RECOLLECTIONS OF SLAVE DAYS
AND WAR TIMES.

BY THE EDITOR

Read before the Library and Historical Society.

A Virginia household in the old days—days that will soon have passed forever from the memory of living men—consisted of "Old Master," "Old Mistis," the young masters and mistresses, a maiden aunt or two, the poor relation or dependent and the slaves.

At the head of this establishment, which from its size and the number and character of those composing it, was often known far and wide, was
"Ole Master," who therefore claims our first notice. His authority was great and undisputed and upon him rested the care and responsibility of many lives. He was treated with the highest deference and it was seldom that he was not worthy of it. A large circle of relations (all Virginians are related) looked up to Uncle or Cousin John as one of the heads of the family, and he was bound to be at least a Major or a Colonel. He was a man of great dignity and refinement, laying great stress upon good manners and thinking that no country or people were quite equal to Virginia and the Virginians. He possessed a high degree of intelligence and good education and was especially well-posted regarding political affairs. If a person of considerable wealth and some ambition, he was certain to be sent, by his neighbors to represent them in the Legislature, the State Conventions or Congress. I have before me a picture of one of these gentlemen of 85 years ago in the costume he wore when superintending the operations of his farm. He has on a light colored felt hat, a sky-blue "swallow-tail" coat with brass buttons and boots, and carries a long, stout cane.

The mistress was a worthy companion of the master. She would have graced any society, and it is no wonder that the Virginians were such men with such mothers. Her time was largely taken up with the cares of her household—always large and often augmented by numerous guests. She superintended in person the training of the servants, and one could always see about the house one or more young negro girls or boys learning to sew or knit, to polish the silver, sharpen the knives, etc. She was never seen during morning hours without her key-basket, a small black basket lined with red morocco. The Virginia matron paid great attention to religious observances. Family prayers were held every morning before breakfast and every evening after tea. All the house servants—even the cook—were expected to be present on these occasions, occupying seats or standing in a respectful attitude near the door. Religious instruction was given to the slaves also on Sundays by one of the young mistresses. Though (from prudential motives) it was forbidden to do so, many of them were taught by their young mistresses to read and write. These homes were always open to the clergy and the parish priest received his chief, sometimes his entire support, from one of them.

The young masters and mistresses, who made so large a part of the life and gaiety of the home—among whom we would be apt to find a Mass Tom, a Mass Dick, a Mass Bob, a Mass Henry or a Mass William, and Miss Mary, Miss Jane, Miss Maria, Miss Betsy, Miss Polly or Miss Kitty—had the best advantages of education. Tutors and governesses were common. The older children were sent off to finish their education at William and Mary, the University of Virginia, Harvard, Princeton or Yale, or at some fashionable ladies' seminary. Benjamin Hallowell, a Quaker, had a high school in Alexandria which attracted many youths in the northeastern section of the State. Of the males, one at least would select a profession and go to the city to seek his fortune. The army and navy were popular and almost every leading family had a representative or two in those branches of the service. But naturally the mode of life to which they had been trained possessed the greatest attraction and several of the sons usually continued to reside upon the paternal estate, which was large enough to bear division and still furnish quite respectable possessions. Sometimes the third generation was represented in these capacious establishments or in appendages of them situated at convenient distances from them.

The maiden—sometimes widowed—aunt, to whom I have referred as being almost a constant member of the household, was by no means always a dependent member; she usually had her own estate or independent means of support. She was the receptacle and dispenser of the genealogical lore of the family, and could tell you the pedigree of almost every family of note in the State.

Not infrequently there was also one or more individuals, male or female perhaps a distantly-connected poor relation, who had been permitted or invited to make his home in the hospitable family, rendering in return some slight and often inadequate service—in attention to the farm or housekeeping. This individual had all the pride of his patrons and would have repelled as an insult the idea of his being a menial. There were no white servants in those days and the distinction between the whites and blacks—even the lowest of the former—was sharply drawn. There were
white people—"poor white trash"—as the negroes called them, who lived in out-of-the-way places, supporting themselves by raising chickens, selling berries and cultivating small strips of land. These people were on more or less intimate terms with the slaves, but it was beneath their dignity to take places as servants and thus lower themselves as they regarded it to the level of the negroes. The abundance of the latter rendered this unnecessary. From this class the villages were chiefly recruited. From it came the overseers, who had charge of the farm hands and superintended the farming operations under the master's direction. These overseers were severe taskmasters and much of the cruelty to the slaves which has been so much written about is traceable to them. Not all masters, however, had overseers; some preferred to direct their farming operations themselves with the assistance of one of the most intelligent of the slaves, who was called the foreman.

But the thing which constituted the distinguishing feature of these homes—that which made them at a glance so different from farms in the North, was the black element—the slaves. First and foremost of these was the "mammy," the companion, nurse and attendant of the mistress—the head of the household servants. I doubt not many who hear me can recall this dear old creature with her silver spectacles, her grey hair concealed beneath the folds of her variegated bandana, and her spotless white apron covering her homemade linsey dress. Talk of innocence, sincerity and religion "pure and undefiled." where could you find those qualities and every other that make a perfect character in such richness and abundance? "Unless ye become as little children ye cannot enter the kingdom of heaven." Her heart was as pure as that of the little child, her faith that of the martyr. She would have suffered all things for those she loved. The love of mother for her children was not more intense or lasting than hers for her young masters and mistresses. To live and die for them was her only wish—her mission. She had nursed them all from Miss Mary, the eldest, to Miss Kitty, the youngest; indeed, she had performed the same service for some of their uncles and aunts, and quite likely the care of Miss Mary's first born will devolve upon her, for that young lady is almost sure to come back home from Oakenbrow, the river plantation, which she received as a marriage dower, to spend some weeks near her mother. And the young people loved "Mammy" almost—they could not love her quite—as much as she loved them and next to their own mother. How could they help it! How gently she handled them when helpless infants and kept them away from the draughty windows and doors of the old house, how she sought out the offending pins and seemed ever to have an eye over her young charges! How she shielded them when older from merited punishment and begged "old Mistis" to let them off "jes dat one time." When hungry they went to her for food and when in pain and trouble they sought her help and sympathy. Her training and associations had taught her without the need of Lord Chesterfield what the manners of a young lady and gentleman should be, and her advice on deportment was almost sure to be correct.

(To be continued.)
RECOLLECTIONS OF SLAVE DAYS
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By the Editor.

Read before the Library and Historical Society.

(Continued.)

She was second only in domestic authority
and was a model for the young misses whom she
trained. She felt the importance and dignity of
her station and tried to impress the other serv-
ants with an idea of her superior knowledge by
the use, or rather misuse, of long words which
she often employed with such absurd inappropri-
ateness as to become ridiculous in the extreme.

When “Mammy” became too old for active service her time had come to receive back some
of the care she had lavished upon others. Her
cosy cabin was provided with every comfort. The
members of the family vied with each other in
their attentions and came daily to see that her
wants were supplied and her old age made happy
by their ministrations and at her funeral many an
eye was moist “with honest tears” and many a
flower was strewn upon her grave in the serv-
ants’ burying ground at the edge of the wood in
the field just beyond the orchard.

Next in importance came the famous old fam-
ily cook, who had filled that office for forty years
and had trained scores of young cooks to be hired
out to neighboring families. The kitchen was a
square stone structure to the side and rear of the
mansion and connected with it by a covered way.
What luscious viands were prepared in that great
old-fashioned fireplace, with its blazing logs of
wood and iron pot hanging suspended over the
flames.

Then came Uncle Sam, the trusted coachman,
who was often freed for his faithful service. The
following entry in a will of 1787—lying before
me as I write—was common in slave days: “Item
—It is my will and desire immediately after my
decease that my old coachman, by the name of
Frank, be set at liberty.” And there were Uncle
Joe the gardener, and sometimes Uncle Sanders
the butler, and UnCles Jesse, Peter and Adam,
and Aunts Rachel, Letty and Arena, and many of
a younger generation and a host of children,
amounting in all often to several hundred souls.

Happy was the life of the slaves when they had
kind and humane masters which was generally
the case. They lived in quarters—log cabins
arranged in a single row or in a double row fac-
ing each other and situated at some distance
in the rear of the mansion, usually near a
spring. They were allowed here to cultivate
a garden, to raise their own hogs and chickens,
which they sold for their own profit. Every
year the master gave them a certain amount
of money—varying according to their behav-
ior and usefulness during the preceding
twelve months. From these sources some of
the more intelligent of them saved consider-
able amounts and often purchased their free-
dom or that of wife or child.

Harvest and Christmas were the great festi-
vals of the year with them. Then there was
an extra allowance of food (middling, cabbage,
cornmeal, molasses, etc.), and there was feast-
ing and dancing—jigs, hoedowns, shuffles, etc.
—and merrymaking in the quarters. Uncle
Jerry—the fiddler—was in requisition and the
single and double and ground shuffle and reel
were danced by moonlight or the light of log
fires.

The slaves were well-clad. The men wore
a drab-colored cloth, the women a strong
woolen material called linsey. All the women
knew how to knit and you could scarcely enter
a cabin that you did not find some aged female
thus employed. The spinning wheel was also
constantly in use—I have seen it often in my
younger days.

The slaves had the personal care of their
owners who looked after their food and cloth-
ing, who nursed them tenderly in sickness,
employing the very best medical attendance
for them and requiring but light service of
them in return. Most of them were ignorant and helpless; some of the older of them may have been born in Africa—I have seen persons who knew these emigrant ancestors. The story of one of these particularly impressed me—Uncle Adam, a dried-up and mummy-like old man, whose age nobody knew, who used to sit cross-legged and eat his food savage fashion and talk constantly of one of my ancestors of two hundred years ago, whom he called “Mass Yorkshire Dick.”

I am no apologist for slavery. It was an evil and an incubus upon Virginia, which retarded her progress immensely. It made the whites idle and thriftless and its maintenance consumed their means. But from the standpoint of the slave it was the greatest blessing, because it brought him in contact with civilization and placed him under the guidance and control of a superior race. That he is today a citizen of a free country—one of the foremost on the globe—he owes to slavery. He could never have come here except as a slave and no evils of slavery—exaggerate them as you will—can compare with the evils of the savage and hopeless life to which he was destined in the jungles of Africa.

The Virginia home was the seat of much hospitality. Visiting was frequent and visits were not brief and formal. They often lasted weeks and months. It was astonishing what a quantity of people could be crowded into those houses. They lived well and there was an abundance of everything good. A decanter of liquor always stood upon the sideboard and it was frequently resorted to by the gentlemen, especially when neighbors called in, and before dinner and after dinner, when the ladies had retired. All gentlemen in those days were expected to drink.

Traveling was accomplished under difficulties. The roads were hilly and rough, and were cut up by deep ruts and puddles of water of uncertain depth. It was not an uncommon thing for the carriage to become “stalled” or fastened in the mud so that the horses could not extricate it. Often under these circumstances it had to be prised out with fence rails. It was customary to get out and walk up the hills, so as to relieve the horses as much as possible. A journey of a few miles thus became a serious matter, often requiring quite elaborate preparations and hours for its accomplishment. Fortunately it was not necessary to repeat them very often as visits were so protracted—time not being an important element in the life of the Virginian then. The carriages, or “coaches” as they were called, were heavy, lumbering affairs, with high front seats and large wheels, enough for the horses to pull even without their occupants. They were often antiquated—representing a splendor that had existed in a previous generation, and thus often broke down.

The memory of one of these Virginia homes is particularly dear to me because it was the seat of some of the happiest days of my childhood and of my life. It was a two-story stone structure—T-shaped, with main and back buildings. A long porch supported by columns reaching to the roof, extended along the front. The rooms on the first floor opened into a spacious hall. The walls were thick, and the deep recesses of the windows were converted into seats after the manner of houses built 75-100 years ago. All the rooms had open fire-places with wood fires. There were no mattings, but in summer the floors were bare and were rubbed with coarse brooms until they shone like mirrors and were almost as slippery as ice. A large lawn filled with grand old English oaks stretched off in three directions. To the rear of the mansion were a school house, kitchen, ice-house, meat-house, etc. The garden adjoined the lawn on the left and the orchard in the opposite direction. There were no planted trees, no shrubbery, no vines, no flowers in the lawn, which gave a certain statelessness and simplicity to the place far prefer-
able—to my taste—to the finest artificial ornaments. A brook coursed thro’ the field next the garden, and a large spring gushed in many streamlets from the rock at the bottom of the hill in the rear of the house, forming a pool of the coldest water. The farm consisted of several hundred acres of the best wheat and woodland.

There was nothing peculiar about my childish sports at “Wheatland,” except that they were more solitary than is usual with boys of my age. For old master and mistress—in the days of which I write—had long been laid under the sod up in the orchard, the young masters and mistresses had grown up, married and gone away and Mass George, by virtue of seniority, had come into possession of the paternal estate, at least of the old house and a large part of its best acres. Mass George had never married and had now reached an age when it was unlikely he would ever give up his bachelor life for the pleasures or cares of matrimony. My uncle—for that was my relationship to the master of “Wheatland,” was absent much of the time attending to the affairs of his farm and I idled away my time—it was chiefly my summer holidays I spent there—at my will. I loved to wander thro’ the great woods listening to the wind gently rustling the leaves in the tall trees or sweeping thro’ the branches with a roar akin to that of ocean. I delighted, recumbent beneath some ancient oak, to gaze upward thro’ the foliage at the deep blue sky overhead. The smell of hay and clover, the sight of waving wheat, the glimpse of distant mountain, the sound of the “babbling” brook, the scent of fresh morning air, the solitude and quiet of nature, all offered their charms to me and I cared not for human companionship when I could consort with such comrades as these.

My uncle was a typical Virginia gentleman. I have never seen anyone who so impressed me with his perfect gentility. He had blue eyes, a ruddy complexion and “sandy” hair and beard, and was of medium height and figure, with erect carriage and an open manly bearing. He was a kind and indulgent master, fond of horses, of birds and squirrels. His horse would come at his call and follow him about the farm. The birds and squirrels would come down from the trees to sit upon his shoulder and take from his hand the nuts and corn bread, that were always kept for them in a basket in the hall. He did not allow his pets to be disturbed and when I wished to indulge in the sport of shooting, I had to resort to remote parts of the farm and say as little about it as possible. He dressed with great simplicity but scrupulous neatness, making much use of homespun material. He was fond of entertaining his friends at dinner. Whiskey and wine were always dispensed when visitors came. Once he gave a grand entertainment in honor of a young female relative; all the belles and beaux of the neighborhood were invited and the old halls resounded with the unaccustomed sounds of music and the dance. He made no profession of religion but never spoke irreverently of it and I am sure so good a man must have had a religion. The methodical habits which he had acquired at West Point and in the army were carried into the management of his farm and his books were kept with great care. Financially, his affairs were not over-prosperous and it required economy and careful administration of his resources to meet his obligations. Some said this was due to his indulgence to his slaves, who were rather a loss than a profit to him. Fortunately he purchased real estate in Chicago which enhanced so rapidly in value that in a few years he became a wealthy man.

(To be Continued).

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The student of physical science needs the human interest of classical study to save his life from an austere and merciless quest of fact and principle.—Gildersleeve.

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RECOLLECTIONS OF SLAVE DAYS
AND WAR TIMES.

By Eugene F. Cordell, M.D.

(Continued from page 83.)

Now who would have supposed that this quiet
country home was to have its tragedy and that
this good master—without an enemy in the world
and who would doubtless have freed his slaves at
his death—was to be its victim. Yet such was the
case.

One morning in the month of October, 1859—
a horseman dashed up to the door—his horse cov-
ered with foam, for he had ridden hard—called
for my uncle—who had not yet risen, and in a
very excited manner reported that the neighbor-
ing village was in the hands of a large body of
insurgents who had seized it the night before and
declared their intention of freeing the negroes;
that they had taken possession of the public build-
ings and barricaded themselves in them; that they
had been joined by many negroes and had made
prisoner of Col. Washington, my uncle’s school-
mate and friend. Without waiting for break-
fast, my uncle called for his horse, took his gun
and started off in the direction of the scene of the
disturbance. As he rode along he met the alarm-
ed inhabitants eagerly inquiring for further news.
The first village through which he passed was
astir and armed men were gathering on the
streets. The most exaggerated rumors were afloat
regarding the number of the conspirators and
their accomplices, who were said to be marching to their aid from the north. These deterred him not and without waiting for assistance he proceeded on his way undaunted. On reaching the suburbs of the town where the insurgents were he was told of the danger of going further. He heeded not the caution. I can only suppose that he felt the necessity of immediate action to save his friend, and thought that the insurgents would cower before a bold and resolute advance. Alas! he erred; he did not know the character of the men with whom he was dealing. He rode on down the steep street. The wheels of the busy town had ceased running and the railroad tracks had been torn up. An ominous silence reigned; eyes were watching him from the "fort"—the rifle was leveled for his destruction. Nearer he draws to his death. When half way down the hill the marksman takes aim—a sudden peal is heard and a minnie ball comes crashing thru his breast. He drops his gun and falls upon his horse's neck. The faithful animal stands still while a man runs out from a house nearby and, supporting my uncle with one hand, leads the animal with the other to a place of shelter. He was taken down and laid upon the floor of a basement room. He was pale and speechless, but still breathed. There was a bullet hole thru his left breast just over the heart from which the blood trickled down over his buff-colored vest. My father was summoned, but arrived too late—he had just breathed his last. The body was taken back to the village thru which he had just ridden in manly vigor bent on his mission of self-sacrifice and patriotism and was placed in the family vault. A few weeks later it was consigned to the tomb with martial honors, being followed by the Governor of the State and 1,500 State militia. A little later the insurgents—among them the convicted murderer of my uncle—expatriated their crime upon the gallows, while I, a schoolboy, stood with the home-guard at the gate. With my uncle's death—like many another old Virginia homestead—Wheatland passed out of the family into Northern and alien hands, and I have never visited it since.

This "raids," as it was called, no doubt fanned the flames of discord between the angry sections of the country, which had been so long ready to burst forth, and grim war came on apace.

The beginning and ending of all great epochs have a special interest, and this applies with particular force to the inception of the great Civil War. I was at school near Alexandria when the rumors of approaching war reached me. They stirred up a martial spirit in our quiet little community, a meeting was called on the bandy field and a military company was formed for practice in drill and the manual of arms. Two of us had some experience in tactics in a company of "cadets" that had been formed at Charlestown and had been commanded by Col. Lawson Botts, a lawyer of the town. These were my lifelong schoolmate Ben White and myself, and we were thoroughly acquainted with Scott's Drill, which was then in use in the army. Ben was of a social, generous, impulsive nature and was a great favorite with the boys. He was accordingly chosen captain and I lieutenant. We entered at once upon morning and evening drill. Stretching out in single rank we made quite a fine display on the playground, filing, marking time and double-quicking over the field.

Our usual games and amusements were now discontinued and our studies were neglected, our sole thought being to prepare ourselves for the service that we felt would be soon required of us. The want of uniforms did not lessen our enthusiasm and we supplied the lack of muskets with wooden guns which we procured from a neighboring carpenter. Our ardor was stimulated by the occasional sight of a Confederate soldier, and by an occasional visit to the barracks in Alexandria. Once we were visited by an ex-student who, unable to restrain his impetuosity, had run away from school and joined the Alexandria riflemen. Having obtained a sanction for his course from home, he presented himself to our astonished and admiring gaze in all the glory of the pretty dark-green uniform of the "Rifles." He was a tall, dark-complexioned, gaunt and ungainly youth, with a broad pronunciation and long black hair. On account of these peculiarities we had nicknamed him "Old H-yar." It was wonderful what a transformation enlistment had produced in him. In place of the diffident, stammer-
ing fellow, with eyes downcast—laboring so hard and yet with so little success over books and exercises, we now beheld a smart soldier without superfluous locks. Of course he was the hero of the hour. And how we envied him! For while we were only play-soldiers, he was a real soldier, with a real gun, and stood guard and lived in a barracks and would soon be in a battle! Well, “Old H-yar” went with his company into battle, and into another and another and somewhere—I know not where—but I know the fact—his brave young life blood was poured out and like many another High School boy—he gave up his life for the cause he loved so well!

As time wore on the excitement increased and rumors reached us that Gen’l Scott was about to occupy Alexandria. The boys became impatient and first one, then another, got permission to return home. My father wrote to me to remain as long as the Rector thought proper. Our Captain was one of the first to go. He was much excited when he bade us good-bye and reproached me with want of patriotism because I would not disobey my father and accompany him. A few days later I received a letter from him. He was at Harper’s Ferry and had joined Captain Botts’ Company of the 2nd Reg’t of the Stonewall Brigade. He said his command was expecting orders to march to Washington. Ben was a brave soldier and was killed at the battle of Chancellorsville. His name appears with 99 others—“Old H-yar’s” is there—on a marble tablet on the north wall of the High School Chapel erected in 1879, in memory of those boys who fell in battle during the war. It bears the appropriate motto [suggested by Professor Gildersleeve]: “Qui bene pro patria cum patriaque faciunt.”

Towards the end of May those of us who remained were dismissed by the Rector, who feared that if we remained longer we might be cut off from our homes. I had to return by way of Leesburg, the usual route through Maryland being closed.

On reaching my home in the Valley of Virginia, I found everything in a state of stir and excitement. The town was noted during the war for its devotion to the Southern cause and there was practically but one sentiment among the people. Already almost every man and boy between 18 and 45 had enlisted in the Confederate service, many in the Stonewall Brigade, others in the 12th Va. Cavalry. A young man who in those days did not join the army risked his reputation, he became the subject of constant and unfavorable comment, he was pointed out on the street and was even liable to insult by his companions. The girls would scarcely associate with him and he became almost a social outcast. The mothers imitated the example of the Roman matrons in dedicating their sons to their country’s service and the ardor of the youth was intensified by frequent allusion to classical models. I must add that few needed such artificial stimuli; most of the young men and even boys were only too eager to be mustered into service and to bear arms. For all Virginia was aroused and her warm and generous heart beat in sympathy with her sister States of the South. Though slow to take the decisive step and hoping long for some peaceful settlement of the difficulties, she did not hesitate, when it came to a decision between the North and South, but cast her fortune in with the latter and bore the brunt of the war which they had brought on, not she, and which her judgment had opposed.

I expected to follow the example of my schoolmate—the H. S. Captain, and join the same company he had joined. I was much surprised and disheartened to find my father unalterably opposed to this step. He urged my youth and defective sight. I recognized neither objection as valid and determined to disobey him and act for myself. My mother knew of and approved of this determination. Leaving a formal letter upon his desk, in which I gave my views of the duty of patriotic citizens, and especially those of tender years, I started off on foot for Bolivar Heights, near Harpers Ferry, where the Stonewall Brigade was then encamped. A walk of two and a half hours brought me to the camp, where I found to my dismay that my father had been there and forbidden the captain to muster
me into his company. He had found my letter shortly after my departure and taking the next train had passed me on the road. Nothing remained for me but to submit; so after a good cry—to myself, of course—I marched crestfallen home. I cannot doubt that had not my father thwarted my purpose on this occasion, my body would long since have moldered into dust on some of the battlefields of Virginia, where the remains of so many of the Botts Greys now repose—for the laurels of the Stonewall Brigade were nurtured on soil freely watered with blood.

My first service was with the Wise Legion, in Kanawha Valley. The way in which I came to go there was as follows: After my failure to enter the army at Harpers Ferry, I remained a few days at home. During this time I joined the home guard, which consisted of the minister and some other non-combatants, chiefly young boys and old men. Our quarters were in the Court House, whence we proceeded on our nightly rounds thru the streets and suburbs looking out for strange contrabands and midnight prowlers. We heard the barking of dogs and other noises of various kinds, but never made a capture of man or beast and never had an adventure worth recording. It was unreasonable to expect that I should submit to this employment long. Accordingly, I obtained my father's consent to enter the Virginia Military Institute, which was then receiving what were known as "temporary cadets." While occupied in learning the drill there, an urgent demand came from Genl. Wise for drill masters in the Kanawha Valley. Induced by the representations of the General's nephew—an officer of the corps of cadets—at present assistant superintendent of the public schools of Baltimore—I responded. On the 5th of July, after having been three weeks at the Institute, I took the stage for Staunton. Thence partly by rail, partly by stage, I reached Charleston on the 10th. At the earliest opportunity I called upon the General, who received me most cordially and accepted my services.

Genl. Wise was a man of small, wiry figure, a large mouth and pleasant, though homely features—lit up by the brightest eyes. He possessed a fiery "Southern" temper, and even in his mildest moods might be on the verge of an explosion. He was very profane and lavished oaths right and left. It was asserted that when in a passion he would often depose his subordinates, and on returning to reason restore them to office.

[To be Continued.]
RECROLECTIONS OF SLAVE DAYS
AND WAR TIMES.

BY THE EDITOR.

(Continued from Page 160.)

General Wise seemed to regard his will as the supreme law and could not brook control from anyone. Naturally he was surrounded by flatterers and sycophants, while men of merit and self-respect were repelled. He was a natural orator and possessed unflinching personal courage, but was notoriously unfit for a military command, lacking discretion, self-control and military knowledge, and instead of seeking the aid of those who could supply his deficiencies, appointing to office men as ignorant as himself. He had raised his unwieldy "legion" by ringing appeals from Richmond to the Ohio River.

He possessed a good and faithful officer in Colonel Lucius Davis, the commander of his cavalry, a gentleman of singular appearance and manner, which had caused the men to apply to him the name "Colonel Lucius O'Trigger," the man of "the bold dash," in allusion to his frequent use of the expression: "We will make a bold dash, sir!" but nevertheless, a capable and courageous soldier. Another good officer in the Legion—one in whom the General reposed, and justly, his entire confidence—was his favorite son, Captain O. Jennings Wise, of the Richmond Blues. This excellent officer was killed at Roanoke Island, in the spring of 1862.

On the morning after my interview with the General, I received from his Adjutant a "commission" as drillmaster of Captain Jacob Taylor's company from Greenbrier Co., Va., and having added a long bowie-knife to my other equipments, I joined my command at camp, two miles below Charleston. I found it entrenched on a hill commanding the turnpike which traversed the narrow valley. It consisted of one hundred as fine men as one could wish to command. The captain was a young teacher and an individual of decidedly negative qualities. It was hard to say whether stupidity or obstinacy predominated in him. He invariably "hepped" with his right foot, and did not seem to be able to appreciate the difference between "file right" and "file left." "Jake Taylor," as he was familiarly called in the regiment, was a most undignified person and would have been considered a first-class buffoon if he had not been so serious. He never seemed to have an opinion of his own on any subject, but let matters go their own way. He never opened his mouth without stammering, spluttering and apologizing, and his habitual manner seemed to be one of embarrassment. He had a way—whilst talking—of pulling at his thin blonde mustache, as if he would extract by that means the words his stammering tongue failed to supply. Nevertheless "Jake" was no coward. In the fortunes of war he rose to be major of the regiment, when further promotion was checked by a bullet of the enemy.

First impressions are lasting, and I have a vivid recollection of that camp on the hillside overlooking the road, as it wound down the valley by the river bank. Having no tents as yet, the men had erected little huts of brush, or stretched pieces of canvas, oil cloth or other material over poles, to protect them from the sun and rain. Every night and morning we assembled behind our rude fortifications to join in prayers offered by one of the privates—a Presbyterian minister. I joined a mess consisting of four young men from Lewisburg and entered upon camp fare, consisting of coffee
without milk, flap-jacks and fried mudding. I found the men entirely ignorant of drill and had to commence at the very beginning of the manual. It was puzzling to know how to teach them the manual when they were provided with such a various assortment of arms as mountain rifles, shot-guns, flint-lock muskets, old swords, home-made javelins and bowie-knives. Some few, indeed, had no weapons at all. They were still more destitute of equipments, as haversacks, knapsacks, canteens, etc. Percussion caps were very scarce and there were not rounds of ammunition enough to fight a single battle. The men carried their cartridges in their pockets and their clothing in carpet-bags. But this was only a sample of the condition of the Confederate troops generally at the beginning of the struggle. The correspondence of General Jos. E. Johnston and others, with reference to the condition of the troops who assembled at Harper's Ferry in the spring of 1861, shows that they were equally destitute. Details upon details of reports of the same tenor are to be found in the Records of the War, and the only wonder on reading them is that the Southern troops were not crushed before they had been able to provide themselves with the means necessary for carrying on the great contest. I entered upon my duties with zeal; officers and men were docile and my labors were soon rewarded by seeing Company E, one of the best drilled in the regiment.

I had been in the Valley but a few days when we began that famous retreat, or “retrograde movement,” as the General preferred to term it, of 109 miles, to the White Sulphur, which gave us our first serious impressions of the real hardships of war. The forced marches, the constant succession of steep mountains, the heat, the dust, the sore feet, the wearisome and exasperating halts, as some baggage wagon or piece of artillery broke down or got stuck in the mud—united to make this a memorable episode in my army experience. This retreat made the General the subject of much jeering on the part of the troops, for he had been very boastful of what he proposed doing to “Master McClellan” and others, and in allusion to these boasts the men used to sing some verses, one couplet of which ran:

“Old General Wise’ll put his specs upon his eyes
And land ‘em in the happy land of Canaan;”

the land of Canaan being, it is supposed, an elegant expression for another and not so good country as this.

But in justice to the General, it must be said, that he was full of pluck and fight, and it was not his fault that we had to give up the rich Kanawha Valley, with its invaluable and much needed supplies of salt and grain, and suffer the loss of prestige resulting from the abandonment of so large a part of the State. The rout and death of Garnett to the northeast of us, and the retreat of his shattered command, had left the country behind us entirely unprotected, and had exposed our long line of communications to the victorious forces of McClellan.

This retreat or “retrograde movement”—a happy term under which the commanders of both sides often veiled disastrous reverses—is memorable in my recollection for another reason: it gave me my first experience of being under fire. We began our march about 5 P. M., July 24th, carrying with us such of our things as we could. We had gone but a short distance when we were told to lay them down, with the assurance that a wagon would be there in a few minutes to haul them for us. Relying upon this statement, many deposited their baggage upon the ground and never saw it again. We were then marched back to the breastworks where we expected an immediate attack, as several horsemen reported the enemy in our immediate front and we heard shots in that direction. A few minutes later we resumed our march. We made an ineffectual attempt to burn the suspension bridge over Elk River, a stream emptying into the Kanawha just below Charleston. When we reached Charleston we found the whole town in confusion and full of troops. We now heard artillery firing, and the
General's adjutant reported to him, that the enemy were at our camp. A mile east of Charleston we were halted again. At this time—it being now dark—a steamer came up the river conveying a lot of our baggage and a detachment of the McCullough Rangers, a company from New Orleans, composed of Mississippi River boatmen. As she was passing us the General ordered a signal shot to be fired to bring her to shore. Those on board probably mistaking us for the enemy—it was said they had been drinking freely—began firing on us. At first there were several single shots at brief intervals—then there was a short pause during which several of the men cried out: "Don't shoot!" then the fire became continuous. The neighboring hills echoed back the strange sound. The road and stream were lit up by the lurid flash of the guns. The heaviest firing was directly opposite us. Our men, not knowing what to do, lay down flat in the road. Many, supposing the enemy had seized a steamer and were endeavoring to intercept our retreat, returned the fire. There was much confusion. The road was shut in, on the land side, by high board fence, against which the bullets rattled fearfully. Some climbed this fence—others attempted to follow them, but failed. The whole affair occupied but a few minutes, but it seemed much longer. Strange to say, none of my company were wounded or killed, altho several had bullet holes through their clothes; one had a piece of his gun-stock shot away and another had his horse shot under him. The poor animal excited our sympathy as it started off hobbling up the road. In the companies next to us several men were wounded, some by bullets, others by being run over as they lay upon the ground by wagons or artillery endeavoring to escape from danger. On the boat one man, who was sick, was killed and another severely wounded. General Wise attributed this most unfortunate occurrence to the "defiant disobedience of orders by the Lieutenant." The few casualties seemed remarkable in view of the heavy firing. Later experience taught us the reason; it was due to the recumbent posture the men voluntarily assumed.

In this position there is almost absolute safety from small arms. In the excitement of battle men almost always aim too high. I have seen the men of my own regiment fire almost perpendicularly into the air and have been kept busy making them direct their guns properly.

I was under fire a good many times afterwards, both of small and large arms. Do you ask how I liked it? Well—the question suggests the answer—I didn't like it and don't think I should ever become used to it. If I hadn't been such a coward I should have run away many a time. But I hadn't the courage to face my comrades and hear them say: "There is the man that ran away from the battle." As to the sensations one feels while under fire, much depends on surrounding circumstances. When charging, one is nerfed by the excitement; if behind breastworks, the sense of comparative security and of advantage infuses courage. The most exhilarating sensation is when one is pursuing a fleeing and routed enemy—and on the other hand nothing so tries human endurance as to be under fire without shelter or the chance of replying. I have an unbounded admiration for true courage, and can well understand how in the days when it was esteemed the leading virtue of human character men carried their admiration to the point of worship.

