History of Clarke County Virginia

History of Clarke County, Virginia

Copyrighted by Thos. D. Gold
Berryville, Virginia
1914

HISTORY OF

CLARKE COUNTY

VIRGINIA

AND ITS CONNECTION WITH THE

WAR BETWEEN THE STATES

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS OF
COLONIAL HOMES AND
OF CONFEDERATE OFFICERS

BY THOS. D. GOLD

WITH SKETCHES BY

DR. H. C. SOMMERVILLE GEO. H. BURWELL
GEO. B. HARRISON A. MOORE, JR.
AND M. W. JONES

PREFACE

It has been said that when the Pilgrim Fathers landed from the May Flower on Plymouth Rock, one of them had in his hands a pen and ink horn and that he immediately commenced to write history.

His spirit still lives and has been writing from that day to this. When one visits Boston he sees everywhere monuments and markers of historical events, from Bunker Hill Monument and Paul Revere's' old house to the place where the witches were burned. Old South Church and Fanueil Hall are filled with mementoes of the past. How is it with us? Here in the County of Clarke from Mt. Airy to the Opequon, from Gaylord to White Post, every foot of ground has been made historic by the footsteps of our armies, by the combats of our brave men. Every neighborhood, every house, has its story of suffering and adventure for the cause all loved so well.

The J. E. B. Stuart Camp of Confederate Veterans wish before it is too late to preserve these facts, which should be and will be of so much interest to their descendants and all who may hereafter be citizens of our beloved county.

The story properly and fully written would tell of bravery unsurpassed on the part of our gallant soldiers, of devotion unrivalled on the part of our old men and noble women. Of a patriotism on the part of all which led them to suffer all things, bear all things, if thereby they might bring success to the battle for liberty under the Constitution handed down to us by our fathers.

This story has dealt only with local events, events which cannot get into the great history of the War and its causes, which, unless told in this way, must in a few years be lost

in oblivion. Even now the lapse of years, the death of so many who knew of and took part in those stirring times, make it very difficult to gather the correct facts as to many things and places. There are very few living who can point out the exact spot of engagements where men fought bravely and died cheerfully for home and country. It has been our object in this story to give a brief history of the Companies which went out from the county, to tell of their services during the various campaigns and battles, to give as nearly as possible a correct roll of the men and officers enlisted in them. It has been impossible to give the fate of each or to tell of deeds of individual valor, but we hope that enough has been told to give the story a special interest to every one.

We have endeavored to ascertain and give the name and record of every man from the County who took part in the war in any command, or in any capacity. Our chapter of incidents of suffering among the people is not as full as hoped for, as so few responded to our appeals for help in that direction. Mr. M. W. Jones, in "Two weeks under Sheridan" has given an entertaining story. We hope the general history of the county may be of value. The sketches of the towns, villages and churches may appeal to some. Col. Geo. H. Burwell supplied the sketches of Millwood. Geo. B. Harrison, Esq., that of Boyce, and Dr. H. C. Sommerville that of White Post. Hon. A. Moore, Jr., a member of the Clarke Cavalry, prepared the history of that company. The remainder of the work was done by the writer. He entered upon the work, trusting to the generosity of his fellow county-men; hoping that they would receive it as a labor of love from his hands. Admiration for the county and its people and love for his old comrades in arms have been the impelling forces which have carried him through. Any profits which may

arise from the sale of the book will go to the J. E. B. Stuart Camp of Confederate Veterans at Berryville for use in their general work. While this history is not a personal or family history, almost every family in the county may find in its pages, somewhere, mention of a friend or relative who has done honor to the family name. We hope that it may enter into every household and be thought of much value.

The authorities used in our account of the battles and engagements have been General Early's History, recently published by his nephew, and the accounts of Mosby's movements as given by Scott, Alexander, and Davidson. Additional light in some cases from men who were in the engagements, have also been a source of help.

THOS. D. GOLD

LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS

Soldier's Rest.

Saratoga.

Greenway Court.

Old Chapel.

Capt. S. J. C. Moore.

Capt. Strother H. Bowen.

Capt. Jas. H. O'Bannon.

Lieut. Chas. A. Marshall.

Lieut. A. S. Allen.

Capt. Wm. N. Nelson.

Capt. Wm. W. Randolph.

Capt. Robt. C. Randolph.

Lieut. William Hay.

Capt. D. T. Richards.

Lieut. William Taylor.

Lieut. R. O. Allen.

History of Clarke County

CHAPTER I.

THE great county of Frederick, as first designated by the House of Burgesses, embraced all that vast extent of country from the top of the Blue Ridge Mountains to the Mississippi River and the Great Lakes. In it nestled the gem of its State, the little county of Clarke but it was to be a hundred years before she should take her place with her sister counties. When the enterprising pioneer from the lowlands on the James, on the Cohonguruton (the Indian name for the Potomac) climbed the mountain either at Ashby's or Snicker's Gap, there opened up before him, looking westward, a scene of enchanting beauty. Vast prairies of hill and dale, bodies of woodland here and there, the whole rising from the banks of the Shenandoah, the beautiful Daughter of the Stars, until it melted away in the distance into the blue mountains in the west. No wonder that the wealthy planter from the James and the sturdy German and stalwart Scotch-Irishman from Pennsylvania and New Jersey crowded into it. Kercheval tells us in that invaluable work of his, "The History of the Valley," that much the greater part of the country between the Little North Mountain and the Shenandoah River was one vast prairie, and like the rich prairies of the West, afforded the finest pasture for wild animals. The country abounded in the larger kinds of game; the buffalo, elk, deer, panther, wild-cat, wolf, fox, beaver and wild fowl were abundantly plenty. This was especially true of that part of the country now in the bounds of the

County of Clarke. Cooke in his admirable book, "Virginia," says that an English traveller visiting in that section of the County around Millwood, spoke of its beautiful prospects and sylvan scenes; transparent streams and majestic woods and declared that "Many princes would give half their dominions for what the residents possessed —health, content and tranquility of mind." An American writer called the region the "Virginia Arcady," and to this smiling country the lowlanders brought their families and servants, erected their "Old Chapel Church," which nestles down under its sycamores, and here their descendants still remain. It was rather singular that at the very first the settlers, particularly those from Pennsylvania, and they were the most numerous, settled along the great rivers and creeks near the North Mountain in preference to the fine country along the Bullskin, Long Marsh, Buckmarsh and other smaller streams. While there is evidence that there were Indian settlements at some spots in the Valley, there is little evidence that they ever made their homes in that portion now included in the County of Clarke. About some of the larger springs of water can be found arrow heads and other relics, and a few years ago what was evidently an Indian burying place was found near the Shenandoah River, at which place it is supposed a battle was fought and the dead buried there. We may well presume that it was a great hunting ground, and that the tribes both north of the Potomac and from the James and other southerly points came here to hunt, and these hunting parties camping for the time around some spring, these relics were left. Doubtless the battle fought on the Shenandoah was between tribes from different sections, for when they met on the hunting ground it meant extermination to the vanquished. It is said by Kercheval that those Indians who lived in the Valley re-

mained here after the coming in of the white settlers in peace and quiet for more than twenty years, when suddenly, as by one impulse, they left and went west of the Ohio, to return later with firebrand and tomahawk against the almost defenseless settlers. Many incidents are given by Kercheval and others of these Indian depredations, but none occurred in the bounds of Clarke, although Cooke in his "Fairfax," gives an account of an attack on Greenway Court during Lord Fairfax's time, but that is likely the writer's invention. The earliest settlement in the County of Clarke appears to have been made about the year 1740. In that year John and James Lindsey, brothers, settled on Long Marsh, and Isaac Larue came from New Jersey in 1743 and settled on the same stream. In 1744 Joseph Hampton and two sons came from the eastern shore of Maryland and lived the greater part of the winter in a hollow sycamore tree on Buck Marsh, near the present town of Berryville. They enclosed a piece of land preparatory to moving their families. Other settlers came in very rapidly after this from Pennsylvania and New Jersey, and settled in the same section, as well as some from across the Blue Ridge. At the same time some of the gentry from on the James and in the Northern neck settled in the upper end of the county, having taken land under a grant from Lord Fairfax to Colonel Carter. Lord Fairfax was an English nobleman who had a grant of an immense tract of country, lying between the Potomac and the Rappahannock from headwaters to mouth, a domain almost as large as the State of Maryland, and having in its bounds the capacity to produce almost all that its inhabitants might need—the fish and oysters of the Potomac, the game of the Valley and the mountains, and a soil that only needed to be broken up to produce in abundance everything good for food. His Lordship very

soon after reaching Virginia took steps to have his possessions settled, and to that end sold in tracts to suit purchasers, or leased to those unable to buy. He, himself, built in the County of Clarke (Frederick then), his own home, "Greenway Court," where he lived in simplicity until his death after the Revolutionary War. Soon after arriving at his brother's on the Potomac, he met and was pleased with a youth of sixteen, a surveyor, who was in time to be the greatest man of America, George Washington. He employed him to survey these tracts sold or leased, and sent him to work in the Valley. From Washington's Journal we learn that he commenced his work in 1748 and was engaged for two years or more. About a mile north of Berryville on the Green Hill farm now owned by Mr. A. Moore, Jr., and near "Soldier's Rest" is a beautiful spring gushing from the rocks beneath a large elm. This is called the "Washington's Spring," and tradition says that in a two story log building over this spring, the young surveyor had his office while working in the neighborhood. Some one in the desire to turn everything old into money moved the building some years ago, but the spring and the grand old elm remain and no doubt from the limpid waters of the spring he quenched his thirst and rested his tired limbs under the shade of the elm. West of Berryville, a mile and a half on the road to Winchester, stands an immense white oak which is called by many the "Washington Oak." To a friend asking about the country he was surveying, he is said to have reported, "That all the country east of that large oak was fine and well watered, but west of it dry and rocky." The young man had an eye to good lands as well as pretty women as he moved about the country.

We find from the numerous entries that land was very rapidly taken up in the County of Clarke, on Long Marsh,

"SOLDIER'S REST"

RESIDENCE OF GEN. DANIEL MORGAN, AND NOW THE HOME OF MR. J. E. BARNETT

Buck Marsh and other places. It would be very interesting to note here names of parties who bought and held tracts, but our space hardly permits names of old families, some of whom are still represented among us, others whose names even have passed away, all of whom took an active part in the stirring times in which they lived.

There was need to be stirring. Lands had to be enclosed with rail fences, requiring much hard labor, the virgin soil had to be broken up, houses built, crops planted and amidst it all, an unending vigilance against the Indians. They did not attack any one in the bounds of Clarke, but they were then on the borders of Frederick, and as all were then in Frederick, the men of our section had to respond to the call for defenders and no doubt many of them took part in the fights and wars of that time. The difficulties of new settlers are not realized by the people of today, who have everything within reach. In those days they had to supply themselves. Very soon sawmills and gristmills were started on some of the streams, and then building became easier and frame buildings took the place of logs. Wheat and corn enough to supply home demands was soon raised, and flax to make clothing, and small flocks of sheep for the same purpose. Each house had its large and small spinning wheel, and its loom, and thus they were independent of the far off cities of Alexandria and Baltimore. But after awhile there was more wheat raised than could be used and money was needed, so a market must be found. To reach the market, teams were needed, and soon almost every farmer had his team to carry his flour from its mill on the creeks to the city, bringing back not only money, but other things, luxuries not thought of a little while back. Cotton and calicoes began to be in the stores, and, for the well-to-do, silks and satins. The labor of breaking and spinning the flax became

burdensome, and with the building of woolen factories, where the farmer could exchange his wool for linens and cloths and blankets, the looms gradually were thrust aside, flax was no longer raised and all attention was given to horses and cattle.

Among the men who were coming into notice in these strenuous times was Daniel Morgan, a poor boy from New Jersey, who had to work as a laborer at first, but in time became the owner of a team and wagon. Being full of the spirit of the times, he was in everything that was going. When nothing was doing among the Indians he spent his time, too much, in the tavern at Battletown, where he had many fisticuffs and no doubt helped to give the town its name. During the Braddock Campaign he and his team were employed, and it is said that for some offense against a British officer, he was sentenced to receive five hundred lashes. He always claimed that they made a miscount, and that he only got four hundred and ninety-nine, and that they still owed him one. After that disastrous affair he was out with the militia to fight the Indians and was made an ensign and stationed at Fort Edward. About 1760, after this campaign against the Indians, he bought a farm near Battletown and devoted himself to farming and stockraising. He called his home "Soldier's Rest." To this place he brought his young wife, Abigail Bailey, of the same neighborhood, a woman of rare beauty and high character. Her influence upon him led him to give up his wild habits and he prospered in business and acquired considerable property. He was soon called away again to fight the restless Indians in what was called Pontiac's War, having been promoted to a Lieutenancy in his company. In 1771 he was commissioned by acting Governor Nelson a Captain of the Militia of Frederick County, and was out with his Company dur-

ing the Dunmore War. In the meantime his wife had borne to him two daughters. During his various campaings against the Indians he no doubt met and impressed Colonel Washington with his natural military skill and bravery and laid the foundation of a friendship which lasted while he lived. His Indian wars being over he settled down to enjoy domestic life at his home, "Soldier's Rest," now the home of Mr. Edward Barnett. Here he became more and more a man of mark in the community, and when the Revolutionary War came on and Washington was sent to Boston to command the troops there, Daniel Morgan, of "Soldier's Rest," issued his call for volunteers, and from the country around he soon had a company of one hundred riflemen. Starting from Winchester with one wagon to carry their food and equipages, if they had any, they struck a "bee line" for Boston and reported to General Washington as from the right bank of the Potomac. In the attack on Quebec, Morgan and his company took part with distinguished gallantry. Morgan was taken prisoner. He was promoted on his return to Colonel, and took a very conspicuous part in the battles at Saratoga and aided materially in the capture of the British army there. Later, being sent to the South, he was made a Brigadier General, and after taking an active part in the Campaigns of Gates and Green crowned himself with glory by his signal victory over the distinguished British officer, Colonel Tarleton, at the battle of the Cowpens. His health became broken and he obtained leave of absence and returned to Virginia, where he built a house and called it "Saratoga" (now the home of Mr. R. Powel Page), after the great fight in the North. It is said that he used the Hessian prisoners, confined near Winchester, in the work. When his home, "Saratoga," was finished, he moved his wife and daughters to it and

they lived there a number of years. His daughters had married during the war, officers who were on his Staff, Col. Presley Neville, marrying the elder, and Major Heard the younger. At "Saratoga" General Morgan and family entered into the social life of the community and dispensed a generous hospitality. His sons-in-law and families having moved to Pittsburg, General Morgan and his wife decided that the establishment there was too large for two people to keep up and they moved back to their old home at "Soldier's Rest". While here he was elected to Congress and served one term. In 1790 Congress voted him a gold medal in honor of his services at the "Cowpens." His health failing he moved to Winchester, where he died on July 6th, 1802. It is shown by his will that he owned large tracts of land in the County of Clarke and elsewhere, much of which was acquired by purchase and some by grants for his services in the Indian and Revolutionary Wars. General Morgan was a man of great natural ability; without education or family influence he attained not only a position of prominence as a citizen and business man, but was exceeded by few men of his time as a military leader.

There were others from Clarke in that war, and whenever the country has called, the men of Clarke have been ready to answer. In the War of 1812, Captain Taylor's light horse company did good service around Alexandria, and Capt. Robert C. Burwell's company of infantry did good service at Norfolk. Capt. Jas. H. Sowers, of the 51st Virginia Militia, did good service under Col. Jas. McDowell, of the "Flying Camp," in the Summer of 1813. Many of Captain Sowers' men were from Clarke, as indicated by the Roll of the Company. As the years swiftly passed, that section included in the county of Clarke increased rapidly in wealth and influence. Her wagons were constantly

on the road to Alexandria and Baltimore, and on return trips were loaded with goods for far Tennessee. Many of our best people now can look back with pride to their wagoner grandfather, who with his good six-horse team laid the foundation of comfort, if not wealth. But as the people grew in wealth and influence, they began to feel that Winchester, their County-seat, was too far away, that to attend the courts and the General Muster there was too great a burden and perhaps they thought that they bore more than their share of the County taxes. At any rate they wanted to set up for themselves, and so they went about it in earnest.

CHAPTER II.

WHEN the Legislature met in the winter of 1835, a committee representing the people of the County was sent there to push the matter through, as they naturally expected that the authorities of Frederick would not want to let so rich a portion of her domain pass away from her. The gentlemen selected were, each in his line, expert. Dr. Cyrus McCormick, an able and astute politician, with wide acquaintance in the State, Col. Treadwell Smith, a successful business man, and Col. Jacob Isler, a good mixer, to do the social part. Their work in due time was successful, and the county was ordered to be laid off from the top of the Blue Ridge to the Opequon, and from the Jefferson line to the Warren line, a small county, seventeen miles by fifteen, but a gem in every respect.

On the 28th day of March, 1836, the gentlemen appointed by the Governor as the Justices of the Peace for the County, met in Berryville in the Academy. Under an act passed on the 8th of March, 1836, Mr. John E. Page was chosen clerk pro tem. The commission from the Governor named the following gentlemen as Justices of the new County: Geo. H. Norris, Treadwell Smith, David Meade, James Wigginton, Edward J. Smith, Nathaniel Burwell, John W. Page, John Hay, Francis B. Whiting, Philip Smith, Robert Page, Francis McCormick and Jacob Isler, Esquires; whereupon the oath of office was administered to them by Bushrod C. Washington, of Jef-

ferson County. The court then proceeded to the election of clerk. Mr. John Hay having received a majority of the votes, was declared elected, whereupon the oath being administered to him, he entered upon his duties for a term of seven years. Geo. H. Norris, Treadwell Smith and David Meade were recommended to the Governor as suitable men for the office of high sheriff, and shortly thereafter Geo. H. Norris was appointed to the office. Dr. Robert C. Randolph was appointed Coroner, John Ship, Escheator, John E. Page, Commonwealth's Attorney, Daniel S. Bonham, Surveyor, William R. Seevers, Crier of theCourt, and Samuel B. Redman, Constable, and the new county was ready to do business and has been carrying it on with all proper dignity and decorum ever since, except for a while during the War between the States when all civil rule was done away with while the enemy was in possession of the county.

The County very soon had a sufficient number of the legal fraternity to enter into practive, as we find that the following were soon admitted to the bar: Washington E. Singleton, John E. Page, Cary Selden Page, Richard Parker, Thomas A. Moore, Richard E. Boyd, Province McCormick, Lewis Glover, Robert Y. Conrad, Robert M. Page, Philip Williams, Jr., Giles Cooke, John A. Thompson, Chas. B. Harding, David H. McGuire, A. S. Tidball, Joseph T. Daugherty and James M. Mason. The first grand jury consisted of the following: Mann R. Page, foreman, John Greenlee, James McCormick, Thomas E. Gold, Jacob Luke, James V. Glass, Thomas Jackson, Jacob Shirely, Paul Pierce, Isaac McCormick, Henry Marks, James P. Hughes, Abraham Haines, John Burchell, John Newett and Richard Ridgeway. They found no presentments and were discharged. Licenses to keep taverns were issued to Bennett Russell and Treadwell Smith.

At the June Term, Samuel Briarly, Samuel Bonham, Chas. McCormick, William Berry and David Meade were appointed school commissioners for the County. Until the adoption of the new constitution in 1850 the Justices were appointed by the Governor, and the Sheriffs were chosen by the Justices, the oldest Justice generally being chosen. After 1850 all these officers were elected by the people directly. These justices immediately took steps to have a Court House and Jail built. The Court House is the one now in use, but some years ago the jail was declared unfit for use, and a new and modern one with comfortable dwelling attached was built in the Court House yard. It would be interesting to record the names of the justices appointed and then elected during the years succeeding, and there would be among them the best men of the County and the most useful and public spirited citizens, but the names of only those who were on the bench when the War broke out in 1861 will be given. They were, Presiding Justice, Wm. G. Hardesty, Beverly Randolph, Alex. M. Earle, Richard K. Meade, John Page, Ammishadai Moore, John J. Riely, Geo. C. Blakemore, Francis McCormick, Benjamin Morgan, William A. Castleman, Lewis F. Glass, William Strother, John Morgan, Thomas L. Humphrey and Nathaniel Burwell.

During the years which had passed both before the formation of the County and afterwards, changes had been taking place. The people had prospered, Baltimore had been growing, Washington had come into being and was fast becoming a city, and everything that the farmer raised, whether live stock or grain, could be sold if got to market. Long strings of big, tent-covered wagons were continually on the go to and fro laden with the fruit of the soil. Droves of cattle went to Baltimore or Georgetown, the number of stores was increasing and everything

was prosperous. Interest was being taken in education and there were a number of good schools in the county. But the long haul to Alexandria was burdensome and the County welcomed the opening of the canal from Georgetown to Cumberland, and a little later the building of the railroad to Harper's Ferry and westward. This revolutionized everything. The Shenandoah River now became of great use to the people on its banks.

Mills were built and flat boats carrying large loads of flour were soon passing down to Harper's Ferry and unloading on either the canal or the railroad. Saw mills were put in operation, iron ore from the hills near the banks was shipped, and the hitherto useless river was made to serve the purposes of man. This went on until the War, and large numbers of men made their living by boating on the river. The building of the Winchester and Potomac R. R., and later of the Shenandoah Valley R. R. in 1880, ended all that, and now the river is left to the fisherman and the electric power companies, who have harnessed it near Harper's Ferry and will doubtless do so at other points.

