had hardly cleared the fence when the enemy, now in full charge, was seen coming at them not over one hundred yards distant. Captain Raisin, who rode with Colonel Dorsey at the head, remarked, "Colonel, we must charge them; it is the only chance;" and scarcely had the words left his lips when Dorsey, who had already seen the necessity, gave the command, "Draw sabre, gallop, charge!" and the little band of Marylanders hurled themselves against the heavy columns of the enemy,

and drove him back. Again he advanced, and again the First Maryland charged and forced him back.

In this last charge—the last blow struck by the army of Virginia—while still pushing the enemy vigorously, the battalion was met by an officer carrying a flag of truce, who suddenly made his appearance from the right of the road. The fight instantly ceased, and the officer was asked his business. He replied that General Lee was about to surrender, that articles of capitulation were being prepared, that hostilities had ceased, and ended by demanding that the cavalry in his front should come in and lay down their arms, as being part of General Lee's army, and included in the terms.

General Munford called a council of war of all his officers, and after discussing matters and taking a vote, it was determined not to surrender, being clearly not subject to the treaty between Lee and Grant, as the division had broken through the enemy's lines before a surrender had been discussed by the leaders of the two armies, and more especially because the enemy had attacked the division during the truce, and had only spoken of it after having been thrice repulsed.

In the last charge, immediately before the appearance of the white flag, young Price, of Company E, Captain Raisin, was killed, thus yielding his life in the very last blow struck by the army of Northern Virginia.

In accordance with the unanimous opinion of the council of war, General Munford threw out a heavy skirmish line, and retired towards Lynchburg unmolested by the enemy, who contented himself with looking on.

Arriving at Lynchburg about night, General Munford's first care was to obtain food and forage for his command, which was done without much difficulty, as large supplies had been gathered at this point with a view of meeting the necessities of General Lee's army, a portion of which supplies, as before said, having been sent out to meet the army, and captured by the enemy near Appontattox Court House on the 8th.

After feeding, another council was held, and the chances and best means of reaching Johnson's army discussed. Without coming to any definite conclusion, it was determined to move to the north side of the James river and seek supplies until some news from Johnson could be obtained.

Colonel Dorsey marched to the neighborhood of Waynesboro', where the kindness of the people to the soldiers had been before experienced, and there awaited orders. In about ten days he received a dispatch from General Munford to move up the Valley, by way of Lexington, towards Salem, on which route all the cavalry were to march, and to make their way to Johnson's army.

The First Maryland was immediately on the march, and arrived at Cloverdale, in Botetourt

county, on the 28th day of April, where Colonel Dorsey, learning that General Munford was confined to his bed by sickness, rode to the house at which the General was lying, and received from him the following letter, which he had prepared to be read to the First Maryland, and which speaks for itself, the General expressing his regret that his sickness prevented him from saying farewell to the battalion in person :

CLOVERDALE, BOTETOURT COUNTY, VA., }  
April 28th, 1865. }

LIEUTENANT COLONEL DORSEY,

*Commanding First Maryland Cavalry.*

I have just learned from Captain Emack that your gallant band was moving up the Valley in response to my call. I am deeply pained to say that our army cannot be reached, as I have learned that it has capitulated. It is sad, indeed, to think that our country's future is all shrouded in gloom. But for you and your command there is the consolation of having faithfully done your duty.

Three years ago the chivalric Brown joined my old regiment with twenty-three Maryland volunteers with light hearts and full of fight. I soon learned to admire, respect and love them for all those qualities which endear soldiers to their officers. They recruited rapidly, and as they increased in numbers, so did their reputation and friends increase, and they were soon able to form a command and take a position of their own. Need I say when I see that position so high and almost alone among soldiers, that my heart swells with pride to think that a record so bright and glorious is in some part linked with mine? Would that I could see the mothers and sisters of every member of your battalion that I might tell them how nobly you have represented your State and maintained our cause. But you will not be forgotten.

The fame you have won will be guarded by Virginia with all the pride she feels in her own true sons, and the ties which have linked us together memory will preserve. You who struck the first blow in Baltimore, and *the last in Virginia*, have done all that could be asked of you, and had the rest of our officers and men adhered to our cause with the same devotion, to-day we would have been free from Yankee thralldom. I have ordered the brigade to return to their homes, and it behooves us now to separate. With my warmest wishes for your welfare, and a hearty God bless you, I bid you farewell.

THOMAS T. MUNFORD,

*Brigadier General Commanding Division.*

The scene which followed this announcement and letter can only be conceived by those who have had every energy and sentiment of soul and heart wrapped up in the attainment of some end a thousand fold dearer than life, only to find after years of the bitterest struggles and dearest sacrifices, that all vain, and themselves bankrupt of all that would make life supportable. This little band of Maryland soldiers, despairing and broken hearted, were hundreds of miles from home, but separated still farther by a wanton exercise of power forbidding them to return to Maryland, which exercise of power was due to the petty malice of some of the civil authorities of Maryland's cowardly jackals, tearing at the dead body of the lion, which living, they dared not face.

With this letter of General Munford, announcing the surrender of General Joseph E. Johnston's army, perished the last hope of the Southern Con-

federacy, and the few surviving members of the First Maryland cavalry prepared to bid each other adieu. That was a sad and solemn parting indeed, and stout hearts melted, and tears from eyes unused to weeping were profusely shed, when hand clasping hand, farewell was spoken.

The old flag which had so often moved in victory was saluted for the last time, and reverently taken from its staff and folded away. The last weeping word was spoken, and with breaking hearts the old battalion disbanded forever, some riding slowly away, others at full speed as if to fly from grief.

In their wanderings the exiled soldiers depended entirely upon the kindness and hospitality of the Virginia people. They had no money or means to supply their wants—nothing but their destitution and soldiers life to plead. But Virginia people did not forget their services, and hastened eagerly to relieve their necessities. At the end, as in the beginning, and through the progress of the war, the warm-hearted kindness and genuine hospitality of the Virginians adorned them with a lustre equal to their valor in battle. The soldiers of the First Maryland cavalry must cease to have hearts or memories when they forget the Virginia people and their devoted attentions.

## CHANGES

*In the First Maryland Battalion of Cavalry.*

The following changes took place among the officers in the battalion during the war :

Gustavus W. Dorsey, Lieutenant Colonel commanding, vice Lieutenant Colonel Ridgely Brown, killed June 1, 1864.

Major Robert C. Smith having been permanently disabled by wounds received in battle at Greenland Gap, April 25, 1863, and retired from active service with the rank of Lieutenant Colonel, no one was commissioned to fill vacancy.

John E. H. Post, promoted Adjutant with rank of First Lieutenant, vice George Booth, promoted A. A. G. on General Bradley T. Johnson's staff.

Company A.—Thos. Griffith, promoted Captain, vice Captain F. A. Bond, disabled in battle at Hagerstown, July, 1863, retired from active service with rank of Major.

J. A. V. Pue, First Lieutenant, vice Griffith, promoted.

Otis Johnson, private, commissioned Second Lieutenant, vice Edward Beatty, died in prison.

Company B.—Third Lieutenant Blackiston, killed August 12, 1864, no one commissioned to fill vacancy.

Company C.—Thomas Green, promoted Second Lieutenant, vice W. S. Turnbull, died in campaign of 1863.

James Walters, private, commissioned Third Lieutenant, Vice Green, promoted.

Company D.—Milton Welsh, promoted Second Lieutenant, vice Steven D. Lawrence, resigned—no one commissioned to fill vacancy.

Company E.—No change.

Company F.—C. Irving Ditty, promoted Captain, vice A. F. Schwartz, died from effects of wounds received in battle, May 9, 1864.

Fielder C. Slingluff, promoted First Lieutenant, vice Ditty, promoted.

Samuel G. Bonn, Second Lieutenant, vice Slingluff, promoted.

Company H.—N. C. Hobbs, promoted Captain, vice Gustavus W. Dorsey, promoted Lieutenant Colonel.

Edward Pugh, First Lieutenant, vice Hobbs, promoted—no commission to fill vacancy.

## RECAPITULATION.

*State of Battalion at the Close of the War.*

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Gustavus W. Dorsey, Lieutenant Colonel commanding.

No Major.

J. E. H. Post, First Lieutenant, Adjutant.

Wilner McKnew, Captain, Assistant Surgeon.

Ignatius Dorsey, Captain, A. Q. M.

Company A.—Thomas Griffith, Captain; J. A. V. Pue, First Lieutenant; Otis Johnson, Second Lieutenant.

Company B.—George W. Emack, Captain; M. E. McKnew, First Lieutenant; Adolphus Cook, Second Lieutenant.

Company C.—George Howard, Captain; T. Jeff Smith, First Lieutenant; Thomas Green, Second Lieutenant; James Walters, Third Lieutenant.

Company E.—W. I. Raisin, Captain; John B. Burroughs, First Lieutenant; Nathaniel Chapman, Second Lieutenant; Joseph K. Roberts, Third Lieutenant.

## CASUALTIES

*Of the Officers as near as can be remembered.*

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Killed—Lieutenant Colonel Ridgely Brown, Captain A. F. Schwartz, Lieutenant Henry C. Blackiston.

Wounded—Lieutenant Colonel Dorsey, severely; Major R. C. Smith, severely, disabled; Captain George W. Booth, Adjutant, severely; Captain F. A. Bond, severely, disabled; Captain George W. Emack, several times slightly; Captain Raisin, severely; Lieutenant J. A. V. Pue, severely; Lieutenant Thomas Green, severely; Lieutenant W. H. Dorsey, several times; Lieutenant Joseph K. Roberts, severely; Lieutenant C. Irving Ditty, severely.

THE  
BALTIMORE LIGHT ARTILLERY.

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## CHAPTER I.

IT was towards the close of a pleasant day in October, 1861, that the First Maryland Infantry dragged its weary length into camp near Centreville, after a long and fruitless expedition to Pohick Church in search of the enemy. Things seemed much changed, indeed, since their departure, for in their absence a battery of artillery had invaded the sacred confines of their camp, and a scowl was observed upon more than one face, for we were jealous of our rights and dared maintain them. Judge then our surprise when informed it was a battery manned by brother Marylanders, and called the "Baltimore Light Artillery." They had just been organized at Richmond, and forwarded to the army at Centreville during our absence. They were welcomed, most heartily welcomed, and it was not long ere we discovered old friends and acquaintances among them.

