Proceedings of The Clarke County Historical Association

Volume XV 1963-1964

CONTAINING

ACCOUNTS OF TEN MEMORABLE ENGAGEMENTS WHICH TOOK PLACE IN CLARKE COUNTY DURING THE WAR BETWEEN THE STATES JULY 18, 1864 — FEB. 19, 1865

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Report of the President

The Clarke County Historical Association has made its own history since the last Proceedings was published. For years the Society has needed a place to hold meetings, and a safe place to keep its records. We are well on the way to establishing our own headquarters and fulfilling these needs.

Through the courtesy of the Board of Supervisors, the Historical Association has, since 1941, stored their belongings in the vault in the Courthouse. However, the urgent need for this space by the County Clerk, made it necessary for the organization to find other available quarters in 1962. Fortunately, we were able to persuade the Board of Supervisors to allow us the use of an upstairs room in the Courthouse for this purpose. We have built a cupboard to house the early issues of The Clarke Courier and our extra copies of the Proceedings. The room is too small for meetings, but can be used as an office from time to time. We still retain our Portraits file in the fire-proof vault in the Courthouse. The file of negatives and prints now number six hundred.

In January of 1964, the Historical Association was given the Old Mill in Millwood, Virginia by the Wayside Restoration, Inc. This old mill is an historical landmark in the community, built in 1785 by Colonel Nathaniel Burwell of "Carter Hall" and operated by General Daniel Morgan. Although the building is in a very neglected condition, it is worthy of restoration. (See following report on restoration).

The eventual outcome of this project will be a living museum — an early water-wheel mill in operation — that present and future generations can visit. Here they can observe a working example of early industrial life that is fast disappearing from the American scene. The building, we hope, will be the hub of community activities, as it was in the old days the hub of community business life. Our next issue of the Proceedings will be devoted to the history and lore of The Great Mill in Millwood.

To encourage the raising of funds to pay for this Restoration work, the Association applied to the Internal Revenue Bureau for a tax exemption status. This was granted, and any and all donations to The Clarke County Historical Association are now tax deductible.

The Historical Association has bought the surrounding property adjacent to the Mill for future protection of the restored site. This land has on it an eight room dwelling house and a Filling Station with an upstairs apartment, plus a large garage. The Association borrowed the money from The Bank of Clarke County to pay for this parcel of land.

It will be necessary for all interested persons to contribute and promote the raising of monies to make possible the completion of this great project. We are in need of funds now to cover the cost of the work to be done this Spring. Enclosed with this volume is a Pledge Card for your convenience. No greater contribution to the preservation of Clarke County History could be made at this time.

Respectfully,
Helen B. Byrd, *President*

Report on Restoration of the Old Mill

In July of 1964 the following members were appointed by the Board of the Clarke County Historical Association to serve on The Millwood Mill Restoration Committee:

Mrs. Richard Evelyn Byrd ---------- Chairman
Mrs. Ralph N. Dorsey ---------- Treasurer
Mrs. William Donovan ---------- Secretary

Mr. A. Mackay-Smith	Mr. A. R. Dunning
Mr. George H. Burwell	Mrs. Polk Guest
Mr. Richard C. Plater	Admiral Paul Pihl
Mrs. Kenneth N. Gilpin	Mrs. James M. Thomson

Mrs. Paul Mellon

This committee retained the services of Mr. John Campbell of Philadelphia, a foremost authority on water-wheel mills in this country. Under his guidance, the restoration has begun. The building has been shored up from the basement to the roof. Wherever possible, old timbers were found to replace those that had rotted away. The water wheel pit has been dug out and a stone retaining wall rebuilt. The stone masonry on the outside of the building has been repaired and pointed up and the windows have been installed. The rafters have been replaced where necessary, faithfully following the originals in workmanship, and the roof covered with insulation material. The grey slate roof will go on as soon as weather permits. The Mill will then be weatherproof. Plans are underway to begin the interior. The committee is inquiring for advice and information from the most authoritative sources — The National Trust for Historic Preservation, Colonial Williamsburg, The American Institute of Architects and The Smithsonian Institute.

Helen B. Byrd, *Chairman*

Gifts

Gifts received since the publication of the previous volume of the Proceedings include:—

Historical papers, including an original land grant signed by Lord Fairfax, deeding to Captain John Lindsey land in Frederick County, Dated March 27, 1762 — a gift from Colonel Ernest Ristedt of Gainesville, Va.

A photograph of the old Wickliffe Academy, part of which is now the Wickliffe Church in Clarke County. A gift from Miss Emily Powers of Berryville.

Family photographs, the gifts of Miss Bessie Riskey Derrez of New York City.

The above were placed in the room in the Courthouse.

The old Millwood Mill Building and 8,835 square feet of land in Millwood, Virginia, the gift of Wayside Restoration Society, Inc., Mr. Leo Bernstein, President.

Foreword

To commemorate the 100th Anniversary of the War Between The States, the Clarke County Historical Association publishes this, the 15th Volume of its Proceedings, a series begun in 1941. According to Thomas D. Gold (History of Clarke County, 1914)

> "The J. E. B. Stuart Camp of Confederate Veterans was organised August 12, 1891, with Col. S. J. C. Moore as Commander. The Camp was organised for the purpose of gathering and preserving local history connected with the War, personal experiences of the members, and any incidents of historical value connected with the lives of the soldiers or citizens of the county at that time". (p. 313)
>
> "The committee of the J. E. B. Stuart Camp decided to place granite markers at the following (10) places, where engagements were fought as described in these pages . . . . Several other small affairs took place which have not been marked, as both the time and place were not definitely known, or the fights were not of enough importance to be marked. These markers were prepared and put in place by the well known marble and granite worker T. J. Orndorf, of Winchester, Va. (pp. 133-134).
>
> All of the markers are still in place and in perfect condition.

The inscriptions read as follows:—

(1) Battle of
Cool Spring
July 18, 1864
Early & Crook

(2) Fight at
Berry's Ferry
July 19, 1864
Imboden & Crook

(3) Double Toll Gate
Fight
Aug. 11, 1864
Imboden & U. S. Cavalry

(4) Buck Marsh Fight
Sept. 13, 1864 (i.e. Aug. 13)
Mosby's Attack on
Sheridan's Wagon
Trains

(5) Col. Morgan's Lane
Aug. 19, 1864
Mosby's Attack on
Custer's House
Burners
No Prisoners

(6) Battle of
Berryville
Sept. 3, 1864
Early & Sheridan

(7) Fight at
Gold's Farm
Sept. 3, 1864
Mosby & 6th N. Y.
Cavalry

(8) Mt. Airy Fight
Sept. 15, 1864
Mosby & U. S.
Cavalry

(9) Vineyard Fight
Dec. 16, 1864
Mosby & U. S.
Cavalry

(10) Mt. Carmel Fight
Feb. 19, 1865
Mosby & U. S.
Cavalry

It is perhaps not altogether surprising that in all of these ten engagements the forces of the Confederacy emerged victorious.

In commemorating the centennial of the War your Editor has been glad to follow the lead of the J. E. B. Stuart Camp Committee. Many of these men had been combatants, all of them were directly affected by it. For present purposes it has therefore seemed desirable to collect in one volume the best accounts of these battles now available.

Chapters XIV and XV of Gold's History of Clarke County are devoted to the ten engagements in question. Since Mr. Gold was, in effect, the official spokesman for the J. E. B. Stuart Camp of Confederate Veterans, which erected the granite markers, and since his book has long been out of print and is now difficult to obtain, the pertinent paragraphs are here republished in chronological order. These are supplemented by other accounts which have seemed to the Editor to be of unusual merit.

Special thanks for assistance in the collection of material and in editing this volume should be extended to McGhee Tyson Gilpin, Jr., who visited each monument and copied the inscriptions which in many cases are not identical with the wording given by Gold (p. 133); to Josiah Look Dickinson, who made a thorough search of the official printed records of the War deposited in the Handley Library, Winchester, Va.; to Harry Decker, whose time and knowledge the Potomac Edison Company, with most commendable imagination, has made available for the study and dissemination of the history of the War in the Northern Virginia and Maryland area; and to Laura Virginia Hale, who generously made available her own library and her knowledge of its contents.

Alexander Mackay-Smith, *Chairman*
Publications Committee

Battle Of
Cool Spring
July 18, 1864
Early & Crook

In the Spring General Siegel moved from Harper's Ferry, through Berryville, up the Valley on his campaign, and was defeated at New Market. Later in July, Early, having driven Hunter, of house burning fame, from Lynchburg, moved down the Valley, but did not pass through Clarke on his advance into Maryland. Pushing on rapidly he fought the battle of the Monocacy and advanced to the defenses of Washington, hoping to surprise and capture the place, but was a little too late. Grant had sent troops from his army in front of Richmond.

General Early then withdrew, crossing the Potomac at White's Ferry near Leesburg and retreating through Snicker's Gap into Clarke. He placed Breckenridge's division between Berryville and the river to watch the fords there. Gordon and Rhodes were camped about Wickliffe and Gaylord, guarding the approaches from Harper's Ferry. He had been followed by the Army of West Virginia under General Crook and the troops of Hunter and Averill, all under the command of General Crook. General Crook upon reaching the Shenandoah determined on making a reconnaissance in force to develop General Early's position.

On July 18th he ordered three brigades to cross the river for that purpose. They were guided by a deserter from the Clarke Rifles by the name of Carrigan. He had worked as a tailor at Castleman's Ferry before the war and was well acquainted with the mountain and the fords on the river. He led them through the "Retreat" farm, then owned by Judge Parker, of Winchester, to a ford about a mile below Castleman's Ferry, between the islands and landed on the "Cool Spring" farm and the "Westwood" farm. Their approach through the mountain being hidden by the woodland, they were able to cross at the fords, which were shallow, without discovery by Early's pickets until they were safely over. They immediately sent forward their skirmishers, pushing them across the "Cool Spring" and "Westwood" farms until they reached the public road leading from Castleman's Ferry to Wickliffe Church. Their line of battle was placed across the "Cool Spring" farm (new owned by the Trappist Monastery) and partly on the "Westwood" farm, near where the "Cool Spring" house stands.

General Breckenridge, who was in command of the nearest troops, was attending service in Berryville at the Episcopal Church. Upon being notified of the advance of the enemy, he immediately moved out and with his division under General Ramseur and Gordon's to meet them. The troops camped at Webbtown, then Colonel Ware's woods, moved through the "Frankford" farm until in reach

of the enemy. Gordon's and Ramseur's troops were thrown into position immediately in front of the enemy's lines, and advanced their skirmishers to occupy the attention of the enemy. While this was being done, General Rhodes, bringing his division from the neighborhood of Gaylord, passing in rear of the Confederates line of battle, moved down a ravine, unseen by the enemy until he had placed himself on their left flank and rear. When this movement was completed, Gordon and Ramseur pushed their lines forward with vigor, driving back the enemy's skirmishers upon the line of battle. At that moment Rhodes' lines, advancing rapidly from the enemy's left, appeared in their rear. They were immediately thrown into confusion and fled precipitately to the river. A large number missing the fords, threw themselves into the river at what is called "Parker's Hole," where the water was very deep and were drowned. A large number were killed and wounded in the fighting, some prisoners were taken. The remainder made their way as best they could to the islands and then across to the other side, where they were under the protection of their artillery.

Many of their dead were buried on the "Cool Spring" farm, from which they were removed after the war to the National Cemetery at Winchester. The Confederate loss was not heavy although a number were killed and wounded. The dead were buried there and removed later to Stonewall Cemetery at Winchester. Among the Federal Officers in the fight that day, was a Colonel Frost in command of a brigade of troops. Living in the "Cool Spring" house was a relative of his, Mr. Eben Frost, a well known man at that time. Colonel Frost sent word to his relative, inviting him to come to see him, as he had been badly wounded. The old gentleman declined and said that "if he had staid at home, he would not have been shot." Colonel Frost died in a day or two and as his remains were being taken to Charles Town, they stopped for a while at the "Middle Farm" the old ancestral home of the Frosts.

This battle was the biggest fight that occurred in the County. More men were engaged and the fighting while it lasted was sharper. At this time, fifty years later, it is not uncommon for fishermen to draw up a musket from Parker's Hole when thinking that they had hooked a ten pound bass. This engagement is called the Battle of Cool Spring, and will be marked with a granite stone by the Camp. (Gold, HISTORY OF CLARKE COUNTY, pp. 114-117)

The Army in the Civil War
Volume XI.

The Shenandoah Valley in 1864
By
George E. Pond

Page 82 to Page 85 —

The forces of Hunter and Wright had now come together just in season to allow Early to slip between them, grazing the last of his trains and their guard. The night of the 16th, Crook, from his camp at Purcellville, half a dozen miles from Wright's, reported for orders, and was instructed to move a force to Snicker's Gap. He dispatched Duffie and Mulligan for this purpose; but Early, who had crossed the Shenandoah at Snicker's Ferry opposite the Gap, planted two guns there, and checked farther approach, Duffie losing 17 men in the affair. Wright remained at Clark's Gap, near Leesburg, and notified Halleck that he would verify the enemy's retreat by sending a column ahead. The 18th, he instructed Crook to move in force through Snicker's Gap, where his advance was, and he put the Sixth Corps in motion for the same point. Duffie was sent to Ashby's Gap; but there he found, the next day, that the enemy was in force, and after crossing the Shenandoah at Berry's Ferry, was driven back with no little loss, about 50 of his troops being captured, and a considerable number killed and wounded.

Meanwhile, the afternoon of the 18th, from the summit of the Blue Ridge the enemy could be seen on the heights beyond the river. Early's force was around Berryville, and Breckenridge had charge of the fords of the Shenandoah. About two o'clock, Crook directed Thoburn to cross with his own division and the Third Brigade of the Second, to dislodge the forces there, and to move for this purpose to Island Ford, a mile or more below Snicker's Ferry. Here the enemy, who had a picket behind the bushes, opened a hot fire; but Wells's brigade found a good wading-place a few hundred yards below, and dashing across, carried the ford, capturing 15 skirmishers and the captain commanding them. From these it was learned that Early's whole force was not distant, and Gordon and Rhodes only a mile or two away. Thoburn, on sending back this news to Crook, was directed not to attempt to move up to hold Snicker's Ferry for the passage of the army, as at first mentioned, but to await a division of the Sixth Corps which would cross for his support. Accordingly a position was selected, with the First, Wells's brigade, on the left, the Third, Frost's, in the centre, and

the Second, commanded by Thoburn himself, on the right. Beyond the right flank was a force of about 1,000 dismounted cavalry, odds and ends of various regiments under Lieutenant-Colonel Young, Fourth Pennsylvania. Fully half an hour later, Breckenridge advanced against Thoburn's left and centre, with his two divisions, while Early sent Rhodes to fall on the Union right. The dismounted cavalry on this flank was the first to break, under the fire of Rhodes, and retreated across the river, despite the efforts of Young to rally it. Thoburn, who was in two lines, rapidly changed front to stem the tide, but at length the heavy impact of Rhodes was too much for his force, which was driven in good order, considering that its task was the trying one of retreating across a river under fire from the bank.[1] The dead and wounded were left on the field, and Thoburn's casualties in this engagement were 65 killed, 301 wounded, and 56 missing — total 422. The enemy must have also suffered severely, for the troops of Rhodes, who halted on the bank to fire at the fugitives, had exposed themselves to the Union batteries. Next day, the Confederates were busy burying their dead and removing their wounded.

In this affair no reproach can be applied to Thoburn's division, for it would have been preposterous to suppose that, unaided and in an unintrenched position, it could withstand the shock of all the force Early might choose to bring against it. The clue to what Thoburn's men considered an inexcusable lack of support may perhaps be found in a dispatch of Wright to Halleck: "The attempt at crossing was resisted in strong force; and believing it better to turn his position, I designed doing so by way of Keyes Gap, thus effecting a junction with some of the forces of General Hunter lower down the valley." But the repulse of Duffie at Ashby's Gap and other events induced him "to defer the movement by way of Keyes Gap, in the belief that a crossing might be effected where we were." Wright remained at Snicker's Gap through the 19th; and that night Early retreated, taking the road to Strasburg.

Wright crossed the river next day, the 20th, to the battlefield, where were visible many Union dead, heads, arms and legs protruding from the slight heaps of earth hastily shovelled on them, while many Confederate graves also marked the field. He notified Hunter that he should move the same day "to Berryville, perhaps farther, toward Winchester," asking that supplies should be sent to the former point, and also all spare troops, "to swell my force, making it as large as possible to meet the enemy." Hunter had already, two days before, pushed all his available troops up the valley, in co-operation, and now urged them forward again; but Wright, on more mature reflection, regarded his orders as contemplating his return, when he had verified the enemy's retreat; and accordingly, instead of moving to Winchester, he recrossed the Shenandoah, and marched back through Snicker's Gap to Leesburg. There, the 21st, he addressed Halleck saying, "Conceiving the object of the expedition to be accomplished, I at once started back, as directed in your orders, and to-night shall encamp on the

east side of Goose Creek, on the Leesburg Pike. Two days' easy march will bring the command to Washington."

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[1] "The head of the column of the Sixth Corps had reached the crossing of the river by this time, and as General Ricketts, commanding the corps, did not think it prudent under the circumstances to cross his men, and as the enemy were preparing for another attack on my lines, I gave the order to fall back, which was done in good order by the remaining troops" (Crook's Report, October 12, 1864).

The War of the Rebellion

Series I, Vol. XXXVII, Part I,

Battle of Cool Spring

Hdqrs. First Infty. Div., Dept. of West Virginia

Halltown, Va., July 29, 1864.

Captain: I have the honor to submit the following report of an engagement with the enemy near Snicker's Ferry on the 18th instant:

On passing through Snicker's Gap about 2 p.m. on the 18th instant, I received orders from General Crook to take command of the First Infantry Division and the Third Brigade of the Second Division, and proceed at once two miles down the river to the Island Ford, and cross over and move up the opposite side and dislodge a force of the enemy, supposed to be cavalry, who were occupying the hills in front of Snicker's Ferry. In obedience to these instructions I moved the command, under cover of hills and woods, unobserved by the enemy until the fording at the island was reached, when a sharp musketry fire from the opposite bank was opened upon the head of the column as it approached the river. The banks of the river for some distance above and below the fording were well veiled by trees and brushes, behind which the enemy were posted. I ordered two companies as skirmishers to engage the attention of the enemy at the ford, while the command moved a few hundred yards down the river under cover of the woods to a place where the water was shallow, although the banks were steep and difficult for the men to go up or down. Colonel Wells' brigade, which was in advance, was rapidly pushed across the river at this point and attacked and drove the enemy from his position, capturing a captain and 15 men. The Thirty-fourth Massachusetts, commanded by Captain Thompson, and a battalion of the Fifth New York Heavy Artillery had the advance and performed their duty admirably. Their loss in crossing was 1 man killed and 1 wounded. From the prisoners I learned that there had been two regiments of rebel Generals Gordon and Rodes were within a mile or two of the ford, and that General Early was present. I at once sent an aide to General Crook with this information, and asked for further instructions. I continued the crossing of the command, and sent out skirmishers to the front and flanks. My aide returned with orders from General Crook not to move up to Snicker's Ferry as at first directed, but to take as strong a position as possible near the ford and await the arrival of a division of the Sixth Corps, which had been ordered to cross the river to my support. I posted my command in two lines near the river-bank, the Second Brigade, then commanded by myself, on the right, the First Brigade, commanded

by Colonel Wells, on the left, and the Third Regiment, commanded by Colonel Frost, in the center.

The first line was placed immediately behind and under cover of a bluff that ran parallel to and about seventy-five yards distant from the river. The second line was posted in an old road on the river-bank and behind a low stone fence, which afforded excellent protection for the men. The ground in front of the line rose irregularly through cleared fields for the distance of about one-third of a mile. After lying in this position about one hour, the enemy advanced a heavy skirmish line upon my front and flanks, at the same time a heavy force was moved forward upon my right flank, moving in two lines of battle at nearly right angles to our lines; the Second Brigade was ordered to change its front to the right to meet this attack, which was gallantly done, but the sharp enfilading fire from skirmishers and sharpshooters upon the high ground in front caused some unsteadiness, and finally the first line gave way and fell back to the second line, which was on the right, principally composed of dismounted cavalry, about 1,000 strong, under command of Lieutenant-Colonel Young of the Fourth Pennsylvania Cavalry, which in spite of the energetic efforts of Colonel Young to prevent it broke and ran into and across the river, causing something of a panic to spread into the force falling back from the first line, many of whom also followed them across the river. As the first line of the Second Brigade began to give way, Colonel Frost of the Eleventh West Virginia, commanding the Third Brigade, was directed to oblique his first line to the right and present a front to the advancing foe. But while bravely performing this duty he fell mortally wounded, and his command was thrown into some confusion and followed the first line of the Second Brigade in its retreat, taking with it a battalion of the Fifth New York Heavy Artillery, on the right of the first line of the First Brigade, the latter losing heavily in killed and wounded, and leaving its commanding officer, Lieutenant-Colonel Murray, wounded, in the hands of the enemy. By this time the enemy had come within range of the second line, which gave a volley that repelled his farther advance, and drove him out of sight beyond the bluff. But he immediately commenced reforming for another attack upon my right. I had the One hundred and sixteenth Ohio, commanded by Colonel Washburn, detached from the First Brigade and sent to the right, and just as it was getting into line the second attack was made. But the panic was over. The attack was bravely met and the enemy driven back. A third advance was afterward made with similar results, when the enemy retired behind the hill in our front, leaving up in possession of the field. But night was coming on. The promised division from the Sixth Corps had not been sent to our assistance, and General Crook sent an order to return across the river, which was done in good order. During the crossing of the command, the enemy advanced a battery and commenced shelling the ford, which compelled us to leave many of the worst wounded cases in his hands. On the right of the line the Fourth West Virginia Infantry, commanded by Lieutenant-Colonel Vance, was conspicuous for its firm

and gallant conduct, also the One hundred and sixteenth Ohio, commanded by Colonel Washburn. This officer fell severely wounded while bravely leading his men into action. His place was promptly and worthily filled by Lieutenant-Colonel Wildes, of the same regiment. The Twelfth West Virginia, commanded by Colonel Curtis, also stood firm. These regiments, with detachments from the First West Virginia, Second Maryland (Eastern Shore), Eighteenth Connecticut, and Colonel Young, with a few dismounted cavalry, held the right of the line and saved the command from a complete rout. Colonel Wells' brigade on the left, with the exception of the regiments detached from him, was engaged only with the enemy's skirmish line.

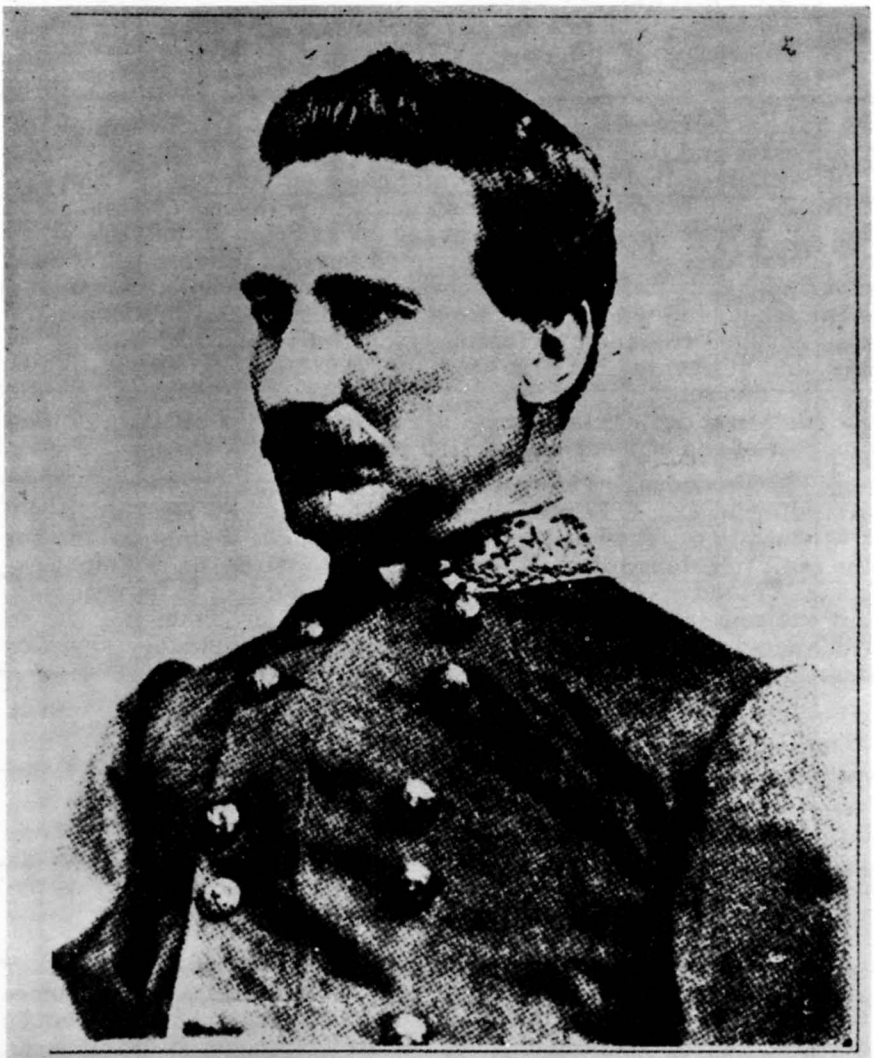
Our loss was 65 killed, 301 wounded, 56 missing; total, 422. The enemy's loss, at their own estimate, was over 600 killed and wounded.