Let me give you an illustration of a brave man. Among the officers under whom I served there was none to whom I became so attached as to General William E. Starke, the hero of Sharpsburg. He was assigned to duty as Colonel of my regiment—the 60th Virginia—in October, 1861, and was promoted for gallantry in the battles around Richmond to the command of the 2d Louisiana Brigade. Starke was no ordinary man. His personal appearance and manners indicated superiority. He was some 50 odd years old and his hair and long beard were iron-grey. His bright eye betokened an active and intelligent spirit. His nose was Grecian. His thin compressed lips indicated resolution and courage. The musical ring of his manly and unflattering voice was delightful to hear. He was tall and well built, with small
hands and feet, and erect and peculiarly graceful carriage. His manners were those of the best blood of the South. He was a man born to rule, and his tact and genuine kindness of heart secured for him the affection no less than the respect of the men under him. Men will follow such a leader to the cannon's mouth. He was a disciplinarian, too, and insisted upon a strict enforcement of the regulations. Altho not a soldier by training or profession, he early gained experience in the best school—that of adversity—being a member of the unfortunate Garnett's Staff in July, 1861, and rendering important service at the time of that officer's death and the retreat of his forces. For sometime early in the war I wore a sword presented to me by him. It was an officer's small sword and suited my age and size. Once on a visit home, I took this sword with me and left it there. Afterwards when the enemy came to the house to search for arms, which they did quite frequently, my mother hid it under the planks of the floor. She forgot where she had put it and it was never found; so I suppose it is still in its place of concealment and may yet some day again come to light. Brave Starke! My kind friend and patron! my second father! Ever at the post of danger he soon paid the forfeit of his life for his unflinching courage. At the Battle of Sharpsburg he was the only Brigadier of his division—Jackson's—present, and altho scarcely a month had elapsed since his promotion from a colonelcy, it devolved upon him to command it in the battle. The duty was assigned him to defend the extreme left of the line where the enemy made their heaviest assaults. Pressed hard by superior numbers, his thin line gave way. While rallying it, his breast was pierced by three minnie bullets and he died almost immediately. One of the war articles in the Century gave a vivid description of this event and with it a portrait of Starke, which however represents him as a much younger man than when I knew him and I may add not so handsome.

(To be continued.)
A New Year Wish.

Whatever else Life may send you
Within this new-born year—
Of happiness and pleasures dear,
Of purer light, of sweeter cheer,
Of stronger faith to conquer fear,
Of truer strength the road to clear:
May it above all others lend you
That blessing which the Heavenly Seer
Gives to His Child that draws but near—
The Blessing of Holy Love.

H. M. R.

RECOLLECTIONS OF SLAVE DAYS
AND WAR TIMES.

By the Editor.

(Continued from p. 4, Vol. III, No. 1, Jan., 1907.)

We continued our retreat without further notable incident, at the rate of about 15 miles a day. There was great rejoicing and an illumination in Charleston the night we left it. The majority of the inhabitants of the Valley were opposed to us in sentiment, and Wise wrote to Lee that there was “a spy on every hill top, at every cabin, and they swarm from Charleston to Point Pleasant. * * * The Valley is wholly disaffected and traitorous.” On the 26th, we crossed the Gauley, which was the eastern limit of the Kanawha Valley, destroying the handsome iron bridge there. Wise considered this step necessary on account of the “deficiency of transportation and the gross inefficiency of the quartermaster’s department.” I suffered much from sore feet and the excessive heat during this march over the mountains, which was unprecedented in my experience. Many of our soldiers (300-500 Wise reported) deserted the ranks and returned home or look to the mountains. Whole companies were known to have gone off. Most of my company, who were now in the midst of their homes, were permitted by the General to return home for a few days. On the 31st of July, Wise was at Bunger’s Mill, four miles west of Lewisburg, continuing his march eastward. He says: “We have marched all the shoes and clothes off our bodies.” His scouts reported the enemy concentrating in large force and from three directions upon the main road, a few miles in the rear. I stopped in Lewisburg, the county seat of Greenbrier county, at the house of one of my mess, and received much kindness and hospitality from his family. The return to clean clothes, to sleeping in a bed and to home fare was most agreeable and refreshing.

My company rejoined the “Legion,” which was then encamped in the lawn at the White Sulphur Springs, nine miles east of Lewisburg, on August 3d. The White Sulphur had long been celebrated for its waters and its fashionable seasons. There had been 1700 people there the previous year, and a large sum of money—said to be a million of dollars—had been expended since its close. But the war had put a stop to its operations and there were only a few guests at this time. The buildings consisted of an immense brick hotel and numerous cottages scattered over the grounds. The lawn was extensive and beautiful, affording an excellent drill ground, and we resumed our military exercises with fresh ardor.

Our general now set to work to reorganize his command, the “Wise Legion.” Four regiments were formed, commanded respectively by Tompkins, “Tiger John” McCausland, Richardson and Henningsen. My company still had only rifles. Everyone thought at this time that the general had mistaken his calling, and his popularity, upon which the Richmond authorities had relied so much in appointing him, appeared to be on the wane. The exigencies of the case led to the appointment of General Lee to the command of the department of West Virginia on August 1st. He was at this time at Monterey, in Highland county, north of us, facing Rosecrans with a considerable force; an engagement
was said to be imminent there. A few days after our arrival at the Springs, General Floyd marched by on his way to the front and encamped near Lewisburg. On the 11th of August, he formally assumed command of the forces operating towards the Kanawha Valley.

On the 14th of August, I was incapacitated for duty by a cough, sore throat, diarrhoea, a sore mouth and perversion of taste, symptoms which betokened an attack of measles, which was prevailing epidemically in both armies at that time. I felt wretchedly and camp was anything but a comfortable place for one in my condition. In this emergency an event occurred which really seemed providential. An uncle of one of the members of my mess, an old gentleman by the name of Alexander, who lived a few miles north of Lewisburg, came to camp bringing a supply of good things for the “boys.” When he saw me lying upon my blanket and looking so miserable, his compassion was moved and he told me I must not stay there but go home with him. So the next evening when his visit was over, we started off in his spring wagon, reaching his farm about 9 o’clock that night. Never did I need help more, never did I meet with such a benefactor. He put me in the best room in his house and sent to Lewisburg for a physician to see me. As soon as the eruption came out freely I began to feel better and in a few days was able to enjoy the comforts of life. My hosts were very plain country people, and comprised Mr. A., who was an elderly bachelor, a maiden and a widowed sister with six children, and a brother. His farm contained 400 acres and a fine limestone spring, a great luxury to me, accustomed to the fine springs of the Valley of Virginia. The house was a plain, unpretending two-story frame building, with primitive surroundings. I rejoiced to find a bookcase containing several volumes, and among them Cowper’s Poems, which I read with delight.

Naturally I was isolated to a large extent from the rest of the family, and notwithstanding my comfortable surroundings, I yearned with boyish impatience for the companionship of my comrades and the excitement of the camp. But my kind friend would not consent to my departure until I was entirely recovered, and the physician had given his approval. On the 30th of August, we started off for camp and on the following afternoon reached the command at Dogwood Gap, 17 miles west of Lewisburg.

General Floyd had preceded General Wise in the advance movement. He was a much abler general than Wise and had inaugurated an active campaign against the enemy. He had had a number of spirited engagements, which had generally resulted favorably to the Confederates and had tended to restore the confidence of our troops, necessarily somewhat weakened by defeat and retreat. Wise, following Floyd, had encamped at Dogwood Gap on August 26th. The command was then greatly crippled by measles; Richardson’s regiment (the 1st of the Legion) had two-thirds of its men down with the disease and the remainder were succumbing to it at the rate of 25 a day. The three regiments of infantry and the artillery (5 guns) of the Legion reported only 1,286 privates and non-commissioned officers for duty, in addition to the 50 cavalry under Colonel Davis. On the 26th, Floyd crossed the Gauley to the north of Dogwood Gap and surprised the 7th Ohio while at breakfast, scattering it into the woods and capturing a number. Cox now determined to concentrate his troops on the Gauley with a view to “crushing” Floyd, and reports to Rosecrans at Clarksburg on the 27th that he expects to attack Wise there “on Friday or Saturday” with 65 companies. On September 21, Wise, having returned from Carnifex Ferry on the Gauley, whither he had been ordered to support Floyd, advanced with 1,250 infantry and cavalry on the Kanawha pike to Hawk’s Nest, driving the enemy in upon their main position. Anderson, who had been ordered to make a circuit and come in on the enemy’s flank, failed to execute his part of the movement and in consequence they had time to receive reinforcements. “I am determined,” writes Wise, “to incubate a brood of results in that Eyrie” (Hawk’s Nest) “if I can, in co-operation with Generals Chapman and Beckley” (militia generals). An advance was simultaneously made by some of our cavalry and Beckley’s militia on the pike south of New River, driving the enemy across Montgomery Ferry at the head of the Kanawha, whilst the cavalry under Caskie continued down Loop Creek to strike a blow in the Kanawha Valley.”
The jealousy, which had been hardly smouldering since the junction of the two generals, now began to show itself on the part of Wise, and for some time threatened disastrous consequences to our cause. Wise, unaccustomed to obey, was restive under any sort of restraint and the marching and countermarching, for which there was no reason apparent to him, together with the failure of his superior to take him into his confidence, and some fancied slights, exasperated him in the highest degree. Anyone who will take the trouble to read the official reports and correspondence of that period will see how inharmonious and strained were the relations already subsisting between the two generals. No amount of provocation could have justified Wise in the course which he henceforth pursued, which finally reached the degree of actual disobedience of orders, and refusal to co-operate with his superior officer, when the safety of both required perfect harmony of action. On the 5th of September, Wise repeats his request to be defended from “the vexatious orders” of Floyd. He begs to be ordered south of the New River, and says if he is allowed freedom of action he will re-enter the Kanawha Valley near Charleston. “Please take command of me,” he writes to Lee. “I had rather have your censure than your compliments now, acting under and not co-operating with General Floyd.” “Thus let us divide the balance of State forces and then let us part in peace. I feel if we remain together we will unite in more wars than one. I will try to be patient and peaceable as you command, but I lay these facts before you, sir, and I appeal to a soldier’s pride and sense of honor.” These antagonisms were largely infused into the respective commands of the two leaders, and they were generally known among the citizens of the neighboring counties, some of whom felt it their duty to report them to the authorities at Richmond, with representations as to the danger to the two commands and to the cause itself, which they occasioned.

On the 10th, Rosecrans made a forced march of 17½ miles, and attacked Floyd in his fortified position in a woods in front of Carnifex Ferry, on the Gauley. The battle began about 3 P.M. Rosecrans having about 8,000-9,000 and Floyd about 1,800. The Federals made five successive assaults, but were repulsed in all, losing 20 killed and 100 wounded, the Confederates having about 20 wounded. Floyd had the good fortune to withdraw his troops safely across the river that night by a bridge which he had completed and by the ferry boat. Floyd complained that Wise’s troops failed to come to him when ordered to do so. Wise, writing the next day to Lee, acknowledges this disregard of the orders of his superior, but claims that he was detained by the enemy in his front from going to Floyd’s relief; that receiving peremptory orders at night he had moved his whole force to meet him, but when he had gone a few miles found that he had retreated across the river and the third time received orders to return to Dogwood Gap. He “solomonically protests” that his force is not safe under “his (Floyd’s) command” and asks to be allowed to co-operate with some other superior.

The enemy were now in front of us in large force—much superior to our own—and a consultation was held at which it was determined to fall back. This was done on the 13th, Floyd preceding and a position was taken by the two commands on Big Sewell Mountain, 23 miles in the rear of our former position. On the 16th, another consultation was held when Wise advised that the commands should take a position 1½ miles east of the top of the mountain, which he said was “almost impregnable if well defended by a small force.” This suggestion was not adopted and that evening Floyd put his troops in motion towards the rear, ordering Wise to follow. Wise disobeyed and when Floyd sent to know why he had not obeyed orders Wise replied that he got no order to fall back, but only “to hold his command in readiness to bring up the rear;” to this Floyd rejoined that he had supposed his order to be sufficiently explicit. “I have not yet been able to discover how you could bring up the rear of a moving column by remaining stationary after this column had passed;” that he had made the retrograde movement to avoid being
flanked by a column which was now advancing by a road to the north of the turnpike known as the “Wilderness road,” which joined the main road at a place known as Meadow Bluff, where he had now taken position, and had commenced the erection of fortifications. And now occurred one of the most remarkable and picturesque events of this entire campaign. Wise had become jealous of the laurels which Floyd had won on the Gunley, and he was doubtless goaded on by the constant game which was made of him on account of his late retreat and his failure to accomplish any of his boastful promises. Therefore, when Floyd had marched back to Meadow Bluff, he took the bold resolution to ignore his superior and to stand at bay against the advancing enemy. Accordingly, he marched his legion to the point referred to, a short distance to the east of the summit of the mountain, but still on high ground, and there began to erect his breastworks. On this march he accompanied his troops on foot, and his figure, clad in long buckskin gaiters reaching to the knee and laughing and joking with the men, comes vividly before my mind. Arriving at the place where we were to take our stand, and which received the appropriate name of “Camp Defiance,” he had his three regiments drawn up in the form of a hollow square and then, taking a position in the midst, made them a characteristic speech. He said that a council of war had been held the previous night, at which it had been agreed to make a stand at this place. Yet, hardly an hour after that decision, General Floyd had abandoned the position and was again on the retreat. That, as for himself, he meant to hold that place as long as his provisions should last, and to fight for it to his last man. He was bitter in his allusions to his senior and endeavored to cheer his audience by telling them of a brilliant and successful raid of his cavalry under the gallant Col. Lucius Davis, into Kanawha Valley, in which the loss of the enemy had been equal to that which Floyd had inflicted at Carnifex. He concluded by saying that if there should be a "tale" of retreat, that "tale" should be a very long one and he would be at the "tail-end" of it.

This speech was vociferously cheered and under the inspiration of it the men began vigorously the work of fortification. Our men now seemed eager for fight; they had been marched about so long that they gladly welcomed the opportunity of giving the Yankees a few lessons and thus retrieving their reputation. On the 19th, the enemy were in force on the top of the mountain just in our front, and Wise was expecting an immediate attack at daybreak.

That night Wise asked that Floyd should send him Tompkins’ 22d Va. Reg’t., as a reinforcement. On the 21st, Lee reached Meadow Bluff and assumed immediate command of the Kanawha forces. In a note to Wise he regrets to find that the forces are not united. “It would be the height of imprudence to submit them separately to the enemy’s attack—together they may not be able to stand his assault.” He begs, therefore, “if not to late, that the troops be united and that we conquer or die together.” “You have spoken to me of want of consultation and concert; let that pass till the enemy is driven back and then, as far as I can, all shall be arranged. I expect this of your magnanimity—consult that and the interest of our cause and all will go well.” As bearing on this subject, it may be mentioned that President Davis had just before this (September 12th) written to Lee giving him authority “to transfer Wise’s legion to any other command as may seem proper, the want of harmony preventing co-operation, and to assign other troops to Floyd in place of that.”

Wise replies to Lee’s note at 5 P. M., the day of its receipt: that he had just returned from feeling the enemy, and was wet, weary and fatigued; that he had been out all night, driving in their pickets in the morning and finding their precise position; that he was desirous to deserve and have Lee’s good opinion. He gives his force at 2,300 and Floyd’s as 3,800, of which about 5,500 are efficient, whilst he estimates the enemy at 3,000. He had driven in the enemy’s pickets with five companies of infantry with impunity. The enemy dared not attack him or advance. That as he and Floyd were less than twelve miles
apart, they could reciprocally support each other against a divided enemy better than a combined one at Meadow Bluff. That the enemy were not now on the Wilderness road—they had advanced on that road and then retreated. He concurred in the imprudence of dividing forces, but submitted that his was the stronger position. He is ready to join Floyd wherever Lee commands. “I laugh the enemy to scorn—he wishes to retire more than I do.” “Just say then,” he says, “where we are to unite and ‘conquer or die together’ against an enemy who dares not to advance upon the rear guard of a retreat which was suddenly stopped, turned front and defied all odds of attack.” He had turned away all his wrath from his superior upon the common enemy, whom he was now trying successfully to check if not drive back. He declares that he is ready “to do, suffer and die for the cause.” At midnight on the 23d, Wise writes that he is expecting an attack. “I cannot retire my baggage wagons or other present encumbrances. I am compelled to stand here and fight as long as I can endure and ammunition lasts. All is at stake with my command and it shall be sold dearly.” Lee does not know what to suggest. “If you cannot resist and are able to withdraw your command, you had best do so; at any rate send to the rear all your encumbrances. Floyd may have to retire.”

On the same date, Lieut. Col. Tyler, of the 1st Regiment, reports that the enemy have occupied the top of Big Sewell in very heavy columns; their infantry, cavalry and artillery are plainly visible one mile distant, and they are reported to be fortifying. On the following day, Wise reports the enemy at from 3,000 to 7,000; “he will start his baggage wagons to the rear, if he can, this morning.” At 4:30 P. M. on the 25th, “while under fire on the field,” Wise receives President Davis’ order to turn over his command to Davis and report in person at Richmond. This drew from Wise the following to Lee, dated 5:50 o’clock:

“General: By your aide (under the approach and fire of the enemy at a stand, made under my orders, where the struggle will be severe, whatever be the result), I received the within order from the Acting Secretary of War. It is imperative requiring ‘the least delay,’ but it could not have foreseen these circumstances—the most extremely embarrassing to me. I come to you for counsel and will abide by it, because I have been under your eye and you are competent to judge my act and its motive whatever it may be. I desire to delay my report in person until after the fate of this battle. Dare I do so? On the other hand can I leave you at this moment, though the disobedience of the order may subject me to the severest penalties? Will you please advise and instruct me?” Lee, in reply, advised him to comply—he “would do so” under similar circumstances. Wise accordingly turned over the legion to Col. Davis and set out the next day for Richmond. He never returned to the scene of these his early war experiences, but his legion joined him in the Spring of 1862 and took part in the disastrous events at Roanoke Island. Wise was subsequently on duty at Richmond.

(To Be Continued.)

In the Governor’s message, presented to the Legislature on January 1, he points to the need of a State University “to crown the excellent system of public education now established in Maryland,” and says that in the union of the University of Maryland with St. John’s College, under a central governing body, an opportunity is afforded for supplying this need and thus carrying out the views and plans of the early statesmen of Maryland. This idea has been repeatedly urged in Old Maryland during the last three years, and we would like to ask what prospect have we that offers equal advantages? It would supply at once the means for carrying on the University which we have never yet had, and it seems to embody the natural and legitimate destiny of this institution. But there can be no progress in this or any other direction without the manifestation of a desire for it, backed up by vigorous effort. Does not the Governor suggest our true policy, and is it not our best and truest interest to follow his advice?

Dr. Nathan Winslow is suffering from a bad infection of the right hand, for which he is receiving treatment from his father.—James G. Matthews, M. D., ’05, has left Baltimore for Spokane, Washington, where he will practice with his brother, Dr. A. A. Matthews, who has been residing there for several years and has been very successful.—Mr. Breuer, our athletic editor, was called home by the death of his father, and we have no report on that subject. We may say, however, that our football and basketball teams won no games; we hope they gained some useful experience.—S. De Leon Avery, D. D. S., ’03, spent the holidays at his old home in South Carolina.
Nathan Winslow, M. D., S. LeRoy Robinson, Ph. G., Clyde V. Matthews, D. D. S., and J. Frederick Adams, M. D. The success of the evening is largely due to the Committee on Banquet, and especially to Mr. Oregon M. Dennis, Chairman; Professor Henry P. Hynson, Dr. H. H. Biedler, Dr. Nathan Winslow, Mr. S. LeRoy Robinson and Dr. C. V. Matthews. These banquets may now be considered a regular annual University event and we hope all University alumni will take part in them and become members of the General Alumni Association. A fuller account of this one will be given in our next issue. The presence of Dr. Monte Griffith, President of the District of Columbia Branch, added much to the pleasure of the evening.

In "A Brief Visit to the Far South and New Orleans" [Iosp. Bull. for Feb.], Professor Randolph Winslow expresses disappointment in the Mississippi, which at New Orleans is only three-quarters of a mile wide and forbidding looking. It is held within bounds by levees 36 feet high and is very deep, floating steamers of the largest draught. New Orleans has a mixed population of 300,000, including Creoles, i. e. descendants of the original French and Spanish. Canal street divides the old French quarters from the new city. Charity Hospital is a large municipal institution of 900 beds. The medical department of Tulane University is near by, an up-to-date institution, occupying an imposing building. An uncompleted monument and a cemetery are the only mementoes of Jackson's great victory.

RECOLLECTIONS OF SLAVE DAYS AND WAR TIMES.

BY THE EDITOR.

(Continued from p. 165, Vol. III, No. 12, Dec., 1907.)

While we were at Dogwood Gap, my father came on from the East and spent several weeks in our vicinity. I enjoyed the pleasure of seeing him several times during his stay, which was spent principally at my friend, Mr. Alexander's. I have a colored map of the country in which we were operating, made by him, which assists me greatly in recalling places and events of this period and rendering my narrative more accurate than it could possibly be if I relied solely upon my letters and memory.

Our stay upon Big Sewell lasted several weeks. The position in which General Wise placed his legion when he broke with Floyd, was along a ridge crossing the road and about a mile and a half east of the point where the road crossed the mountain. The intervening low ground was densely wooded, but we could see the enemy's tents beyond and hear their drums and bands when they played night and morning. We were stationed on the right of the road where we threw up a line of rude breastworks. The extreme right of our line terminated at a knoll which was covered with the high mountain grass of that region, and here our artillery was placed with protecting earthworks. Expecting momentarily an attack by the enemy, our wagons were in the rear and we were without tents or baggage. The rain fell in torrents and almost incessantly for days and nights. The hardships of those days are forever impressed upon my mind. One of the most wretched nights I ever spent was at this time. We sought protection under the trees and stood there all night soaked through and through, and so sleepy and exhausted that we could hardly stand. Our guns were mostly rendered unfit for use and had we been attacked we could have offered but poor resistance. But I suppose the enemy were in little better condition. After this state of things had continued some days, we were allowed to bring up our tents and put them up. We now built fires and dried our clothing and erected pole-beds, and got some much-needed sleep. I was so utterly worn out with fatigue and exposure that I threw myself down before the fire and slept so profoundly that, when I awoke, I found that the end of one of my new pair of shoes, which my father had with such difficulty procured for me a few days before, was burnt off. General Lee visited us the day he reached Floyd's camp, and he came to our assistance on the 24th of September with four of Floyd's regiments from Meadow Bluff. Later the remainder of Floyd's command (one regiment) was ordered up and we were also joined by Loring's command from the northeast (some four or five regiments), which Lee had ordered to join us when he found that Rosecrans was moving his army from before him towards the Kanawha Valley. These troops were placed along the
ridge and to the left of the road; Loring in Floyd’s rear, the ground not permitting a complete deployment of our forces. Some of the Southern regiments had bands, the first we had yet seen on our side. General Lee had his headquarters near the road immediately behind our position, and I saw him constantly. I had met him at my grandmother’s in Alexandria, where he was a frequent visitor, and had also visited him at his home, Arlington, on the heights opposite Washington. He had a quiet, unassuming dignity that impressed all who approached him, whilst his kindliness of manner and gentle humor made one feel at ease. He had not yet exhibited those great qualities of generalship, which later established his reputation as one of the greatest military chieftains of modern times. Many could not comprehend or tolerate his Fabian policy and his failure to attack the enemy, and it was a common saying among non-military persons, that he was an incompetent commander.

During this trying period, we suffered much from want of food. Our meals were brought up the mountain from the rear, being cooked by a detail of men with our wagons. Twice a day they came bringing the round, heavy balls of cooked dough and the buckets of soup, which constituted our reduced rations. The supply was entirely inadequate and we were in a state of chronic hunger. We consumed this indigestible diet with voracity, and I have distinct recollections of the eagerness with which we watched for the cooks and of the pleasure of the repast. The question of supplies was one of pressing urgency with us at this time. The country where we were was a very poor one and could furnish nothing except excellent blue grass pastureage for our horses. All our supplies had to be brought a long distance, over roads rendered almost impassable by the continued rains, by the constant passage of heavy wagons and artillery, and by the swollen and bridgeless streams. Floyd wrote to the Secretary of War: “These days cost us more men, sick and dead, than the battle of Manassas. Provisions were hauled up the mountain sixteen miles from Meadow Bluff, over the worst road in Virginia, and we were exposed to tempests of wind and rain, for the conformation of the ground is such that there are always storms on Sewell Mountain.” The sickness among our troops at this time was due to the severe weather and exposure, and the fact that most of our troops were new and young recruits, not inured as yet to the hardships of the service.

The Colonel of our regiment was Dr. John F. Spalding, singular to say, a graduate of the University of Maryland, of the class of 1831. He had only recently joined us and was scarcely known by sight, even, to most of us. He had been a surgeon in the U. S. Navy and had accompanied Perry’s Expedition to Japan. On his return he published his experience in book form and thus came in conflict with the Commodore, who had forbidden any of his officers to anticipate his official report by any publications of their own. Spalding justified his violation of this order, claiming that he held his commission not from his superior officer, but from the Secretary of the Navy. He was a highly cultivated person and a contributor to the periodical literature before the War. One day he strapped himself to his horse and charged a regiment of the enemy, which was entrenched immediately in our front; of course he was riddled with bullets. The body was identified by a small volume of Greek poetry found in his pocket. It was asserted at the time, that he courted death and that his dramatic end was of the nature of suicide. It was also hinted that his habits were intemperate and that that had something to do with it.

During all this period, when the two armies which were nearly equal in numbers were confronting each other, there were frequent collisions between the pickets, but no battle took place, much to everybody’s surprise. Day after day, we gazed down the road and into the dense woods which limited our vision, expecting to see the lines of blue coats come charging up the hill, but we strained our eyes in vain for any such sight. From the high hill mentioned above as being to
our right and rear, but a short distance from General Lee's headquarters, and which was occupied by a regiment of our legion and our artillery, we could plainly see the enemy's tents and even distinguish individuals, and we could hear their drums beating tattoo and reveille. Matters remained in this situation—each army seeming to be afraid to attack, but inviting attack from its antagonist—until October 6th. On that morning, when day broke, to our surprise Rosecrans' tents had disappeared. General Lee made a reconnoissance to the summit of the mountain with a heavy force, and found their late camp deserted. In their haste, they had left behind several wagons, horses, guns, etc. The difficulty of obtaining supplies and their inability to take the offensive, were assigned by Gen. R. as the cause of his withdrawal. It was the general impression that Lee was about to attack Rosecrans when the latter withdrew. In a communication to Floyd, dated October 20th, at Big Sewell, the former says that he had resisted for sometime the demands of Jackson and Donelson for reinforcements, hoping to co-operate with Floyd in an attack on Rosecrans. Floyd was at that time at Cotton Hill, near the head of Kanawha Valley, operating with 4,000 men against the enemy from the road approaching the Valley from a more southerly direction than that on which we were stationed. Floyd accomplished very little by his operations except to show a bold front to the enemy, and keep them continually in mind of the fact that some one was in front of them, and as we were not connected with his movements in any way I shall not speak of them further. On October 21st, Lee ordered Loring back to the northeast; he had already on the 17th sent our command back to Meadow Bluff where we could better guard against a movement of the enemy by the Wilderness road, which had been left exposed since Floyd's cavalry had been withdrawn from it.

The weather had already turned very cold; the leaves were fading and falling and we had had heavy frosts. It was not uncommon to have snow in the mountains by October 1st, and fires were often necessary there in August. For some weeks our command suffered greatly from sickness. At one time more than one-half the men were unfit for duty. When Floyd left us about October 6th, he had to leave a North Carolina Regiment and the 50th Virginia behind, because they "had been nearly annihilated by sickness." On October 18th, my regiment had but 300 for duty out of 850 and the second regiment had 500 out of 806. Typhoid fever and diarrhoea were raging in the camp and there were two or three deaths daily in the regiment. My health remained good except for a few days at Meadow Bluff, when again I met with a friend—this time in the surgeon of the regiment, Dr. Henry R. Noel—who took me to his tent and gave me his personal attention and nursing until I got well. The water was no doubt chiefly at fault for the condition of health of the troops, as we took no precautions to render it pure.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]
RECOLLECTIONS OF SLAVE DAYS
AND WAR TIMES.

By the Editor.

(Continued from p. 32, Vol. IV, No.2, Feb., 1908)

A word in regard to our fare at this period. It had not yet improved much; we still made our bread by simply mixing flour and water and baking the dough in a skillet or oven; often we ate it before it was done. We had not yet learned to make the salt-rising loaves which are an excellent and healthful substitute for yeast bread. Beef—freshly killed—constituted our chief meat; we usually fried it, although sometimes we boiled or stewed it. When we could get an onion we made a very palatable hash. Vegetables and fruit we never saw. Occasionally the men received extra supplies from their friends in Greenbrier, but already there were signs of commencing scarcity in that region. We fared somewhat
better at Meadow Bluff, where we had onions, apples and chestnuts and occasionally opossum and bear-meat.

My father brought me some clothing, which I needed very much, but the trunk in which it was contained was broken open on the road and most of the articles were stolen. But a pair of shoes and gaiters, a piece of oilcloth and a jacket of blue jeans reached me safely. He left me, much to my sorrow, about the last of October. He wanted me to accompany him to the East but I resisted all his persuasions and arguments, having cast my fortune with the regiment to which I had adhered since my first entrance into the service as drillmaster, more than three months previously.

Finally, as has been stated, after a stay of over a month, we left “Camp Defiance.” For some reason we did not make a start until late in the afternoon, and we consequently arrived at our camping ground at Meadow Bluff in the night. The road was now in the most wretched condition—in fact, nearly impassable for wagons and artillery.

Meadow Bluff, where we now pitched our tents, was so called from its elevated position just above Meadow River—a branch of the Gauley—17 miles west of Lewisburg. It was naturally a strong position—overlooking all the surrounding country for miles. Immediately at the base of the bluff or hill, on the north and west—the direction from which the enemy would have to approach us—are streams which further strengthen it. Two roads join the main Kanawha pike here; one “The Wilderness,” from the northwest, by which when in a more advanced position we were in danger of being “flanked,” and a second from the south which offered an additional means of retreat in case of disaster. The natural configuration of the ground seems, therefore, to justify the high opinion entertained of it by General Floyd, although I cannot find in the official reports that General Lee commits himself as to the relative value strategically of the two positions.

But at this time it was not a very pleasant place to be in. The rains had rendered the ground wet and uncomfortable. The soil seemed saturated with water, which oozed through it in many places. We began now to think of winter quarters, and as the weather was too inclement for tents, which did not suffice to keep out the rain, we were making our arrangements for building huts when we were unexpectedly ordered away and our fortunes for a time were entirely severed from those of the legion.

But before speaking of this, I must mention the fact that, shortly before this on Big Sewell, an election had been held in Captain Taylor’s Company for 3rd Lieutenant. I was a candidate for the position but was beaten by the Orderly Sergeant, Shields, who was a good electioneer and, moreover, had the advantage of friendship and comradeship with the men. An opening then presented itself in the office of Sergeant-Major of the Regiment and I was appointed temporarily to the place by the Acting Colonel, Swank. Shortly after I received an official appointment. As this was a non-commissioned office, I was obliged to enlist, which I had not yet formally done. My position as drillmaster, highly useful and indeed necessary as it was, was not recognized by army regulations. I therefore joined Capt. Beuhring H. Jones’ Company (C) of the Regiment, as private, and afterwards rose to a commissioned office in it. Hitherto, I had received no pay; I now became entitled to $21 per month.

About the middle of November we were joined at Meadow Bluff by our new Colonel, William E. Starke, of New Orleans, who marched us to a point east of Greenbrier River, on the road between Lewisburg and the White Sulphur, and not far from the latter, where we encamped. This camp was known as “Camp Starke.” The regiment now assumed the name of the “Sixtieth Virginia Infantry.” Major Sweeney, one of our newly-appointed field officers, here joined us; like Henningson, he had also been a Nicaragua “flibuster,” but I must say he never exhibited any remarkable traits of martial prowess or skill while with us.

It continued to rain, hail or snow almost all the time we remained at “Camp Starke,” and springs innumerable seemed to vie with the heavens in making the ground soggy and disagreeable.

Colonel Starke brought his servant with him and invited me to join his mess. He took me
into his confidence and gave me a beautiful sword, which I wore for a long time. I have already described how this became lost. The next sword which I made use of was one bequeathed by my Uncle George, to which reference has been made in the early part of these memoirs. This is still in my possession. It would not have been, however, had I not exchanged it towards the close of the War for a Confederate sword made in Richmond, which was taken from me on my capture at Waynesboro, March 2, 1865.

I may add that I carried a pistol also all through the War. The first one which I got while at the Virginia Military Institute was stolen from me, and my brother-in-law, General James Hardin, gave me a navy revolver, which I was fortunate enough to retain till the close of the War and return to him. None of these weapons were of any service to me except as insignia of my rank; I never had the opportunity of using them for purposes of offense and defense. The only time I ever attempted to fire my pistol at an enemy it would not "go off." I have another relic of war times in the haversack which I wore.

The changes above enumerated made a great improvement in my fare and in my position in the regiment. I now had luxuries to which I had not hitherto been used. The Colonel had brought an ample lot of supplies with him and we obtained from the surrounding region eggs, chickens, turkeys and vegetables. I had my own tent and my facilities for discharging the clerical duties devolving upon my office were greatly improved. Our new Adjutant—the Colonel's son—did not join us till some weeks later, and meanwhile his duties (together with those of my own office) devolved on me. This gave me additional privileges. I received the reports of the companies and made out those of the regiment. I "mounted the guard" every morning and all the orders of the Colonel were issued through me. I received ample supplies of stationery, with blanks for all kinds of reports. I also had a horse assigned me, so that I was no longer compelled to march on foot, but rode at the head of the regiment with the Colonel.