In addition to the improvements of navigation on the river, at this time, about 1840, the State had undertaken a system of internal improvements from which Clarke was to get great benefit. Wherever public spirited and enterprising citizens were willing to form corporations for the building of railroads, canals, or turnpikes, the State would take a large part of the stock. This policy stimulated such enterprises, especially good roads, such as the great Vally Turnpike from the Potomac down the Valley into the southwest, the Northwestern Grade from Romney to Winchester and others. The people of Clarke, alive to all such things, soon formed a company to build a road from the Shenandoah River through Berryville to Win-

chester, and to Charlestown; one from the river through Millwood to Winchester, from White Post to the road from Front Royal to Winchester, and from Millwood to Berryville. By 1850 all these roads were finished, and have been kept up ever since. Over them great armies passed during the War, with their immense trains, and they have been to the County the greatest asset of value she has ever had. The gentlemen who put their money into them never expected, and have never gotten dividends on their stock, but were well satisfied to get the convenience and comfort of good roads upon which to travel and haul their produce, and in the increased value of their lands. These roads today are the pride of the County, and the joy of the many automobile tourists who pass through the country. Along in the fifties the people of the County voted to take $100,000 of stock in the Alexandria, Loudoun and Hampshire Railroad, hoping thus to secure direct connection with Alexandria and Washington, but that hope has long been deferred and is yet to be realized. Just after the War another subscription of the same amount was made to the Shenandoah Valley Railroad, running from Hagerstown to Roanoke. After some delay this road in 1880 was opened, and has been of great value to us. Bonds were issued by the County for the payment of this subscription, and a part of this debt is still unpaid, but it has been reduced to something less than $60,000. During the session of 1892 of the General Assembly, Hon. R. S. B. Smith, then representing the County in the House of Delegates, introduced a bill for the building of two bridges across the Shenandoah River, one at Castleman's Ferry and the other at Berry's Ferry. This matter was submitted to the vote of the people and carried, and bonds to the amount of $40,000 were issued for this purpose. In this matter Mr. Smith had the aid and co-operation of

Hon. Thos. D. Gold, then in the State Senate from this district. These improvements have been of great value to the County, and the only regret is that more money was not put into them, so as to put them beyond danger of destruction from great floods. These public debts, while a burden on the County, are so managed as to run for many years and to divide the burden with coming generations, if necessary. Under the Act establishing the bridges, the Board of Supervisors of the County were to have charge of the work. The Board at this time consists of T. B. Levi, Chairman, J. E. Barnett, R. Powel Page and C. T. Hardesty. They immediately called for an election on the question of issuing the bonds of the County, and that having been settled affirmatively, they proceeded to build. The bridges are very handsome, steel structures and the best that could be built for the money allowed to be used. Ten thousand dollars more on each bridge, and they would have been secure for all future time.

CHAPTER III.

IN giving an account of the public works in the County, we have passed without comment the process by which the County resumed civil life and government at the close of the War. When the War ended there was in existence a pretended State government with Governor Pierrepoint as Governor, acting under the legislation of a convention held in Alexandria by men from such counties of Virginia as were under Federal control. This Convention passed an ordinance vacating all civil offices and ordering an election in the County of Clarke under the superintendence of Chas. H. Boxwell, John W. Beemer, and John Bromley as commissioners. On the 25th of May, 1865, the election was held with severe restrictions as to qualifications of voters, and the following Justices were elected. District No. 1, Wm. W. Meade, Jos. Mitchell, Jacob B. Vorous and Jas. H. Bitzer. No. 2, David Wade, Robt. B. Wood, John Bromley, and Martin Gaunt. No. 3, Wm. D. McGuire, Matthew Pulliam, Aaron Duble and Wm. D. Smith. No. 4, Nathaniel Burwell, Thos. L. Humphrey, John Morgan, and Jackson Wheeler. Wheeler declined to serve, and John M. Gibson was appointed to fill the vacancy. Under Governor Pierrepoint the militia was reorganized, and at a meeting in Berryville a full set of officers was elected, but these things were not allowed to stand. The U. S. Government in its determination to treat the South as conquered provinces, set aside Governor Pierrepoint and all of his acts, and established Military

District No. 1 for the State of Virginia. Under orders from Military Headquarters, Military District No. 1, dated March 29th, 1867, a court was held on Monday, April 12th, 1867, present, John Morgan and John Bromley. They were the only two Justices of those heretofore elected who had taken the oath prescribed by the Act of Congress of the United States dated July 2nd, 1862, and also Jarvis Jennings, appointed by the commanding officer as a Justice from District No. 4, and Samuel L. Pidgeon from District No. 2. Mr. Jennings was elected Presiding Justice, J. C. Shields, a Yankee doctor living in Winchester, was appointed Commonwealth's Attorney, Jno. W. Beemer was made Sheriff and George Glass, Clerk. These gentlemen administered the offices of the County until those elected under the new constitution went into office. Mr. Jennings was a Northen man who had settled near White Post just after the War. He was a most estimable man and very highly thought of by his neighbors, and was retained in office as supervisor for some years after the constitution went into effect.

In 1870 Edward White was elected Judge of the County Court, and he appointed Geo. Glass, Clerk, Robert P. Morgan ,Sheriff, and S. J. C. Moore, Commonwealth's Attorney. Mr. Glass was subsequently elected for four years, when he was succeeded by Jno. M. Gibson, who held it until a few years ago. Mr. Gibson was succeeded by Samuel McCormick, and he by Mr. George Glass. Judge White was succeeded by J. H. Sherrard, of Frederick, he by Jno. E. Page, of Clarke, he by R. A. Finnell, of Warren, he by Giles Cooke, of Warren, he by S. J. C. Moore, of Clarke. The office of County Judge was then done away with, and the business is done by the Circuit Court under the most wise and learned Thos. W. Harrison, of Winchester.

Since the adoption of the constitution of 1867, which went into effect in 1869, the affairs of the County have been administered by the Board of Supervisors. Since the New Constitution of 1902, their powers have been enlarged so as to assume some of the duties of the County Court. The Board at this time consists of J. E. Barnett, Chairman, Hugh Pierce, Lacy Humpston and J. H. Funkhouser. Since the War, a system of Public Schools has been put into operation, giving to each community the advantages of a good school. No one need now be without the foundation of an education. The country schools have as a rule good teachers and comfortable houses. It is however, to be regretted that many do not take advantage of this opportunity to get an education, there being, according to a recent publication in "The Clark Courier," a very large percentage of the children, both white and black, who do not avail themselves of it.

Sometime about the year 1900 the U. S. Government located upon the Blue Ridge Mountain a weather station, and built large buildings for the purpose. About the same time persons of wealth bought land near to this government property and built homes. This has attracted others and the price of land on the mountain top has rapidly advanced. Many others from the City of Washington and elsewhere are locating there. This advance in land values turned the attention of the Board of Supervisors of Clarke and Loudoun to the importance of definitely fixing the boundary line between the counties. By the Acts of Assembly under which the County of Clarke was constituted, the top of the mountain was the boundary. This was very indefinite, and the Boards determined to appoint a joint commission to settle and mark the line. This was done a few years ago. Five commissioners from each county were appointed by the Judges of the Circuit

Court of the respective counties. Those from Loudoun were, Hon. Henry Fairfax, A. W. Phillips, Volney Osborne, Benton James, ——— Whitmore. From Clarke were A. Moore, Jr., S. S. Thomas, T. B. Levi, M. H. Reardon and Thomas D. Gold. They met at Bluemont and decided that the natural water shed was the top, and had lines run by an engineer and marked with stones, showing the line. These gentlemen reached their conclusion and settled the matter in a most friendly spirit and to the satisfaction of all parties.

CHAPTER IV.

BATTLETOWN OR BERRYVILLE

VERY soon after the first settlers arrived in the county, or even before, the roads or trails seemed to fall naturally into certain places, pioneers and travelers from the eastern settlements crossing the mountains, made for Winchester, even then a village, by the most direct line, and persons from the lower neighborhoods on the Bullskin and below having business with his Lordship at "Greenway Court",sought him by the easiest route. These paths crossed each other, and there some enterprising person opened a tavern and another a blacksmith shop, and later a store. Here the young men gathered to drink and play, and very naturally where law had not much force, to quarrel and fight. Nearby was the home of Daniel Morgan, and no one was fonder of his drink then he and no one quicker to resent an insult, real or fancied; so the cross roads settlement was called Battletown, and for many years continued to bear that name among the older people, who were loathe to adopt the name Berryville given it by the gentleman who had it laid out. In January, 1798, it was established as a town on twenty acres of land belonging to Benjamin Berry and Sarah Stribling, and the following gentlemen were appointed trustees: Daniel Morgan, Wm. McGuire, Archibald Magill, Raleigh Colston, John Milton, Thomas Striblinger, Geo. Blakemore, Chas. Smith and Bushrod Taylor. In 1803, another addition was authorized by the Legis-

lature from the property of Chas. Smith, on the east side of the town, and again a second enlargement in 1842, and a third in 1870, when a large addition from the property of J. Rice Smith, embracing all that part of the town north of the Winchester Turnpike, and west of the property of the Showers family. We still find a number of houses that are very old. Probably the house where Mr. John T. Crow now lives is as old as any; seventy-five years ago it was known as "Quality Corner". Some pretty young ladies lived there, and one of them taught a small school for boys and girls. The small stone building occupied by Mr. John Hart is very old, and was used as a jail before the County was laid off. The house adjoining, used as his dwelling, is also one of the old houses; so also is Dr. Page's residence and the home of Mrs. Cyrus McCormick, which has been almost continuously occupied by doctors during the memory of the oldest inhabitants and longer, according to tradition. The Root house is very old. Its last owner, Miss Mary Courtney Root, came to it when a girl, having ridden on horseback from the State of Tennessee. The house of Mr. Louis Scheuer and the one adjoining are possibly as old as any. When the writer was a boy, there were no houses west of Mr. Wm. Stolle's except the house of Mrs. Ogden and the Misses Washington. Near the old well at Louis Stolle's shop, was a cabin in which old Aunt Fanny Finch, a very fat old colored woman, kept a cake shop and sold cider, and big horse cakes such as the children of today never see, but which were the delight of the boys of those days. On the Charlestown Road, an old house and blacksmith shop, standing where is now Mr. J. M. Kercheval's nice home, were the outside houses, and on the road to the river the house now owned by Mr. Province McCormick was the last house, and on the Millwood road that owned by the Misses

Crow, then just built. The tavern, which stood where the Battletown Inn now stands, was "The Old Tavern" when I was a boy, and with its bar room and long shed over the street in its front was a very attractive place for those who wanted to refresh the inner man, either with food or drink, or to sit in the pleasant shade of the porch. Many noted caterers to the public appetite lived there and dispensed its good cheer, but none who excelled the late Mrs. Ann Castleman, who for many years presided over it to the great comfort of guests and friends. The old Academy, the place where all got their education prior to the War, deserves special notice. The need of a good school being very badly felt, some gentlemen of the village and neighborhood united in buying two acres of land, which was deeded to them as Trustees of the Berryville Academy. This deed is dated 1810. Very soon thereafter they built a substantial stone building of two rooms, with a belfry and bell on the top. The old bell called several generations of our fathers to books, and is now, I believe, in use at the Berryville High School, calling the children's children to books. These gentlemen very wisely provided the Academy with a good library of several hundred books of choice reading, history, biography, travels and good novels. The boys were allowed to take these books home with them, but very seldom were they allowed to take a novel, for which the boys should have been thankful, as they were then compelled to read something solid and useful. The teachers were often Scotchmen, who were fine teachers and strict disciplinarians. The writer has heard this story of one. Two boys, big fellows about eighteen years old, were kicking each other under their desks. "Come thither, ye two kickers. Take off your coat." "I wont." The old Scotchman, a big raw-boned fellow, took the youngster by the throat and

proceeded to thrash him, he cried "I won't, I won't," but down came the blows faster and faster, until his tune changed to "O, pray, Mr. Adams," "O, pray, Mr. Adams." The boy wore nankeen trousers, which an eye witness said were cut into strips. For a wonder the boy's mother rebelled and took him from school. But in those days, and even in the writer's day, boys did not tell of their whippings at home; they feared another there. Times have improved wonderfully since then, children seldom get whipped at school or at home, and I don't see that they are any worse than the boys of long ago.

Another famous teacher, a Scotchman, was Mr. Jno. Dow. He was also a surveyor and his name appears on many deeds in the records of the County. He was reputed to be very severe, and tales were told by those of his day about him. Another, a Presbyterian preacher, Mr. Baber, was a most excellent man, but somewhat eccentric. He used to open with very long prayers, and one day a boy tiring of it said "Amen," and all arose. The old gentleman immediately proceeded to thrash every boy, and when through resumed his prayer and finished without further interruption. The teacher for a number of years prior to the War was the Rev. William Johnston, an Irishman, a graduate of Dublin University, and also a Presbyterian preacher. He was a most excellent teacher, but too severe on some of the boys. The War closed his school, and after the War he moved to Cumberland and taught. The Academy was used for some years by the Episcopalians for preaching until they built their first Church. The Methodists also used it. In it was the first Sunday school held in the town. Rev. Chas. Page and Mr. John Gold, Sr., were the founders of it. At that time there was no church in the town, the Old Chapel and the old Baptist Church at Trap Hill being the only ones in reach.

Here also the Courts were held until the present Court House was built. During the War the library was scattered, never to be found. After the war some departments of the Public School were held in it until the new house was built, and then it was used to store the fire engine and a few years ago a spirit of vandalism taking possession of somebody, it was torn down. It is a little singular that southern people have so little reverence for old places. The associations connected with the old building were dear to many, and they would have been glad to have seen it put to some useful public service.

Very early in the history of the town there were established wagon making shops and blacksmith shops, where famous work was done. Plows of all kinds and every thing needed to use on the farm were made. About 1840, Matthew Pulliam, a young man from across the mountain, settled here and his good work became known far and wide. When threshing machines were introduced he built them at his shop and there was nothing used on the farm that he did not make. Others also were engaged in the same work. Bowly and Ridings, on the Charlestown Road, and Newman in the lower end of town. All of this was before we had a protective tariff, which has crushed out the small manufacturer and leaves us in the hands of the great trusts. Cabinet makers were here also. Mr. Deahl, the father of our Horace P. Deahl, could furnish you with anything you needed while you lived, and bury you in a good walnut coffin when you died, not in a poplar one covered with shoddy cloth, as we do now, and there were tailors to fit you up to nature with the best clothes. Old Mr. Joseph Noble, who lived where Mr. John Enders now lives, was quite a noted character. He would fit you at his home, and he would also go to the house to cut and fit the men on the place. For in those

days one of the big jobs of the farmer's wife was to make clothing for the negro servants, suits of drab woolen cloth for the men, and striped linsey for the women and children. Mr. Noble was the man for this task, and when not at work he could entertain the family, for he was a well-read man and a fluent talker, and of most genial nature. The house where he lived with his sister and a lady relative was among the very oldest in the town. Among the best known men of the town in the ante-bellum days was Mr. Christian Bowser, the postmaster. He lived in the building next the alley on the south side of Main Street and for a great many years was the Postmaster. He kept the office and in addition a small candy store. His daughter taught a school for small children in the same building. He was a very genial old gentleman, and fond of jokes. One of his jokes on the small boy who would run in and ask him for a stick of candy was to give him a piece of pepper candy, very hot, and then when the boy cried over it to give him something nice. Notwithstanding his little jokes, the boys and everyone were fond of him. He also took great pleasure in furnishing glasses to those who chanced to have left theirs at home and could not read their mail, but his glasses were just a pair of frames with no glass in them. He did these things in such a kindly way, however, and enjoyed them so much that no one got mad. He continued in the office for thirty years or longer, when he was succeeded during President Hayes' administration by Mr. Beemer. During the War the people of the town were often much at a loss for a means of livelihood. There was no work going on, the stores were closed and there was absolutely "nothing doing". The men who before the War had made their living by work at various trades or business, now had to rent small pieces of land and farm them. Mr. Bowser and

others managed to get an old horse, and joining together sometimes, they would put out corn or potatoes, or almost anything, to provide for those under their care. But for this, they would have suffered as they had no money to buy with, and there was nothing to buy, as the farmers were hardly able to get sufficient to feed and cloth those dependent on them. There was before the War almost always a good school for girls and young ladies maintained in the town. Dr. J. A. Haines for some years, and after him Mr. Mallory, had large schools on the property now owned by the Deahl estate. Miss Mary Courtney Roots had a school for boys at her house. During the War Rev. Mr. Suter had a school in the vestry-room of the Episcopal Church and after the War Miss Hattie Hammond had a flourishing school for young ladies. Misses Davies and Cunningham had one in the west end of town in a building put up by Capt. J. R. Nunn, for the purpose. They were succeeded by Miss Laura Gold for a few years. Capt. W. N. McDonald carried on for some years a fine school for boys at his residence on the Millwood road. The public schools were started in the State in 1969, and the one in town has grown in size and usefulness until now it is considered among the best. At first classes were held in the lecture room of the Baptist Church and in the old Academy, until a large building was erected. The first building was burned some years ago, but another and better was built. There have been some fine teachers connected with the school. The first principal was Mr. M. W. Jones. To him is owing much of its success. He has devoted himself to this work for many years, first as teacher and since as a trustee. Many men now successful in life were given an impetus by his thorough training. There have been other fine principals, and a most excellent corps of assistants.

The town people suffered many hardships during the War. Stragglers and even the organized troops would commit depredations upon the defenseless people. They would take the churches and the Court House for camping places. The Baptist Church was occupied by troops on more than one occasion during the fights which took place in the town, and used as a defense. Mosby in his attack on the wagon train fired at it with his cannon when thus occupied, but did no damage. The basement was sometimes used as a stable. The Episcopal Church fared better generally, but on one occasion was occupied by some negro troops, who were endeavoring to get some of the negroes of the town to go with them either by persuasion or force. They collected a number, among them Siz Dangerfield, a big burly fellow, who did not want to go. After nightfall, Siz, watched his opportunity, knocked over the guard at the door and seizing his gun made his escape, followed by others. They never got another chance to make him a soldier. Rev. Chas. White, the Presbyterian minister, lived near his Church and succeeded in protecting it. Mr. White was well known for his warm southern sentiments and for his earnest prayers in behalf of the cause, and many ardent old gentlemen went to church to join him in his fervent petitions. The writer remembers the service on the first Sunday after every one had come home from the surrender. Some Yankee troops, camped near by, were marched in to attend the service. His text was "By the rivers of Babylon, there we sat down and wept; when we remembered Zion, we hanged our harps upon the willows in the midst thereof." He prayed most earnestly that what was obnoxious in our sight might be removed, and then preached a sermon appropriate to the occasion. The unrelenting and unconquerable old gentlemen present felt, if they did not

say, amen to his prayer, though we soldiers did not think he treated his Yankee hearers exactly right. But really the home folk had more to fear and to feel hard over than the soldiers. The War over, things speedily dropped into a regular routine. Stores were opened, mechanics went to work and the town went ahead with new life. A bank was soon organized, also a building association. Mr. Pulliam built a bark and sumac mill, which gave employment to a number of people, and a market for the sumac leaves, until then considered a useless weed. Geo. C. Thomas, from Maryland, reopened the large carriage shops that had been run by Strother H. Bowen before the War. For a few years things flourished, but fire destroyed the sumac mills, the bank failed, and Mr. Thomas was driven out of business by the cheap manufactured carriages and buggies from the north. During the prosperity of the town, J. Rice Smith opened up a large addition to it on the northwest, and many men taking advantage of the building association, built their own homes. No institution that the town has had has done more good than this building association. It has been running ever since, with great success, and has always been in the hands of conservative business men. In 1880 the Bank of Clarke County was organized, and has done a good business and grown in strength and in the confidence of the people. Later the First National Bank was opened, and has been successful, both banks adding yearly to their surplus and also paying good dividends to their stockholders. In 1880 the Shenandoah Valley Railroad, now the Norfolk and Western, which had been hanging fire for some years, was finished and opened for business, Berryville has become one of the most important stations on the road, both as to freight handled and passenger traffic. A handsome passenger depot has been recently built, which adds much

to the comfort of travellers. A number of years ago a large flour mill was built by Mr. Lovett, and run by him until his death, and then by the Berryville Milling Co. It has been recently sold and will be, when in operation, an addition to the business of the town. There is also an ice plant doing good service, and a co-operative creamery, which is doing well. Stores have multiplied and anything can be bought in the town from a threshing machine or an automobile to a paper of pins. Telephone lines run in every direction and you can talk to your friends in the distant cities if you wish. An electric light and power Company can furnish you with light for your house, power to run your machinery and heat to cook your food. For all these things you only need to have one thing yourself, and that can be got by hard work, that is money. With the coming of a trolley line connecting the town with Washington and Hagerstown and Winchester, new life will be aroused and those now living may see it develop into a city. The town many years ago was incorporated, and has a Mayor and Town Council to look after its affairs. Under their management many good side walks have been laid, and a fine supply of water has been brought from the Blue Ridge across the river. Before the war there were for a while two papers in the town: The Berryville Gazette, edited by D. C. Snyder, and by Alexander Perkins, and another, the Conservator, by Mr. Glenn. Parkins was wounded at First Manassas and died. The other paper died itself. After the War Capt. Jas. H. O'Bannon and D. Holmes McGuire edited the Jounral for a few years. When Mr. McGuire died and O'Bannon had moved to Richmond, where he was made Public Printer, Capt. Wm. N. Nelson started The Clarke Courier, but soon sold out to Jno. O. Crown, a Marylander, who had fought for the South and settled among us. Mr. Crown

was a practical printer as well as an accomplished writer, one of the best editorial writers in the State. After his death, Mr. Blackburn Smith edited the paper for awhile, and sold out to Mr. Chas. R. Hughes. Mr. Hughes is an alert, active man, and thoroughly understands his business. He has one of the best printing plants in the Valley.