I append a list of casualties.

I am, captain, very respectfully, your obedient servant,

J. Thoburn,
Colonel First West Virginia, Commanding.

Capt. J. L. Botsford,
Assistant Adjutant-General, Army of West Virginia.



J. D. Imboden, at Bull Run and always with Jackson; Later Commanded a Cavalry Brigade.

Laura Virginia Hale in the Northern Virginia Daily, July 22, 1964, Quoting Col. Charles T. O'Ferrall, Forty Years of Active Service N. Y. Neale Publ. Co., 1904, p. 111

There followed a succession of skirmishes, first in the mountain passes and then at Castleman's Ferry all day of the 18th. Gen. Duffie claimed that his "artillery did excellent execution," and of a truth, for the booming of the cannon and the flashes of gun fire at the Ferry were heard and seen as far off as Front Royal. But when a Federal force of 2,000 men attempted to cross the ford, they were met by a heavy fire from the Rebels posted in a wood and behind a stone fence, and were driven back in confusion. Duffie's Skirmishers "engaged the enemy vigorously on the riverbank" during the day, and at evening his 21st Reg't. of New York Cavalry gallantly advanced across the ford and "up to the very mouths of the enemy cannon" in a desperate charge in which one-fifth of the men and one-half of the officers were killed or wounded.

The Confederates were not having too easy a time of it, either, according to Col. O'Ferrall, who recalls that while his 23rd Reg't. was warmly engaged at the Ferry, a rabbit was seen streaking for the rear, frightened almost to death. A member of the regiment exclaimed aloud: "Git up and git, Mr. Rabbit. I'd like to go with you, but the reputation of Betsy and the babies is at stake. If I was to run, Betsy would never let me put my arm around her again or dance the brats on my knee."

Fight At Berry's Ferry July 19, 1864 Imboden & Crook

The enemy failing in this effort (at Cool Spring) made another attempt to cross at Berry's Ferry on the 19th, which was handsomely repulsed by General Imboden with his own and McCausland's cavalry. During this fight Lieut. George Shumate of the Clarke Cavalry was killed. General Early received information just at this time that a column under Averill was moving from Martinsburg towards Winchester, and as his trains were exposed to attacks from the direction of Charles Town, he determined to withdraw to Strasburg on the Valley Pike. This he did, sending Ramseur's division to Winchester, but marching the rest of his army through Millwood and White Post to Newtown (Stephens City), where he again had all his enemies in his front. (Gold, History of Clarke County, p. 117)

The War of The Rebellion

Series I, Vol. XXXVII, Part I, pp. 319, ff

Report of Brig. Gen. Alfred N. Duffie, U.S.A., 1st Cal. Div.,
July 14-27

On the morning of the 17th I was ordered to proceed with my division and Col. Mulligan's brigade of infantry to Snicker's Gap. I reached the gap at about 12 m., meeting with no opposition from the enemy until arriving at the ford beyond the gap (Castleman's Ferry), where I found the enemy posted in considerable force on the western bank of the Shenandoah. I engaged them with artillery, infantry and dismounted cavalry until night. I was, however, unable to force their positions, their artillery and infantry completely commanding the ford. My losses this day; killed, wounded and missing, commissioned officers 2; enlisted men 15.

At dark I withdrew my cavalry from the gap, in order to find water and grass for my horses, which were very much jaded. I left a strong picket in the gap and encamped my command near Snickersville (Bluemont).

On the 18th I was relieved by an infantry force and ordered to proceed to Ashby's Gap, for which place I started at about 1 p.m. . . . This day we encountered some of Mosby's guerillas. I encamped my command for the night near Upperville, Va., having marched fifteen miles.

On the 19th of July I reached Ashby's Gap at about 10 a.m., my advance encountering and driving out a small force of the enemy. Pushing on to the ford (Berry's Ferry), I crossed a part of my command, when they met a heavy fire from the enemy, who were posted in a wood and behind a stone fence. At the same time the enemy opened with two pieces of artillery. Under this fire I was unable to cross the remainder of my command, the Second Brigade, under Lieut-Col. Middleton, was in considerable confusion, and falling back until beyond the range of the rebel artillery. Major Anderson, who had crossed the river with a portion of the 20th Pa. Cavalry, being over-powered by superior numbers, was forced to recross the river some distance below the ford. A force a riflemen from the enemy, posted behind a stone fence, completely commanded the ford and the river-bank with their long-range rifles. Col. Tibbets, commanding the 1st Brig., held his command steady under this fire in admirable order. I caused one regiment of his brigade to be dismounted and deployed along the river-bank as skirmishers. The remainder of this brigade was held in reserve. At the same time I caused Capt. Keeper's battery to be placed in position, and shelled the rebels vigorously, compelling them to move their artillery frequently and to change the position of their forces on the field. During the day my skirmishers engaged the enemy vigorous-

ly on the river-bank. The enemy did not display a force to exceed 1,000, with 2 pieces of artillery.

At about 5 p.m. I again attempted the crossing of the river. The 21st N. Y. Cav. of Col. Tibbet's (1st) brigade was ordered to charge across the ford and attack the enemy's position and, if possible, to dislodge them. This movement was superintended by one of my staff in person. The regiment, under Lt. Col. FitzSimmons, charged gallantly across the ford and up to the very mouths of the enemy's cannon. They were met by a very destructive fire from the rebel riflemen and artillery, and compelled again to cross the river. This charge, though a desperate one, was splendidly executed. One-fifth of the men of the 21st N. Y. Cav. engaged and about one-half of the officers, including Lt.-Col. FitzSimmons, were either killed or wounded in the charge. The enemy now displayed several regiments of infantry, six pieces of artillery and a regiment of cavalry. He did not, however, attempt to follow across the ford. The available force of my command being only about 2,000, I did not again attempt the passage of the ford . . . . The next day I ascertained from citizens who crossed into my lines that the enemy lost 100 in killed and wounded.

This night, leaving the ford strongly guarded, I posted the main body of my command in the gap. I regret to report that through the shameful mismanagement and neglect of the officer in command — Capt. Montgomery, 20th Penna. Cav. — one squadron, which was picketing in the rear of the gap, and within one mile of my command, was captured by Mosby's guerrillas, with all their horses, arms and equipments. The loss by the capture was 2 commissioned officers, 50 enlisted men and about 55 horses. The losses this day in my command were, aggregate, 124.

During the 20th my command was held in line of battle. The enemy, although keeping up a desultory fire upon by skirmishers on the river-bank did not attempt the passage of the river. My men were entirely destitute of rations, having been able to obtain but one day's supply on leaving Snicker's Gap. My horses were without forage, save what hay could be obtained by the men in foraging parties without the gap. These foraging parties were much annoyed by detachments of Mosby's guerrillas.

On the evening of the 20th I received a train of rations, also some ambulances for the transportation of my wounded, together with orders to move to Snicker's Gap with my command, and to follow the army. In accordance with these orders I proceeded with my command on the morning of the 21st of July to Snicker's Ford, crossed and camped near that place. During this day's march we succeeded in capturing 6 of Mosby's men, and breaking up their den at what is called "The Trap" between Snickersville and Upperville; also in capturing about 50 horses which had been run back into that country for safety. Mosby's gang is now considerably increased in numbers by men detailed from various regiments. His force now numbers about 300 men . . . .

Double Tollgate Fight

Aug. 11, 1864

Imboden & U. S. Cavalry

General Early's movements during all his stay in the lower Valley are well worthy of the attention of everyone. Moving from one point to another with the greatest celerity, but yet with an eye to every movement of the enemy, or possible movement, he deceived them as to the size of his forces and kept them on the lookout and uneasy as to where he would next turn up. On the 21st of July he moved rapidly down to Kernstown, the scene of Jackson's fight in March, 1862, and after hard fighting drove the enemy through Winchester in full retreat for the Potomac. On the 29th, part of his army crossed the Potomac and went as far as Chambersburg, which was partly burned in retaliation for the burning by Hunter and others in the Valley. On the 31st, he was back at Bunker Hill. On the 5th of August he again crossed the Potomac, on the 7th he was again back at Bunker Hill. On the 10th, hearing that the 19th corps of the army of the Potomac had arrived at Harper's Ferry, under command of General Sheridan, he moved up the Valley pike and took position at Fisher's Hill beyond Strasburg.

While Early was making this movement towards Fisher's Hill, Ramseur had a severe fight with the enemy's cavalry on the Millwood road, and drove it back. On the same day Imboden and John C. Vaughn's cavalry had a sharp engagement at the Double Tollgate, with another body of cavalry, and drove them back. Gordon also on the 12th, had a sharp fight with the cavalry. Sheridan opened his campaign with vigor, advancing as far as Cedar Creek, but before he could attack, if he intended to do so, Mosby's attack on his trains at Berryville caused him to fall back through Winchester and Berryville beyond "Clifton," the home of the Allens. Early moving on to Bunker Hill and demonstrating towards Summit Point and Charles Town, Sheridan on the 24th fell back to Halltown, where he was under the shelter of the guns on the Maryland Heights. (Gold, History of Clarke County, pp. 117-118)

The War of The Rebellion:
A Compilation Of The
Official Records
of the
Union and Confederate Armies
Washington:
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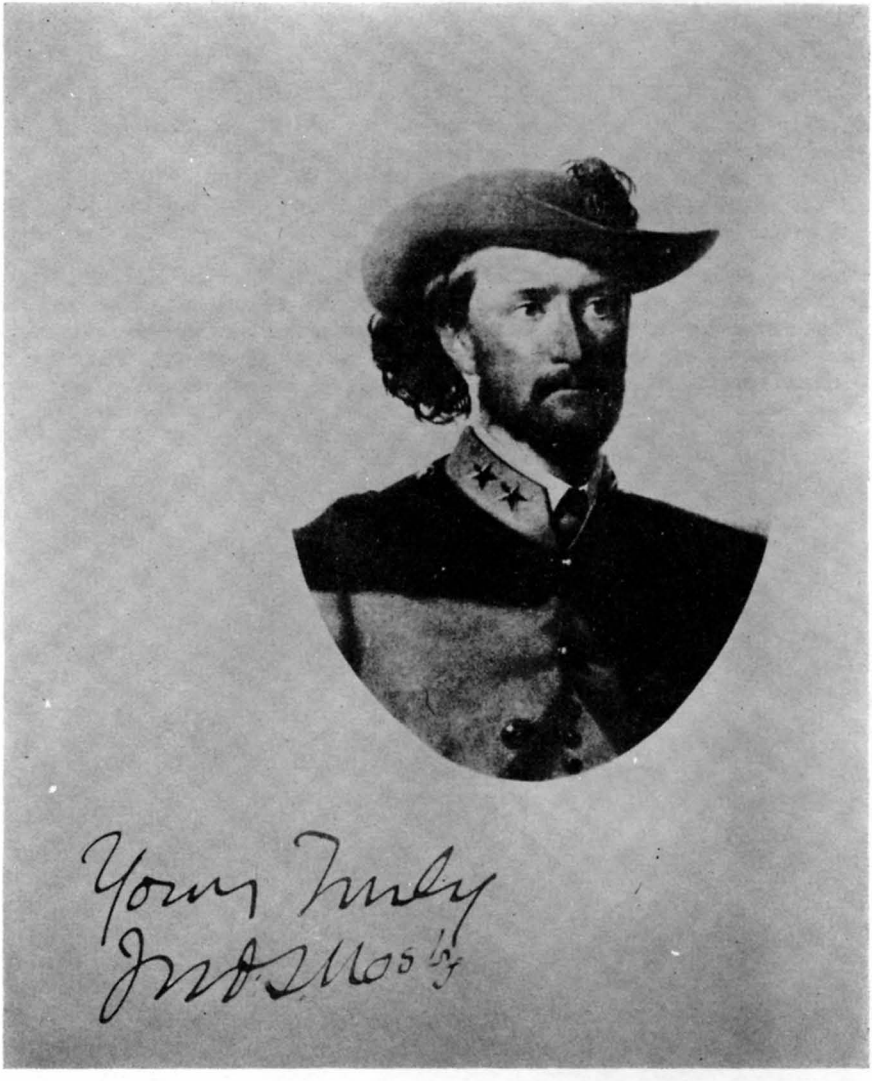
Pages 471 & 472 — August 11 — from No. 144, Reports of Bvt. Brig. Gen. Thomas C. Devin, Sixth New York Cavalry, commanding Second Brigade, of operations July 4 — October 21.

August 11, Colonel Cesnola, with the Fourth New York Cavalry, was ordered to reconnoiter toward Newtown (Stephens City). Colonel C. having reported the enemy in force on the Front Royal turnpike, the brigade was ordered up in support, the Sixth New York and Seventeenth Pennsylvania on the left and the Ninth New York advancing on a line one mile to the right, but intersecting the Front Royal pike. The enemy was found strongly posted behind stone walls at the point where the road from White Post to Newtown crosses the Front Royal pike (Double Tollgate). The Sixth New York were ordered to charge the enemy's left flank, but from the nature of the ground, fences, etc., were unable to make any impression mounted, and were obliged to retire. I now ordered one section of Heaton's battery into position and opened upon the enemy's front. At the same time I order the Sixth New York and Seventeenth Pennsylvania to dismount and charge the left of his position, which was at this time partially uncovered. The galling fire on his flank soon dislodged the enemy from his cover, and he precipitately retired to a position one mile in rear, whence he opened upon my advance with a battery of 3-inch guns. I immediately ordered up the other section of Heaton's battery, and, unlimbering within short range, soon made the enemy vacate his new position and retire toward Newtown. The force engaged proved to be Vaughn's (Tennessee) brigade of mounted infantry.

I was now ordered by General Merritt to halt and reform. At 4 p.m. I was ordered to march in rear of the Reserve Brigade on the road toward Newtown. After advancing some miles the Reserve Brigade became warmly engaged, and being ordered to support I sent in successively the Sixth New York, Seventeenth Pennsylvania, and the Ninth New York Cavalry. The enemy were driven a mile before dark, when the brigade was retired and encamped.

August 12, the brigade marched to Newtown, where I was ordered to march in the direction of Fawcett's Gap and scour the country in that vicinity. I marched to Cedar Run Church, whence

the Fourth New York Cavalry were sent (to) Fawcett's Gap, and the Sixth New York Cavalry were ordered to pursue a train of the enemy's wagons, then about two miles ahead on the Strasburg road. The Fourth New York reached the gap without trouble, and ascertained that no trains or organized bodies of the enemy had passed in that direction. A few stragglers were captured. The Sixth New York came up with and engaged the enemy's rear guard for two miles, but were unable to overtake the wagons before reaching the cover of the enemy's infantry at Strasburg. At 3 p.m. I received a dispatch from General Merritt, ordering me to join the division at Middletown, which point I reached at dark and encamped. August 13, the brigade crossed Cedar Creek to near Strasburg, but was ordered to recross, and went into camp west of the turnpike. At 7 p.m. the brigade was ordered to march in the direction of Cedarville, on Front Royal and Winchester pike. Encamped that night five miles from Middletown, and picketed to Cedarville. August 14, marched to Cedarville and encamped; drove the enemy's pickets across both forks of Shenandoah, and picketed within sight of Front Royal.


Yours Truly
J. B. Hood

Col. John S. Mosby

In all military history, Colonel John S. Mosby and his command had neither a counterpart nor a parallel. Man for man, Mosby and his men did more, proportionately, to damage, to harass, to delay and to disturb the Federal forces than any equal number of soldiers who wore the gray.

John Singleton Mosby was born in Powhatan County, Virginia, in December, 1833, fifty miles south of the scenes of his wonderful military exploits. He came from refined, cultured and well-to-do people and, as was the custom in those days amongst the better class in that State, he was educated at the University of Virginia. His courage early developed itself. Some trouble with a fellow-student suspended his career in the University. He prepared himself for the practice of law and, when the war broke out, he was engaged in his profession at Bristol. He was among the very first men to offer for the Confederate service for twelve months.

War, especially partisan war, had peculiar fascinations for this young lawyer. He had read and re-read the history of Sumter and Marion, and he longed for opportunity and occasion to engage in similar work. He knew every detail of the things they had done in the struggle of the colonies for liberty. While his eyes scanned the lines of Blackstone and Story, dreams of military glory flitted before his vision. The excitement, din, rush and fury of war appealed to his nature and he sighed for a chance to see and know what real war was. He shirked no duty, sought every possible opportunity for inflicting loss upon his country's enemies.

Enlisted for twelve months, he refused the furlough accorded men who served that length of time, and he re-enlisted for the war. His enterprise and his daring won him promotion, and by February, 1862, he was the adjutant of his regiment. He resigned because of some misunderstanding between Colonel William E. Jones and General Stuart, but the latter was quick to note men of Mosby's ability and military aptitude and he put him on his staff as a scout and adviser. He held this position and rode with Stuart on his Chickahominy raid in June, 1862. He was almost the same age as his commander. He was quieter, but none the less brave. He took service more seriously than General Stuart; war with him was a passion, not a pastime. He loved war for the excitement and experience it brought, for the opportunities it offered to his genius for development, and, devoid of fear, he was glad when chance brought his way the legal right to fight.

It was only a brief period until his marvelous efficiency and his wonderful sagacity, as well as his extraordinary courage, caused General Stuart to give him a small independent command. He used this so effectively that his forces were quickly increased and the area of his operations enlarged. He had men in his battalion from almost all parts of the world, but the majority was composed of

young soldiers who came from Virginia and Maryland. There was so much that was fascinating and attractive in the service in which Mosby was engaged that there was no difficulty in finding recruits who were the impersonation, not only of valor, but of dash. He enjoyed in the highest degree the confidence not only of General Stuart, but of General Lee, and the only criticism which General Lee ever passed on Mosby was his ability to catch bullets and win rounds.

In 1863 he engaged in a successful exploit, which largely added to his fame. With twenty-nine men, he penetrated the Federal lines and captured General Stoughton in his headquarters in the midst of his division, at Fairfax Court House, Virginia. This secured promotion for Mosby. Nothing in the war was more skillfully or recklessly done than this capture of General Stoughton. There are no mathematic quantities by which the damage that Mosby inflicted upon the Federals can be calculated. For every one man under his command, he kept one hundred Federals from the front. Had Colonel Mosby enjoyed the opportunities of other Confederate cavalry leaders, he would have won a fame and rank equal to either Forrest or Wheeler or Morgan or Stuart or Hampton. Had he gone to West Point and entered the war with the experience and prestige which came to men who had enjoyed military education, there would have been few officers in the Confederate Army who would have surpassed him in military achievement. At the period when Mosby first began his partisan career, there was no other man in the armies of the South who, with the means at hand, could have inflicted such damage on the enemy, or have accomplished such great results for his country.

A number of books have been written about Mosby and his men, and yet they can only touch a few of the wonderful things done by this wonderful man with his wonderful followers. He had no equipment of any kind. His men knew nothing about tents, and they had substantially no commisary and no quartermaster. They lived largely off their enemies and, when not pursuing these, passed the time with their friends.

Mosby operated in four Virginia counties. This country became known as "Mosby's Confederacy," and the "Debatable Land." However often the Federals invaded it they never could feel their title was secure. This "Debatable Land" was not more than sixty miles long by forty miles wide, and yet in this limited area Mosby and his men subsisted, fought and disquieted the Federal army, in a way that demoralized its trains and kept its soldiers in a state of constant dread and apprehension. While the organization consisted of several companies, never at any one time did Colonel Mosby have more than four hundred men, and most of the time far less. These four hundred men, or whatever their number may have been, destroyed more Federal property than any other equal number of men in the Confederacy; and it is truly said of them that they gave the Federal troops more trouble than any five thousand men of any

other command. Most of their work was in the rear of their foes. In a fight, General Forrest said one man in the rear was equal to three in the front, but in Mosby's operations, one man behind the Federal lines counted more than twenty in front.

Mosby was cool, calm, fearless, dauntless. He inspired his men with his own confidence, faith and hope. They all respected him — most of them feared him — and all were glad to follow him. There was something in his personality that created in the minds of his followers absolute trust. They believed in him. They knew that he could be relied upon in all emergencies and that, whether in the storm of battle, in the haste of retreat, or in the rush of the charge, Mosby was always at himself and was sure to do the wisest and the most sagacious thing under any contingency that might arise.

In Mosby's command there was no room for cowardice and no place for cowards. The men who went with him took their lives in their hands. They knew that following him meant constant danger, ceaseless activity, incessant watchfulness and reckless service, and they were willing in exchange for the glory which they might gain, to assume all the risks that were incident to the daily life of the adherents of this silent, bold and fearless man.

Mosby's operations were largely confined to Fauquier and Loudoun County, Virginia. Occasionally he crossed the line into Prince William County, and sometimes operated in Culpepper, but Fauquier County was the chief scene of his operations. In the later months of the war he was practically always within the enemy's lines. He never had a camp, except for a small number of his men, and then only for a brief while. There was no place for Mosby to hide himself except among those who loved the Cause in these counties. In cabins and barns and in the forest and among the hills, his command found their home. Rarely more than two or three of them ever remained together. They sccattered, as has been said, like the mist when the sun rose. When the Federals undertook to pursue them, the pursuit became like the chase after a phantom. If followed, they dispersed through the country into the crossroads and by-ways and among their friends and sympathizers. The exploits of Marion and Sumter became as a fading light when compared with the glamour and splendor of the work of Mosby and his men for the Confederacy. When they met, it was by preconcerted arrangement, or in answer to the calls of couriers. Much of their work was done at night. For the three years in which Mosby was engaged in active operations, there was rarely a single day that some of his men were not operating somewhere on the enemy's line and on the enemy's forces. In the activity of his campaigning the death rate was high, but there was always an abundance of daring spirits that were ready to take the places of those who had fallen in this desperate game of war.

Mosby taught his men to eschew sabres, to use no guns, but to rely upon the pistol alone. This meant fighting at close range, hand

to hand combat. He and his men seemed to be everywhere; they were ever the terror and dread of the Federal Army. The men who guarded the wagon trains heard always with a tremor the name of Mosby. With the exception of General Forrest, Colonel Mosby was the most feared and hated of all Confederate leaders. The writer of a history of his command says: "He kept in a defensive attitude, according to their own admission, thirty-five thousand of their troops which would otherwise have been employed in the active theatre of war. But this was not all. More than once, with his band, he compelled the invading army to relinquish actual and projected lines of communication, to fall back from advance positions, and, if we may credit the assertion of the Federal Secretary of War, occasioned a loss of an important battle."

The things done by Mosby and his men were so out of the ordinary that they simply challenge belief and surpass comprehension. The capture of General Stoughton, two of his staff officers and thirty other prisoners, in the midst of the Federal division, and removing them and their equipment and fifty-eight horses into Confederate lines without the loss of a man, appears impossible.