While at Camp Starke our regiment received a complete outfit of muskets, uniforms, blankets, shoes, knapsacks, overcoats, medicines, etc. Our uniforms were of home-made buff-colored cloth, trimmed with black. They were not very stylish but were warm and serviceable. The regiment was now uniformly armed and with the best weapon in the service, the "Minie musket." Up to this time our men had had a variety of weapons, the flint lock musket, the mountain rifle (Captain Taylor's company was entirely armed with these), shot guns, etc. With this splendid equipment we were ready for any service to which we might be assigned and with such a commander, good work could be expected of the Sixtieth. The secret of our obtaining such a complete outfit, whilst so many other regiments were unprovided for, and when the source of supply was so limited, was to be traced to the influence of our Colonel. He was an intimate friend of Mr. Judah P. Benjamin, who was also from New Orleans, and was also a personal friend of President Davis, and subsequent events showed that he not only had the influence and tact to secure such a splendid equipment, but even to control our movements.

(To be continued.)

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IT'S GOOD TO BE ABLE TO LIVE.

It's good to be able to see, and to speak,
It's good to be able to think,
It's good to be strong—if you're helping the weak
And saving the ones that might sink:
It's good to be able to work and to love,
It's good to be able to give,—
And no matter what cares the world may speak of—
It's good to be able to live.

It's good to be able to know right from wrong,
And better, of course, to do right;
It's good to be able to hear life's sweet song,
And isn't it good to have Light?
It's good to be able to struggle and strive,
Much better, at least, than to shirk;
It's good to be able to say, you're alive—
And better—to say you're at work.

What tho' there are many who having once failed
Mark work as a troublesome pest,
Who all of Earth's beauties and hopes have bewailed
And say Life's a wearisome jest—
Still we who have labored the hardest through death
Know Life does not ever deceive,
And with hope and faith and the beauties of earth
It's surely a Good thing to live.

H. M. ROBINSON, '09
RECOLLECTIONS OF SLAVE DAYS
AND WAR TIMES.

By The Editor.
(Continued from p. 39, Vol. IV, No. 3, March, 1908.)

Expecting to winter near the Virginia White Sulphur Springs, we selected a piece of woods about half a mile south of Camp Starke and had it
cleared off preparatory to commencing building winter quarters.

For about a month from the middle of November, the official reports show that our regiment received various orders and counter orders. On November 15, Benjamin writes to Floyd, who was still at Cotton Hill, telling him that he has sent Starke’s and Donelson’s regiments to him, and they would be with him before the receipt of the letter announcing the order. A few days later Floyd abandoned Cotton Hill, and on December 2 Adjutant-General Cooper telegraphs to him to fall back to Dublin Depot on the Virginia and Tennessee Railroad. On December 2 the Adjutant-General telegraphs to Starke to proceed at once to the nearest point on the Virginia and Tennessee Railroad, and go thence to Bowling Green, Kentucky, and report to General Albert Sydney Johnston. On December 4 the order to Floyd is repeated by the Secretary of War, for Starke and Donelson (then on the march to join Floyd) to proceed to Bowling Green, and the Wise Legion to go to Richmond. On December 5 Floyd has reached the railroad, and on December 10 Donelson is ordered to proceed without delay with his brigade and Starke’s regiment to Charleston, S. C., and report there to General Lee, who was being pressed by the enemy. These orders were consequent upon operations in Kentucky unfavorable to our cause, and to the descent of the enemy upon Beaufort Island in South Carolina, and their threatening attitude towards our railroad connections there. On the 3d of December, we received marching orders and left Camp Starke the following morning. Our destination was not known, but was said to be Bowling Green via Nashville. We pursued a course nearly due south, crossing several mountains, and passing the White Sulphur, the Red Sweet and the Old Sweet Springs. The mild and balmy weather of Indian summer, the unclouded sky, the varied and beautiful scenery, the pure mountain streams and the delicious fragrance of the pine and undergrowth, contrasting so strikingly with our recent experience, were in the highest degree exhilarating and made this march a memorable one in our annals.

We arrived at Salem, a station on the Virginia and Tennessee Railroad, in Roanoke county, Va., 65 miles from Camp Starke, on the 10th. We found dinner there awaiting us at the hotel, the Colonel having ordered it at his own expense. We camped along the track near the depot. Many of the regiment now got their first sight of a locomotive and train, and their astonishment, as may be imagined, was great.

I had been anxious to get a furlough in order to visit my home and obtain some clothing which I needed badly, but the Colonel said we must hurry on, that a battle was imminent and he could not spare a man then. So I said farewell that night to old Virginia, expecting to start westward the next morning.

A great many of the command were absent at this time, with or without leave. Some had deserted and many were sick. We took about 400 to Salem, leaving Major Sweeney at the White Sulphur to bring on as many as he could.

At this time I put in an application for a cadetship in the Confederate Army. This was the lowest commissioned office in the service, and held the rank of Colonel’s Aid, or Assistant Adjutant. It was instituted presumably to provide for youths who might be trained for higher duties but were as yet too young to hold other office. I never heard from my petition, although I had recommendations from high officials.

Immediately on our arrival at Salem, Colonel Starke telegraphed to the War Department for further instructions, which were awaited by us with great eagerness. On the 11th we received an order countermanding previous orders and directing us to proceed to Charleston and there report to General Lee, who on November 5 had been transferred to the South and put in command of the “Department of South Carolina, Georgia and East Florida.” Accordingly we embarked on the cars on the 13th for our new destination, passing through Lynchburg, Richmond, Petersburg and Wilmington.

I was much pleased at the idea of going South, partly because every novelty is gratifying to the young, partly because I wished to see a part of the country which was altogether new to me, and
not least because of the prospect of a change from a rough and inclement climate to one presumably mild and balmy.

Before leaving Salem, a new Confederate flag—the stars and bars—which the Colonel had brought with him when he first came to us, was presented to the regiment at dress parade. It was this very flag on which were afterwards placed the cross-bayonets and the names of the battles in which we participated.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

RECOLLECTIONS OF SLAVE DAYS AND WAR TIMES.

By The Editor.

(Continued from page 144, Vol. IV, No. 10, October, 1908.)

Two other events at Salem seem worth noting in these memoirs. One was the court martial of a “deserter.” The man was very much frightened, as the Colonel had issued very stringent orders on the subject only a short time before, but he was let off with but a slight penalty comparatively—the infliction of some severe manual labor. Colonel Starke was a very sensible and prudent commander, and while he knew the importance of maintaining discipline, he also recognized the fact that the constancy of his men depended for the most part on their own will, as no law could reach them in their mountain fastnesses. It is rather remarkable that these mountaineers remained as true as they did to our cause, as they
were generally quite ignorant and had but slight interest in the result.

The other event was the kindness of the ladies of Salem to our sick. The latter were furnished with bedding and delicacies and many were taken into the houses. No doubt these good ladies thought of their own husbands, and sons and brothers far away near Washington, and hoped that other kind hands would do for them as they were now doing for strangers.

As we proceeded south, we noted with pleasure and interest the change of scenery and climate. The level country, the pine forests, the sluggish streams, the cotton fields, the towns, the negroes, were all strange sights to most of us. We passed through Charleston and stopped at Coosawhatchie, a station on the railroad in South Carolina, about midway between Charleston and Savannah, on December 19, after a seven days’ trip. We encamped in a pine woods, but after a few days moved a short distance to the next station, which was called Pocotaligo. We selected a cotton field for our camp, leveling the hillys and rolling the ground thoroughly, thus forming a perfectly smooth, even and hard drill ground. Our Lieutenant-Colonel, James L. Corley, now joined us. He was a native of South Carolina and a graduate of the Military Academy at West Point. He had recently resigned from the United States Army, and, like Stark, had served under Garnett. He was a fine disciplinarian and an excellent drill master. Under his supervision, the regiment rapidly improved in drill.

Our Assistant Surgeon, W. S. Copehart, of North Carolina, and our Adjutant—Norborne Stark—were also with the Colonel—both joined us here. The latter remained only a few weeks and then disappeared, and this was his entire connection with the command. During the remainder of the time up to the reorganization in the spring, I discharged the entire duties of both my own and his office. I did not complain, however, although I never received more than Sergeant-Major’s pay, because I had privileges and a rank which I could not otherwise have had, and the duties were not so great as to be irksome; moreover, I hoped that my services might recommend me for promotion.

The change from the mountains of Virginia to the South was immense. It was a revelation to us. We were now in the tide water region and we could witness the curious phenomena of the rise and fall of the tides. When the tide was low, myriads of ugly looking creatures could be seen on the black surface thus left exposed, basking in the sun, and as one rode along the roads at midday all sorts of hideous reptiles would scatter to the right and left in front of his horse. The vegetation was different from any we had seen. The pine woods were altogether unlike our variegated forests and the live oaks with their perennial foliage and the palmetto were curious to behold. It appeared very odd to see flowers blooming in midwinter. We missed our native mountains; there were no elevations at all in that region. The roads were perfectly level and straight, and stretched often in one unbroken line as far as the eye could reach, whilst the overhanging branches of the live oaks formed a graceful archway overhead. We made the acquaintance of the strange alligator, but also caught an occasional glimpse of the familiar deer.

We kept open house at Pocotaligo and lived in a style of luxury unlike any of our other experiences during the war. We had five servants—one of whom, the Colonel’s boy, was an excellent cook—and we entertained in a lavish manner. At that time there was a court martial going on at Pocotaligo, the headquarters of General Pemberton, who, on March 4, 1862, had been placed in command of the Department. General Lee having been urgently recalled to Virginia. In connection with this trial, besides the accused, Colonel Calhoun (a relative of the famous statesman), there were several well-known persons, the most prominent of whom were Colonel Doniphan, Major Buist and Captain Shannon, all South Carolinians. At this time we frequently had as many as thirty persons at our mess table. Provisions were abundant and cheap. We got eggs, chickens, yams (a variety of the sweet potato, but much larger, sweeter and more juicy; of the large sized one, one would be sufficient for the meat of a family) and rice from the negroes on the neighboring plantations, and oysters were plentiful on the coast. We had syrup from New Orleans, and our men returning from the mountains of Virginia brought us supplies of butter. We even

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I took advantage of our stay in South Carolina to visit the city of Charleston. A large part of the city had been burned down a short time before our arrival, and a great path of charred ruins extended across it, but notwithstanding it struck me as being a very beautiful place, with its wide avenues and numerous gardens. I stopped at the Mills House. I visited Fort Sumter, at that time garrisoned by a regiment of South Carolina regulars. These troops seemed to be under the strictest discipline and drilled with the utmost precision. From the ramparts I could see the blockading vessels very plainly at sea, and I got my first glimpse of old ocean.

We had no engagements with the enemy while in South Carolina. Once we made a rapid march some distance to meet a raiding party, but I never saw but one Federal while there, and he was a sentinel at the end of the causeway, on Beaufort Island, whom I saw one day when I rode down that way out of mere curiosity.

As March approached, the balmy, sunny weather we had hitherto enjoyed was exchanged for one more chilly and windy, and we had a good deal of rain. Hence when we received orders to leave we had no regrets. We had experienced no hospitality in the state, had formed no ties or friendships there and had nothing to look back to with pleasure, except that lovely climate and that mild, balmy winter, so welcome a substitute for our rough mountain snow and cold.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)
RECOLLECTIONS OF SLAVE DAYS AND WAR TIMES.

BY THE EDITOR.

[Continued from p. 160, Vol. IV, No. 11.]

About the middle of March the enemy began to be quite active on the coast of North Carolina, and on the 18th of that month we embarked for Goldsborough. We reached Wilmington on the 20th, where Gen. J. R. Anderson, commanding the Department of North Carolina, thought proper to stop the regiment. We encamped in the sand just outside the town. Our stay here was rather uneventful. A new experience to us was going to the theatre. An old man who kept the principal hotel also ran the theatre, and his two daughters were star members of his company. His younger daughter was quite pretty and attractive, and a great toast to our young officers, who got very little chance to make love to her, however, as the father watched her very closely. One of their favorite plays appeared to be “The Jibeninouyay,” an Indian tragedy, which gave a fine opportunity for a big and big-voiced actor to rant through the part of the Indian chief, and for the young heroine to draw forth the unstinted applause of the not over critical audience. “The Captain with his whiskers took a sly glance at me,” a popular song of the times, sung by the older sister, always brought down the house.

The proximity of a city, even of the size of Wilmington, was not conducive to the good morals of troops, and the women of the town exhibited the most brazen effrontery. I knew of several of the regiment and fear there were others whose health was seriously undermined at this time.

On April 20, after exactly one month’s stay at Wilmington, we again took the cars under orders for the Rappahannock. We arrived at Richmond on the 21st and spent the following night in some large buildings near the reservoir. The next morning we resumed our journey by rail and were conveyed to the vicinity of Fredericksburg, where we were assigned to the command of Brigadier General Charles W. Field, an ex-officer of the old army, who was in command in that section. His brigade consisted [besides our regiment] of the 40th and 55th regiments and a battalion of infantry, Col. Wm. H. F. Lee’s regiment of cavalry [9th Va. Cavalry] and of Pegram’s and another battery of artillery. In the subsequent movements at Richmond it formed a part of A. P. Hill’s [Light] Division, of Jackson’s Corps.

Field had just before our arrival evacuated Fredericksburg and fallen back on the Telegraph Road fourteen miles from that place before superior numbers. He was then directed by Lee to keep his forces as near the enemy as possible.

We were frequently on the move during our stay on the Rappahannock, but had no engagement [so far as my immediate command was concerned]; our pickets, however, were constantly exchanging shots with those of the enemy across the narrow river, and occasionally artillery was brought into requisition. The most important event that took place was the reorganization of the regiment in May. The companies had enlisted for twelve months and this period now expired. In the elections which were held, many changes took place, both in the field and line officers. Col. Starke was re-elected; Capt. Beulshing H. Jones [of the company in which I had enlisted and in which I subsequently became an officer] was elected Lieutenant-Colonel, succeeding Col. Corley, who was not a candidate for re-election; Capt. John C. Summers, of Monroe County, became Major. Capt. Thomas Pollock, who was defeated in his company, was appointed Adjutant. On the whole, the changes were not for the better. The men could scarcely be relied on to make the best selections. They were guided not so much by the desire to secure the most competent officers, as by personal friendships, and there was much room for electioneering and demagoguery. The men re-enlisted and for the war, without any hesitation. This result must be partly ascribed, I think, to the fact that they were so far from home and in a strange country without facilities for reaching their homes; but much pressure was brought to bear on them and the Colonel was very popular. Still it cannot
but he considered a remarkable event and an illustration of the earnestness of their interest in the struggle.

About the middle of May, I obtained a one-day's leave of absence to visit Richmond. During my stay in the capital I stopped at the Richmond House, where the board was exceedingly moderate for the time—$2.50 per day. The city was full of officers, and I was surprised to find my brother there, he having come on from the Trans-Mississippi Department, where he had been serving under Gen. Sterling Price, in order to make application for a position in the Confederate Navy. He based his application upon a five-year experience in the merchant service. I also called upon my old friend, Hon. Alexander R. Boteler, M. C., at the Exchange Hotel. I found him very busy making off requisitions for tents, shoes and other necessaries for Jackson's troops in the Valley. He told me that he had handed in my name for a cadetship and had personally urged my appointment upon President Davis; also, that none of these appointments had yet been made, although he was expecting them daily. By his advice, on my return to camp, I got the officers of the regiment to sign a recommendation for my appointment and forwarded it to the President. In return I received a reply from Col. William M. Browne, Aide-de-Camp, stating that it had been received and referred to the Secretary of War. Remembering these ominous words in the case of my application to President Buchanan, I abandoned all hope, and neither my brother nor myself succeeded in our aspirations. Mr. Boteler also offered me a captaincy under General Floyd, upon the modest condition that I should raise my own company.

On May 24 we left the Rappahannock region and marched by the "telegraph road" to a point on the railroad, about 12 miles north of Richmond. Two or three days later we resumed our march and reached a camp, near the point where the Virginia Central Railway (running from Richmond to Charlottesville) crossed the Chickahominy River, about four miles north of Richmond. General Lee was now concentrating his troops from all quarters for the defense of the capital. We remained at this point for some weeks, or until the movements connected with the seven days' battles began. We were on the extreme left of General Lee's army.

Shortly after our arrival occurred the battle of "Seven Oaks" or "Fair Oaks." McClellan had thrown Keyes' corps across the Chickahominy and ordered them to fortify. Hardly had they begun to do so when heavy rains occurred, causing the river to rise and become impassible. They were then attacked by troops of Longstreet's, Hill's and Smith's divisions under Johnston. Our men fought in marshes, in some places waist-deep, and lost heavily, but the advantage was with us at the close, although we failed to dislodge the enemy, who succeeded in obtaining reinforcements during the succeeding night. In this engagement Johnston was struck in the shoulder and thrown from his horse, and was carried from the field severely wounded. Our Colonel's young son, Edward Starke, Adjutant of Kemper's (Seventh Virginia) Regiment, was also shot through the breast. Our men bivouacked on the field. The next morning the enemy attacked Longstreet, but were repulsed. Our troops then returned to camp, bringing 10 pieces of artillery, 6,000 muskets, 1 garrison flag, 4 regimental colors, several hundred prisoners and a large quantity of tents and camp equipage. But for the failure of Huger to co-operate, the whole of Keyes' troops would doubtless have been captured on the 31st before the arrival of reinforcements. All the afternoon of the 31st of May and the morning of the following day we could hear the booming of artillery away down upon Lee's right. We struck tents and packed our baggage on the 1st and were all ready to move, but later received orders to unpack and put up tents again.

Our delightful mess was broken up while we were here. Many changes had taken place in the regimental field and staff, leaving but two or three of the old members, and the Colonel receiving an invitation from the Commissary (who had now the best table in the regiment) left us to join him. Accordingly, we broke up and I joined a mess of some of my comrades of Company C.

Towards the end of June General Lee had concentrated all his available forces for an over-
whelming assault upon McClellan, who had pushed his way until his troops were now within sight of the spires of the Confederate capital. On the 26th of June, with the battle of Mechanicsville, began that series of terrific combats, which forced the Federal General back upon his gunboats for protection, disorganized his fine army and changed the entire aspect of the war. On the 17th of June Jackson set his troops in motion in the Valley, but their destination was not suspected except by those entrusted with the secret. So well was that guarded that, when he reached Ashland, twelve miles north of Richmond, on the 25th, we were unaware of it, and when we began our movement on the 26th we still supposed that we were the extreme of the left wing of Lee’s army, not having yet learned that the redoubtable Stonewall was moving around our left to take the enemy in flank.

Our movement began on June 26, when we early received orders to be ready to move at a moment’s notice. A. P. Hill’s “Light Division,” to which we belonged, had been secretly massed near Meadow Bridge the night before—14,000 strong, consisting of Field’s, Gregg’s, Joseph R. Anderson’s, Pender’s, Archer’s and Branch’s Brigades. His orders were to cross the Chickahominy as soon as he learned that Jackson had passed the line of the Virginia Central Railway to our left. The day wearing on without receiving the expected intelligence, lest we should hazard the failure of the entire plan, at 3 P. M. we crossed the Chickahominy, a sluggish stream, guarded by the enemy’s pickets upon a rude country bridge. Brockenbrough’s regiment—the Fortieth Virginia of Field’s brigade—was in advance. We met but little opposition at this time, a few shots only being exchanged with the pickets, about a mile beyond the bridge, by which one of our men was wounded. We captured one of the enemy, who proved to be a detachment of the “Pennsylvania Bucktails.” As we approached the town of Mechanicsville, however, the enemy opened a concentric fire of artillery and small arms upon the head of the column, whereupon Field threw the brigade into line of battle, with Pegram’s battery in the centre, the Fifty-fifth and Sixtieth Virginia on the right of the road and the Fortieth Virginia. Forty-seventh and Second Virginia Battalion on

the left. Thus steadily advancing and occasionally halting to deliver our fire, we drove the enemy from their entrenchments and out of the town.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

The following is the inscription on the tomb of Dr. McDowell, after whom McDowell Hall, at St. John’s, was named. His remains lie in Etter’s Cemetery, about one-half mile from Lehigh, and three miles from Mercersburg, Pa., along the line of the South Penn Railroad: “JOHN MCDOWELL, LL. D. Born 1751. Died 1830. Aged 69 years. First Principal St. John’s College, in the State of Maryland. Provost of the University of Pennsylvania.”

He was an LL. D. of the University of Pennsylvania, 1807, and D. D. of Union College, 1818.

Prof. William L. Mayo, a graduate of St. John’s, has returned to Annapolis after an absence of four and one-half years in the Philippines, where he held the position of Provincial Superintendent of Public Schools. He came home by way of India, the Malay Peninsula, Egypt, Switzerland, Italy, France and Spain.—Fitz R. Winslow, M. D. ‘06, son of Prof. R. Winslow, has settled for practice at Hinton, in Rockingham County, Va., six miles from Harrisonburg.—The personal estate of the late Judge Charles E. Phelps, who was Professor of Equity in this University for twenty-three years, was appraised at $85,802. It included a number of University and University Hospital bonds.—Martin L. Jarrett, M. D. ’64, of Baltimore, was elected commander of the James R. Herbert Camp, United Confederate Veterans, April 19.—Dr. John C. Travers, ’95, of Cambridge, Md., left Maryland recently for the Philippines, where he will enter the government service. His friends at Cambridge gave him a farewell entertainment on April 20.—The following U. M. men will read papers at the meeting of the

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RECOLLECTIONS OF SLAVE DAYS AND WAR TIMES.

By the Editor.

[Continued from p. 45, Vol. V, Nos. 4 and 5.]

They took refuge in their stronghold on the other side of Beaver Dam Creek. McClellan’s extreme right was at this point. Advancing through the open ground south of the town, still in order of battle, we encountered a terrific fire from the enemy’s artillery stationed on an eminence above a mill-race in our front. They had a free sweep of us of several hundred yards, with three or four batteries, for we were in full view of them the whole time. We advanced, notwithstanding, steadily and without flinching. The whole division was now engaged. There was no shelter for our men; our only safety consisted in moving forward rapidly, to keep as much as possible out of the range of the batteries and in getting so close that they could not shell us without firing on their own men. During a pause in our advance, Colonel Starke, who had dismounted at the beginning of the engagement, walked over to a point on our left and just in front of our line, where General Field and his staff were sitting on their horses observing the enemy with their field glasses. Seeing the group, curiosity led me to join it. I think the conversation was upon the advisability of charging the battery which was shelling us so severely. In a little while the enemy saw us and opened on the group. They quickly got our range and sent a shell right into our midst. It burst and a fragment struck the Colonel in the palm of his right hand, making an ugly lacerated wound. He was compelled to leave the field, and we thus lost his valuable services at a most critical time when there was really no one who could supply his place. Several futile attempts were made to dislodge the enemy to our right by Pender’s, Anderson’s and Ripley’s Brigades. The Thirty-fifth Georgia crossed the creek and gained an admirable position for charg-
ing the enemy’s batteries, but as the Fourteenth Georgia were pushing forward to their assistance, their Colonel was stricken down and few crossed. The Thirty-fifth, however, held its own till the close of the battle. Hill gave as his reason for not ordering a general assault that the position along Beaver Dam Creek was too strong to be carried by direct attack, without heavy loss, and he expected every moment to hear Jackson’s guns on his own left and the enemy’s rear. The musketry firing continued until 9 P. M., when we had reached a dense thicket along the stream which alone now separated us. Pegram’s battery of our brigade lost in this battle forty-seven men and many of its horses, but nevertheless went into the next day’s engagement.

We rested on our arms that night. Before dawn the next morning (27th) the enemy opened a rapid fire of artillery, principally in the direction of Mechanicsville, and our troops were immediately called to arms. The shelling continued an hour or more and was evidently designed to cover their retreat. Two companies of Gregg’s brigade gallantly charged across the creek and cleared the rifle-pits of the few men left in them as a blind. We continued our advance in a southeasterly direction to Gaines’ Mill, passing on the march the deserted and burning stores of the enemy. We also passed the mill-race, where the bloody charge had been made the day before and the Georgians had suffered so terribly. The bodies of the dead were strewn all around, exposed to the hot sun. The position was one which seemed almost impregnable to direct assault, and we understood why we had not been permitted to storm it the day before. We met evidences of precipitate retreat and soon came up with the enemy, who occupied the opposite bank of the stream on which Gaines’ Mill is located, a half-mile from Cold Harbor. Gregg’s brigade, which led the advance, was thrown into line of battle and the woods opposite were vigorously shelled. Our skirmishers rushed forward and cleared the crossing, whereupon Gregg’s men filed across, forming line successively as each regiment reached the opposite bank. They then charged and drove the enemy to their entrenchments. These occupied a ridge extending in a southeasterly direction, being parallel to the Chickahominy, which was but a short distance behind it. Their infantry occupied two lines of breastworks and their artillery was massed at the summit. In front of the ridge was a deep and almost impassible ravine or ditch, from which open ground extended about 200 or 300 yards to a wood. Such was the position which we were called upon to storm, a superhuman task, as it seemed afterward to us.

At 2.30 P. M., forming in the wood, we advanced to the attack, in column of companies. My position of sergeant-major was somewhat of a sinecure, as I had no command, but at this moment Captain Dews, who had succeeded Col. Bonhurting J. Jones in command of Company C, on the promotion of the latter to the colonelcy in May, came to me and asked me to take charge of his company in the approaching battle. I gladly accepted the offer and placed myself at the head of his command, while he slunk into the woods in the rear. This man proved to be an arrant coward, though in camp a bully. He was afterwards for nearly a year under arrest for cowardice, having left his command before one of the battles in the Valley without sick leave, tho’ claiming to be sick; but for some reason he never came to trial. All this time he was drawing full pay as captain at a safe distance from danger, whilst others were risking their lives in his place and doing his duty. His first lieutenant received a severe wound in the foot in the charge at the battle of Frazer’s Farm three days later, and the gallant Peyton, second lieutenant, lost his life in the charge at Cedar Creek, in the Valley of Virginia, October 19, 1864.

Forward! came the command and we advanced into the jaws of death. The enemy held their fire until we were well across the open ground and had opened fire upon them; then arose the most tremendous roar of large and small arms it has been my fortune to hear. The deadly missiles poured upon us like rain—shells bursting in every direction and bullets whistling past us. Men fell on all sides and the ranks became disarranged. Some reached the ditch, but were unable to cross and had no alternative but to retreat. Two North Carolina regiments reached the crest of the ridge and were actually in the enemy’s camp, but were driven back by overwhelming numbers. The 35th
Georgia also forced its way like a wedge through the enemy’s lines. A farmhouse stood about halfway across the open space; here many huddled seeking in vain for shelter. Reforming again we charged, only to recoil from that terrible fire with thinned and disordered ranks. The task of dislodging the enemy from their stronghold seemed beyond our power.

Meanwhile the evening wore on. Suddenly a heavy fire arose towards our left. Heavier it grew! Nearer it came! What can it mean? We supposed our division to be the extreme left flank of our army. Now we witnessed a sight to set the blood a-tingling. We saw men in gray, headed by a heroic leader, dash up from the left and rear, pierce our ranks and rush into the very heart of the battle. No stop for them—no obstacle could check their swift charge! Over the open ground with a yell—over the ditch, how I know not—up the steep ridge they go into the rear and the cannon’s mouth—and the enemy fly before them! Hood and his brave Texans did it! All glory to them!*

Now we learned for the first time that Stonewall Jackson was upon our left and that he had been silently swinging around the enemy’s right flank for three days with their stronghold for his objective point. We had thought him a hundred miles away in the Valley. Now we more clearly comprehended the movement of the enemy. Magnificent Stonewall! Marvelous Stonewall! Always ready when needed, how often did you help Lee to snatch victory from superior numbers! Would Gettysburg have been the same had you been there? Would the war have terminated as it did had you lived?

Shout upon shout rent the air at sight of this heroic charge, which cost its participants 1,000 in killed and wounded, but in compensation gave them fourteen pieces of artillery and nearly a regiment of infantry as prisoners of war. The shout which announced the victory in our front was taken up and carried along the line from end to end. By General Lee’s order the whole line advanced to the support of the charging force. The shades of night were falling when the enemy yielded and fled in disorder. The darkness and the exhaustion of two days’ fighting prevented pursuit and they succeeded in escaping beyond the river. We made no attempt at reorganization, but, overcome by fatigue, lay down each where he happened to be and were soon wrapped in slumber too deep for dreams.

This position was the key to the enemy’s strength and with its loss his power was shattered. Blow upon blow followed until he was glad to seek refuge under shelter of his gunboats.

[To be continued].

The State Board of Medical Examiners held the spring examinations at the Hall of the Medical and Chirurgical Faculty June 22-23. There were 152 candidates.—Dr. William T. Watson, ’91, sailed for Europe June 3.—Dr. Charles S. Woodruff will spend the summer in Canada.—Dr. Alexander C. Abbott was presented with a handsome colonial clock by the attachés of the Phila. Bureau of Health on his retirement from the head of that department June 1.—It is announced that of the 44 dental graduates who took the Md. State Examination May 27-28, 30 passed and 14 failed. Among the successful we find the names of Drs. Nordin, Metz, Williams, Bereston, Phillips, Sawaya, Steiner, Herr, Grant, Davis, Cahill, Robbins, Hopkins, O’Neil, Hayes, Yelvington, Mandigo.—Louis W. Knight, M. D., ’66, received the honorary degree of LL. D. from Loyola College, Balto., June 17.—Dr. Robert P. Bay, Medical Superintendent of University Hospital, has been appointed captain in the medical corps of the Md. Nat. Guard and assigned to duty with the 5th Regt.—Professor Christopher Johnston, of the Johns Hopkins University, will spend the summer at Ocean City, Md., where he has a cottage.—The following appointments of U. M. men

*"The Fourth Texas under the lead of Hood was the first to pierce their stronghold and seize the guns."—Jackson’s Report.
they proposed to rear the liberty of the individual and the government of the people by the acts of the governed, but the tide is slowly but steadily rising toward a government neither by the people nor by the people's chosen representatives, but through boards and commissions appointed for and over the people.

Some of the great cities of this country have already adopted this change; in some the powers of the representatives of the people have been much curtailed, and in many this altered form of government is openly advocated and seriously discussed. Its adoption amounts to neither more nor less than a confession that government by the people is a failure, that we are no longer competent or capable to protect our rights and do justice to our fellow-men, as did our fathers in days of yore.

I for one do not believe that the day has yet come when we must write down in the pages of history that the ideals of a century and a quarter ago were impracticable, and that we have not today the honesty and ability to frame just laws and impartially enforce them, but must remit such duty to individuals selected for us.

If we would preserve our own ideals uncontaminated by the influences, the prejudices, the preconceived ideas of this great element of the population—the foreign born—it is our duty to teach them what this country stands for, what was achieved by our independence and how they, in their turn, can become the sharers of our privileges and take the name "American." If we do not, we leave them a prey to the demagogue, who for selfish or base purposes may instill into them false conceptions, and by his arts mold them to do his will. If such a day should come, nowhere can we lay the blame but on ourselves.—Hon. Henry Stockbridge, Hadley Oration.

RECOLLECTIONS OF SLAVE DAYS AND WAR TIMES.

BY THE EDITOR.


The battle of Cold Harbor was a glorious victory for the Confederates. The enemy had been driven from their well-chosen and strongly-fortified position and had been completely routed at all points. The next day, Saturday, June 28, we were able to examine their position and fortifications at leisure and our wonder was still greater that we had been able to dislodge them.

Remaining on the field of battle for the purpose of attending to the dead and wounded, and until Grapevine Bridge over the Chickahominy, which had been destroyed by the enemy after their crossing, could be repaired, on Sunday, June 29, we resumed our march, crossing over to the west side of the river, Longstreet's Division preceding and Jackson's Corps following us. As we marched along in the heat and dust we came upon a barrel of whiskey which had been abandoned by the enemy. We filled our canteens from it, being nearly exhausted, and used it pretty freely with a most grateful stimulating effect. Probably it was well watered, as no one was intoxicated by it. Colonel Starke joined us in the afternoon wearing his wounded hand in a sling.

I cannot describe the details of our movements at this time. We were in the swamps of the Chickahominy and were pursuing a southerly course towards the James, where McClellan was seeking protection from his gunboats. It was a time of continual anxiety, of hourly dread of being ordered into battle—perhaps the last to many of us, of almost intolerable fatigue and discomfort. In those hot, cloudless days, the stifling dust, the haversack fare, the slow, tedious, never-ending marches, and exasperating halts, and the wretched water, we realized fully the penalty we were paying for upholding our principles. It is well known that we were groping in the dark much of the time during these "seven days' fights," our generals having no accurate maps of the country and the roads and positions of the enemy being alike unknown to us.

On Monday, June 30, we came up with the enemy, who were retreating by the Quaker road, near Frazier's farm. The division was halted, field hospitals were established and the brigades were closed up preparatory to action. Longstreet was about three-fourths of a mile in advance of us. Suddenly, late in the afternoon, the enemy opened a furious fire of artillery down the road upon us. I had heard that President Jefferson Davis was on the field and had gone back a short distance to get a glimpse of him. Just then the

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firing began and the troops being ordered forward, I had to hasten back to join them without accomplishing my purpose, so that I lost the only opportunity I had during the war to see the Confederate President. He narrowly escaped the shells of the enemy on this occasion.