Soon after the War the most provident and industrious of the negroes bought lots and built houses just out of the town, calling the settlement Josephine City. Most of the older ones are dead or aged, and the younger ones do not seem to care to keep up their property and many of the houses are going to rack. They have one very good church, the Zion Baptist. They have shown much determination and energy and liberality in building their churches. The Free-will Baptists have a very good church on Liberty Street. and the Methodists one on Buckmarsh Street. The Gallileean Fishermen, a fraternal order, have a good hall, and do much good in helping the sick and burying the dead. Among the white people are a number of orders. Masons, Red Men, and Woodmen of the World. There are two halls for amusements. The Clarke Opera House and Winston Hall. Plays and moving pictures afford amusement to the people of town and country, and in August the Berryville Horse Show brings crowds of people from every direction and many fine horses are shown. It is the great event of the year and is looked forward to by many with great pleasure. Very many of those who grow up in the county take that time for coming home to see friends. This Horse Show has stimulated the raising of fine horses, both heavy and light draft, and also of the hunting class for jumpers. As mentioned before Berryville has probably the largest freight and passenger business of any station between Roanoke and Hagerstown. This will materially increase as the apple industry,

"SARATOGA"

BUILT BY GEN. DANIEL MORGAN DURING THE REVOLUTIONARY WAR
AND NOW THE HOME OF MR. R. POWEL PAGE

heretofore neglected, is more and more developed. There are a number of fine orchards, both old and young, in the neighborhood of Berryville, and also of White Post and Millwood. Mr. H. F. Byrd, of Winchester has an orchard of two hundred acres, some bearing, which will in a few years be very valuable. Messrs. Harry Warden and Jno. B. Neill, Mr. A. Moore, Jr., Mrs. Kittredge, and Lewis and Glover, and Mr. A. Arnett have very valuable orchards, and many others have smaller orchards. It is hoped that in a few years they will add much to the prosperity of the County.

North of Berryville is Gaylord, a station on the Norfolk & Western Railway, where a store and grain warehouse are doing business, and also one at Briggs near the Old Chapel. On the Baltimore & Ohio R. R. are Wadesville and Swimley, where grain and fertilizers are handled, and general merchandise is carried on. In the neighborhood of Swimley, Mr. Dudley Pierce has a very large hennery, where the production of eggs and raising of chickens is carried on in a large way. In fact, the egg and chicken business brings an immense amount of money into the country. Farmers are not putting "all their eggs into one basket," but are seeking to diversify their productions. Lambs of the best quality are shipped in large numbers each spring, and hogs are being taken all the year to the city markets. So not relying as formerly on wheat and corn, they are prospering in a greater degree than some years ago.

CHAPTER V.

A SKETCH OF MILLWOOD

BY COL. GEO. H. BURWELL

MILLWOOD, an unincorporated village of about seven hundred inhabitants, is situated six and a half miles south of Berryville, eleven miles east of Winchester, three miles west of the Shenandoah River at Berry's Ferry and opposite Ashby's Gap.

It is located on land formerly owned by Col. Nathaniel Burwell, of "Carter Hall," who was much interested in the early development of this section of the State and to that end erected several mills and inaugurated other industrial enterprises in the neighborhood, among others the Upper Mill in Millwood from which the village takes its name. This mill was built by Gen. Daniel Morgan for Col. Burwell with the skilled workmen among the Hessian prisoners of whom the General had charge and whom he also employed in building for himself a handsome and capacious residence on his own estate about a mile and a half from the village and named it "Saratoga," after the battle in October, 1777, in which these Hessian prisoners were captured and he played so conspicuous a part.

In carrying out his scheme of improvement Colonel Burwell had already established a tan-yard in Millwood in 1785, for in that year he leased the property to Mr. Tuley, the father of the late Col. Joseph Tuley of "The Tuleyries," for a term of ninety-nine years, reserving a rent of ten

dollars a year. Mr. Tuley seems to have been very successful in the tanning business as he made a large fortune and bought a fine estate which his son, Colonel Tuley, added to, developed and improved with a handsome residence.

About 1790 the erection of "Carter Hall," a half mile from the village, was begun as the permanent residence of Colonel Burwell, he having for a number of years prior to that time occupied a house in the village during the summer months when he would make his annual pilgrimage from the Lower Country in the neighborhood of Williamsburg. This house is still standing, and is the comfortable and substantial residence of Mrs. W. H. Cox.

Millwood from its earliest settlement had one or more country stores filled with the numerous and varied articles hauled from Alexandria which the thrifty agricultural population of the neighborhood might need. This kind of store reached its highest development a few years prior to the Civil War under the able management of Mr. James H. Clark, who built and kept filled with merchandise the large brick storehouse where everything could be gotten, from a trace chain to a silk dress. This, however, was only accomplished after the building of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad and the Winchester and Potomac Railroad, which brought about the transfer of trade from Alexandria to Baltimore.

But Millwood, with its neighborhood, upon the sounding of War's rude alarms, was no less interested in military preparations than it had been in the pleasant pursuits of Peace. In 1860 a company of infantry was organized and drilled by Cap. W. N. Nelson, a veteran of the Mexican War, assisted by Dr. William Hay and Robert C. Randolph as first and second lieutenants, and Mr. John W. Holland as commissary sergeant, who after-

wards as such in active service had charge of the company wagon until military necessity required its abandonment and the dispensing with all impediments not absolutely necessary for veteran troops. The interest and enthusiasm of those days of preparation can be distinctly recalled when Mr. George H. Burwell and Dr. R. C. Randolph, both over or about sixty years of age, enrolled themselves as members and took part in the drills of the "Nelson Rifles" as examples to the younger men, and when the wagons gathered in Millwood for the transport of the company, which afterwards became Company C, Second Virginia Infantry, to the neighborhood of Harper's Ferry for the capture of that place in April, 1861. It was through Millwood that General Johnston's army marched from Winchester to reinforce General Beauregard at Manassas in July, 1861, and all the good women of the village and surrounding country gathered to give the hot and weary soldiers what food and refreshment could be hastily provided. It was to Millwood, and Winchester beyond, that Blenker's Dutch were headed when forty of them were drowned in the Shenandoah River at Berry's Ferry and their further progress in this direction stopped.

Stonewall Jackson had his headquarters in the Carter Hall Grove in the immediate vicinity of Millwood in October, 1862, after the Battle of Sharpsburg. And refuting the charge of boorishness in his manners, the writer recalls with pride and pleasure being sent with a basket of eatables and an invitation to him to make his headquarters in the house; to which he most politely and considerately replied that he was so constantly being called upon at all hours of the day and night by officers and couriers that he was unfit to be the occupant of any gentleman's house, but that he would take pleasure in calling as soon as he was able. This he did in a day or two, ac-

companied by Colonel Pendleton and riding "Little Sorrel."

The above mentioned mill in Millwood was frequently inpressed by the Confederate Army. Threshing machines manned by soldiers and worked by army horses were sent into the surrounding country and stacked grain, threshed and then ground in this mill into flour for the army, until Generals Grant and Sheridan compelled even the crows to carry their rations over this devastated region.

To Millwood the Sixth Corps of General Sheridan's army came when on its way to Washington just before the Battle of Cedar Creek, and to Millwood it was recalled on reaching the River and hurried back to Middletown upon apprehension of an attack by General Early. History would have been written differently if it had been allowed to pass over the mountains.

One of the most successful of Colonel Mosby's attacks was made upon a squadron of Federal calvary in about a mile and a half of Millwood, by which the squadron which had formed the dangerous habit of daily scouting from Winchester to the River and returning via The White Post was almost wholly destroyed by being killed or captured. After General Lee's surrender, Colonel Mosby and General Chapman met in Millwood to arrange terms for the surrender of the Colonel's command, which was not successfully accomplished. Since that time the village has had an uneventful career and does not appear likely to be awakened into exciting activity of any kind.

CHAPTER VI.

THE TOWN OF BOYCE

BY GEO. B. HARRISON

THE Town of Boyce was incorporated by the Circuit Court for the County of Clarke on the 28th day of November, 1910, having at that date a population of 312.

The first election for Mayor and four Councilmen was held on the 20th day of December, 1910, at which W. M. Gaunt was elected Mayor and George W. Garvin, M. O. Simpson, J. T. Sprint and Geo. B. Harrison were elected Councilmen; and the Council duly organized on the 24th day of December, 1910, and elected Geo. B. Harrison, Recorder.

The town is situated at the crossing of the Norfolk & Western Railway and the Winchester & Berry's Ferry Turnpike about two miles west of Millwood of which it is the shipping point, and three miles from Old Chapel and White Post respectively, and nine miles from Winchester, upon a ridge, which drains on the one side into the Pagebrook Run and on the other into the Saragota Run, affording most excellent sanitary conditions. It is apparently well underlaid with water, a number of its artesian wells proving inexhaustible. The Town well at a depth of 165 feet furnishes water so cold that no ice is needed with it.

The N. & W. Railway passes through the centre of the

business portion of the town, which at the time of the building of the Railroad in 1881 was dense woods; and the community since its renaissance on the 4th day of October, 1900, when it was visited by General J. C. Hill, Railroad Commissioner, in his official capacity, has taken on all the push and energy of a railroad town.

The Norfolk & Western Railway in kind response to the requests of the community has erected a magnificient station of latest design and material with spacious grounds and facilities, fully equipped and provided with electric light and water.

In addition to the Public Well the Town owns the Electric Plant and lot on the Railway in the centre of the town, and has added thereto an alternating current plant with ninety kilowatt dynamo, so as to meet any possible demand for light or power; a switch will bring the coal to the power-house.

The main street of the Town is piped with water; and it has been contemplated to establish a fire department and sewerage system.

The Town contains an Episcopal and a Methodist church, and a Baptist parsonage; the Episcopal church being electrically lighted; a brick High School with seven teachers and an enrollment of about two hundred scholars; a brick Bank with a capital of $15,000.00; a hotel and two livery stables; one planing mill and two lumber yards; two grain elevators; nine stores—one being a department store; a butcher shop; a harness shop; and a barber shop. Adjoining the town is a large cattle plant, and the town is a large stock-shipping station. Including the incorporated town of Millwood the population of the two towns is computed to be about eight or nine hundred.

CHAPTER VII.

WHITE POST

BY DR. H. C. SOMMERVILLE

ONE of Clarke County's noted villages, noted especially for its antiquity, was founded, or rather not founded at all, just came so, in colonial times. It was an English settlement under the rule and ownership of his Excellency, Lord Thomas Fairfax, whose house such as it was, a large one story log building, with no Lady Fairfax in it, was situated only a mile and a half distant. The location of this noted settlement was where two roads met and crossed at right angles. One road was quite a distinguished highway coming from East Tennessee, following the valley of Virginia all the way, taking in the several settlements of Lexington, Staunton, Harrisonburg, Woodstock, Strawsburg down to Newtown, now bearing the misplaced name of Stephen's City. At this point the road left the main valley trail, turned east for White Post, Alexandria and Baltimore. Many stopping places or Taverns were needed to accommodate teamsters and travelers. White Post furnished one of these taverns, now standing, at this date, as in the long past. Water was vital—hence a well was dug. It bears the name of the public well and furnishes water today as it did in the days of the teamsters. It is located on the Media lot, formerly owned and occupied by a very saintly lady, Miss Mary Meade, sister of Bishop Meade of Virginia. Very

GREENWAY COURT

THE HOME OF THOMAS, SIXTH LORD FAIRFAX

much history of interest is connected with this Tennessee road. The other road of not much note, led from Battletown, now Berryville, to Front Royal. At the crossing of these two roads a post was planted and on it a sign board was nailed with directions to "Greenway Court," the Capitol or seat of Government of all that territory, known as the Northern Neck of Virginia. Lord Thomas Fairfax just mentioned being the owner, ruler and king. I can't say how the word "White" originated, I suppose Lord Fairfax ordered it, (the post) white washed, that being the start perhaps and the reason for keeping up the whitewashing business, both on buildings and in government circles, etc., to this day. Strange to say the Post never lost its identity. As one would fail and decay, another would take its place with an improvement on the former. Today there stands in the same spot a large locust post neatly enclosed with dressed boards painted white. On the top of which a large Kerosene lamp rests, to give light (when lighted) to the way-farer or others, that they may see which of the four roads to take. Grand old Post a mark of antiquity, and what a history it could tell. It could tell of the splendid country and fine farms of which it is the center. It could tell of the owners of those farms, many of whom were among the best people of the land—chivalric, hospitable, intelligent, refined. White Post had an awakening gradually and became quite a center of trade. This started mainly through the efforts and enterprise of Mr. Oliver Funsten, whose storehouses—substantial buildings of stone and brick, were built on the several corners of the crossing of the roads. There was a store room in the tavern, occupied by the following merchants, namely: R. K. Meade, Hiram P. Evans, E. W. Massey, W. Weaver, perhaps others, among whom it is said was a Capt. Wm. Sommerville of revo-

lutionary times, who settled here about the year 1786 and lived on the White Hall estate. I am told they all did a good business. Besides the needs of the white citizens, there were many slaves, whose owners did not fail to provide through the stores, for their every day wants. Then came a post office of the same name. The mail was carried on a horse once a week. This was the event of the day and times. A general social meeting day of the citizens to discuss crops, political events, every phase of gossip that could be mentioned. I like those old time meetings, so cheery and open and free—they did good—made kinder hearts—better neighbors—knew each other better and had more interest in each other than now in the modern method of handing you your mail from the road side. It is true we would have our little differences. Our ups and downs, perhaps a "spat" now and then, in imitation, you know, of our larger and neighboring town of Battletown. Our educational interests though limited were not neglected. The pioneer teacher was Mr. John Dow—a Scotchman—quaint and peculiar as is characteristic of the Scotch—believing the main things necessary for an education to be Latin and hickory switches. However, he held sway many years and "none dare his right to intrude." He exerted, it is hoped, a good influence on the youth of the neighborhood, "the boys"—some of whom I will name, Capt. David Meade, Sr., George Meade, Wm. C. Kennerly, Capt. J. McKay Kennerly, Wm. D. Timberlake, with many others have passed to the Great Beyond, I can recall but one or two of his pupils living, David Meade, Jr., Mrs. Bush Puller, formerly Miss Belle Grubbs and sister.

An amusing incident was told on the old teacher. Dr. Fauntleroy, the village doctor, had his office just across the street from Mr. Dow's home. A patient made a pro-

fessional call on the doctor one day and while there a donkey started up a great braying, the patient never having heard the like, asked to know what it meant. The doctor replied: "Oh that is nothing, only old Dow has got the whooping cough." Among his successors as teachers might be mentioned the names of a Miss Eunice Ballard, Walker Y. Page and Captain Simpson, etc.

There was little or nothing done to educate the slaves. Now the colored people have a fine large, modern school building, situated in the Southern border of the village—two or more rooms—with basement under entire building. The purpose being to make it a Manual Training or Industrial School. This enterprise was effected mainly through the interest and liberality of Mr. and Mrs. Graham F. Blandy, of "Tuleyries." There are at present two teachers and all the modern appliances.

The first building ever used as a school house was situated in the North-east of the Village on the land owned by Col. R. K. Meade—part of his home place—the Lucky Hit Farm. This lot of some two or three acres was well located, covered with a beautiful blue grass sod and ornamented with some grand old oak trees—for which the neighborhood is famous. Colonel Meade, not only gave the land, but it is said put up a good sized stone building, to be used as a church (or meeting house as old time people used to say) for all denominations—free to all. The building was also to be used for a school house or academy. It was here John Dow taught a number of years—his successors following him. The building was made a convenience as a kind of public hall—speeches, lectures, plays, entertainments, etc. It was finally abandoned and with the beautiful lot sold. That was a sad day for White Post—parting with her jewel—the beautiful lot. Poor old church—how like the changing links of time and things

and people, they fill up the measure of their days—outlive their time and are gone. Before destruction and oblivion overtook the old stone meeting house a new and modern (for that day) brick church had been built by the Methodist people, located just north, on the border of the beautiful lot, in full view of the damage and wreckage being done to the old. Like many new enterprises—the new church prospered—interest was alive, membership active and large, general attendance good. Among the Methodist Clergy we had some able good men—men of talent and piety. While the church was a denominational one; yet liberty abounded. The use of the church was granted to the Episcopalians and Presbyterians. Both used it regularly. The first under the leadership of Rev. Jos. R. Jones for a number of years. The second had Rev. Chas. White, of Berryville, for some years, both prospered. It is well to remark that provision was made for the interests of the school by erecting a new and substantial building of brick, containing two large rooms on the lower floor—the upper story or floor being in one large room and was used and known as the Masonic Hall. The same building—remodeled is now used as a public school. The location is near the Methodist Church above mentioned. Among the earlier teachers in this school or academy might be mentioned Messrs. Grayson and Son—at one time having as many as ninety scholars in two rooms. After the war Geo. Turner, Geo. Kittridge, Miss Helen Smith with Miss Lula Meade, Mr. Wm. F. Meade, C. G. Massey, Mrs. Lucy McCormick and others. The scholars used to tell a funny story on Mr. Meade—they would all get their lessons aloud and make a terrible racket, this would so worry him that he would become impatient and reprimand them severely—then after everything would quiet down, he would ask their pardon. The lot on which the

Methodist church was built was purchased from Mr. John Alexander—one of the land owners adjoining White Post —probably one of the largest. He was peculiar in his dress or costume—wore his hair long, tied with a string in queue style. He almost always attended service, and was importuned by some of the church members to unite with the church, his reply was, "He had no occasion to belong to the church, because the church belonged to him," meaning that he had assumed a certain indebtedness for the church which it had failed to cancel. This church building was not as carefully looked after as it should have been. The water spouts failed to carry the water and give the needed drainage. The walls cracked, and the bees made honey in the cracks and annoyed the worshippers—further the walls settled and became unsafe. The building was taken down and moved near the center of the town, on the west side of, and some little distance from the street. Here quite a neat, modern brick building now stands—having a church bell and belfry to tell the villagers of the assembling of the multitude and the hours of worship.

Adjoining the lot on which the church stands is a neat, comfortable dwelling, with the necessary out buildings, shade and fruit trees, handsome lawn of blue grass well kept. This is the home of the preacher—the parsonage, where time and thought and means have been expended by the membership to make their pastor and family comfortable during their brief stay in their midst.

On the South side and adjoining the Methodist church is an attractive lot once the home of one of the village's distinguished characters, Mr. Daniel B. Richards, familiarly known as "Uncle Dan." He was a saddler by trade—lived to a good old age—spent the greater part of his life here, making saddles for both ladies and gentlemen.

Horse-back being the chief means of travel at that day. He was famous for his satisfactory and skillful workmanship and many a saddle he and his partner—a Mr. McKinstrey—built, little dreaming that the time would come that the mode of travel would be so changed as to require neither horse nor saddle. This lot of Uncle Dan's was bought by the Episcopal people as it lay adjoining the lot owned by them and on which their church building now stands.

Uncle Dan's dwelling, modest as it was, sheltered him and family many years, being no longer needed, was torn down and moved away. The Episcopal church was built in the year 1873 on the lot formerly owned by Oliver Funsten the merchant, afterward by Mrs. Washington. The lot was a most desirable one—handsome and well located—having a good well of water. The Episcopal people were happy in securing it and went to work with great energy and enthusiasm in the effort to put up a church building. In this they were joined by citizens and neighbors generally, each throwing in his or her mite. The rector, Rev. Jos. R. Jones of Millwood was very active and energetic in presenting and furthering the cause among the home people and visiting the cities of Richmond, Alexandria and Baltimore. It is known as Bishop Meade Memorial Church, in memory of the late Bishop. The efforts made were encouraging and after much persevering and the incurring of some indebtedness, a large brick building, seating two to three hundred people, appeared as a reward of united efforts, as well as a home for the Episcopal membership. The church was dedicated July 13th, 1875. Within the church are two tablets, one to the memory of Rev. Jones, the other to Bishop Meade, D. D. A neat attractive chancel rail was placed in the chancel to the memory of Capt. J. McKay Kennerly,

by the survivors of the Clarke Cavalry. Rev. Jones was a tried and true leader for many years. Now sad to say its doors are closed, being without a regular preacher. The large sweet toned bell, perhaps the most so in this part of the valley, seldom sounds out its charming tones to the listening and delighted ears of those who dwell in the many happy homes within a radius of five or six miles. Some years after the completion of the church, want was felt for a building for Sunday-School purposes, public lectures, entertainments of various kinds, church meetings, etc. Finally it was decided for the betterment of the citizens of the village in general, to build a town or Parish Hall, to be under the control of the Episcopal Church. Therefore, the location for the building was selected on N. E. corner of the Church lot. A neat one story structure, well finished, seating perhaps a hundred or more people, was built. This was done mainly through the liberality, effort and energy of the late Capt. David Meade, Sr., aided by a generous gift from Mr. Wm. C. Kennerly. Later on a Rectory was built on a lot given by Capt. David Meade, Sr., a noble, high-minded, genial gentleman, always having the interests of the church at heart and ever ready with his time and means to advance the good of the community.