Before many hours had elapsed we paid our respects to the officers of the battery, and found them to be the true type of the Maryland and Virginia gentlemen. But here they are:



Capt. W. HUNTER GRIFFIN.



Captain J. B. Brockenborough was a Virginian, a graduate of the Military Institute at Lexington, and a son of Judge Brockenborough, whose name is so well known to the people of the South. He was a young man, not long from college, but in that intellectual face you read more than the ordinary man, and the honor and glory with which he subsequently enveloped his fine command is a matter of history.

His First Lieutenant, W. Hunter Griffin, was also a Virginian, but had been engaged in business in Baltimore for many years. Brave, noble-hearted Griffin; how little I thought, as for the first time I took his hand, we should pass together through so many stirring scenes in the field and prison, for with the mention of his name appears before me all the horrors of the retaliatory dens and dungeons of Morris Island and Fort Pulaski. There we shared between us the wretched pittance given to sustain a bare existence, and there we more than once divided our last dollar.

Second Lieutenant, W. B. Bean, was a Marylander, and a fine officer and brave soldier.

Third Lieutenant, George Wilhelm, was also a Marylander, and during the little while he was with the battery proved himself an efficient officer. On his resigning the dashing McNulty was appointed to fill the vacancy.

The *personnel* of the men was unsurpassed in the army, and was it a wonder, then, that with such

officers, and such men, the Baltimore Light Artillery should soon become a household-word in the army of Northern Virginia.

During the winter of 1861 and 1862 the battery remained quietly in camp at Manassas, and when the army of General Joseph E. Johnston fell back from that place in March, they were ordered to remain with General Ewell upon the banks of the Rappahannock.

Here about the 1st of April the enemy for the first time heard the bellowing of their loud-mouthed Blakeleys, which were destined to carry death and destruction into their ranks upon more than one bloody field.

It was a lovely afternoon, and fresh in my memory, that the enemy were observed advancing in force towards the river. Their approach had been long expected, and preparations made to receive them. The Baltimore Light Artillery was posted on the extreme right of General Elzey's brigade, and supported by the First Maryland Infantry. As the dense masses of the enemy came within range, Brockenborough opened with such accuracy of aim as to attract the attention of Elzey, who upon the spot predicted for them a glorious future. For an hour or two the fight was sharp and severe, and most of the enemy's artillery fire concentrated upon the Maryland battery; but they stood their ground and fought their pieces like veterans of an hundred battles. Late in the evening the enemy retired, and left us masters of the field.

Once or twice after, they advanced in small force towards the river, but Brockenborough was ever ready to receive them, and a shell or two sufficed to drive them back.

On the 19th of April, 1862, the division of General Ewell broke camp, and began the wretched march to Gordonsville, and of which I have spoken in the First Maryland. For three days the rain poured in torrents, making the roads almost impassable, and for three days the officers and men of the Baltimore battery toiled through the mud, into which the wheels sank to the hubs, and at length reached Gordonsville.

After a halt here of three or four days, the division of General Ewell marched to join Jackson at Swift Run Gap.

After the return of that General from McDowell, the whole army advanced upon Kenly's forces at Front Royal, and in the sharp fight which ensued the battery took a prominent part.

Early on the 25th of May, Jackson's army stood in battle array before Winchester, and the engagement soon began. The Baltimore Light Artillery was stationed on the right, and throughout the fight played with much effect upon the enemy's columns.

A few days after, at Bolivar Heights, they were engaged for some hours, and finally drove the Federal infantry and artillery from their strong position.

In Jackson's memorable retreat down the Valley

from the overwhelming forces of Fremont and Shields, the battery was detailed to support the cavalry under Ashby and Steuart, which was bringing up the rear of the army. Here it was daily engaged with the enemy. At Fisher's Hill a section under Griffin was entirely surrounded and cut off owing to the bad behavior of Steuart's cavalry, which was supporting it, but the gallant fellow drove his pieces through the ranks of the enemy, and reached the main body in safety.

At the battle of Harrisonburg it supported Ashby in his fight with the Pennsylvania Bucktails, and did good service.

On the 8th of June the division of Ewell was drawn up in line of battle at Cross Keys to dispute the enemy's advance, whilst Jackson crossed his prisoners and wagon trains over the Shenandoah at Port Republic. The ground for the battle had been selected by General Elzey, by order of General Ewell, and a most judicious selection it was, as the result of the fight proved, and for which General Elzey received the thanks of Ewell in an official order, which the author regrets he is unable to give the reader.

The Baltimore Light Artillery held the extreme left supported by the First Maryland Infantry. Theirs was a most exposed position, and upon which was concentrated the fire of several of the enemy's batteries. All day long the battle lasted, and all day long the little battery continued to hurl its shot

and shell into the ranks of the enemy. It was a most unequal contest, but stubbornly they held their ground. Generals Elzey and Steuart, who had remained by and watched the battery with painful interest, were both borne wounded from the field. Upon the behavior of that battery perhaps hung the fate of the day, for we were but a handfull holding at bay a mighty army. But calmly the officers and men stood to their guns, and although the enemy essayed more than once to drive them from the position, there they remained until night closed upon the combatants, and Jackson's army was saved from the destruction that seemed so imminent.

As a reward for the gallantry displayed in this fight, General Dick Taylor presented the battery with two of the splendid brass Napoleons, which his brigade captured next day at Port Republic. "I want you to have them," he said, "for from what I saw of you yesterday, I know they will be in good hands."

After the battle of Port Republic, which closed Jackson's great Valley campaign, the army moved up the mountain, where, upon its summit, it remained two or three days, when it returned and went into camp near Weir's Cave, about five miles from Port Republic. Here the Baltimore Light Artillery was supplied with new harness and fresh horses, and was in a splendid condition for the dreadful fighting about to commence around Rich-

mond, but of which we had not then the slightest conception.

On the 19th of June, 1862, Jackson put his troops in motion for Richmond, and on the afternoon of the 26th the First Maryland Infantry, which had the advance, encountered the enemy in force about ten miles from Gaines' Mills, and a sharp fight ensued, which lasted some time, when Brockenborough was ordered to open fire, which he did with effect, and the enemy retired.

At daylight on the morning of the 28th, Jackson resumed his march, but owing to the incompetency of his guides it was late in the afternoon before he neared the point of attack assigned him. But at length everything indicated a rise of the curtain in the fearful drama about to commence. Columns were marching and countermarching, staff officers dashed hither and thither, while the crash of small arms, and the sullen boom of artillery on the right told full well that the work of death had begun.

About 4 o'clock Jackson threw out his skirmishers and moved forward in line of battle, and in a few minutes the enemy were developed in heavy force, and strongly posted, when the fighting became terrific. The artillery was directed to take position in an open field on the left, and were soon heavily engaged. The battle here was very unequal, for the enemy had greatly the advantage in artillery and position, and soon succeeded in disabling a number of Jackson's pieces. In a short time the

Jeff Davis Mississippi battery was torn to pieces and the Baltimore Light Artillery ordered to take its place, immediately under the eye of Jackson himself. Gallantly the Marylanders responded to the order, and dashing at a full run across the field, unlimbered and opened fire.

The author was standing close beside General Jackson when the battery went forward, and he shall long remember the look of anxiety with which he watched it, and well he might, for upon the success of that battery much depended. For a while the air was filled with exploding, crashing shells, and the horses and men fell rapidly before that withering fire, which was directed with almost the precision of a rifle shot. Away went a limber chest high in the air, scattering death and destruction around. "We are not close enough," said the brave Brockenborough. "Limber to the front, forward, gallop!" rung out his sharp command, and in an instant the battery was in position at point blank range. Fiercely those guns were then worked despite the iron hail that ploughed up the ground around them, and in a few minutes Brockenborough had the satisfaction of seeing the enemy retire precipitately, leaving the ground covered with dead and dying men and horses, and shattered carriages and dismounted guns. It was French's famous battery they had encountered, but French's no longer, save in name.

On the morning of the 29th, the battery accom-

panied Ewell's division to Dispatch Station, on the York River railroad, where a few shots were exchanged with the enemy, when Ewell retraced his steps, and moved towards Malvern Hill.

In the afternoon of the 1st of July the battle of Malvern Hill began, and soon raged fiercely. Through the tardiness of General Huger the enemy had been enabled to reach the heights of Malvern, where he posted sixty guns, which swept every foot of ground around. In vain did the heavy masses of infantry rush with desperate valor upon these guns, but it was only to be driven back, leaving the ground covered with heaps of dead and mangled men. In this unequal contest artillery was not available, for not a position was to be had. Two or three times the Baltimore Light Artillery tried it, but was as often compelled to hastily withdraw, and when night ended the conflict, Malvern Hill was not yet won.

Before morning McClellan withdrew to Harrison's landing on the James, where he was safe, and General Lee had the mortification of knowing that the foe so completely within his toils had escaped him through the incapacity of a General of division.

## CHAPTER II.

THE long spring campaign in the Valley and the operations around Richmond had made sad havoc in the ranks of the Maryland Line, and it became necessary for them to recruit and reorganize before again ready for the field. For this purpose the First Maryland Infantry and Baltimore Light Artillery were ordered to Charlottesville, where they remained a month, when they were once more ordered to join Jackson, who was about to make his great movement to the rear of Pope's army at Manassas. Alas, the two commands did not journey together far, for at Gordonsville an order overtook Colonel Johnson requiring him to at once disband the First Maryland, and the order was reluctantly obeyed.

The separation was affecting to the greatest degree, and the little battery pursued its way with sad and lonely hearts. It was like severing the ties that bind brother to brother, for in the series of battles in which they had participated side by side, the conduct of each had inspired the other with confidence and respect. "With the First Maryland in support," I heard Captain Brockenborough say, "I know I am always safe." And so it was, for one would never desert the other while life lasted.

On the morning of the 19th of August the battery reached Orange Court House, where, much to the joy of all, it was attached to Starke's Louisiana

brigade. An affinity had long existed between the Maryland and Louisiana troops, and they commanded each others' fullest confidence. In fact they seemed nearer akin, for in both there was that sprightliness, dash and vim not so noticeable in troops from other States.