We found Longstreet hotly engaged and we hastened forward at a double quick to his support. With such enthusiasm did our brigade advance that we got far in front of the rest of the line. Two of our regiments—the 60th Va., led by our gallant Colonel, and the 55th Va., under Colonel Mallory—charged a distance of about 300 yards across an open field and captured a battery of eight Napoleon guns—Randall’s Penna. Battery. It had already been previously captured by Kemper’s Brigade of Longstreet’s Division, but had been recovered by the enemy. It was obstinately defended by infantry who were unable, however, to remove the guns on account of the horses having been killed or wounded. The 60th charged bayonets, and hand-to-hand encounters took place among the guns. One of our men of Company I had five bayonet wounds on his body. This man—Private Robert A. Christian—was assailed at the same instant by four of the enemy. He succeeded in killing three of them with his own hand, although wounded in several places by bayonet thrusts, when his brother Eli came to his assistance and dispatched the fourth.

Many of the enemy were killed with the bayonet. We drove them into the woods and beyond for a half mile and took many prisoners. We were now actually in his rear, having penetrated his centre in the eagerness of our pursuit. Before he could profit by this circumstance, however, we were withdrawn. Nevertheless we held the field which we had captured, and having obtained horses from the rear, we safely removed the captured artillery and equipments.

So rapid were the movements of our Brigade (Field’s), that Pender, who had started with us, endeavoring to move forward to our support, found that the enemy were between his Brigade and ours. He scattered a regiment which moved across his front and continuing drove off a battery of rifled pieces. The 47th Va.—Mayo’s Regi-

ment—of our Brigade, got possession of a battery and turning two of the guns on the enemy greatly assisted Gregg, who was hotly engaged on our left. The same regiment captured Major-General McCall, who commanded this part of the line. The enemy received reinforcements and the battle was kept up with varying fortune till dark, when the firing ceased and they withdrew. We again rested upon the field, but were relieved near dawn by Major-General Magruder. In this engagement, in which Longstreet and Hill alone took part, our division captured 14 pieces of artillery and two stands of colors.

Our Colonel was greatly pleased with the conduct of his men in this engagement and complimented them very highly for their courage. Much of the credit of their performance was due to his own gallant example and enthusiasm, and had we always had such a commander we would have reaped many honors on other battle fields as conspicuous as those of Frazier’s Farm. We ourselves were also much elated and notwithstanding the fatigue, when we had built our fires, we recounted to each other the various events and experiences of the day till a late hour.

The next day (Tuesday) we continued our pursuit of the fleeing enemy. In the evening occurred the fearful carnage of “Malvern Hill.” McClellan’s army had been driven from every position, routed and disorganized. As a last effort, to save it from utter destruction and secure time for escape, he massed a hundred or more pieces of artillery and a large force of infantry upon a commanding elevation which sloped gradually downwards for several hundred yards toward Lee’s advancing columns. It was a very strong position and nearly impregnable to direct assault. Lee had issued orders that at a given signal, there should be a general advance of the whole line. D. H. Hill, of Jackson’s Corps, hearing what he took to be the signal, pressed forward with his division to the attack, but was not supported. Our troops, flushed by victory, dashed up the hill supposing that they had only to meet a beaten and routed enemy. But the wounded beast is never so dangerous as in his dying effort. Hill’s ranks were mowed down almost by col-

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He sent to Jackson for reinforcements, but owing to the darkness (for it was late when the battle took place) and the obstruction offered by the swamp and the undergrowth, none reached him in time to be of avail, although ordered up by Jackson. He was therefore compelled to withdraw with a loss of over 2,000 killed, wounded and missing.

We were in line of battle near the scene of action for some hours late in the evening, but were not called actively into the fight. But we were under the fire of the heavy guns of the enemy’s gunboats on the James. The immense shot from these burried themselves in the field all about us, throwing up heaps of dirt into the moonlit air. It was almost amusing to see the men dodging those huge missiles. We could hear them whizzing through the air for some seconds before they fell and it seemed to each one as if they were coming directly to him. Fortunately (at least so far as I know), none of our men were hit by them—a most remarkable circumstance surely! The shelling continued till 10 P.M.

This ended for us the fighting, which had continued for seven days. Some part of our army being engaged each day for that period. The loss of our regiment was 31 killed and 173 wounded; total, 204. This was far more than in any of the other regiments of the Brigade. The whole division lost 619 killed and 3,870 wounded. Three of the Brigades of the division had never before been under fire. Pegram’s Battery, of our Brigade, particularly distinguished itself; it was in every engagement, had every officer killed or wounded and lost 60 of its 80 men.

Early the next morning we marched over the field of Malvern Hill, and it was a ghastly sight. The mangled bodies of the dead were scattered here and there. The surgeons were at work and in one place we came upon a pile of legs and arms which had been taken off by them. Not a sign of McClellan’s army was to be seen. He had secured the all-important delay; he had saved his army, which now lay beneath the protection of his gunboats at Harrison’s Landing.

On this day, while we were pursuing him and passing through a wood, I saw Stonewall Jackson, the only time I ever did so, although we were under his command for several weeks. He was sitting upon his horse in the middle of the road, wearing his well-worn uniform and cap, apparently deeply absorbed in contemplation. Our files separated as we passed, one line going to one side of the road, the other to the opposite. Very naturally we gazed at him with the deepest interest, but it was in silence. We had been through too much and seen too much to permit us to be noisy and there was little in his attitude to encourage applause.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]
RECOLLECTIONS OF SLAVE DAYS AND WAR TIMES.

By the Editor.

[Continued from p. 96, Vol. V, Nos. 8, 9, Aug.-Sept., '09.]

We drove in McClellan’s skirmishers on the 3rd and pressed him as closely as we dared. We encamped in the pine woods not far from the James. On the 8th, Jackson left us, his corps being ordered back to the vicinity of Richmond.

The part taken by the 60th in these various battles had been in the highest degree creditable and by an official order from the War Department, we had the names Mechanicsville, Gaines’ Mill and Frazier’s Farm, and also crossed bayonets inscribed upon our battle flag. Our regiment bore this flag upon many a field after this, and notwithstanding the disasters which we encountered in the closing period of the struggle, we held on to it to the end. Being a prisoner-of-war at the close, I never knew what became of it until I came across a pamphlet giving a report of the Ninth Annual Reunion of the Ex-Confederate Association of Missouri, held at Kansas City, August, 1891. It held a conspicuous position at this encampment, floating from a staff close to the Stairs and Stripes. I looked for an explanation of its being so far away, and found it in the name of the ensign—1st Lieut. L. P. Summers, Company A, of Monroe Co.—who bore it in 1864-5. Among the astonishing statements made regarding the regiment are that none of the men were under six feet in height, and that it lost seven colonels during the war.

I trust I will be pardoned for introducing here the following extract from the official report of Colonel Starke (dated July 19, 1863)* relating to the part which I took in these battles. Very naturally I feel a deep pride in such commendation and as these memoirs are avowedly personal, its introduction will hardly be considered to violate the rules of propriety:

“I would be doing injustice to Sergeant-Major Cordell, a mere youth, were I to omit calling special attention to the coolness and soldierly bearing that marked his conduct throughout. He is a young officer of great promise.”

We remained near the James resting and recuperating from our recent losses until July 29th. I suffered at this time from a bad diarrhoea, an affection that prevailed extensively among our troops, doubtless owing to the bad water we drank. Blackberries were plentiful about the camp and we were advised by our surgeons to use them freely in our diet.

A pleasant episode of my experience at this camp on the lower Chickahominy was a visit to Richmond. About the last of July my brother-in-law, General James Harding, of General Sterling Price’s Trans-Mississippi Army, visited Richmond on official business. Finding that my regiment was in the vicinity, he drove out to camp and took me back with him to the city where I remained with him (at his expense) at the Spottwood Hotel, from Thursday until Sunday afternoon. I need hardly say that I enjoyed the change very greatly. When he bid me good bye, he thrust $50 into my hand. My brother-in-law was not wealthy but was nevertheless a man of unbounded generosity. Although a New Englander by birth and education, he espoused the cause of the South—his adopted home—at the beginning of the troubles in Missouri. He happened to be Adjutant-General of the State at that time and was at the camp in St. Louis when General Frost and his command were taken prisoners by General Lyon, of the U. S. A., although he escaped capture. He rendered efficient service under Price, while that General commanded the Missouri troops and after he had assumed command of all the Confederate forces beyond the Mississippi. Later he obtained a transfer to the Ordnance Department (for which his talents well fitted him) and assisted at the defence of Charleston, and later established a factory for the manufacture of arms in Mississippi, from which he was driven in 1864 by a cavalry raid from Sherman’s army. His three brothers were devided in sentiment, one acting as he did and the other two becoming officers in the Union Army. He wrote a most interesting account of the earlier campaigns of Price. After leaving me, he went to the Valley of Virginia, and being there joined by his family set out for Columbus, Mississippi, whither he had been ordered. After the war he returned to Missouri and became President of the Railroad Commission of the State.

On the 29th of July, we left the Chickahominy swamps and traveling by rail to Gordonsville, encamped near the latter place. Jackson’s and Ewell’s Divisions had preceded us and were pre-

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paring for a movement against Pope, who was collecting a large force in our front for the protection of Washington.

Three days after our arrival, I visited my friends and former schoolmates of the Stonewall Brigade, who were encamped about three miles from Gordonsville in the woods. They gave most interesting accounts of Jackson's famous campaign in the Valley. I did not see my old cadet commander—Col. Botts, who was absent on sick leave. I accepted an invitation to dine with a mass in the Colonel's old Company (the one which I had run away from home to join in June, 1861) and I was much struck with the cleanliness of everything and the self-helpfulness of these young men, who had been raised in luxury and had never performed any menial service until they entered the army.

On the 7th of August, the three divisions composing our army under Jackson (viz: Jackson's, Ewell's and Hill's) set out from their camps near Gordonsville, with the design of defeating that part of Pope's army stationed at Culpepper Court House. The 8th was oppressively hot and several of the troops were sunstruck on the march that day. Crossing the Rapidan, early on the 9th, we moved from Orange Court House, our Brigade bringing up the rear of the army. Our advance met the enemy about 8 miles south of Culpepper Court House.

Ewell, who was in front, advanced along the western slope of Slaughter's Mountain and opened upon the enemy with two batteries. Winder, commanding the Stonewall Brigade, while superintending the fire of these batteries was struck by a shell and died in a few hours. Ewell's troops then advanced through a corn and wheat field, driving the enemy before them, but about 5 p.m., our left was flanked by the enemy and gave way in confusion. We had heard the cannonading about 3 o'clock and were now ordered up at double quick.

We marched over the same wheat and corn field where Winder's men had fought and in among the tall corn were many wounded and dead Federals.

Our fortunes were quickly restored and the enemy gave way and retired to his main position. Directed by Hill, we pushed forward in line of battle fully a mile and a half beyond the battlefield, when we came upon the enemy in position to the left of the Culpepper road. It was now dark and we had advanced through a wood to the further edge where we were within a few hundred yards of their position. About 10 p.m., Pogram was ordered to station his battery of four guns in the road just beyond the wood and, open with shell and canister upon what was thought and proved to be the enemy's camp. Our regiments were stationed just to the left for support.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]
RECOLLECTIONS OF SLAVE DAYS AND WAR TIMES.

By the Editor.


Pegram was immediately answered by a terrific fire from all of the enemy’s batteries. After more than an hour, he was silenced by the loss of men, one of whom was his brave and accomplished lieutenant, Mercer Featherston, who had his head shot off by a shell. The battery retained its position, however, until the next morning, when it was withdrawn. Two of the guns had been dismounted by the enemy’s fire. During the shelling of the works, which was kept up for some time, the men sought shelter behind the large oak trees. There was a long string of them stretched out behind each tree. The branches fell all about us and the earth was ploughed up by the bursting shells, but strange to say the casualties were few. A ludicrous event occurred during this episode. There was a big, burly, red-faced and heavily-whiskered lieutenant in our regiment from Roane Co., Va., who was notorious for and rather boastful of his profanity, immorality and utter disregard of religion. He was moreover a great gambler. When this terrible cannonading commenced he became very much frightened and began to pray—probably the first time he had ever done so. He was very earnest and whilst everyone else was mute, his voice rang out loud and clear above the roar of the guns. He begged to be forgiven for his sins and to be preserved from the present danger and promised to lead a different life in future, should he be spared. No doubt he was profoundly sincere at the time, but as soon as the danger was past he forgot his promises and there was no change whatever in his mode of life.

Later when the firing had ceased we could plainly hear the Federal troops talking and could even distinguish their words. It seemed to us that only an open field intervened between our forces and theirs. Several of them were captured during the night. We lay on our arms all night expecting the battle to be renewed next morning and supposed we should be ordered to assault their position, but everything continued quiet when day opened. About 10 A. M., our brigade was withdrawn and placed on picket duty in a wood to the left and rear of our former position. Late in the evening, having lighted large campfires to deceive the enemy, we commenced falling back. General Jackson had learned that Pope had received reinforcements and thought it imprudent to attack. He also hoped Pope would be induced to follow him, until he should receive reinforcements, when he might turn on him and give battle. Before retiring, however, we sent our wounded to the rear and buried our dead and collected all the arms left on the field. In this engagement, we captured 400 prisoners, including a Brigadier General; 5,300 stand of small arms, 1 piece of artillery, several caissons and 3 stands of colors. Our total loss was 1,814 killed, wounded and missing; Genl. Jackson estimated the enemy’s at twice that number. On the 11th, the enemy asked and received permission to bury his dead. That night our army returned to the vicinity of Gordonsville.

An order now reached us from the Adjutant General’s office at Richmond, directing the regiment to proceed to Dublin on the Va. & Tennessee R. R., and report to General Loring, commanding the Department of Southwest Virginia. This was in consequence of a demand from Loring for reinforcements, with the aid of which he proposed “to drive the enemy out of Kanawha Valley.” We were sorry to part with our old comrades and with Genl. Field, who had greatly endeared himself to us by his genial qualities. Drawn up in line, we received his formal words of parting, in which he referred in very complimentary terms to our achievements whilst under his command, and wished us God speed in our new field.

But a greater calamity befell us in the loss of our good colonel, who now took leave of us, having been promoted for his gallantry to the command of the 2nd Louisiana Brigade of Jackson’s old division. Several of our officers accompanied him. Our former adjutant, Norborne Starke, became his Adjutant General; our assistant surgeon, Capehart, became his Brigade Surgeon, our Adjutant Pollock and Lieutenant Cabell, of Company F, received appointment of aides-de-camp. Brave Starke! My kind friend and patron—my second father! Ever at the post of danger, he soon

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paid the forfeit of his life for his unflinching courage. At the Battle of Antietam he was the only Brigadier of his division present and although scarcely a month had elapsed since his promotion, it devolved upon him to take command of the division (the “Stonewall”). The difficult duty fell to him of defending the extreme left of the line where the enemy made their heaviest assault. His thin line gave way and while rallying it his breast was pierced by three minie bullets and he died almost immediately. One of the war articles in Scribner gave a vivid description of this event and with it a portrait of Starke, which, however, represents him as a much younger man than when I knew him, and I may add hardly does him justice.

We had a delightful trip from Gordonsville to Dublin Depot. We stopped only a few minutes in Charlottesville, but remained a whole day in Lynchburg. At the latter, I tried to purchase a uniform, but as a coat alone cost $90 and I had but $75 in my possession, I was unable to do so. From Dublin we marched northwardly through Giles’ Court House to a place a few miles beyond called the Narrows of New River, where we encamped, being here assigned to General Echols’ Brigade (1st) of the Army of South-West Virginia.

Here on the 26th of August, I received the coup-de-grace to my aspirations for the adjutancy of the Regiment. I had discharged the duties of this office for nearly the entire time from Col. Starke’s arrival until the reorganization and for a large part of that succeeding the latter event (Lieutenant Pollack being absent on sick leave). My competency for the position had been amply shown and was not questioned. The officers desired my appointment. I had received nothing for my long services. And yet on the date named, Col. Jones issued an order appointing a lieutenant of his old company, a young man named Johnson, to the position. This man had had some experience as a clerk in a country store, and was thus supposed to have developed some fitness for the clerical duties imposed by such an office. His moral charac-

ter was very bad; he was profane and indecent; and he had suffered in health in consequence of his evil associations while at Wilmington. He was a person of low and vulgar habits, utterly devoid of any dignity of character. There were also stories afloat to the effect that other members of his family had disgraced themselves. Even his courage was questioned and he had shirked the battles at Richmond on the plea of ill-health. More than this, he had done no duty for several months and just before he had banded in his resignation on the plea of ill-health, which, as he alleged, rendered him incapable of further military service. It was hard to comprehend why Colonel Jones, who was himself a man of considerable refinement and of apparent personal purity, could confer so important an office and honor upon one so unworthy of them, and voluntarily select for his intimate personal associate an individual of so degraded a character. There must have been some personal reasons for the act which were unknown to myself and my friends. That Col. Jones learned to entertain a higher opinion of me later in the war will appear hereafter in these memoirs.

The Colonel acted very peculiarly on this occasion. Without having broached the subject to me, he left camp on the day the appointment was made and the first information I had of it was when the Major came to me just before dress parade and directed me to issue an order relieving myself from duty and appointing Lieutenant Johnson to the office. After dress parade, a number of the officers came to me and expressed their astonishment at what had been done; saying, that they had not doubted my appointment for an instant, as both the Colonel and Lieutenant Colonel had given them to understand I was to have it. The appointment of Lieutenant Johnson was a most unpopular one if I may judge by the opinions I heard expressed.

On being relieved from duty as adjutant, I was appointed Second Lieutenant of Company C. This company was from Fayette county, which adjoins Kanawha Valley on the east. It had been raised by Col. Jones, but had never been very large. Owing to losses in battle, sickness, desertion, and the inability to recruit, it at this time had but 20 effective men.

(To be continued.)
RECOLLECTIONS OF SLAVE DAYS
AND WAR TIMES.

BY THE EDITOR.

(Continued from p. 143, Dec., 1909.)

To understand the condition of affairs in West Virginia, where we now were, the following information will be helpful: On August 5, General Lee suggested that Marshall and Loring should unite, sweep the enemy out of Kanawha Valley and enter Kentucky together. On August 11, Loring speaks of his “contemplated campaign” and thinks with Marshall and reinforcements promised, he will be able “to drive the enemy from their positions if not follow him to the Ohio.” On August 18, Loring reports the enemy fallen back from Meadow Bluff to Flat Top Mountain and appears eager to commence his forward movement. On the 21st, he reports the enemy as fallen back to Cotton Hill at the head of Kanawha River. On the 24th, he reports that Jenkins has gone into the Kanawha Valley with 600 cavalry and a mountain bowitzer. On August 29, Lee suggested to the Secretary of War that Loring might find useful employment in the North, destroying the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad. On the same date, Randolph, Confederate Secretary of War, notified Loring of the capture of Pope’s letter-book; from this it appeared that on August 11, Cox, commanding in the Kanawha Valley, had been ordered to leave 5,000 troops there and proceed with the remaining 7,000 by railroad and river to Pope; also, that on August 16, Cox telegraphed from Galey Bridge that his command would be at Parkersburg on the 20th. In consequence of this information, Loring was ordered by the Secretary to: “clear the Valley of the Kanawha and operate northward to a junction with our army in the Valley.” On the same date (29th), Loring reports the enemy in his front stronger than he, notwithstanding Cox’s departure, and consequently “defers his advance for a few days to allow the enemy to evacuate his positions or weaken his force.” On Sept. 1, Loring informs the Secretary, that before receiving his telegram of the 29th ult., he had determined upon an advance, and it had only been delayed in order “to accumulate forage and transportation enough to take him over the sterile district of 100 miles.” He will endeavor to reach the Kanawha without stopping. He awaits the full development of Lee’s plans for his march to the Valley through Northwestern Virginia, and co-operation with the army in that region. The intervening distance of 300 to 400 miles was so rugged as to make such a march one of great difficulty. He expects great additions in the West and asks for 5,000 arms and accoutrements and authority to appoint officers of the regiments which he shall enlist.

With such purposes in view, our army began its march westward towards the Kanawha Valley, Sept. 7, 1862. We traversed Mercer, Raleigh and Fayette counties, and crossed some lofty spurs of the Alleghany Mountains on the route. Everywhere we found ruin and devastation. There was scarcely a house or fence to be seen. Princeton, the county seat of Mercer county, had been ruthlessly burnt down some months before by Col. Jenifer, of our cavalry, when he was forced to evacuate the place. Raleigh Court House and Fayetteville were likewise in ruins.

Our advance reached the latter village on the 12th, and found it strongly fortified. A large column, under Wharton, was sent around the enemy’s right flank and posted on a ridge, so as to command the turnpike by which they were to retreat. Some heavy fighting also took place upon their left, but our men failed to dislodge them. Three attempts were made to drive Wharton from the ridge, all of which were repulsed with heavy loss. During the night they escaped with all their artillery and wagons, notwithstanding the force that had been posted to intercept them. It was
said that our troops had orders not to fire on them. In their retreat they attempted to set fire to the town, but failed. In this engagement sixteen were killed and thirty-two wounded. Loring's incompetency was strikingly shown in this affair. An able general would easily have captured the entire force of the enemy. My regiment did not participate in the engagement, having been detailed to guard our wagon-train from apprehended attacks of "union men."

Our troops pursued them closely toward Cotton Hill. They were straining every nerve to reach the ferry over Kanawha River, just below the junction of the New and Gauley to form the Kanawha. So hot was the pursuit, that Dr. Watkins, Surgeon of the 36th Virginia, and others, on reaching the river, jumped in and swam across. They succeeded in extinguishing the fire which the enemy had kindled on the ferry boat to destroy it, the guard making no resistance, and brought it over safely, when our men immediately crossed to the other side. The pursuit was continued down the Kanawha fifty miles below the ferry. My regiment followed the next day and encamped at Gauley Bridge, just above the ferry, occupying the same tents the enemy had occupied the day before. On Sept. 13, my company, under my command, was ordered back to Fayetteville in charge of ninety-five prisoners. On reaching there, they were confined in the jail. They seemed to be well satisfied at having been captured, as they would not have to do any more fighting. We were much cheered at this time by reports which reached us of the capture of Cincinnati by Gen. Kirby Smith, and of Jackson's occupation of Maryland.

The tone of Loring's correspondence with the Secretary of War during this campaign was one of boastfulness and exaggeration. He had delayed setting out after receiving his orders. Instead of capturing the force at Fayetteville, he let it escape. An immense amount of commissary and quartermaster stores had been destroyed by the enemy which might have been secured by prompt action. Instead of pushing rapidly towards the northeast and co-operating with Lee in the Valley of Virginia, he frittered away his time, and after a stay on the Kanawha of about three weeks, ordered a retreat. My regiment—the 60th Va. and the 36th Va. [McCausland's], formed the rear guard in this movement. We had just passed through Raleigh Court House, which is twenty-nine miles east of Fayetteville, when we received orders to retrace our steps. The order of the Secretary of War to Loring (Sept. 30) had been positive to leave a small force in the Kanawha Valley to co-operate with General Floyd, and to proceed with the remainder without delay by way of Clarksburg, Grafton and Romney to some point where he could communicate with Lee. He was not to delay his departure, as he had more than 200 miles to march and a great deal to accomplish in not over two months of good weather. He should have made it in eighteen to twenty days. "Your speedy junction with General Lee is of the first importance. * * * I cannot too strongly impress upon you that your first duty is to effect a speedy cooperation with him; the enemy are massing their forces to crush him," wrote the Secretary. On October 16, an order was issued by the Secretary relieving Loring of the command of the army and appointing Brigadier-General John Echols in his place. We accordingly turned about on October 17, and after three days' marching arrived again at Montgomery Ferry, where crossing the Kanawha we encamped near Gauley Bridge.

During our occupation of the Kanawha region, an immense supply of salt was obtained from the salt wells there. Hundreds upon hundreds of wagons loaded with this most indispensable article of food—so scarce in the South—were continually passing backwards and forwards between all the contiguous sections. It was readily sold for $1.00 per bushel. The price during Federal occupation had been 35 cents, but the owners alleged that the negroes who had worked for them had all gone away with the enemy and that they had consequently been compelled to hire more expensive white labor. During this second occupation, my command got as far as Charleston, for I have a note of a purchase of a prayer-book there for $3.00, and a Hardie's Tactics for $2.00.

Our stay was brief. We had expected to winter there, but the movements of the enemy forced us to change our plans. Major-General Cox re-

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summed command of the District of West Virginia on October 13, and with him came reinforcements for the enemy, and Milroy threatened our rear at Gauley Bridge from the northeast. On October 27, Echols telegraphed from Charleston to Richmond that he had just received reliable information that the enemy—12,000 strong—were within ten miles of Charleston; that 3,000 were marching upon Floyd, and 4,000 were endeavoring to cut off his own retreat at Montgomery Ferry. He accordingly began his retreat at 3 o'clock the next morning, making a forced march of thirty-one miles. In his dispatch he referred to the complete destitution of the Valley and expressed a fear lest the enemy might get in his rear. We crossed the Kanawha at Montgomery’s Ferry about dark, on the 31st, and left the Kanawha Valley never to return. All the country between Giles county and the Kanawha was little better than a desert, having been pillaged and laid waste by the enemy and the houses being destroyed or deserted. Continuing our march through this wretched region, we reached Princeton, in Mercer county, on November 3. The day of our arrival was an unusually warm one for that season of the year, and we were pretty well fagged out by our long march. Our brigade—consisting of the 36th and 60th Va., Otey’s Battery, and one company of cavalry—now encamped at Princeton, whilst the brigades of Williams, Echols and Wharton went on eastward to the Narrows of New River and the Monroe Red Sulphur Springs.

Princeton, where we now encamped, occupied a high tableland surrounded by mountains. It had been a pretty village before the War, but at this time was desolate and in ruins. But one house remained—rescued from the flames by the efforts of its owner. This gentleman, whose name was Hall, was a man of marked culture and of decided poetical talent. He was fond of reading his effusions—and especially some blank verse in the style of Cowper—to any appreciative listener who came along. But such men were not much in demand in those times and places, and I fear many found his readings a bore. He had two attractive daughters—Misses Carrie and Ella, who played on the piano and sang very sweetly. They were very hospitable people and lent me a number of books. Many of our officers could, like myself, recall numerous pleasant evenings spent in this household—which was a veritable oasis in the desert. Shortly after our arrival we were paid off for the preceding six months. The amount due me was $235, of which I owed about $70.

General Echols was now relieved “on account of ill-health” and Brigadier-General John S. Williams, of Kentucky, was put in command of the Department. Of his ability I know nothing, but as I never heard of his accomplishing anything, I conclude that he differed but little from the long list of those who held command in this section and who were distinguished only for their lack of competency. Commencing with Wise, and his semi-organized mob—so-called “legion”—and his worthless favorites, the list includes Floyd, Heath (“the hero of Lewisburg”), Marshall, of Kentucky (a three-hundred pounder), Loring (“who had been in the service all his life”), Echols and Williams. Our own immediate brigade commander, Colonel John McCausland, was an accomplished officer. He possessed natural qualities for command and was a good disciplinarian. As instructor at the Virginia Military Institute, at Lexington, he had acquired experience in the drill and in military routine, which gave him great advantages over the many officers in our service who had not had the advantage of such training. Of his courage and energy, he gave many proofs. His regiment—the 36th Virginia—was one of the best-drilled in our department.

It began now to turn cold. By the 6th of November, we had already had two snows, and towards the middle of the month we found it necessary to build chimneys to our tents, which made them quite comfortable when they did not smoke.

On December 10th Brigadier-General Williams was succeeded in the command of the Department by Major-General Samuel Jones, who had lately been in command in East Tennessee. The latter was an old army officer and said to be a competent commander.

On December 3rd, our officers were thrown into a state of excitement by an order stating that there would shortly be an examination, when those found incompetent would be reduced to the
ranks and then enlisted as conscripts. General McCausland had issued this order solely for the purpose of stimulating his officers to study and greater attention to their duties. There was never any examination nor was anyone ever removed for ignorance. As was remarked by those most likely to be affected by it, if the present set were turned out, their successors would be no better, but probably worse. The order had the effect which was doubtless intended; it set the officers to studying and gave them something to do during the many idle hours at their disposal.

At the same time the officers received a severe reprimand for the number of applications which were being forwarded to the Commanding General for furlough. It was their duty, said the order, to remain with their companies; if they did not do this and provide for the wants of their men, how could the latter be expected not to desert, when destitute of all comforts?

(To be continued.)

RECOLLECTIONS OF SLAVE DAYS AND WAR TIMES.

BY THE EDITOR.

(Continued from p. 4, Jan., 1910).

About the middle of December, six of our companies were expecting to get furloughs, but General Jones wrote on the 14th, that news which he had received would prevent his granting them for the time. But as far as possible during the
winter, the men were allowed to go home. This was a wise policy for several reasons, viz: 1, many of them would have gone anyhow; 2, their homes were near by; 3, it was desirable to encourage them as far as possible; 4, many of them had families; 5, in many cases their families were in want. As large as was the number of our men absent at this time, our condition seems to have been better than that of our neighbors. On a visit to the Narrows of New River, to our rear, Col. McCausland found but 1,700 men present out of 4,000. He described the regiments there as a perfect mob, and said that our command was the best disciplined he had seen.

About this time Captain Dews was detailed to hire negro wagoners and proceed to his home, near the border of North Carolina. First Lieutenant Easley, being still absent suffering from the wound of his foot received at the Battle of Frazier's Farm, and Lieutenant Darlington having resigned on account of ill health, I was left in command of the company for some weeks. The men were very fond of the "boy lieutenant," as they called me, and I was equally devoted to them. I played ball with them and was familiar on duty, but was strict and exacting when on duty. On one occasion one of my corporals—Mike Hays—a splendid-looking soldier and a brave man—was consigned to the jail for being drunk and disorderly. He jumped from the second story of a house and made his escape; he then returned to camp, where he became very obtrusive, defying the officer of the Guard and his men. Hearing the noise, I went out from my tent to see what was the cause of it, when I found Mike master of the situation. The same Lieutenant was in charge of the Guard who prayed so loudly at the Battle of Cedar Mountain. I was shocked at the evidence of unrestrained license in a military camp and felt that I was somewhat responsible for it, as one of my own company was at fault. So, advancing toward the culprit from behind, I watched my opportunity, when, rushing on him, I pinioned his arms to his sides by grasping him around the chest. I held him like a vice, and, calling for a rope, made the Guard tie him securely and return him to the jail, where he was placed in more secure quarters until he became sober.

The Colonel regarded me as the best-drilled officer in the regiment and assigned me to the duty of examining the officers of two of the companies. In the company of officers, which was drilled daily by Lieut.-Col. John C. Summers, I had the honor also of being chosen Lieutenant.

In the midst of these occupations the winter advanced and Christmas and New Year came. On Christmas Day nearly all the men of the brigade were intoxicated and there were numerous fights. We had great difficulty in keeping the members of the two regiments, 36th and 60th Virginia—who were encamped side by side—from engaging in a general melee. My only celebration of the day was an Xmas dinner. Lieut. Peyton and myself sat down to roast turkey, venison and stewed apples—a royal repast—heightened by the unusual luxury of a table and knives and forks.

About the first of January (1863), we received a very acceptable present from the congregation of the Presbyterian Church of Lewisburg, viz: 14 carpet blankets, made from the carpeting of the church, 5 sheets and 11 pairs of socks. I distributed them among my 28 or 29 men, reserving for myself only two pairs of yarn socks. I sent a letter of thanks to the Rev. Mr. Barr and his congregation for thinking of my poor fellows so far away from their border home and friends.

There was much stealing in camp at this time. My tent was robbed while we were asleep of the captain's trunk and a splendid gun cloth which I had gotten from a Yankee knapsack at Fayetteville. I also missed a number of smaller articles—ink, candles, handkerchiefs, brushes, etc. We failed to discover any clue to the identity of the thief.

About the first of February, I received my long-wished-for furlough. Seventeen and a half months had elapsed since I had left my Valley home and every officer of the Regiment had visited his home on furlough during that time. Col. McCausland had promised to let us go as soon as it was safe to venture to the lower Shen-
andoah Valley. I determined to make my way from the South, through Culpepper Court House, Warrenton and a gap in the Blue Ridge Mountains. I, therefore, proceeded to Gordonsville by rail and traveled thence to Warrenton by stage. I had the good fortune to meet—as a fellow-traveler—with the Rev. Charles E. Ambler, my former pastor in Charleston, who was going in the same direction. Through his introduction, I was received as a guest into the houses of the Episcopal clergymen in Culpepper Court House and Warrenton. The Rev. O. S. Barton was the Rector at the latter place. He had not been long married and he had a charming home. He prepared for us with his own hand some delicious coffee. He rather prided himself on his skill in this art, which he was unwilling to trust to the uncertain chances of his kitchen.

Refreshed by a breakfast at Mr. B.'s, I proceeded along on foot, Mr. Ambler determining to remain here for a few days. Warrenton was then the farthest point in that direction to which it was considered safe to go, and indeed I believe it was hardly thought secure from the visits of the enemy's raiding parties. Mosby's Battalion, however, kept the country free from small marauding parties.