With a small body of men, he passed the rear of Sheridan's army in the valley of Virginia, and after a brisk skirmish, captured and brought away General Duffie of the Federal Army. With less than one hundred men he made a forced march into the enemy's lines at night, captured many prisoners, derailed a train, destroyed it, and secured as his prey two paymasters, who had in their possession one hundred and sixty-eight thousand dollars in United States currency. Refusing to take anything himself, he divided this money amongst his followers and each one with him on this expedition received twenty-one hundred dollars.

With three hundred men he rode to the rear of Sheridan's army in the valley of Virginia and attacked in broad daylight a brigade of infantry and two hundred and fifty cavalrymen, guarding a wagon train. He burned one hundred wagons, captured two hundred and eight prisoners, and brought away five hundred mules and two hundred head of cattle.

When all these amazing things have been told they would make any one man great, but Mosby had to his credit dozens of other feats almost equally as remarkable. (Young, CONFEDERATE WIZARDS OF THE SADDLE, pp. 391-398)

DUCHOCHOIS, PHOTO. PHILIPPOTEAUX, PINXT.

MOSBY

Attacking and Destroying a Federal Convoy, near Berryville, Va.

Col. Mosby's force consisted of about 200 cavalry, divided into five companies, and one mountain howitzer. The Federal Train consisted of 150 six-mule wagons, guarded by a regiment of cavalry and a brigade of infantry, about 3000 men in all, under the command of Brig. Gen. John R. Kenly. Mosby captured 300 prisoners, 700 horses and mules, and 230 head of beef cattle and burnt over 100 wagons.

"It is a very truthful picture of the scene as it appeared on that summer morning. *Jno. S. Mosby."*

MOSBY

Attaquant et detruisant un Convoi Fédéral, près de Berryville, Vie.

Les forces du Col. Mosby consistaient d'environ 200 cavaliers, divisés en cinq escadrons, et d'un obusier de montagne. Le train fédéral se composait de 150 vagons attelés chacun de six mules et était protégé par un régiment de cavalerie et une brigade d'infanterie, formant en tout un effectif d'environ 3000 hommes, sous le commandement du Gen. de brigade J. R. Kenly. Mosby fit 300 prisonniers, captura 700 chevaux ou mules, et 230 têtes de bétail, et brula plus de 100 vagons.

" C'est une reproduction très fidèle de l'action comme elle s'offrit au commencement de ce jour d'été. *Jno. S. Mosby."*

Buck Marsh Fight
Sept. (Aug.) 13, 1864
Mosby's Attack On Sheridan's Wagon Trains

Capt. J. S. Mosby, having shown special skill in scouting inside the lines of the lines of the enemy, was authorized in the Fall of 1863 to organize a company of partisan rangers, which soon grew into a battalion of several companies. He gathered a large number of young men from the country around, but also many from the regular troops, who were attracted by the free and easy life, as well as the opportunities for plunder, as they were allowed to take everything of value on the persons of their prisoners. They also had opportunities to plunder wagon trains, and sometimes trains of cars, and on more than one occasion got large sums of money which were divided among them. The horses captured, after taking such as were needed by the command, were sent to General Lee's army. While the citizens sometimes felt that Mosby's presence in the country made the enemy treat them worse, which was doubtless true, however, as a military measure his constant attacks on the communications of the enemy caused them to keep a large force to guard the railroads and trains, and this kept that many men away from Grant's army and so helped General Lee to hold out longer. It has been estimated that at least 30,000 men were kept by Mosby's efforts from the more active service with the large armies.

The next Mosby fight in the county was on Aug. 13th, 1864, when he attacked Sheridan's wagon trains loaded with supplies for his army then at Winchester. According to the reports of the U. S. Quartermaster in charge, the trains, consisting of 525 wagons, guarded by Kenly's brigade of infantry, a force of cavalry and a battery of artillery moved out from Harper's Ferry on the morning of Aug. 12th, pushing on without stopping until about 11 P.M., when they reached the Buck Marsh Run, about a mile north of Berryville. Here they halted to feed and water their teams. As they got through feeding they were started off, but the rear of the train was not in motion until daylight, when they were thrown into confusion by some shells from a gun nearby.

This gun was Mosby's. He had learned from his scouts that a large wagon train was on its way, and determined to try to destroy or capture it with his battalion of about 300 men and two light pieces of artillery. He had, during the night, reached a point on the farm of Mr. Barnett just east of the pike. Placing his artillery on a hill a short distance away, he opened fire just as their rear teams were hitching up. As soon as the enemy were thrown into confusion by the shot, Capt. Wm. Chapman with his company, charged that part of the enemy in the field just north of the run, consisting of

infantry behind a stone fence. He succeeded in driving them off and capturing a number of prisoners, losing some men, among them, Lewis Adie, of Leesburg. While this was going on, Captain Richards, with his company, moved across what is now Green Hill Cemetery, struck them just west of the Baptist Church scattering them, and then he cut across to the Winchester Pike, followed them some distance, capturing wagons and men. Upon returning he found some infantry in the Baptist Church, who were soon driven out, but succeeded in making good their retreat towards Winchester.

The results of this engagement were 75 wagons captured and destroyed, 200 beef cattle, 500 or 600 horses and mules and 200 prisoners, with which Mosby made good his retreat across the Shenandoah. A great deal of plunder was gathered by Mosby's men, but they failed to find a box of "greenbacks" to be used in paying off Sheridan's army, said to contain $125,000. (Gold, HISTORY OF CLARKE COUNTY, pp. 122-124)

Ranger Mosby

by Virgil Carrington Jones

Pages 192-195

On the 12th Sheridan sent the Eighth Illinois Cavalry into Loudoun County to search for the Rangers. This was a futile effort. The trail there was cold, for Mosby at the moment was moving through Snicker's Gap toward the valley.

At 10:30 A.M. that day the vanguard of a 525-wagon train rolled out of Harper's Ferry in the direction of Sheridan's army. Near the front, in command, rode John R. Kenly, brigadier-general of volunteers. He had one thing on his mind — a paragraph of the orders given him earlier that morning: "It is of importance that the train should reach Winchester as speedily as possible. Commanding officers will be held responsible that no unnecessary delays occur. Should the train be attacked, or any serious obstacle intervene to its march, regimental commanders will transmit the intelligence promptly to the brigadier-general commanding, and give to each other support and assistance as may be needed."

Kenly's brigade consisted of three small regiments — the Third Maryland and the 144th and 149th Ohio National Guard. Altogether there were around 3,000 men. In the lead marched two companies of Marylanders, followed by the remaining Maryland companies at intervals of every twenty wagons. Next came the 149th Ohio, distributed on a basis of a company of each thirty wagons. The 144th Ohio stationed two companies behind the rearmost wagon and spaced the remaining units at intervals of twenty wagons, counting from the rear.

Gradually the train got under way. It was in five sections, carrying in order supplies of the Sixth Army Corps, the Nineteenth Army Corps, the Army of West Virginia, the Second Brigade of the Cavalry Corps and the Third Brigade Cavalry Reserve. Some delay occurred at first in starting the wagons, and then there was difficulty in keeping them closed up. Moreover, a herd of cattle plodding along at the rear chewed their cuds and stubbornly refused to hurry. By mid-afternoon, a long, lazy cloud of dust crawled over the road toward Berryville. It hovered for two and a half hours at a given point, and at the end of that period it seemed to deflate over the fields in a broad belt of yellowish-orange.

Noise made by this great shipment of military supplies echoed for miles. It came as a throaty roar of thudding hoofs, squeaking leather and clattering metal. Mules brayed up and down the line. Wagons rumbled and axles knocked. Officers and teamsters, threatening penalties, swore violently in a futile effort to make their charges move faster. Then, if never before, it was learned that a string of 525 wagons can not be made to roll at a uniform speed.

Kenly, not so encumbered as the officers farther down the line, pushed on, now and then sending couriers to learn why the train could not be kept closed up. The sun grew hotter and wagons moved slower. Men and horses were coated with dust. Dark streaks of caked mud marked the trail of perspiration down face and flank. There was no relief from the road or the weather. The dust cloud shut in the heat around the wagons, and there it hung and stifled and boiled.

Sundown arrived, and both the guard and teamsters began to wonder when a halt would be called. Kenly gave no indication of his plans. He rode steadily forward. This was a great responsibility under which he strained. Sheridan lay between him and Early, but somewhere out there in the dark might be lurking Mosby and his bloodthirsty raiders. Newspapers had been notified by their correspondents at Harper's Ferry that his band was hanging on the rear of Federal columns and annoying them by picking up stragglers and information. The nearer Kenly got to the Army of the Shenandoah the better he felt.

Nine o'clock came and the wagons still rolled. Another hour passed. The head of the train was on the last lap to Berryville. At 11 o'clock Kenly stopped at (Buck Marsh Run) a small creek a mile from the town and ordered the train to go into park long enough to water the animals and make coffee for the men. Steadily the wagons rumbled in and followed each other to a halting place. The Sixth Corps section parked on the right side of the road, that of the Nineteenth Corps on the left. Kenly pointed out where the others were to stop as they arrived.

Soon a myriad of campfires blazed between the lines of vehicles. The smell of water wafted up tantalizingly from the creek bed to dry, dust-coated nostrils. Hot tongues rasped in sticky foam and a great uproar told of the temper of the hungry, thirsty animals. They stamped and bellowed and shook off white beards that clung to their chins like molasses. Time passed and more wagons arrived. As they rolled in in ever increasing numbers, the din was magnified until it sounded like the granddaddy of infernos.

Between midnight and 1 A.M., the Sixth Corps section moved out, even before the cavalry train appeared. As the wagons began to rumble off into the darkness, Kenly rode back to Captain J. C. Mann, quartermaster of the First Division, Nineteenth Army Corps. "I consider this the most dangerous point in the route," he announced. "I desire you to remain here, therefore, until every wagon has passed."

By 2 A.M., the Nineteenth Corps section had gone and that of the Army of West Virginia was beginning to move. Some time later, the chief wagon master reported to Mann that the cavalry trains had come in, their wagons had been unhooked and their stock was being fed. There had been much delay on the road, he said, because of the inexperience of the drivers and the newness of the mules to harness.

Time and again strings of the animals were led down in turn to drink from the now much-addled creek . . . . 3 A.M. passed . . . . The uproar was fading . . . . 4 A.M. . . . . A premonition of danger came over Mann. He rode toward the cavalry trains, found the officers in charge and told them to hook up their teams.

"Start immediately," he ordered. "We're in danger of attack."

The grayness of dawn had begun to filter through the vehicles. It hung there feebly, pushed back by a dense morning mist that extended up from the creek bottom and thinned out only as it reached the overlooking hills. On all sides Mann could see the exhausted teamsters and guards asleep on the ground. He realized suddenly no pickets had been established.

The thoroughly alarmed captain began to circle about among the wagons to hurry the teamsters. He came to the Reserve Brigade train and swore violently when he discovered it was not being hooked up. This train carried five days' rations for 2,250 men, forage, subsistence stores, and the various regimental and headquarters supplies. Frantically he rode about, calling for the officer in charge. He searched next for the wagon master. That individual, too, had been lost in the mist. In desperation, Mann dismounted and awakened the drivers himself, one by one, ordering them to get their teams ready to move. By this time the sun had begun to rise.

After what seemed an eternity to Mann, the first wagons of the Second Brigade train moved out of the park, worked their way slowly through the ford at the creek and disappeared on the other side. Sight of the rolling wagons made him feel better. Kenly by this time, it occurred to him, must be within a few miles of Winchester. He remounted and urged his horse into a trot, shouting loudly to hurry the drivers of the reserve train. Most of the lead and swing mules had been harnessed to the wagons, while the wheel mules were in the act of being hooked up.

All at once Mann froze in his saddle. A shot from a light howitzer sounded from a hill close by, and a cannon ball dropped out of the sky and knocked off the head of a mule. It was followed a few seconds later by another that crashed in a wagon; and then quickly afterward, a third. General confusion broke loose. The guard stampeded, many of them leaping from the ground where they had been sleeping and rushing off without their guns. Saddle drivers mounted their mules, already saddled, and fled. Mules brayed and horses neighed, nervous and panicky over the situation into which their masters had brought them.

At the second shot Mann galloped toward the commander of the guard. This officer was trying to rally his men and form them in line. Mann, shouting it was impossible to move the train into corral, asked for instructions. The commander, a lieutenant-colonel, gave no answer, and the captain set off around the hill. As he galloped madly away, he saw Rebel cavalry come charging through

the mist. They seemed to be clothed mostly in blue and were led by a man in civilian dress. According to his distorted mental image, they wheeled into line from sets of fours and commenced firing with carbines as they advanced.

The eyes of E. L. McKinney, captain and commisary of subsistence, gave him a more accurate picture. The attackers to him seemed a small number of mounted men, charging as foragers. They were dressed in gray uniforms and carried only revolvers, which he concluded they used with more noise than precision.

In its beginning, this attack by the Forty-third Battalion met with unexpected opposition. Under direction of Mosby, whose intelligence regarding the wagon train had come through Scout John Russell, the howitzer had been brought up at a gallop and unlimbered on a knoll commanding the pike (on the farm of Mr. Barnett). But before the gun could be placed in position, a swarm of angry yellow jackets, living up to their reputation as home rulers, poured out of a hole in the ground and began a stinging protest against invasion of their territory. The hardened artillerymen who could face shell fire without a quiver fled in all directions. Mosby's horse reared up on hind legs and made him feel, in his own words, "a good deal like Hercules did when he put on the shirt of the Centaur and couldn't pull it off." There were a few seconds of indecision and almost panic. Off to the left waited a squadron under Richards; to the right, another under William Chapman; and to the rear, as a reserve, Company E and Sam Chapman. Three shots from the gun had been agreed on as a signal for simultaneous attack. But this was a helpless feeling: their signalling device had been captured by an enemy too small and too numerous for the Rangers to rout with their lead-spouting revolvers. The day was saved finally by A. G. Babcock, dauntless first sergeant of artillery. Flailing the air madly with his hat, he rushed in, grasped a chain on the gun and lunged with it a few yards down hill. Then the crew, keeping a wary lookout against the vengeance of the fierce little insects, took over and fired the signal shots.

At no time in their history had the Rangers created more disturbance than followed around the wagon park and along the creek bottom during the next few minutes. The howitzer roared until its carriage gave way, rendering it useless. Horses and mules dashed wildly about in the road. Wagons were upset by their frightened teams. A body of Federals formed behind a stone fence and remained there until the Rangers under William Chapman drove them out. Lewis Adie of Leesburg, young member of Company D. was killed in the charge. Another Federal force took refuge in the brick (Baptist) church near Berryville and kept up a murderous fire until they were dislodged. Richards' squadron routed them (moving across what is now Green Hill Cemetery) in a successful but somewhat costly affair. Welby H. Rector of Middleburg, member of Company A, was mortally wounded, and another Rector of the same unit, Edward, worthy lieutenant of Major Hibbs' corn detail, was wounded.

All this time Mosby was back at the park directing men in burning the wagons. One of the vehicles nearest Berryville had been dashed against a tree and most of its contents, including a battered chest, thrown out. They lay on the side of the road unnoticed until Major William E. Beardsley, who had rallied a few of the guard, drove off a party of Rangers applying the torch. The chest was taken up on horseback and rushed away by the Federals. It contained $112,000 in payrolls.

A black cloud of smoke rose from seventy-five burning wagons as Mosby led his men away on the return through Snicker's Gap a few minutes later. With them they carried more than 200 prisoners, including seven officers, between 500 and 600 horses and mules, nearly 200 beef cattle and many valuable stores.

Burning of the wagon train was like a stab in the back to Sheridan. It had come just one week after he had taken over command of the Army of the Shenandoah, just as he was trying to make a showing to prove to the authorities at Washington that Grant's choice of him had not been a mistake. There must have been some embarrassment when he opened an is-this-true telegram from Halleck, who had no detail on the attack. In his answer Sheridan was as accurate as his own information would permit. He gave the partial picture at hand and concluded: "It was said everything was recovered except six wagons, but this was not true."

On August 15 he fell back to Halltown, the base he had left on the 10th.

MOSBY AMONG THE WAGON-TRAINS.

Reminiscences Of A Mosby Guerilla

John W. Munson

New York, 1906

On the 7th of August, 1864, Major General Philip H. Sheridan assumed command of the Middle Military Division of the Federal Army, with headquarters at Harper's Ferry, Virginia. Colonel (John S.) Mosby set to work on a large scale to "annoy" Sheridan. On the 13th, Mosby took three hundred of his Command, the largest number he had ever had in any single engagement up to that time, and marched from Upperville in Fauquier County over into the valley. We went into camp about midnight not far from Berryville in Clark County, a maneuver which consisted of unsaddling our horses and lying down on the landscape to sleep. Scouts sent out to look the situation over presently returned with the information that a wagon train was moving up the pike a few miles distant. While John Russell, our most prominent valley scout, was reporting to the Colonel, I was engaged just at that moment in trying to spread my saddle blanket among the rocks and tree roots, so it would resemble a curled hairmattress as nearly as possible. I stopped for a moment to listen to John's report, hoping secretly that it did not mean any change in the camping program, but my hopes faded away when the Colonel said: "Saddle up, Munson, and come along with me."

Taking a few more of us, we started off for the valley turnpike, leaving the rest of the Command to get some much needed sleep. We struck out in the direction whence, in the stillness of the night, came the rumbling echoes of the heavily laden wagons. In olden times, when the stages were run up and down the valley turnpike, it was said that the rumbling of the coach on the hard, rocky road could be heard for miles on a still night and, on this quiet August night of which I am writing, we heard the wagon train long before we came in sight of it, which we did in an hour after Russell reported to the Colonel. We found a long line of wagons winding along the road and stretching away into the darkness as far as the eye could reach. We rode among the drivers and the guards, looking the stock over and chatting with the men in a friendly way. I asked one of the cavalrymen for a match to light my pipe and he gave it to me, and when I struck it, revealing his face and mine in its light, he did not know I was pretty soon going to begin chasing him. It was too dark to distinguish us from their own men and we mingled with them so freely that our presence created no suspicion.

Colonel Mosby asked them whatever questions he chose to, and learned that there were one hundred and fifty wagons in the train, with more than a thousand head of horses, mules, and cattle guarded by about two thousand men, consisting of two Ohio regiments and one Maryland regiment, besides cavalry distributed along the line; all under orders of Brigadier General (John R.)

Kenly, commanding. Having pumped the men dry of all the information he needed, the Colonel withdrew us from their line into the field, one by one, and sent me back to our sleeping comrades to arouse them and bring the full force up in a hurry. Just as day was beginning to dawn Chapman and Richards, with the whole Command of about three hundred men and two pieces of light artillery, twelve-pounders, came out of the woods on a run and met the Colonel, who was impatiently awaiting them in full view of the wagon train . . . .

In the hurried rush through the woods to get to the Colonel, or immediately after it was fired, I don't remember which, one of these guns commanded by Lieutenant Frank Rahm of Richmond, was disabled and drawn out of the way. The other was posted on a little eminence looking down on the turnpike along which the wagon train was moving. A streak of light broke in the east, and our force was hustled into position, Mosby giving his instructions to the Command. His trouble seemed to be to keep the men from charging before he was ready. Three hundred against over two thousand meant carefulness. The flush of the morning began to blow over that beautiful valley landscape — there are few lovelier spots than the Valley of Virginia around Berryville — and down on the pike we saw a cloud of dust rising as though a giant serpent was creeping along towards Berryville from Harper's Ferry. The entire train was soon in sight, all unmindful of our presence.

From our position on the low hill, while we watched them in breathless suspense, Frank Rahm sent a twelve-pound shell over the train. It exploded like a clap of thunder out of a clear sky, and was followed by another which burst in the midst of the enemy. The whole train stopped and writhed in its centre as if a wound had been opened in its vitals. Apparently its guards did not see us and we got another charge into the little twelve-pounder and let it fly, and then; oh then! What on earth ever possessed them I am unable even at this date to say. Two thousand infantry and a force of cavalry all at sea, but, as with one mind, and without making the least concerted resistance, the train began to retreat. Then we rushed them, the whole Command charging from the slope, not in columns, but spread out all over creation, each man doing his best to outyell his comrade and emptying revolvers, when we got among them, right and left.

The whole wagon train was thrown into panic. Teamsters wheeled their horses and mules into the road and, plying their black-snake whips, sent the animals galloping madly down the pike, crashing into other teams which, in turn, ran away. Infantry stampeded in every direction. Cavalry, uncertain from which point the attack came, bolted backward and forward without any definite plan. Wounded animals all along the train were neighing and braying, added to the confusion. Pistols and rifles were cracking singly and in volleys. Colonel Mosby was dashing up and down the line of battle on his horse, urging the men by voice and gesture. I never

saw him quite so busy or so interested in the total demolition of things.

Before the attack he expressed the hope and the belief that his men would give Kenly the worst whipping any of Sheridan's men ever got, and it delighted him to see the work progressing so satisfactorily. At several points along the line Kenly's men made stands behind the stone fences, and poured volleys into us but, when charged, they invariably retreated from their positions. The conflict was strung out over a mile and a half, which was the length of the wagon train when the fight was at its best. Our men were yelling, galloping, charging, firing, stampeding mules and horses and creating pandemonium everywhere. It was not long before we had the enemy thoroughly demoralized and were able to turn our attention to the prisoners and the spoils.

Mosby gave orders to unhitch all the teams that had not run away and to set fire to the wagons, and very soon smoke and flames filled the air and made a grand picture. Among the wagons burned was one containing a safe in which an army pay-master had his greenbacks, said to be over one hundred thousand dollars. We overlooked it, unfortunately, and it was recovered the next day by the enemy, as we always supposed; but there is a story afloat in the town of Berryville that a shoemaker who lived there at the time of the fight got hold of something very valuable among the wreckage of our raid and suddenly blossomed out into a man of means, marrying later into one of the best families of the Valley. He never would tell what his new-found treasure was. Maybe he got the safe and the greenbacks.

By eight o'clock in the morning the fight was over, the enemy ours, and the wagons burning. Then a serious problem arose; how were we to get three hundred prisoners, nearly nine hundred head of captured stock, and the other spoils of war out of Sheridan's country into our own? News of the raid had gone in every direction and we were threatened with an overwhelming assault at any moment. I should have said the problem was serious to the men only. Mosby solved it very promptly by saying: "We will go directly to Rectortown and take all the prisoners and animals and booty with us." There was not anything more to be said on the subject. Rectortown lay twenty-five miles to the south, back in Fauquier County. Stonewall Jackson's forced marches were not in it with this one of ours. Our disabled cannon had to be taken care of. When Mosby asked Frank Rahm what he proposed to do with his broken-down gun, Frank promptly replied; "I'm going to take it back home on the other gun, if I have to hold it there," and he did.

We fastened the loose harness as best we could and, herding the animals into one drove, started at a trot down the pike towards the Shenandoah River several miles away. It was the most extraordinary procession that ever headed for that historic stream; our captives were on foot while we were mounted, the victors and van-

quished chatting freely together and speculating on the trip before them. A number of the Rangers, in a spirit of gayety, had decked themselves out in the fine uniforms found in the baggage of the Northern officers. Some of the coats were turned inside out so as to display the fine linings. From one of the wagons we had resurrected a lot of musical instruments and the leaders of the mounted vanguard made the morning hideous with attempts to play plantation melodies on tuneless fiddles.

No more motley throng ever came back from a successful raid. There was a song on every man's lips and those who had yelled or sung themselves hoarse waved captured flags. In the midst of the nondescript legion the nine hundred head of stock, bellowing, neighing, and braying, wallowed along in the hot dust of that August morning, the steam rising from their bodies and the saliva dripping from the mouths of the fat steers, of which we had nearly two hundred and fifty head. Down the turnpike into the rushing Shenandoah, regardless of ford or pass, dashed the whole cavalcade; some swimming, some wading, others finding ferriage at the tail of a horse or steer. The orchestra in the lead scraped away bravely at their fiddles. Only the unhorsing of some of the worst of the performers saved them from bodily violence at the hands of their justly indignant comrades. In a short time, dripping but refreshed, we emerged from the stream, struggled up on the road and began the ascent of the Blue Ridge Mountains.

Strange to say, not a man nor an animal was lost in the passage. We crossed the mountain at a breakneck pace, made a rapid descent into the Piedmont Valley, and at four o'clock that afternoon, with all hands present, the captured property was divided at Rectortown, twenty-five miles from the scene of the action fought on the morning of the same day!