With three days' rations in haversacks, Brockenborough, on the 21st, moved towards the Rappahannock, where he found the enemy occupying the north bank in force. A severe artillery fight immediately began, and was maintained for some hours. The battery pitted against Brockenborough was Company M, United States regulars, which, towards nightfall, he succeeded in silencing and driving back with the loss of many men and an exploded caisson.

On the morning of the 22d, the artillery was thrown across the river, but soon after encountered the enemy in heavy force, and were compelled to recross after a desperate struggle. In this affair the Baltimore Light Artillery suffered a loss of four men killed—Irvin, Cox, Bradley and Reynolds—and several severely wounded.

Brockenborough finding it impossible to cross at that point, moved up to Hanson's Ford, where a crossing was effected, and he then pursued his way through Orleans, Salem and Thoroughfare Gap, and reached Manassas on the 26th, having marched fifty miles in two days, with nothing for his men or horses to eat save the green corn gathered along the

road. Here at Manassas, though, was found in the captured trains and sutlers' stores all they could have desired, and for hours they revelled in the good things their new commissary had so bountifully supplied, and over Rhine wine and lobsters forgot for the time the privations of the past few days.

From Manassas, Jackson moved on Centreville, but finding the enemy there in force, he retraced his steps to Manassas, closely pursued, and formed his line of battle, about sunsét on the 28th, upon the ground occupied by the enemy in the battle of July, 1861.

The engagement immediately commenced, and raged with great fury for some time, but the enemy was repulsed in every assault, and driven back with heavy loss. General Stephen D. Lee, who commanded the whole of Jackson's artillery, then put the several batteries in position along the crest of a commanding hill, and there awaited the attack sure to be renewed next day.

About two o'clock on the 29th heavy columns emerged from the woods in Jackson's front, and advanced boldly to the attack, but the storm of grape and canister which tore through their ranks was more than flesh and blood could withstand, and they were driven back with dreadful slaughter. But again and again did those devoted columns reform and return to the attack with undiminished ardor, but the same terrible fire greeted them, and strewed the ground with dead and dying.

But nevertheless Jackson's situation was a most critical one. With but a handful of worn and wearied troops he was battling with ten times his numbers, which must necessarily soon wear him out and exhaust his ammunition; but as the hearts of his men were sinking within them, they were cheered by the clouds of dust that arose in the distance and heralded the approach of their great chieftain, Lee, with the veterans of Longstreet's corps. At night the battle ceased, and the wearied troops threw themselves upon the ground to seek a little repose before the work of death and destruction should be resumed on the morrow.

At the break of day on the morning of the 30th of August, the troops were aroused from their slumbers and ordered to prepare for the great and decisive battle at hand. But hour after hour passed by, and except an occasional picket shot, all else was still. It was, though, but the calm which precedes the storm, for suddenly dense masses of the enemy emerged from the woods, and moved at the double-quick upon Jackson's lines. It was a grand sight to see those three lines rush forward in the most beautiful order. For a minute a deathlike silence prevailed, when the very earth was made to tremble by the roar of Stephen D. Lee's thirty-six pieces of artillery, fired at point blank range. The slaughter was appalling, and whole ranks melted away in an instant, but the brave survivors closed up their decimated columns, and despite that

awful fire pressed on until they encountered the infantry posted in the railroad cut in front, where for a time the fight was waged hand to hand. At length they began to break and to retreat, and the batteries, which had been silent for some time owing to the proximity of the struggling columns of infantry, again belched forth into the fleeing mass their deadly discharges of grape, which was continued until the fugitives reached the shelter of the woods from which they had emerged.

Of the several batteries under General Lee that day, not one was worked more fiercely than the Baltimore Light Artillery, and none contributed more to the defeat and destruction of the enemy.

Long before nightfall the victory was won, and the braggart Pope, with the remnant of his army, was seeking safety in the defences around Washington.

In the invasion of Maryland, which followed this signal victory, the battery was placed in the advance, and crossed the river at White's Ford.

On the 6th of September the battery passed through Frederick city, and encamped on the suburbs. Many were the congratulations the brave fellows received from the citizens, and during the three days they remained, their wants were abundantly supplied.

Leaving Frederick city, the battery passed through Boonsboro', Middletown, and Williamsport, where they re-crossed the Potomac, and on the 12th entered Martinsburg. From thence it moved towards

Harper's Ferry, when upon arriving at Loudoun Heights Brockenborough was assigned a position from which, at early dawn of the 15th, he opened, along with other batteries, a terrific fire upon the enemy's entrenched position on Bolivar Heights. The batteries were worked furiously for an hour, when just as the Confederate infantry were put in motion to storm the works, a white flag fluttered in the breeze, and Harper's Ferry surrendered with its twelve thousand troops, and artillery and supplies in abundance.

But there was heavy work yet to be done, for General Lee with a portion of his army was confronting the overwhelming masses of McClellan at Sharpsburg, and no time was to be lost in reaching him. The surrender had therefore scarcely been effected when the troops were dispatched to his aid. By a forced night march Jackson's artillery reached Sharpsburg on the 16th, and was immediately assigned a position on a range of hills rather north-west of the town.

The morning of the 17th of September found the two armies in position, and ready to begin the work of destruction. For the Confederates the prospects of success seemed gloomy enough, for General Lee had barely forty thousand men with which to meet the mighty army of McClellan, numbering over one hundred and twenty thousand troops. But the vast odds were made almost proportionate by the superior genius of the Confederate Generals. With Lee, Jackson and Longstreet in command nothing

seemed impossible to their troops, and therefore it was with no feelings of fear for the result that they surveyed the long and glittering lines before them.

Soon after sunrise slight artillery skirmishing commenced along the lines, which increased in volume until the air seemed filled with exploding shells. Upon the position held by the batteries of Brockenborough, Carpenter, Poague, Moody, Rain and Caskie, was opened a terrific fire, which was promptly returned, and the enemy's batteries several times compelled to change position. This continued for two hours, when it became evident that the infantry was massing for a charge. The position was of the most vital importance, for should the enemy succeed in gaining possession of this point, and turning Lee's left flank, he would be irretrievably lost. His orders to General Jackson were therefore to "hold the range of hills to the last."

McClellan's advance upon this point was gallantly met by Jackson's veteran infantry, and for some time the fighting was of the most determined character; but at length the immense superiority of numbers prevailed, and Jackson's troops gradually fell back across the turnpike, past the Dunkard Church and through the woods, and appeared upon the plain beyond. Most beautifully did the heavy columns emerge from the woods and move forward upon the batteries quietly awaiting their nearer

approach. "Do not pull a lanyard," said Brockenborough, who was temporarily in command of the whole, "until you get the command." Nearer and nearer those solid columns approached, and amid loud huzzas rushed forward at the double-quick. It was a moment of dreadful suspense. On, on, they came. "Will Brockenborough never give the command?" Yes; he now has them at the muzzles of his guns, and the next instant the command "Fire!" was heard above the exultant cheers of the advancing columns, and twenty-four pieces of artillery, double shotted with canister, belched forth their deadly contents into the very faces of the assailants.

The scene that was presented as the smoke lifted beggars description. The ground was literally covered, nay piled, with the slain and maimed of the enemy, and the survivors were in full retreat. They were soon reformed, however, and again moved boldly to the attack, but only to be again mercilessly slaughtered and driven back. A third time they essayed, but with the same result, when, a disordered mass of fugitives, the survivors sought the shelter of the woods from which they had but a few minutes before emerged, confident of success.

How anxiously the great chieftain, Lee—who was close by—must have watched the dreadful struggle which was to decide the fate of his army, and perhaps of the cause for which he was battling; and how great must have been the relief as he saw the enemy

in retreat and Jackson's shattered columns once more reformed.

Night put an end to the dreadful conflict, and Lee still held his ground, despite the herculean efforts of his adversary to drive him from it, but the day's struggle had cost him thousands of his bravest and best.

The brave Brockenborough that day won his Major's star, and, with his battery, received special mention in General Lee's official report.

The morning of the 18th broke clear and beautiful, and General Lee was in readiness to renew the fight, which it was not doubted would begin at an early hour. But McClellan's beaten and shattered army required time and rest and reinforcements before again prepared for aggressive operations; and finding this to be the case, Lee proceeded to bury his dead, and that night, unmolested, recrossed the river at a point near Shepherdstown.

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### CHAPTER III.

SOON after the battle of Sharpsburg, the Baltimore Light Artillery, now under command of Captain W. H. Griffin, was ordered to join the cavalry and infantry of the Maryland Line, then encamped near New Market, in the Valley of Virginia. Here they passed the fall and winter months quietly in camp,

and in early spring were again prepared, with recruited ranks and renewed equipments, to enter the field.

On the 13th of June the infantry and artillery of the Maryland Line, with one company of its cavalry, all under command of Lieutenant-Colonel James R. Herbert, moved towards Winchester, near which place they were to unite with the division of General Early, which was moving across from Front Royal. Near Kearns town a body of Milroy's cavalry was encountered, but a shot from the battery scattered them in all directions. A short time after, Early came up and proceeded to form line of battle. The enemy soon made his appearance in force, and opened a severe fire upon Griffin from his batteries, which was vigorously responded to, and in a little while the enemy were driven beyond Kearns town. Early, as soon as he had formed his line of battle, moved forward, and by a spirited charge of Gordon's brigade, drove him into his strong works to the left of Winchester.

The next afternoon Hays' Louisiana brigade was moved around to the enemy's right with orders to charge a strong line of works whilst the artillery opened upon him in front. Griffin was posted on a commanding hill a little to the left of the pike, and threw his first shell into the very centre of the Star fort. Finding he had the exact range, he commenced a furious fire, which threw the enemy for a moment into the greatest confusion, and greatly

assisted Hays in his movement upon their right. The fire was soon spiritedly returned by a Federal Maryland battery, and continued until night, when Milroy evacuated his fortifications and attempted to escape with his army, but in this he was unsuccessful, although he himself succeeded in reaching Harper's Ferry with a few of his troops.

The precision and effect with which the guns of the Baltimore Light Artillery were served upon this occasion elicited the highest praise from General Gordon, to whose brigade it was temporarily attached, and as a mark of the high esteem in which he held the battery, he procured them permission from General Ewell next morning to select from among the captured guns the best pieces, to take the place of their own, which were greatly inferior.