My next objective point, after leaving Warrenton, was the home of my aunt, Mrs. Louisa Turner, near Salem. I reached her place, the name of which was "St. Bernard," that evening and found a warm welcome awaiting me. I had been there once before, some years previously, and had then met with a genuine Virginia hospitality. My aunt was a widow and her two sons were now away in the Southern army, but my cousin Louisa, her daughter, was there to entertain me, and she made my brief stay the bright spot in my recollection which it has always been. The weather was very cold and out-of-door sports were not to be thought of; so we spent the time by the parlor fire. She sang very sweetly and the hours passed pleasantly with music, games and conversation. We sang together, and she taught me "Rocked in the Cradle of the Deep." I had had a musical training and could always furnish my share of entertainment in the social circle. She related her adventures, which were quite thrilling. Like Southern girls generally, she was a passion-ate rebel, and she had endeavored to aid our cause by bringing valuable medicines through the lines. On one of these occasions, when she had concealed on her person a quantity of quinine—an article which even that early was becoming alarmingly scarce in the Confederacy—she was intercepted and her mission discovered. She was carried back to Washington and incarcerated for several weeks in the "Old Capitol Prison." It is almost needless to say she was a superb horsewoman—Virginia girls were at home in the saddle. She was tall and handsome and had an air of resolution and command. I may add that she never married. I am told that she still lives upon her estate, which she has enlarged and manages with consummate business ability. I shall never forget her sisterly kindness and sympathetic interest in me at a time when one felt these things with an intensity born of habitual hardship and deprivation.

On the third day I took reluctant leave of my relations and, having exchanged my coat for a citizen's coat of my cousin Tom—afterwards killed—I had six cousins bearing the name Thomas Turner killed during the War—I resumed my journey. The ground was frozen and the road was full of ice, making walking difficult. I passed through a gap in the Blue Ridge and, crossing the Shenandoah, proceeded through Clark and Jefferson Counties until I reached my father's house, in Charleston. My father and mother and my brother George were not altogether surprised to see me, for I had been writing to them for some months that I would soon be home.

Charleston at that time was between the lines. The enemy occupied Harper's Ferry, and a regiment of cavalry, the 12th Pennsylvania, was stationed at Kearneysville, west of that place, on the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad, from which every few days a scouting party scoured the roads towards their front. As the enemy were always on the lookout for stray Confederates, many of whom could not resist the temptation to visit their homes, even at the risk of capture, it was not considered safe for me to remain in town during the day. So I went
out into the country about two miles to the house of an acquaintance—Mrs. Lackland—with the understanding that I was to return to town that night after dark, and my father and brother were to meet me at the run near the edge of town. Unfortunately, I allowed my brother to persuade me to ride his horse—a beautiful young chestnut-colored animal, which he loved dearly. I cannot imagine why I was so foolish, or why my friends permitted me to do such a thing. I was not used to horseback and should have avoided the roads. Had I taken to the fields on foot, there would have been no risk. I spent the day very quietly at the country house and about dark started for town. I had ridden along about half way and was just ascending a hill of the turnpike road, when as I neared the top there rang out on the chill night air, without warning, “Halt! who goes there!” At the same time I heard what sounded like the cocking of a dozen pistols, and saw indistinct figures in the darkness before me. My first impulse was to turn and dash away, but it was quickly repressed when I reflected that they must be perfectly mounted and that flight would mean certain capture and probably death in addition. Besides, I was entirely unarmed. I, therefore, obeyed the challenge and replied, “Friend.” “Advance,” said the officer in command; “what is your name?” Alas! for the weakness of the human intellect; I answered, “George Cordell.” “Ah!” said he, “we have just passed him and his father back at the creek.” It was true; they had come out to the stream which crosses the road just west of town and were awaiting me there when they were surprised by the scouting party. Probably the noise of the water prevented their hearing the approach of the horses. They made the best excuse they could and after some parley were released. It was said—with what truth I do not know—that these scouts had their horses' hoofs covered with a sort of rubber shoe in order to deaden the sound on the hard pikes. However, this may be, although I was, as can well be imagined, listening intently for every sound in the darkness at the time of my capture, the steps of the horses was scarcely appreciable before the word “Halt!”

I found the party to consist of a Captain of the 12th Pennsylvania Cavalry, mounted on a magnificent black horse, and about twenty men, and they had for a guide a notorious “free negro,” by the name of Redman. I recollected this fellow and his family, but, fortunately for me, he knew little of me since the beginning of the war, as I had been so far away from home. (To Be Continued.)

The Physician’s Pocket Pharmacist (Hynson, Westcott & Co.) says Cod Liver Oil, when prepared from fresh livers and well preserved, is far less objectionable than is generally supposed. It should be kept in tightly-sealed glass containers. When taking, the mouth of the container should be carefully wiped off after each dose. It is the oxidation of the exposed oil on the lip of the bottle that often prejudices the patient against a really unobjectionable product. The emulsion offers the most acceptable means of administering this still largely used agent. It is quite within the powers of the accomplished pharmacist to prepare an emulsion containing 50 per cent., by volume, of the oil, finely divided into well-coated globules. Such an emulsion may separate slightly, but will be thoroughly and readily mixed by agitation. The physician may select the flavoring to suit the taste of the patient—wintergreen, peppermint, sassafras, cinnamon, lemon, orange or bitter almond, etc. The emulsions, however, readily deteriorate and, therefore, the physician should insist on a fresh preparation for each order and such a quantity as will last over a week or ten days. The same care is needed to cleanse the lip of the bottle as in the plain oil.

Deaths: William H. Clendenin Teal, M. D., '97, at Baltimore, Jan. 28, aged 55.—Thomas A. R. Keese, M. D., '56, at his residence, in Washington, D. C., Jan. 29, 1910, aged 76.—Joseph Shotwell Smith, M. D., '91, in Haskins Hospital, Wheeling, W. Va., Jan. 19, of cirrhosis of the liver, aged 42. For eight years he was on the staff of Glendale Hospital.—William Whitridge, M. D., '62, at his home, in Baltimore, suddenly of heart disease, Feb. 6, aged 69. He was the son of Dr. John Whitridge, who came to Baltimore from
RECOLLECTIONS OF SLAVE DAYS
AND WAR TIMES.

By the Editor.

(Continued from p. 31, Feb. 1910.)

I was put at the rear of the party, which now resumed its march. Redman was sent to interrogate me. He said: "You are Jeems Cordell." "Yes," said I, and I explained that I had been away from home for some time, and that I had given my brother's name for fear of arrest if I gave my right name. I urged him to secure my release, saying that he knew of my youth and that it was impossible for me to have borne arms against the Union. He listened and promised, but the circumstances were too suspicious and my captors carried me along with them—perhaps with an eye upon my brother's beautiful horse as much as upon his rider.

We followed the pike until we reached the gate leading into Mrs. Lackland's place. Passing through this, they rode up to the house, which was some distance from the pike, and calling out Mr. Morton Lackland and Mr. Sublett, her son and son-in-law, made them mount their horses and accompany them. This was purely a coincidence, as I had given no intimation whatever of my having been at their house. We rode southwardly some miles to the Shenandoah River, then along that stream southwestwardly to Snicker's Gap, then turned north by the pike, passing through Berryville, then northeast through Summit Point and Smithfield until we reached camp. This was situated in a wood near Kearneysville, on the railroad between Harper's Ferry and Martinsburg. We arrived at the camp the evening of the day after my capture. As I passed through Berryville, I looked wistfully at the house of a relative, hoping to see some one who would recognize me and report my capture and safety to my friends.

The blinds appeared drawn and I saw no one; but some one saw me and the news was sent as I desired it that day.

The captain of the scouting party that had taken us prisoners was quite a gentlemanly person and treated us with much politeness. We were confined in a tent where there were the usual sleeping arrangements of a camp. We had some savory beefsteak for supper which I enjoyed very much, as I was very hungry and it was seasoned with pepper, a condiment I had not met with since I entered the army.

I naturally felt anxiety as to my fate and watched closely all my surroundings. The sentry who guarded us marched up and down in front of the tent. My companions were much less concerned. Mr. Sublett had never been in the Southern army; Morton Lackland had had a quasi connection with it, but had rendered little or no service, obtaining exemption on the ground of heart disease. The latter had for years been a schoolmate of mine at the Charlestown Academy; he was several years my senior. He was the champion of all our games, and was considered to be equal in a fight to any two boys; in fact, he was the bully of the school. Once he had fought his teacher, for which he was expelled. His reputation for courage was not enhanced by the war. He was no longer in the lead of his schoolmates, but slunk to the rear; it was even reported that he was a coward; certainly he did nothing to enhance his reputation.

At the close of the war he settled in town, became mayor and lived in luxurious ease upon the ample fortune his father had left him, occasionally visiting Baltimore. A few years later he committed suicide by shooting himself through the head with a pistol. He was a man of splendid physique, a Hercules in strength, a Goliath in stature, a gourmand in appetite. A
strong vein of insanity ran through his family and his father was a glutton.

On the third day of our imprisonment we were cheered by a ray of hope. Lieut. George Baylor—another old schoolmate—of the Twelfth Virginia Cavalry, drove in the picket and pursued them to the very camp. The Federals sent out a party in pursuit, but the Virginian was too familiar with that sort of service to be caught.

On the same evening we were carried before the Colonel for examination. He was a little, short, stout Pennsylvania German, but appeared to be a man of intelligence. "With what is this man charged?" he asked, when my turn came. "With being a spy," answered the negro guide Redman; "He was found within our lines in citizen's clothes." It is true I had on my cousin's coat, but I wore my usual uniform vest and pants. And so closely did our military resemble citizen's clothes—indeed we were glad in the last years of the war to have anything to protect us from the cold—that it was often hard to tell whether a Confederate was in uniform or not. In my case the brass buttons made the difference. The Colonel gave us a lecture upon our ingratitude. He told us we were fighting against the best government the world ever saw. What did we want more than we already had? If we succeeded, our Confederacy would have only a brief existence. There was no cohesiveness about our organization, and South Carolina, or some other State, would secede from us at the first difficulty that arose. I felt there was much truth about what he said, but—very unwisely doubtless—offered to defend my country and give reasons why it was our duty to take up arms in her behalf.

We were then taken back to our tents and I had time to reflect upon the status of affairs. That the charge of being a spy could be sustained, I had not the least idea, as I was not within the enemy's lines and the object of my visit was so obvious. Therefore the fate of André did not haunt me. I might possibly have gotten off on the ground of being a non-combatant, because few knew where I had been. But this was so doubtful and the prospect of my being sent on to prison in the North seemed so certain that I determined to make an effort to escape. I made known this resolution to Lackland and urged him to accompany me. Fortunately for me, he declined. He strongly disapproved of it and tried to dissuade me from the attempt, saying that my escape would jeopardize his and Sublett's chances. He was confident that he could get off through the influence of Mr. John Kennedy, a Union man of great influence in the county and a neighbor of his. I then asked him if he would promise to say nothing about my departure. He would make no such promise and appeared to be quite irritated at my proposal. I felt heartily disgusted with his want of spirit, but thought it prudent to say nothing.

I lost no time, however, in carrying out my purpose. Watching my opportunity, when all were at supper the sentinel's attention appeared to be diverted, I crept out of the tent. It was quite dark, and I was enabled to slip from tree to tree. I reached the road, ran across it and jumped a fence into a cornfield. The rails gave way and I feared the guard at a fire which was visible a short distance away would be on me. Fortunately he either did not hear me or else thought it only one of his comrades. I made all haste through the corn in what I supposed was a southerly direction, until I came to a house about 1½ or 2 miles, as I thought from the camp. Fearing lest I should pursue a wrong direction or get lost, I sought concealment in the barn yard, where I lay all that night in a straw rick. It is almost needless to say that I expected to be pursued, and as is usual in such cases, I heard all sorts of noises, which I interpreted into sounds of my pursuers. The conversation of the people at the house was distinctly audible. Before day, I arose from my resting place, where the cattle had been feeding during the night, and went into the barn, hiding there under the hay in a corner. I remained there all that day and night, being without food and water. Of course I suffered from the cold, but fortunately, although it was midwinter, the weather was rather mild. I heard the people moving about but was afraid to
go outside. It may appear that my caution was
to think that I
would be searched for and concluded to take no
chances. The second morning after my escape, I
emerged early from my hiding place and started
in a southerly direction through the woods and
fields. It was Sunday and a beautiful bright day.
As I strode rapidly along, with eyes wide open
for everything around, my ear caught the peal of
the church bell in Charlestown, summoning the
children to Sunday School. It was a familiar
sound, but never had it appeared so sweet as
now, guiding me as it did in the direction I
wished to go, and I bounded along, cheered and
invigorated by it. Presently I reached a farm
house, when knowing that nearly all the people
there were Southern in sentiment and induced
by my rising hunger and thirst I ventured to
knock at the door. I found it was the residence
of my father's old friend and patient, Mr. Joseph
Abell. His family received me very hospitably
and set a bountiful repast before me.
After I had eaten and given some account of
my adventures, my host informed me that it was
not safe to remain there, and led me out into a
field where there was a stack of straw. I found
an opening in one side of this where I took refuge,
while he went to town to inform my friends.
That evening my brothe George came out bringing
a carpet bag containing some clothes, a pair of
cavalry boots which a negro had been bribed to
procure in Harper's Ferry, a remarkable, many-
bladed camp knife, and other useful articles.
My friends thought it would be unsafe for me
to remain in the neighborhood, as it was likely
a search would be made for me. So far as I
know none was actually made, nor were the
members of my family disturbed on account of
my adventure. As soon as it was dark, my
brother and myself started off, intending to make
our way to the Shenandoah River at the nearest
point, as I would be in comparative safety after
crossing it. I afterwards regretted that I did
not remain longer near my home. I had only
been there about two hours, and after so long
an absence and such efforts to get there, I felt
that I ought to have gotten more from my visit,
even at further risk. By prudence, by keeping
concealed and avoiding the roads, I would have
been in comparative safety. There was one im-
portant consideration that probably decided my
friends in their advice. It was that the large
black population was not to be relied on. They
were always prowling around and it was hard to
escape their observation. At any moment they
might inform on me and have me arrested. Both
on my own and my family's account, therefore,
I thought it best to get out of the country as
soon as possible.
My brother knew the country intimately, and
we made our way through the fields and woods
towards our destination. As we were about to
cross the pike—the same on which I had been
captured, but about two miles further southwest—
I stopped to listen; my experience had made me
cautious. At first I heard nothing but the noise
of the little stream near by. I listened again and
again as we advanced, feeling that we had
reached a point of danger. My hearing—ren-
dered keen by sense of danger,—detected the
sound of horses approaching. My brother
laughed at the idea—it was only the purring of
the brook that I heard—and was about to get
over the 'snake and rider' rail fence, when the
tramping of horses' feet and the clashing of
sabres became distinct. They seemed to be
almost on us in a moment and we hardly had
time to throw ourselves down in a corner of the
fence, but a few feet from them when they rode
by. Fortunately for us, it was a moonless night
and we were not observed. They turned off
from the pike towards the south by the very road
which in two minutes more we would have
taken, and made their way on towards the river.
It was indeed a narrow escape and I felt more
and more the need of caution and of avoidance
of the roads especially. My brother was disposed
to neglect such precautions.
We now changed our course and directed our
steps parallel with the pike for about two miles,
when we reached my uncle's place, "Ripon
Lodge." We found him at tea, and very grate-
ful were the warm beverage and the repast after
our exertions. Having rested, we started again
towards the river, avoiding the roads. About
eleven o'clock we arrived at the house of Mr.
Lewis, a bachelor, who received us very kindly, and on his invitation we spent the remainder of the night with him. Next morning we resumed our journey and soon reached the river, which was very much swollen from recent snows. We found that the scouting party had passed along here the previous night.

I now bade my brother goodbye and crossed the river in a skiff. I made my way with difficulty over a very rough road which ran along the western slope of the Blue Ridge Mountain, for many miles, until I reached Snicker's Gap. Crossing the mountain here, I came to Snickersville. I there obtained some refreshments and had the good fortune to meet a Captain Trayhern, of White's Cavalry, who was returning to his command with an extra horse. He offered me the use of this and I gladly accepted the offer.

We started off but had not gone far, when we espied in the distance the blue overcoats of the Federals—apparently a raiding party. They espied us about the same time, as the ground was open. We turned our horses and dashed away through mud and water which bespattered us freely from head to foot. I could scarcely retain my seat, as I had no saddle but only a blanket, and for bridle merely a halter. Our pursuers gained steadily on us and we appeared to be lost—when my companion looking behind him recognized some of the men of his own command. They were dressed in blue overcoats captured from the enemy, with whom we not unnaturally therefore confounded them. They wore these overcoats not merely because they were unable to get any others—although I suppose that was the chief reason with a great many of them—but, as it was said, because they could thus more easily deceive the enemy, and approach them with less suspicion.

On discovering our mistake we turned about and resumed our journey, passing the Battalion of Cavalry which was on a raid. Without further incident, after a brief stop at my aunt's, we reached Gordonsville, where I took the train for Richmond. In the capital, through the aid of my friends, I secured a week's extension of my furlough. I then returned to my command which I found still encamped at Princeton, in Mercer Co., where I had left it.

They were looking for the enemy at any moment and it was reported that five Federal regiments were mounting for the purpose of making a raid upon the Virginia and Tennessee Railroad in our rear. Our pickets and guards had been given very strict orders and we daily sent a scouting party of a Lieutenant and ten men fifteen miles down the road towards Fayetteville. Two days before my arrival a party had come up from that direction with a flag of truce. They appeared to be suffering very much for want of forage, their horses (as they said) not having had any for three days. We sent them out a bag of corn. I do not recall what their ostensible purpose was, but have no doubt that their object was to gain information as to our position and strength and the condition of the roads.

I found that Lieutenant Peyton, in whose charge I had left my tent and camp outfit, had gone to Greenbrier County, on a furlough, scattering my bedding and leaving my tent in a most desolate condition. As a slight compensation I found a pair of socks and a cravat, accompanied by a very kind note from my friends in Greenbrier, the Alexanders. My camp-knife was the envy and admiration of the company and I had numerous offers to purchase it, which of course, I declined.

(To be continued.)

DEPARTMENT OF MEDICINE.

The delegates from this department to the Convention for the Revision of the U. S. Pharmacopoeia are Drs. Thomas E. Sattertwaite, John C. Hemmeter and Joseph E. Giehner; alternates, Drs. Charles W. Mitchell, Arthur M. Shipley and James M. Craighill. The Convention meets in Washington May 10.

The present to the University by Miss Mary Dashiel Robinson, of Baltimore, of a handsome oil portrait of her step-father, Dr. Moreau Forrest, '26, is much appreciated. Dr. F. was a man of prominence in his day and the face shows intelligence and resolution. It has been hung in

CLARK & COMPANY
THE LINEN STORE
334 N. CHARLES ST.
Baltimore.
grains of mustard seed. Petherbridge had been using quinine in this manner for four years and was convinced of its excellence. He condemns the routine practice of purging the patient for days beforehand as radically wrong. He never concerns himself about unloading the bowels, but directs his efforts to destroying the periodicity of the disease. Gives 20 grs. 4 hours before the paroxysms. *Med. Med. and Surg. Jl.* Jan. 1841.

Dr. Dixon Gough, 1015 West Mulberry street, Baltimore, told me February, 1899, that Potter was a man of strong common sense, dogmatic, very positive in opinion, a thorough believer in the old practice. Bleeding was especially his forte. He bled in almost everything. A shoemaker had hemorrhoids and consulted N. R. Smith, who directed that he be sent to the Baltimore Infirmary. There, by mistake, he got into Potter's ward and the first thing P. did was to bleed him—thinks bled him a second time. Gough was present when Smith asked for him and pointed out the mistake P. had made. P. carried his views to an extreme. Whatever view he adopted he carried to its legitimate results. Has often heard the criticism about P.'s picture in the Faculty room—that he had never had on a clean collar. Was short and stout, erect and well-built; about 5 feet 9 inches in height. Not striking in appearance, but of positive character and decided individuality.

E. F. C.

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**RECOLLECTIONS OF SLAVE DAYS AND WAR TIMES.**

**BY THE EDITOR.**

(Continued from p. 52, May, 1910).

Shortly after my arrival, we received from Richmond a supply of very handsome gray cloth which was sold to our officers at $5 per yard. From my share of this, I had a coat made by a tailor of our regiment, all the trimmings for which I had procured in Richmond.

On May 3, four companies of the regiment, including my own, were ordered back to the Narrows of New River, twenty-three miles east of Princeton, under Major Hammond. We did not participate, therefore, in the forward movement of McCausland's Brigade, which began about May 17. He was accompanied by a company of cavalry under a gallant Captain Bowen. They marched to Fayetteville, which they found completely surrounded with breastworks and rifle pits. They bombarded it for 36 hours and our men advanced to within a few yards of the works. Our force was not strong enough, however, for an assault, and the enemy being reinforced to 2,500, it fell back to Piney. They made a show of pursuit, and there was some skirmishing. Our four companies rejoined the brigade at Piney on May 28.

The position we occupied was a very strong one. General Floyd is said to have called it "the Gibraltar of West Virginia." The road passed for about a mile through a narrow ravine, washed by a creek. At the eastern extremity of the ravine, two streams coming from different directions, united to form the creek, enclosing a level space upon which we encamped. From the centre of this space rose a hill which commanded the pass and afforded a splendid position for our artillery. The road wound around the northern base of this hill. A very rough country road, which communicated with the main road in our rear, was guarded by several companies of cavalry. The Otey Battery, from Lynchburg, was stationed five miles off at Shady Springs.

Our stay at "Camp Piney" was uneventful, but nevertheless memorable to me on many accounts. It was a bleak, barren place and there was frost there even in midsummer. The surrounding country was almost uninhabited and was desolate in the extreme. Nothing could be purchased in the vicinity and our supplies had to be hauled a long distance. We were glad to gather a few wild plants growing in the fields and thus endeavor to supply to some extent that lack of vegetables, which, if prolonged, leads to scurvy. Even in this barren region, we found many simple things, that elsewhere we would have spurned, but which we now found very acceptable as "greens." I could not help thinking of Nebuchadnezzar "feeding upon the grass of the field." We were now doing this, but not quite exclusively, as he is supposed to have done. Our poverty at this time did not extend to food alone; we were unable to procure writ-
ing paper, also, and my letters home therefore ceased for a while. I have still among my letters some of the envelopes we used here; they are made of common brown wrapping paper.

About two miles west of our camp was Beckley's Mill, where I occasionally went on picket duty. General Beckley was a graduate of West Point and had held a commission in the army for thirteen years. He was one of the best-known men in his section. In the fall of 1861, while we were stationed on Big Sewell Mountain and at Meadow Bluff, he was in command of the militia. He was a very genial and hospitable old gentleman and entertained us very freely with recollections of his army experience. I was afterwards associated with his son, Colonel —— Beckley, who commanded a battalion in our brigade; he settled in Baltimore after the war and there committed suicide—on account of some pecuniary difficulty, I believe.

Since March, a revival had been going on in our brigade under the influence of our Chaplain, Mr. Martin Bibb, a Baptist. This gentleman was a plain, self-educated and very earnest preacher, and his efforts were productive of marked good to the command. In a grove of tall trees, which shut out the rays of the summer sun, we erected a large shed with rows of seats and here services and prayer-meetings were held.

While at Pincey, I was junior member and Judge Advocate of a regimental court martial. Three men were before us, two of them charged with "absence without leave," the third with "using insulting language to an officer." Of the former, one was acquitted; in the case of the second, it was shown that his wife had been ill and not expected to live, and that he had forged a pass and was absent six days. Notwithstanding the mitigating circumstances in this poor fellow's history, it was deemed necessary for the preservation of discipline to inflict some penalty for his offence, and he was therefore condemned to work for eight days, digging up stumps, and to be closely confined in the guardhouse when not at labor. A similar punishment for five days was decided on in the third case, who was also required to ask pardon of his officer.

We obtained here a supply of gray fatigue jackets for men and officers. They were very acceptable and were quite becoming. Otherwise, I was much in want of clothing—a chronic com-plaint with me during the entire war. My hat had several holes in it and my shoes were nearly worn out. Fortunately the warm weather was approaching. At this time we had to pay $1 per lb. for bacon and 17½ cents for flour.

It was in June, I think, that we held an election for Governor of Virginia. I was not entitled to vote, on account of age, but many of the men of the regiment came to me and got me to write their ballots for them, not being able to write and not even knowing who were the candidates. I was thus enabled to cast fifteen or twenty votes for "Extra-Billy" Smith, of Fauquier County, who was elected and held the office till the close of the war.

We were all vaccinated at Pincey and some of the men had fearfully bad arms. Some attributed this to the bad virus, but probably the condition of our constitutions was also at fault, as we were all suffering more or less from scurvy, due to the character of our food.

The last of June, I was busily occupied in making off the pay and muster rolls and clothing returns of the company. This duty usually devolved upon me as the Captain—the same Dews who had acted the coward at Cold Harbor—was very illiterate. As instance of his spelling, alone, may be cited "par" for pair, "shose" for shoes, "sox" for socks. Our company had at this time an aggregate of about 50. It varied, increasing or diminishing as we approached or receded from Fayette County, where it had been organized. We were now in Fayette and the number was considerably greater than it had been. We applied to Col. McCausland for permission to go over to the north side of New River to recruit, but he said he could not spare us then. It was thought that we could have gotten at least 40 recruits and conscripts there, raising the company to near 100.

About this time I think it was that Lieutenant Isaac Larew composed a parody on the song "Ben Bolt." It contained a great many verses, of which I only recollect the first which ran thus:

THE DULANY-VERNAY COMPANY
39-41 N. CHARLES ST., BALTIMORE, MD.

Printers and Publishers,
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C. & P. Phone, Mt. Vernon 3691.
“Oh! don't you remember John Summers' mule colt.
The mule with his mane all roached.
Who braved with delight when his master came near,
But kicked when a stranger approached?”

Lieutenant-Colonel John C. Summers, to whom the verses applied, had been elected major at the reorganization in 1862, and had risen a degree by the promotion of Colonel Starke. He was a poor apology for an officer, — vain, self-consequential, bombastic, ostentatious, — lacking, in fact, in every qualification for the office. He made himself very ridiculous by riding a mule, for which there was no necessity, as he had means and could have easily mounted himself respectfully from Monroe County, where he resided. He took the sallies of wit aimed at him with apparent good nature, although it was easy to see that he did not relish them. About the last of June matters culminated and he was compelled to resign under the following circumstances: On June 22d, First Lieutenant L. P. Summers and Sergeant A. J. Summers, of Company A, of the Sixtieth Virginia, both brothers of the Colonel, with three privates, deserted. Some suspicious circumstances induced the belief that the Colonel had known of their purpose, if he had not actually advised and counselled it. Intense excitement prevailed among the officers of the regiment. Among the motives assigned for the act was that the family owned much land in Ohio and Missouri. Charges and specifications were immediately drawn up against him. One of the charges was that he had caused to be shot without trial or jury two “Union” men. The least he could have expected from a court martial was dishonorable dismissal, and the sentence might have been much worse. Therefore, with the advice of the Colonel, he determined to resign, and did so on June 24th. I know nothing of his subsequent history except that I saw a notice in the papers of his death at Abingdon, Va., June 19, 1907, from paralysis, aged 69. Some months later, the two young men returned to camp. In explanation of their conduct, they stated that they had formed a design to do some great deed on the Ohio — I have forgotten what — the seizing of a steamer and release of a large number of Confederate prisoners, etc., as I recollect it — but had found it impracticable. They explained their sudden departure by saying that secrecy was all-important to their success, and they were forced to assume in the eyes of the enemy the role of real deserters.

I subscribe ........................................ dollars,
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RECOLLECTIONS OF SLAVE DAYS AND WAR TIMES.

BY THE EDITOR.

(Continued from p. 112, August, 1910).

Their story must have convinced those in authority of their sincerity—however Utopian their designs may have been—for, after a brief arrest, and, I think, without trial, they were restored to their company, but as privates. The elder became the following spring Ensign, with the rank of First Lieutenant. Singular that, under the circumstances, so important an office should be conferred upon him. He turned up after the war in Western Missouri, where he derived consequence from his having in his possession the battle flag of the Sixtieth Virginia, on which were inscribed the names of great battles and crossed bayonets. This was erected on a pole and waved over the camps of the ex-Confederates. No restitution seems to have been made to the Colonel for turning him out.

In the midst of a dearth of fighting in our department, a gallant dash of three companies of our Cavalry into Kanawha Valley on June 25th deserves mention. As a result, 29 Yankees spent the night of the 28th in our guardhouse and on the following morning were sent on to Dublin Depot. Sixty horses were also captured. The main object of the expedition, however, miscarried; this was the destruction of a steamer containing a large supply of provisions, etc. On their arrival at the Kanawha, it was found that the steamer had been moored to the opposite side of the river and could not be gotten at.

Early in July we received information that the two regiments of the enemy stationed at Fayetteville had been reinforced by five others and this put us on the qui vive. On the night of the 13th, after tattoo, we received orders to cook three days’ rations. The next morning, after breakfast, we loaded our wagons and the brigade marched a short distance east to a place called Hull’s, three miles from Raleigh Court House. The 60th here occupied the fortifications on the left of the road, with two pieces of Bryant’s Battery, while the 36th occupied the right of the road with the other two pieces. In our front was Piney Creek, which here curved around to our left, taking a southwesterly direction. The approach of the enemy was made known to us about 1 P. M. by our cavalry pickets and in a few minutes several bluecoats made their appearance in the road on the other side of the creek at the edge of a wood, and gazed at us with a field glass. A shell from one of our pieces scattered them precipitately, striking the road near by. After this they kept under cover, although we could plainly hear them talking in the wood. We awaited the expected assault, each man occupying a port-hole of our palisade breastworks, but they did not show themselves. We afterwards found that they were trying to send a strong force around our left flank with a view to turning our position and cutting off our retreat. We heard their drums at tattoo. It rained at intervals all day. At dawn we lay down behind our breastworks ready at a moment’s notice to resume our posts, whilst four men from each company kept guard. At midnight we were awakened and ordered to prepare to move at once. I now learned that about dark two regiments, one of infantry and one of cavalry, had forced a passage over a ford of Piney Creek on our left, which was guarded by our four companies of cavalry, and were now endeavoring to make their way by a road leading to the turnpike in our rear. Our retreat was effected under very difficult circumstances. We got started about 1.30 A. M., the artillery going first and we following. The road was terrible. It was as dark as pitch—we could distinguish nothing. The only way we could get along at all was by feeling the man in front. At almost every step we plunged into a mud hole, between ankle and knee-deep.

Beaver Creek, a branch of Piney, had to be crossed twice between Hull’s and our late camp (Camp Piney). We had waded it in the morning. It was now much swollen by the rain and was about 3½ feet deep, with a very swift current. We had to cross it supporting each other. Two small men took hold of me and together we waded through it safely. We halted at the camp and were detained there until a little after daybreak, waiting for all the men to get up. We then resumed the march and made nine miles without halting again. We were gratified to find that the enemy had not intercepted our retreat or captured our wagon train, which we apprehended. We then took a brief rest and after that marched to the summit of Flat Top Mountain, in Mercer Co., 17 miles east of Hull’s.

[To be continued.]
RECOLLECTIONS OF SLAVE DAYS AND WAR TIMES.

BY THE EDITOR.

(Continued from p. 125, Sept.-Oct., 1910).

General McCausland had been very desirous of maintaining his position at Hull's and had sent urgent messages to Gen'l Samuel Jones, the department commander, to dispatch reinforcements of two regiments or a regiment and a battalion. The 22d Va. Regiment (Col. Patton) actually reached "The Farm's," in Monroe Co., on the north side of New River (we were on the south side), 24 miles from Camp Piney, on the afternoon of the 14th; but it come too late to prevent our retreat.

We were much pleased with the pluck displayed by our brigade commander—Col. McCausland—in this affair. We were grieved, however, to be obliged to abandon a good many things, for want of means of transportation, among which were all our tents, a supply of flour, bacon, ammunition, etc.

We bivouacked on Flat-Top Mountain that night, and then resumed our march leisurely, reaching the Narrows of New River on the 19th. The 30th left us at Princeton, going to Rocky Gap, 18 miles south, on the road to Wytheville.

We now learned that the two regiments which had endeavored to flank us at Hull's (2d Va. Cavalry and 34th Ohio Infantry mounted) had made a raid to the Va. and Tenn. R. R. They were met by a small force at Wytheville, composed of men picked up in the neighborhood, and were driven back, retreating with considerable loss.

A hat cost at this time $30, a pair of shoes $25. My mess bill including cook's wages, was $40 per month. At the Narrows I succeeded in drawing a "fly" tent, to replace the one which had been abandoned at Camp Piney. I deter-
menced the building of winter quarters at the Narrows. We were now assigned temporarily to Gen'l Gilbert C. Wharton's Brigade, who had lately been promoted to a Brigadiership. He was a genial gentleman, but too slow and irresolute to make an efficient commander.

At this time the office of adjutant in my regiment again became vacant, Johnson having resigned to become a clerk in the Quartermaster's Department at Dublin. My claims were again ignored and Orderly Sergeant O. P. Sydenstricker, of Lewisburg, my old messmate of Co. E., received the appointment. Seidenstricker was a man of modesty, merit and courage and I was truly glad that the office had been transferred to so worthy an incumbent, although my hopes were thereby dashed for a position which was so much to my taste and for which my abilities were more adapted than any other in the regiment. As the sequel will show, it was better for my future that I did not secure it. I was at this time in command of my company, Capt. Dews—who got out of the way, if possible, whenever there was a prospect of a fight—being absent on furlough and 1st Lieutenant Easley still having a sore foot.