There is a considerable settlement of colored people chiefly in the northern part of the village. They have two quite respectable, good churches, with regular preaching. Among these people there are some valuable, good citizens, owning comfortable homes. The lot on which the old stone church stood is now owned and occupied by the homes of colored people. A noted saddler was mentioned, I think it would be remiss not to mention a noted harness maker and justice of the peace, Mr. W. T. Wharton, known the country over as "Bill Wharton,"a skillful,

honest, energetic workman, large trade, served the public many years.

He kept an alert eye on the law breakers and showed but little mercy, or rather favor. Another character, an important agent in the development of the White Post progress was Wm. Grubbs, the mail carrier. He gave his service and life to this business for thirty-four consecutive years. Poor old man; such a life: Sunshine and rain—storm and calm—mud and ice-cold and snow—no let up—no break in the monotony.

The celebrated "Hughs Suction Pump" was made here by the "John Hughs Pump Co.," for many years. It took the place of the old wind up, crank and axle chain or rope fix with the old oaken bucket, sung about in the long ago. A big business was done. It was known and used not only in this county, but in the neighboring and surrounding counties. There was located a tailor shop on the Berlin lot and in it worked a small man named George W. Rutter. He was fond of singing and could tell a good story; was an active Free Mason and faithful attendant—had a big trade. He and his partner—A. M. Bull, made besides all things else—an overcoat with eight or ten capes—one large, one reaching near the waist, then each shorter until they reached the back of the neck. They did their work at night by the light of a tallow candle. At this date, or very recently we had electric light, made in this place by the D. Pratt Meade Electric Light and Power Co. The blacksmiths and wagon makers always had a rush of business. White Post always seemed to have an attraction for the Doctors. Perhaps it was with those in the past as it is with some of later date who came here because there was no other place for them to go. Among some of the long forgotten Dr.'s might be named Dr. Snyder and Dr. Burwell.

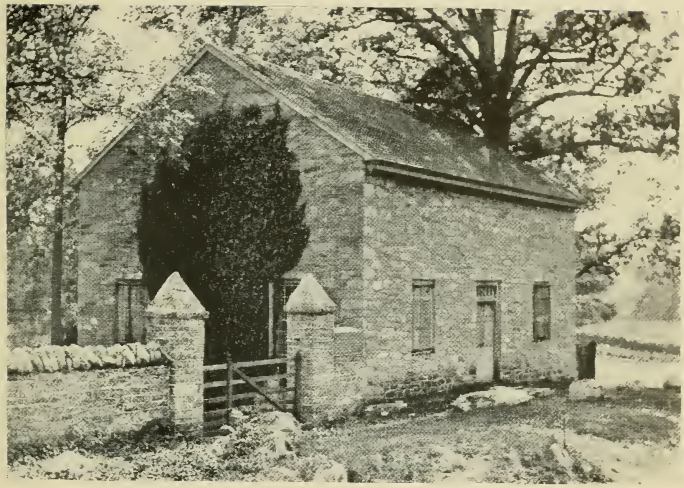
Then came Dr. John Fauntleroy—very prominent and very successful—abode a long while, so capable and energetic that there was no room for another. Finally the war came and took him away. The people were without a "medicine man"—no doctor. A Dr. Wm. Sommerville from what is now West Virginia, hearing of the situation, came, offered his services and was gladly and kindly received. He was a very tall, slender, delicate man. It was said of him that he could stay on his horse (all rode horse back then) and walk or ride, just as he chose. A frail, delicate but noble, good man. Eminent and successful in his profession, of great energy and adaptability. A christian gentleman, exerting a wide influence for righteousness. He died in early or middle life. His younger brother Dr. H. C. Sommerville, after a four year's service in the war, came here in the Autumn of 1865. Practiced jointly with the elder brother until his death, which occurred in the Spring of 1875. As remarked by a collaborator of this sketch—then the joint practice fell upon the younger brother's shoulders and for many years he toiled in the face of difficulties, faithfully and efficiently—winning to a marked degree the love and confidence of all with whome he came in contact. When deafness and failing health compelled him to give up the profession, it was a cause of genuine regret to his many friends and patrons. About the same time, 1865, Dr. Thos. M. Lewis, of Westmoreland County, Va., located here. Having had a war experience as Ass't. Surg. in the army of some four years. An ideal old Virginia gentleman, courteous, upright, affable, honorable. He succeeded in his profession and died at his home here in the village at an advanced age. In his closing years, he lived alone—a sad and lonely life of disease and suffering—his wife having died some years before his death. His body lies in

the cemetery adjoining the Episcopal Church, where many other bodies of recent times lie—"Sleeping their last sleep"—as well as those of the long past, whose bodies have been taken up, removed from the local burial places and reinterred in this cemetery.

As a shipping point, quite a business is done at White Post Station, N. & W. R. R., in cattle, hogs, sheep and lambs. Some fine grazing farms, as the model, up-to-date, Tuleyries farm, Montana Hall, Long Branch and Greenway Court farms. Besides the farms of the Messrs. Sowers and Lee in the adjoining neighborhood with many smaller estates. On these farms are bred, grazed and shipped, probably, as fine cattle as anywhere in the valley. The same may be said of hogs and sheep. Yearly shipments of cattle, 25 car loads, hogs 50, sheep and lambs 15 carloads. Heavy shipments of wheat of good milling quality. Approximately 40 car loads yearly. Quite a grass growing country and when season is favorable, large shipments of hay made. Say 50 car loads. When the contrary condition exists—it may be truly said of the country, that it is a "thirsty land, in which no water is," hence shipments are light.

Some large orchards, well kept, yielding large returns, besides many smaller ones—hence making things very lively at the station at shipping time—not unusual to have a shortage of cars, causing much confusion and delay. Some 60 car loads shipped best years. Shipment of turkeys in Fall season large and of fine quality—probably as many as 1,000 in one year.

It may be said of the ancient village that it is a picture and that the frame of the picture is in part—a beautiful grove. Here nature has done her best—planted—nurtured a forest or park of many grand old oak and hickory trees—large—some giants—very tall, straight and well



THE OLD CHAPEL—BUILT IN 1783

OLDEST EPISCOPAL CHURCH WEST OF THE BLUE RIDGE

proportioned, she clothes them each spring time in the most inviting drapery of green and in Autumn changes it to the varied and richest shades of color which only the failing life of the varieties of the forest leaves can make. She causes a covering, or carpet of green sward to cover the ground and each day (it may be) sends the wind to sweep—keep it bright, clean and in order—not a fallen leaf, or twig, weed, bramble or briar to be seen—truly a fitting surface for the shadows of the great oaks to rest upon and for the sunbeams coming through the oaks to meet and play with the shadows. In the early morning and late evening it is enchanting, lovely and attractive beyond compare. The only natural grove or park left in all this country. White Post's most impressive object of interest—an ornament of beauty, charm, grandeur and loveliness. All of Clarke County, come and see it.

CHAPTER VIII.

OLD CHAPEL AND MILLWOOD

THE churches of the different denominations in the county deserve special notice, for to their conservative influence is due in large degree the county's reputation for law and order. During the colonial period the Episcopal was the established church and was supported out of the Public treasury. As new counties were established, new parishes were laid out and vestrymen appointed, whose duties were partly civil. Very early in the history of Frederick County, provision was made for the building of chapels and one was built at what is now called the "Old Chapel." Its history is given in an address delivered by Capt. Wm. N. Nelson in 1897. We shall use extracts from his address, which tells far better than the writer can, the history of that venerable building and the Congregation that attended there.

"I will now proceed to give a short sketch of the history of this Old Chapel, with such incidents as I have been able to gather, that are suitable to the time and place. In giving the history of the Old Chapel little more is necessary than to follow Bishop Meade in his "Old Churches and Families of Virginia," adding such incidents as are hardly worthy of the dignity of history."

On page 280, Volume II, of this book, he says; "In the year 1738 the Assembly, in consideration of the increasing number of settlers in the Valley, determined to cut off two new counties and parishes; viz., West Augusta

and Frederick, from Orange county and parish, which latter then took in all West Virginia. The county of Frederick embraces all that is now Shenandoah—with part of Page, Warren, Clarke, Frederick, Jefferson, Berkeley and Hampshire."(See also Henning's Statutes at Large, Volume V, Chapter 21, page 78) It is not pleasant to recall that even in those primitive days public moneys were not always as accurately accounted for as might have been expected. Somewhere between 1738 and 1744, 1,500 Pounds had been raised for the purpose of building churches and chapels in the parish. This was at that time a very considerable sum of money. The return in the way of places of worship was very unsatisfactory. In his book (Page 281, Volume II) The Bishop says: "In 1752 an Act of Assembly was passed dissolving the existing vestry and ordered a new election, on the ground that it had raised more than 1,500 Pounds for building a number of churches, which were unfinished and in a ruinous condition. As the churches of that day and in this region were log houses, costing only from thirty to forty or fifty pounds, there must have been much misspending of money." There is nothing heard of this vestry, except that they appointed processioners in 1747. I presume these were men appointed to lay off metes and bounds of parishes. It was dissolved in the year 1752, and in their place the following vestry was chosen, viz., Thomas, Lord Fairfax, Isaac Perkins, Gabriel Jones, John Hite, Thomas Swearingen, Charles Buck, Robert Lemmon, John Lindsey, John Ashby, James Cromley and Lewis Neill. Evidently a respectable body of gentlemen, in whose hands the public funds were safe, and sure to be properly applied.

There is no record of the exact time the old log house (known as Cunningham Chapel) was built. Bishop Meade

in his book says (Page 283, Volume II.) that this chapel, with several others, was probably completed for use between the years 1740 and 1750. In the vestry book, of which I have before me a copy made by Dr. Randolph at the request of Bishop Meade, I find no allusion to it until the year 1760, when the vestry contracted with Capt. John Ashby, of Fauquier County, to make the following repairs, viz., "To cover the roof of said chapel with clapboards, and double ten nails, repairing the outside with clapboards, when wanting, and etc." Among other items he is to make "a new door to the women's pew," and "making tight and secure under the eaves of the roof to prevent the birds coming in thereat." I do not learn what is the meaning of the "women's pew." Our ancesters were hardly so ungallant as to shut up the ladies of the congregation in one pew.

We learn from the Bishop's book ("Old Churches," etc. page 285) that the Rev. Mr. Gordon was the first Rector. It is not known when his ministry began or ended. The Rev. Mr. Meldrum is next. He continued in charge until 1765. Between him and the vestry a long law suit was carried on, which terminated in his favor. The vestry applied to the Assembly for relief and obtained it. From 1766 the Rev. Sebastian was minister for two years. In 1768 the Rev. Charles Mynn Thruston became the minister, binding himself to preach at seven places scattered over the large parish, including Shepherdstown. In 1769 the county and parishes of Frederick were divided into the counties of Dunmore (now Shenandoah), Frederick and Berkeley; and into the parishes of Beckford, Frederick and Norborne.

There was complaint made against Mr. Thruston that he neglected his duty, in that he had preached in his parish church but once since laying the parish levy.

How long that was is not stated. The charge seems to have been established, but at the next meeting of the vestry (December 27th, 1770), he having given satisfactory reasons for his neglect of duty, was excused by the vestry, and agreed to make up the deficiency by preaching on Wednesday, if required to do so. His salary was 16,000 pounds of tobacco, equal to 214 pounds. In 1777 Mr. Thruston laid down the ministry and entered the Continental army as Captain. He was afterwards promoted to a Colonelcy, but, having no regiment, rendered no further active service. He never resumed the ministry, and died many years afterwards in New Orleans. From the time of Colonel Thruston's resignation in 1777 to 1785 there is no record, as far as I can ascertain, of any minister in the parish. In the latter year a vestry was elected consisting of Col. Richard Kidder Meade, George F. Norton, wardens; John Thruston, Edward Smith, Raleigh Colston, Gerard Briscoe, Robert Wood and Maj. Thomas Massie. Prior to this the vestries had been legal bodies. Among their duties they collected tithables to pay the minister, to build and repair churches, and to support paupers and other persons chargeable on the county or parish.

It appears that in case of vacancies, ministers made applications for appointment, and were selected by the vestries from among the applicants. This was changed by the separation of Church and State in 1780. The above named vestry selected Rev. Alexander Balmaine as minister. He was a native of Scotland, but sympathizing with the Colonies in their struggle with the mother country he came to this country and became Chaplain in the Continental army. He continued the Rector of Frederick parish until his death. Bishop Meade, having been a lay reader at this Chapel, was ordained Deacon in 1811 and acted as assistant to Mr. Balmaine. The Bishop was

minister at the Old Chapel for twenty-five years. He gave up the charge of this church a year after Christ Church, Millwood, was built. In 1835 the vestry called the Rev. Horace Stringfellow. He continued in charge about five years. The exact date of his resignation does not appear in the minutes of the vestry. He occupied the log house, back of the house built by the late James H. Clark, Millwood. The Rev. Wm. H. G. Jones was called to take charge of the parish as its Rector on the 20th of April, 1840. He continued in charge seven years and resigned on the 15th of September, 1847. He resided in what is known as the Tuley house, now owned and occupied by Mr. John W. Copenhaver. October 13th, 1847, Rev. John F. Hoff accepted a call to take charge of the parish. After a short residence at White Post, he occupied the house known as the Rectory, near Millwood, now owned by Rev. Joseph R. Jones. Mr. Hoff's resignation was tendered and accepted on the 21st of June, 1858, having had charge of the parish for nearly eleven years. On the 9th of August, 1858, Rev. Joseph R. Jones accepted a call by the vestry to the Rectorship of the parish. He continued in charge until April 18th, 1881, when his resignation was tendered to the vestry and accepted. He lived at his present residence. Our present Rector, Rev. C. B. Bryan, having accepted a call to this parish preached his first sermon here on the first Sunday in August, 1881.

Having begun a list of the clergy who have officiated as ministers in charge of this chapel, it was thought best to bring it up to the present time.

I will now return to where the narrative was left off in 1785. Prior to that time, and from the year 1764, the lay readers of the different parishes were John Ruddell, James Barnett, (who was also a vestryman, and afterwards resigned, having connected himself with the Baptist com-

munion), John Barnes, Henry Nelson, James Graham, Henry Frencham, Morgan Morgan, John James, William Dobson, William Howard (reader at this Chapel) and John Lloyd. In the accounts in the old vestry book we find items of amounts paid these lay readers. On which the present custom of voluntary service is a decided improvement. By an act of the General Assembly of Virginia of October 30th, 1780, the old vestries were dissolved and the severance between the Church and State was effected.

In addition to the vestrymen already named it will be of interest to give the names of a few others who served in that capacity prior to 1780. They are Isaac Hite, John Hite, Jacob Hite, John Neville, Charles Smith, James Wood (afterwards a general in the Continental Army and Governor of Virginia about 1816) (Old Churches etc., page 284) Angus McDonald, Philip Bush, Marquis Calmes, John McDonald, Warner Washington, Edmund Taylor, etc.

Subsequent to the division of Frederick parish into the three parishes heretofore referred to, there were other divisions of that parish. It will not be necessary to follow all the divisions. A full account will be found of them in Dashiel's Digest of the Councils in the Diocese of Virginia, and in Bishop Meade's "Old Churches," etc. In his account of the parishes in Frederick county the Bishop says: "In the year 1827 Christ Church, Winchester, was organized into a separate parish, to be called the parish of Frederick, Winchester." Luther parish, afterwards changed to Clarke parish (Berryville) was admitted in 1853. Greenway Court parish was admitted in 1868. It was in 1866 that the name of Cunningham Chapel parish was adopted for this parish. (See Dashiel's Digest for foregoing statements.) This is clearly a mis-

nomer. That had never been the name, as is stated in vestry book for the year 1866. The parishes named above, and others, had been cut off from time to time from Frederick parish. This parish has never been so cut off, and remains what is left of the original Frederick parish. It will be observed that the Winchester parish recognized this in giving the name of Frederick, Winchester.

We learn from Bishop Meade's invaluable book (page 288, Volume II) that, among the first things done by the vestry of Frederick, after its reorganization in 1787, was the adoption of measures for the building of a stone chapel where it was designed to erect that one which failed through the disagreement of the people and the vestry as to its location just before the Revolution, viz., where Cunningham Chapel stood. The land having come into the possession of Col. Nathaniel Burwell the same two acres for a church burying ground, which were offered by Col. Hugh Nelson before the war, were given by Colonel Burwell, and the present stone chapel ordered to be built in 1790. (See action of vestry, Vestry Book, page 68.) The old log building, which has been spoken of, stood a few paces south of the present building, near the north corner of the stone enclosure nearest this house. After Bishop Meade took charge of this church, Mr. Philip Nelson, of Long Branch, was the first lay reader. Of him Bishop Meade says in his obituary: "He was a lay reader in this parish for a long series of years, keeping the church open in my absence. He was one of the best readers, and had a most melodious and powerful voice." (Vestry Book, page 172) The ordination of Bishop Meade in 1881, and his becoming minister of this parish, brings us much nearer to our own time. He remained a Deacon for four years, and was then ordained a Presbyter by Bishop Clagett, of Maryland, there being no Bishop in Virginia at that time.

He says that his salary during his ministry here did not average more than $250 a year; but, as he writes, he "took care to make the people contribute liberally to various good works."

Owing to the incompleteness of the records it is difficult to find at what time the first vestry meeting was held in this place. As early as April 24th, 1796, a vestry for Frederick parish met, of whom five out of eight present were residents of this immediate neighborhood. In 1802 a meeting of the vestry is recorded, of which a majority belong to this congregation. At a meeting on the 25th of September, 1803, the members of the vestry reported present are Richard Kidder Meade, Nathaniel Burwell, Thomas T. Byrd, John Page, Robert Page, Robert Carter Burwell, John Smith and Philip Nelson; John Page and Robert Page, wardens. As all of these were residents of this neighborhood and members of this congregation, we may fairly assume that this was a vestry for Cunningham Chapel, distinct from any other church or chapel.

There is but little further of special interest to record of the Old Chapel—as it is universally called— until it was found necessary to have a larger building. In the record for the year 1832, I find in our vestry book this minute: "About this time the connection ceased between the Millwood—or Old Chapel—congregation and the Berryville and Wickliffe congregations." The next vestry reported after that time is composed entirely of gentlemen from the Millwood neighborhood (Vestry Book 119-20).

Christ Church, Millwood, was built in the year 1834. The lot of two acres on which it stands was given for the purpose of building the church by Mr. George Burwell, of Carter Hall, who was always liberal and generous in his donations to the church and to all benevolent objects. The deed by which the lot was conveyed to the

trustees of the church is dated April 18, 1832. In his book (Page 288, Volume II) Bishop Meade says:

"In the year 1834 it was found that the Old Chapel was too small and inconvenient for the increasing congregation, and it was therefore determined to erect another and larger one in a more central and convenient place in the vicinity of Millwood, on ground given by Mr. George Burwell, of Carter Hall. Such, however, was the attachment of many to the Old Chapel that funds for the latter could not be obtained, except on condition of alternate services at the Chapel. From year to year these services became less frequent, until, at length, they are now reduced to an annual pilgrimage, on some summer Sabbath, to this old and much loved spot; or death summons the neighbors to add one more to the tenants of the graveyard."

The tradition that the annual services held here are prescribed by the contract by which the property is held rests only on the stipulation in the deed from Col. Nathaniel Burwell, that in case it is used for any purpose incompatible with its use as a place of divine worship, it shall revert to him and his heirs.

After the removal of the congregation to Christ Church, Millwood, the history of the "Old Chapel" is little more than a record of those who, from time to time, have gone over to the great majority. Eighteen of our soldiers, who gave their lives for the cause of States rights, lie buried here, and memorial services have been held here in every summer since 1866, to keep green the memory of our dead and to decorate their graves with flowers."

In the grave yard at Old Chapel are the graves of the dead from the families of the Millwood neighborhood, making it a sacred spot to many people. It is also the resting place of a number of Confederate Soldiers from

the county and elsewhere. Here each recurring spring a large number of people gather to place flowers upon the graves of those whom they love as friends and kindred and also upon those of the men who gave their lives for the cause all loved so well. Here each year some one in simple tale of burning eloquence tells the story of the times when men gave their lives, their all for the cause they loved, or perhaps in calm dispassionate logic, lays bare the causes—which through many years led to this great strife. May posterity through all the years to come keep this honored custom.

At the Old Chapel is the first monument erected in honor of the Confederate dead from the county. To Capt. W. N. Nelson and the patriotic people of Millwood and vicinity is due the honor of this work. A monument of granite, upon which is carved the names of those from this county who lost their lives during the war between the States. When the flowers have been placed upon the graves at the annual gathering for that purpose, the roll of all the soldiers dead from the county and of those from other states buried here is called. This duty for many years was performed by Capt. W. N. Nelson, but for recent years by Mr. R. Powel Page. A few years more and some son of a Confederate soldier will have to assume this sacred duty.

The Rectors of Christ Church, Millwood, since the above was written have been: Rev. John Pointz Tyler, Rev. J. Courtney Jones, Rev. Edward H. Engle, Rev. J. M. Robeson the present incumbent.