The day after the battle of Winchester, the corps of General Ewell took up its line of march towards the Potomac. The Baltimore Light Artillery was directed by some subordinate officers to report to General Nelson of the *reserve* artillery. The order occasioned the greatest surprise and indignation throughout the command, for always before they had led the advance and covered the retreat. Such an indignity, as they considered it, could not be tamely submitted to, and a protest was immediately drawn up and forwarded to General Ewell, who at once ordered the battery to join Albert G. Jenkins' brigade of cavalry, which was the van of the army in the invasion of Pennsylvania.

The battery crossed the Potomac on the 18th of

June, and that day joined Jenkins, when the whole command moved rapidly forward in the greatest good humor. Many were the jokes they practiced, and many the quaint sayings, peculiar only to the soldier. "Take them mice out of your mouth," one would bawl out as an officer with well waxed moustache rode by; "take 'em out; no use to say they ain't thar, for I see their tails stickin out." And as another came along, but a short time in the service, and wearing a "boiled shirt," and white collar, his ears were sure to be assailed with "say mister how long did you have to soldier 'afore one of them things growd' round your neck?" And the staff officer, with handsome cavalry boots, would be requested by a dozen voices to "come out of them thar boots, for it's too soon to go into winter quarters."

*En parenthase*, soldiers are queer beings, and will have their joke, even in the face of almost certain death. At the battle of Malvern Hill, whilst the First Maryland regiment was awaiting its turn to "go in," and the men were closely hugging the earth to avoid the terrible fire of grape and canister which swept over and around them, I heard an officer of the regiment remark to another at his side, whose face was pressed close to the ground, "say, Captain, you'll get a scrape down your *back* directly, and you know it's something we don't allow here," and the officer addressed coolly turned over on his back, remarking, "well, if it will please you better, I'll take it in front."

The command of Jenkins pursued its march rapidly through Maryland, and struck the Pennsylvania line near Greencastle. Thence their way lay up the Cumberland Valley to Shippensburg, where a halt was made for a short time to allow the tired troops to partake of the delicious apple-butter, ham, bread, &c., furnished them in abundance by the startled inhabitants. Whilst thus enjoying themselves to their hearts' content, the cry of "Yanks" was raised, and in an instant the scene changed. Cavalrymen sprang to their horses, and artillerymen to their guns, but the wary enemy could not be induced to come within range of Griffin's Parrott's, but retired towards Carlisle, followed leisurely by Jenkins.

Upon arriving within sight of that town, the Yankee flag was found defiantly flying from the public buildings, when Jenkins, supposing the enemy to be there in force, prepared to attack. Placing two pieces of artillery in a position to rake the main street, and disposing of his other troops in the most available manner, he demanded the surrender of the town. It was not long before a deputation of the "solid" citizens made their appearance, and surrendered the place, which General Jenkins at once took possession of.

After remaining at Carlisle one day, during which time they were bountifully supplied with provisions and forage by the citizens, the command moved in the direction of Harrisburg. At Mechanicstown a

small body of cavalry were encountered, but a shot from Griffin caused them to beat a hasty retreat. Upon reaching the Susquehanna, the Confederate commander found the opposite side of the river strongly fortified, but he at once opened fire from his batteries, which was promptly responded to. This continued until late in the afternoon, when the enemy's infantry advanced in force, and a severe skirmish ensued, which lasted until after night. General Rhodes (I have forgotten to mention the fact that Jenkins and Rhodes united their forces at Carlisle) having accomplished his purpose, that night withdrew in the direction of Gettysburg.

Upon arriving at Gettysburg the battery was ordered to report to Major Latimer, who assigned it a position a short distance to the left of the Cash-town pike. In the terrible battle that ensued, the Baltimore Light Artillery played its part, and when the retreat commenced it was kept in the rear to assist in covering the passage of the army and wagon trains through the mountain passes.

At a point near Mount Zion the enemy had so stationed his guns as to completely command the road through the gap over which a column of infantry must pass. There was but little time to spare, for the enemy were pressing them hard. Captain Griffin was ordered to place his guns in position, and if possible silence the battery. It seemed a desperate undertaking, but there was no alternative. Quickly the brave fellows ran their guns

to within point blank range, and opened a deadly fire. It was promptly returned, and a heavy artillery duel continued for some time, when the enemy's battery was driven from its position, and the infantry and wagon train passed in safety. I have heard it asserted by old soldiers that this was one of the most desperate artillery fights they ever witnessed. And the Marylanders had every reason to be proud of their victory, for it was their old antagonist, battery M, of the regular artillery, that they had again measured strength with.

At Hagerstown the battery participated in a severe cavalry fight, in which the Confederates were entirely successful.

After the army of General Lee recrossed the Potomac, the battery was ordered to Fredericksburg, where it remained for a few days, and then rejoined the main army at Culpepper Court House, and was assigned to the battalion commanded by Major Beckham.

For two weeks everything remained quiet, and well it was, for human endurance had been taxed to the utmost limit in the severe campaign of the summer, and required rest and repose.

On the 10th of September Meade became restive, and General Lee moved forward to give him battle if he desired it. Beckham was ordered to advance and take position with his artillery near Muddy Creek. In a short time the enemy appeared in force, and a sharp artillery fight ensued. The

enemy then threw forward his infantry, and compelled Beckham and his supports to fall back to the vicinity of Culpepper Court House. The artillery was here ordered to take a position and "hold it." The fighting soon became fierce, and the Baltimore Light Artillery was exposed to the severest part of it, but they gallantly held their ground for some time, despite the fire of six pieces that were playing upon their three. But this could not last long, for all support had been withdrawn, and the enemy's dismounted men were advancing in heavy force. It seemed scarcely possible to save the battery, but the brave fellows had been in such scrapes before, and they determined to hold on to their pieces as long as there was a hope. Retiring through the town, they had nearly accomplished their purpose of escaping, when a body of the enemy charged up a cross street and captured the rear gun, with Lieutenant John McNulty and nine men attached to it. The remaining guns were safely taken off the field.

The next morning the enemy made their appearance in considerable force, and the battery was enabled to repay them for the rough treatment received the day preceding, for as a body of cavalry were engaged in drill, entirely ignorant of the close proximity of the Baltimore battery, it opened upon them with deadly effect at very close range.

After the affair at Mine Run, which soon followed that at Culpepper Court House, the battery was detached from the main army, and temporarily

assigned to duty with General Young's brigade of cavalry. On the 9th of October that General crossed the Rapidan, and advanced by way of Madison Court House. His progress was slow, as the march was by circuitous and concealed side roads in order to avoid the observations of the enemy. On the 10th Young met the advance of the enemy at James City, without an intimation of his approach, and their bands were regaling the citizens with patriotic airs, when a shot from Sergeant Harry Marston's gun, of the Baltimore Light Artillery, plunged into their midst, and abruptly terminated the musical entertainment for that evening at least. In a short time a battery was brought up, and a severe artillery fight ensued. Soon another made its appearance and opened an enfilading fire upon Griffin, but notwithstanding, he stubbornly held his position. Whilst this was going on a large force of the enemy's skirmishers attacked the Confederate flank, and threw the cavalry into some confusion by their unexpected onset from this quarter. Griffin at the instant wheeled his pieces, and opened with grape and canister upon this new enemy. This checked them until the supports came up, when the enemy were compelled to retreat precipitately.

On the 12th a sharp engagement took place near Brandy Station, where the enemy were driven across the Rappahannock, and pursued to the vicinity of Cub Run.

.After this affair the army retraced its steps to

Culpepper Court House, when the Baltimore Light Artillery was ordered to proceed to Hanover Junction, and report to Colonel Bradley T. Johnson, who had been directed to assemble the Maryland Line at that point, and keep open General Lee's communication with Richmond.

The battery spent the winter and part of the spring here most delightfully, and by the 1st of May was ready for the field with recruited ranks, for Lieutenant John McNulty and many of the men captured in the battles of the preceding year had returned from Yankee prisons, and were once more ready for the fray.

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#### CHAPTER IV.

On the 10th of May, 1864, whilst encamped at Wickham's Park, the battery was ordered by General J. E. B. Stuart, to move up along the Rivanna, and join the forces there awaiting to intercept Sheridan, who was advancing towards Richmond. Reluctantly Colonel Johnson suffered it to go, for during the winter and spring he had reorganized and equipped it with much care; but the exigency of the occasion compelled him to acquiesce, General Stuart assuring him he would "borrow" it for but a few days, and "return it in good condition."

On the 11th the battery took position at Yellow Tavern, and soon after the enemy made his appear-

ance in force. A heavy encounter ensued, when the battery was retired about half a mile. For a time there was a lull in the fighting; but upon the arrival of General Stuart it was again ordered forward supported by the cavalry, and took position to the left of the Brook turnpike, directly in Sheridan's front. The battle was then renewed with great fury. Sheridan brought three batteries to bear on Griffin at a range of not over eight hundred yards, and the rain of shot and shrapnell became terrific, but the brave fellows never flinched, and served their guns with great effect. Hour after hour this savage fight was waged, but no man faltered at his post, though the groans of the wounded and dying, and the shrieks of maimed and disemboweled horses, were enough to appall the stoutest heart. But General Stuart was there, watching with an anxious eye that little command, upon which so much depended, and they fought on, undismayed, despite the frightful scenes around them. At length the enemy massed a heavy body of cavalry, determined, at any sacrifice, to capture the guns that were making such dreadful havoc in their ranks. A charge was made upon him, when Griffin resorted to grape and canister. At every discharge whole companies melted away, and the enemy fell back in confusion. But again they advanced, and the Confederate cavalry giving away at the instant, the battery was left at the mercy of the enemy, who dashed upon it; but there the brave

men continued to stay, determined to remain at their post to the last, for all knew the vital importance of the position ; and as the enemy pressed on they were met with that never ceasing hail of canister, until they reached the guns and rode over the men, and sabred and captured them at their pieces. Stuart had witnessed it all whilst rallying his broken cavalry, when seizing the colors of the First Virginia, he rode forward, exclaiming, " Charge, Virginians, and save those brave Marylanders ! " Alas, it was his last command on the field of battle, for at the instant he received a pistol shot, and was conveyed mortally wounded from the field, when his men precipitately retreated.

Nevertheless, in the confusion and excitement of the moment, Lieutenant McNulty, with some of the gallant fellows, actually drove two pieces off in triumph, despite the efforts of the enemy to prevent them.