After a short stay at Abingdon, we received orders to proceed to Wytheville, where a raid from the direction of Kanawha Valley was expected. We encamped at a very strong pass in the mountains about seven miles north of that place. The weather was very delightful and we experienced much hospitality from the people of Wythe. Wytheville was a beautiful little village and we met some very agreeable people there; our fare also was very much improved. Consequently we received orders to leave on Nov. 7th with much regret. Our orders were very urgent; we were directed to proceed with the utmost dispatch overland to the Narrows.

On the 8th we made a forced march of 32 miles. Fagged out, we threw ourselves at night on the ground, huddling together to keep warm, as we were entirely without shelter. When we awoke early next morning, to resume our march, we found several inches of snow covering our blankets. We had slept in ignorance of it and I suppose the snow helped to keep us warm.

We continued the march that day and on reaching Pearisburg, the county seat of Giles County, a few miles from the Narrows and on the road from that place to Dublin Depot, we occupied some huts which had been erected there the previous winter by Clarke's Battalion. I slept that night in a hay-loft near by. On the 10th we reached the Narrows, and found the 38th Regiment already there, it having arrived from Princeton three days previously.

The occasion of our rapid march to our old quarters, was the signal defeat of General Echols at Group Mountain, Greenbrier Co., 25 miles north of Lewisburg. The account of this engagement which we received was that Averill with 3,000 cavalry attacked Col. Wm. L. Jackson at Group Mountain, whereupon the latter sent to General Echols for reinforcements. Echols at once hastened to his assistance and a hot engagement took place on the 6th, which lasted from 1 to 4 o'clock. The Confederate force consisted of the 22d Va. Regiment and a battalion of Infantry, a regiment of cavalry, and one or two batteries. During the engagement five regiments of the enemy advanced from the Kanawha Valley road, threatening Echols' rear. Echols' men fought bravely but his ranks were thrown into disorder by the giving way of his cavalry and he was compelled to make a precipitate retreat. He reached Salt Pond Mountain, eight miles east of Giles C. H., a distance of 85 miles from the battlefield, in two and a half days, with but 300—500 men. He estimated his loss at 300, including the brave Major Bailey, of the 22d, who was mortally wounded while bearing the regimental colors in front of his command. The enemy retreated after the battle, burning the courthouse and several buildings at Lewisburg on their march.

[To be continued.]


To consist of twenty graduates of the University, elected by the Alumni, and the President of the Alumni Association, ex-officio. Of the elective members, four shall hold the degree of
Dr. J. J. Barnett, Demonstrator of Pharmacy, has been ill for some time but is rapidly improving.

Mid-Year examinations were posted for the Senior and Junior classes, beginning Monday, January 30, and ending Friday, February 3.

At a meeting of the Junior Class, on Thursday, January 19, it was decided to give a Class banquet and dance, on or about February 15. A committee of arrangements was appointed who elected F. L. McCarty chairman.

E. P. Winslow, Phar. D. '09, has taken a position with Charles L. Myers, Druggist, Cor. Madison Ave., and McMicken St. P. F. F.

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RECOLLECTIONS OF SLAVE DAYS AND WAR TIMES.

By the Editor.

(Continued from p. 146, Dec 1910)

We spent the winter of 1863-64 at the Narrows of New River, seven miles west of Petersburg, in Giles county, on the road from Dublin Depot to the Kanawha Valley. Our men were experienced woodmen and wielded the axe with perfect ease. They felled the trees on the neighboring hillsides and, dragging them to the site selected for a winter camp, they soon built very neat and comfortable cabins. These were arranged in rows with streets between; we also had a chapel for the services of the chaplains. My cabin, built by some of the men of my company, was 12 feet square. It had a plank floor and contained a good fireplace, a comfortable raised bed, some shelves, a writing table and even a glass window. The chapel was built of hewn logs and was 28 x 12 feet.

About the last of November, 1863, I had a very pleasant visit to the home of one of the Lieutenants of my Regiment—Lieutenant Shanklin. He lived on the north (opposite) side of New River, about twelve miles northwest of our camp. We attended a “quilting party” one night and then had the girls come to Mr. Shanklin’s the next night. Some of them were very pretty and I remarked that they seemed particularly to like those games which were accompanied by kissing and hugging. We spent the whole night in games and slept the greater part of the next day. This familiarity between the sexes seemed to be purely the outcome of an unsophisticated innocence. It was the custom of a country remote from the great centres of population, where simplicity of manners prevailed and art had not yet entered. I witnessed no improprieties—unless the acts connected with the games of that nature can be so considered, and I can truthfully say that there was no suggestion of evil to my own mind in anything that was done. Therefore, “Honi soit qui mal y pense.”

In this connection I may state, that in the mountain region where we were serving, there are many houses to which there is no access for vehicles, only a pathway for horse or man. Many a household has but one room in which the entire family sleep. Often there is but one bed and I have heard of cases where the visitor was invited to occupy this with the members of the family.

On the third day (Nov. 29), being Sunday, we attended church, and that evening our passes having expired, we started off for camp. We reached the Grey Sulphur Springs intending to spend the night there, but a little after dark, our brigade passed by under orders for Lewisburg, in Greenbrier county, on which place the enemy was said to be advancing. I joined my company and found both Captain and Lieutenant intoxicated. The command had marched by a distillery where many had partaken too freely of apple brandy. We proceeded as far as Dropping Lick Church, six miles from Union, the county-seat of Monroe county, where we halted until further orders. We bivouacked there until Dec. 2d, when we returned to the Narrows.

In December, we were again roused out of our comfortable quarters by another raid of the indefatigable Averill. We marched toward the east and occupied a gap in the road leading from Christiansburg to Union, by which it was confidently expected he would endeavor to retreat. We were much disappointed that he did not come that way, as we had a warm reception.

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awaiting him. On this trip we marched over Salt Pond Mountain, famous for its mountain lake. This is a sheet of fresh water on the very summit of the mountain, which is one of the loftiest in Virginia. It measures some three-quarters by one-half mile in extent and is a favorite summer resort for tourists and pleasure-seekers, the fishing being very fine and the scenery unsurpassed. I shall never forget the beauty of the forest, as we marched along the banks of the lake, the trees and shrubbery being sheathed in a coat of ice, while beautiful pendant icicles were strung along every branch. The weather was extremely inclement and we suffered intensely from exposure and insufficient clothing. On our return to camp, I made an inspection of my company and found that of the 86 enlisted men present, 13 were almost entirely barefooted. The people of Craig county, however, were very kind to us and received us with great cordiality into their homes.

Christmas, 1863, passed quietly with the command, except that a great many were intoxicated. I went with Lieutenant Shanklin to his father’s. I was there persuaded to go to a party on New River, but I regretted it exceedingly as we got with a very disreputable crowd, most of whom were intoxicated. I expected to go over to Mercer to a deer-drive, but was disappointed. On the whole, I could not but contrast this visit with my former one and I resolved never to be carried off on such a wild carnival again. I regretted very much that I had not followed my first intention of going to Craig county, to see some kind friends whose acquaintance I had made during our recent trip thither, and who had given me a most pressing invitation to visit them during the holidays. I had most unwisely yielded to the solicitations of my friend, Shanklin. I learned afterwards that my Greenbrier friends had also looked for me to visit them.

During this winter, 1863-4—the first in which we had been in regular winter quarters, we were not without some relief from the tedium of camp life. We received the papers very irregularly, but we had a few books in circulation and we met of evenings and joined in conversation and song. Our favorite rendezvous was the quarters of the surgeons—Drs. Noel and Harris, which were large and comfortable and accommodated quite a large party of us. We had some jokes to enliven the camp. Dr. Harris, an innocent young surgeon, was known as the man who “re-marked te-he,” and there was an ancient and very verbose Lieutenant from Botetourt, who used to carry around a cat-rite, whom we dubbed “the man with the shot-gun.” I heard a very curious sermon at this time which I have described in one of my letters. It was delivered by one of our chaplains—not our own—in the little schoolhouse up Wolf Creek. He was a young and apparently quite illiterate person, with a very loud and harsh voice and a shouting style. It was really painful to see him wriggling his body about in the most frantic and ungraceful manner, writhing and contorting his features, casting his arms from ceiling to floor and from window to window, making the house ring with the reverberation of his thundering tones, until I feared lest he should become dumb and we deaf. I would have risen and left the room, but for my unwillingness to treat a minister of the Gospel and a holy occasion with disrespect. Yet we must not be too hasty and conclude that such sermons may not be edifying to some persons. They may not suit the realer or myself but we cannot set the standard for all others. I recently listened by chance to a sermon by a colored Baptist preacher, which if I had the space and ability to describe would be considered remarkable. With each short ejaculation the speaker audibly caught his breath, and his constant refrain—which I did not at first make out—was “Honor ter’s Name!” with a strong emphasis on the “ter.” Yet a very intelligent hod-carrier, who stood by, could not understand how I could consider it “very funny.”

Early in January (1864) our brigade, now called the 4th, was augmented by the 17th Va. Cavalry, which had just returned from a raid into Kanawha Valley. On their arrival at the Narrows, they were dismounted and their horses were sent off to forage in North Carolina, until Spring again permitted them to find pasture in Virginia. Beckley’s Battalion of Infantry (45th),

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lately organized, also became a part of McCausland’s command, being encamped at Princeton.

Our fare at this time consisted of beef, bread, and salt. We occasionally got a taste of cabbage and potatoes, when we had soup. We had very nice loaves of raisin bread; for obtaining, some yeast, we made our dough and always saved a piece for the next raising, thus keeping up the stock. My comment on this fare was that—“we had no right to complain as long as we lived so well.”

On the 26th of January, 1864, I was appointed Provost Marshal and Commandant of the Post, succeeding in that office Captain William A. Gilman, the senior captain of my regiment, who was relieved at his own request. An order had come the day before from Genl. Samuel Jones, for a Lieutenant to go to Bristol on the border of Tennessee upon similar duty. Col. McCausland selected me, but later changed his mind, as he said because if he sent his good officers they would keep them. He therefore sent the worst officer in the brigade, one who could scarcely read or write. I was much pleased with the compliment—the first intimation of the good opinion my commander had of me. At first I regretted the change of assignment, as Bristol was a pleasant place and would afford social advantages, for which I longed. But I was then looking forward to a furlough in a few weeks and this would have been jeopardized by my absence.

The office of the Provost Marshal was in the postoffice building. The position was a very responsible one, requiring the examination of the papers of all transient and detailed soldiers and of citizens, to issue passes whenever satisfactory explanations were given, to sign all quartermaster and commissary papers, provision and hospital returns, and in general, to assume all the duties of commandant of the Post. While I did not object to the responsibility imposed on me by this appointment, I found the confinement irksome, and there was no extra compensation as there should have been. I tried to secure clerical assistance but it was refused. I therefore soon began to tire of a position which involved more responsibility than honor or profit and was ready to resign it to the first aspirant.

(To be continued)
eligible way either to get the Instruments, or pay in good hand. Money even eleven penny pieces. Dr. Skipworth was Director G. ought to have that matter settled.

Mr. Hawkins has I am afraid disappointed you in the Jacket and Breeches in a manner rather disagreeable, the Breeches I am very apprehensive being spoil’d, which was the reason they were not sent, and Mr. Messonier wrote he would furnish you with the new pairs but if you shure to have them there you shall receive them with the next stage.

The Assurance of your filial Concern and Duty is highly pleasing to so tender a father as I am, who makes his Sons welfare his only happiness in this world, I say it is the more pleasing as I have that firm persuasion that you do it from a real Principle and Conviction in your Breast, and on that act will redouble your Diligence in acquiring that knowledge, I so anxiously wish for.

Mama and Sister join me in assuring their most tender Love and I that I am allways my Dr. Son

Your most affectionate father
C. F. Wiesenthal

We congratulate you to these Christmas holidays and wish you had one of our very good mine’d pyes.

The Bearer of this is I believe Monsieur Tessier a French Surgeon late of Pulaskys Corps.

(To be continued).

RECOLLECTIONS OF SLAVE DAYS AND WAR TIMES.

By the Editor.

(Continued from page 32).

During our residence in winter quarters we found it hard to amuse ourselves or to find employment for the many hours of leisure that intervened between official duties. Consequently I became an inveterate smoker. I had learned this art in June 1862, during the campaign on the Rappahannock and Chickahominy. I was there struck with the solace which the men derived from their pipes at the close of the day’s march or battle when they had built the camp fires and were reclining before them while the smoke curled so gracefully upwards among the trees. It was not acquired easily and many days elapsed before I could accomplish the art in comfort. But now I was proficient and was hardly ever without a pipe. It imparted a feeling of restfulness which made me resort to it every hour in the day; it was the first thing thought of on rising, the last before retiring. I ate as much to enjoy the smoke afterwards as to satisfy the calls of hunger. We used the beautiful yellow "Lone Jack" tobacco from Lynchburg, a mild, yellow-colored variety, which by its attractive appearance offered an additional temptation to indulge. It is surprising that I did not suffer more from dyspepsia, but as a matter of fact, I experienced only a certain amount of heartburn, flatulence and indisposition to food. The mode of life—so much out of doors—must have neutralized the effects of the tobacco. The influence of habit—as exemplified in my case, which was not an isolated or unusual one in the command—shows how hard it is to resist indulgences like this one. Few men have a power of self-control sufficient to curb their desires and inclinations within proper bounds, especially when the want of employment and the sources of mental distraction and anxiety with which we had to contend prevail. I have had numerous illustrations besides my experience that winter at the Narrows, both in my own case and in that of others, of the truth of the axiom—that "total abstinence is easier than moderate indulgence." But when I began the study of my profession after the war, I determined that no indulgence should intervene between me and it. I therefore took my pipe and tobacco bag to the door and flung them out into the street, thus removing once and forever all temptation to that habit at least. I had no cause to regret the step and have ever found that the best way to unite the Gordian Knot of habit is to follow the example of Alexander and to cut it.

About the middle of March, I obtained a furlough and paid a visit to my home in the lower Valley. This time I followed the Shenandoah

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Valley route, via Staunton, Harrisonburg, Luray, Front Royal and Berryville. My parents had moved from Charlestown since my memorable visit of the previous year, and were now living at Ripon Lodge, my uncle William’s estate, about midway between Charlestown and Berryville. The region, as before, was not occupied by either army, and it was not altogether safe for Confederates but there was far more safety here than there would have been in Charlestown.

I had a very quiet and undisturbed visit, thoroughly enjoying the pleasures of home and the companionship of those who were nearest and dearest to me. My mother was the best of women and a saint on earth if there be such a thing. Her sweet temper and affectionate cheerfulness irradiated our home circle, while her unaffected piety infused around her a profound christian influence and a love that never faileth. What do we not owe thee, Woman—in thy triple character of mother, wife, daughter!

I took advantage of the opportunity to exchange the sword which Colonel Starke had given me in Dec. 1861, for that which my uncle George had left me, and which he had used in the Seminole War while he held a commission in the army. I continued to wear this until near the close of the war when I substituted it for one made by the Government in Richmond, which I surrendered on my capture in March 1865. My uncle George’s sword I still possess. The Starke sword was deposited for safety under the boards of the floor at Ripon Lodge, and it escaped capture during the searches and sacking of the building by the enemy which began shortly after this. But so securely had it been hidden that my parents could themselves never find its hiding place and so far as I know it still remains to this day in concealment somewhere in the building.

My brother accompanied me out from home. We followed the course of the Shenandoah River until we reached Luray, where he bid me goodbye intending to visit our relatives in Fauquier County. I would gladly have accompanied him but I been mounted. Pursuing my journey on foot to Staunton, thence by rail, I reached Charlestown on Sunday morning, March 20. Attending church, I met some persons who lived in the country, and who insisted upon my going out with them. I accepted the invitation as they were warm personal friends of my father and spent the next twenty-four hours with them, receiving many attentions from them, particularly from the young ladies. They urged me to remain with them until the expiration of my furlough but I wished to pay a brief visit in the West and therefore took the train the next day. I stopped at Lynchburg and received kind invitations to supper, tableaux, etc., which I was compelled to decline.

I reached Dublin the following day but was unable to procure transportation hence to camp until Thursday at 4 P. M. I was sound asleep when we arrived at Dublin, and in the hurry of getting off forgot entirely a haversack containing several pounds of coffee, which my mother had given me and which I had hung up over my seat. It was a serious loss as we had not had any coffee in camp for many months and it was very valuable. There were many substitutes used for this almost indispensable article—some very unpalatable,—but all furnishing at least a warm and more or less nutritious drink. Toasted rye was one of the most popular of our “coffees;” we also used parched peanuts, sweet potatoes, etc., and “teas” were made from various kinds of leaves and plants, as sassafras bark, holly leaves, etc.

I arrived at camp the following morning at 1 A. M., and found the command under marching orders. My comrades were glad to see me return safely as they had heard that I had been captured.

We did not leave the Narrows until April 5. After an exceedingly disagreeable march through the mud, we arrived at Princeton the following day. Before the departure I had begun to suffer from a very large abscess and my sufferings were much aggravated by the long march which I should not have made on foot, but I was in command of the company at the time and I did not like to be absent. On reaching Princeton, I was in such pain that I was obliged to put myself on the sick list and rent a room in the only
remaining house in the place, Mr. Hall’s, of whose family I have previously spoken. I was confined to bed for several days and got no relief until our surgeon—Dr. Noel—lanced the abscess when I obtained immediate relief.

The object of our going to Princeton was to fortify it in the most thorough manner. The engineer in charge of this duty was Captain John M. Robinson, of the Engineer Corps (later of Baltimore). This gentleman’s family went from Virginia to Philadelphia some years before the War. We knew them intimately and the friendship was now renewed between Capt. R. and myself. He occupied a room at Mr. Hall’s next to my own, and as soon as he learned of my presence he called upon me; during our stay at Princeton we were almost constantly together. His experience was most interesting. He had been sent to Europe on business by the Confederate States Government in the fall of 1862. He returned a year later, having traveled through Spain, France and England. He came back by way of Nova Scotia, where he was met by his father and mother. Captain R. was a man of fine manners and remarkable conversational powers, and seemed to me to be a worthy representative of our government. The accounts which he gave of his travels were most entertaining. The people of France, he said, did not generally sympathise with us, whilst the French government did. In England, the reverse was the case; as soon as he registered there as “Captain C. S. A.,” he began to receive attention. Many of the nobility sought his acquaintance, being very desirous, as they told him, to hear about the South. He was much lionized, and was invited to dinner parties, balls and various other social gatherings. He attributed the warm reception given him solely to his official position as a representative of his country. He related many incidents of his life abroad, and gave me an insight into the character and mode of life of the English aristocracy, which I could not have acquired in any other way. It was something of a novelty to meet in those wild and desolate regions with a man of the fascinating powers of Captain Robinson, and he was sought after by all who came in contact with him. I am sure that to him I owe the alleviation of many a pang of my sickness and a happier convalescence than I would have experienced had I been left to the ordinary resources of the place.

We were now busy erecting extensive earthworks. One hundred men were detailed daily for this duty. Rapidly a formidable-looking redoubt arose in the open ground just above our camp, with all the accessories of angle, bastion and embrasure; fine to look upon with its mathematical regularity of outline and presenting quite a contrast to the rude works which we were accustomed to rear for our defense. Fortunately or unfortunately, we had no opportunity to test its efficiency, as we were soon ordered away.

Our Department Commander, Gen’l. Breckenridge, was also engaged at this time, in constructing a line of telegraph to Princeton, whilst the troops at the Narrows, including the little Battalion of Beckley (45th Va.), which had been ordered thither, were employed in making an important road 18 miles long through an exceedingly rough and rocky country. All this looked very much as though it was the intention to retain us there. Orders emanating from General Lee at this time reduced the transportation allowed the officers of a regiment to 50 lbs. each, or as much as one wagon could carry.

Early this Spring (1864) the enemy displayed unusual activity in all quarters. About the first of May, there was a general forward movement. Sigel with 6000 troops, began his advance up the Valley of Virginia from Winchester on April 30, threatening the Virginia Central Railroad at Staunton. Breckenridge took Wharton’s and Cochol’s brigades of infantry and McLaughlin’s Battery of Artillery from our department—a total of about 5000—and went to meet him. Being joined by the cadets from the Virginia Military Institute and Imboden’s forces, which consisted of a brigade of cavalry and a battery of artillery, B. attacked and defeated him at Newmarket, May 15. He then crossed the Blue Ridge with his two infantry brigades and a battery of artillery and joined Lee at Hanover Junction. On May 3-4, the movement of Grants army began. Nearly simultaneously a strong force in two columns advanced from the Kanawha Valley upon the Virginia and Tennessee R.
R., with the object of destroying the New River Bridge and if possible also the Salt Works at Saltville in the southwestern part of the state. The latter duty was assigned to the cavalry under Brig-Gen’l. Averill. All these movements coincided.

Averill’s command, consisting of 2079 officers and men, left Charleston May 1, and Logan May 5, marching through Wyoming and Tazewell counties. Having no artillery, he feared to attack Saltville but he made an assault on the lead works near Wytheville, where he was repulsed May 10, by General John Morgan*. Later, the way being opened for him by Crook, he destroyed the railroad at Christiansburg in Montgomery Co., east of New River, and then joined his superior officer at Union in Monroe county.

The other column, principally infantry, under Crook, left Fayetteville May 3. His force consisted of eleven regiments of infantry; viz: 1st Brigade, Col. R. B. Hayes: 23rd, 34th, and 36th Ohio; 2nd Brigade, Col. C. B. White: 12th and 91st Ohio, 9th and 14th Va; 3rd Brigade, Col. Sickel: 3rd and 4th Penna., 11th and 15th Va., and several detachments of other regiments; also two batteries of artillery and the 7th W. Va. cavalry under Colonel Olney, the whole about 6000 strong. (It is noteworthy that there were two future Presidents in this command, Hayes and McKinley.)

[To be continued]
been, how diligently, conscientiously and efficiently it has been performed, and as we recall how much we owe to you, how ready you have ever been to do more than your share of labor, how eager to advance the work of the courts, how painstaking to keep it in hand, how familiar you have made yourself with all its details, how systematically you have preserved a record of everything that was valuable for future reference in our conferences, and withal how agreeable, helpful and cordial have been all your relations with your colleagues, we realize that this bench is losing a most valuable member.

"You will take with you in the broader sphere to which you have been advanced the genuine esteem and warm regard of each one of us. We confidently anticipate that your career as judge of the Court of Appeals will be one of conspicuous ability and of great benefit to the people of the State, and we wish for you both now and always the happiness which attends on health, prosperity and a life of continued usefulness."

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RECOLLECTIONS OF SLAVE DAYS AND WAR TIMES.

BY THE EDITOR.

(Continued from page 53).

After a three days march, this column reached Princeton where it met with opposition from McCausland’s cavalry. Crook here destroyed McCausland’s tents which had been incautiously left. On the night of May 8th, he reached Shannon’s, seven miles north of Dublin, where he found the southern forces under the cavalry general, A. G. Jenkins, posted near Floyd’s Mountain.

The Confederates were stationed upon a wooded spur just south of the mountain and in full view of it, behind rail breastworks. Our force consisted of three regiments and one battalion of infantry and two batteries of artillery—less than 3000. The 45th Va. Infantry, Col. William H. Browne, commanding, occupied the right, supported by Beckley’s small battalion; the 60th Va., Col. Beuhring H. Jones, commanding,

held the centre, and the 36th Va., Lt. Colonel Thomas Smith, commanding, was on the left. The artillery was placed between the regiments. Our guns were so placed as to sweep a broad meadow in our front, while a knee deep brook wound around the foot of the steep slope.

The enemy finding our position so strong in their front, sent a brigade under cover of the thick woods, to turn our right flank. As soon as it became engaged, the troops in front of us charged upon us, across the open field. We opened fire upon them with deadly effect, mowing them down and forcing them to fall back in disorder. But they succeeded in forcing our right flank, which now began to fall back towards the higher ground in our rear. Unfortunately for us, at this time, our Commander, General Jenkins fell, mortally wounded, and was carried off the field. This created much confusion. Falling back in conformity with the movement on our right, we again presented a line of battle in the open ground, some 200 yards in rear of our first position and higher up the hill. The enemy now appeared upon our left under the brow of a hill, and opened a raking fire upon us. There were no Confederate troops beyond my regiment in that direction, the 36th having been moved to the right. At this time I had a bullet through the breast of my coat, evidently from this quarter. We turned and replied to their fire, but, the right of the line again giving way, we fell back to the top of the hill, where our ensign, Lieutenant L. P. Summers took post with our battle flag.

Col. McCausland, who had succeeded to the command, endeavored now to rally and reform our ranks. We did not remain long in this position but moved slowly backward, in some disorder, it is true, but not in any panic, into the woods which were fortunately close at hand. The 60th was the last to leave the field (Jones). McCausland had called me to him when we made our second stand around the colors and directed me to collect some of the best men in the command and take charge of them as a rear guard. I did so, and none too soon, for the enemy’s cavalry, thinking we were routed charged up the road upon us. We hardly had time to jump over the fence which bounded the road here, when they were upon us. We gave them a volley through the rails, which caused the foremost
files to tumble from their saddles, when they retreated precipitately.

They did not press us further during our retreat and I fell back leisurely with my rear guard towards Dublin, firing from time to time as we saw any of the enemy in the distance. McCausland says in his report of the battle, that he rallied the 36th (his own regiment) at the top of the hill—our second stand—and covered the retreat, repulsing repeated charges of the enemy's cavalry! Major Fife, on the other hand, who succeeded to the command of it after Smith's fall, says it was disorganized and could not be rallied. It appeared to me that our commands were inextricably mixed up after our first rally.

It gave me great pleasure to feel that I had rendered important service in this unfortunate engagement. There is no doubt that if we had not repulsed the charge of the cavalry, we would all have been captured and I think it fair to claim that my rear guard saved the army, which was hurrying away from the field in precipitate retreat, with only us between it and the victorious pursuers.

I believe that we would have gained this battle if General Jenkins had not fallen, notwithstanding the great inferiority of our numbers. He was a gallant officer and had a high reputation. I may mention that McCausland did not approve of the disposition of our troops.

In his official report of this engagement, Crook states that his prisoners represented 14 regiments, and that, according to a captain whom he captured, he was outnumbered by the Confederates! He claims to have buried over 200 Confederate dead. He says that if he had had an adequate force of cavalry, he would have captured our entire command. It is singular how facts are distorted in these reports and how each one is trying to get the most credit to himself out of them. In his report, McCausland gives it as his "firm conviction that for the means employed, no better results have been accomplished during the war."

It has been stated that there were two future Presidents of the United States engaged in this battle on the Federal side. One of them, Col. Rutherford B. Hayes, of the 23rd Ohio Regiment, was in command of a brigade which was pitted directly against our part of the line.

That this was a pretty hot fight may be inferred from the losses. The 60th had 20 killed, 68 wounded and 64 missing; total 152 (Col. B. H. Jones). Among the killed of this (my) regiment, were Lt. Col. George W. Hammond, Major Jacob N. Taylor, and Captain Moses McClinton. The gallant Lieutenant Larew, of my old Co., E, was wounded. Lt. Col. Harmon, of the 45th Va., was killed and Lt. Col. Thomas Smith, commanding the 36th Va., was badly wounded. Our entire loss was 538, including 200 captured and missing. Two of our guns were captured. The enemy's loss in killed and wounded, according to Crook, was 643. They left 200 seriously wounded in hospital near the field.

Just before we reached Dublin, we met a thin line of Confederates drawn up in a woods, which we were told was Morgan's command. It had been brought on from Wytheville, but arrived too late to be of any assistance to us. McCausland did not attempt to make a stand here, but pushed on to New River Bridge, recognizing that the importance of that structure left every other consideration in the shade. Morgan made a feeble resistance but was compelled to retire.

The enemy destroyed the stores at Dublin and on May 10 advanced to New River Bridge where our forces had concentrated. Here after an artillery duel of two hours, with a loss to the enemy of 11, they got possession of the bridge and burnt it.

Crook now fell back to Union, in Monroe County, where being joined by Averill, the combined force continued on to Meadow Bluff, to the west, reaching there May 19.

While we were in the vicinity of Christiansburg—on May 28th—I was appointed Assistant Adjutant General of the brigade by a regular brigade order and was given to understand that my pay as such would be $140 per month. Col. Beurhring H. Jones, of the 60th, was at this time in command of the brigade.

After a few days stay in the vicinity of Christiansburg, we moved to the Valley of Virginia, to meet a new advance from that direction by a

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large force under General David Hunter, who had succeeded Gen'l Sigel after his defeat at Newmarket. On the 26th of May, Hunter broke came at Cedar Creek, near Strasburg and marched up the Valley with 8500 men and 21 guns. Gen'l William E. Jones, who commanded the Confederates in this section, marched boldly to meet him with a much inferior force of 5000, composed of two brigades of Virginia infantry, Vaughan's dismounted Tennessee cavalry, Imboden's Cavalry and a few guns. McCausland, who had been made a brigadier general and had been put in command of the cavalry brigade of the late Gen'l Jenkins, was confronting Crook and Averill, who were advancing from Meadow Bluff on the west with a view to a union with Hunter. Jones had to fight Hunter before this union was effected.

On the morning of June 5, we met him at Piedmont, a small village near the Blue Ridge Mountain, four miles east of the valley pike running from Staunton to Winchester, ten miles north-east of the former and seven southwest of Port Republic, and on a road which a little further south forks to Staunton and Waynesboro. We occupied a position where we had a horseshoe curve of the South River in our rear. Our artillery occupied a hill in our centre, at the edge of a wood.

At the request of his fellow prisoners at Johnson's Island, Col. Beuhring H. Jones, commanding the 1st brigade, wrote a report of the battle, which was published in Southern Opinion, a Richmond newspaper edited by H. W. Pollard, Sept. 14, 1867. It is dated July 1, 1864, when these events were fresh in his memory. He gives our force at 2500 (3600 according to Vaughan) and attributes our defeat to a misapprehension of orders, by which regiments which should have filled up the gap between the right of the Virginians and the left of the Tennesseans moved to the extreme left of our line, and the 60th Virginia placed itself perpendicular to the road in rear of the right of Browne's (2nd Brigade, and not parallel as was intended.

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Browne's right, he says, rested on the road and his brigade extended thence to the left, a line perpendicular to the road, the line being continued by the 1st brigade until its left rested on the river, which at this point had high and precipitous banks. On the right of the road and perpendicular to it, about 600 yards in rear of the right of the 2nd brigade, Vaughan's brigade was in position. I recollect well this fatal movement of the 60th. It was commanded that day by Capt. Thompson, of Greenbrier Co., a very inefficient officer and I recall the vague and ill understood gropings as it seemed to me by which he attempted to put his regiment in the desired position.

During the battle, I was stationed not with the 60th, but with the larger portion of the brigade, occupying the line as stated to the left of the 2nd brigade. We were in open ground, and for protection threw up some hasty breastworks of rails taken from fences near by. In front of us was a thick wood, under cover of which the enemy formed and charged us. We drove them back, when they brought up two howitzers and began to shell us vigorously. At this time they inflicted great damage, the shells exploding among the rails, scattering the fragments in every direction and killing and wounding many.

Col. Jones now directed me to proceed towards the right and find Gen'l Jones; to tell him of our condition and exposure and request him to send some artillery to our relief. I mounted a horse which I found in our rear and rode to the right. I met General Jones and his staff, mounted, in the wood near the battery. Just at that moment our guns opened and the enemy's replied with a terrible fire which swept the woods. They soon got our range and the shot crashed through the trees and bounded along the ground. The General and his staff were in the direct line of fire and they shrank before it but did not attempt to get to one side out of range. I tried to make him understand what we wanted but he made no reply; he seemed somewhat flurried, although he gave no signs of fear. I must confess that I felt perfectly cool and collected. I lost sight of him but I believe that he was killed by this fire. Our artillery was soon silenced.

I returned to Col. Jones and told him the result of my mission. In passing back and forth I

[Continued on page 75].
was much exposed to the bullets and this was remarked upon by him. There was a full roar in the firing and we waited in suspense for an explanation. General Jones was killed and we were without a commander. General Vaughan, the second in command, was several hundred yards away, and Thoburn, Federal, was evidently coming in behind us through the fatal gap. For what was our astonishment on beholding a line of blue-coats advancing upon us through the woods in our rear. Our retreat was nearly cut off as they had almost reached the river. But one avenue of escape remained and that was down the steep cliff and across the river. Without a moment's hesitation, many of us availed ourselves of it. Dashing past their flank, actually knocking some of them down who got in our way, we made for the precipice. How we ever got down there safely, I cannot imagine but fear of capture lent wings to our flight and we were ready to brave anything to escape. Seizing the bushes, roots and rocks, anything that we could catch hold of, we slid down the steep bank into the stream, wading across up to our waists. It seems to me they must have had strict orders not to fire so as not to frighten us, but capture us in masse. About 1000 of our men were captured on the field, including 60 officers. According to Pond (Shenandoah Valley in 1864, N.Y. 1883), 1500 were captured in all besides killed and stragglers; we also lost 3 guns. Hunter reported his loss as 420. Among the captured was my Brigade Commander, Col. Beulahring H. Jones, who was lame and consequently unable to get away. Though surrounded, our men did not yield quietly. "For a short time, a most desperate struggle took place, and clubbed guns were used on both sides and many hand-to-hand encounters took place." [Col. Jacob M. Campbell, 54th Pa. Inf., Thoburn’s 2nd Brigade].