Our loss in the affair was two killed and two wounded . . . .

* * * * * * * * *

We brought out more than six hundred horses and mules, more than two hundred and fifty head of fat cattle, and about three hundred prisoners, destroying more than one hundred wagons with their valuable contents.

Partisan Life with Col. John S. Mosby

by Major John Scott

N. Y., Harper & Bros. 1867, pages 275-279

While Sheridan was still drawing his supplies from Harper's Ferry over the turnpike which passes through Berryville, Mosby determined, with his battalion re-enforced by two howitzers, to strike that line of communication, and compel the Federal officer to make a retrograde movement, it might be at a critical time. After crossing the Shenandoah, a scout informed him that a wagon-train was then moving through Berryville in the direction of Harper's Ferry. Halting the command a few miles from that place, Mosby, with two men, proceeded to the turnpike, which he struck a mile from Berryville toward Rippon. Here he dismounted, and leaving the horses in the custody of one man, with the other went to inspect more closely the train which was then on that section of the road. But he discovered, in addition to the down train already spoken of, an up train heavily loaded with supplies. Without delay the battalion was brought up, with the intention of attacking both trains. When it arrived, however, day had dawned, and the down train had entirely passed out of hearing. But the richest prize was still where Mosby had left it, though in the act of moving off.

The first act was to dispatch John Russell, with a party of eight men, to capture what he supposed was a picket, but which proved to be a broken-down wagon, around which were gathered a wagon-master and his assistants, who were taken prisoners, and, with their mules, conducted to Mosby. From them he learned that the train consisted of one hundred and fifty wagons, and that it was guarded by two hundred and fifty cavalry, and a brigade of infantry, under the command of Brigadier General John R. Rentz, of Maryland. The infantry was disposed, they said, principally in front and rear, but was also strung along the train in the proportion of a company to about every ten wagons.

The artillery, supported by Company D under command of Lieutenant Glasscock, was now posted on an eminence in full view of the turnpike, and not more than a quarter of a mile from it. Captain Richards, with the first squadron and a piece of artillery in charge of Lieutenant Fray, was sent toward Berryville, while Chapman, with the second squadron, was drawn up in line of battle to the right of the gun.

The signal for the attack was to be three shots from the howitzer. The first scattered a body of cavalry; the second exploded among the wagons, produced great confusion; and at the third the two squadrons dashed forward, soon joined by Company "D." Up to this time, so complete was the delusion as to our character, that while Richards' men were drawn up in readiness to execute their part of the plan, several Federal officers rode to an eminence in

front of him to witness, as they thought, the artillery practice.

When Richards charged, a company of infantry just at that point sprang to their feet, fired a volley, which severely wounded Sergt. Ned Rector, and then scattered. Dashing furiously on toward Berryville, he created the greatest alarm and confusion among the wagons, their drivers and attendants, and rode over and through several companies of infantry. Arrived at Berryville, instead of entering the town, he cut across the angle formed by the road leading from Harper's Ferry to Berryville, and the one which leads from Berryville to Winchester, both of which were occupied by the moving train, striking the latter a few hundred yards from Berryville, and cutting off about twenty wagons, with their guard. But, not satisfied with this handsome result, Captain Richards continued the charge nearly a mile toward Winchester, spreading consternation as he went. But at this point he was driven back by a volley from the enemy's advance-guard, who were posted behind a stone fence, and commanded by General Rentz in person. As he was falling back across the angle. a volley proceeding from a brick church a little out of Berryville, toward Charlestown, arrested his attention. He discovered that a party of infantry, which he had cut off by his dash to the Winchester road, had taken refuge in this building, and had fired upon a party of Rangers who were passing in charge of a large number of prisoners, horses, and mules, killing Welby Rector, wounding another man, and scattering the whole party. Lieutenant Fray, with his howitzer not for distant from the spot, was now ordered to open fire on the church, which compelled the enemy soon to evacuate it, and fall back in the direction of their advance-guard. While this was being done, Lieutenant Willie Martin, with that audacious charge which on all occasions he is ready to display, rode boldly into the midst of the retreating party, and disarming a mounted officer, conducted him to Captain Richards, while his men, in dumb amazement, witnessed the exploit, but showed no disposition to interfere.

Chapman struck a point on the turnpike opposite the position which his squadron occupied, where there were about one hundred and fifty infantry. These, surprised by the suddenness of the onset, took refuge in gulleys and behind fences. But a portion of them retreated to an orchard in the vicinity, and, being there re-enforced, made a stand. Chapman at once charged the combined party, and routed them without difficulty, but in the charge lost Lewis Adie, of Leesburg, a young soldier of the highest promise. As soon as this resistance was overcome, it was reported to the captain that a drove of several hundred beeves was following the wagons, which he at once took possession of and sent off.

Mosby had remained with the piece of artillery which opened the fight, to superintend operations in both directions, and to send off the prisoners and spoil to Castleman's Ferry as fast as they were reported to him. As soon as the work had been accomplished, he issued an order for the destruction of the wagons, and a scene

of the liveliest interest was soonpresented, for it was the richest prize that the partisans had ever captured. Among the articles tumbled out on the road was a box, which contained, as we afterward learned to our distress, a million of dollars, designed for the payment of Sheridan's troops, but it was overlooked by the men in the scramble for officers' trunks. The next day its owners sent and took possession of it. As soon as the wagons were in flames the command moved off toward the Ferry; but Mosby, with a rear-guard, remained at Berryville until the enemy cautiously approached the town.

Among the captured articles were a number of violins, and it was a droll sight to witness the rude attempts of the Rangers, as they moved off, playing, as they said, Dixie "for General Sheridan to dance to."

By this brilliant success Mosby secured three hundred prisoners, seven hundred mules and horses, which were sold to General Lee's quartermaster, and two hundred and thirty cattle, half of which was presented to General Lee for the use of his army, while the rest were put to pasture in Fauquier, and served out to the command.* But the chief advantage derived from the blow which had been struck, was that Sheridan's army was compelled to fall back from Strasburg to Winchester, and to subsist on short rations for a week.

**The amount of captures given above is accurate, although it exceeds the amount reported by Mosby to General Lee, for the reason that the dispatch was forwarded by John Munson the same night from Rectortown, while many horses, mules, and cattle were brought in afterward which had strayed on the way.*

CAPTAIN RICHARDS.

James J. Williamson — Mosby's Rangers

Second Edition
New York
Sturgis & Walton
Company
1909, pages 206-210

Friday, August 12 — Command met at Rectortown, and passing through Snicker's Gap, Mosby crossed the Shenandoah with about 330 men and 2 small howitzers. Scouts brought in the intelligense that a large train with supplies for Sheridan's army, with a heavy guard of cavalry and infantry, was on its way from Harper's Ferry to Winchester.

After marching all night, on the morning of the 13th we moved out in the direction of Berryville. A portion of the train had just hauled out of park near a stream, where it had been halted to water the animals. A fog, which the morning sun had not yet dispelled, partially concealed us from the enemy and gave time to bring up our little force.

The plan of attack was for the artillery, two mountain howitzers and about 30 men, under the immediate command of Captain Peter A. Franklin, to open fire, after which the cavalry, in two columns, were to charge and pursue the train guard, consisting of a brigade of infantry and a small body of cavalry. The First Squadron, under Captain A. E. Richards, was to move out toward Berryville to attack the head of the train, while Captain William Chapman, with the Second Squadron, was to strike the train from the point he occupied to the right of the artillery. Meanwhile, Captain Sam Chapman, with Company E, was to be kept behind the hill, out of sight of the pike, to support the guns.

As the curtain of fog lifted, the Federals could plainly see us, being only a little over 200 yards distant, but evidently mistook us for their own men.

Captain Franklin decided to use only one gun in the initial attack and to advance the other piece with the cavalry. The order to unlimber and commence firing was given. As there was some slight delay about unlimbering the gun, Captain Franklin jumped from his horse and put the gun into action. The first shot, a shell well aimed, struck a forge in the road and burst right in a mass of the enemy's troops; the second exploded in the midst of the wagons and caused a stampede of the drivers. The third shot was followed by a charge.

Leaving the gun in command of Lieutenant Fray, Franklin, with the other gun, advanced with cavalry. The infantry broke in great disorder toward the south along the road and southwest over the fields, some taking refuge in the woods and behind a stone

fence and other obstructions, from which they kept up an incessant fire until dislodged by a charge or shell.

Captain Franklin then took position on a hill the enemy had just evacuated and which protected the road the cavalry would have to take on its return. Behind some stone fencing about 150 or 200 yards in front, quite a number of the infantry had rallied, while to the left there were others who had taken shelter behind houses, etc. From these sources a galling fire was opened on the artillery position. Captain Franklin ordered everyone off the hill and called for two men, one to bring a charge for the gun and the other to bring a friction primer. Ben Thrift brought up the charge, and Frank Geschky, better known as "Zoo," brought up the primer. Franklin sighted the gun and the first shot exploded on the top of the stone fence behind which was the massed infantry. It demoralized them. The gun was then rapidly worked and those of the enemy not immediately in front, seeing the stout resistance of the howitzer and its accurate work, broke again and were soon followed by those from the stone fence.[6]

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[6]Ben Thrift, now a resident of Washington, D. C., speaking of the Berryville fight said: "It was just about daybreak. After the guns were in position loaded and ready to fire, one of the men stepped out and fired his gun. Mosby said, 'What d___ fool is that?' The man said, 'I want to shoot at them.' We were in a yellow jackets' nest, Captain Franklin and I were together; we both got stung severely, but after we fired the first gun we didn't feel the stings. Whether they were frightened away or we were too excited to feel them, will never be known.

"There were about six shots fired; all aimed by Capt. Franklin. The first shot struck a wagon, partially turning it around; the second upset it altogether. We were under a hot fire from the Yankees who were behind a stone fence when Capt. Franklin called for the charge. I brought up the shells, crawled under the gun and put them in; "Zoo" brought the friction primers, Franklin aimed the gun and these shots demoralized the Yankees.

"All I can now recall in regard to the organization of the Artillery," continued Thrift, "is this little incident: After forming the men in line, Mosby said — 'Here are your officers. Anyone who does not want to serve under these men will step out.'

"At Annandale we had the cannon. Very little was done there.

"We also had the artillery at Salem and shelled them there and drove them off to Rectortown. We were on many raids without the cannon. In the Adamstown raid I was guide, being familiar with that locality. We had a lively little fight there."

Col. Gansevoort, commanding Cavalry camp near Forth Buffalo, Va., in his report dated August 18, 1864, says: "Two escaped prisoners, one of the First U. S. and the other of the First New York Dragoons, came in here day before yesterday. They report that Mosby on Sunday morning last attacked the wagon train of the First Cavalry Division and Sixth Corps."

Captain Franklin, of the artillery, with Lieutenants Fray and Rahm and Sergeant Babcock, handled the gun well and did good service.

One party sought refuge in a brick church in the suburbs of Berryville, from which they for some time kept up a murderous fire, killing Welby H. Rector, of Middleburg, and wounding Lieutenant Wrenn and killing his horse. Sergeant Edward Rector, of Company A, was also wounded. The howitzer was brought to bear upon the church and the enemy were forced to retire. A body of infantry on the right took up a position behind a stone fence and in an order, and seemed determined to hold their ground, but Captain Chapman charged and drove them out. Lewis Adie, a gallant young soldier, of Leesburg, was killed in the charge, and C. H. Walker, of Company C, severely wounded.[7]

The head of the train was at Berryville and extended for a long distance along the pike. Mules were taken from the wagons and the wagons then set on fire. The whole line presented a scene of the wildest confusion. The booming of cannon, the bursting shell, the rattling of musketry and the sharp crack of the pistols mingled with the yells and curses of the contending forces; the braying of mules and the lowing of cattle were heard together with the cries and groans of the wounded. In the road, horses and mules were dashing wildly about like mad; wagons upset — some blazing or smoking. Teams running off at a furious pace, which it was impossible to check, would attract the notice of some of our men, who, riding alongside, would set fire to the wagon, and as the smoke cureld up, the frightened mules rushed frantically along until they fell exhausted or were released by dashing the wagon against a tree or some obstacle in the road.

Over 500 mules, 36 horses, 200 head of fine cattle, 208 prisoners and 4 negroes were captured. A great many Federals were killed and wounded and nearly 100 wagons were destroyed, with their contents.

The prisoners and mules were sent out to Culpeper on the 14th, with a guard of 20 men, under Lieut. Frank Fox. The cattle were put into a field to rest for a few days as they had been driven hard and the weather was very warm — many would have been unable to stand the trip. The prisoners said it was the finest lot of cattle that had ever been sent to the army.

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[7]Lieut. Edward F. Thomson, speaking of this affair said: "Louis Adie was killed in the first charge by the infantry behind the stone fence. Welby Rector was killed by my side at the old church, and Philip Smith and I carried him to a nearby house and left him, telling the ladies to care for him until his father came, and we dashed off amid flying bullets."

In one of the wagons was a box which was thrown out on the ground by the roadside with other boxes and trunks containing officers' baggage, and was passed unnoticed among these rich prizes by our men, who afterwards learned to their regret that this box was filled with greenbacks to pay off Sheridan's troops. The Federals, however, came back after our departure and secured the box and contents.

The "Return from the Raid" has already been made the subject of the artist's pencil, but it is impossible to faithfully portray the reality of that scene as it appeared on that summer day. The long line of prisoners, mules, horses and cattle stretched out along the road. Our men, wild with excitement and elated with their success, gave vent to their feelings with shouts and yells and merry songs, the braying mules and lowing cattle joining in the chorus. The bright new captured uniforms of the Federal officers transformed our dusty rebel boys for the time into the holiday soldiers of peaceful days; and the citizens along our route, though well used to raids and the passing of armies through the country, gazed on the scene in mute astonishment, seemingly at a loss whether to stand or run on the approach of the cavalcade.

This was a severe blow to Sheridan, who, crippled by the loss of his supplies and fearful of another attack, fell back to his old position.[9]

[9]General Sheridan's position at this time is thus given in his communication to General Augur, dated Charlestown, August 18:

"The position of my troops is as follows: 4 brigades of cavalry in front, at Berryville and well up toward Winchester, at the crossing of the Opequon; 1 division of cavalry at Summit Point; infantry at Clifton, and in rear of Clifton. I am in telegraphic communication with Averell, who is at Martinsburg."

Appendix.

Confederate Reports, Etc.

XI.

Report of Lieut-Col. John S. Mosby, Forty-third Virginia Cavalry Battalion.

HDQRS. 43d VIRGINIA PARTISAN RANGER BATTALION,

September 11, 1864.

. . . On the morning of August 13 I attacked, near Berryville, the enemy's supply train, which was guarded by some 700 or 800 infantry and cavalry, under command of Brigadier-General Kenly. Completely routed the guard, with a loss of over 200 prisoners, including 3 lieutenants, besides several killed and wounded. Captured and destroyed 75 loaded wagons, and secured over 200 head of beef-cattle, between 500 and 600 horses and mules, and many valuable stores. My loss, 2 killed and 3 wounded. My force numbered something over 300 men, with two mountain howitzers. One howitzer became disabled before being brought into action, by breaking of a wheel; the other after firing a few rounds was rendered useless also, by breaking of the carriage.

. . . About August 20 I crossed with my command at Snicker's Gap, the enemy being near Berryville, sending the larger portion, under Capt. William Chapman, to operate around Berryville and restrain the enemy from devastating the country. With a small detachment I went to their rear, near Charlestown, and captured 12 prisoners and 10 horses. Captain Chapman, coming upon a portion of the enemy's cavalry which was engaged in burning houses, attacked and routed them. Such was the indignation of our men at witnessing some of the finest residences in that portion of the State enveloped in flames, that no quarter was shown, and about 25 of them were shot to death for their villainy. About 30 horses were brought off, but no prisoners.

. . . On Sunday, September 5, I sent Capt. Sam Chapman, in command of Companies C and E, to harass the enemy around Berryville, while I made a detour to gain their rear near Charlestown. Arriving at the river, I left the two companies that were with me (A and B), under Lieutenant Nelson, on the east bank of the river, while, with 6 men, I went on a reconnoissance across, previous to carrying my whole force over. Some time later, a force of the enemy's cavalry crossed the mountain in their rear, surprised and stampeded them, killing 1, wounding 3 and capturing 3. One of the enemy's cavalry was killed and 5 wounded. With the 6 men with me I succeeded in capturing and bringing out safely about

25 prisoners, 2 ambulances, and 18 horses. Captain Chapman routed a largely superior force near Berryville, killing and wounding some 15 or 20, besides securing over 30 prisoners, including a captain and lieutenant, with their horses, arms, etc.

I have the honor to be, very respectfully, your obedient servant.

JNO. S. MOSBY.
Lieutenant-Colonel, Commanding.

Lieutenant-Colonel TAYLOR
Assistant Adjutant General

The War of The Rebellion

(To) Lieut-Col. Taylor, Ass't. Adj.-Gen.
(Indorsement.)

Headquarters Army of Northern Virginia, Sept. 19, 1864.

Respectfully forwarded to the Adjutant and Inspector General, for the information of the Department.

Attention is invited to the activity and skill of Col. Mosby, and the intelligence and courage of the *men of his command, as displayed in this report *(officers and). With the loss of little more than 20 men, he has killed, wounded and captured during the period embraced in the report about 1,200 of the enemy and taken more than 1,600 horses and mules, 230 beef-cattle and 85 wagons and ambulances, without counting many smaller operations. The services rendered by Col. Mosby and his command in watching and reporting the enemy's movements have also been of great value. His operations have been highly creditable to himself and his command.

R. E. Lee, General.

Report of Maj. Wm. E. Beardsley, 6th N. Y. Cav., of operations Aug. 13th.

RECAPTURE OF A TRAIN FROM MOSEBY'S GUERILLAS.

The War of The Rebellion

Series I — Volume XLIII — Part I, Reports, Correspondence, etc. Chapter LV. Operations in No. Va., W. Va., Md. and Penna. Aug. 4 - Dec. 31, 1864. p. 484.

Colonel: I have the honor to report the arrival in this place with all of our brigade train but about 8 or 10 wagons. We were attacked by Mosby at daylight yesterday morning in Berryville (en route for Winchester), and a disgraceful panic ensued, resulting in the entire destruction of the Reserve Brigade's train and a portion of ours, with battery forges &c; the running off of nearly all the mules; the capture of a number of prisoners; killing of 5 men of ours with many wounded; among the latter is Capt. McKinney . . . After emptying my pistol in exchange with an officer, and being hard pressed, without a single man as support, I dashed off and checked the guard (100 days' men) but failed to get them back. Until, finding Mason and one man of the old 6th with a carbine, we deployed as skirmishers, and returned to the head of our train, where a party was applying the torch; and by the use of the one carbine succeeded in driving off the enemy and secured the pay-master's treasure chest and trunk of pay-rolls, which we carried on our horses to a place of security; when I succeeded in rallying about twelve muskets, under a sergeant, who advanced as skir-mishers, when a single volley saved all our train but eight wagons, which were already burned. Lt. Allyn had charge of 200 head of cattle; all missing from the rear of the train. I sent for cavalry, and shortly the 1st R. I. arrived, but about 30 minutes too late, the enemy having disappeared with their booty in the direction of Snicker's Gap, and they did not pursue . . . .

Col. Morgan's Lane

Aug. 19, 1864

Mosby's Attack On
Custer's House

Burner's

No Prisoners

The result of this affair (Buck Marsh, Aug. 13) was to force Sheridan to fall back. He reports, four brigades of cavalry at Berryville, and towards the Opequon; one division at Summit Point, and his main army at "Clifton." He also reports about this time, Aug. 17th; "Mosby has annoyed me and captured a few wagons. We hung one and shot six of his men yesterday." He chose to consider Mosby a bushwhacker, and not entitled to treatment as a soldier. For the shooting above related, Mosby took complete revenge later. Also in retaliation for these attacks, Sheridan's soldiers, under orders from their superiors, proceeded to wreak their vengeance on the citizens, as had been done by Hunter, a little earlier.

Mosby's scouts on the night of the 18th, in their search for information, attacked a picket of the 5th Michigan Cavalry near Castleman's Ferry, killing and wounding one and taking two prisoners. In retaliation for this General Custer determined to burn some houses in the neighborhood. They proceeded to fire the residence of Colonel Ware, but were prevented here by the timely arrival of some of Mosby's men, who put it out, but the home of Mr. Province McCormick near by was fired and burned, not allowing the inmates to remove anything from the house, and otherwise mistreating the family. They then proceeded to the house of Mr. Wm. Sowers not far off, which they burned in the same brutal way; then to Col. Benj. Morgan's (Hill and Dale) whose house shared the same fate.

But the avenger was on their track. Chapman of Mosby's command followed them from McCormick's and Sowers' burning houses, with vows of no quarter for such fiends, met them just as they were leaving Col. Morgan's, attacked with irresistable fury, routing them and killing thirty, bringing in no prisoners. These men were members of the 5th Michigan Cavalry, and were sent to do this work by order of General Custer. According to their own report, out of 50 men they lost 30. (Gold, HISTORY OF CLARKE COUNTY, pp. 124-125)

House Divided

Ben Ames Williams

Boston, Houghton Mifflin Co.

"General Sheridan has been put in command in the Valley," Col. Mosby said. "We'll give him an early lesson." They found scores of men at the Upperville rendezvous before them, and next day three hundred Rangers climbed the easy road toward Snicker's Gap. When they paused to breathe their horses, Faunt Currain looked back across the wide and lovely sweep of Loudoun County, wooded hills and pleasant valleys and the wall of the Bull Run Mountains beyond. From this distance no scars of war were visible. Loudoun and Fauquier were the heart of "Mosby's Confederacy," that region behind the Yankee lines where a handful of partisans kept all Grant's communications in daily, nightly peril. When the men moved on again, Faunt thought that beautiful reach of country was well worth fighting for.

Snicker's Gap was unguarded. They descended steeply to the levels, forded the Shenandoah and hid themselves in the low wooded hills east of Berryville. Their scouts presently reported a cavalcade of five or six hundred wagons coming from Harper's Ferry toward Berryville. Although the train was guarded by almost ten times their own number, the Rangers in a surprise attack scattered the escorting brigade, burned seventy-five wagons, and drove back up the road through Snicker's Gap two hundred prisoners, six or seven hundred horses and mules, and more than two hundred head of beef cattle.

They rode in a high and laughing exultation, for this had been their greatest deed. But Mosby expected Sheridan's swift counter attack, so he left Captain Chapman with a company of Rangers to watch the Valley. Faunt stayed with them. Sheridan, since the raid had interrupted his communications, fell back to Halltown; but he burned barns and corn cribs and killed or drove off livestock from the farms, and Captain Chapman fretted for a chance at him. When a brigade of Custer's Cavalry went into bivouac at dusk one day near Berryville, Faunt undertook to spy out the camp and estimate the chances for a night attack.

Since he must wait for darkness, he returned to a house near Castleman's Ferry, a quarter-mile north of the spot where the Rangers had crossed on their successful foray. The householder was a gentleman named Province McCormick. He and his wife greeted Faunt hospitably, they gave him supper, they exulted in Mosby's fine stroke at Sheridan's wagon train. Mr. McCormick's daughter and her baby were at home, his son-in-law was here ill and unable to leave his bed.

When night came, Faunt delayed till the enemy cavalry encampment was surely asleep. Then he proceeded cautiously upon

his mission, flanking the road that climbed from the river toward Berryville and avoiding the town itself. When he approached the camp, he left his horse and went afoot, secret in the darkness. He discovered a picket watching the road and crept near the man; but a shot would alarm the Yankees, so he summoned the sentry to surrender.

"I'll be damned if I will!" the Yankee retorted, and fired; but he missed, and Faunt put a bullet precisely through his forehead. Then, since a surprise attack was now impossible, he rode back to the river and crossed and reported his failure.

Next morning they had begun the ascent to the Gap when, looking back, they saw a house burning in the Valley below them. Faunt recognized it is Province McCormick's home by the Ferry; and he and Captain Chapman rode full pitch that way, the other Rangers hard on their heels. When they came there, the house was already beyond saving; but Faunt saw Mr. McCormick, and his daughter, with her back in her arms, under the trees by the gate. The sick man, Mr. McCormick's son-in-law, lay wrapped in blankets on the ground beside them.