In this desperate battle at Yellow Tavern, the battery suffered the loss of many men and horses, and two guns, and its brave commander was a prisoner in the enemy's hands.

Many were the acts of individual heroism displayed whilst the battle lasted, one of which I will narrate :

During the hottest of the fight private John Hayden was struck by a piece of shell, and dreadfully mangled, and would have bled to death in a few minutes had not the Surgeon of the battery,

Dr. Wortham, carried him on his back into the woods and staunched the hemorrhage. In a short time the enemy had possession of the field, but carefully concealing himself and his charge until they had passed on, he that night carried Hayden to a place of safety, where he eventually recovered.

With the two guns saved from the wreck of the battery, Lieutenant McNulty crossed the Chickahominy, closely pursued, and took position on the right of the road, commanding the bridge, where, by a vigorous fire, he checked the enemy's advance and covered the retreat. McNulty then pushed on to Old Church and joined the main body, which had been there reassembled.

On the 13th he was ordered to Hanover Junction, where he joined the army of General Lee, with which he remained until after the battle of Cold Harbor, when he was ordered to Early's command in the Valley of Virginia.

After a march of six days, the battery reached Waynesboro', where four days after it joined Early, *en route* for the Lower Valley. Here the battery (now under the command of Lieutenant W. B. Bean, who had been for some time absent) was attached to General Bradley T. Johnson's brigade of cavalry, which had the advance.

On the morning of the 4th of July, Johnson approached Martinsburg, when he was charged by about six hundred of the enemy's cavalry, which for a moment created some confusion in his ranks ;

but a few well directed discharges of spherical-case from Bean caused them to beat a precipitate retreat.

The command then pushed on and entered Martinsburg, when they came suddenly upon a battalion of women, dressed in their holiday attire, drawn up on the sidewalks, as though bent on preventing Johnson from taking possession of the town, or at least their wagon train, laden with ice cream, confectionery, &c.; for the fair and unfair dames, damsels and sweethearts of the troopers were about to celebrate their great national holiday by a picnic, when surprised by the naughty rebel Johnson, upon whom they at once opened such a fusilade of invectives in bad and not very choice English as to compel him and his command to retire in disgust, leaving them masters of the field.

From Martinsburg Johnson moved to Shepherds-town, and crossed the Potomac into Maryland, and took position on Catoctin Mountain, where he encountered a force of the enemy with artillery, but Bean soon drove them off, when they retired to Frederick city, closely pursued by Johnson's cavalry. Here, being reinforced, they made a stand within the confines of the city, and opened fire from their battery, protected by the houses. The fire was not returned for some time, as Johnson was loth to open his guns upon defenceless women and children, but finally forbearance ceasing to be a virtue, he opened his battery, and a sharp artillery fight continued until night, when Johnson retired to the mountain to await Early's arrival.

Early having at length come up, Johnson with his cavalry, and a section of the artillery under command of Lieutenant J. McNulty, proceeded to destroy the railroad bridges at Cockeysville, and this accomplished, he made a rapid move around Baltimore, and struck the Washington branch of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad at Beltsville, where a large body of the enemy's cavalry was met, which, after a few shots from the battery and a charge from the cavalry, broke and fled towards Washington in the utmost confusion.

The battery, with Johnson's cavalry, covered Early's retreat from Washington, though it was but seldom brought into requisition until the army reached Poolesville, where the enemy made a vigorous attack, but were kept in check by Johnson's cavalry and artillery until the whole army had crossed in safety.

On the 29th of July General Johnson was ordered by General Early to accompany McCausland into Pennsylvania and exact a stipulated sum of money from the citizens of Chambersburg, or in case of their not complying with that demand to burn the town. The Baltimore Light Artillery was attached to the brigade, and the whole crossed at McCoy's Ferry and proceeded on their way. Before day on the morning of the 30th the advance approached Chambersburg, and after feeling the place with a few shells, and finding no enemy, the town was entered and burned.

Retracing his steps to Viginia by way of Cumberland, McCausland arrived at that place late in the afternoon of the next day, and found his situation a critical one. Kelly with a large force was in his front, strongly posted behind breastworks, and Averill was rapidly coming up in rear, and to avoid the former he was compelled to move to the left and take a different road from the one he had intended ; but as there was not a man in his command who knew the country, this was not to be easily accomplished. After some delay, Col. Harry Gilmor settled the question by seizing a Union man who was familiar with the different roads and fords, and with a cocked revolver at his head compelled him to pilot the way. In the night, four miles from Cumberland, McCausland's advance encountered the enemy, who were, after a brisk skirmish, driven back, when McCausland determined to await the morning to ascertain his position.

At the dawn of day the enemy was discovered in line behind the crest of a range of hills between the canal and river, when McNulty was ordered to post his guns, and open the fight, whilst the cavalry dismounted and crossed the canal on a bridge hastily constructed by Captain Welsh of the First Maryland Cavalry, when the enemy retired. But a more formidable obstacle then presented itself in the shape of an iron-clad battery mounted on an engine upon the railroad, whilst the cars to which it was attached were loop-holed for musketry, and the banks of the

railroad, which formed an excellent breastwork, was lined with infantry. A very strong block house that commanded every approach to the ford, was also found strongly garrisoned.

Colonel Harry Gilmor was at once ordered to carry the ford, which he attempted in most gallant style, but was unable to reach the opposite bank owing to the dreadful enfilading fire opened upon him.

Lieutenant McNulty was then directed to take position with his pieces, and open on the iron-clad. Quickly moving his guns to an open field, and but two hundred yards from the enemy, he unlimbered at this much exposed point, and called upon his best gunner, Geo. McElwee, to bring his piece to bear upon the formidable looking mass of iron before him. The brave fellow despite the shower of bullets to which he was exposed, coolly sighted his piece and fired, and when the smoke cleared away McNulty had the satisfaction of seeing the huge monster enveloped in steam, for the shot directed by the unerring aim of McElwee had pierced the boiler, and it lay a helpless wreck upon the track. His next shot was as effective, and entered one of the portholes, dismounting the guns and scattering death and destruction around, when the enemy along the bank broke and fled.

But there was yet the block house to dispose of before the command could resume its retreat, and minutes were becoming precious. An hour was

consumed in discussing the matter before anything definite was determined upon, when General Johnson suggested that an attempt be made to get a piece of the artillery across the river. The suggestion was instantly adopted, and under cover of the bank, though subjected to a severe fire, the piece was started over in a full run, and unlimbered in the river, and taken to its bank by hand, when, at the instant, a demand for the surrender of the block house was complied with, and McCausland was safe.

At Moorefield, soon after, McCausland was surprised in camp by Averill, when thirteen men of the Baltimore Light Artillery were sabred and captured at their guns in endeavoring to load them, and two pieces were lost.

After this affair the remnant of the battery was ordered to the vicinity of New Market, in the Valley of Virginia, to be reorganized and equipped. Here the number of the battery was considerably increased by the transfer of Marylanders who had served three years in Fort Sumter, and also by men from Major Brethod's old battery. Horses and guns were furnished from the reserve artillery, and in a short time Lieutenant McNulty (who had succeeded to the command) found himself in a condition to take the field.

Sheridan was about this time rapidly advancing towards Staunton, and Early, with a small force, had fallen back to Brown's Gap, in the Blue Ridge. McNulty was at once ordered to join him at Port Republic, which he was enabled to do, by making a

detour, on the 27th of September. From Port Republic Early moved towards Waynesboro', where the head of his column met that of Sheridan, and after a desperate fight drove him back up the Valley, Early pursuing.

The scenes which these brave men were compelled to witness as they pressed on after the brutal Sheridan and his band of incendiaries were appalling, indeed. Hundreds of poor, helpless women and children were encountered on the road, fleeing to a place of refuge, but knew not where to find it, for other homes as well as their own had been plied with the incendiaries' torch. Pitiouly they plead for protection and a morsel of food from the rough soldiers, but, alas, it was not within their power to afford them either. Night after night the heavens were illumined by the light of burning farmhouses, barns, mills, &c., and day after day was made dark by the dense smoke that filled the heavens. Surely, Grant and his minion Sheridan will be long remembered by the people of the Valley of Virginia, and their names associated by them and their posterity with all that is bad, brutal and vindictive.

Slight skirmishing ensued between the pursued and pursuers until the former reached Fisher's Hill, where they met their infantry, when Lomax, in command of the cavalry, retired to the vicinity of Woodstock. At daylight next morning, the 8th of October, Lomax and Rosser moved to attack the enemy who had advanced to Maurytown. Rosser

was ordered to attack on the left, and Lomax took the right, forming his troops on both sides of the Valley pike. The Baltimore Light Artillery, under Lieutenant McNulty, was stationed on an eminence north of the town. The fight soon began with great fury, Lomax and Rosser attacking simultaneously, and the enemy were driven back some distance. Heavy reinforcements coming to the support of the enemy, he reformed his broken columns, and the fight was waged with redoubled fury. Towards noon Rosser, on the left, was overwhelmed, and soon after the heavy columns massed in front of Lomax, attacked furiously, and drove that General back in the utmost confusion.

During this time the gallant McNulty and his brave command were hurling death and destruction into the ranks of the enemy, but to no avail. With the retreat of the cavalry under Lomax, McNulty limbered up and sullenly fell back, unlimbering at every available point, and opening his fire upon the pursuing foe, thus enabling the cavalry to escape. In this manner the village of Woodstock was reached. Still through its streets he continued to pour into the faces of the advancing enemy destructive discharges of grape and canister. But the gallant little battery is doomed, for the enemy press upon them in overwhelming numbers, and still they disdain to abandon their pieces. Beyond the town they make one more effort to stay the dense masses now almost enveloping them, but even as the gun-

ners are ramming home the last double charge of canister, they are captured and cut down in the act.

Twenty-three men and the four guns fell into the hands of the enemy. Lieutenant McNulty who had had his horse killed under him, with the balance of his men fought their way through, and escaped.

For his gallantry upon this occasion, McNulty was placed in command of a battalion of artillery, and the command of the Baltimore Light Artillery devolved upon Lieutenant John W. Goodman, Junior Second Lieutenant.