Jones was not to blame for engaging in this battle. He knew that Crook and Averill, with 10,000 infantry and 2 batteries, had left Meadow Bluff May 30, and were approaching Staunton, and it was a question of fighting Hunter’s 8500 with 21 guns, or the combined force of 18,000 with 30 guns. The junction was effected three days later at Staunton, McCausland having obstructed the march of the column from the west as much as he could, with his own and Jackson’s brigades.

We ought to have gained this battle. We were much outnumbered it is true, but we had often been victorious against superior forces, and we were in a strong position and acting on the defensive. And we had the example before us of the brilliant victory of Breckenridge, only a few days before at Newmarket—a short distance away. The death of our General here—as at Cloyd’s mountain the month before—told powerfully against us. A commander ought to guard his life in the interest of his army. For what confusion does his death occasion! what loss of confidence! The second in command is in a remote part of the field and has to be hunted up; he is ignorant perhaps of the plans of his superior and the disposition of his troops. It is a most trying position to be placed in—to be called suddenly to assume command in the midst of a battle.

Col. Jones did me the honor to refer to my services in this battle in the following complimentary terms: "I feel that distinctions are invidious where so many, both officers and men, did their whole duty so long as resistance held out the faintest prospect of success; yet I cannot omit noticing the intelligence and calm courage of A. A. General Eugene F. Cordell, as displayed throughout the engagement."

What part, if any, Vaughan took in this engagement, I do not know. The next day one of his staff upbraided us (the Virginians) for not having done our part! He and Imboden retreated by the Waynesboro road to Rockfish Gap, where he reported the next day to Bragg that he had 3000 men under him including Imboden’s 800.

Those of us who escaped in the manner related, made our way to the Valley pike and then on towards Staunton, but before reaching that place we turned off east toward the Blue Ridge and joined the remnant of our forces at Rockfish Gap.

Vaughan proceeded the day after the battle to erect fortifications and prepare for defense. He was joined in a few hours by convalescents and home guards from Charlottesville and elsewhere.
along the railroad—among them Generals D. H. Hill and Hays—and later by Breckenridge with his two brigades and battery, which had made a forced march to join us. Breckenridge assumed command of the whole force. A division of cavalry under Major-General Dullie made a demonstration against us from the direction of Staunton, but finding us in such force, it crossed the Blue Ridge at Tye River Gap further south, to Amherst Court House, where it met and repulsed Imboden, capturing some of his command and inflicting some damage upon the railroad from Charlottesville to Lynchburg. To the delay thus occasioned, was attributed the failure of Hunter to capture Lynchburg.

*(To be continued).*
along the northern wall of the hall, giving additional room for 3000 books and the acquisition of the Winslow volumes.

In commenting upon the present condition of the Library, the Librarian points out the urgent need of a larger appropriation, for salary, for purchase of books and journals, for printing, binding, stationary, postage, cleaning, incidentals. The room should be kept cleaner, warmer and more inviting. Glass fronts should replace the wire screens which do not keep out the dust. The hall should be used only for the library; quiet, security order and cleanliness, which are so essential in the conduct of a library, cannot be secured where the hall is being constantly used for examination purposes. Under present arrangements there is constant danger of fire from careless use of matches, stumps of cigarettes, etc., among so much inflammable material. In conclusion, the Librarian recommends that a library fee be required of all students to meet the above needs, as is done in the Law Department.

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**RECOLLECTIONS OF SLAVE DAYS AND WAR TIMES.**

**BY THE EDITOR.**

*(Continued from page 76).*

From Staunton Hunter proceeded up the Valley, intending to fall upon and capture Lynchburg before reinforcements could reach it. He nearly succeeded. Owing to the destruction of the telegraph lines by Sheridan's and Duffie's cavalry, Lee was ignorant of our movements. Fortunately, he had started Early from before Richmond for the Valley on June 13. Early's orders were to make a rapid march, by way of Louisa C. H. and Charlottesville, into the Valley, so as to strike Hunter in the rear, and after destroying him to move down the Valley, cross the Potomac and threaten Washington; Breckenridge was to co-operate. Early's forces were the cream of Lee's army, consisting of the 2nd (Ewell's) corps, a little over 3000 muskets, and two battalions of artillery under Brig. Gen. Long, Chief of Artillery. Hunter's movement was anticipated by Breckenridge, who made a forced march to the east of the Blue Ridge, from Rockfish Gap to Lynchburg, and, his route being the shorter, he arrived first at the lines near Lynchburg.

When we (i.e. Breckenridge) reached Lynchburg, we found some slight works had been hastily thrown up on College hill at the edge of the town, covering the roads from the west. These we occupied in part, the remainder of the line being held by reserves, convalescents from the hospitals and the cadets from the Virginia Military Institute. On the 16th Early arrived at the Rivanna River near Charlottesville, having marched 80 miles in four days. He there received intelligence from Breckenridge that Hunter was but 20 miles from Lynchburg and rapidly advancing on that place. It is 60 miles from Charlottesville to Lynchburg. Early began to dispatch his troops by rail early on the 17th and the first train arrived at Lynchburg shortly after noon. By evening one half his corps were there and at the same time the main body of Hunter's army arrived before the city, having been delayed on their march by McCausland. Early found Imboden four miles out on the turnpike near an old Quaker Church. Ramseur's and Gordon's troops were marched out two miles to a redoubt in which there were two pieces of artillery and there put in line of battle. The rest of Early's command did not reach Lynchburg until late on the 18th. Even then his entire force (17000) was still less than Hunter's.

On the 17th and 18th there was some skirmishing at the outer fortifications but Early satisfied himself with acting on the defensive.

On the 18th Hunter made a heavy demonstration with infantry, cavalry and artillery and thus became aware of our strength. I was a witness on this day of an artillery duel which took place near the position where we were stationed. I had gone over to the right of the pike to where some pieces of our artillery were, and while there the firing began. Our guns were handled with great coolness and effect and it was a grand sight to witness this duel of the big guns. I was under fire for some time. This was the so-called "Battle of Lynchburg."

Arrangements were made to attack at daybreak but that night Hunter began a hasty retreat. We entered on the pursuit the next morning. Breckenridge's command—temporarily un-
nder Elzy owing to the former’s illness—advanced along the Forrest road to the right of the pike, while the 2nd Corps marched by the latter. The enemy retreated with great precipitation and we continually saw evidences of their haste in abandoned wagons, horses, etc. Their rear under Averill was overtaken by Ramseur that evening at Liberty—25 miles west of Lynchburg and driven through the town, considerable loss being inflicted on it. They made a brief stand at the gorge in Buford’s Gap and they destroyed, as far as they were able, the rail-road bridges, water tanks, stations, etc.

The pursuit continued for three days, when the enemy having gotten into the mountains towards Lewisburg and the artillery being mostly behind, a halt was made. The cooking utensils were back with the trains and a great part of the command had had nothing to eat for two days except a little bacon gotten at Liberty.

On the 22nd we rested, resuming our march the next day towards Staunton which we reached on the 27th.

Since leaving Rockfish Gap, we had been under the command of Colonel August Forsberg, of the 51st Va. (Wharton’s) Regt. This gentleman, an accomplished Swede, had been trained in the service of his native country. He had the most remarkable cong froid I have ever seen—it might almost have been called “intelligent apathy.” Even in the most trying positions, as when under fire and in battle, he always spoke in the same quiet undertone; and nothing ever seemed to make him hasten, in the least, his deliberateness of speech and action. As senior officer he commanded the brigade to which my regiment was now attached. Col. Forsberg died at Lynchburg, Va., July 15, 1910, aged 79. For 21 years he was city engineer there.

When we reached Staunton I was suffering from a crop of boils, which caused me much discomfort and I had been compelled to ride in an ambulance for two or three days. I therefore entered the hospital and remained there for about a week. It was my first experience in hospital life and I found the ennui of it almost intolerable. Just across from my bed lay a poor fellow from North Carolina, suffering from gangrene of the leg, consequent upon a gunshot wound. His leg was in a horrible condition, for antiseptics were then unknown, and the odor from it was unbearable. His groans were heart rending and banished all sleep.

Early halted a day or two at Staunton to fill wagons with provisions. The amount of transportation was reduced to meet the necessities of a flying column. Even regimental officers were compelled to carry all their clothing. Gordon’s and Elzy’s Divisions—the latter under Vaughn but later under Echols—were united in a corps under Breckenridge. According to Early, his force at this time consisted of 10000 muskets and 2000 cavalry. The latter were under General Ransom and consisted of four small brigades viz: McCausland’s (formerly Jenkins’), Wm. L. (“Mudwall”) Jackson’s, Imboden’s, and Bradley T. Johnson’s (formerly Wm. E. Jones’). He adds—that “nearly if not quite half the company officers and men were barefooted or nearly so.”

As soon as I was able to travel I set out down the Valley for my home, which I reached on July 11th. Consequently I did not participate in the movement into Maryland July 5-14. Early’s attempt upon Washington is well known. Briefly, he crossed the Potomac at Shepherdstown on July 5. On the 9th occurred the battle of “Monocacy,” in which Genl. Lew Wallace—the author of Ben Hur—was defeated. Early then made a demonstration against Washington, but found it too strong for assault and on the 14th he recrossed the Potomac at White’s Ford, camping at Leesburg. Hunter with his forces retired by way of Lewisburg, Charleston, etc. Hurrying around to the relief of Washington, he arrived at Harper’s Ferry the same day that Early crossed the Potomac on his return from Maryland. On the 17th Early crossed the Blue Ridge and Shenandoah into the Valley at Snicker’s Gap and Castlemain’s Ferry, Hunter pursuing him with his own command and Wright’s Corps, which had been sent from Grant’s Army.

I now rejoined my command and took part in the engagement on the afternoon of the 18th, in which we defeated the attempt of the enemy to cross the fords of the Shenandoah. Breckenridge’s Corps had charge of the fords and it was Thoburn—the same who flanked us at Piedmont.

SONNENBURG’S PHARMACY
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—who tried to dislodge him. A brigade dashed over, capturing the ford and a captain and 15 skirmishers. Breckenridge advanced against them while Rodes fell on the Union right. The enemy's cavalry gave way on the right, then his infantry—being driven into the river. Rodes' men were exposed to an artillery fire as they reached the bank. Thoburn's loss was 422.

Confronted by a force so much superior, and his wagon-train threatened by Averill, who had moved from Martinsburg on the 17th with a force composed of 2350 infantry, cavalry and artillery, Early fell back leisurely to Strasburg, where he arrived on the 22nd.

Learning that Wright's corps had returned to Grant and that Crook's and Averill's forces were united at Kernstown, we advanced again on the 21st. It is about 20 miles from Strasburg to Kernstown. Ramseur went around Crook's right. Seeing Crook's left to be assailable, Early directed Breckenridge to move against it with Echols' Division, now under Wharton. We moved to this attack under cover of some ravines and under Breckenridge's personal supervision. We struck their left flank in the open ground, doubling it up and throwing the whole line into confusion. They were routed and fled through Winchester, pursued by our troops for several miles beyond that town. During this exhilarating occupation of pursuing a flying enemy, I had a shell to explode beneath the white mare which I rode, but—for a wonder—hurting neither horse nor rider. The animal belonged to my brother, a member of Co. B., 12th Va., Cavalry, who had recently been captured at Castleman's near the Shenandoah. I would have been sorry indeed if he had through my instrumentality lost a second horse. Crook fled to Bunker Hill, near Martinsburg with a loss of 1200.

From this time to Aug. 7, we were hovering between the Martinsburg pike and Hagerstown in Maryland, destroying the railroad and covering McCluvasland's move against Chambersburg. On the 9th McCluvasland and Bradley T. Johnson, returning from their nine-days raid into Pennsylvania, were routed at Moorefield in Hardy County.

On Aug. 7th Sheridan assumed command and two days later advanced from Harper's Ferry towards Berryville. He had with him the 6th Corps, which had been returned to the Valley and also the 19th Corps, of Grant's army. Early fell back amidst heavy skirmishers to Fisher's Hill near Strasburg, and awaited reinforcements. Sheridan's skirmishers advanced across Cedar Creek and demonstrated in the evening against our pickets on Hupp's Hill. The next morning (Aug. 13) Sheridan's cavalry (Torbert and Wilson from Grant were now with him) reconnoitered on the back road. The 6th Corps occupied Hupp's Hill and their skirmishers advanced into Strasburg. We were now joined by the remnants of the raiding party from Moorefield and Anderson arrived at Front Royal, having been sent to our aid by Lee with Kershaw's Division of Infantry and Fitz Lee's Division of Cavalry. Imboden was sent to Luray Valley and a signal station was established on 3-Top Mountain. It was now Sheridan's turn to retreat and Early's outposts reoccupied Hupp's Hill on Aug. 12. There was sharp skirmishing the afternoon of the 15th, our skirmishers driving back the Federals on both sides of the pike. That night Sheridan began his retreat, moving back to Berryville so as to cover the road from Snicker's Gap on his left (south). Early and Anderson pursued on the 17th and late in the afternoon encountered their rear guard consisting of Torbert's Cavalry and some infantry between Kernstown and Winchester. We attacked it and after a sharp engagement routed it, driving it through Winchester, capturing 250 prisoners and killing or wounding 97. In this engagement our division (Wharton's) attacked the enemy's infantry on our left, driving it from a strong position on Bowers' Hill, south of the town. Ramseur occupied the centre and Gordon the right of our line.

Early now moved down the Martinsburg pike where he could get grain and forage, break the Baltimore and Ohio R.R. and threaten Maryland and Pennsylvania. He came near capturing a large body of the enemy's cavalry starting out on a raid around our left. Sheridan retired under protection of his guns on Maryland Heights. Early and Anderson now determined to attack Sheridan and on the 21st the former advanced through Smithfield towards Charlestown. A
sharp engagement took place between Rodes' and Ramsaur's Divisions and the 6th Corps. The Federals lost a considerable number and Sheridan fell back to Hailtown four miles west of Harper's Ferry where he was strongly entrenched. Early demonstrated against this position for three days but found it too strong for attack.

Early now made a demonstration in force to Shepherdstown. Between Leetown and Kearneysville he came upon Torbert's cavalry which was roughly handled by Breckenridge, Custer being cut off but effecting an escape across the Potomac. On Aug. 26th, Early withdrew from his advanced position at Shepherdstown to Bunker Hill and Stephenson's Depot. Engagements now occurred along the Opequon Creek with the enemy's cavalry. On Sept. 2, Early made a reconnaissance in force to Summit Point, returning and camping at Stephenson's Depot just below Winchester.

At this time General Lee wrote that he was in great need of more troops and asked that Kershaw's Division be sent back to him. Accordingly Anderson started on Sept. 3, intending to cross the mountain at Ashby's Gap, below Berryville. But at the latter place about sunset— to the surprise of both—he stumbled on the 8th Corps; they engaged. At dawn the next day Early hastened to his aid with three divisions—including ours, and found the enemy entrenching in a strong position. Here there was a spirited skirmish and for the first time Early obtained a view of the Federals which enabled him "to realize the size of their force."

(To be continued).
RECOLLECTIONS OF SLAVE DAYS
AND WAR TIMES.

By the Editor.

(Continued from page 112).

On the 5th Early withdrew behind the Opequan
and Rodes attacked Averill's Cavalry which was
foreing its way into Winchester, and drove it
back. Anderson retired to Winchester with a
view of taking a more southerly route to Richmond.
At this time there were almost incessant skir-
mishes with the enemy. Their cavalry was par-
ticularly active, and as our cavalry was entirely
unable to check them, that duty devolved
upon our infantry which was thus kept incessantly
on the go, a condition that harassed and fatigued
us very much, and had a depressing effect upon
our spirits.

On Sept. 14, Anderson left us, going by way of
Front Royal; Fitz Lee, however, remained with
his cavalry. Pond remarks upon this and says
that these reinforcements were sent to Early when
Sheridan had even two divisions less than now.
At this time our troops occupied the following
positions: Rodes', Gordon's and Wharton's
Divisions of Infantry, with Braxton's and King's
Artillery, were at Stephenson's Depot, on the
Winchester and Potomac R. R., six miles east of
Winchester; Ramsour's Division with Nelson's
Artillery, was on the Berryville pike, one mile
south of Winchester; the cavalry occupied the
flanks. Our forces consisted of 8500 muskets for
duty (1700 of these being in the Division under
Wharton, to which I was attached), three bat-
talions of artillery and 2900 cavalry. Fitz Lee
had a few pieces of horse artillery. Vaughan's
Brigade of cavalry had been sent back to south-
west Virginia, most of his men having already
left without permission. The Federals had 35,000
infantry and 10,000 cavalry, four times our
number.
Early now made the fatal mistake of remaining exposed to the attack of an enemy vastly superior to him as he well knew, and liable at any moment to be overwhelmed by him. He seemed to have lost his discretion. In the maneuvering hitherto, it had been retreat and advance as one side or the other was reinforced. With all his advantages Sheridan was ever cautious—overcautious perhaps. It looks as though Early had made up his mind to fight it out with his adversary once for all—a pitched battle. He certainly, according to his own admissions, ventured too far and the result was a series of disasters which terminated only with the war itself. Had Early been able to maintain himself in the Valley, the struggle at Richmond might have been terminated differently.

Yet there is something sublime in the audacity with which he confronted his country's enemies with his little force of veterans. He felt the necessity to our cause of maintaining a militant attitude and realized fully his danger. "Had Sheridan," he says, "by a prompt movement thrown his whole force upon the line of my communications, I would have been compelled to cut my way through as there was no escape for me to the right or left, and my force was too weak to cross the Potomac while he was in my rear." "The object of my presence there," he says again, "was to keep up a threatening attitude towards Maryland and Pennsylvania and prevent the use of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad and the Chesapeake and Ohio Canal, as well as to keep as large a force as possible from Grant's Army to defend the Federal Capital. * * I knew my danger but could occupy no other position that would have enabled me to accomplish the desired object. * * If I had moved up the Valley at all I could not have stopped short of New Market, for between that place and the country in which I was, there was no forage for my horses and this would have enabled the enemy to resume the use of the railroad and canal and return all the troops of Grant's army to him."

On Sept. 16, General Grant was in Charlestown, and Kershaw's withdrawal becoming known at that time, an advance was determined on.

On Sept. 17, in the afternoon, Early marched from Stephenson's Depot, with Rodes' and Gordon's Divisions and Braxton's Artillery to Bunker Hill, on the Martinsburg pike, and on the 18th continued with Gordon, a part of Lomax's Cavalry and a few guns to Martinsburg, 18 miles from Winchester, which his wily antagonist was then approaching. His object was to prevent repairs on the railroad. He returned to Bunker Hill and left Gordon there that night, Rodes marching on to Stephenson's. Thus on the night of the 18th, our cavalry was at Martinsburg, Gordon at Bunker Hill, Rodes on the go, Wharton with King's Battery at Stephenson's and Ramseur in position across the Berryville Pike near Winchester. And on the morning of the 19th, Ramseur alone confronted the enemy's line of battle forming in front of Winchester. Lee seems to have realized Early's danger, for on the 17th he wrote to Anderson not to leave the Valley. Too late, for Anderson was then on the other side of the Blue Ridge, hastening to Richmond!

Skirmishing began on our right early on that fateful 19th, and while the enemy were held in check, Gordon and Rodes were hurried up from Bunker Hill and Stephenson's Depot respectively. Gordon arrived first between 10 and 11 o'clock and was placed behind Ramseur's left, Rodes forming later on Gordon's right. The attack on Ramseur now began, the 8th and 19th corps being engaged. A heavy force moved forward upon his left flank, when Rodes and Gordon were advanced through the timber to meet them, and the former charging drove them a considerable distance, and captured a large number of prisoners. The gallant Rodes here lost his life. Ramseur had been forced back a little but soon recovered, being supported by Lomax's cavalry on his right, which not only kept back the enemy's cavalry, but even charged their infantry who were pressing Ramseur.

Thus, by noon we had been victorious, and if we had had a fresh body of troops to push the victory, the day would have been ours. Wharton had not yet arrived on the field and the enemy's 8th Corps—Army of West Virginia had not been engaged. McCausland and Imboden were watching the Federal cavalry on the Martinsburg pike.
Our line did not reach to the Front Royal pike on our right, or to the Martinsburg pike on our left, and on our extreme right the Federal cavalry and artillery overlapped us a mile, our only mode of retreat by the valley pike being entirely unprotected.

Thus far, our division under Breckenridge had been engaged with Torbert's cavalry only, near Brucetown, nine miles east of Winchester. They crossed the Opequon there and made several charges which we repulsed. Meanwhile a large force of cavalry advanced up the Martinsburg pike threatening our rear, so that we were in great danger of being cut off. Matters got so urgent with us that we had to double-quick towards Winchester, flanked on either side by the Federal cavalry and our rear engaging with their infantry. Lieutenant "Bee" Davenport, of our brigade staff, was killed here. We joined Early's main body about 2 P. M. One of our brigades—Echols', under Col. Patton, had been detached and left on the Martinsburg pike to support Fitz Lee. Our other two brigades were placed in rear of the centre of our line of battle—opposite Rodes—prepared to move in any direction where they might be needed. Wickham's Brigade of Fitz Lee's Division had been sent to the assistance of Lomax on our right to secure our communication by the valley pike which was threatened. Late in the afternoon two divisions of the enemy's cavalry supported by the fresh 8th Corps—Crooks Army of W. Va., drove in Patton's and Payne's (cavalry) brigades in confusion. Patton (G. W.) was mortally wounded and fell into their hands. They swept everything before them as far as the outskirts of Winchester. Breckenridge at once faced his two brigades to the left, and placing himself at the head of the column hurried at a double-quick to the left and rear to meet the emergency. Charging the Federal cavalry, with the aid of King's and Braxton's Batteries he forced it back. We then faced to the front at right angles to the pike and another charge of the enemy's cavalry was repulsed. But we were on a line to the rear of our main line and many of the latter (Gordon's) hearing firing in their rear and supposing they were flanked and about to be surrounded, began to fall back. There was consequently much confusion. At the same time Crook advanced against our left. Gordon threw Evans in line to meet him but owing to the disorder, after obstinate resistance, Evans was compelled to retire.

The whole front line had now given away, but a large part of the men rallied behind an indifferent line of breastworks, which had been constructed just outside of Winchester during the first year of the war. There with the aid of our artillery, the progress of the enemy's infantry was checked. Wickham was now hurried back to the left. At this time it was reported that the enemy had gotten around our right flank and Early gave orders to retire; but instantly discovering that it was Ramseur moving back to the new line, he ordered a return to the works before his men had gotten 20 paces. "The order was obeyed by Wharton's Division, not so well by the others" (Early).

It was now about 5.30 P. M. Our line of battle was a continuous one. My brigade, commanded by Col. Thomas Smith, of the 36th Va.—a brave officer, who it will be remembered had been wounded and captured at Cloyd's Mountain in May—was on the extreme left of the line. The Colonel was on the right and I took position at the very extremity of the left, where my own regiment and indeed my own company were stationed. I was mounted on a tall black horse which my father had just bought for me and I was the only mounted officer to be seen. Usually we went into battle on foot—Col. Starke always did so, sending his horse to the rear. But on this occasion Col. Smith had remained on horseback and I therefore felt constrained to do likewise. I realized the importance of this position and somehow felt I could best discharge my duty by remaining there. There were no troops of any sort to our left, as far as we could see. After a while a small body of cavalry apparently, as I recollect them, about 400-500 in number—came up and took position to our left. As soon as the enemy's cavalry, who were marshaling in splendid array in the distance, saw them, they made a dash for the poor fellows. It was a beautiful sight, that charge across the open space. Our men waited a while, with evident and increasing trepidation, then there was a commotion, first one another discharging his pistol, and then before the
enemy had gotten near them they turned and fled precipitately. Later we could see horsemen against the sky on Fort Hill, an elevation some hundreds of yards west of Winchester. They were said to be Wickham's men and probably were the same of whom I have been speaking. As the Yankees passed us, we turned and gave them a volley. I endeavored to discharge my pistol but it would not go off, although I snapped cap after cap.

As the day wore on matters grew worse and worse. The Federals threw out a heavy line of sharpshooters who approached nearer and nearer; their bullets were constantly whizzing by us. Their long line of infantry also came into view, stretched out in imposing length much overlapping ours and resembling some huge serpent about to envelope his prey. We were in the open field without any protection whatever; there were no breastworks there as there were to the right. The men were lying flat on the ground for protection and were in large measure safe from the flying bullets. But, mounted on my big horse, I was the target at which probably hundreds were aiming. I should have dismounted and sent my horse to the rear; the value of horses and the difficulty of replacing them justified me in doing so. But I was afraid the act might be misconstrued. I do not know whether Col. Smith was mounted at that time. Looking back upon those fateful moments, I cannot but wonder that the position we occupied—the unprotected left flank of the line of battle was so completely neglected. Not an officer besides myself was to be seen, not a piece of artillery was sent to shell the advancing line of Federals! Presently a man in front of me—a conscript, by the way, whom I had picked up in Fayette County on my trip down there in August, 1862—received a flesh wound in the arm. At least he said that he had been shot there; I could not vouch for it as I saw no evidence of it and he had no great reputation for bravery. As he started to the rear, Sergeant Gilkerson who had also been with me on the trip referred to and was a neighbor of the man, went with him supporting him. I stopped them and finding that the man was not seriously hurt that he could not go alone, I made Gilkerson return to the ranks, telling him we could not spare him. It was the last I saw of Gilkerson; he never came out of that battle alive!

The sharpshooters were now near enough to make it decidedly unpleasant and it was only a few moments when a ball passed through my left boot, tearing the flesh from the leg. The limb was numbed but it was not very painful and I held my ground. A few minutes more and another ball buried itself in the left side of my abdomen. It must have been fired from a distance, else it would have gone through my body; I can hardly imagine that the thickness of my vest, pants and underwear, or even the presence of a belt, button or other hard substance offered any serious obstacle to its passage. I became deathly sick and nauseated, and it was with difficulty that I maintained my position on my horse. I felt that my fighting days were over for that day at least, and most unwillingly rode off the field, clinging to my horse's neck. As I rode to the rear a third ball struck my left thigh, bruising it badly but not penetrating the flesh.

In Winchester I found everything in confusion and betokening the impending defeat. Our wagons filled the road and there were many stragglers scattered through the fields. After going several miles I left the main road and sought rest in a small house. There I remained some hours and then resumed my journey. The next day I caught up with an ambulance in which two of my acquaintances from Winchester, who had been wounded, were being carried to the rear. Leaving my horse with my servant—an honest fellow as it proved—I got in with them and rode on to Staunton, whence I was sent to Lynchburg.

I never learned exactly what took place after I left the field of battle. Our line was unable to maintain its position and had to retire—Rameur still in order moving south of Winchester, the others through it and along the pike. Wickham with his horse artillery on Fort Hill checked the pursuit of the Federal cavalry. Under protection of the darkness our forces retired to Newtown without serious molestation. Lomax holding the enemy's cavalry in check on the right, and a feeble attempt at pursuit being checked at Kernstown by Rameur. My own command seemed to
have maintained an obstinate resistance and the heaviest loss of prisoners was in Wharton’s Division. It lost three pieces of artillery (King’s), the horses being shot. The Federal loss was 5,000; ours 4,000—of whom 2,000 were prisoners. “We had fought since daylight and been driven back two miles. The enemy’s immense superiority in cavalry alone gave him the victory” (Early). We saved all our trains.

Early severely criticized his antagonist’s conduct of the battle, and attributed his escape from utter annihilation to Sheridan’s incapacity, so extreme that in his estimation he ought to have been cashiered for it. The open country gave opportunity for the use of cavalry in which the Federal general was immensely superior. An energetic commander would have crushed Ramseur before assistance could reach him. He seems to think that he got off very well considering the circumstances. But one cannot avoid the reflection that Early himself was to blame. He knew beforehand the superiority of the enemy in numbers and in cavalry and but for his inexcusable rashness he might have avoided this crushing defeat—the beginning of his misfortunes—and worse in its ultimate consequences than in itself. Henceforth the terror of his name had vanished, the invincibility of his army was gone, and with these the self-confidence, the fearlessness, the élan of his troops—which were the best in Lee’s army.

(To be continued.)
DEATHS:—Oliver J. Gray, M. D. '02, at his home in Wilmington, Del., Sept. 29, from pneumonia, aged 81. —Benjamin Rivett Stewarts, L. L. B. '91, at the Hebrew Hospital, Balto., Oct. 22, aged 81, of heart disease. He graduated A. B. at the Johns Hopkins University in 1889. He had been prominent in politics, and since 1908 had been a member of the Board of Liquor License Commissioners. The Governor pronounced him an "able, competent and conscientious official."—James Rowings Brewer, L. L. B. '00, at his residence, Baltimore, Nov. 6, aged 71. For 18 years he was clerk of the Circuit Court and he was the founder of the Baltimore News in 1873. He was a Knight Templar and a 32nd degree mason and was Deputy Grand Master of Masons at the time of his death. He studied law late in life and was associated in practice with his son, James R. Brewer, Jr., '99.—Ex-Congressman Sidney E. Madd, St. John's, '78, of La Plata, Md., after a lingering illness, in Philadelphia, Oct. 21. He was a noted politician, holding his first office as member of the House of Delegates at the age of 21. He was a member of the U. S. House of Representatives for many years. He was a lawyer by profession, having taken a special law course at the University of Virginia after leaving St. John's.—George Edward Gilpin, M. D., '82, recently at Berkeley Springs, W. Va., aged 65.

RECOLLECTIONS OF SLAVE DAYS AND WAR TIMES.

By the Editor.

(Continued from page 148).

At daylight on Sept. 20th Early moved without molestation to Fisher's Hill. This is a precipitous bluff west of and overlooking Tumbling Run, a small stream emptying into the North Fork of the Shenandoah, two miles above Strasburg. The valley here narrows from 20 miles below to 4 miles. Early determined to make a stand here "as this was the only defensive point in the whole valley." His troops occupied the position from right to left in the following order: Wharton, Gordon, Ramseur's Division now commanded by Pegram; Rode's Division, commanded by Ramseur, Lomax with the cavalry, on the extreme left. Wickham, with Fitz Lee's cavalry was sent to hold the Luray Valley. Sheridan appeared on the afternoon of the 29th. Our vulnerable point was our left near the North Mountain. On the afternoon of the 22d Crotch forced his way through here driving back Lomax, and, the rest of Sheridan's forces now advancing, a panic seized our troops who retired in great confusion. Early saved his trains. The Federal loss was 400, the Confederate 1340, mostly prisoners. Early fell back to Waynesboro where on the 29th he was joined by Kershaw, who had not been able to reach him previously.

My wounds,—while not severe,—might easily have become serious by neglect. My leg chiefly troubled me. The ball which passed through my boot, had torn the flesh off just above the outer ankle. Its very want of seriousness led me to neglect it and I was so impatient to return to the command, that I could barely induce myself to remain in Lynchburg about three weeks. During my stay there I was an inmate of the College Hospital on the hill. My time passed rather drearily. I had nothing to read and knew no one in the town. I was gloomy and depressed and I suppose homesick; so that I returned prematurely to the Valley. The result was that after I reached camp my leg became swollen and angry-looking, showing a serious infection, and for some days I was much alarmed.

On Oct. 1, Early moved over on the Valley pike, confronting the enemy near Harrisonburg and, being there joined by Rosser with his cavalry, determined to attack. Before he could do so they retired, the Confederates following. On Oct. 9 the combined forces of Rosser and Lomax were routed at Tom's Brook, three miles south of Strasburg, and were driven 20 odd miles, eleven pieces of artillery were being captured.
Hearing that Sheridan was about to send troops to Grant, Early advanced to Fisher's Hill on the 13th and reconnoitered in force on Hupp's Hill, a part of Kershaw's Division engaging and repulsing the enemy. He found the enemy in a strong position on the north bank of Cedar Creek. The 6th Corps had started back to Grant, but now returned to Sheridan.

The enemy were too strongly entrenched to attack in front, yet they must be attacked or the Confederates must fall back for want of provisions and forage. "It was of the utmost consequence," says Early, "that Sheridan should be prevented from sending troops to Grant, and General Lee in a letter received a day or two before, had expressed an earnest desire that a victory should be gained in the Valley, if possible, and it could not be gained without fighting for it." He determined, therefore, to attack his adversary by the flank, and by surprise, if possible. An examination by his chief engineer, Hotchkiss, showed that their left flank was weak, as they supposed their position in that quarter to be impregnable. He, therefore, determined to move a column around that way, between the base of the Massanutton Mountain, which ends abruptly there, and the river—North Fork of the Shenandoah—to a ford over the latter, below the mouth of Cedar Creek.

At 2 P. M., Oct. 18, Early met his division commanders and gave them their final instructions, and everything was made ready for a move that night. The plan was for Gordon, with Gordon's, Ramseur's and Pegram's Divisions to move around to the right, and Early with Kershaw's and Wharton's Divisions and all the artillery to move forward by the pike. Rosser and Wickham were to advance upon our left flank and Lomax was to move from Front Royal to the Valley pike.

The Federal Commander seems to have been thrown entirely off his guard at this time and an offensive movement upon the part of Early's shattered and beaten army was the last thing he expected. He was not even present at the opening of the battle. The enemy were furthermore thrown off their guard by a report originating with one of Crook's brigades on the 18th, that Early had apparently retreated up the Valley.