Faunt and Captain Chapman reached the gate and pulled up their horses, the Rangers clustering around. Faunt lifted his hat; he said to his commanding officer: "Captain, this is Mrs. Brown. And Mr. McCormick. And Mr. Brown. They gave me supper last night." He asked Mr. McCormick: "Sir, where is Mrs. McCormick?"

The old gentleman seemed half-dazed. "Why, after you were gone, a messenger brought a note to tell Mrs. McCormick that her sister was dead. She left at dawn to go to her sister's home. Then an hour ago Captain Drake of the Fifth Michigan Cavalry rode up and accused us of signalling to your men. We did light a lamp last night, but it was just to read the note about Mrs. McCormick's sister; and I told him that, but he said I was a liar and that the light was a signal to the assassins who killed one of his pickets. He said he was going to burn my house."

Mrs. Brown broke into a sobbing rage. "Two of them caught me and stripped my ring off my hand and dropped me over the banisters. I ran back upstairs to save what I could, and they set fire to the house under me." Her voice rang with scorn. "I saw even their chaplain steal a paper of pins out of Mother's bureau drawer! My baby was asleep, and when I went to get him, one of them said: 'Let the damned little rebel burn!' But I got my baby!"

Captain Chapman asked crisply: "Which way did they go?"

Mr. McCormick said: "Down the lane toward Mr. Sowers' house." He turned to point, and uttered an exclamation; and they saw in that direction a smoke column billowing above the trees.

Faunt instantly flung his horse to a gallop, Captain Chapman came beside him, and the others pressed on their heels. When they reached the Sowers house it could not be saved, and the Yankees

were gone; but they saw another smoke column a short half-mile beyond. Faunt spurred his horse, and he called to Captain Chapman:

"No quarter today, Captain!"

The other nodded; he shouted over his shoulder: "No quarter today!" The order ran from man to man.

They burst from the woods below the burning house (Hill and Dale) at full gallop; and before the Yankees could form, the Rangers were upon them. Many of the enemy, with no time to reach their horses, squandered like quail from a flushed covey; and those already in the saddle, after an instant's milling confusion, broke in headlong flight.

Faunt, hot after them, firing carefully in deadly rage, liked the hard jar of the heavy pistol in his hand. There was a Yankee crouching in a fence corner, cowering helplessly. Faunt saw him at close range, and since his pistols were sighted for fifty yards he remembered to aim low. With the shot, he moved clear of the smoke and saw the man sliding helplessly sidewise and the dark hole in the Yankee's cheekbone where the heavy bullet entered. Another bluecoat tried to swing his horse into the woods, but a low branch swept him from the saddle While the Yankee lay on his back upon the ground, the breath jarred out of him, Faunt checked his horse long enough to make that bullet sure. A third, on a good mount, raced ahead. Faunt nursed his horse in relentless chase; but this man had too great a start, so Faunt at last turned back toward the burning house.

Rangers were searching the woods, and he saw more than one of them stop to kill a wounded Yankee. They left no living man behind; but when the troop was reassembled, Faunt discovered an unharmed prisoner among them. Hard rage still on him, he spoke to Captain Chapman.

"The orders were no quarter, sir."

Chapman hesitated, but two or three men muttered in stern agreement, and the Captain swore. "Damn these, house-burners, abusing women, yes! Take him into the woods!"

Faunt and three others, their pistols drawn, rode with the prisoner a little off the road. Faunt asked: "Are you ready?"

The young man smiled faintly. "Why, I'd like a moment."

Faunt nodded, and the Yankee swung to the ground. He knelt with his back toward them, as serenely as though he were alone, and he bowed his head for a time that seemed long. Then he rose, and turned to face them, holding his coat open, baring his breast. Faunt shot him through the heart.

Next day they rejoined Colonel Mosby, and Faunt heard Captain Chapman's report. "Thirty horses, no prisoners."

FIRE AND SWORD IN MOSBY'S CONFEDERACY.

Partisan Life with Col. John S. Mosby

by Major John Scott

N. Y., Harper & Bros. 1867, pages 279-282

Dear Percy, — Lieutenant Sam Chapman having been promoted to the command of Company "E," it became necessary to organize an artillery company. The officers — appointed by Mosby, of course, under the mask of an election — were, Peter Frankland, Captain; _____ Fray, First Lieutenant; John Page, Second Lieutenant; Frank Rahm, Junior Second Lieutenant.

I will now resume the account of Mosby's assaults upon General Sheridan's line of communication. On the 19th of August, with two hundred and fifty men, he crossed the Shenandoah at Castleman's Ferry, where he was informed by Jim Wiltshire, who had been sent in advance on a scout to Berryville, that there was a brigade of Federal cavalry camped at that town, with a picket thrown out within a mile of Castleman's Ferry. In consequence of this information, Mosby divided his command into three parts. "C," "D," and "E," were assigned to Captain William Chapman, with orders to operate on the section of the turnpike between Berryville and Rippon. Company "B" he assigned to Captain Richards, to whom was allotted that portion of the road between Rippon and Charlestown, while he reserved Company "A" for his own command, and that part of the road between Charlestown and Harper's Ferry. This partition of the command was resorted to because it was too large to be kept together in safety in the midst of the hostile army, and particular sections were assigned to particular officers for the twofold purpose of prolonging the line of attack and of preventing collisions during the night.

Having received his instructions, Captain Chapman marched his command to the house of a citizen in the neighborhood, from which Mountjoy, with a party, was sent to acquire farther information about the position of the enemy, while he went on a similar expedition. Mountjoy soon returned, having recruited for the night's service six strays from the 6th Virginia Cavalry. But Chapman's scout was more adventurous. He attempted to capture the picket before referred to, but the man, who belonged to the 7th Michigan Cavalry, refused to surrender, and was in consequence killed — an event which you will presently see was fraught with the most calamitous consequences to several families in the neighborhood.

Having rejoined his command, it was moved to a position near the turnpike which leads from Berryville to the Ferry, with the purpose of assailing a cavalry patrol which often passed to the river. From this point Captain Chapman, taking with him Hefflebower and another, proceeded to the house of Hefflebower's father, not far from the cavalry camp near Berryville, in order to obtain addi-

tional information. There he fell in with three Yankees, upon whom he imposed himself for a provost guard, and captured them without resistance. On his route with the prisoners back to the command, as he passed near the house of Colonel Josiah Ware, a party of Yankees who were there saw him, and immediately started in pursuit. This accident saved that beautiful mansion, for it had been already fired by these men, who being thus diverted, the family were enabled to extinguish the flames.

Not long after this adventure, Captain Chapman saw smoke and flames bursting from the house of Mr. Province M'Cormick, distant about two miles. He hastened to the spot, and was informed that it had been fired by a detachment of Federal soldiers, acting under an order which condemned to the flames five of the best homes in that neighborhood belonging to Southern sympathizers, as a retaliation for the death of the picket who had been shot the previous night. The Rangers were soon brought up, and the command started on the track of the burners. When they reached the residence of Mr. Sowers, which had likewise been embraced by the cruel order, the roof had fallen in, and the ladies and children of the family were gathered in a corner of the yard, exposed to the falling rain. The forlorn ladies, as soon as they saw Mosby's men, dried their tears, and with exclamations of vengeance urged them to follow quickly the inhuman Yankees who had just destroyed their home.

"Smite and spare not," they cried, "for, though we have lost our home, we are still for the South — yes, as true as ever." The effect of this appeal, added to the piteous spectacle before them, maddened the soldiers. As they galloped off they shouted, "No quarter, no quarter to-day."

The elegant and hospitable residence of Colonel Morgan (Hill and Dale) stood at the distance of half a mile, and was already fired when Chapman's men approached. The incendiaries, numbering ninety, were still on the ground, and, when they saw the hand of vengeance uplifted to strike them, hastily formed their ranks to receive the attack. They were charged with fierce impetuosity, and immediately broke, every man seeking safety in flight. The Partisans pursued them for a mile, and then returned to put to death all the prisoners who had been taken, and all the wounded who had fallen by the way. Twenty-nine Federal soldiers thus perished, victims of the bloody code of retaliation.

James J. Williamson — Mosby's Rangers

Second Edition
New York
Sturgis & Walton
Company

1909, page 212, ff

Friday, August 19 — Scouts having been sent in advance, we crossed the Shenandoah river at Castleman's Ferry.[9] Mosby divided his force as follows: Company B, under Capt. A. E. Richards, moving off in the direction of Charlestown; Companies C, D, and E, under Capt. Wm. H. Chapman, to operate in the neighborhood of Berryville; while he (Mosby) proceeded with Company A to the road between Harper's Ferry and Charlestown.

Our scouts, in their search for information, captured a picket-post of the Fifth Michigan Cavalry, near Castleman's Ferry. There were but 4 men on post: I was killed, 1 wounded and the remaining 2 captured.

As Captain Chapman moved on with his command, he saw the house of Mr. Province McCormick in flames, and McCormick and his wife, with fright and astonishment, watching the wanton destruction of their home and powerless to check or resist the brutal incendiaries. McCormick informed Chapman that the house had been fired by the Federal soldiers in retaliation for the killing of the picket. The same party had also set fire to Colonel Ware's house.

A little farther on, the Rangers came upon another scene of incendiarism — the residence of Mrs. Sowers. Here the women and little children were gathered in a forlorn and weeping group in a corner of the yard, gazing on the blazing pile of what was once their happy home. As our men rode up and looked upon the pale, upturned, pleading faces and met the looks of utter despair there pictured, they felt that it would be mockery to offer sympathy or express regret, and driving their spurs into their horses, they dashed on in pursuit of the destroyers. On they went, like bloodhounds on the trail. Soon they came in sight of the houseburners, who were then in the act of destroying the residence (Hill and

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[9]General Sheridan's position at this time is thus given in his communication to General Augur, dated Charlestown, August 18:

"The position of my troops is as follows: 4 brigades of cavalry in front, at Berryville and well up toward Winchester, at the crossing of the Opequon; 1 division of cavalry at Summit Point; infantry at Clifton, and in rear of Clifton. I am in telegraphic communication with Averell, who is at Martinsburg."

Dale) of Colonel Morgan. They had already burned the hay, wheat, barn, etc., and had set fire to the house. Worked up to madness by this scene, as well as what they had just witnessed, the rangers closed in on the enemy and neither asked nor gave quarter.[10]

The man who could stand within the glare of burning dwellings, and witness unmoved the pitiful spectacle of pleading mothers with their frightened little ones clinging around them, and see the merciless savages who wrought this ruin gloating over the wreck they had made, and proceeding to a repetition of their cruel deeds of incendiarism, and not feel an impulse which would drive him to avenge such savagery, would not deserve the name of man. It seems hardly credible that men could be found in a civilized age, so lost to all sense of humanity as to thus rival the savage cruelties of Indian warfare."

As the killing of the picket was made the pretext for the order of Custer to burn the houses of five prominent citizens in that district, I wrote to Colonel Chapman, who was in command of this detachment of Mosby's men, in order to get a correct statement of the affair, and he gave me a full account, not only of the killing of the picket, but also of the occurrences which took place from that time on, including the fight at Colonel Morgan's. This will be found in the Appendix.

When you surprise a camp you necessarily begin by disposing of the pickets, either by capture or killing. A picket is a part of every army — its outpost, and as much an object of attack as any other part. It is just as legitimate an act of war to kill an armed picket who refuses to surrender as to kill a soldier in the full of battle. In this case it was Col. Chapman's purpose to capture — not to kill — the picket in question, and upon his refusal to surrender, he was killed. He had the choice to surrender or fight.

In the fight at Col. Morgan's, Chapman's command came upon the detachment of Federal soldiers whilst they were engaged in burning one of the houses, and attacked them. They formed a regular line of battle and delivered a volley as Chapman charged in column. It would have been impossible for Col. Chapman or anyone else to restrain the men under the circumstances — that is, with the scenes of distress exposed to their view — especially when supported by the general order to all Confederate soldiers, that soldiers found burning houses were not to be taken prisoner, and no quarter was to be given. This order was known to the soldiers of both armies, and the Federal general, by giving the order for the burning, placed his soldiers without the protection of the Military Code.

I received a rough sketch of the following incident connected with this encounter: Three of the Federal cavalry, being hard pressed, left the main body and attempted to make their escape. Two of them jumped a fence on the extreme left and made their way across the field, pursued by Wm. W. Patteson of Company C.

Patteson's horse fell in jumping the fence and before he could get the animal up, the third trooper attacked him with his carbine. Before the Federal cavalryman could get in another shot, Patteson killed him with a shot from his revolver. The man carried in a bundle a quantity of silverware and jewelry which he had taken from some of the burned dwellings.

Mosby recrossed the Shenandoah and again crossed at Rock Ford. Here he divided Company A into three parties, one under Hatcher, another under Wiltshire, and one he reserved for himself. All returned to Fauquier, after operating on the Federal outposts, bringing prisoners and captured horses, without loss or injury to themselves.

* * * *

[10]The New York Times, of Aug. 25, 1864, in a letter from its War Correspondent, dated Berryville, Aug. 21, gives the following account of this affair:

"He (General Custer) issued an order directing Colonel Alger, of the Fifth Michigan, to destroy 4 houses belonging to well-known secessionists, in retaliation for the men killed, captured and wounded on Thursday night. This order was promptly carried into effect by a detachment of 50 men, under Captain Drake and Lieutenants Allen, Lounsberry and Bivvins, who were particularly charged to inform all citizens met with the cause for destroying the property. The expedition was accompanied by Dr. Sinclair, and the work was thoroughly and effectually done, but unfortunately not without serious loss of life. Captain Drake, leaving the main part of the command under Lieutenant Allen in line near one house which had been fired, took a few men and proceeded to fire another house about 100 rods distant. While thus engaged 200 rebels suddenly emerged from a ravine and made a furious charge upon the force under Lieutenant Allen before due preparation could be made to receive them.

* * * *

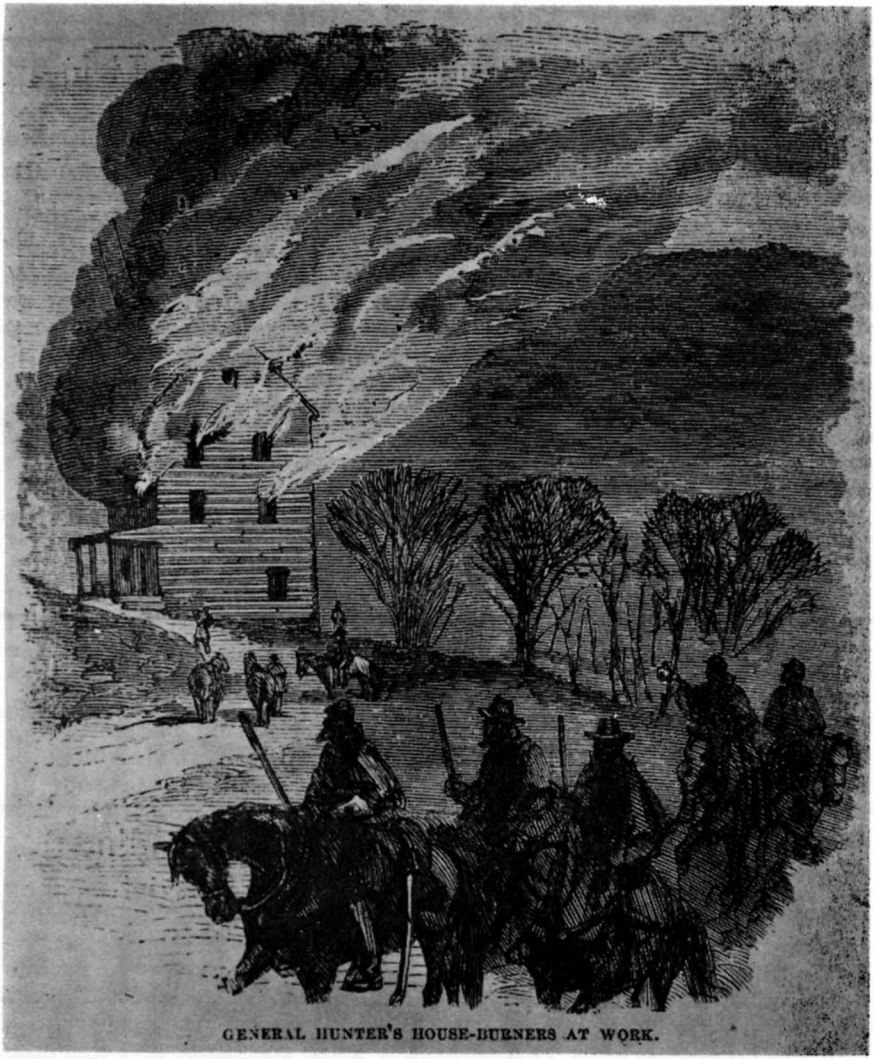
The command was charged while forming to resist an attack. The men, overwhelmed by numbers, broke and fled in confusion. This occurred on the Sheppard's Mill road, not far from Berryville and Snicker's Gap pike. There are numerous stone fences running at right angles with the road and the way open for retreat was down the road which had been barricaded by our own men, and the only way to get around this was by a narrow passage way through a stone wall, at the side of the road, going around the barricade and through the wall again into the road. As only one horse at a time could go through this narrow passage it was impossible for all the men to escape in that way. The enemy were upon them, and no mercy being shown, a majority of the men ran along a fence running at right angles with the road, hoping to find another passae, but finding none and reaching a corner, surrendered as a last resort. Several squads were cornered in this way, and in every instance

the men who surrendered were killed after they had surrendered, or were left for dead.

* * * *

"Casualties in the Fifth Michigan Cavalry in the massacre, August 19, 1864: Killed — Sergeant E. S. Fields; Corporals C. C. Craft, Alph. Day; Privates H. Whittington, John G. Lutz, James Kennicut, Oliver Warner, Alfred A. Henry, Clark Osborn, S. R. Epler, Eaton Lewis, Peter Castor, Chas. B. Clyde. Wounded — S. D. Eldred, mortally; Ab. B. Shaffer, mortally; John Connell, hand; Samuel K. Davis, nose; Corporal F. M. Wright, face."

[11]In reply to my letter asking the name of a man who belonged to the same company, John F. (Dadge) Lynn, formerly of Mosby's command and now a wealthy resident of Iowa said: 'I only knew him as 'Larry.' I remember him well on account of an incident which took place in the Valley, when we were on the track of the party who were burning houses of citizens. When we came to the house of Mrs. Sowers, where the house was in flames; the women and children exposed without shelter to the pitiless storm; the out-buildings, barn and stables — all destroyed — Larry, with that characteristic impetuosity of an impulsive, big-hearted Irishman, exclaimed — 'Jasus, if that wouldn't make a man fight, I don't know what would,' and he dashed off on to the attack, his every vein and muscle standing out, showing the tension that was upon us."



GENERAL HUNTER'S HOUSE-BURNERS AT WORK.

Appendix.

Confederate Reports, Etc.

Col. Chapman's Account of the Killing of the Picket Mentioned on Page 213, and Events Following.

Having been the actor in that adventure and the man who killed the picket in question, I will give a full account of how it occurred.

It was desirable for the success of our operations within the Federal lines that this outpost should be captured, and I had undertaken in person to perform the duty. It was my purpose to capture, not to kill, the picket. To attain this object I dispatched a man to approach the picket from the rear and make the capture, whilst I from the front should engage his attention. This plan was frustrated by the tardy movement of this man. As I approached from the front I found that the soldier was on his guard. Finding that my man did not come to take him in the rear, I was compelled to demand his surrender, which he refused. The question then was which of us should be killed. We both fired and the result was the death of the picket. As the occurrence did not take place in sight of any Federal soldiers the inference was drawn when the man was found that he had been bushwhacked.

The picket was killed near Mrs. Sowers' house in the early part of the night of August 19, 1864, and the fight took place at Colonel Morgan's house about 2 p.m. the following day. I had with me portions of companies C, D and E. They were in the woods not far from Mrs. Sowers' house. After the killing of the picket, I moved my men to a body of woods near Castleman's Ferry, on the north side of the turnpike. Soon after daylight I went with John Hefflebower and G. S. Lofland in the direction of Custer's camp, which was not far from Berryville. On approaching Hefflebower's father's house, in plain view of Custer's camp, I left Hefflebower and Lofland about 100 yards from the house in a lane, and rode up to the house alone. Mr. Hefflebower, Sr., met me at the gate. I had observed two cavalrymen approaching the house on the side opposite to the camp. I engaged Mr. Hefflebower in conversation, and while talking the two cavalrymen rode up in front of me. I had on at this time an old oilcloth, which protected me from the drizzling rain and concealed my uniform. I demanded their surrender, at the same time presenting my pistol, and both surrendered. A few minutes before this I had observed a single cavalryman coming directly from the camp towards the house. I opened the gate leading into the lane where my two comrades were standing, and directed the two prisoners to pass into it. They were immediately met by young Hefflebower and Lofland. I then turned to capture the single horseman whom I had seen approaching. Not observing that I was a Confederate soldier, he dismounted from his horse, threw the reins over a post to the yard fence and walked up to the porch where Mrs. Hefflebower was standing. I dismounted and walked up to his side. He turned as I approached and extended a plug of

tobacco, asking me if it was not a good article of tobacco. I told him I expected it was, but I wanted him to go with me. He replied "That is all right, but I want to get some tobacco for the boys first." I told him I had no time to wait for that and reached for his pistol and took it from the holster. His expression showed great surprise and he exclaimed, "The devil you say." He told me afterwards he thought I was one of the provost guard gathering up those who were straggling from the camp, and as he had permission to leave camp he was not concerned about my demands on him until I took his pistol.

In making my way back to where I had left my command I came in full view of Col. Ware's house, which at that time was surrounded by Federal cavalry. I continued riding towards them until I came to the road leading from Castleman's Ferry turnpike to Harper's Ferry, then turned as if going to Harper's Ferry. The soldiers around Col. Ware's house called to us in a loud tone to hold up. I pretended not to hear them and, seeing they were preparing to follow us, we sprang into a gollap and outran them. We kept on until we rejoined my men in the woods near the Ferry. I had been there but a short time when I went out on the turnpike in front of us, and looking in the direction of Berryville saw smoke and flames bursting from the house of Mr. McCormick. With two or three men I galloped up to the house and found Mr. and Mrs. McCormick in the yard in much distress, and learned from McCormick that his house had been fired by the Federal soldiers by order of Gen. Custer, who had given an order to burn the houses of five prominent citizens because of the killing of a picket the night before. He informed me that they had gone over to burn Col. Morgan's house. I learned afterwards that this was the same party we had encountered at Col. Ware's house. I directed one of the men with me, James A. Flint, of Culpeper, to gallop back to where I had left my men and tell Capt. Sam Chapman to bring the men on to Col. Morgan's, where the Yankees had gone to burn his house. The men were brought up very hurriedly, and I met them just before reaching the house of Mrs. Sowers, which was then in flames — both the house and barn. The ladies and children were in the yard, crying. When they recognized us they cried out, "We are rebels still if we are burned out of house and home," and pointed to the Federal soldiers then around Col. Morgan's house. We kept on at a brisk pace, believing that we could get nearer to them before they discovered who we were than if we traveled more rapidly. They saw us coming for some distance and evidently suspected who we were, as they drew up in line of battle to meet us. I gave the order to charge after getting within 100 yards of them. They held their fire until we were within 40 yards of them, and fortunately for us not a shot took effect. We struck their column about the center and threw them into confusion, and they fled in the direction of their camp. We pursued them almost to their camp. Not a single man in my command was wounded.

W. H. CHAPMAN,
Formerly Lieut.-Col. Mosby's Command

Battle Of Berryville

September 3, 1864

Early & Sheridan

On the 30th of August, Anderson moved to Winchester, and Early to Bunker Hill. In the meantime Sheridan had again advanced towards Berryville and Summit Point. On the 3rd of September General Anderson, having been ordered by General Lee to return to Petersburg, moved towards Berryville, intending to pass through Millwood and Ashby's Gap. Sheridan about the same time extended his left so as to occupy the breastworks on Grindstone Hill at "Rosemont," also sending a division of cavalry under General Torbert toward White Post. Anderson, marching quietly down the Winchester pike, was told by Mr. Geo. C. Blakemore and Mr. Martin Gaunt that the enemy were in force just ahead of him. His lines were immediately formed for the attack in front and also on the flank by sending a force through the farms now owned by Mr. C. A. Rutherford and H. O. Levi, to take position in the woods south of "Rosemont."