Soon after the disastrous fight at Maurytown, Goodman was ordered to Fishersville, where the little left of Early's artillery were preparing their winter quarters. Whilst here every effort was made to procure guns, horses, &c., for the battery, to replace those lost in their last fight, but without success, for the Confederate Government had none to spare. But the brave fellows were ready for any duty that might be assigned them, and when Sheridan, in March, threatened Lynchburg, they gladly obeyed the summons to repair to that place and assist in its defence in any capacity. But their services were not required, and they were in a few days after ordered to Petersburg, to help man the fortifications there.

When the great crash came, and the little army under General Lee was forced to retreat before Grant's overwhelming masses, along with the rest

was to be found the remnant of the Baltimore Light Artillery—one day fighting as infantry, and the next as cavalry, or assisting some battery in trouble. Noble fellows, like their comrades of the Maryland Line, they were true to the cause they had espoused to the last, and, like the Infantry and Cavalry, were determined to fight on whilst a ray of hope remained. Alas! that last ray disappeared with Lee's surrender at Appomattox Court House, and when told they were disarmed, and no more to be led against the enemy, these veterans, who had unhesitatingly faced death in all its dreadful shapes on so many bloody fields, wept like children. Surely Maryland should be proud of her "Young Line" in the Confederate States Army, as she was of her "Old" in the days of the Revolution.

END OF THE "MARYLAND LINE."

## ATKINS' BRIGADE

AT

## SECOND MANASSAS.

THE campaign before Richmond had ended, and McClellan's shattered and beaten army was reorganizing upon the banks of the James. Our loss had also been severe, for the enemy's artillery had played with fearful effect upon our dense masses at Malvern Hill; and we, too, had much to do before again prepared for the field. But the untiring and indomitable Jackson was soon once more at the head of his legions, and marching rapidly in search of Pope, whose advance, under Banks, was reported in the vicinity of Cedar Mountain.

The First Maryland Regiment of Infantry, under the command of Colonel Bradley T. Johnson, (and to which I belonged,) having suffered severely in the many desperate battles of the summer, had been ordered to Gordonsville to recruit, directly after the battles around Richmond, and it was whilst

there the thunder of Jackson's cannon announced that he had once more encountered the "Commissary of the Valley," and we did not for a moment doubt the result.

It was on the evening of the 17th of August, if I mistake not, that a long line of prisoners arrived from the battle-field, who were turned over to Colonel Johnson, to be forwarded at once to Richmond. My company was the fortunate one detailed for the service, and taking a train about 10 o'clock that night, we reached our destination shortly after daylight next morning.

After having marched my charge to Libby, and seen them properly cared for, I strolled up the street in hopes of meeting an acquaintance or two; but failing in this, and feeling an unpleasant gnawing at my stomach, I dropped in at Zetelle's for breakfast. Whilst waiting for my beefsteak and coffee, and indulging in a glass of Marco Bruner, I was awakened from a reverie by a heavy footfall upon the stairway, and to my inexpressible delight the familiar form of Captain Atkins appeared as the door opened.

"And how the divil are you, Captain; glad to see yez. Arrah! its a mane thrick the've been afther playing us, begorra!" he exclaimed, as he took a seat at the table. "Did yez see the morning's papers? If yez havn't, it will be worth your while to get them. Don't you think the hathens have disbanded your regiment and my battalion; bad luck to them."

I was astounded at the intelligence, and could not credit it for a moment; but when the papers were produced, there was the order, sure enough, over the signature of George W. Randolph, Secretary of War.

"Well, what's to be done, Atkins? I am just from the front, and feel convinced the army is on its way into Maryland; and, under the circumstances, don't like to leave the field. Come, as my senior, suggest something."

"And bless your soul, I will. And now for a little private council of war betwene ourselves," he continued, in his usual rollicking way. "Suppose we form a brigade of our own? I'm sure there's Grinnell, of my battalion; Shellman, of your regiment, and whom I have just met; you and meself; and a better brigade I wouldn't wish to command, be me soul I wouldn't; and, if it plases yourself, we will call it Atkins' Brigade."

"Its a bargain; and now, Mr. Brigadier, issue your first order."

"And here it is: The officers under my command, to be known as 'Atkins' Brigade,' will muster their forces, preparatory to laving for the scane of action, one week from to-day. How will that do?"

"Very well—all but the forces."

"Arrah! there you go again. Why in the devil can't we be officers and privates too? I am sure there's many brigades in the sarvice that can't muster more an a liftenant."

“Very well; here’s my hand on it;” and we emptied the bottle of Rheinisch to the success of the new brigade.

But a word of my companions: Atkins was an Irish gentleman of fortune, but passionately fond of military adventure. He first saw service in Garibaldi’s Italian war, where he made the acquaintance of the lamented Major Bob Wheat, and a strong attachment was the result. At the breaking out of the rebellion, Atkins came to this country, and hunting up his old companion-in-arms, whom he found encamped at Manassas, in command of a Louisiana battalion, he entered the ranks as a private, and at the First Manassas won his captain’s stripes. He continued to serve in the command with distinction up to the death of Wheat, and the disbanding of the battalion as just stated.

Grinnell (a son of Henry Grinnell, one of the merchant princes of New York) also came from Europe at the breaking out of the war, sacrificing a lucrative business, and joined the command of Wheat also, as a first lieutenant. In the fight with Kenly’s forces at Front Royal, he had the misfortune to lose a portion of his right hand by a piece of shell, and had just been declared convalescent, and was ready for the field, but found himself without a command.

Shellman had practiced law in Frederick, Maryland, and served with great credit as first lieutenant of my company from its organization.

Never having kept a diary, reader, you will excuse little discrepancies in dates, but I think it was about the 22d of August that Atkins marshalled his forces and marched them aboard a James River canal boat, *en route* for the anticipated scene of action—I mean to say *we* were, and not the canal boat. We were compelled to take this route owing to the Central Road being taxed to its utmost capacity in the transportation of troops to reinforce Lee's army, and therefore our only alternative was to go by the way of Scottsville, Charlottesville, to Gordonsville, etc.

Arriving at the former place, we hired a rickety wagon, to which was attached a wretched specimen of the mule kind, and after a long and tedious ride made our *entre* into the ancient village of Charlotte, not with the "pomp, pride and circumstance of glorious war," but amid the curses of an irate driver, and such expressions as "may the divil take the ass and his master for hathans," from our illustrious brigadier.

A day of rest at the excellent hotel *de Farish* so refreshed us that when we resumed our trip we felt as though our brigade had assumed the proportions of a division, and every one of us an officer. Rapidan Station, the terminus of our trip by rail from Charlottesville, was reached late in the afternoon, and distributing our traps equally, we set out on foot to overtake Longstreet's corps, the rear of General Lee's army. Jackson had the advance, and was

making a forced march to get in the rear of Pope's army, at Manassas. Our march lay along the Orange and Alexandria Railroad, through Culpepper, where we diverged to the left and took the road to Salem and the Plains. Shortly after leaving Culpepper we overtook the stragglers and broken down men of the army—to be counted by thousands. The majority of the poor fellows—bare-footed and with bleeding feet—were struggling manfully to reach their respective commands, whilst others were quietly building shelters and laying in a supply of green corn, to await, as they coolly informed us, “the return of the army.”

Marching rapidly, on the 28th day of the month we came upon the rear of Longstreet's corps in *bivouac* a mile or two from Thoroughfare Gap. Heavy cannonading was going on in front, and upon inquiring the reason for it, we were informed the enemy in strong force were disputing the pass, but that heavy columns of infantry had been sent over the mountain to flank them, and it was not doubted for a moment but the movement would succeed.

A council of war was now called by our commandant, and the brigade unanimously resolved to go into camp for the night, as Atkins declared, “Divil the bit could he fight on an impty stomach, at all, at all.” Selecting a little strip of woods somewhat retired from the main body of the army, the brigade went supperless to rest.

The sun was at least an hour high when we

awoke from our slumber, to find the corps of Longstreet gone, and already several miles on its way to relieve Jackson, who, rumor said, had been closely pressed for two days by overwhelming numbers, and with difficulty held his own. We arose feeling gloomy enough. The roar of artillery had ceased, as had the rattle of musketry of the previous evening, and everything was still as death. Poor, hapless little brigade, retiring supperless and arising breakfastless. Shellman was the first to complain, though having the least to sustain. "Who ever heard of a command without a commissary?" he muttered.

"Arrah, Mr. Shellman, you see I am economizing, for what in the divil is the use of having a commissary when there's nothing to commissary, and the Confederacy is poor enough, God knows, except in shinplasters. Bad luck to ye."

The argument was unanswerable, and Shellman subsided, "As we have no commissary to please the gintleman—and I'm blasted if I am much plased meself—I would suggest we went skrimmigen."

The command responded aye unanimously, and, rolling up our blankets, we prepared to move. Resuming our march, we soon came to a neat, substantial looking farm house, where it was determined an effort should be made to procure breakfast at any price in Confederate currency. We crossed the fence and approached the house. Our commander was to be the spokesman, but just as he

was about to apply his knuckles to the stout oaken door, the clatter of horses feet was heard, and to our no little surprise General Lee and staff galloped up.

"The brigade will retrace and rally on me, being it's in the presence of superior numbers, for by Saint Patrick, for all the Confederacy, I wouldn't have General Lee see me besage a lone country house without his orthers," was the command of our brigadier.

The "retrace" was conducted in good "orther," and the forces assembled upon the commandant some two hundred yards distant. Here, after a short consultation, we concluded to make another essay upon a house close at hand. As we neared the premises the prospect of success seemed discouraging enough, for some twenty cavalry horses were tied to the pailings, and experience had taught us their riders were close by. Judge then of my surprise, when upon inquiring for the proprietress of the house I was confronted by an old and dear acquaintance, Mrs. Hamilton, of Loudon county, and now, at this writing, residing at Chantilly, on the Little River turnpike. 'Tis needless to say the party were made welcome, and in a few minutes we were seated around a bountifully supplied table, laughing and chatting merrily, the vexation of our former disappointment forgotten. A quiet smoke followed, when we prepared to part with this most estimable family with unfeigned regret. The dear

old lady of the house, with tears in her eyes, bid us farewell, and her last words were, "Should anything happen to yourself or comrades, don't forget my house." I little thought but forty-eight hours would elapse ere I was once more her guest, but under vastly different circumstances. But of that anon.