(To be continued).
RECOLLECTIONS OF SLAVE DAYS AND WAR TIMES.

By the Editor.

(Continued from page 100).

Early began the movement at 1 A.M., October 19, with Kershaw’s and Wharton’s Divisions. His plan was now changed and Kershaw bore to the right at Strasburg, crossing Cedar Creek at Bowman’s Mill. Early accompanied Kershaw and they got in sight of the enemy’s camp fires at 3.30 A.M., and with moon shining. Kershaw was ordered forward at 4.30, crossing the creek without molestation, sweeping the enemy’s left work and turning their own artillery against them. There had been an hour’s delay on Gordon’s part, which enabled them partially to reform after Kershaw’s attack began and Gordon had met with great opposition and severe fighting. The 10th and Crook’s Corps were now in complete rout, abandoning their camps, artillery and small arms. The 6th Corps, which was on the enemy’s right and some distance from the point attacked, had had time to get under arms and take position so as to arrest our progress. Wharton was ordered to the right of Gordon to fill a vacancy, but came back in confusion, reporting that the 6th Corps was advancing. The fog having risen, the enemy was found to be occupying a strong position on a ridge. He had not advanced as had been reported. An artillery duel now began. Wharton was ordered to the right to meet the Federal cavalry, advancing along the Valley pike. Early sent orders to Kershaw and Gordon to attack the enemy’s right flank and concentrated twenty guns under Carter on our right. In a short time they were in retreat. Ramseur and Pegram advanced, when the latter was ordered to the right, against the enemy’s cavalry who were pressing us. Kershaw and Gordon were too much scattered to attack. Wharton and Wofford (of Kershaw’s Division) were put on the right of Pegram and repulsed several charges of the Federal cavalry. Rosser had not been able to surprise the enemy on our left. As Early crossed Cedar Creek, he dis-

covered a number of our men plundering the enemy’s camp and one of Wharton’s battalions was ordered to clear the camp. Later it was reported to Early that a great number were at the same business. He sent all his staff officers to stop them if possible and the division commanders were ordered to send for their men.

After being driven from his second position, the enemy had taken another two miles north of Middletown. Our ranks were now thinned, the enemy had rallied and his cavalry were threatening our flanks. Early determined to try and hold what he had gained. During the day the enemy were repulsed in several charges on our right. Late in the afternoon their infantry advanced and succeeded in penetrating an interval between Evans’ Brigade on the extreme left and the rest of our line, whereupon that brigade and Gordon’s other brigades gave way. Gordon vainly tried to rally them. The panic extended along our line to Kershaw and Ramseur, who fell back in disorder, although they were not being pressed. Ramseur and one of Kershaw’s majors succeeded in rallying a few hundred men, and with the aid of six pieces of Cutshaw’s artillery, held the enemy’s right in check 1¼ hour, until Ramseur was shot down mortally wounded and the artillery ammunition was exhausted. The little band then gave way. Pegram, Wharton and Wofford held so far remained steadfast on the right; they were now ordered to fall back but soon became in like manner disorganized. “Could 500 men have been rallied and have stood firm, I am satisfied,” say Early, “If at all my artillery and wagons and the greater part of the captured artillery, could have been saved, as the enemy’s pursuit was very feeble.” To add to our misfortunes, a bridge on a very narrow part of the road between Strasburg and Fisher’s Hill gave way, and all the artillery, etc., which had not passed that point was captured by a very small body of the enemy’s cavalry. The greater part of our infantry was halted at Fisher’s Hill and moved back towards Newmarket at 3 A.M. the next day, October 20, Rosser holding Fisher’s Hill to cover the retreat.

Thus ended in gloom and defeat a battle which at one period promised to be a glorious victory and to atone for all our previous misfortunes. The plan of attack was brilliantly conceived and carried out with spirit. Our troops must bear
the blame of defeat, since they gave way at a
critical moment to the irresistible impulse to
supply their necessities in the enemy's well-prov-
ed camp. Precious time was thereby lost, al-
lowing the enemy to recover from their surprise
and rally. Our troops were still under that ter-
rible influence of panic begun at Winchester and
intensified at the first Fisher's Hill engagement.
They were ready to fly at any reverse, and had
lost confidence in each other and in their com-
mander. Many indeed thought Early's usefulness
gone and Gordon and Breckenridge were
spoken of among us as suitable successors.
We were not, however, without substantial
evidences of partial victory. Early succeeded in
carrying off from the battlefield 1,500 prisoners,
who were sent to Richmond under guard. Early's
loss was about 1,880 killed and wounded and
somewhat over 1,000 prisoners—Pond says 3,100
in all—with 21 pieces of artillery, ordnance
stores, wagons, etc. The 21 pieces of artillery
which he had captured early in the day were re-
captured. Sheridan's loss, according to Federal
sources, was 5,761.
A sad event to me was the mortal wounding of
the young Lieutenant of my company in the
charge upon the 6th Corps. Lieutenant Peyton,
who was in command of the company in the bat-
tle, was shot through the breast, and died some
days later. I had the honor of commanding the
detail from the regiment that accompanied his
remains to their last resting place and discharg-
ing a few volleys
"O'er the grave where our hero we buried."
He was from Greenbrier Co. and of a prominent
Virginia family.
As for the forces engaged, Early says that he
had 8,500 muskets (of these Wharton's division
1,100), 1,200 cavalry and a little over 40 pieces
of artillery. He estimates Sheridan's force at
8,700 cavalry and about the same number of
infantry as at Winchester.
I have copied largely from Early's account of
this battle, because I had no personal knowledge
of it. As luck, good or bad, would have it, I
was suffering just then from a large and very
painful boil on the inside of my right leg just
below the knee. I have already mentioned that
I was detailed from accompanying the army into
Maryland by a similar affection and I was a fre-
quent sufferer from it in various parts of the
body during this whole year. At this time I
could neither walk nor ride, and there was noth-
ing therefore to do, but to go off to the rear in
the brigade wagon, the only conveyance accessi-
able to me. I heard the firing but did not know
of the strange vicissitudes of our arms until the
next day.
This is the only battle or skirmish in which my
brigade was engaged during the campaign that I
missed.
Early now encamped at Newmarket for three
weeks, undisturbed, endeavoring in every way to
restore the efficiency of his army. Many con-
avescents and men who had been on detail, and
also one brigade—Crosby's—now joined us. A
few days after the battle, Early issued a procla-
mation—he calls it "a sharp lecture"—to his
troops, in which he severely reprimanded them
for laxity in discipline, attributing our reverses
largely to them. His strictures, doubtless, were
not undeserved, but the men were in no humor
for censure at that time, and the effect of the
proclamation was rather the reverse of that
which was intended. While bold even to rash-
ness, Early was a man with but few of those
qualities which draw men to them or enlist their
sympathy. He had no personal magnetism—he
never exposed himself in battle. His private
character had little to recommend him to his
subordinates—he was far from being a model to
those under him. It was currently reported that
he indulged to excess in intoxicating drinks and
stories were afloat as to his great profanity. One
could not but contrast his character with that of
Lee and Jackson and note the absence of those
traits which made these Christian soldiers the
accepted models of our army and the idols of
their men.
Little allowance was made, therefore, for the
merits which Early really possessed, while every
defeat was painted in the most vivid colors. He
cannot be said to have ever had any popularity
with us, but now he became an object of aversion
and we followed his lead with extreme unwilling-
ness. His usefulness appeared to be largely at an
end. General Lee, however, thought otherwise
and retained him in command of an army which
had met unexpected defeat under his leadership.
The Commander of the Army of the Confederacy
still expressed confidence in his "zeal, ability
and devotion." But something else was needed
besides these and he was convinced later that the interests of the country required a change, which it must be granted might have been made with advantage earlier. Early himself seemed to appreciate the altered relations he bore to the army, for immediately after the Battle of Cedar Creek, he wrote a letter to Lee stating his willingness to be relieved from command if the latter deemed it necessary to the public service. He was not relieved until March 30, 1865, ten days before Lee’s surrender.

Our army remained in camp at Newmarket until November 10, without molestation from Sheridan—a very singular fact in view of the complete rout which we were said to have met with. On the 9th of November Sheridan withdrew to Kernstown to obtain better quarters and more ready supplies. The next day Early hurriedly pursued suspecting that he intended to send troops to Grant. We crossed Cedar Creek and advanced to Newtown, near Winchester, where we found the enemy behind fortifications. We remained in their front the 11th and 12th, and there was some skirmishing between the two armies. For want of supplies, Early withdrew his forces on the night of the 12th to Fisher’s Hill, and on the 14th to Newmarket without serious interference. Kershaw and Crosby now returned to Lee.

On the 22d Torbert made a demonstration with two divisions of cavalry to Mt. Jackson, in order to ascertain what forces Early still had. They crossed the north fork of the Shenandoah at that point into Meem’s Bottom. Early drew out his whole force to meet them, occupying Rude’s Hill, an eminence overlooking the “Bottom” from the south. They did not venture to attack us but after manoeuvring in the plain returned to their main army. It was a grand sight to see this magnificent body of trained horsemen, so superbly equipped, and moving with as much precision as though they were upon a holiday parade, their sabres gleaming in the sun. I had never seen so large a body of cavalry assembled before, and the sight impressed us forcibly with a sense of the enemy’s superiority in the branch and of the immense odds with which we were so vainly contending.

In November, Rosser, who had much of the unquenchable combative ness of his chief, crossed North Mountain, surprised the force at New Creek on the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad, and captured 500 prisoners, 250 horses and 7 guns, burning the buildings and store of supplies.

(To be continued).
the overcrowding problem remain to this day. As to the fetid smell, or "crowd poison," as Professor Seneca Egbert would say, I wish to say nothing more than that I now for the first time understood the full meaning of Dante making one of the circles of his Inferno a circle of bad smells.

CONCLUSION AND MORAL.

At 5:30 A.M. I rose with a splitting headache, and went out into the cold morning air as though to look for work on an empty stomach. Thousands of poor fellows have to do this every day, and the suffering I felt from want of food passed away at the thought that my fellow countrymen and women only needed to know of the pain and preventable misery that is going on everywhere, in order to set to work anew to grapple with a problem that is only scratched at present. It is not money that is wanted. A man who gives a thousand pounds has not redeemed the duty that devolves on him. Emigration on a larger scale than any that has hitherto been attempted is the more obvious and the more ready means of coping with the distress at our doors. But while emigration schemes are preparing, the people are starving. As there is no municipality for London, it is necessary, that the Imperial Government should replace the local powers, and that relief work should be provided, resulting in: 1. The reduction of the apparent volume of distress to its real limits, since no man willing to work could truthfully allege that he could not get work; 2. In affording time for the organization of a national emigration scheme; 3. The recognition by the Government of the principle of responsibility for life. Thus the lives of mankind would be preserved instead of being lost or drafted into the criminal ranks.

RECOLLECTIONS OF SLAVE DAYS AND WAR TIMES.

BY THE EDITOR.

(Continued from page 16).

About Dec. 1, 1865, winter having set in, Gordon's, Pegram's and Ramsay's Divisions were sent back to Lee, one at a time, and simultaneously the 6th Corps and one division of Crook returned to Grant. Our Division of Infantry (Wharton), the cavalry and most of the artillery were retained in the Valley. On Dec. 16, Early moved the remains of his command back towards Staunton. On the 19th the enemy's cavalry under Custer followed us, while two divisions under Torbert crossed the Blue Ridge in the direction of Gordonsville. The next day, in a hail storm, our division moved towards Harrisonburg and on the 21st before day, the indefatigable Rosser attacked Custer in camp, nine miles north of that place and drove him in confusion down the Valley. We then returned to Staunton and on the 23rd, a part of the division was sent by rail to Charlottesville to meet Torbert. He did not approach that place, having been met and repulsed at Gordonsville. Early now established his headquarters at Staunton, Rosser being west of that place, and our division and Nelson's artillery at Waynesboro on the railroad, to the east.

The long and hard campaign was now at last over and we set to work upon our winter quarters. Began by us with spirit and high hopes, it had closed in gloom and almost despair. How much Early was directly responsible for the result can be judged from this narrative. It was now apparent that without some unlooked for succor, we could not successfully resist through another campaign.

We discussed these matters through the winter by our cabin fires and tried to cheer each other up. The situation was dismal in the extreme, but I never heard any proposal to abandon the contest. In looking back over the late campaign, we found that notwithstanding our terrible disasters—to which the Valley of Virginia was especially a stranger—we had inflicted severe loss on the enemy. We had taken between 5000 and 6000 prisoners, and Sheridan's loss in killed and wounded, according to his own statement, was near 14,000. His entire loss could not have been far from double our own force. At the close of the year, he occupied no more of our territory than at the beginning, and his headquarters were still as before at Winchester. But, however divergent and disproportionate the losses, they were fatal to us. Our prestige and

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self-dependence were gone. Our supplies, both of material and men, were exhausted, and we could less afford to lose one man than the enemy two.

Besides, our beloved Valley was in ruins. From being the garden spot of Virginia, the richest and most productive part of her territory, it was now swept and garnished. Under the ruthless exactions of war, its barns, its stacks of hay and straw, and its stores of corn, had become the prey of the enemy—terribly the all-devouring flames—and there was scarcely sustenance left to keep alive man or beast. For months we had been on starvation rations, consisting of three-fourths lb. of cornmeal and one-fourth lb. of middling a day and nothing else. On this—the ration of one man, I and my servant subsisted, very rarely being able to purchase something outside of camp.

Our winter quarters, just west of Waynesboro, were quite comfortable. The commander of my brigade, Col. Thomas Smith, of the 36th Virginia, was a fine officer, and the discipline improved greatly under his direction. Few incidents characterized the period of this brief encampment—lasting a little over two months. The weather was unusually severe and supplies were scarce owing to the great drought of the previous summer and the destruction of food and forage by Sheridan. We had a heavy fall of snow and our camp was enlivened by some battles with snowballs between our brigade and Wharton's—Echo's brigade having been early ordered back to southwest Virginia. We were compelled to send our horses away to the southern part of the state to winter, as they would have perished had we retained them in the Valley. Only the horses for a few pieces of Nelson's Artillery remained with us. At one time a proposition was made to me to admit to my company a large number of youths between 16 and 18 years of age, who had been enlisted under the law governing conscription, but the pressure of the immediately occurring events prevented any action being taken.

I had forwarded an application for promotion to Assistant Adjutant General, with the rank of captain, an office, whose duties I had now continuously performed since the previous May. I had fully earned the promotion and my application had the favorable endorsement of my brigade commander. In my own company, from which I had been so long detached, there was no chance of promotion, although the Captain and 1st Lieutenant had performed no duty for many months, the former being under arrest for cowardice, and the latter being disabled by an injury to his foot, said to have been received by his coming in contact with a bayonet lying on the ground in one of the charges at Richmond. The tardy justice of promotion never reached me, although I learned after the war that my commission of Assistant Adjutant General had been made out at the time of my capture.

We had but little amusement in camp. There were no books to read, no meetings in the cabins for song, no merry makings, such as we had at the Narrows of New River, in Giles County, the previous winter. The reverse so soon to overtake us seemed to overshadow our feelings and hopes like some rising cloud. Our fates were sealed on the 2nd of March, 1865, in the manner which I shall now proceed to describe.

Early was kept advised of the movements of the enemy by telegraph from Newmarket and by signal stations beyond that point down the Valley. Thus when Sheridan started from Winchester on Feb. 27, with a heavy force of cavalry and artillery, it was immediately communicated to us. Rosser made an attempt to check them with a small force at North River, near Mt. Crawford, on March 1, but without success, and that afternoon they approached Staunton, about twelve miles from us. By daylight of the 2nd, we moved out of our winter quarters and took position on the west bank of the river—towards the enemy—at the edge of Waynesboro. The river here curves somewhat forming a concavity towards the west. We occupied a line across this curve, about a mile long with our flanks approaching the river bank. Our force consisted of 1000 muskets and six pieces of Nelson's Artillery, the latter being stationed on the right, on a hill near a barn. To the left of the arti-

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RESINOL OINTMENT AND RESINOL SOAP

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lery was the 36th Regiment and beyond this were the others, until on the extreme left came my own regiment—the 60th Va. The last had been detached from the rest of the brigade and thrown out in skirmish line in a woods, as it was only in that way we were able to cover the entire line.

Our left flank was thus our weak point and the enemy were quick to realize the fact. Early left it unnecessarily exposed as some companies at least might have been sent from our centre to strengthen it.

Our men endeavored to protect themselves as far as possible by rail breastworks. The weather was exceedingly inclement and it was raining and freezing. At every step our feet sank into mud nearly ankle-deep, and the river behind us was swollen and swift. The only means of crossing it was a narrow railroad bridge with a single track and a plank in the centre. Three miles to the east was Rockfish Gap in the Blue Ridge Mountain, a strong position, where we could have safely defied an enemy many times our superior in numbers. Early says—"My object in taking this position was to secure the removal of five pieces of artillery for which there were no horses and some stores still in Waynesboro, as well as to present a bold front to the enemy and ascertain the object of his movement, which I could not do if I took refuge at once in the mountain. I did not intend making my final stand on this ground, yet I was satisfied that if my men would fight, which I had no reason to doubt, I could have held the enemy in check till night and then crossed the river and taken position in the Gap."

About noon a brigade of cavalry appeared on the road from Staunton, but retired when our artillery opened fire on it. The enemy occupied our attention now in front, whilst they sent a strong force—three regiments according to Custer who was in command of the attacking party—around to our left. Late in the afternoon, the latter succeeded in breaking through our thin skirmish line there. General Early and his staff were at that time on the hill to the left of the barn, near our artillery. I was standing close by, watching developments. Early says that he observed the force of the enemy moving towards our left and that he immediately sent a messenger to Wharton who was on that flank, to announce to him the fact; that he then sent another messenger to direct that the guns on the left should be fired towards the advancing force, which could not be seen from where they were stationed. Watching intently our left, we soon saw a commotion there—our men giving way and immediately after the Federal Cavalry dashing through the wood to the river and beginning to cross at the ford. Early says that Wharton rode up at that moment, when he pointed out the disorder in the line and ordered him to ride over and rectify it. I did not see Wharton approach, but as soon as our troops began to yield upon the left, Early and his staff galloped off to the rear, and that was the last I saw of them. The men being thus left without commanders—the gallant Col. Thomas Smith being in Richmond at that time and the brigade being under the command of Lt. Col. Fife, of the 36th Va., an officer of whom I shall only say he was about as useful on such an occasion as a human effigy—held their position for a time. There was no excitement or panic, everybody was calm and wondering why there were no officers—no orders. Wharton did not appear. Slowly the line began to give way from left to right. For a time we marched slowly in ranks, then the pace became swifter, then as we approached the narrow bridge the men began to doublequick. The flagbearer of the 36th, a young man who had been with me in the rear guard which I commanded on the retreat from Cloyd's Mountain, gave way and fell exhausted to the ground. I seized the flag and bore it some distance. Meanwhile the enemy's artillery began to shell us. It was now evident that our retreat was cut off and to prevent the capture of the flag, I tore it from the staff and thrust it in my bosom.

Early says he rode across the river and tried to stop us at the bridge; I saw nothing of him there. When we reached the east bank, we were broken up into little groups and all thought of resistance seemed to have been abandoned. The enemy were between us and the mountain—our men were preparing to surrender. I proposed to the group who were with me—among whom

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was Captain Thornton, the Commanding officer of the 36th, that we should endeavor to cut our way through to the mountain, as the enemy appeared much scattered. All opposed this, especially the Captain. I then proposed that we should go down the river and endeavor to secrete ourselves among the rocks until dark, which was fast approaching. This likewise was negatived, and a squad of cavalrymen then approaching, we surrendered to them.

(To be continued.)
defiles through precipitous walls, 2,500 feet high, and over the continental divide of the Rockies, at Leadville, 10,200 feet high. The streams flow to the Atlantic. At the Royal Gorge the Cleft in the mountains is but 36 feet wide, and the train crosses the Arkansas River on a hanging bridge, the thread of blue sky being visible a half mile overhead through the gap.

Colorado Springs is a famous health resort with Pike’s Peak rising near by, the summit of which, 14,117 feet, was visited by railroad. From the dome shaped top, which consists of a mass of broken rock, there is a magnificent view, nearly the whole of Colorado being spread before the spectator. At the time, the summit was free from snow and the temperature not disagreeably cold. There is a small hotel there. The drinking water of Colorado Springs is derived from this mountain. The Cliff Dwellings and Garden of the Gods, with the balance rock are interesting. From Colorado Springs, the trip homeward was without special interest. About 10,000 miles had been covered.

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RECOLLECTIONS OF SLAVE DAYS AND WAR TIMES.

(By the Editor.

(Continued from page 39).

I had just received a new sword from the Confederate manufactory at Richmond, and I parted with it very reluctantly.

We were marched off in single file to the road, where the greater part of us were soon collected about fires. As we filed along I thought of the flag in my bosom and considered what I should do with it. Supposing that of course we would be searched, I concluded it would be better to destroy it than let it fall into the hands of the enemy, and become a trophy for them. Those about me whose advice I sought, thought the same; so, as we marched along, we tore it into fine strips, and dropping it upon the ground marched over it, trampling it into the mud beneath our feet—truly an emblem of our lost hopes! I afterwards deeply regretted this desecration, as we were never searched, either at Waynesboro or at Fort Delaware, and I might have preserved it to this day, a valued relic of the great struggle.

"From a hill," says Early, "I had the mortification of seeing the greater part of my command carried off prisoners and a force of the enemy moving rapidly towards Rockfish Gap." Wharton, Early and Fife made their escape being mounted. Nelson’s six pieces of artillery and five others on the cars at Greenwood were captured. Only one person appears to have been killed and he was a civilian—Col. Wm. H. Harmon—in the streets of Waynesboro.

I can hardly write of this "affair," as Early calls it, without rising wrath and indignation. ""The last report of Wharton’s command showed 1200 men for duty, but as it was exceedingly inclement—raining and freezing—there were not more than 1000 muskets on the line and Nelson’s six pieces of artillery."" Early pitted this little body of 1000 muskets against a victorious general whom he ought by this time to have known and feared, backed by 12,000 of the finest cavalry the world had ever seen, accompanied by its artillery. With the utmost regard of all considerations of prudence and sense, he posted them on the same side of a swollen river passable only by a narrow plank bridge, where they were a prey to the foe. And for what forsooth? To save five pieces of artillery and some stores and present a bold front! No wonder that he felt mortification, when having provided for his own security by timely flight, from a hill top he saw the last of the troops entrusted to him by General Lee, being led away captive, whilst but two miles away was the strong gap in the mountain where he might have bid defiance to his foe and checked their progress towards Grant’s army. The only solution he could give of the matter was that his men did not fight as he had expected them to do. I would ask what men will fight under such circumstances, against such odds, deserted by their commander, in such an unfavorable position, retreat cut off? Had he or Wharton remained to give orders it is not improbable that he might have carried off the greater part of his force safely to the mountain. Had he not deserted us in the
hour of need, he might have been justified in the charge that we would not fight. It had been noticed that Early always looked after his own safety, and it was believed that if he had been captured, he would have been held personally accountable for the burning of Chambersburg. He seems to have taken some consolation in the belief that by offering us as bait, he had diverted the enemy from Lynchburg, which they might have captured without difficulty. I have not seen any evidence that they contemplated the route by Lynchburg, but even if they did, I cannot see that we were useful as bait in obstructing their way. Early proceeded to Southwest Virginia, where on the 30th of March (ten days before Lee's surrender at Appomattox Court House) he was relieved from command.

My experience at Waynesboro taught the folly of "losing one's head," and not looking about and using one's thinking faculties. It ought to have been evident to me before crossing the bridge that all was lost. Had I remained on the west side of the river and gone down the stream, I believe I might have escaped. Had I even gone down after crossing I might have escaped observation among the rocks along the bank, as the evening was far advanced. I also believe that if some hundreds of us could have been kept together and formed a hollow square, we might have made our way to the mountain. But there was no one to take command, no one to say do this or that and consequently there was no purpose or union of action in that mass of fugitives, each seeking for himself hopeless safety in flight. Perhaps my anxiety about the flag distracted my attention at the time from the means of escape.

We passed a sleepless night around the camp fires, without blankets, gazing hopelessly into each others' faces as they were lit up by the flickering light—silent—too full for utterance!

The next morning we began the long and painful march down the Valley, wading rivers waist-deep, on foot from dawn to night, and spending the nights about the fires drying our wet clothing, but not sleeping. During this trying time, I never ceased to look for an opportunity to escape, but our captors guarded us closely and none presented itself. The ever-watchful Rosser collected part of a brigade of cavalry and made an attack on our guard near Newmarket, but he was not strong enough to secure our release. At Stephenson's Depot, six miles east of Winchester, we took the cars of the Winchester and Potomac R. R., passing my home, Charlestown, in the night; consequently I saw nothing of my friends or acquaintances there, and had no opportunity to let my family know of my capture. In Baltimore we spent two days at Fort McHenry and then took the steamer by canal for Fort Delaware in Delaware Bay, arriving there on March 12.

This fortress is situated on an island and at the time of my arrival there were in the officers' barracks, where I was confined, about 2,700 prisoners, and in the men's barracks adjoining between 7,000 and 8,000. I was in Division 34, with over a hundred others. The barracks were wooden buildings joined end to end and occupying the exterior of a court of several acres. A high fence separated the officers from the non-commissioned officers and privates, and there was no communication except by the underground route, i.e., by the gutters through which one might crawl. Around the sides of each division there were bunks, two or three stories high, where we slept.

This little spell of prison life was an experience, which—now that it is past—I am glad to have had. There were two things that I thought necessary to render my war service complete and I had a strange desire to see both realized. They were to be wounded and to be a prisoner of war. Both wishes were gratified and in no extreme degree in either case. I have referred to the wounds received at Winchester, Sept. 19, 1864, of which I bear two scars, and I shall now endeavor to describe the fifteen weeks I spent as a prisoner of war at Fort Delaware.

The worst part of our confinement was the fare with which we were served. We received two meals daily, the first consisting of ½ a cup of coffee and a piece of bread, the second of ¼ a cup of soup—abominable green-looking stuff—a piece of bread and a piece of beef. Both in quantity and quality it was utterly insufficient.

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for health. Fortunately we had the privilege of purchasing provisions from the sutler—at exorbitant rates to be sure—still we could do so if we had the money and many no doubt owed their lives to this favor—the result of the desire to secure the little money we had with us. Fortunately for me, one of my four messmates, Capt. Hugh Toney, had with him some greenbacks, which he had been preserving for some such emergency as this, and with these we procured needed extras, as wood to cook with, canned meats, bread, sugar, etc. Our cooking was done in the lower part of the enclosure—near the water. Notwithstanding this help, we suffered from very severe and protracted dysenteries, and I came home with one, which clung to me for many weeks. Another form of sickness which was prevalent was scurvy. This was particularly severe in some men who were brought from Savannah. Many of the poor fellows died from it.

(To be continued and concluded next month).
RECOLLECTIONS OF SLAVE DAYS
AND WAR TIMES.
By the Editor.
(Concluded from page 60).

We were allowed to correspond with our friends, writing upon one side only of a page of paper and leaving the letter open for perusal. Thus I communicated with my parents and with my brother, who was a prisoner of war at Camp Chase, Ohio. I also wrote to friends in Philadelphia and Baltimore, who sent me money and clothing. To Mrs. Moneur Robinson, of Phila., and Mrs. Dr. J. Hanson Thomas, of Baltimore, I owed many kind letters and much assistance. Many of the prisoners received boxes, containing food and delicacies.

I was fortunate on my arrival in being able to purchase a pair of shoes and a lot of tobacco. I did not use the latter myself but sent it by one of the sergeants of my company—Mike Hays—who had crawled in under the fence, to the poor fellows on the other side. They had no friends to help them and Hays told me that they hungered so for their beloved weed, that many of them traded clothing, food, anything they had for it.

Our employments were various. There were mechanics of almost every sort: jewelers, watchmakers, carpenters, etc. The making of ornaments and trinkets from gutta percha and other materials was a favorite pursuit and a good deal was made in this way. There were classes where one could obtain instruction in Latin, Greek, mathematics, writing, etc. There were circulating libraries. There was a Christian Association with members in every division. Morning and evening prayer was said and services of various sorts were provided for Sunday. I was on the Committee of Order and Arrangements. There was no scarcity of books and periodicals.

I at this time read with great pleasure and I trust benefit, D'Aubigné's History of the Reformation.

As for amusements, we had games of various sorts. Checkers was the favorite in our mess, Captain Toney being a champion in that game. Chess and backgammon were also played. Some preferred cards, and I fear there was considerable gambling carried on.

Our favorite exercise was walking in the Court. Here, of evenings, hundreds would be found taking the air and joining in conversation. Once we were confined for some days to the barracks. This was when President Lincoln was assassinated. So exasperated were the Federal soldiers over this event, that for a time our lives were threatened and we received orders to confine ourselves to our quarters, lest the guards should wreak their vengeance on us. This feeling however passed away in a few days. Once or twice we were taken outside the Fort and those who desired it were allowed to bathe in the Bay.

Twice, I think, we were permitted by the Commandant to have concerts, the proceeds being given to those persons who were most in want and without friends to supply them. These entertainments were given in the Mess Hall and were very creditable to the participants. The singing was good and I recall two songs that I then heard, one being "Larry O'Brien," the other "Normandy." A Captain Lee—relative of General Lee—also whistled very sweetly.

From the time of our arrival on, detachments of prisoners were continually coming, and the news they brought was far from cheering. They told of reverses that foreshadowed the early surrender of our armies. When General Lee surrendered at Appomattox on April 9, we held meetings at which the question was anxiously discussed whether we could accept an oath of allegiance as the condition of our release. My
own views accorded with those of the speakers who took the ground that our allegiance was due to the Southern Confederacy as long as that remained in existence and we still had an army in the field. Many therefore concluded that, in view of the obligations we were under, we could not conscientiously accept the offer made us on April 26, 27, and 28. About one-half of the officers, however, took it and were speedily released. The rest remained until Johnston surrendered, when we expressed our willingness to comply with their terms. This was early in May but we were detained until the latter part of June and I was with the very last party of line officers to be liberated. Generals R. L. Page and Barringer and about fifty field officers remained but with the privilege of parole of the island and with expectation of release in about ten days. I may mention that I found General Page an old friend of my mother. He was a native of the Valley of Virginia and had been a frequent visitor at “Wheatland,” my grandfather’s place near Charleston. He had been captured in the attack on Mobile. I also met at the Fort, a cousin, Beverly Turner, of Fauquier Co., Va., several schoolmates and a former teacher, a Mr. Ryland, of Richmond.

About the middle of April, letters from home informed me that many of my old schoolmates had returned and were again to be seen on the streets of Charleston; a little later they were enjoying themselves and every one was giving them a warm reception and endeavoring to make them have “a good time.” There were frequent parties and many young girls had grown up and become society women since we had left for the wars. Business also had begun to pick up; the stores were filled with goods and the streets were crowded with people. All this caused sadness, as I was debarred from sharing these pleasures and felicitations.

At last the joyful news came that we were to be set free and at dark on the evening of the 19th of June, 1865—within six days of the 22nd anniversary of my birth—we took our leave of the Fort and island, embarking on the Richard Willing, a regular steamer of the Philadelphia and Baltimore line. We returned to the latter city by the same route by which we had gone, reaching the wharf on Pratt St., at 8 o’clock the next morning. We put up at the Fountain Inn on Light St.

I soon found friends who provided me with clean underclothing and insisted upon my spending some days with them. I was also enabled to pay Captain Toney the $20 I owed him on mess account. After three days, being sick and homesick all the time, I reached my home once more and found my brother from Camp Chase had preceded me by some weeks. My oldest brother, who had been with Sterling Price beyond the Mississippi, had also returned.

I was too ill to share in the hospitable welcome accorded to those who had fought for the South. To promote my recovery, we took two cabins at Shannondale Springs on the Shenandoah River near the Blue Ridge Mountain and spent several weeks there. Gradually by careful diet and treatment my health was restored and in the fall I sought employment in teaching.

I will not indulge in any lengthy reflections regarding the four years through which I had passed. My education had been interrupted and the early years of my manhood had been wasted in useless warfare and bloodshed. But I had gained experience which I could not otherwise have acquired. I had learned self-reliance and had obtained wide views of human life and especially of the uses of adversity. I had been taught by dire suffering how to appreciate the blessings of life, and I have never sat down to my comfortable meals or retired to my restful bed without recalling the many, many days when I had neither and renewing my feelings of deep gratitude for my preservation through those days of suffering and trial and for all the blessings I have since enjoyed.

And as for these Reminiscences—in conclusion—I will only say that whatever they lack they are true records of my experience as a Confederate soldier. Being professsibly personal, I have had to speak largely of myself—my own thoughts, words and acts and I fear there may be something of egotism in them. But I can honestly declare that I have endeavored not to exaggerate my services and abilities and that my object has been ever to state the truth and to show
that I made a sincere effort to do my duty to my state and to the cause in which I was enlisted, as I understood it.
RECOLLECTIONS OF SLAVE DAYS AND WAR TIMES

By Eugene F. Cordell

This file of images represents the complete Civil War service reminiscences written by Eugene Cordell. As editor of the periodical “Old Maryland,” Cordell published these serialized reports in the journal. They began in May, 1906 and appeared irregularly until May, 1912.