VALLEY VIEW MISSION SCHOOL

The Valley View Mission School was established by the Rev. J. M. Robeson on the road through Ashby's Gap in 1909, and consists of an attractive school building adapt-

ed to both school purposes and public worship. The school is largely attended and has been presided over by excellent teachers without expense to the county.

BERRYVILLE EPISCOPAL

This parish was originally within the limits of the cure administered by the Rev. Mr. Balmaine. Subsequently the Rt. Rev. William Meade extended his ministerial labors over this parish, while he was rector at the old stone chapel of the Millwood congregation. The Rev. Dr. Jones and others occasionally visited the parish, and preached at Wickliffe Church at stated intervals, Clarke parish then not having been formed from Wickliffe parish. The Rev. Jared Rice had charge for one year. The Berryville congregation had been worshiping in the old stone academy in the village, but under Mr. Rice's rectorship a church building was completed. The intention of the people, was at first to make the building a union church, but by the advice of Bishop Meade, it was erected for the sole use of the Episcopalians. Mr. Rice's services, so auspiciously commenced, were terminated by a speedy removal and premature death. The Rev. William M. Jackson succedeed him, taking charge of the congregation in Berryville and Wickliffe in 1832. He was the rector for eight years.

The Rev. Alex. Shiras was the next minister, from 1840 to 1844. Under him the rectory in Berryville was built, and the present Wickliffe Church commenced. Toward the erection of the church, Mrs. Gen. Parker had left a bequest of $500.

The Rev. Richard H. Wilmer succeeded Mr. Shiras in 1844, and resigned in 1849. During his rectorship, the new church at Wickliffe was consecrated by Bishop Meade, on February 5, 1846, and in 1848 Grace Church, in Berry-

ville, was improved by the addition of galleries, and otherwise repaired and enlarged, at an expense of $800.

The Rev. Joshua Peterkin became the rector in 1849, and resigned in 1852. His brother-in-law, the Rev. William D. Hanson, assisted him during this time, in preaching to the servants at Wickliffe and to the white people at Kabletown, and also on the mountain, at "Manning's School House," and "Mount Carmel," the latter a log chapel, built by the exertions of Mr. William J. Williams.

The Rev. Francis M. Whittle succeeded Mr. Peterkin in 1852. During his rectorship, the council in Wheeling, W. Va., in 1853, made a division of the old Wickliffe parish, and made Clarke parish. In 1854 Mr. Whittle urged the Berryville people to erect a new church, and his efforts resulted in the present edifice. Work on the new building was commenced in 1856 and completed in August, 1857. Its cost was $7,500. It was consecrated on August 29, by Bishop Meade, the sermon being preached by Rev. R. T. Davis, of Martinsburg. Mr. Whittle resigned the rectorship in the fall of 1857.

The Rev. Nowlin was called to the parish immediately after, but only preached twice, when he was taken sick and died in the rectory. He was succeeded by the Rev. Henderson Suter, in 1858, which rectorship lasted until 1866. Mr. Suter was here during the trying period of the war, and through his instrumentality the church several times was saved from being burned by the Federal army. The Rev. T. F. Martin was the rector from 1867 to 1879. The church was signally blessed under his ministration. The Rev. P. P. Phillips succeeded him in 1879. In 1883 the church was renovated, and enlarged by the addition of a transept, at an expense of $4,000. The number of communicants now is 190. Mr. Phillips resigned in June, 1894, and was succeeded by Rev. Edward Wall, who took charge in October, of the same year. Mr. Wall is still rector of the parish.

CHAPTER IX.

THE METHODIST DENOMINATION

THE Methodist denomination in the County of Clarke owes its foundation to Rev. Mr. Gaver, the great-grand father of Mr. Jas. W. Gaver, of Berryville. In notes of his work in the Valley of Virginia, now in possession of Mr. Gaver, he says that he was the Presiding Elder of a District which extended from the Tennessee line to the Potomac river, taking in the whole of the Valley. There being no church building in Clarke, he preached in the house of a Mr. A. M. Hardesty, without doubt the Mr. Hardesty who lived at the old Hardesty home near Minnie Wood Chapel, the progenitor of the numerous and influential family of that name so well known among us. He also preached in the house of Mr. Jos. Noble, who with his sister and cousin lived at what is now the Jno. Enders house. From this beginning the denomination has grown to be probably the strongest in the County in numbers and influence.

For some years the early Methodists preached in the old Academy. The writer has been unable to discover when their first building was erected, probably between 1840 and 1850. During the years prior to the war, the church in Berryville was quite strong and had many fine preachers to fill its pulpits. Among them was the Rev. Thos. Sewell, a noted orator, and the present Bishop Wilson, when quite a young man was on the Berryville circuit. Under the preaching of such men the denomi-

nation grew rapidly in the County, and chapels were built in convenient places. In 1856 Cain's Chapel was built on the Sensenney Road, and about the same time Crums was built. There were churches also at White Post and Mt. Carmel in Ashby's Gap, and at Ebenezer near Snickers Gap. Since the war they have built churches at Millwood, Boyce, and Marvin's Chapel. It has been their determination to place the gospel of Christ in reach of every one. Some years ago the congregation at Berryville built a new and handsome church at which they have preaching every Sunday. The pulpit is filled by earnest men and the pews by an aggressive membership.

In giving the history of the church at Berryville it may be of interest to relate some of the troubles which came upon them as an incident of the great war. The war naturally caused a breaking up of church relations between the churches of the North and the South in most of the denominations and none more so than the Methodist. According to their rule of church government, the churches and church property are under control of the Conference. The Baltimore Conference, to which this charge belonged, was divided by the war into North and South. At the close of the War the church here had as its pastor the Rev. Wm. Hedges, a godly man and able minister. He had preached when he could for his people all through the war and proceeded to do so after its close. The Northern Conference claimed the churches as belonging to them and determined to retain them if possible. The Rev. Mr. Lanahan a very able and determined man was sent to this circuit to take possession and hold the churches. In order to bring the matter to a test, he determined to make appointments for the same day and hour that Mr. Hedges had for his appointments. This of course led to difficulty. One Sunday night the conflict came on in the Berryville

Church. Mr. Hedges and Mr. Lanahan were both in the pulpit, both ready to preach. Whenever Mr. Hedges would start to preach Mr. Lanahan would also start. Whenever Mr. Lanahan would start the choir would sing. This singular contest was kept up for several hours. Both determined to carry their point. Mr. Lanahan getting in a sentence at a time. The choir almost exhausted itself singing him down whenever he arose. After a while a number of the young men of the community made their way gradually through the vast crowd until they reached the pulpit, a note was handed Mr. Lanahan telling him that this affair had to stop and giving him ten minutes in which he could leave the town. He immediately called for a Magistrate. Mr. Mathew Pulliam who was present, said that he was one, and would promise that he (Lanahan) should get safely out of the town. This being the best he could get, the Reverend gentleman decided to leave, and did so in safety, but right badly frightened. No harm was intended him, but the boys were determined that he should quit. The matter was later worked out in the Courts and our people kept their church. People now may think that the boys were wrong, but that was a time which called for strenuous measures sometimes, and I think that this occasion called for just such a measure.

THE PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH, BERRYVILLE

Was organized by a commission of the Winchester Presbytery, June 10th, 1854. There were only eleven members at the organization. Previous to the organization and building of a church building, the Rev. Jas. Graham then a young man preached occasionally for those who were presbyterians, sometimes in the Methodist and sometimes in the Baptist churches, as also did the Rev. Chas. White, who afterwards became the pastor. The

church was built largely through the labors of Rev. Mr. Baber, an old Presbyterian preacher, who had no regular charge, but was a devoted earnest man, with large acquaintance in the State and elsewhere. At the dedication of the church two very distinguished ministers were present and preached, Dr. Plummer and Dr. Stuart Robison, of Kentucky. Rev. Chas. White was the first pastor, by his efforts the church building was not injured by the U. S. troops during the war. He remained as pastor until 1875. Since then Revs. C. S. Linghamfelter, A. B. Carrington, J. H. Moore, Chas. Stribling, D. H. Scanlan, S. K. Philips and D. W. McIver.

At Stone's Chapel, about six miles from Berryville, is another Presbyterian church, served by the same pastor. Stone's Chapel was named it is supposed for the man who gave the land upon which it is built. It was built for the use of the Lutheran and Presbyterian denominations and is still so held, but the Lutheran's who many years ago predominated, have almost disappeared. Many of them joining the Presbyterian church. Services are held now by only the Presbyterians. The first building at Stone's was one among the first church buildings ever put up in the county, dating back to before the Revolutionary War, or immediately after, as there is record of preaching there in 1786. The large number of Germans from Pennsylvania who settled in that neighborhood, were mostly Lutherans, uniting with the Scotch Irish settlers, who were Presbyterians, were the original builders. The present building is probably the third to be built. The community which it serves is very conservative and there are doubtless many descendants of the original builders now connected with the Church.

The Berryville, Stone's Chapel and Clearbrook churches unite in supporting a pastor.

BERRYVILLE BAPTIST CHURCH

In the year 1772 Daniel and William Fristoe, brothers and Baptist preachers from Stafford County, crossed the mountains and commenced preaching in private houses near Battletown, now Berryville, and soon gathered a company of Baptized believers, who were constituted into Buck Marsh church. A house of worship was built a half-mile from Berryville, and there, for more than fifty years, regular worship was maintained. The Fristoe brothers continued to serve the church for some years, though they had to ride seventy miles to meet their appointments.

Rev. James Ireland became the pastor of the church in 1786, and continued to serve the church until his death in 1806.

The position of influence held by Mr. Ireland in the denomination and in this section of the State as well as some of the circumstances connected with his life, calls for more than a passing notice. He was a Scotchman, born and educated in Edinburgh. After his arrival in America he taught school as so many of his countrymen did. He was something of a poet, but being a wild and rather dissipated young fellow his poetry was of a hilarious kind. After his conversion, he united with the Baptist church, the Rev. Geo. Pickett travelling sixty miles to baptize him. He immediately decided to preach the gospel. Those were days of trying times for Baptist and others; not of the established church. Soon after he entered the ministry he was arrested and confined in Culpepper Jail for some time. He endured some serious persecutions while in prison, some of the marks of which he carried to his grave many years later. He used to date his letters from

my "Palace in Culpepper." His remains lie in the old graveyard at "Trap Hill" the site of the old Buck Marsh church near Berryville.

About the year 1786 William Fristoe removed to Shenandoah County, but was called to the pastorate the second time after the death of Rev. James Ireland in 1806 and from that time until 1815 or 1820 ministered to the church. Rev. John Monroe, M. D., succeeded Fristoe, and he was followed by Rev. Joseph Baker, who with a short interregnum, remained with the church until 1852. Rev. Henry Dodge, D. D., succeeded Baker, and was himself followed by Joseph Sharpe, who was succeeded by Rev. T. B. Shepherd, Rev. Mr. Llewellyn served the church, after Shepherd left, for three years. In 1877 Rev. O. Ellyson became pastor, remaining five years. He was succeeded by Rev. A. C. Barron, in 1882, who served the church just two years. Rev. Julian Broaddus followed Barron. About 1840 the old church building was abandoned, a new and handsome brick building was erected in Berryville, and the name changed from "Buck Marsh," to "Berryville". In 1885 another church house was built on a commanding situation. From its organization, the church has had in its membership some of the most substantial and influential citizens in the neighborhood. Rev. Dr. James A. Hayes, Rev. T. B. Shepherd and Rev. Dr. Howard Kerfoot are distinguished ministers, who have gone out from this church, Rev. E. J. Richardson, the Temperance Leader, Rev. F. H. Kerfoot, Rev. N. O. Sowers, Henry T. Louthan, Dr. J. D. Louthan a Missionary to China, and E. M. Louthan, also went out from the Berryville Church.

Dr. Broaddus has been pastor for thirty years, on September 1st, 1914. The Mountain Church was organized in 1857 by Dr. J. A. Haynes, who served it as pastor for

some years. It has had as pastors, Llewellyn, Wiley, Hubbard, Stoneham, Schools and others.

BETHEL BAPTIST

Bethel Church was organized in the year 1808, with 13 members, most of them from the "Buck Marsh" church, Berryville. The first pastor was Sam'l O. Hendson. He was succeeded by Wm. Fristoe, and he by Dr. Wm. F. Broaddus, who was pastor 21 years.

In 1833 the present brick building was erected; and Dr. Broaddus having resigned Rev. Barnett Grimsley became pastor and retained the pastorate twenty-five years. Bethel has had a number of pastors since that time; including Revs. Jno. Pickett, Luther Steele, Benton Shepherd, Joseph Sharp, Lewis Llewellyn, Geo. Williams, and W. S. Dorsett and Stoneham. The present pastor is Schools.

For many years, the congregation at Old Bethel were large, with large additions to her membership. In later years, many churches having been organized in the adjoining towns and villages, and Bethel being so remote from railroads and in the country, her interest, in a measure, seems to have diminished, only one or two of the older members now living and the congregation is composed of strangers.

MILLWOOD

Was organized in 1888 by members of Bethel Church. It has had as pastors, Dorsett, T. B. Shepherd, B. F. Stoneham and Schools.

SALEM

Belongs to the Old School Baptist denomination. It is very old. The writer has been unable to get any data as regards it, except that it has been "Old Salem" for

many years and is probably as old or older than the "Old Chapel." There are now very few members and they are aged people.

CHAPTER X

WHAT THE COUNTY AUTHORITIES DID

THE people of the County of Clarke went into the war with their whole hearts and were ready to risk not only life, but property for the cause they believed to be just and right. The county was small in extent and population. By the census of 1860 there was a population of 7152. White males 1851, white females 1856, negro males 1840, females 1599. We cannot tell accurately the number of soldiers from the county, but from data obtainable, we think there were not less than seven hundred. The county was rich in personal property, horses, cattle, hogs, sheep; everything raised on the farms abounded. To the wise and far sighted, it was evident that whether our arms were successful or not, the county being situated on the border, was almost certain to lose all of this kind of property. The amount of loss eventually sustained was immense, without including the slaves. When the war ended, horses, cattle, hogs, sheep, everything was gone. But these people would not have hesitated even if they had foreseen the end. Their sister States of the South were threatened with invasion and all the people were determined to stand by them regardless of consequences.

When it was known that the State had determined to throw her fortunes in with the other Southern States, and her volunteer soldiers had been ordered out and were in the field, all felt that the county should take some official

steps to help on the cause in which each one was so much interested. The first meeting of the County Court thereafter the Justices from the whole county were summoned to meet at the Court House to take such steps as might be deemed necessary. So on the 22nd day of April, 1861, just five days after the County Companies had gone to Harper's Ferry, they met. Out of sixteen, thirteen responded to their names, the others being out with the soldiers on military duty. After due and calm consideration they determined to appropeiate Ten Thousand Dollars for the purpose of arming and provisioning the troops then in the field from the county, and such as might go in later. Of course in the beginning no one knew what was needed or how to do what they wanted to do. This knowledge came later. They found that they could do nothing towards arming the troops. The three companies who had gone to the front were already armed, and their desire to furnish provisions could not be carried out as that was in the hands of the military authorities. However, they found many uses for the money and although we have no report of how it was expended, those who were in the companies knew they received the benefits, and it cheered them on to do their duty, to feel that those at home were caring for their good and comfort. The order of Court of the April term, 1861, is here given:

Virginia
Clarke County } *sct.*

In the County Court

April Term, 1861

At a County Court begun and held for the said county at the Court House thereof on Monday, the 22nd day of April, 1861.

The Court proceeded to the consideration of the subject of raising money for the purpose of arming more effectually the county and provisioning the troops now in service, and which may hereafter be called unto the service of the State.

PRESENT

Wm. G. Hardesty, Esq., presiding Justice, Francis McCormick, Wm. A. Castleman, John Morgan, Lewis F. Glass, Thomas L. Humphrey, Nathaniel Burwell, Am. Moore, John J. Riley, John Page, George C. Blackmore, Benjamin Morgan, R. K. Meade, Esquires, being a majority of all the Justices of this county, the rest being absent on military duty, and it is unanimously ordered that bonds of the county be issued with certificates of interest attached for the sum of Ten Thousand ($10,000) Dollars, payable in four installments for the purpose above mentioned.

Ordered that N. Burwell, Benjamin Morgan, Lewis F. Glass, Am. Moore and John Page Esquires, be appointed a committee to carry out in full and in detail the above order, namely, to borrow the money on the bonds, purchase goods and efficient arms and distribute them, taking bond for their care and return when no longer needed, and for the purchase of provisions, ammunition, etc., and report to the next court, and it is ordered that a majority of the committee may act, and the court doth appoint Thomas H. Crow, Chief Commissary, to execute the order for purchasing provisions, etc., and said Thomas H. Crow be authorized to appoint his agents throughout the county, and it is ordered that this court at its next June term do levy for such an amount as may be required.

Ordered that in the event that any of the above named committee be ordered off upon military duty, that the

committee shall be empowered to supply such vacancies from the Magistrates of the county, and the court recommends to the citizens of the county exempt by law from military duty to meet together at once at such convenient places as they may fix upon and organize Home Guards, for the purpose of defense in a common cause in such mode and manner as they may deem expedient.

And the Court orders that no charge for this attendence and service at this term shall be made.

It will be seen from the above order of the Court with what unanimity, action was taken and also how careful they were that everything should be done not only for the soldiers in service but to protect the interest of the county. The men appointed on the committee were clear headed business men, who would see that no loss should come upon the people of the county who were to pay the taxes that should repay their bonds. Mr. Crow, the Chief Commissary, was a man fitted for the place. He was a prominent merchant in the town and no doubt did the county good and efficient service in the position. Under this order they immediately proceeded to furnish knapsacks to the Companies in the field and also to get material to make tents. A two horse wagon for each company was ordered to be made and horses purchased for them. It was found, as said above, that arms and provisions were being furnished by the State and Confederate authorities, so nothing of that sort was necessary. The knapsacks, the tents and the wagons had to be made in the county and you will see that many people were busy in the work, for it was pressing work, the knapsacks were needed, as thought, right away. How soon the companies might be called on to march no one knew, and how were they to carry their clothing, etc? The knapsacks must be made and sent on at once. The poor boys as soon as they

left Harper's Ferry would have no shelter; the tents must be made and the wagons and the horses surely were needed, as the sad sequel will show. So there was much pressure to get all done. Even the ladies, old and young, gave their service on the tents. Tents made of the best heavy cotton were hard to sew, and many drops of blood from dainty fingers were left upon them, perhaps for some fond lover to see, and think, "This blood was shed for me." The tents and knapsacks were at last done and sent on, the knapsacks first. But soon they learned that knapsacks were incumbrances, that men needed to carry mighty little, and hardly that when the weather was hot. The writer remembers that at some fights our knapsacks were taken off and left in a line to be returned to later, and never seen again. And the beautiful tents at the very first approach of the enemy, were carefully taken down, rolled up neatly, and left to be captured! How we missed the horses and wagons then! It had taken longer to make the wagons, they were not ready until after the First Manassas, and the tents were gone sometime before that. The wagons were a great comfort, such tents as we got were hauled in them and also our blankets and cooking utensils. They stayed with us for a year or more, but in one way or another they were lost. I think the one belonging to Company I was driven off by the driver, and wagon, horses and driver never seen again. The fate of Company C's wagon and of the Clarke Cavalry's is not known, but they disappeared. It will be noticed in the above order that the citizens of the county who were not in service were urged to form themselves into Home Guards and to meet, drill, and be ready to defend their homes. This was done for a while with much enthusiasm, but when the Militia was ordered out, about the first of June, 1861, that was given up. The order, however, showed the spirit of

patriotism, which pervaded the hearts and minds of every one. At the May term, 1861, from an order issued, it would look as though there had been some conflict of opinion between the Committee, and the Chief Commissary in the execution of their respective duties and the Court felt that it should issue an order clearly defining the powers of the committee and limiting the power and authority of its other agents. So the order of May, 1861, is included in this account as follows:

On Monday, 27th day of May, 1861, the following order was entered:

"It is ordered to be certified that in the order appointing the committee for carrying out the order made at the last term for more effectually arming, provisioning, etc., the troops now in service and such as may be called into service, it was the purpose to confine the whole expenditure of money and all other duties arising under said order to the said committee and that the Commissary and other agents be subject to the orders only of said committee."

The Court having ordered the issuing of the bonds it became necessary to provide for their payment and we find at the June term, the following order entered:

On Monday, the 10th day of June, 1861, the following order was entered:

"Ordered that there be levied upon the real and personal property of this county for the purpose of paying the bonds ordered to be issued by the county at the April Term of this court, due on the 1st day of January, 1862, for more effectually arming, provisioning, etc., the troops now in service or that may be hereafter brought into the service, the sum of five cents upon every hundred dollars value thereof and upon each white person in the county over the age of sixteen years and upon each and every slave over the age of twelve years, the sum of thirty-five cents."

On the 23rd day of December, 1861, the following order was entered:

Ordered that the Justices of this county be summoned to the next term of this court for the purpose of considering the manner and purposes in and for which the county appropriations in April last, for the purpose of arming and provisioning the troops of this county has been expended and appropriated, and it is required that the committee report their proceedings under the orders, at the next term of the court.

On Monday, the 24th day of February, 1862, the following order was entered:

It is ordered that the consideration of the matters for which the Justices have been summoned be postponed until the April term next, and that the Justices be summoned to that term to consider the subject of the expenditures of the county appropriation for the arming and provisioning the troops made at the April term, 1861.