All things being ready, the whole line advanced and the enemy were soon driven from their exceedingly strong position and fell back through Berryville to Sheridan's position along the Summit Point turnpike. The column of cavalry sent toward White Post under Torbert heard the firing at Berryville and returned, but their advance was fallen upon by Mosby's men about a mile south of Berryville and a number killed and captured. The main column, advancing to the hill near the toll gate, were fired upon by artillery placed by order of Major S. J. C. Moore in the yard of Mrs. Kittredge's residence, then owned by Mr. Beemer, and quite a number were killed, causing them to turn towards the river and pass east of the town in order to reach their own lines on the north. (Gold, History of Clarke County, pp. 118-119)

Fight At Gold's Farm

Sept. 3, 1864

Mosby & 6th N. Y. Cavalary

Sheridan, after falling back below Berryville, and establishing his lines along the Summit Point road from the Charles Town pike to Summit Point, and with his headquarters at "Mansfield," pushed forward to Grindstone Hill. At the same time he dispatched General Torbert with his Brigade of Cavalry towards White Post. Gen Fitz Hugh Lee was west of Berryville, observing the movements of the enemy. Hearing of this movement of Torbert he ordered Henry Kerfoot, a member of the Clarke Cavalry, to follow Torbert and report his movements. Kerfoot followed them to White Post, when Torbert, hearing the firing at Berryville, started to return; seing which Kerfoot went to his father's home ("Llewellyn") about two miles south of Berryville, where he met Capt. Sam Chapman of Mosby's command, who was also on the lookout for Torbert.

The day before, Chapman, with two companies, had crossed the Shenandoah with hope of being able to do something to damage Sheridan. In order to get some information Lieut. John S. Russell had gone into Berryville that night, and going, as was his custom, to the house of Dr. Neill, now the home of Hon. Marshall McCormick, he tapped on Dr. Neill's window, asking the Dr. for news of the Yankees. "Why," said the Doctor, "the town is full of them and the reserve picket is on my front porch." Just then some one rode up the alley from the Millwood pike, hailing the house and asking the way to Millwood. "All right, I will show you," said Russell, "some of us have been pie-rootin around here and we will show you." Calling his comrades, they started with the stranger. Then Russell asked, "Why are you going to Millwood this time of the night?" "I have dispatches for General Torbert somewhere between Millwood and White Post." At once Russell turned to him and said "Give me those dispatches, pardner;" enforcing his demand with the muzzle of a pistol. Getting the dispatches, he moved on down to the pike, where he easily picked up the balance of the squad and rode away through what is now Josephine City to join Captain Chapman. The dispatches were from Sheridan to Torbert telling how he might find some of Early's trains and destroy them. Capt. Wm. Chapman immediately set out to inform Gen. Fitz Lee of this, Lee being as he knew somewhere west of Berryville, leaving his brother, Capt. Sam Chapman, in command with orders to watch Torbert.

Capt. Sam Chapman going to Dr. Kerfoot's at "Llewellyn," met Henry Kerfoot, who informed him of Torbert's movement towards Berryville. He thereupon determined to strike the advance

guard, the 6th New York Cavalry, which was moving some distance in advance of the main body. Coming from what is known as Possum Hollow, through Mr. Glass' farm, they approached the Millwood turnpike without being seen, just as the Yankees got along Mr. Gold's field. Here Chapman and his men charged, driving them before them back to the woods. At the upper end of the field was a closed gate which stopped the wild retreat for a little, but when it was opened they fled, pursued by Chapman and some of his men, who killed some in the woods near Mr. Gold's residence (new the residence of Mr. and Mrs. R. E. Byrd) and others in the woods beyond, those who escaped reaching the main column at Pigeon Hill. In the meantime Lieutenant Russell had gathered up 30 prisoners and 38 horses.

About this time the head of the main column came in sight, and they led Russell a merry chase across the fields towards the river. A couple of regiments followed Russell, and were closing up on him, when, at the blacksmith's shop near Price's mill, they were checked for a moment by running upon Horace Deahl and Cyrus McCormick, members of the Clarke Cavalry, who were having their horses shod. Deahl had just got on his horse, when they came in view. Without counting noses, he opened fire and dashed at them. They gave back for a moment and he escaped. Cyrus McCormick, not being on his horse, was captured. The moment's delay enabled Russell to reach Shepherd's ford and to get safely across with his prisoners and horses. (Gold, HISTORY OF CLARKE COUNTY, pp. 125-127)

Mt. Airy Fight

Sept. 16, 1864

Mosby & U. S. Cavalry

On Sept. 16th, General Chapman with a brigade of Federal Cavalry, crossed the Shenandoah at Castleman's Ferry for a raid into Loudoun after Mosby, and to burn and destroy. After crossing the river he sent a detachment of the 8th New York Cavalry under Captain Compson, up the river with orders to meet him at Paris. Chapman, after going to Paris, returned through Upperville to Snickersville (Bluemont). From there he sent a company to the top of the mountain in the Gap to meet Captain Compson, who had followed the road along the top, arriving about 2 p.m. at the Gap, having picked up about a dozen prisoners. There both parties proceeded to feed and rest. In the meantime Capt. Sam Chapman had got on the track of Compson and his party and was following them along the mountain road to the Gap. Finding them quiet and unsuspecting, he charged them and scattered them, taking eighteen prisoners and forty horses, and releasing those of our people who had been captured. The large force of General Chapman was lying at Snickersville, but did nothing to help their fellows. (Gold, HISTORY OF CLARKE COUNTY, pp. 127-128)

Ranger Mosby

Virgil Carrington Jones

Pages 204-206

Federal Brigadier-General George H. Chapman got orders to "make arrangements" for the capture of such of Mosby's gang as he could find in the country along the Shenandoah River and beyond. This move was intended primarily to stop John Mobberly, detached scout of White's command, whom the enemy thought a Ranger. Accordingly, at 10 P.M. September 15, the day Mosby was wounded, Chapman started with 400 men from brigade headquarters in the valley. The evening air was pleasant and there were no military units on the road to deter him.

During the early hours of morning they reached the Shenandoah and crossed at a ford near Snicker's Gap. There Chapman detached fifty-five men under Captain Compson of the Eighth New York Cavalry to proceed up river and across into Ashby's Gap. His own route would be through Snicker's Gap and along the eastern base of the mountains to Paris. The two forces, according to his plans, would meet during the early afternoon in Snicker's Gap, which Compson would reach by a path down the ridge of the mountains.

They separated in the dark with no noise except that of cavalry on the move. Chapman was in a hurry. There was much ground to cover, many details to investigate. He rode into Paris shortly after sunrise. Above him on the surrounding heights of the little settlement he noticed small parties of enemy horsemen. They were at safe distance and they gave him an ominous feeling. But he anticipated no trouble: their numbers were too small.

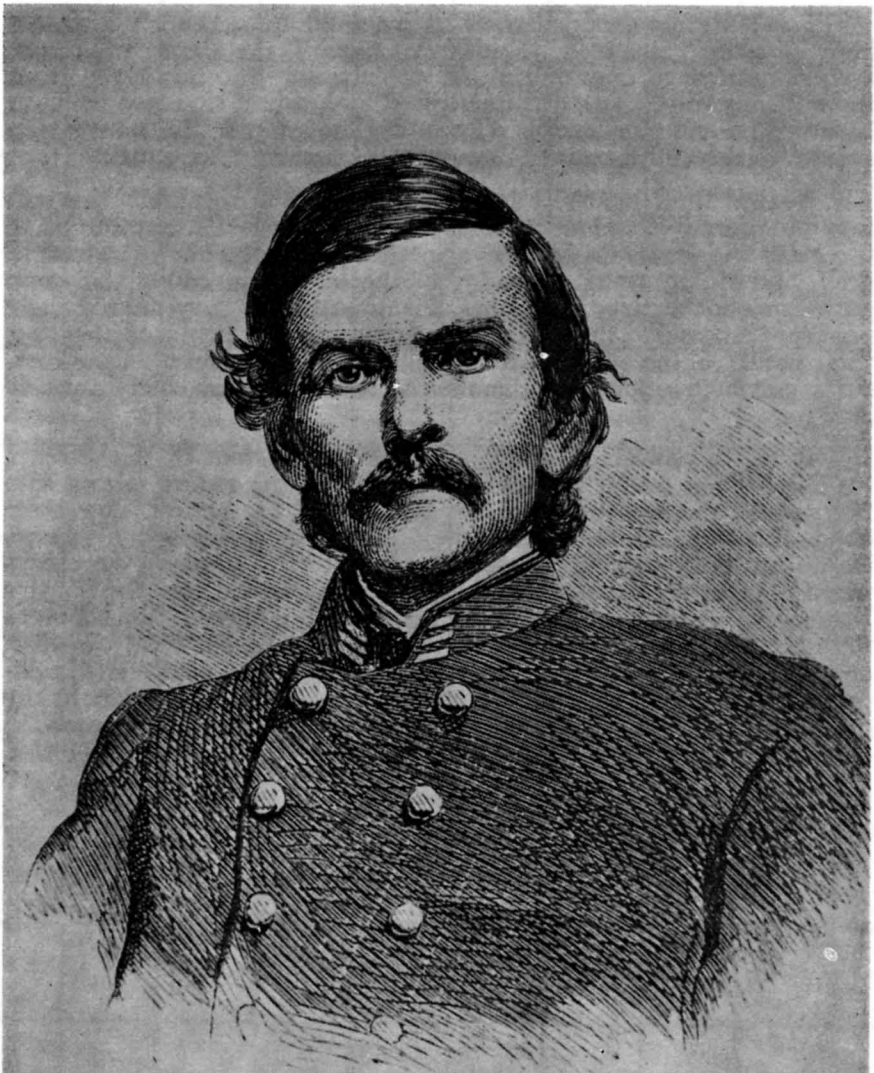
In a few hours he trotted towards Snickersville (Bluemont), arriving around 2 P.M., much fatigued. The day had become uncomfortably hot, and the men were in need of rest. He called a halt for an hour, sent forward one squadron to meet Captain Compson and to hold him in Snicker's Gap until the others arrived. He had seen no more of the enemy who had haunted him at Paris.

Compson was waiting in the gap when the squadron came up. A breeze picked its way along the slope of the cut, feeling out the hollows, bringing pleasant respite from the heat. With it came the odor of sunburned grass, daisy pollen, and a faint tinge of shaded fern. Its softness harmonized perfectly with the setting — leaves yellowing, but not yet brown . . . the ghostly sound of nuts falling from careless squirrels . . . yellow-shafted woodpeckers hammering against time. The single road through the gap, where countless Blue and Gray troops had marched back and forth, where the refuse of war still lay and rotted, was nature's bid for peace.

The Federals dropped their packs, their hats, their bodies. An hour elapsed. They took no notice of time. Some slept; some nodded; some droned over jokes and adventures. But this lapse from the military suddenly was interrupted by a sound that had come to be a symbolical part of the war — the Rebel yell, the nauseating scream of excited humans, abundantly punctured by gunfire.

Behind their peaceful front the leaves, the squirrels, the yellow-hammers had hidden a secret. During the last few minutes of the hour the Federals had been in the gap, sixty men, dressed in gray, had stolen along the ridge of the mountain, along the same path Compson's party had come. Dismounting as they neared their unsuspecting prey, they led their horses to the brink of the gap, their hands on the animals' muzzles. They looked down on the restful scene below for a few moments and then got ready for the charge.

It was a concerted affair. Each man, one foot in the stirrup, waited for the leader's signal. It came, and the riders swung into the saddle as their mounts, already poised for action, dug their cleats into the sod and raced down as easy slope upon the enemy. Confusion paralyzed the Federals. Many of the sleepers were captured before they fully realized what had happened, and the South's horse supply was boosted appreciably. All the enemy mounts were taken except a few that broke away and galloped toward the eastern entrance of the gap, along with several Union soldiers. Rounding up their captures, the Confederates disappeared quickly in the direction they had come. At their head rode William Chapman, in command of the Forty-third Battalion during the absence of Mosby.



CAPTAIN CHAPMAN.

Vineyard Fight

Dec. 16, 1864

Mosby & U. S. Cavalry

On Dec. 15th, Captain Chapman, with about 125 men, crossed the river at Berry's Ferry, hoping to meet a party of Yankee cavalry who were in the habit of coming down to the river, sometimes by way of White Post and Bethel and sometimes by Millwood. Chapman, in order to be sure of meeting them, divided his party, taking half with him towards White Post. The other half, under Lieutenant Russell, were secreted in Mrs. Cooke's wood, a part of the Vineyard farm (now the property of Mr. and Mrs. Townsend Burwell), in order to watch the road from Millwood. About noon, the Federals, 100 strong, under Capt. Wm. H. Miles, of the 14th Pennsylvania, approached cautiously, having been warned by a negro. "We can't get across the river without being butchered," Russell told his men, "so the only safe thing is to whip them. Don't fire a shot until you are in forty steps of them, and we will whip them." The Federals made a good fight, but in the end they had to give way. Captain Miles was killed and about nine others, twenty were wounded and sixty-eight taken prisoners. About sixty horses were captured. None of Russell's men were injured. This was a most successful fight, and the credit in great measure is due our county man, Jno. S. Russell. (Gold, HISTORY OF CLARKE COUNTY, pp. 129-130)

The Vineyard Fight

On State Route 723 (old U. S. 50), about 1¾ mi. east from Millwood, is a polished granite marker on the north side of this highway, one of the many in Clarke County erected years ago by The Confederate Veterans. The inscription cut thereon reads "Vineyard Fight December 16, 1864. Mosby & U. S. Cavalry."

When I went to Woodberry Forest School in the fall of 1906, I first met Capt. Robert S. Walker, one of the Captains in Mosby's Regiment of Confederate Cavalry. He was the father of the six sons for whose education Woodberry was founded.

I was a poor home-sick little rat. I thought that every one's hand was against me, and quite a number of them were. Capt. Bob was not one of the teachers, but quite the charming host. When he found that I was from "Mosby's Country" he took a special interest in me, recalling that he, with Col. Mosby and the other officers of the Regiment, had been invited to lunch at Carter Hall on the occasion of the first conference looking towards surrender after Appomattox with the Yankee commander of the troops in Winchester, whom they met in Millwood.

Another of Capt. Bob's recollections had to do with the fight commemorated by the stone marker. "We got word that every morning a picked cavalry squadron came down from Winchester to Berry's Ferry on The Shenandoah to make sure that all was quiet, and that Mosby was up to no devilment. On Col. Mosby's orders I hid my squadron in The Vineyard Woods to ambush this reconnaissance group to teach them to stay out of harm's way. We jumped out of cover and took them completely by surprise, chaseing them back through Millwood in the direction of Winchester in great disorder.

"Their mounts were fat and shiny, ours were skinny and rough coated like ourselves, but they were able to run. Their Captain had a beautiful chestnut mount that I felt I just had to have. I caught up with him where the stream crosses the road west of Millwood. I didn't want to kill their Captain, but I did want that chestnut horse. I knocked him off in that stream with the butt of my pistol, grabbed the bridle and galloped back with my men to the safety of Fauquier County. It wasn't what you might call a decisive battle, but it was temporarily successful." (Transcribed by George H. Burwell, III, August sixth, 1962.)

James J. Williamson — Mosby's Rangers

Second Edition
New York
Sturgis & Walton
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1909, pages 325-326

In December, 1864, Col. Mosby went to Richmond to confer with the authorities about the organization of his battalion, leaving Capt. Wm. H. Chapman in command. The portion of the Federal army in and around Winchester sent daily a scouting party of about 100 men to the Shenandoah River. Sometimes they would come by way of Millwood and return by way of Whitepost or vice versa.

Capt. Chapman determined to undertake the capture of this scouting party. He assembled, late on Dec. 16th, about 130 of his men and camped for the night on the side of the Blue Ridge Mountain. Next morning he crossed the river, where he divided his men, sending one half of them under Capt. Richards to watch the Millwood road, and with the remainder he took his position near the Whitepost road. His plan was to let the enemy pass them, no matter by which road they approached, and then charge them simultaneously in front and rear. Capt. Richards concealed his men in a wooded ravine about a half mile from Berry's Ferry on the road to Millwood.

During the forenoon a detachment of about 100 ment from the Fourteenth Pennsylvania Cavalry, under Capt. W. H. Miles, approached by way of the Millwood Turnpike. Having been informed that Mosby's men had been seen in the vicinity, Capt. Miles advanced cautiously with a large advance guard and flankers thrown well out on either side of the road. Although Richards had his men fully three hundred yards from the road, these flankers saw his vedettes and started to give the alarm. Richards immediately ordered a charge, and his men dashed out — part of them turning towards the advance guard, and part towards the main body of the enemy. Capt. Miles was riding with his advance guard. The Captain made a gallant fight but fell, mortally wounded. The entire advance guard of about 20 men was either killed, wounded or captured.

The main body of the Federals had not passed when Richards made his attack, which prevented carrying out Capt. Chapman's plan. After the shock of the first onslaught, this main body gave way slowly at first but soon the rout was complete, the enemy fleeing on the road toward Millwood. They were closely pursued by the Confederates, who used their pistols upon them at short range. One hand-to-hand encounter occurred between Robert Walk-

er and a Federal soldier, in which Walker was victorious. The pursuit was continued through the village of Millwood, when it was stopped by order of Capt. Richards in person. He took his men back, gathering up the prisoners and horses of the Federals. When near Berry's Ferry he met Capt. Chapman with the other division of the command, who, having heard the firing, hastened to the scene but was too late to participate in the fight. Richards explained why he had not been able to carry out his instructions. Capt. Chapman was disappointed at the failure of his plan, but was satisfied when he learned of the result. Richards had not lost a man, while 26 of the enemy were killed, 54 taken prisoners and about 80 horses captured.

The success of the engagement was due largely to the skill and gallantry of Lieut. John S. Russell, who led that portion of the men making the first charge upon the main body of Federals.

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[1]Gen. Tibbits to Major Russell: "The party sent to Millwood have just returned, having gone to the river at Berry's Ferry. The patrol under Captain Miles was attacked by about 300 men — 2 companies of Mosby's command and a detachment from McCausland's command. Captain Miles was killed, 1 lieutenant wounded, and 1 lieutenant captured. Our loss besides was 10 killed, 17 wounded, with 20 prisoners. The enemy immediately after making the attack, recrossed the river and could not be overtaken. The citizens report than only 20 men were taken across the river as prisoners."

Mt. Carmel Fight

Feb. 19, 1865

Mosby & U. S. Cavalry

On Feb. 19th, 1865, there occurred at Mt. Carmel Church, on the road from Berry's Ferry to Paris, one of the most successful fights made by Mosby's command. Major Gibson, with 125 men from the 14th Pennsylvania and 100 from the 21st New York, was sent to stir up "Mosby's Confederacy." They crossed the Shenandoah at Shepherd's Ford, and proceeded by the mountain road past Mt. Carmel Church to Paris, where they divided, part going to Upperville, and the rest under Gibson towards Markham. As they went, they searched houses for Mosby's men, who sometimes stayed in the homes in that neighborhood. This march was made during the night, hoping to find every one asleep and thus easy prey. They did pick up about twenty-five, but news of their presence had got abroad, and by morning Major Richards was collecting a force which increased as the day went on. Following at a safe distance, they at last saw them enter Ashby's Gap and ascended the mountain. At Mt. Carmel, the road turns abruptly, and just as their rear guard reached this point, Richards charged them. The prisoners, who had been sent on in front, seeing their friends charging, formed across the road to Shepherd's Mill, the only road the Federals could retreat over, and although unarmed, thus assisted in the successful issue of the fight. Being armed only with carbines, the Yankees were no match in close quarters for men armed with pistols. Pressed on all sides they broke and ran pellmell for the river, throwing away guns, belts, chickens, turkeys and other plunder gathered on their trip. They pushed for Shepherd's Ford, Major Gibson, according to his report, trying to rally them, but really it looked as if he were leading them, as only he and a few others escaped across the river. Of the Federals, 13 were killed, a large number wounded, 63 captured, including several officers and 90 horses taken. This party was led by a deserter named Spotts. He made good his escape, much to the regret of Mosby's boys, who would have swung him up to a nearby chestnut tree with hearty good-will. (Gold, HISTORY OF CLARKE COUNTY, pp. 130-131)

Ranger Mosby

Virgil Carrington Jones

Pages 255-256

Through Loudoun Valley for weeks a couple of Confederate deserters had been riding in an effort to learn the hiding places of Mosby's men. Near the middle of February (1865), having learned that Ranger Dolly Richards was staying at his father's home near Upperville, they hurried into the Federal lines to report. On the 18th, a force of 228 men, augmented by a staff of scouts and the two deserters, left camp in the Shenandoah Valley. Four inches of snow lay on the ground as nature's contribution toward a successful expedition.

At Paris the Federals separated into two parties and took divergent routes, one led by Major Thomas Gibson, the other by Captain Henry E. Snow. Throughout the night they rode, intending to meet again at Upperville, but their plans went astray. The detail under Snow, first to come in at that point, uncovered two barrels of liquor and a third of its members proceeded to get hilariously drunk. Failing in his search for Richards and fearing consequences of an attack from the Rangers while such a large number of his troopers were tippling, Snow set out for camp an hour before dawn.

Gibson's party arrived at Upperville after daylight and set out immediately on the homeward journey, harassed continually front and rear by small parties of Rangers. At Paris, hostile fire was trained at them from behind a stone wall. They hurried on, through the village and into Ashby's Gap. With them they carried eighteen prisoners and fifty horses.

At Mount Carmel their route turned at a sharp angle toward Shepherd's Mill, along a narrow, rocky path that seemed to have been cut out of the mountain side. With soldiers unable to ride abreast in this narrow defile, Gibson called a halt and put things in order to resist an attack. Front and rear were strengthened and the rear guard was placed in charge of Captain D. K. Duff. Ahead of the rear guard and immediately behind the main body were strung out the prisoners and led horses. After these dispositions were in shape, Gibson rode to the head of the column and turned around to view the effect. It was a beautiful picture. Blue uniforms standing in strong color against the white background of snow. Sleek animals made sleeker by the fresh morning air. And all of it given a touch of medieval romance by the over-towering crags.

As he surveyed the riders he saw several men waving and making gestures back among the rear guard, which still had not turned off from the main road. Surprised and surmising there was trouble, he ordered troops near him to be on the alert and to move the captives and horses into the midst of the extreme advance.

"No sooner had I issued these commands then I saw Captain Duff and his party at the rear of the small party who marched in the rear of the led horses," Gibson later stated in a report in which he pleaded for investigation by a court of inquiry. "Captain Duff's command was coming at a run. I saw Rebels among and in the rear of the party, charging. I ordered the command forward, fired a volley and ordered a charge, which the men did not complete. Captain Duff in the meantime was trying to rally his men in the rear of my line. Before his men had reloaded their pieces, I had fired another volley and ordered a second charge. All the prisoners and led horses had not yet entered the path. The charge was met by one from the enemy and the command was broken. The men had no weapons but their carbines; these were extremely difficult to load and inefficient in the melee that ensued."

This fight was one of the most brilliant encountered by the Rangers and was a fine reminder of the wisdom of Mosby's decree that revolvers should be the weapons of the Rangers. Thirteen Federals were killed; many were wounded. Sixty-three, including several officers, were taken prisoner and ninety horses were captured. The Partisans had but one casualty.

Confederate Wizards of the Saddle

Bennett H. Young

Pages 398-415

Colonel Mosby was wounded several times, and in December, 1864, he was desperately injured and was compelled to take a long furlough.

In 1863 there came to Colonel Mosby's command a young Virginian, A. E. Richards. Beginning as a private, by his soldierly qualities he rose to be Major. Christened Adolphus Edward Richards, he became known among Mosby's followers as "Dolly." When he succeeded Mosby he was just twenty years of age, and no man in the Confederacy, twenty years old, accomplished more or exhibited a nobler courage or more remarkable skill and enterprise.