As we passed through Thoroughfare Gap there were evidences on all sides of a stubborn fight, and I could not help being struck with the vital importance of possessing the place. It seemed almost a Thermopylæ, and it astonished me that it was not defended by a larger force of the enemy. Had General Lee been delayed here forty-eight hours we would have lost Jackson and his command, and the remainder of the army would have been compelled to recross the Rappahannock. How imminent the peril! But the masterly generalship of the peerless Lee averted it, and the flanking columns across the mountains soon removed every obstacle. But no time was to be lost, for already we had been delayed too long; and the incessant peals of artillery in our front plainly told us Jackson was sorely pressed, and needed our assistance.

How little the General whose "head-quarters were in the saddle," knew his advantage; for he had it within his power to have annihilated the Confederate army. But if we are to believe his own report, and the account of his "Man Friday," ("Personal recollection," in that vilest of periodi-

cals—*Harper*,) the illustrious Pope had too many generals in the field, and too many masters in Washington. The “lamented” would telegraph “do this;” Halleck would say “do that;” Fitz John Porter would do nothing; McClellan sent the commissary wagons to Washington, and it was but natural the hungry troops should seek their rations there—all of which, combined “unsaddled” poor Pope, and placed McClellan in his stead.

More than once that night, as General Lee paced his room, he was heard to mutter: “The Gap must be forced at any sacrifice. On the success of this movement depends everything. General Jackson must be hard pressed; but he *will* hold out, or I do not know my man. Twenty-four hours behind my promise to him; forty-eight hours would result in his destruction.”

Friday, the 19th day of August, 1862, was a hot, sultry day, and the corps of Longstreet, already wearied and broken down by excessive marching, dragged itself along with difficulty. Had it not been for the stimulus afforded by the roar of Jackson’s artillery the ten long miles from Thoroughfare Gap would have consumed much more time, and there would have been many more stragglers. But steadily those veterans pressed on, and before noon the head of the column reached Haymarket, but a short distance from the scene of conflict. We here received the most encouraging accounts from Jackson. He was not only holding his ground, but had

driven the enemy some distance before him. But nevertheless an expression of relief must have passed over that usually stern and placid face when he observed the clouds of dust that heralded the approach of the iron Longstreet.

Rapidly the different brigades and divisions were thrown into position, and by three o'clock the line of battle was complete. Longstreet held the right, joining Jackson near the Groveton turnpike, and about a mile from that village, where was stationed Hood with his Texans, Virginians and Mississippians. Being personally acquainted with the General, I suggested to Atkins that he proffer the services of the "brigade" to him, which was readily acceded to. That gallant, glorious, but subsequently unfortunate officer, received us most cordially, but regreted that for the present he could assign us to no other duty than that of firing a musket. Enfield's were soon procured, and we took our place in the ranks of the Fourth Texas, a regiment that at the battle of Gaine's Mills had won imperishable laurels.

In the woods to the left Jackson was hotly engaged. The musketry fire was terrific, and it seemed neither to advance nor recede. A curtain of smoke that hung over the tree-tops told us where the fighting was going on, but not a soul could be seen. For more than two hours this desperate struggle continued, when a soldier or two in blue emerged from the woods into the open plain, rushing

frantically in the direction of the Federal reserves. Another and another followed, and presently a heavily column, torn and shattered, broke forth from the woods in wild confusion. A moment after, in close pursuit, a column in grey appeared, moving at the double-quick with the most beautiful precision, though subjected to the fire of a battery of artillery, which opened on them as soon as they appeared. But the glorious column never wavered. On, on, they pressed, The enemy was seeking protection behind the battery. It mattered not, they would take battery and infantry too; all the better. Oh! how it made my heart ache as I saw the great gaps rent by grape and canister as they pressed on in this desperate charge. But "forward" was the command, and "forward" they went. The battery is neared; no hesitation there; and in an instant it is enveloped by our grey jackets. A yell, a wild Confederate yell, announced the success of the charge, and in a moment we saw them retire with hundreds of prisoners and the captured battery.

"Glorious, glorious," exclaimed the heroic Hood, at whose side I was standing, and who was most anxiously watching the charge. "Who can it be?"

An aid-de-camp presently appeared riding at full speed in the direction of General Lee's headquarters. Hood hailed him with, "Who made that splendid charge?"

"Bradley Johnson, in command of the Third Virginia brigade," was the response.

How my heart thrilled with pride and pleasure as I heard the announcement; for it was my late Colonel, fighting like the members of Atkins' brigade, without a commission.

But what means this demonstration in our immediate front? Cheer after cheer, huzza upon huzza, and presently a long line of skirmishers appear over the intervening hill. An attack beyond question. They are met unhesitatingly by our skirmishers, and a fierce fight ensues. But the dense, dark column that now comes in view compels our advance to fall back. But Hood, with his Texans, Virginians and Mississippians, are in waiting. Rapidly they approach, and musket balls are whistling in every direction.

"Let them come a little closer," I heard him remark to a staff officer, "they shall have a reception."

Just then a voice behind us was heard to command, "Charge, General, charge!"

Judge my feelings as I turned my head and saw our beloved Lee sitting calmly upon his iron-grey, with but a single aid, and exposed to this severe fire.

But we had little time for reflection, for the clarion voice of Hood was heard the next instant to "fix bayonets," and then came the command "forward, double-quick," and the long line of glittering steel rushed madly down the hill.

The collision was awful, and the enemy was

unable to resist its force, though he stood to his work manfully. Gallant men fell by hundreds on both sides. The Federal troops gave way; and the field was covered with thousands of fugitives. The column in grey pressed on until it neared the village of Groveton. What is this dark mass seen in the twilight thundering down upon us, making the very earth tremble? The column halts. On come the gallant troopers. The sight is grand beyond description. Nearer and nearer they approach. They are almost upon us! "Fire," is the command, and the heavens are lit up by the flash that leaps along the line; and when the smoke lifts, hundreds of riderless steeds are seen flying frantically across the plain, whilst the ground in front of us is covered with dead and wounded men and horses.

In the excitement of the fight I had lost sight of my companions, and it was not until I heard a voice with the Celtic twang exclaiming, "Catch a horse, catch a horse," that I was aware of the presence of Atkins. "Catch a horse, catch a horse," I heard again, as a dozen riderless steeds dashed up the turnpike, "for I'm blasted if my command shall be infantry any longer." Turning my head I saw him making frantic efforts to secure one of the frightened horses and his efforts were successful. I was not so fortunate. Seizing a bridle, I was leading my capture in triumph across the road, when giving a sudden plunge, he wrenched the rein from my hand and was off like the wind.

Leaving my companion in ecstasies over his prize, I started after something to eat. But where was I to get it? The wagons were far in the rear, and being tired, I could not think of hunting them up. A happy thought suggested itself. The Federal soldiers generally carried a day or two's rations. I will secure what some dead man has left. The idea may shock the sensibilities of the reader with a well-filled stomach, but a tired and hungry soldier is not much troubled with such wares. Crossing the Groveton road I threaded my way among the dead and wounded with a melancholy interest. A few minutes before the air had resounded with the shouts of infuriated men, the roar of artillery, and the rattle of small arms; but now all was still, save an occasional picket shot, and the groans and cries of those who had fallen wounded in the bloody strife.

More than one dead man's haversack did I examine that night; but alas, some one as hungry as myself had anticipated me. I had given the search up in despair, and was returning to my companion, when I stumbled over the body of a Federal soldier that I did not see, owing to the darkness. A suppressed groan escaped the poor wretch, and shocked at my carelessness, I knelt at his side and asked if I could do anything for him.

"Water, water, for God's sake water!" he plead. Placing my canteen to his lips he drained it to the last drop.

“Now turn me on my back that I may look once more at the beautiful sky, and watch the bright stars. Stranger, I see from your dress you are an enemy, but in my dying moments I like you none the less. - Your turn may come next; and perhaps you, too, will ask the same favor I have asked of you. God grant that you may receive it.”

His mind here wandered for some minutes, when recovering, he continued: “Oh it is hard to die thus, away from home and friends; but it is a comfort to have the presence of even one with whom I have just been engaged in deadly strife, and for aught I know inflicted this death wound. My poor wife, my precious child. Stranger, perhaps you, too, have a wife and child far away whom you love dearly? Away up in Pennsylvania I had a happy home, with a fond and loving wife. We were blessed with one dear little babe, a boy. In an evil hour I went to the war to fight for my country's honor; how much better had I remained at home, for there are plenty without me who have nothing to leave behind.”

Again his mind wandered, and I heard him murmur: “How beautiful the heavens are to-night, Emma, and how bright the stars. Come, Eddie, get upon papa's knee.” A pause, a convulsive shudder, and with “My wife, my child,” upon his lips, the poor soldier's spirit took its flight from earth.

And still, reader, this was but one incident of the thousands that could have been gathered upon that dreadful field,

Disengaging his well-filled haversack, I made my way back to where I had left my companion. To my surprise he had heard nothing of either Shellman or Grinnell; and we began to fear they had fallen in the fight. However, they may be at the rendezvous appointed, and thither we directed our steps.

We found them there, and unhurt, but engaged in a violent dispute as to which had killed the most Yankees in the fight.

"Why, Grinnell," said Shellman, "didn't you see that officer fall when I fired?"

"I saw an officer fall," replied Grinnell, "but I tell you your gun didn't go off. And I will tell you what's more, you didn't fire a shot during the fight, but you did a devil of a sight of loading."

"An' be me soul, Liftinent Shellman, an' I belave Grinnell is right," put in Atkins, "for divil the wonst did I see the thing go off, an' I'll prove it by the crather itself, I will."

The Enfield was produced, and to the "Liftinent's" chagrin the barrel was found to contain at least half a dozen cartridges.

"An' it's a pretty command I have, to be sure. What would General Lee think if I told him one of my 'brigade' put his cartridges in his gun upside down? An' thin the sarious consequences that might ensue. Faith, an' it might cost the Confederacy its independence."

"I don't think you have much the advantage of

me, Mr. Atkins, for you did nothing but run after loose horses," retorted Shellman.

"Did you ever hear the like o' that? To spake in that way to his commander. An' thin he called me *Misther Atkins*, too; bad luck to yez."

I put an end to the controversy by announcing the contents of the dead soldier's haversack.

"Fourteen crackers, a pound of salt horse, a well-filled bag of coffee, and several little articles that I will examine to-morrow."