It will be seen that the last orders of the Court provided for a report at the April Term, 1862, as to the expenditure of the money borrowed. If there was a meeting of the Court then there is no record of it. At this point in the record book all the pages were cut out by the Yankees, who seemed to wish to cause as much trouble as possible by the destruction of the county records. When the war ended the papers of the Court were scattered all over the Court house yard, and the books, many of them, were badly mutilated. Some papers were gathered up by Mr. D. H. McGuire and others, and placed in the records again, but in a number of cases, whole records were gone, resulting, no doubt, in loss and failure of justice to those interested. It is probable that there were no more meetings of the Court, as the presence of the enemy in our midst prevented it, and even when our troops

were here the time was too short to take up such matters. Besides, in many cases, both principals and attorneys were at the front fighting with powder and ball and all thought of legal fighting was laid aside.

A very important part of the expenditure was in the furnishing of clothing to those who needed it and also overcoats to all. No one can tell with what pleasure the men saw the overcoats brought to them in the Fall and Winter of 1861 and '62. They added much to their comfort and enabled them to endure the hardships of the winter campaign more cheerfully. After the evacuation of Winchester in the Spring of 1862 the County officially had no opportunity to do anything for the men and they had to depend on their home people or draw what they needed from the Government. Later in the war provision was made to get the home people salt from the salt works in Southwestern Virginia and Major Joseph F. Ryan was the agent for the county to do this work. It was very necessary as the only other source for such things was across the Potomac and very few could get there. Some ventured to run the blockade to get supplies from Harper's Ferry and other places, but the majority had to depend, for salt especially, upon the County Agent, who brought it as far down the Valley as possible, the people going there after it. Of course salt was in great demand at the butchering season, and there were great times getting it and dividing up the amount among friends and neighbors. In those days, people seemed to think only of doing the best possible for each other, there was no thought—except among very few—of making money, all seemed to feel that they had gone into a common cause and that no one must suffer if kindness could prevent it. The County authorities through Mr. Am. Moore, one of the Justices, gave some help to the needy families of sol-

diers by supplying meat and other things, and the citizens did what they could to help those in want.

I have heard of no instance where any suffered for want of the necessaries of life. Of course, as time went on, anxiety for those at home became very great on the part of the men who had families. When the end was so long coming and seemed to be going against us, some lost heart and came home, and they could hardly be blamed. With no provider and nothing doing in the country, all work even on the farms stopped, the outlook was dark for helpless women and children. If now and then one thought that the call of the home folks was too strong to disregard, who shall judge him and say that he was wrong?

CHAPTER XI.

LITERARY PEOPLE

THE people of Clarke have always been well known for their intelligence and intellectual attainments. Many of her sons and daughters have been people of a high degree of culture, fond of literature and art. Some have been professors and teachers of reputation, others have attained high honors as ministers of the gospel. Among civil engineers have been some who have attained national reputation, others have been very successful as bridge builders and mining engineers, in all lines of engineering they have succeeded well. The members of the Clarke Bar, as well as men from the county who have entered the Bar at other places, have taken high stands and are the peers of any in the State. Her Doctors of Medicine have also been known for their skill in both surgery and medicine. Many of her young men who have entered the various lines of business have been eminently successful. While there has been much intelligence and intellectual culture, very few have made literature a life calling, some have "Dallied with the Muses" for pleasure or written other things when stirred by some event or occasion of interest, but one only made work of it. Among the few who ventured on the sea of letters were some who were not natives of the county, but were adopted sons.

Philip Pendleton Cooke, whose young life was cut short, just as he was in the flower of his manhood and on the

threshold of fame, was born in Martinsburg, but married in Clarke. He had his home at the Vineyard, overlooking the beautiful Shenandoah with the Blue Ridge in all its grandeur in full view. He was very fond of hunting and all outdoor sports and lost his life from pneumonia contracted while hunting wild turkeys. He wrote a number of stories and poems for the "Southern Literary Messenger." His lyric "Florence Vane" has been translated into many languages. In order that our people may know what a beautiful writer he was we give the poem.

"FLORENCE VANE"

I loved thee long and dearly,
Florence Vane;
My life's bright dream, and early,
Hath come again;
I renew, in my fond vision,
My heart's dear pain,
My hope, and thy derision,
Florence Vane.

The ruin lone and hoary,
The ruin old.
Where thou didst hark my story,
At even told,—
That spot-the hues Elysian
Of sky and plain—
I treasure in my vision,
Florence Vane.

Thou wast lovelier than the roses
In their prime;
Thy voice excelled the closes
Of sweetest rhyme;
Thy heart was as a river
Without a Main,
Would I had loved thee never,
Florence Vane.

But fairest, coldest wonder;
Thy glorious clay
Lieth the green sod under—
Alas the day!
And it boots not to remember
Thy disdain—
To quicken love's pale ember,
Florence Vane.

The lilies of the valley
By young graves weep,
The pansies love to dally
Where maidens sleep;
May their bloom, in beauty vying,
Never wane,
Where thine earthly part is lying,
Florence Vane!

Had he lived he doubtless would have rivaled his famous brother John Esten Cooke. They were the sons of John R. Cooke, a lawyer of distinction. John Esten was born in Winchester, but like his brother he sought and found a wife in Clarke and lived and died at his home "The Briars." He indeed made literature his life work and from his pen has come some of the best historical novels of the day. His history of Virginia is very fine. His lives of Lee and Jackson rank among the best. His war novels ought to be read by all young southern people and no library in Clarke should be considered complete without his works. He was not only eminent as a writer but as a soldier, having served on the staffs of Stonewall Jackson and J. E. B. Stuart, and been highly thought of by both of his generals.

Captain William Page Carter is another of our soldier authors. He was the son of Mr. Thomas Carter of "Annefield." Having passed through the war as captain of a battery of artillery and gained distinction as a fighter he

settled down in Clarke to the life of a country gentleman. He did not make work of literature, but when the Muses visited him he gave forth verses of rare charm and beauty. The tenderness, the pathos, the sincere piety shown in some of his verses have been rarely surpassed. He touches the heart in its tenderest and most sacred emotions. His poems of the War revive the most precious memories of those trying times. His tributes to our generals and to their brave followers are of the finest kind. As a boy he was raised on a plantation where there were many slaves. Among them he caught the dialect, the spirit of their songs and hymns and has most happily reproduced them in his verses. His little book of poems, "Echoes of the Glen," should be in every home.

When "Uncle Tom's Cabin," by Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe, was published just before the war and was stirring up the hearts of the Northern people by its misrepresentations and slanders of the Southern people, a citizen of Clarke, Mr. John White Page, hoped to stem the tide of popular excetiment caused by it and to give the world the truth about the South and the institution of slavery by writing the story of "Uncle Robin in his Cabin in Virginia," and "Uncle Tom without one in Boston." His book, while equal to Mrs. Stowe's, as a literary effort lacked the tragical scenes of hers. Mr. Page's effort was to give the truth, while hers had been to excite the passions, regardless of the truth. Coming at a time when the abolitionists of the North were doing everything possible to stir up strife, his attempt to pour oil on the troubled waters was without avail, and the war coming on so quickly his book was in great measure lost sight of. Doubtless if revived at this time it would get a hearing, then denied it, and the author a reputation which he well deserved. Mr. Page for some years was the Clerk of the Court of Freder-

ick County, and died in Winchester. He was a member of the Page family, so well known in the county.

Another of Clarke's writers who wrote for pleasure and when moved by the spirit was Miss Selina Williams, who wrote under the "Nom de Plume" of "Tarpley Star." Many of her short poes were published in the magazines of the day and one poem of some length was published in a book. It was a temperance story and intended to help the cause of temperance, just then being pushed to the front by its advocates. Her poem written in April, 1865, on the occasion of the removal by the U. S. authorities of the Confederate flag from the grave of Stonewall Jackson at Lexington, is very fine and has been thought by many to equal, if not surpass Father Ryan's famous poem, "The Conquered Banner." As the beautiful poem has not been seen by many of our readers, we give it in these pages.

THE FOLDED FLAG.

Take it Down; Gently there;
  Tenderly fold it—
The flagstaff is bare
  That shall nevermore hold it.
'Tis bare. It is blasted. O, symbol's sad token;
Of a cause lying bare, whose flagstaff is broken—

Of a cause lying bare,
  In whose depths there is sunk
The cup of despair
  That the wretched have drunk;
Whose waters are bitter, whose waters are red
With the tears of the living, the blood of the dead.

O might it not wave,
  With none to forbid,
On this *one* lonely grave
  Where our ashes are hid?.
This *one* span of earth, this *one* sod to cover,
Of all the broad acres erewhile it waved over;

From all of his trophies
On battle's wide field
This memorial of his
Might hang as a shield,
And his country yet keep when she gives all the rest,
This lone Cross of Honor to shine on his breast.

As our "Stars" disappear
And fall from their sky,
This group nestles there
As if loath to die.
The last rays they catch as the others grow dim,
As Stars seek their Star they cluster on Him.

They cluster, they settle
On Him who so oft,
Through the whirlwind of battle
Hath hailed them aloft.
They fall on his breast—in the last rush of Hope
That the arm which lies here might still hold them up;

But what boots it, Freemen,
To be thus down-hearted,
To weep thus like women
For what is departed?
Our Hero lies safe 'neath a far better cross,
Which men nor yet demons shall conquer by force.

Oh, World; We've not asked
In the verdict redress,
We know that the test
Is Success; still Success;
From thy garlands encircling the conqueror's throne,
Not a leaf there may fall upon Failure's tombstone.

No; Take down that Banner,
It's stricken folds wave,
Hope's poor corpse in honor
To shroud for the grave,
Lay it deep in that tomb where the common cause lies,
To rise nevermore till our Jackson arise.

It is past, it is done;
But the star of such glory
Must shine till the sun
Has paled and grown hoary.
Men die, they are mortal, the sand drinks their blood;
But justice and honor can die but with God.

There came among us at the close of the war a young Marylander, who had fought for the South and wished to make his home in the land he loved. John O. Crown, while well known as a writer of fine editorials in his paper, The Clarke Courier, was not known except by a few friends as a writer of beautiful verses. His verses were published in his own paper and not known to be from his pen. After his death his wife had published an account of his prison life, written by him at the request of the J. E. B. Stuart Camp. In closing his story of his experiences as a prisoner of war, he gave forth the following tribute to the Confederate Soldiers.

Oh, warrior children of a war-worn land,
Who carved Confederate fame on heights so grand—
Who bathed your battle standards in the glory
That shines adown the aisles of classic story—
Who reared your valorous deeds in Alps that rise
O'er sad defeat to shine in Honor's skies;
Ah, me; that after all the gifts you gave,
That garland only your lost nation's grave.

Grandly, Oh Southern nation, dawned the morn,
When, helmeted with hope and battle-born,
You girt your land with sabre strokes, the pour
Of leaden rain, and cannons' thundering roar.
Your midday splendor, flashing wide and high,
Led our brave thoughts to soar in faith's sweet sky,
And all our struggles melted in a dream
Of victory and peace by freedom's stream.

Alas, then came defeat's sad woful night,
When all our grand achievements pass'd from sight,
To reappear a World-Force nevermore
By hill, and vale, and stream, and wave-washed shore;
When swords were sheath'd, and war-drums ceased to beat,
And bannerless you plod with weary feet
Into the deepening gloom of the unknown,
Where vanquish'd wander when hope's stars are gone.

Oh, men once marshal'd by the matchless Lee,
Or march'd with "Stonewall's band" to victory—
Oh, men who follow'd Hampton's waving plume,
Or saw the gallant Stuart meet his doom—
Oh, men who climb'd the heights all cannon-crown'd
Though death with fire and thunder rock'd the ground,
The Warriors of the World rein in their steeds,
And with admiring gaze salute your deeds.

Fair, sunny land, where strove the hero-hearted,
Woe toll'd from all our joy-bells when we parted
With our loved banner on that fatal field
That saw your martial strength to starving yield;
While seas are rock'd by storms and mountains stand,
And thought ascends to realms where words are grand,
Your fame shall stream across the wide world's pages—
Ride down in glory through the far-flung ages.

While the number of authors from Clarke is not large, their work has been fine and entitles them to the admiration of all lovers of the beautiful in literature.

CHAPTER XII.

NEGRO SLAVERY IN CLARKE COUNTY

NEGRO slavery was introduced into Virginia in 1619. A Dutch vessel driven by stress of weather came into the James river and sold twenty of the negroes, intended for the West Indies, to the Virginia planters. As every one in those days was accustomed to owning servants and as these added to the much needed laborers of the Colony, they were received without objection and thus became the foundation of the institution of negro slavery. Prior to this and for many years after, paupers from England had indentured themselves to the planters and others for a term of years as servants. After their term of indenture was served they became citizens of the colony. Some criminals from England were also brought over and sold on similar terms. This source of labor not meeting the needs of the Colonists, they very willingly bought the negroes who were from this time brought in increasing numbers by Dutch and New England ships. When a hundred years later the planters and others from Eastern Virginia migrated to the Valley and settled in what is now Clarke County, they carried their slaves with them and from those thus brought to the county the negro population sprang. Most of these settlers owning slaves found homes in the southern end of the county. The Northern part was settled by Germans from Pennsylvania and Scotch Irish from New Jersey, who did not own slaves.

But they were familiar with the institution, as negro slaves were then in all the Colonies, and they had no conscientious scruples against it. As time progressed and labor was needed for farming and other purposes, which could be supplied by the natural increase in the number brought originally, almost every farmer became the owner of a few negroes.

When the county was formed in 1836 the negroes had increased until they outnumbered the whites, there being 2867 whites, 3325 slaves and 161 free negroes. These negroes were mostly held in small numbers, the small farmers and renters owning two or three and the majority of farmers who owned large farms not owning more than eight or ten. A few of the older and more wealthy families in the Millwood neighborhood held them in large numbers. These slaves were well cared for by both large and small owners. The large owners had for each family a stone or log cabin. The single men were provided with quarters together or in the cabins of their parents. Each week there was issued to them a substantial and plentiful ration of bacon and corn meal and vegetables in season, which the women of the cabin cooked for her family. Many of them had patches of ground for gardens or were allowed to have a hog or a hen house for chickens. The men worked under the supervision of the owner or more probably of an overseer, and were taught to do all the work needed on a large farm. Some were carpenters, some blacksmiths, some stone masons, some of them became very fine stone fence builders. There are stone fences standing now built by the negroes of Mr. Francis Whiting of "Clay Hill," which seem to be as good now at they were when first built seventy years ago. The women on these large plantations were used as house servants, cooks, seamstresses and to look after the chil-

dren at the cabins and prepare the food for them and their families. The old men and women sat around and dozed in the chimney corners, dug a little in the patches and knit socks for the men.

The house servants were often taught to read by their mistress and also how to make dresses and other things for themselves. The old saying that many hands made light work was fully exemplified on these large plantations.

The farmers who held smaller numbers of slaves were possibly more lenient to them than the large owners. They were more a part of the family. Their meals were prepared in the same kitchen and were about the same as that served to the master. The food was always good and substantial. Their quarters were generally a stone building holding all of the slaves of the farm. The slaves on both large and small farms were attended by the family physician and you may be sure that he was sent for very soon when one was taken sick. Unless, as in many cases it was true, the lady of the house could manage the cases. The wife of the farmer in all classes was always called upon in case of sickness. The night was never too bad or dark to prevent her from going to the bedside of one of her dependants. If there was any one a slave to all the others, it was the lady of the place. To her all the household looked for help in a time of need. She was the teacher of the young girls and boys brought into the house to learn the various duties there. Upon her was the duty to think of and provide for the household, both black and white, and the numerous visitors which were coming and going all the time. There had to be discipline of some sort, especially on the large farms and where there were many slaves, but the discipline was not stern. It is customary to associate the lash or the cowhide with slavery, but the writer can say from personal knowledge that the use of

these things were very rare. Only the most refractory were ever subjected to it. The great majority of owners never used them at all. In a very few cases where the slave was vicious and dangerous he was punished and if not yielding he was then sold to be taken out of the county.

One of the great objections to slavery was the fact that sometimes they were sold and their families were broken up. That seemed hard at first glance but I know that the families of not only negroes but whites are broken up this day far more than in the days of slavery. When the sales became necessary—at the settling up of an estate, or from some such reason, efforts were always made to sell them in families rather than singly. These sales occurred very seldom. The writer recalls only one. On Christmas day, 1860, an estate was sold out and that was the only one in his memory that was settled in that way. On that occasion some negro traders, (as the men who dealt in slaves were called) were there and were bidders, but got but few, if any, of the negroes sold. People generally disliked the negro trader and his business was not considered reputable. Persons holding small numbers of negroes very often petted and spoiled the children and sometimes even the older ones. The writer recalls an anecdote of an old lady who owned a few, among them a very much spoiled young fellow, who was a fiddler. Sometimes he would go to a party to play for the dances and end in getting on a spree and not coming home for several days. When he returned he would come in very meekly and to her outbreak would be silent. She would accost him with "Will, where have you been, you rascal? I must have you whipped. Aggy, make poor Will a cup of coffee," and there it ended. I have written this in the effort to show to the people who have grown up since the war and those who may come in the future, what the institution

of slavery was and how they were treated by their owners. That there were rare cases of cruelty cannot be denied, but as a class the negro was more comfortable, better clad and better fed than now in his freedom. Then his welfare in health or sickness was upon his master.

The clothing furnished them was of the best material. For the males in Winter a heavy woolen cloth—of a drab color, for the females striped linsey, partly woolen. Each received a suit of Winter clothing, with woolen socks and good underclothing. The men had good heavy boots for Winter and shoes for Summer. There was generally a shoe-maker in each neighborhood who did the making and mending for the community around him. A tailor was brought to the house to cut the men's clothes, which were then made by the mistress and her girls, who had been trained under her eye to do needle work. The dresses for the women and girls were made by the same. The old women who could only sit around the fires, generally did the knitting, with the help of some of the girls and young women. The Summer clothing was always plentiful and comfortable.

The negroes were allowed holiday at Easter and a full week at Christmas. At Christmas they enjoyed themselves to the fullest. Many of them received presents from their owners and they were allowed to gather in the quarters for dancing and other amusements. While one would play the fiddle or banjo another would pat "Juba" and another make very good music on a triangle or big horse shoe suspended by a string and beat upon with a large nail or piece of iron. The younger ones were great dancers and it was one of the Christmas pleasures of the young white folks to see them dance. They were light hearted and joyous, free from care, knowing that the old Master and Mistress would attend to all their wants.

Religious instruction was provided for them. All the churches had galleries for their use, which were generally well filled. They were received in the churches as members and were looked after by the pastors and officials of the churches. Many of them were taught from the Bible by their Mistresses, who would read it to them and explain it so that they could take in the plan of salvation. Many of them were sincere Christians and lived upright lives. Some who felt called to preach were so well taught that although unable to read they could repeat chapters of the Bible. Hymns they knew by memory and their peculiar method of lining out verses in a singing tone thus as it were never breaking the tune was very interesting. The preachers were allowed to gather their families at night and on Sunday evenings and preach to them, much to their pleasure, as by nature they were a very religious race. Their morals were just as good as now, although they have had forty years of education and the preaching of their own ministers. Marriage was the rule among the young men and women and few children were born out of wedlock. They married sometimes one on the same farm, but generally they chose mates from neighboring farms. The husband was allowed to visit his wife as frequently as he wished and took great pride in carrying to her some little offering, such as sugar or coffee or some article of clothing. The children belonged to the owner of the wife, but bore the name of the husband. There was some stealing among them of a petty kind, which was mostly passed by without notice. The greater crimes were rare among them. They were faithful and had genuine affection for their owners in many cases. During the war they had often the opportunity to betray their owner's sons or friends to the enemy, but very rarely did they do so. In fact their fidelity was remarkable and the race deserves and gets credit for it among all right thinking Southern people.

CHAPTER XIII.

THE CLARKE COUNTY MILITIA

FOR many years before the war each county in the State had a Militia organization. Once a year everybody between the ages of eighteen and forty-five was compelled to meet in what was called the "general muster." General muster day was the biggest day of the year, it even beat the circus days. Everybody big and little, from far and near, turned out to see the great sight, The drums and fifes were heard calling the men together and there was much riding to and fro of officers in gay uniforms and cocked hats with curling plumes. At last the line was formed and the regiment marched to a field near town, where the men were put through some evolutions and then dismissed for a rest. The ginger cake and lemonade stands then did a big business, to say nothing of the bar-rooms. Bullies from the country around were ready and willing to whip anybody who would try chances with them and there was no officious policeman to interfere or hard hearted Mayor to impose a fine. Little boys strutted around the proud posessor of a horse cake or a stick of peppermint candy, everybody, black and white, for it was a general holiday, had a big time. After the Colonels and Majors and Captains had dined at the hotel and returned, possibly in as jovial a condition as the men, the lines were reformed, the big drum beat the time and away they marched to town again, where they were dismissed for the day and for the year.

Of course nothing was learned as to military drill by such meetings, but they served to bring people together and to gratify the ambition of those who wanted to be Colonels and Majors, etc.

The Regiment in Clarke was the 122nd, when the war opened. Washington Dearmont was Colonel, J. J. Riely, Lietenant Colonel, and W. A. Hardesty, Major.