From December, 1864, until April, 1865, was one of the most strenuous periods of Mosby's command. The Federal Army was then engaged around Richmond, and this left a hundred miles' space for the operation of these aggressive cavaliers. For months, while Mosby was off, wounded, Major Richards not only took up but efficiently carried on his work. Two of the fights in which he commanded were used by Colonel George Taylor Denison, of Canada, in his work on "Modern Cavalry," published in 1868, to illustrate the superiority of the revolver as a weapon for cavalry.

Just at this time, Colonel Harry Gilmor, who enjoyed a wide reputation as a partisan leader in Northern Virginia and Maryland, had been surprised and made prisoner. The Federals, encouraged by this success, undertook to capture Major Richards and scatter Mosby's men.

General Merritt, then in charge of the Federal cavalry in "Mosby's Confederacy," sent the same detail which had caught Gilmor to hunt down Richards and his followers. The party comprising this force numbered two hundred and fifty men and was in charge of Major Thomas Gibson of the 14th Pennsylvania Cavalry. This officer, in the past, had shown that he was not only brave but resourceful, and his superiors hoped as well as expected that he would do great things on this expedition. If he could catch Major Richards and a part of his command, it meant peace in the Federal rear and the release of many thousands of men for action at the front. Promotion was sure to follow success, and the Federal leader dreamed of becoming a Brigadier and winning a renown that would make him famous.

Attracted by the adventurous nature of the expedition and also lured by the hope of success in the work, two of Merritt's staff officers, Captain Martindale and Lieutenant Baker, volunteered to aid in this scout. This command crossed the Shenandoah River at

night. A few miles away from the river, at Paris, in Fauquier County, the force was divided. Major Gibson took with him the men of his own regiment, which comprised one-half of the command, and placed the other half, from the 1st New York Cavalry, in charge of Captain Snow. These forces separated with the understanding that they would make wide circuits through the country, would gather prisoners and seize horses, and meet at Upperville at daylight, six miles from Paris. A couple of deserters from the 12th Virginia regiment acted as guides for the two detachments.

Through the report of a spy, Captain Snow learned that Major Richards had come that night to his father's house, near Upperville, and the Captain felt it would be a great feather in his cap if he could make the leader of Mosby's command a prisoner. This was what Major Gibson had been chiefly sent to do. The Federal Captain calculated if he could do this, he would win the applause and gratitude of his countrymen. They reached "Green Garden," the Richards' ancentral home, at one o'clock in the morning. Without warning or signal of any kind the Federal soldiers surrounded the house and the leader knocked for admittance at the front door. Hearing was very acute in those days where Mosby's men slept, and the knock, although at first not very heavy, awoke Major Richards, Captain Walker and Private Hipkins, who were together spending the night under the hospitable roof. The moon was shining with brilliance; not a cloud obscured its brightness. The ground was covered with snow. When the Confederates looked through the blinds, they saw the yard filled with Federal soldiers. On other occasions, when the odds were not so great, Major Richards and some of his companions had shot their way out, but he dared not try this experiment this time, for it meant almost certain death. To meet such emergencies, the Richards family had provided a trap door in the floor of the family room. Major Richards had only time to seize his pistols and his field glasses, and his companions hastily caught up their arms, and all went scurrying down through the trap door into the space under the sills. This trap door was in the lower floor and covered with an oil carpet, over which a bed was rolled.

The Federals remained silent for a few moments, knocked again with more fury, and upon forcing themselves into the house, the men in blue found Major Richards' uniform, his boots with the spurs attached, his white hat with its black ostrich plume, and they chuckled and said to themselves, "We have caught him at last." Forcing the father of Major Richards to furnish them candles they searched the house over and over again. They went from cellar to garret and from garret to cellar. One officer suggested that in order to make sure of their game they burn the house, but another, with nobler instincts and better impulses, protested so vigorously that this plan was abandoned. For two hours they scrutinized every portion of the house, the outbuildings, the stables, the cabins, but all in vain, and they finally concluded that by some strange sport of chance their victims had escaped; and they mounted their horses and rode away to Upperville.

The hours of search were moments of sore trial to the three Confederates under the floor. A sneeze, a cough, would betray their hiding place. Discovery meant prison — maybe death — and certainly retirement from the work in which they delighted and which gave them the consciousness of service to the country to which they had offered their fortunes and their lives. Minutes lengthened into days. The tread of the searching Federals echoed ominously into the silence and darkness of their place of refuge. Their hearts beat strong and fast — so furiously that they feared they might reveal their presence to their enemies. Huddled close together, with a trusty pistol in each hand, they waited for what fate might bring. They reviewed over and over again in their minds what they should do, if found. Should they open fire and sell their lives as dearly as possible, or by sudden rush seek to run the gauntlet of their foes, and thus bring ruin the torch upon their family and friends, or accept a long and baneful imprisonment. In the gloom and dread of their prison, they could hear every word that was spoken. The curses and threats to the father and mother cut deep into their hearts, and they longed for a chance to resent the insults that were heaped upon the inmates of the home. Only an inch of wood separated them from their pursuers, and thus through two long hours they listened, watched — even prayed — that they might not be found. The torture of body and mind became almost unbearable, and they questioned if they should not rise up, push the trap door ajar, open fire, and rush away in the din and confusion such an attack was sure to bring. Each moment that passed they realized added new chances for escape, and though moments seemed years, with hearts for every lot, they bided the end.

Captain Snow and his men rode to the place of rendezvous. There, fortunately or unfortunately, the Federals found a barrel of apple brandy. It was a bitter cold night, and after taking a little brandy they all took some more and a large number of the men became intoxicated. Captain Snow decided that the best thing for him to do was to hurry back through Paris and cross the Shenandoah, lest when the sun rose, Mosby's men might turn out in large numbers and destroy him, with his force weakened by their potations.

Suspecting a ruse, the Richards family looked well in every direction to see that all the Federals had gone, and that none were lurking in the shadows of the farm structures. They waited, and then waited some more, to be sure that there was no mistake about their departure, and then the bed was rolled back, the trap door raised, and Major Richards and his two companions, called by those above, hastily emerged from their hiding place. Though their uniforms were carried away by their enemies as a trophy, they felt they were not without some compensation. Their horses, which had been turned loose in a distant pasture, had neither been seen or captured.

They greeted their steeds with affectionate pats on their noses and sincerely congratulated themselves that these had been spared

them in the very close call which had passed their way. The Confederate commander immediately sent Ceptain Walker and Private Hipkins in different directions with urgent orders to all the men to follow in the track of the enemy. This they could easily do by the moonlight. All three rode at highest speed in different directions to tell the news. The steeds were not spared. Haste was the watchword of the call to comrades once found. Each was urged to spread the news in the plain and on the mountain sides, and to let nothing stay them in the ride for vengeance and retribution. The Federals had left a well-marked trail, and this made pursuit sure and rapid. Those following were told that it was the plan to strike the enemy before they could recross the Shenandoah, and that they must ride fiercely, halt not, and be prepared for onslaught, pursuit and battle.

Captain Snow rode hard and fast, and he got across the river before the sun was up. Major Gibson was not so fortunate. With one hundred and thirty-six men, when the Confederates under the urgent call of the couriers that were sent in every direction began to get together, Gibson was still on the turnpike leading through Ashby's Gap across the Blue Ridge Mountains. They had not gotten down to the foot of the mountains and were just ahead of Major Richards and the men that he and his companions had so quickly summoned. There was no time to count or figure the odds. This incursion must be resented and few or many, Richards resolved to attack wherever he found the foe. He had fought as great odds before, and the extraordinary experience of the night had quickened his taste for battle and blood. When he came in touch with the Federals, he had only twenty-eight men. Five to one had no terrors for these galloping cavaliers, and Major Richards determined to make an attack, be the consequences what they would. In the meantime, ten others came up, and now he had one to four.

The turnpike at Ashby's Gap winds its way up the mountain side by a succession of short curves. Major Richards arranged his men to press an attack on the enemy while they were passing around these curves, so that his real strength would be concealed. The Federal officer, uncertain what might happen in this country, but sure that dangers were lurking in every quarter, had increased his rear guard to forty men under the command of Captain Duff of the 14th Pennsylvania. A sight of the bluecoats aroused every Mosby man to impetuous and furious action. They longed to resent some rough handling that had been given their comrades a few days before; they bitterly remembered with indignation the treatment accorded their associates; and above all they desired to serve notice on their invaders that it was a risky business to hunt Mosby's men in their chosen haunts.

The Confederates rode down in a furious, headlong charge around the bend of the road and received a volley from the Federal rear guard. This did no damage, but the Federals broke into a gallop; with disordered ranks and shattered files they all scrambled

away for safety, and undertook to reach the main force. The Confederates, spurring and whooping and yelling, dashed in among these retreating Federals and used their six shooters with tremendous effect. The Federals could not fire their longer guns. There was no chance to turn, and the rear files felt the pitiless onslaught of the Confederate column, which was riding so furiously and bent on destroying their fleeing foes. The shooting was almost altogether on the side of the Confederates.

At the top of (actually half way down) the mountains was Mt. Carmel Church. Here the Baptists of the neighborhood hitherto were accustomed to come and worship long before the war. Its peaceful surroundings and its memories of God's service were not in harmony with the rude and savage war scenes enacted about it on this wintry morn. The men who rode at that hour with Richards were not thinking of the dead, who in the quiet and peace of the country churchyard were waiting Heaven's call for the resurrection. They were now dealing only with the living, and those living who had invaded their country, ravaged their homes, and sought to destroy their liberty. Courage nerved every arm, valor moved every heart. They thought only of punishing their foes and bringing ruin and destruction on these men who had oftentimes, with ruthless barbarity, inflicted grievous wrongs upon their kinsmen and countrymen.

The turnpike passed in front of the church. Upon the road Major Gibson drew up his men in column. When they heard the firing and saw the galloping cavalrymen, they did not at first understand the situation, but as the surging crowd came closer they observed the Federals and Confederates were riding toward the rear guard and these were in a gallop, the latter could not use their carbines. At the gait they were going it was impossible to aim and fire with the least assurance of hitting anybody.

The pursuit was rapid and fierce. The fleeing enemy were helpless. The Confederates were moved to savage onslaught and resolved to kill and slay with all the abandon that war creates. There were few of the Confederate riders that did not have some wrong to avenge, and to these there was no better time than the present. There were at first no calls for surrender. There was no chance for parley. War meant fighting, and fighting meant killing those who opposed. The Federals had no chance to turn and ask for their lives. The time in this battle had not yet come for this cry. The Confederates rode into the files of the Federals with their pistols in hand; they shot as they rode, and they made no distinction among their foes. When one file of the Confederates exhausted their shots another took their place. There was no let-up in punishing the fleeing Federals. When the loads were all used, they reversed their revolvers and knocked their foes from their steeds with the butt end of their weapons. The hotly pursued rear guard, under Captain Duff, had no time to tell Major Gibson of what had happened. The turnpike went down the mountain, and that was

open. If they turned aside they knew not what might come, and when they saw Major Gibson's men drawn up in line ready for the fray, it came into their minds that he was better prepared than they were to deal with these men in gray who were riding and firing with devilish vehemence, so the rear guard galloped on by.

It was a perplexing sight to see these men of opposite sides thus mingling in combat, and the soldiers in Major Gibson's line looked with amazement at the confusion, pursuit and flight.

The men of the rear guard had no time to inform Major Gibson of the situation; the men with Major Richards were not disposed to pass them by, and the thirty-eight Confederates responded to the command to turn and attack the column waiting by the roadside. The men with Richards veered to the right and galloped into the midst of Gibson's men, pushed their revolvers into the faces of the surprised Federals and opened a furious and murderous attack.

The assault was so unexpected and so savage that it disorganized Major Gibson's line. Richards' men broke through the column and severed it in twain. Then a panic struck the Federal force. Its men, demoralized, quickly followed the madly fleeing Federal rear guard down the mountain side. Another chance was now opened up. It was seven miles to the Ford (Shepherd's) of the Shenandoah River, and the Federals, unless they re-formed, could expect no respite or safety until this stream was passed. It would require an hour for the Federals, in this race for life, to reach the ford, and until then there was little hope of escape from danger, capture and death.

The Federals could not use their carbines with one hand, while the Confederates could hold their bridles with their left hands and fire their revolvers with their right. Part of Major Gibson's men were shot down before they could even offer resistance or turn in flight. In an instant, the Federals began to give way and started down the side of the mountain, along which only two men could ride abreast. The moment the retreat was begun it became headlong. Again and again brave officers in blue attempted to stay the flight. A few men would halt by the wayside, but the feeling of the hour with the Federals was to escape, and it was impossible to get enough Federals together to stop the stampede.

As the Confederate advance guard fired their revolvers into the backs of the retreating foe, they would either drop back and reload their weapon, or else those behind them who had full cylinders would ride up and continue the fire into the fleeing enemy. In the wild chase of the Federals the Confederates observed one on a dun horse. He was brave and was fighting desperately to protect the rear of his men, and urging them to halt and face their foe. When Major Richards observed that the efforts of this Federal soldier were having some effect upon his comrades, he called to two of his soldiers, Sidney Ferguson and Charles Dear, to "kill the man on the dun horse." This person had not bargained for this singling

out of himself as a target for Confederate shots. When these ominous words fell upon his ears, he put spurs to his horse and in a reckless frenzy forged his way past his comrades and was not afterwards seen in the rout. The two Confederates who were endeavoring to capture or kill the man on the dun horse, at this point made Lieutenant Baker of General Merritt's staff a prisoner.

This rapid and relentless following was continued for seven miles down the narrow road, and it only ended on the banks of the Shenandoah River. Scattered along the highway were wounded and dead animals. Thirteen Federal troopers were still in death on the roadside. Sixty-four prisoners were taken and more than ninety horses captured. Captain Duff, the commander of the rear guard, was among the wounded prisoners. Among the revolvers captured was one with Colonel Harry Gilmor's name carved upon the guard. Reading this inscription, Major Richards asked Lieutenant Baker, his prisoner, how the Federals happened to have this pistol, and he was then informed for the first time that Colonel Gilmor had been captured.

Major Gibson, the Federal commandant, was among the few who escaped. He reported his misfortune to General Merritt. It is published in Series 1, Volume 46, Part 1, Page 463, of the Records of the Rebellion. He said:

"I placed Captain Duff in charge of the rear guard, which consisted of forty men. I made the rear guard so strong, in proportion to the size of my command, owing to the enemy's repeated and vigorous attacks on it. I was at the head of the column, and turned and looking to the rear, I observed several men hold up their hands and make gestures which I supposed were intended to inform me that the rear was attacked. I immediately ordered the command, 'right into line.'

"No sooner had I issued these commands than I saw Captain Duff and his party at the rear of the small party who marched in the rear of the led horses. Captain Duff's command was coming at a run. I saw rebels among and in the rear of his party, charging. I ordered the command forward, fired a volley and ordered a charge, which the men did not complete. Captain Duff in the meantime was trying to rally his men in the rear of my line. Before his men had reloaded their pieces, I had fired another volley and ordered another charge . . . . The charge was met by one from the enemy and the command was broken. The men had no weapons but their carbines, and these were extremely difficult to load, and inefficient in the melee that ensued. I made every effort, as did Captain Duff and Captain Martindale and Lieutenant Baker, of the corps staff, to re-form the men, but our efforts were fruitless. The rebels had very few sabres, but were well supplied with revolvers, and rode up to our men and shot them down, without meeting more resistance than men could make with carbines.

There was a small ridge overlooking both parties, through

which the path led. I rode up to the side of this and formed the advance guard, which had returned to aid me. The enemy were amidst the men, and both parties were so mixed up that it was impossible to get the men in line. As fast as the men could force their horses into the path, where many of the men were crowded together, they broke for the river. I waited until I was surrounded, and only a half a dozen men left around; the balance had retreated toward the river, or were killed, wounded or captured. Captain Martindale, as he left, said to me: 'It is useless to attempt to rally the men here; we'll try it farther on.' I tried to ride to the front. Men were crowded into the path by twos and threes where there was really only room for one to ride. Men were being thrown and being crushed as they lay on the ground, by others; they were falling from their horses from the enemy's fire in front and rear of me. I rode past about twenty of the men and again tried to rally the men, but all my efforts were fruitless.

" . . . . . I was ordered to surrender, two of the enemy in advance endeavoring to beat me off my horse with their pistols . . . I reached the river; my horse fell several times in it, but at last I got across. Captain Martindale forced most of the men across to halt and form here, and cover the crossing of the few who had reached the river. Captain Martindale, myself, two scouts and twelve men were saved. We waited to see if more would come, but none came; eight had crossed and arrived at camp before us."

Major Gibson, in accounting for his disaster, says that his men, being armed with carbines alone, were "unable to engage in a melee successfully with an enemy armed with at least two revolvers to the man; also, I didn't know of the attack until I observed the rear guard coming in at full flight, mixed up with and pursued by the enemy." He concluded his report by asking for a "court of inquiry at the earliest practicable moment."

Colonel George Taylor Denison, who long held a leading commission as a Canadian cavalry officer, in his book on "Modern Cavalry," describes the results of this battle as one of the most remarkable in the history of cavalry warfare. He asserts the fight of Mosby's men at Mt. Carmel Church demonstrated the superiority of the pistol and revolver above all other weapons in cavalry combat, when these are in the hands of men who know how to use them.

The Confederates pursued the fleeing foe right up to the Shenandoah River. With his limited force Major Richards deemed it unwise to cross that stream. He marched back with his followers over the Blue Ridge Mountains to Paris, a little town in the northernmost part of Fauquier County. In this immediate neighborhood, and about Upperville, there had been many engagements between cavalry on both sides. Some of the severest cavalry fighting of the war occurred in this vicinity a few days after the Battle of Fleetwood Hill. Stuart and Pleasanton were for three days in contact about Upperville, Middleburg and Aldie, but none of these, considering the number engaged, were so brilliant as this conflict between Ma-

jor Gibson and Major Richards. Only two Confederates were wounded and none killed. This gallant fight was complimented by General Lee in a dispatch to the War Department.

As the Federals left the home of Major Richards' father, they took with them his uniform and his other trappings. When he emerged from the trap door there was nothing left for him to wear. The Federal soldiers had taken everything that they could lay their hands upon, hoping thereby to make the Major ride thereafter with a limited wardrobe. They wished also to exhibit them as a trophy won from Mosby's men.

Searching around, Major Richards found an old-fashioned, high top, black felt hat, badly worn and with many holes around the brim. He managed to secure a suit of brown Kentucky jeans and a pair of laborer's boots which had been discarded by some farm hand. Lacking an overcoat, his mother pinned her woolen shawl about his shoulders. It was not a very attractive garb. It might have served in a pinch for an infantryman, but it did not sit well upon a dashing cavalryman.

When Richards' command reached Paris the Federal prisoners had been corraled in an old blacksmith shop. While resting there the Confederate commander was informed that one of the prisoners desired to speak with him. When Major Richards arrived at the blacksmith shop, the courier indicated a handsomely dressed young officer as the one who had sent the message seeking an interview. The Confederate commander asked why he had been sent for. The Federal officer, surprised at the appearance of the Confederate, not then twenty-one years of age, said to Major Richards: "I desire to speak to the commanding officer." Major Richards, in his pride of achievement, forgot the sorry appearance he was making in the castoff clothing of the farm hand, and calmly looking the Federal in the eye, he said to him: "I am the commanding officer." The lieutenant, amazed, gazed carefully at the stripling, so grotesquely clad. He was too astounded to be able to speak. Waiting a brief time, Major Richards, in order to relieve the embarrassment, said, "Well, what is it you want?" The Federal lieutenant then informed the major that there was a captain among the prisoners who was severely wounded, and he wished to know if he could not be properly cared for. The solicitude of the wounded man's comrade appealed to the finer sentiments of the Confederate. Learning the name of the Federal captain, he directed him to be paroled and removed to the village hotel and placed under the care of the neighborhood physician, and directed that the bills for medical attention and board be sent to him for payment.

After this preliminary had been arranged, Major Richards turned to the lieutenant and said, "I notice you are wearing a staff officer's uniform;" to which response was made; "Yes, I am a lieutenant on General Merritt's staff." Then the Confederate commander asked, "How did you happen to be in this command?" The

Federal replied that he had been sent with orders under which Major Gibson was to make this raid, and he asked General Merritt to permit him to go along just for the fun of it; to which the Confederate replied: "I hope, Lieutenant, you have enjoyed it more than your surroundings seem to indicate."

The wounded officer was Captain Duff, who had commanded the rear guard. He speedily recovered and was permitted to return to his home. In later years when statements were made that Mosby had mistreated his prisoners, the grateful captain made a vigorous defense of Mosby and his men, and extolled both their humanity and their mercy.


Yours Truly
A. R. Richards

Partisan Life with Col. John S. Mosby

by Major John Scott

N. Y., Harper & Bros. 1867, pages 446-452

I will now give you an account of the Mount Carmel fight, which occurred about the middle of February.

Spotts, a deserter from the Eleventh Virginia Cavalry, had been instrumental in the capture, at their homes of about thirty officers and men belonging to the brigade of which he had been a member. Emboldened by success, the deserter had crossed the mountain into Fauquier, to collect information which would lead to farther captures. At Simpers's Mill, which is situated in a gorge of the Blue Ridge, on the mountain-track which leads from Paris to Markham, the spy stopped by to have his horse shod, and learned from several of his old acquaintances, who had not yet heard of his desertion, the presence in the neighborhood of Colonel White and also of several members of the Partisan Battalion. From Simpers's Mill, Spotts, habited like a Confederate soldier, proceeded to the neighborhood of Upperville, where he was informed that Major Richards was at home. From this place he recrossed the mountain, and reported his discoveries at the headquarters of Tibberts's cavalry brigade. In consequence, with Spotts for a guide, a raiding-party of one hundred and twenty-five men from the 1st New York Cavalry and an equal number from the 14th Pennsylvania was dispatched to Fauquier, under command of Major Gibson, of the latter regiment, who was accompanied by several of General Merritt's staff officers. Major Gibson forded the Shenandoah at Sheppard's Mill and proceeded to Paris, where he arrived at midnight. Here he divided his command; the New Yorkers he sent to Upperville, with orders there to remain until he joined them, while with the Pennsylvanians he went toward Markham by the road which passes Simpers's Mill.

As soon as the detachment arrived at Upperville, a party was dispatched to capture Major Richards, at the residence of his father, and Captain Robert Walker, who was understood to be with him. The house was surrounded and closely searched, but the two officers, together with John Hipkins, had been successfully concealed, by means of a trap-door, which had been constructed in view of such an emergency. Satisfied that Richards and his comrade had received notification of their approach, the nocturnal visitors returned to their command, which, during their absence, had been likewise active in searching for soldiers. They had captured several, but, what was of far more importance, had discovered several barrels of apple brandy, on which almost the entire command had gotten drunk. For this reason, instead of waiting for Major Gibson, the detachment was marched across the Shenandoah and back to their camp, followed by Major Richards, with a small party, as far as the river.

We will not follow Major Gibson, who, before his return to the river, fell in with something much less agreeable than a barrel of apple brandy. Arrived at Simpers's Mill, he was disappointed in not finding Colonel White, as the deserter had reported, but succeeded in capturing his adjutant and Jerry Wilson, of Mosby's Battalion. The raiding-party, after visiting Markham, marched to Upperville, as had been agreed upon, and on the route made prisoner Mosby's fighting quartermaster.

Jerry Wilson was in the depths of despair, for his marriage was to have been consumated the next day, until he cast his eyes and beheld Slice Barbour's Jim Banks horse, which, like Jerry, had been picked up on the march. Hope at once revived in the breast of the dependent bridegroom; for, said he, "if I can only induce this rascal of a guard to let me have Slice Barbour's horse, my escape, as we cross the mountain, is almost certain." So Jerry put on his blandest smile, and obtained from his guard permission to exchange the cob he was riding for the celebrated steed of his friend and neighbor.

On the return march, when the Federal column reached Paris, Major Gibson was beseiged by the tears and entreaties of the mountain beauty to whom Jerry Wilson was betrothed. But he turned a deaf ear to them, and Jerry, mounted on the Jim Banks horse, with a cocked pistol at his ear, accompanied the Federal column, reflecting on the vicissitudes to which true love is ever exposed.