A fire was soon kindled, and we proceeded to boil the coffee. As I untied the string around the little bag, I could not but think of the hand, now cold and stiff in death, that had so carefully tied it that morning; and during the repast, at every mouthful, "My wife, my child," was ringing in my ears.

Considerably refreshed, I wrapped my blanket around me and lay down to rest, and was soon in a sound sleep, from which I was awakened in the morning by Atkins soliloquizing:

"An' it was a sin an' a shame to trate the poor dumb baste so, an' so it was. Laving out that bullet hole in the nose, an' the one in the left fore leg, an' the one in the hind quarter, an' the devil knows how many more, for I havn't been on the other side of him, he's as beautiful a crather as I ever saw. Be me soul he's the very picture of an Irish hunter, he is."

Rising from my blanket I approached the discon-

solate Atkins, who was engaged in taking a survey of his capture of the previous evening, and upon inquiring the reason for his lamentations, he pointed to a dreadful wound in the horse's left fore leg, but which had escaped our notice in the darkness of the evening, and said :

"Look what those hathens of Hood's have done to this poor dumb baste, the very picture of a staple-chaser. An' there, too, an' there, an' there," pointing to as many wounds, "be me soul, if the rider got as many he's as dead as Paddy's pig."

"What disposition are you going to make of him?" I ventured to inquire.

"Take him along wid us, to be sure. Can't he carry our traps. I'm astonished that you should ax such a question. If you had been wid Whate and meself in Italy—"

Not caring to be bored for an hour with this his favorite subject, I interrupted him by inquiring the name he intended to give his steed?

Scratching his head for a moment, he replied, "Pegassus; an' what do you think of that for a name?"

"A devil of a Pagassus," remarked Shellman, who had joined us.

"An' who axed you for your say, misther six-shooter, who can't appreciate an Irishman's joke?"

"And why Pegassus?" inquired Shellman.

"Why don't you see the crather has been *winged*, but divil the bit do I belave there's much *fly* in him."

After partaking of a cup of coffee and a cracker or two, the remains of the poor dead soldier's rations, I shouldered my Enfield, and bidding my companions remain until I returned, started off in search of Colonel (afterwards General) Bradley T. Johnson, whose command we had determined to join.

Moving rapidly across the field, subjected to a sharp fire from the enemy's sharpshooters, I reached the cover of a friendly woods in safety. Meeting a horseman, I inquired the Colonel's whereabouts, and was informed it was but a short distance ahead.

"I am going that way myself," said he, "and will with pleasure pilot you. I perceive from your uniform that you are a Captain, and presume you belong to his command."

I informed him of the circumstances that had placed me with the army, and told him I thought it most likely "Atkins' Brigade" could render more efficient service as officers in some of the depleted regiments, than as privates as we were.

"I assure you," said the stranger, "it would gratify me much should you accept a command in my brigade, for I have suffered fearfully in officers during the past three days."

"What brigade do you command," I inquired.

"The Second Louisiana. My name is Starke, sir, General Starke, and I am immediately on the left of Johnson. Should he have no place to assign you to, call upon me."

After pointing out Johnson's command, the General put spurs to his horse and disappeared. Poor fellow, I never saw him after, for he rendered up his precious life in battling for his beloved South upon the bloody field of Sharpsburg.

I found Colonel Johnson with his brigade drawn up in line of battle close by the edge of a woods, and in momentary expectation of an attack.

"How do you do, Captain?" he greeted me "the very man I wished most to see. Here I am in command of a brigade without officers. The Forty-eighth Virginia has but two Lieutenants left. Come, let me introduce you to Dabney. He is at present in command of the regiment, and I know will not hesitate to surrender it to you at my suggestion."

I found Lieutenant Dabney a most agreeable young gentleman, and he cheerfully tendered me the command of his regiment.

I then informed the Colonel of the obligation I was under to return to my companions, but he would not listen to it for a moment.

Johnson then explained to me the situation. Immediately in our front, and distant some two hundred yards, was a railroad cut. This was considered the key to the position, and was to be fought for to the last extremity. "You will therefore take fifty of your men and place them under cover of that thicket to the right, in close proximity to the excavation, and keep me advised of all you see and hear."

I detailed my fifty men, and after taking a careful

survey of the ground I was to traverse, made a run for it across the field amidst a shower of bullets from the enemy's sharpshooters, but which fortunately did no execution. Shortly after reaching the designated point I had the misfortune to lose the services of Lieutenant Dabney by the accidental explosion of his pistol, and I had, therefore, but one officer left.

We had been there perhaps an hour when I became convinced from hearing the command "forward, guide centre," repeatedly given in the woods some four hundred yards distant in our immediate front, that the enemy was massing for an attack. Finding my men reluctant to take the risk of recrossing the field with a message to the Colonel, I was compelled to go myself. Placing them under the command of a Sergeant, I made the attempt and reach the brigade in safety. I reported to Johnson what I had heard; and at his suggestion we walked to the brow of the hill before us, and to our astonishment beheld three lines of battle emerging from the woods, and moving rapidly upon the railroad excavation.

It was out of the question for me to return to my fifty men, and I should not have gone if I could, for the greater portion of my command was with the brigade. Rushing back therefore with him, the command "forward, double-quick," was instantly given, and then commenced a wild race as to which should reach the much coveted point first. As we

emerged from the woods, and became exposed to the view of the enemy's artillery, he opened a terrible fire, which was returned with interest upon his advancing columns by thirty pieces of our artillery on a plateau to the right of us.

We reached the opposite banks of the cut simultaneously, and then began one of the most desperate and bloody conflicts of the war. Muzzle to muzzle, each delivered their fire into the very bosoms of their foe. Dead and wounded men fell by hundreds, and many on both sides rolled down the embankment and intermingled at the bottom. The importance of the place was known to each, and each was determined to possess it. The appearance of Colonel Johnson upon that field I shall never forget. But few men had ever before had so important a trust imposed in them, and there he intended to win or die. Never have I seen such sublime courage displayed upon the field of battle. In his shirt sleeves, his eye flashing, his lips compressed, he was everywhere encouraging his men. Three different times he ran along his line, the target for many a bullet, and how he escaped unscathed that awful fire, God only knows.

But the enemy are too strong for us, and our right begins to swing back, contesting every inch of ground. And the enemy's left cross the cut. At this moment a man fell at my side. Picking up his musket, I leveled it and fired, and when in the act of lowering the piece, I felt a sharp pain in the

fore part of my left arm, and glancing at it, discovered I was hit. Even as I did so, I received a tremendous blow in my left side, and was knocked off my feet, and fell heavily to the ground. Our troops giving way left me midway between the contending forces, and never did a poor devil more heartily wish himself away from a warm place than I did from this, for the bullets were knocking up the dust all about me; but I knew to move even a limb would draw the fire of the enemy, and I contented myself with laying still, and watching the progress of the fight. The combatants surged backwards and forwards as each gained or lost some temporary advantage; but the tide of battle was evidently fast going against Johnson. The enemy were too strong for him; still he fought on. Everything seemed lost, and Jackson's corps will surely be cut in two. Why do not the reserves come up?

Hark! What means that wild yell, and that cracking and crashing in the woods behind us? Hurrah! it is Starke with his Louisianians. It was a grand sight as those grim veterans emerged from the woods on the run. Nothing on earth could withstand the impetuosity of their charge, and the foemen were swept back across the cut like chaff, and the position was ours.

Fearing I should be struck by some of the many flying bullets, I determined to get under the friendly cover of the position won, and after many efforts succeeded in getting on my hands and knees, and

dragging myself to the bank, quietly rolled down. It was well I did so, for the enemy were not going to give it up without another effort. Fresh troops advanced, and the conflict was renewed with redoubled fury. Steadily the column in blue moved forward in the face of the terrible fire of the Confederates, and reached the very edge of the embankment. Our ammunition was giving out. No matter, stones lay around in abundance, and were hurled with desperate energy.

“Bad luck to yez, there goes my last cartridge,” I heard an Irishman exclaim at my side. Remembering I had two packages in my jacket pocket that I had found in the haversack of the previous evening, I requested him to take them out. As he did so he uttered an exultant shout, and with a “Come on yez d—d Yankees, its Louisianians yer fitin now,” resumed his firing.

For at least fifteen minutes this desperate hand to hand conflict continued, when the enemy began to give way and scatter in every direction to avoid our fire. But the artillery to the right, which for some time had been silent owing to the proximity of the contending forces, now opened upon the dense mass with grape and canister at point blank range, and the slaughter was horrible until the fugitives reached the cover of the woods.

On the right, in Longstreet's front, the battle still raged, but long before night-fall it ceased; the second battle of Manassas was won, and our army in close pursuit.

The excitement of the fight over, I began to think seriously of my own condition. I had lost a great deal of blood, and was almost in a state of collapse. The dying words of the poor soldier who expired in my arms the evening before, more than once occurred to me: "Your turn may come next." And had it come? And then: "Oh, 'tis hard to die thus, away from home and friends; but it is a comfort to have the presence of even one with whom I have just been engaged in deadly strife." But no ministering hand was there. I was alone with those still in death, and others like myself writhing in mortal agony. No one near me to take a last message to my home, or to tell how I died. But I am burning up with thirst.

"Water, water, for God's sake water!" rang in my ears, and I envied the poor wretch the few drops I had given him the previous evening. Gradually I grew more faint; I felt as though I was being whirled round and round with fearful rapidity. Round and round, faster and faster, and I lost all consciousness.

I must have remained in this swoon some time, and when I recovered I found Dr. Richard Johnson and the noble Irishman, Atkins, at my side.

"Ah, this is a divil of a pretty mess," was the first words I heard. "This is what you get for disobeying orthers. Had ye remained wid your legitimate command this wouldn't have happened. Here's Grinnell, Shellman and meself as sound as

a new quarter. Oh, the hathens, to trate one of 'Atkins Brigade' so mane a thrick."

All night I lay on the field, attended by Dr. Johnson and my good ex-commander, and next morning was placed in an ambulance and conveyed to Mrs. Hamilton's, where I was received as a brother and a son by the family. For weeks I languished upon a bed of sickness, nursed with the care and tenderness of an infant by every member of the family, when I was declared convalescent, and made my way to Richmond.

I here met my late companions, who had returned from the campaign in Maryland in safety, and we more than once talked over incidents that attended "Atkins' Brigade at the Second Manassas."

THE END.

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