There were several companies. The writer has been unable to find out the names of all the officers. As Captains, there were Newton Pierce, J. R. Nunn, Bitzer, Littleton, Lee and Spillman. Lieutenants, Jas. Hardesty, G. W. Diffenderfer, R. H. Renshaw, R. P. Morgan, Adjt. W. H. Carter, Sergt. Major.

When General Johnson moved his army to the help of Beauregard, it was thought that some military force should be left here in the Valley to make a show of resistance to any of the enemy who might appear. So about the first of June, 1861, the Militia of the several counties were ordered to meet at Winchester, where they were armed with anything in the shape of a gun that could be got. The Clarke regiment in pursuance of this order met there and drilled as best could be done, where neither officer or men knew anything of the drill. When Johnston's army fell back from Bunker Hill to Winchester and there was every indication of a fight, naturally great excitement prevailed among them. Great was the amusement of the young volunteers, who thought they knew all about drilling when they witnessed the awkwardness of their friends in the Militia Corps. Some of the youngsters were made very proud by being asked to help drill a Company or squad.

When at last Johnston's army left, there was no force but Ashby's cavalry and the several regiments of Militia under the command of General Carson, of Frederick.

When Patterson moved with his army to Harper's Ferry and then into Maryland, General Carson occupied points near the Potomac, Martinsburg and other places, with cavalry to the front guarding the fords, etc.

The Clarke Regiment under Colonel Dearmont and Lieut. Col. Riely was posted at Duffield's depot on the B. & O. R. R. In the meantime the company of Captain Bitzer, or men from the several companies were mounted and formed into a cavalry company, in which capacity they did very efficient service, picketing and scouting. For sometime after going to Duffield's depot there was no indication of the enemy, but one day they were startled by the news of his approaching from two directions, with the purpose of surprising and capturing them, but Colonel Riely, in command at the time, by a well ordered and timely retreat extricated his regiment from its perilous position and fell back to Smithfield, and later rejoined the Brigade at Winchester. They saw service at other points on the river and were with General Jackson and Ashby's cavalry when the attempt was made to break Dam No. 5, on the Potomac. Carson's brigade of Militia made a demonstration towards Falling Waters to attract the attention of the enemy while General Jackson with Ashby and the four infantry companies with him made the attempt to cut the dam. They were also with them when another effort was made just at Christmas, 1861, more to deceive the enemy as to General Jackson's real intentions than to injure the Canal. On all these occasions the members of the Clarke Regiment did good and efficient service, enduring the hardships of the campaign cheerfully and being always ready to do their part and no doubt would have given a good account of themselves if put to the test in action. In fact they were under fire along the river at different times and deported themselves well.

After the conclusion of Jackson's Romney Campaign they were disbanded and sent home, having been in active service about eight months.

Many of them joined the volunteer companies later, and served with credit during the war. The brigade had a battery of two pieces of artillery under Lieutenant Diffenderfer of the Clarke Regiment and Mr. Thos. Bragg as gunner. Mr. Bragg's experience as a pump borer was thought to fit him particularly well for that position. Whether they were ever in action the writer does not know, but am sure, that if they had been, Lieutenant Diffenderfer and Gunner Bragg would have given a good account of themselves. The men in the militia were mostly men of family, with wives and children or older people depending upon them, men from thirty-five to forty-five years of age. The members of the volunteer companies were from sixteen to forty years and were mostly single men, without the ties of the older men in the militia, but they were of the same stamp, ready and willing to do the duty placed upon them. After the disbanding of the militia, an act was passed by the Confederate Congress requiring all men between the ages of eighteen and forty-five to enter the army and a great many of the men and officers also, joined volunteer companies. Others who were able got substitutes, who took their places in the army; others were allowed to stay at home because of the number of women and children depending upon them. Mechanics, such as wagon makers and blacksmiths, who were considered necessary for the communities where they lived, were also allowed to remain at home, but after the spring of sixty-two the men at home were mostly past middle age, and upon them devolved the care of the old and helpless, the women and the children. The militia from the county were a credit to the country and no one need be

ashamed of having had a father or friend who for eight months faithfully and cheerfully did the duties put upon them.

CHAPTER XIV.

MILITARY MOVEMENTS IN THE COUNTY

AFTER the march of the Companies from the County to Harper's Ferry on the 17th of April, 1861, no movement of troops except the assembling of the militia and their march to Winchester, excited the interest of our people. General Johnston's army marched through the county on its way to Manassas on the 18th of July. After this time there was nothing more than the passage of a company of cavalry or two on their way to join the main army, or to make a scout towards the Potomac. In November General Jackson and his brigade were ordered back to the Valley, but did not pass through the County. The Winter wore away and the enemy was reported at Charlestown, but until early in March none appeared.

On March the 10th, they advanced from Charlestown towards Berryville and entered the town. There was much consternation. Some refugeed, some even went as far as Snickersville, hoping to be safe, but they ran into danger there, the earth seemed full of Yankees. After a few days everyone determined to make the best of it; those who had fled came back to endure the sight of the hated foe, and later to endure sufferings and trials of many kinds. Jackson evacuated Winchester and the Federals from Berryville moved on and united with those from Martinsburg, and old Winchester was fully in their hands, with Jackson at Mt. Jackson. General Banks thought he

could help McClellan at Manassas by playing the game of Johnston of June before, and so started a column through Berryville to cross the river and the mountain, when suddenly, they heard far away towards Winchester the roar of cannon. They halted, they hesitated, they faced about and back through Berryville they poured towards Shields at Winchester, but too late. Kernstown had been fought. Jackson had struck them and made them do just what he wanted. He had diverted them from their purpose to fall on Johnston and enabled him to withdraw from McClellan's front in safety.

After Kernstown, Berryville was occupied for some time by a force under Colonel Reynolds, of Pennsylvania, who treated the people kindly, except, if his officers saw a good horse ridden in town, they took possession; but such is war. When Jackson advanced this force was withdrawn, but until after Second Manassas and the fall of Harper's Ferry, the cavalry and wagons could be seen any day traversing our roads. Upon one occasion a small party of Federal cavalry were reported coming from Charlestown. An old man of the town in a moment of frenzy, seized a shot gun and meeting them at the corner near Colonel Smith's house, fired upon them and killed their leader. The rest took flight and old "Uncle Low" Maddux was hurried away, for all knew that his life was forfeit if caught. Back to Charlestown they fled, but soon returned to wreak their vengeance. By hard persuasion they were prevented from burning the town. On their way back to Charlestown they met a youth who had ridden out to see and hear what might be going on. They immediately seized him and charging him with being a spy, carried him to Charlestown with them, with dire threats as to hanging. Suddenly their threats were stopped by a report of the approach of rebel cavalry. A

party sent out to reconnoiter saw coming to the town on another road a body of men. "Rebels; Rebels;" away they galloped through the town, followed by the party they had seen, who also had seen rebels and having thus frightened each other, they fled to Harper's Ferry leaving our friend Ammi Moore, locked in the jail. Fortunately a friend passing found the key and turned him out, and he made for home and soon after into the army, where he felt safer.

During the movements to catch Jackson, a Federal Division, "Blenker's Dutch" they were called, crossed the river at Berry's Ferry and camped for a while in the neighborhood of Bethel Church and left unpleasant memories behind them among the people.

When Jackson left the Valley on his march to Richmond, the County was at the mercy of parties passing and repassing. Our cavalry sometimes moved through to reconnoiter, but were unable to stay, bacause large forces of the enemy occupied Winchester and Harper's Ferry. In the main, the Federal cavalry did as they pleased, taking horses, cattle and wagon loads of negroes off, and keeping the people in constant fear of trouble. In the last days of August, the battle of Second Manassas was fought and General Lee moved into Maryland to fight the bloody battle of Sharpsburg. On this long and tiresome march around Pope, and into Maryland, a large number of the soldiers, from fatigue, sickness and want of shoes had fallen behind, and when the army crossed the Potomac, were ordered to rejoin the army at Winchester. Thus there came about a movement of this large number of stragglers through the country. They took their time in reaching Winchester, moving from one house to the other, being fed with the best that the people had and where shoes or clothing could be had, they were sup-

plied with these also. But the poor fellows had a good time, drifting along, never thinking, many of them, that their presence at Sharpsburg would no doubt have given us a victory that might, have been decisive. But the hearts of the people went out to the poor fellows, and they did their best for them. After the battle of Sharpsburg, General Lee's army remained in Jefferson and Berkeley until the latter part of October, McClellan being on the north side of the Potomac near Harper's Ferry. McClellan about the last of October began to move into Loudoun and towards Richmond. General Longstreet's corps was sent across the Blue Ridge to watch McClellan's movements and Jackson's corps was moved from Bunker Hill towards the Shenandoah, taking position between Charlestown and Berryville. Subsequently D. H. Hill's division of Jackson's corps was also sent across the ridge to watch the enemy, Longstreet having moved on southwards. A. P. Hill's division was below Berryville in Colonel Ware's woods, where is now the village of Webbtown, so that he could watch the gap and ferry. Here he had an engagement with the enemy, who had crossed the ridge as McClellan was moving on. Early's division was posted for awhile near Wyckliffe Church, while Jackson's was on the Charlestown pike, with General Jackson's headquarters at Mr. M. R. Page's home, but as the enemy passed south along the mountain, Early was moved to Millwood and then to Stonebridge and Jackson to the Opequon above Millwood. After the enemy had left the vicinity of the Blue Ridge, D. H. Hill re-crossed the mountain and moved up the river on the east side to the vicinity of Front Royal. As soon as McClellan, or rather Burnside, who had succeeded him, developed that he was moving to Fredericksburg, Jackson's whole corps moved out of the county and across the mountain. While Jackson's

corps was near Millwood, General Jackson had his headquarters at "Carter Hall." After this stay in the county, so pleasing to our people, making them feel so secure from harm, no one was left of our soldiers but some regiments of cavalry who were to watch the enemy's cavalry on the other side of the mountain. How well they did it will appear a little later. Col. E. V. White's battalion was camped in Colonel Ware's woods just below Webbtown, to watch the ford at Castleman's Ferry. A part of the 12th Virginia Cavalry was camped at the junction of the Summit Point road with the Charlestown. All seemed safe and pleasant, when, one day General Stahl's brigade of Federal Calvary pushed across the river, found White's men with their saddles off and totally unprepared and drove them pellmell through the streets of Berryville. Here a small part of the 12th met them in a fight around the Baptist Church, and in the woods back of the Church, but were too few in number to hold them, and they also had to seek safety in flight, losing some good men in the encounter. Stahl pursued them as far as Mr. Martin Gaunt's, and then retired taking with him a few prisoners as the result of his raid. Among the prisoners was B. F. Thompson, a member of Co. I, 2nd Virginia Inf., who happened to be in town and could not get away. They put him on one of their cavalry horses, and as they were going along on their way to Aldie, after dark, he noticed that he might possibly get into the line of guards on each side of the prisoners. Seizing his opportunity he finally got out of the line, and then riding towards the front, for a time, he turned and as he passed down the line ordered them to close up and keep a good look out on the prisoners. Having passed the rear, he jumped his horse over a fence and away across the country he fled, and just as church was being dismissed the next day in Berryville,

he rode in with his good horse and equipments for his reward, which horse was all he had to commence life with when the war ended.

After this cavalry moved out, the people of Clarke were again at the mercy of the enemy, who now had almost complete possession, and moved as they wished about the country. Winchester was full of them, under the hated Milroy. Berryville was occupied by a force under Colonel McReynolds, and all were resting in safety "they think," when General Ewell with the 2nd Corps of the Army of Northern Virginia appeared at Front Royal, crossed the river and pushed on, the main body to Winchester. Rhodes' Division coming by the Double Tollgate on the Front Royal and Winchester road, moved across the county by "Page Brook" to Berryville, hoping to surprise and capture the force there, but somehow they got notice and fled in time to escape to Martinsburg, and, with such of Milroy's men as reached that place, found safety across the Potomac. Longstreet followed through the county on his march to Shepherdstown, and for a few short weeks our soldiers rejoiced the eyes and hearts of our people soon to be saddened by the news of defeat at Gettysburg and the return of our gallant army on its retreat. On the advance while Longstreet's corps was passing through, General Lee had his headquarters just north of Berryville, under a large oak tree, on the land owned recently by A. Moore, Jr. The spot has been marked by a granite block. While here he attended the Episcopal Church on Sunday morning, and some of our people had the pleasure of seeing him and speaking to him. Only a few days was the army allowed to rest their tired limbs in our midst, when they were again on the march to meet the untiring foe. The county was more than ever left at their mercy and being as it was between the lines of the

armies, was exposed to the depredations of roving bands of stragglers and thieves, as well as to the organized ones, who were little better. The people found the hardships of war now upon them in their worst form. The movements of those bands and of small bodies of our cavalry were so frequent that no note was taken of the time or purpose. All the people knew was that the Yankee cavalry had passed, or that our men were in town today, maybe a fight in the streets and then away.

This condition continued through the Winter and Spring of 1864, the people not knowing from day to day what would happen to them, but no movement of importance took place in the county. In the Spring General Seigel moved from Harper's Ferry, through Berryville, up the Valley on his campaign, and was defeated at New Market. Later in July, Early, having driven Hunter, of house burning fame, from Lynchburg, moved down the Valley, but did not pass through Clarke on his advance into Maryland. Pushing on rapidly he fought the battle of the Monocacy and advanced to the defenses of Washington, hoping to surprise and capture the place, but was a little too late. Grant had sent troops from his army in front of Richmond.

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

On July 18th he ordered three brigades to cross the river for that purpose. They were guided by a deserter from the Clarke Rifles by the name of Carrigan. He had worked as a tailor at Castleman's Ferry before the war and was well acquainted with the mountain and the fords on the river. He led them through the "Retreat" farm, then owned by Judge Parker, of Winchester, to a ford about a mile below Castleman's Ferry, between the islands and landed on the "Cool Spring" farm and the "Westwood" farm. Their approach through the mountain being hidden by the woodland, they were able to cross at the fords, which were shallow, without discovery by Early's pickets until they were safely over. They immediately sent forward their skirmishers, pushing them across the "Cool Spring" and "Westwood" farms until they reached the public road leading from Castleman's Ferry to Wickliffe Church. Their line of battle was placed across the "Cool Spring" farm and partly on the "Westwood," near where the "Cool Spring" house stands. General Breckenridge, who was in command of the nearest troops was attending service in Berryville at the Episcopal Church. Upon being notified of the advance of the enemy, he immediately moved out and with his division under General Ramseur and Gordon's to meet them. The troops camped at Webbtown, then Colonel Ware's woods, moved through the "Frankford" farm until in reach of the enemy. Gordon's and Ramseur's troops were thrown into position immediately in front of the enemy's lines, and advanced their skirmishers to occupy the attention of the enemy. While this was being done, General Rhodes bringing his division from the neighborhood of Gaylord, passing in rear of the Confederates line of battle, moved down a ravine, unseen by the enemy until he had placed himself on their left flank and rear. When this movement was com-

pleted, Gordon and Ramseur pushed their lines forward with vigor, driving back the enemy's skirmishers upon the line of battle. At that moment Rhodes' lines advancing rapidly from the enemy's left appeared in their rear. They were immediately thrown into confusion and fled precipitately to the river. A large number missing the fords, threw themselves into the river at what is called "Parker's Hole," where the water was very deep and were drowned. A large number were killed and wounded in the fighting, some prisoners were taken. The remainder made their way as best they could to the islands and then across to the other side, where they were under the protection of their artillery. Many of their dead were buried on the "Cool Spring" farm, from which they were removed after the war to the National Cemetery at Winchester. The Confederate loss was not heavy although a number were killed and wounded. The dead were buried there and removed later to Stonewall Cemetery at Winchester. Among the Federal Officers in the fight that day, was a Colonel Frost in command of a brigade of troops. Living in the "Cool Spring" house was a relative of his, Mr. Eben Frost, a well known man at that time. Colonel Frost sent word to his relative, inviting him to come to see him, as he had been badly wounded. The old gentleman declined and said that "if he had staid at home, he would not have been shot." Colonel Frost died in a day or two and as his remains were being taken to Charlestown, they stopped for a while at the "Middle Farm" the old ancestral home of the Frosts. This battle was the biggest fight that occurred in the County. More men were engaged and the fighting while it lasted was sharper. At this time, fifty years later, it is not uncommon for fishermen to draw up a musket from Parker's Hole when thinking that they had hooked a ten pound bass. This en-

gagement is called the Battle of Cool Spring, and will be marked with a granite stone by the Camp. The enemy failing in this effort, made another attempt to cross at Berry's Ferry on the 19th, which was handsomely repulsed by General Imboden with his own and McCausland's cavalry. During this fight Lieut. George Shumate of the Clarke Cavalry was killed. General Early received information just at this time that a column under Averill was moving from Martinsburg towards Winchester, and as his trains were exposed to attacks from the direction of Charlestown, he determined to withdraw to Strasburg on the Valley pike. This he did, sending Ramseur's division to Winchester, but marching the rest of his army through Millwood and White Post to Newtown, where he again had all his enemies in his front.

General Early's movements during all his stay in the lower Valley are well worthy of the attention of everyone. Moving from one point to another with the greatest celerity, but yet with an eye to every movement of the enemy, or possible movement, he deceived them as to the size of his forces and kept them on the lookout and uneasy as to where he would next turn up. On the 24th of July he moved rapidly down to Kernstown, the scene of Jackson's fight in March, 1862, and after hard fighting drove the enemy through Winchester in full retreat for the Potomac. On the 29th, part of his army crossed tho Potomac and went as far as Chambersburg, which was partly burned in retaliation for the burning by Hunter and others in the Valley. On the 31st, he was back at Bunker Hill. On the 5th of August he again crossed the Potomac, on the 7th he was again back at Bunker Hill. On the 10th, hearing that the 19th corps of the army of the Potomac had arrived at Harper's Ferry, under command of General Sheridan, he moved up the Valley pike and took po-

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

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

SAMUEL J. C. MOORE

CAPTAIN OF "CLARKE RIFLES" (COMPANY I, SECOND VIRGINIA INFANTRY)
LIEUTENANT-COLONEL AND ADJUTANT-GENERAL
ON GEN. JUBAL A. EARLY'S STAFF

soon driven from their exceedingly strong position and fell back through Berryville to Sheridan's position along the Summit Point turnpike. The column of cavalry sent toward White Post under Torbert heard the firing at Berryville and returned, but their advance was fallen upon by Mosby's men about a mile south of Berryville and a number killed and captured. The main column advancing to the hill near the toll gate were fired upon by artillery placed by order of Major S. J. C. Moore in the yard of Mrs. Kittredge's residence, then owned by Mr. Beemer, and quite a number were killed, causing them to turn towards the river and pass east of the town in order to reach their own lines on the north. On the 4th Anderson placed his force in line of battle in front of Sheridan. General Early moved with three divisions to his assistance from his camp at Stevenson's depot, being guided by the late Col. J. J. Reily, who was well acquainted with all that country. Finding Anderson in position, Early extended his line northward through the "Glen Allen" farm, hoping to get around the flank of the enemy, but from a high hill he was enabled to see that Sheridan's line extended as far as Summit Point, and as his force was too small to reach so far, he was constrained to give up the plan. After consultation with General Anderson, it was determined to move to the west side of the Opequon. This was done during the 5th, and although the skirmishers of the two armies were engaged, the movement was made without interruption by the enemy. Sheridan with the force at his command ought to have captured Early's whole force without trouble, and if he had been a general of energy and push he would have done so. Before Early's arrival to reinforce Anderson, his train and division were in great peril. Sheridan had in some way found out the position of Anderson's trains, and had sent orders during the night

of the 2nd to General Torbert at White Post to attack these trains, telling him where to find them and but for the capture of the courier by John Russell, he would doubtless have undertaken it with every prospect of success. An attack on his trains would have so crippled Anderson that he would have been compelled to withdraw in the face of so large an army, which would doubtless have attacked and ruined him before Early could have come to his assistance. Anyone studying the situation will see that Sheridan could have outflanked Early on the left towards Summit Point, have rolled him back towards the Winchester road and had the force at Stevenson's and all the trains there at his mercy. Sheridan may have been a dashing and enterprising cavalry officer when under General Grant's eye, but he was certainly a failure in managing an army, when opposed by even the small force under Early's command. His success later, at Winchester, after Early's force had been reduced by the return of Anderson to General Lee, when he (Sheridan) had an overwhelming force of cavalry and infantry, entitled him to no credit. Any man of the most ordinary ability could have done as well. The battle of Berryville over, Early withdrew to the west side of the Opequon, where he followed the same tactics as before, threatening Sheridan's rear and trying by such means to hold him and his army from giving Grant any help before Petersburg. After some days, Sheridan secured information of Anderson's departure, and that part of Early's force was down at Bunker Hill. Feeling safe with Early thus reduced and his line so extended he determined to strike him at Winchester. It may be a matter of interest to Clarke people to know how he got the information upon which he acted. There was an old negro man, Tom Laws, living near the "Old Chapel," a very respectable old man. One night he

was called to his door and asked if he was acquainted in Winchester, and if he could get in and out. "Oh yes, my young master is Provost Marshal." He was then carried to Sheridan's headquarters at "Mansfield," Mr. Page's farm, and given a message by General Sheridan to a Miss Wright in Winchester. The old man did as directed, took the message, saw the lady, got her reply, and brought it out by the Millwood turnpike, where he was met by some of Sheridan's men. Acting on the information thus obtained, Sheridan moved to the Opequon at Spout Spring, attacked Early near Winchester and after a fight lasting from daylight till nearly dark, drove him back beyond Winchester; but poor old Uncle Tom never saw Sheridan any more, or the forty dollars promised for the job.