Lieutenant Wren, who has a touch of bloodhound about him, with a small party had followed Major Gibson on his circuitous route, harassing his march at every step, and by the time he returned to Paris had collected as many as thirty men. At this place he was joined by Major Richards, who was welcomed with huzzas by the men. They demanded to be led without delay against the enemy's rear-guard, which was about equal in number to themselves. But Richards, rising in his saddle, proudly told them that he meant to attack the column. Leaving a man in Paris to send to the front the Rangers as fast as they arrived at that place, he formed his command into column and swiftly followed the track of the enemy, who could yet be seen slowly proceeding up the mountain toward Ashby's Gap. When he reached the toll-gate the rear-guard was visible at the next bend of the road, about one hundred yards in advance, but the main body was concealed from view.

On either side of the turnpike at this point the Blue Ridge lifts its towering heights, and, together with the serpentine course of the road, prevented the enemy from discovering the strength of their pursuers, and at the same time prevented them from making use of their own superiority in numbers. Here Richards resolved to make the fight, and gave the order to charge. The enemy's rear-guard faced about, fired an ineffectual volley from their carbines, and then turned to retreat. The Confederates, however, continued

the charge until the rear-guard was driven into the column, which had just begun to form in an open space in front of Mount Carmel Church, which stands at the junction of the turnpike with the road leading to Sheppard's Mill.

They fiercely assaulted the Federals with revolvers at close range, who replied with the carbines. But the superiority of the revolver, as in the case with Captain Blazer, was soon evident. As the Partisans mingled with the enemy, the latter began to retire toward Sheppard's Mill, at first slowly, then more rapidly — a walk, a trot, a gallop, and then a headlong flight. The road appears to have been dug out of the mountain, is narrow, rough, and hilly, and is crossed at short intervals by streams of water that gush from the mountain side. Not more than two men could ride abreast — a fact which greatly protected the retreat of the enemy.

While the pursuit was in progress, Major Richards observed a Federal soldier endeavoring to protect his comrades by firing back on the pursuers. He turned to Jack Robinson, of the 6th Virginia, and inquired if he could not shoot that man.Syd Ferguson, who was immediately behind Robinson, gave Fashion the spur, and at one bound placed himself next to the enemy.

"Which one did you say, major?"

"The man on the dun horse," Richards replied.

Ferguson at once dashed forward, but succeeded only in capturing Lieutenant Baker, of General Merritt's staff, for the man on the dun horse, who was Spotts, hearing himself singled out, soon made off, and was lost among the fugitives.

The Rangers had been compelled from time to time to stop in order to prevent their prisoners from escaping to the mountain. In consequence, Major Richards, after the chase had continued for four miles, found himself entirely alone. He had captured a sergeant and a private, whom he left under a promise to remain where they were until his return. But, as he rode off, he perceived that they had broken their compact, for, again mounted, they were preparing to strike into the woods. Richards returned, and would have killed them for their breach of faith but for the appearance of Jim Wiltshire and a comrade. The prisoners were turned over to the custody of the latter, and Richards and Wiltshire continued the pursuit. Wiltshire stipulated that he should have the next chance, and was soon gratified. Approaching the river, they came again in sight of the enemy. The Ranger singled out his man, and starting his horse at full speed, shot him dead at the distance of a few paces, for Wiltshire always prefers short range.

I will in this connection describe with particularity the process of "going through" a Yankee.

Several prisoners were captured on the river bank, and several, in the act of crossing, were ordered by Wiltshire to return,

which they did without hesitation. His first act was to demand their greenbacks, his second to demand their pistols.

"How much money have you?" said he to one of the captives.

"Twenty-five dollars," responded the Yankee, in dolorous tones.

"Good," said Jim; "my friend, it is the very sum I stand in need of," and the Ranger smiled complacently at his prisoner, for this is one of the amenities of war which Wiltshire always practices when he gets hold of a fat Yankee.

During this dialogue and transfer of property, the enemy from the opposite bank kept up a brisk fire at the Ranger, but he was so deeply engaged in counting his money that he did not so much as raise his eyes as the balls whistled about him. The prisoners were turned over to a member of the command who had just come up, and Richards and Wiltshire, again hunting in couples, crossed the river, and captured a number of horses that had been abandoned by their riders. With this booty they returned to Mount Carmel Church.

The results of the fight were thirteen of the enemy killed, and about an equal number wounded, sixty-four taken prisoners, and ninety horses captured. Among the prisoners was a wounded captain, who had commanded the Federal rear-guard. He was a parson by trade, and his arm had been shattered. Richards released him from captivity that he might return to his friends, but he did not get farther than Berry's Ferry, where he died. The only loss which Major Richards sustained was Iden, of Lee's army, who was accidentally shot, and Dr. Sowers, who was wounded in the beginning of the fight. This gallant fight was complimented by General Lee in a dispatch to the Department.

Major Gibson had gathered on his raid about fifteen prisoners and twenty horses, which, having been recovered, ought to be credited to Major Richards.

But you will be curious to know how it fared with Jerry Wilson and the Jim Banks horse amid the hurly-burly. As soon as the fight at Mount Carmel began, Jerry at once looked out for a chance to make a break, but the Yankee who had him in charge cocked his pistol, and compelled the captive reluctantly to move forward in the direction of Sheppard's Mill, determined, let the fight go as it might, to carry him off. Presently the rout began, and off Jerry and his Yankee started. At first Jerry thought to outrun him on the Jim Banks horse, but the Yankee rather had the foot of him. Jerry then determined again to have recourse to strategem; so, when the guard was looking another way, he broke off to the right hand in the mountain, but closely followed by his inevitable Yankee. The fugitive soon found his course up the mountain side barred by a frowning ledge of rocks, which he could not flank, and with sad heart abandoned his horse and continued his flight on foot, and

without looking behind him, expecting every moment to be shot through the head by his villianous guard. He scrambled up the ledge, and was about to conceal himself under one of its projecting eaves, when he heard the sound of the pursuer on his tracks. Off he again started, and continued his flight until he reached a clearing on the top of the mountain, where, exhausted, the luckless bridgegroom sank upon the ground, unable to proceed farther. But great was Jerry's astonishment and delight when, instead of the horrid Yankee with a cocked pistol in his hand, he saw his faithful companion, the Jim Banks horse, gallop up. In another moment he mounted on his steed, and was making his way with the unerring sagacity of a lover along the mountain to Simpers's Mill, near which dwelt his dark-eyed beauty.

James J. Williamson — Mosby's Rangers

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Sunday, February 19, 1865 — I was aroused from my sleep early in the morning by one of the little black boys clattering up the stairs — his feet being encased in a pair of old shoes many sizes too large for him. At every step he called out at the top of his voice: "Yankees! Yankees!" Jumping out of bed, I soon slipped on my clothes and stepped into the hall, fastening my belt with pistols around my waist as I went out. In the dim light I saw a soldier running up the stairs, clad in a heavy overcoat with cape. My first thought was that the enemy had surrounded and were searching the house, but as he came closer I recognized Captain Walker, of Company B.

"The Yankees have been at Richards' house" (the adjoining farm), "and are now on their way to Upperville," said he. "Go off toward Bloomfield and send all the men you find out on the turnpike, as they will most likely cross the river at Berry's Ferry."

My horse being in the stable, I was soon in the saddle and on my road, stopping at each house to inquire whether any of our men were about, and, if so, directed to hurry them out to the turnpike. At Bloomfield I turned and went back along the Trap road, under cover of the mountain, gathering up all the men on my way and coming out on the pike at the upper end of the town of Upperville.

We now found Richards had already passed, on the track of the enemy. Following on, we came up with him as he was about making a charge on the Federal cavalry. which was then entering the Mount Carmel road.

A body of 250 Federal cavalry, consisting of detachments of the Fourteenth Pennsylvania and Twenty-first New York Cavalry, guided by a Confederate deserter named Spotts, crossed the Shenandoah river at Shepherd's Mill ford, and, passing through Ashby's Gap, divided at Paris.[2]

One party of 100 (Twenty-first New York) came to Upperville before daylight, from which place they sent a detachment to the house of Jesse Richards (father of Major Richards) and surrounded it. There were in the house at the time Major Richards, Capt. Robert S. Walker and private John Hipkins. Hearing a rap at the door, Captain Walker got up and was about to open it, when one of

the Federal soldiers, growing impatient, thundered away at the door with the butt of his carbine. Walker immediately went back and he and the others hid themselves. Upon forcing open the door, the Federals struck a light and searched the house, but did not succeed in finding Richards or his companies, though they got most of their clothes. They ransacked every drawer and closet in the house, taking silverware and everything they fancied. The most serious loss to the Major, however, was a handsome new dress uniform and overcoat, which he had just received from Baltimore.

After leaving Richards' house, the detachment of Federal cavalry returned to Upperville to rejoin their companions, to find them all gloriously drunk — thoroughly saturated with apple-jack. In their search for rebels, they found two barrels of the enemy and in their encounter with old jack they were completely overcome, so that their commander was compelled to withdraw his forces, carrying off his wounded and leaving his dead on the field unburied. Five or six of the New Yorkers were so stupidly drunk that they could not get away. The others were taken across the Shenandoah river and returned to their camp.

Major Gibson, with his detachment of 150 of the Fourteenth Pennsylvania Cavalry, went along the mountain road to Markham and Piedmont (Delaplane) and thence to Upperville, where they expected to join the Twenty-first New York. but not finding them, and seeing little parties of our men watching their movements from the surrounding hills, they became alarmed and pushed on rapidly toward Ashby's Gap.

Sam. Alexander, George Triplett and Clem. Edmonds were sleeping in their little "shebang" when they heard the Federals at Mrs. Betsy Edmonds' house (now the residence of Mrs. Curtis Chappellear). Mounting their horses, they rode out and gave the alarm. At Brown's they found Lieutenant Wrenn, and picking up men as they moved on, followed the Federals, keeping they well closed up, but not yet strong enough to make an attack. At Upperville Wrenn was joined by Major Richards, who had donned a suit of his father's clothes and started in pursuit of the Federals.

Richards' force now numbered 43 men, and he decided to attack the Pennsylvanians in the Gap. He overtook them at Mount Carmel, in Ashby's Gap, where the road to Shepherd's Mill leaves the turnpike, and charged them on sight. They attempted to form and delivered a volley with their carbines; but the carbine was no match for the revolver at close quarters, and our men broke and routed them completely. The road from Mount Carmel to Shepherd's Mill, along which the Federals fled, was very narrow, and on either side was a thick growth of trees and brush. It was literally strewn with hats, belts, carbines, turkeys and chickens — both living and dead — clothing and plunder of all kinds, which the pillagers in their flight had thrown away. The blood from the wounded men and horses crimsoned the snow along the road.

Thirteen Federals were killed and a great number wounded; 63 prisoners, including several officers, were captured, with 90 horses. Five or six horses were killed. Nineteen prisoners, which the Federals had picked up on their road, were released, and a number of horses were recaptured and restored to their owners.

The only loss on our side was John Iden, of the regular army, who was accidentally killed in the excitement of the chase by one of our own men; and Dr. Sowers, who was slightly wounded.

Efforts were made to capture the deserter, Spotts, but being well mounted, he fled at the first attack and escaped.

In the latter part of the month of February, Colonel Mosby returned from the South to the command.

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[2]Report of Major Thomas Gibson, Fourteenth Pennsylvania Cavalry, commanding Expedition.

Gibson to Rumsey, Feb. 20, 1865: "I have the honor to report that, agreeable to directions from the Brigadier-General Commanding, I left camp at 6 p.m. for the purpose of crossing the Blue Ridge and making arrests and seizures of certain enemies and public property of the enemy agreeable to information received from two deserters from Mosby's command. I had with me 125 men and 3 officers of the Fourteenth Pennsylvania Cavalry and 100 men of the Twenty-first New York Cavalry, under command of Captain Snow, of the same regiment. There were 150 men detailed from the Fourteenth Pennsylvania Cavalry; six of the number were not furnished in time, 20 were directed to return to camp by the Assistant Inspector-General of the brigade, because of the non-efficiency of their horses. This reduced the number furnished by that regiment to 124 men, and making the total of the troops engaged 224 enlisted men.

About 11 p.m. I crossed the Shenandoah River at Shepherd's Ford. The expedition was accompanied by Captain Martindale and Lieutenant Baker, both of the staff of the major-general commanding Cavalry Corps. Captain Martindale was accompanied by 6 scouts. Lieutenant Draper, of the Twenty-first New York Cavalry, was detailed to accompany the expedition in charge of all the scouts; 4 enlisted men of the Twenty-first New York Cavalry were detailed as scouts and ordered to report to Lieutenant Draper.

Before starting from camp, having crossed the Shenandoah river, I ordered that when the command had reached Paris, all the scouts accompanying the command, except 2, should report to Lieutenant Draper; that Captain Snow, with the Twenty-first New York and one of the deserters from Mosby, should move in the direction of Upperville. Agreeable to the instructions of the brigadier-general commanding, I directed that Captain Snow should give due consideration to all information and suggestions tendered by

Lieutenant Draper with regard to roads, etc.,; that Lieutenant Draper should be governed to such an extent as he should deem proper by the information received from the deserter who accompanied him; that Lieutenant Draper and Captain Snow, with that portion of the command, should be at Upperville one hour before daylight on the 19th.

I stated that the Fourteenth Pennsylvania Cavalry would meet them there, and if either regiment should fail to be there at the appointed hour, the one on the ground await the arrival of the other until half an hour after daybreak. If at half an hour after daybreak either portion of the command present, they should move across the Shenandoah and camp. Before reaching Paris Captain Martindale expressed himself of the opinion that Piedmont (Delaplane) would be the better point to meet at. I accepted Captain Martindale's opinion because I had always understood that he was well informed regarding the geography of the country, while I am not. I sent for Lieutenant Draper, who was near me, in order to communicate my change of the place of rendezvous. I sent for him and directed him to communicate my change of orders to Captain Snow, because the command was obliged to march by file, and Captain Snow, who was the rear, would find it very difficult to pass the column. We were near Paris and time was precious. I told Lieutenant Draper that he would be held responsible for the communication of my orders. When I reached Paris, Captain Snow's column took the proper route; I think the Fourteenth Pensylvania Cavalry, 2 scouts and Captain Martindale and Lieutenant Baker, moved to the right of Paris. I proceeded to search such houses as were pointed out by the deserter from Mosby, who accompanied me, as the homes of Mosby's men and officers and the places used for storage of the enemy's supplies. At the first house I ordered to be searched, Lieutenant Jones, Fourteenth Pennsylvania Cavalry, whom I had ordered, with 25 men, to search all houses which I thought should be searched, was left with 2 men. Before he had finished searching, I moved the column, presuming Lieutenant Jones would follow the course the regiment had taken. Lieutenant Jones mistook the route taken by the regiment and failed to overtake it. I moved by way of Markham Station to a point on the road from Upperville to Piedmont, and 2 miles from the latter point. I arrived at this point at 6:30 a.m. I sent a patrol consisting of a sergeant and 10 men from the point to Piedmont. I sent a verbal message by the sergeant to Captain Snow to move immediately to my position, it being on the direct road to Winchester by way of Ashby's Gap. I directed the sergeant to move there and back rapidly. The sergeant having arrived at Piedmont, found that the Twenty-first New York Cavalry was not there and had not been there. Thinking Captain Snow might have pursued my first instructions to meet me with his command at Upperville, I expected to find that he had remained there until half an hour after daylight, and consequently he would not be far ahead of me.

On arriving at Upperville, I was astonished to find that Cap-

tain Snow had left that place at 5 o'clock that morning, instead of the later hour I had directed. Small parties of the enemy continually harassed our rear, and threatened our front and flanks. On arriving at Paris, they made strong demonstrations, and as we passed through that place the command was harassed by musketry from behind a stone wall. The stone wall was on elevated ground protected by natural obstacles from an attack from cavalry and protected perfectly from our fire. I succeeded in marching the command through the town without sustaining any loss. Up to this time I had captured 18 of the enemy, including Mosby's quartermaster and one lieutenant of the line, together with about 50 horses.

On arriving at a point on the road from Paris to Berry's Ferry where the road to Shepherd's Ford turns off, it became necessary to march the command by file, owing to a narrow passage through the rocks, of the path known as the road to Shepherd's Ferry. I halted the command to put everything in the best order, lest we should be attacked while in the path.

The following was the disposition of my command at the time: Lieutenant Jones was missing from the night before; Lieutenant Nesmith, Fourteenth Pennsylvania Cavalry, had been seriously wounded the preceding night; Captain D. K. Duff, Fourteenth Pennsylvania Cavalry, and myself were the only officers present for duty. I placed Captain Duff in charge of the rear guard, which consisted of 40 men. The advance and main portion of the command consisted of 50 men. The prisoners and led horses under guard of 25 men in the advance of Captain Duff's portion of the command and in the rear of the main body. I made the rear guard so strong, in proportion to the size of my command, owing to the enemy's repeated and vigorous attacks on it. I was at the head of the column. I turned around in order to observe the condition of the column, and looking to the rear, which had not entered the new direction, I observed several men hold up their hands and make gestures which I supposed were intended to inform me that the rear was attacked. I immediately ordered the command "right into line," ordered the prisoners and led horses to be moved forward quickly into the path and to follow the extreme advance, which I did not recall.

No sooner had I issued these commands, than I saw Captain Duff and his party at the rear of the small party who marched in the rear of the led horses. Captain Duff's command was coming at a run. I saw rebels among and in the rear of his party, charging. I ordered the command forward, fired a volley and ordered a charge, which the men did not complete. Captain Duff in the meantime was trying to rally his men in the rear of my line. Before his men had reloaded their pieces, I had fired another volley and ordered a second charge. All the prisoners and led horses had not yet entered the path. The charge was met by one from the enemy and the command was broken. The men had no weapons but their carbines and these were extremely difficult to load, and inefficient in

the melee that ensued. I made every effort, as did Captain Duff and Captain Martindale and Lieutenant Baker, of the corps staff, to reform the men, but our efforts were fruitless. The rebels had very few sabres, but were well supplied with revolvers, and rode up to our men and shot them down, without meeting more resistance than men could make with carbines. There was a small ridge overlooking both parties, through which the path led. I rode up the side of this and formed the advance guard, which had returned to aid me. The enemy were amidst the men, and both parties were so mixed up that it was impossible to get the men in line. As fast as the men could force their horses into the path, where many of the men were crowded together, they broke for the river. I waited until I was surrounded, and only a half dozen men left around; the balance had retreated toward the river, or were killed, wounded or captured. Captain Martindale, as he left, said to me: "It is useless to attempt to rally the men here; we'll try it farther on." I tried to ride to the front. The prisoners had placed the horses they were on and leading, across the path, so as to prevent the escape of the men. Men were crowded into the path by twos and threes where there was really only room for one to ride. Men were being thrown and being crushed as they lay on the ground, by others; they were falling from their horses from the enemy's fire in front and rear of me. I rode past about 20 of the men and again tried to rally the men, but all my efforts were fruitless.

I remained at this point until nearly all of our men were past me. I rode ahead of a portion of the command again and begged them to stop, but I couldn't rally them. My right leg was rendered useless by my horse falling over another, and, as he rose, a man riding fell against me, the whole weight of his animal being precipitated against my leg. A couple of rebels were standing firing at me, and my pistol was unloaded. I turned and passed a number of men. I again attempted to rally them. I told them that there were only a few following us, and they could easily be taken. My horse had been wounded and my leg was altogether useless. I waited until the last of our men, mixed up with a large number of escaped, led and riderless horses, passed me. I was ordered to surrender, two of the enemy in advance endeavoring to beat me off my horse with their pistols. I succeeded in again passing a number of the men and tried to rally them, but it was impossible; they were panic-stricken; one of my own men, as I presented my empty revolver at the head of another, trying to stop him, ran between us and knocked that out of my hand. Again, the rear of the command, now reduced to about 24 men and about 60 horses and mules, passed me, and I was unarmed and alone in the rear. I passed several of the men and endeavored to persuade them of the weakness of the enemy, their unloaded pistols, etc., but it was fruitless; commands and persuasions were disregarded.

I suffered terribly from physical pain and could do little to stop them by physical force. I reached the river; my horse fell several times in it, but at last I got across. Captain Martindale forced

most of the men across to halt and form here, and cover the crossing of the few who had reached the river. Captain Martindale, myself, 2 scouts and 12 men were saved. We awaited to see if more would come, but none came; 8 had crossed and arrived at camp before us. I was placed in a sleigh and arrived at camp at 4:30 p.m. this day.

I ascribe the disaster to, 1st, Captain Snow, commanding Twenty-first New York, failing to go to Piedmont as ordered through Lieutenant Draper, or to Upperville, as I ordered him personally, and to remain at either of the places until half an hour after daybreak. One of Captain Snow's command, who had been drunk and was left by the command, confirmed the information I received from negroes and citizens that Captain Snow left Upperville at 5 a.m. instead of half an hour after daybreak; 2d, to Captain Duff's rear guard being pushed into the rear of the column before I knew he was attacked; 3d, to the paucity of officers detailed with the command, and the large number of men engaged who were new recruits; 4th, to the men having neither sabres nor revolvers and consequently being unable to engage in a melee successfully with an enemy armed with at least 2 revolvers to the man; also, I didn't know of the attack until I observed the rear guard coming in at full flight, mixed up with and pursued by the enemy. I don't think the enemy's force exceeded between 60 and 75 men.

Lieutenant Jones and 10 men with him returned to camp safely. The loss is one officer, Lieutenant Nesmith, wounded; Captain Duff, Lieutenant Baker, corps staff, and 78 men missing. I returned to camp by way of Berryville.

I forward, enclosed, the report of Captain Snow, which is incorrect as far as it differs from this. I have not yet received the report of Lieutenant Draper. I feel satisfied that I did all I knew how to make the movement a success, and it having failed and proved a disaster, I earnestly request to be allowed to appear before a court of inquiry to prove that I am not responsible for the failure. A man has just arrived who hid in a thicket and says he saw a party of about 600 of the enemy moving toward Shepherd's Ford.

I have omitted heretofore to state that a party under Lieutenant Baker, of the Corps headquarters, captured a quartermaster's camp of Mosby's command. There was no property but one wagon and one ambulance, 2 horses and 6 mules in it. We brought the horses and mules along, but they, with the rest, were lost in the fight.

Trusting, general, that you will grant me the court of inquiry at the earliest practicable moment, I remain your obedient servant.

THOS. GIBSON, Major Commanding Detachment.

Major Will Rumsey, A. A. G., Second Cav. Division

Report of Capt. Henry E. Snow, Twenty-first N. Y. Cavalry Camp Twenty-first N. Y. Volunteer Cavalry.

Camp Averell, Va., Feb. 18 (19), 1865.

Sir: I have the honor to report that I was detailed yesterday, the 18th instant, to take command of 100 men of the Twenty first (Griswold's Light) New York Cavalry, and report to Major Gibson, of the Fourteenth Pennsylvania Cavalry for scout. Left camp at 6 p.m., the 18th instant, crossed the Shenandoah River at Shepherd Mills Ford near Paris, Loudoun County, Virginia; received orders from Major Gibson to take the road leading to Upperville; and search all houses between Paris and Upperville; also, to give the latter place a thorough searching. While he would take the road leading to the right to Piedmont, I was to remain at Upperville until one hour before daybreak, where he was to join me. If he did not arrive, on no account was I to remain there longer than half an hour before daybreak, but start my command to camp. Agreeable to instructions I proceeded to Upperville, and gave the houses there a thorough-searching, and in the vicinity, finding 3 Confederate soldiers, one belonging to Mosby's command and two of the Fourth Virginia Cavalry. About 3:30 this a.m. I took 10 men to search Major Richards' house, one mile from Upperville, leaving Lieutenant Meldrum, Twenty-first New York (Griswold's Light) Cavalry, in command until my return, with strict orders to keep the men in column and be in readiness for any emergency. On my return I found about one-third of the men very much under the influence of liquor, they having found two barrels of liquor during my absence. Started for camp and arrived at Paris at daylight, returning by way of Berry's Bridge. Arrived in camp at 10:30 a.m.

Six of my men were left in Loudoun; they were so intoxicated that it was impossible to get them along. The horses, arms and accoutrements were brought in by the rear guard.

I have the honor to be, most respectfully, etv.,

HENRY E. SNOW, Capt. A. Co.,

Twenty-first N. Y. Vol. Cav., Commanding Detail

To Major Gibson, Fourteenth Pennsylvania Cavalry.