CHAPTER XV.

THE battle of Berryville was the last engagement Early had in Clarke, and when he moved away, the Confederates, in large force, never again entered the county. Military movements were confined to the army of Sheridan in force, as it moved towards Winchester and afterwards to small bodies of cavalry of the Confederates, and more especially to those of Mosby and the U. S. Cavalry opposed to him. Capt. J. S. Mosby, having shown special skill in scouting inside the lines of the enemy, was authorized in the Fall of 1863 to organize a company of partizan rangers, which soon grew into a battalion of several companies. He gathered a large number of young men from the country around, but also many from the regular troops, who were attracted by the free and easy life, as well as the opportunities for plunder, as they were allowed to take everything of value on the persons of their prisoners. They also had opportunities to plunder wagon trains, and sometimes trains of cars, and on more than one occasion got large sums of money which were divided among them. The horses captured, after taking such as were needed by the command, were sent to General Lee's army. While the citizens sometimes felt that Mosby's presence in the county made the enemy treat them worse, which was doubtless true, however, as a military measure his constant attacks on the communications of the enemy caused them to keep a large force to guard the railroads and trains, and this kept that many

men away from Grant's army and so helped General Lee to hold out longer. It has been estimated that at least 30,000 men were kept by Mosby's efforts from the more active service with the large armies. We will not attempt to follow all of Mosby's movements, but only such as resulted in engagements of some importance in the county.

On Feb. 5th, 1864, Capt. Wm. H. Chapman and Lieut. Jno. S. Russell, with fourteen men, attacked a party of Federals between Millwood and Berryville, killing and capturing several and taking four horses. The point at which this fight occurred is indefinite, as Williamson places it as stated above, and Mr. Scott puts it two miles from Millwood towards Winchester. The next Mosby fight in the county was on Aug, 13th. 1864, when he attacked Sheridan's wagon trains loaded with supplies for his army then at Winchester. According to the reports of the U. S. Quartermaster in charge, the trains, consisting of 525 wagons, guarded by Kenly's brigade of infantry, a force of cavalry and a battery of artillery moved out from Harper's Ferry on the morning of Aug. 12th, pushing on without stopping until about 11 P. M., when they reached the Buck Marsh Run, about a mile north of Berryville. Here they halted to feed and water their teams. As they got through feeding they were started off, but the rear of the train was not in motion until daylight, when they were thrown into confusion by some shells from a gun nearby. This gun was Mosby's. He had learned from his scouts that a large wagon train was on its way, and determined to try to destroy or capture it with his battalion of about 300 men and two light pieces of artillery. He had, during the night, reached a point on the farm of Mr. Barnett just east of the pike. Placing his artillery on a hill a short distance away, he opened fire just as their rear teams were hitching up. As soon as the

enemy were thrown into confusion by the shot, Capt. Wm. Chapman with his company, charged that part of the enemy in the field just north of the run, consisting of infantry behind a stone fence. He succeeded in driving them off and capturing a number of prisoners, losing some men, among them, Lewis Adee, of Leesburg. While this was going on, Captain Richards, with his company, moved across what is now Green Hill Cemetery, struck them just west of the Baptist Church scattering them, and then he cut across to the Winchester Pike, followed them some distance, capturing wagons and men. Upon returning he found some infantry in the Baptist Church, who were soon driven out, but succeeded in making good their retreat towards Winchester. The results of this engagement were 75 wagons captured and destroyed, 200 beef cattle, 500 or 600 horses and mules and 200 prisoners, with which Mosby made good his retreat across the Shenandoah. A great deal of plunder was gathered by Mosby's men, but they failed to find a box of "greenbacks" to be used in paying off Sheridan's army, said to contain $125,000. The result of this affair was to force Sheridan to fall back. He reports four brigades of cavalry at Berryville, and towards the Opequon; one division at Summit Point, and his main army at "Clifton." He also reports about this time, Aug. 17th; "Mosby has annoyed me and captured a few wagons. We hung one and shot six of his men yesterday." He chose to consider Mosby a bushwacker, and not entitled to treatment as a soldier. For the shooting above related, Mosby took complete revenge later. Also in retaliation for these attacks, Sheridan's soldiers, under orders from their superiors, proceeded to wreak their vengeance on the citizens, as had been done by Hunter a little earlier. Mosby's scouts on the night on the 18th, in their search for information, attacked a picket of the 5th

Michigan Cavalry near Castleman's Ferry, killing and wounding one and taking two prisoners. In retaliation for this General Custer determined to burn some houses in the neighborhood. They proceeded to fire the residence of Colonel Ware, but were prevented here by the timely arrival of some of Mosby's men, who put it out, but the home of Mr. Province McCormick near by was fired and burned, not allowing the inmates to remove anything from the house, and otherwise mistreating the family. They then proceeded to the house of Mr. Wm. Sowers not far off, which they burned in the same brutal way; then to Col. Benj. Morgan's, whose house shared the same fate. But the avenger was on their track. Chapman of Mosby's command followed them from McCormick's and Sowers' burning houses, with vows of no quarter for such fiends, met them just as they were leaving Colonel Morgan's, attacked with irresistable fury, routing them and killing thirty, bringing in no prisoners. These men were members of the 5th Michigan Cavalry, and were sent to do this work by order of General Custer. According to their own report, out of 50 men they lost 30. These outrages were in some measure checked for awhile, but in the end Mosby had to hang quite a number of Custer's men before they would recognize him as entitled to the treatment of a regular soldier. Sheridan, after falling back below Berryville, and establishing his lines along the Summit Point road from the Charlestown pike to Summit Point, and with his headquarters at "Mansfield," pushed forward to Grindstone Hill. At the same time he dispatched General Torbert with his Brigade of Cavalry towards White Post. Gen. Fitz Hugh Lee was west of Berryville observing the movements of the enemy. Hearing of this movement of Torbert he ordered Henry Kerfoot, a member of the Clarke Cavalry, to follow Torbert and report his

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

going to Dr. Kerfoot's at "Llewellyn," met Henry Kerfoot, who informed him of Torbert's movement towards Berryville, and he thereupon determined to strike the advance guard, the 6th New York Cavalry, which was moving some distance in advance of the main body. Coming from what is known as Possum Hollow, through Mr. Glass' farm, they approached the Millwood turnpike without being seen, just as the Yankees got along Mr. Gold's field. Here Chapman and his men charged, driving them before them back to the woods. At the upper end of the field was a closed gate which stopped the wild retreat for a little, but when it was opened they fled, pursued by Chapman and some of his men, who killed some in the woods near Mr. Gold's residence and others in the woods beyond, those who escaped reaching the main column at Pigeon Hill. In the meantime Lieutenant Russell had gathered up 30 prisoners and 38 horses. About this time the head of the main column came in sight, and they led Russell a merry chase across the fields towards the river. A couple of regiments followed Russell, and were closing up on him, when at the blacksmith's shop near Price's mill, they were checked for a moment by running upon Horace Deahl and Cyrus McCormick, members of the Clarke Cavalry, who were having their horses shod. Deahl had just got on his horse, when they came in view. Without counting noses, he opened fire and dashed at them. They gave back for a moment and he escaped. Cyrus McCormick not being on his horse, was captured. The moment's delay enabled Russell to reach Shepherd's ford and to get safely across with his prisoners and horses.

On Sept. 16th, General Chapman with a brigade of Federal Cavalry, crossed the Shenandoah at Castleman's Ferry for a raid into Loudoun after Mosby, and to burn and destroy. After crossing the river he sent a detach-

ment of the 8th New York Cavalry under Captain Compson, up the river with orders to meet him at Paris. Chapman, after going to Paris, returned through Upperville to Snickersville, from there he sent a company to the top of the mountain in the Gap to meet Captain Compson, who had followed the road along the top, arriving about 2 p. m. at the Gap, having picked up about a dozen prisoners. There both parties proceeded to feed and rest. In the meantime Capt. Sam Chapman had got on the track of Compson and his party and was following them along the mountain road to the Gap. Finding them quiet and unsuspecting, he charged them and scattered them, taking eighteen prisoners and forty horses, and releasing those of our people who had been captured. The large force of General Chapman was lying at Snickersville, but did nothing to help their fellows. Sometime in September Sheridan finding he could neither capture Mosby, nor drive him away from his line of communications determined to continue his policy of treating him and his command as guerillas, robbers and spies, and to hang and shoot them when captured. So having captured a number at Front Royal, General Custer at Sheridan's command hanged and shot seven of them, placing upon them a card saying, "This will be the fate of all of Mosby's men." Colonel Mosby of course retaliated. Having captured a number of Custer's men, he made them draw lots and the seven upon whom the lots fell were sent to Grindstone Hill in Clarke, and there in the woods by the roadside three were hanged, two were shot and two in some way escaped. A card was placed upon them notifying General Sheridan that it was in retaliation for the murder of the Mosby men. Mosby also sent a letter to Sheridan by the hands of Lieut. Jno. S. Russell, Russell taking it after another gallant officer had declined, saying "that he did not

want to be hung yet." This effectually stopped Sheridan, from any more hanging exploits. On Nov. 6th, Lieutenant Russell with seven others, while concealed in a wood on the old Charlestown road, saw a party of fifteen Yankees going in the direction of Winchester. Russell fortunately had on a blue overcoat. He rode out saying, "Where are you going, boys?" "To Winchester." "I'll join you," said Russell. He rode quietly along for a while and then drawing out his handkerchief he gave a signal to his party, who came charging up. The Federals were all killed, wounded or captured but two, and their horses taken. On the same day Captain Mountjoy, with his company fell into a force of cavalry sent out to look for Russell and his party. A brisk fight ensued at what is known as the Hidey farm, in which Mountjoy captured a large number of men and horses. Returning through Berryville, he allowed about half of his men to go to Loudoun by Castleman's Ferry, he going on with his prisoners to Berry's Ferry by way of "Clay Hill," the residence of Mr. Francis Whiting. Here he was unexpectedly attacked by the famous Captain Blazer with his large company. Mountjoy's men were thrown into confusion and fled. At the "Vineyard," the home of the poet, Philip Cooke, one of his men was left mortally wounded and one killed; the remainder made their escape by the Island ford to the other side of the river. So you see that Mosby was not always successful. This Captain Blazer defeated several of his companies, but was finally utterly destroyed by Major Richards, and he himself killed after a very gallant fight. This occurred at Myerstown in Jefferson county.

On Dec. 15th, Captain Chapman, with about 125 men, crossed the river at Berry's Ferry, hoping to meet a party of Yankee cavalry who were in the habit of coming down

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

On Feb. 19th, 1865, there occurred at Mt. Carmel Church, on the road from Berry's Ferry to Paris, one of the most successful fights made by Mosby's command. Major Gibson, with 125 men from the 14th Pennsylvania and 100 from the 21st New York, was sent to stir up "Mosby's Confederacy." They crossed the Shenandoah at Shepherd's Ford, and proceeded by the mountain road past Mt. Carmel Church to Paris, where they divided, part going to Upperville, and the rest under Gibson towards Markham. As they went, they searched houses for Mosby's men, who sometimes stayed in the homes in that neighborhood. This march was made during the night, hoping to find every one asleep and thus easy prey. They did pick up about twenty-five, but news of their presence had got abroad, and by morning Major Richards

was collecting a force which increased as the day went on. Following at a safe distance, they at last saw them enter Ashby's Gap and ascended the mountain. At Mt. Carmel, the road turns abruptly, and just as their rear guard reached this point, Richards charged them. The prisoners, who had been sent on in front, seeing their friends charging, formed across the road to Shepherd's Mill, the only road the Federals could retreat over, and although unarmed, thus assisted in the successful issue of the fight. Being armed only with carbines, the Yankees were no match in close quarters for men armed with pistols. Pressed on all sides they broke and ran pellmell for the river, throwing away guns, belts, chickens, turkeys and other plunder gathered on their trip. They pushed for Shepherd's Ford, Major Gibson, according to his report, trying to rally them, but really it looked as if he were leading them, as only he and a few others escaped across the river. Of the Federals, 13 were killed, a large number wounded, 63 captured, including several officers and 90 horses taken. This party was led by a deserter named Spotts. He made good his escape, much to the regret of Mosby's boys, who would have swung him up to a nearby chestnut tree with hearty good-will.

About the last of March, Colonel Mosby ordered Charlie Wiltshire, a very gallant young man from Jefferson county, to go on a scout into Clarke, taking several men with him. Now it happened that Wiltshire was paying attention to a young lady in Clarke, and all paths led to her house. But strange things happened in war times, and love knows no bounds, for a young Lieutenant of the Federal army, Ferris by name, admired the same lady and was willing to take all risks to see her. On this day, attended by an orderly, he had visited her and was just coming out to get upon his horse, when Wiltshire and his men rode up.

Ferris, sheltering himself behind the corner of a building, opened fire on them. He was well supplied with pistols. When the affair ended Wiltshire was mortally wounded, and his companions badly hurt. Ferris escaped on Wiltshire's horse, and it was with difficulty that Wiltshire's friends got him away to a place of safety. This unfortunate affair occurred at the house of Col. Daniel Bonham, now owned by Mr. Holmes Hardesty. Colonel Mosby remarked of the Yankee Lieutenant that he was as brave as Charlie Grogan, which was as high praise as he felt he could give to any man.

On the 9th of April General Lee surrendered at Appomattox. The last effort made by Colonel Mosby in the county was just after the surrender of General Lee, but before he had heard of it. He came with a part of his command into Mr. Edward McCormick's woods, just east of the residence of Mr. McGuire. He then sent John Russell with three others into Berryville to see the lay of the land. The Court House yard was occupied by the 1st New York Cavalry. Russell secreted himself and party in the alley running from Main street to Mr. Crow's garden, watching for an opportunity to see or do something. After awhile, he saw them forming and getting ready to move, so he attacked the picket of twelve men on the Millwood pike and captured them. He expected that the regiment, hearing his firing, would follow him, when he intended to lead them into Colonel Mosby's ambush, but for some reason they would not follow him, but went down towards the river. He got safely away with his prisoners, and rejoined Colonel Mosby. The command was sent across the river and Mosby and Russell and several others proceeded to go on a scout towards Winchester. About one o'clock at night, they stopped at the house of Mr. Thos. E. Gold, to get feed for their horses. They got

supper for themselves as well, for Mrs. Gold immediately got busy and soon gave them as good a supper as the house afforded. They then went on towards Winchester, and Russell was sent to the "Bower" in Jefferson to get such information as might be had there. On his return, he was told by Mr. Thos. Wood that General Lee had surrendered which of course he was slow to believe, but when he heard the minute guns of rejoicing in Winchester, his faith gave way and he returned to his command with a sad heart. This ended the military operations of our people here. On the 20th of April Mosby met some officers from General Hancock then commanding in Winchester, to make terms of surrender, but the negotiations failed and on May 1st he disbanded his men at Salem. A little later Colonel Chapman, with about 200 men, went to Winchester. They were paroled on the same terms as were the men of General Lee's army, the men returning to their homes and retaining their horses.

The committe of the J. E. B. Stuart Camp decided to place granite markers at the following places, where engagements were fought as described in these pages:

The Battle of Cool Spring, July 18th, 1864, near Castleman's Ferry.

Fight at the Double Tollgate, Aug. 11th, 1864.

Fight at Berry's Ferry, July 19th, 1864.

Battle of Berryville, Sept. 3rd, 1864.

The Buck Marsh fight, near Berryville, Sept. 13th, 1864.

Fight at Gold's Farm, Sept. 3rd, 1864.

Fight at Col. Morgan's Lane, Aug. 19th, 1864.

Fight at Mt. Airy, Sept. 15th, 1864.

The Vineyard Fight, Dec. 16th, 1864.

Mt. Carmel Fight, Feb. 19th, 1865.

Several other small affairs took place which have not been marked, as both the time and place were not defi-

nitely known, or the fights were not of enough importance to be marked.

These markers were prepared and put in place by the well known marble and granite worker, T. J. Orndorf, of Winchester, Va.

CHAPTER XVI

INCIDENTS, ETC.

WHEN the War was on in earnest early in the Summer of 1861, there was no communication with Baltimore, and so no Baltimore Sun or National Intelligencer or Alexandria Gazette for the gentlemen of the town and country. Their custom had been to meet every day at the Post Office to get their mail and talk neighborhood news, but now they found time hanging on their hands and could only amuse themselves by meeting in some doctor's or lawyer's office or at the stores and discuss the war, its causes and effects. Many heated discussions, sometimes causing estrangement between lifetime friends, were had in those meetings, for it was considered treason to question the righteousness or wisdom of our cause. When the Militia was ordered out there were none at home, but the older men, and sometimes a farm had no men at all to manage its affairs, only the servants, who with singular fidelity went on with the farm work as usual. The mistress or it might be the young boy of the family, not quite old enough for active service, was compelled to take the responsibility of looking after things. The monotony of life was varied by visits of the father and sometimes the mother to the camp who went laden with the best that the home could afford for the soldiers of the family, or it may be, they would take a suit of clothes or boots, anything that could add to the comfort or lessen the hardships of

soldier life. Teams were sometimes bought or pressed into the Confederate service. The cattle, hay and corn were sold to the Commissary or Quartermaster Department. In the Spring of 1862, when Jackson fell back from Winchester and the enemy moved in, there was a great change. Many of the negroes availed themselves of the first chance to leave for Pennsylvania and freedom. The horses and cattle were now taken and driven away for the use of the enemy, sometimes a receipt was given saying that this property had been taken for use of the Government and would be paid for on proof of loyalty to the United States. At one time a farmer had a fine lot of cattle, just ready for the market. A gentleman who bought for the Confederates had looked at them and made arrangements to take them away on the following day, when there rode up a company of the U. S. Cavalry with a train of wagons. They got around the cattle, loaded up all the negroes who would go into the wagons, arrested the farmer and carried him a prisoner to Winchester, allowing him to ride a crippled stallion, about the last horse on the palce. Here he was kept about two weeks in one of the forts; his saddle for a pillow and the ground for a bed. Upon his refusing to take the oath of allegiance to the U. S., he was allowed, through the kind offices of Mr. Geo. Ginn, a Union man of the town, to give bond in the sum of five thousand dollars that he would not give aid or comfort to the Confederacy. He and his old horse were then permitted to leave. Soon after this the 2nd Battle of Manassas occurred and an army of stragglers came through the county on their way to Winchester. The old gentleman always told them when they came to him for help, "I can't do anything—but there is my wife, ask her— she might help you." But when General White was captured at Harper's Ferry with all his papers, the

bond in all probability was destroyed and he felt released. At any rate, in some way or other no Confederate soldier ever went away empty. With the negroes nearly all gone and with the horses also taken, it became to all a serious problem how the old and infirm, the women and children were to be fed and clothed, but those men, old ones mostly, were equal to the occasion. They would in some way get one or two horses and put out a few acres each year of corn and wheat. Those away from the main roads would have a few sheep, and hogs could always be raised, as they could hide themselves better than other stock and the Yankees didn't like hog meat anyhow, so with the little corn and wheat they were fed and the wool was traded at the factories for cloth and yarn. This not only clothed the home folks, but when chance offered, providing a suit for the soldier at the front. At times there was excitement enough. Perhaps some negro or ill disposed Union man would report that at such a house was a Confederate soldier or may be that it was a "Rebel Post Office" and suddenly a swarm would appear, the house would be searched from top to bottom, whatever they fancied would be carried away, no place was sacred. An amusing story, which is true, is told of an old lady who had secreted under her bed, some bags of wheat. She was told that she must get into her bed—an old fashioned high testered one, and be "a sick lady." The curtains of her room and bed were drawn and then two children were left on guard. A party who were unusually mean were ransacking the house and one of them approached the room of the "sick" old lady. When he attempted to enter, she and the children held the door, she crying out "You can not come into this sick room." But when he persisted, as she told it, she "fetched him a blow on his nose and drew the blood." Fortunately just then an officer with some humanity in his make

up came on the scene and ordered him off and the "sick" room was saved. The old lady was always very proud of having drawn Yankee blood. Such scenes were common, and very many. Probably most of the houses were searched time and again. Some times the intruders became violent. On one occasion, an old gentleman was trying to save the last horse on the place, holding to it and pleading for it, when he was struck with the scabbard of a sword and his collar bone broken. But these old men and women were willing to endure anything for the cause they loved. They would take risks of the utmost danger. There was one house that was used frequently as a depository of letters coming from the army to be distributed as best they could to the friends of the soldiers. On one occasion the mistress of the house taking a little girl behind her on a horse, went several miles across country by lonely roads to the next house that was used for that purpose. At any moment, she might have been intercepted by a party of cavalry, and if searched would have been sent to prison as a rebel spy. The people living on the great public roads and beside streams were, if possible, more troubled than any one else. Along Buck Marsh and Long Marsh runs was a favorite camping ground. Fortunate was the home if the General happened to make his headquarters in the yard, they were then safe, but after the camp had moved, the stragglers came along and then was the time of most danger. Some of these men would not stop at anything and only the protection of a divine hand saved these unprotected ones from the worst of fates. There were times with some of them that they had to draw rations from the Yankees camped in their yards.

Along these same roads many farms were left without any fencing and when the war closed the owners had to

fence their entire farms. A number of houses and barns were burned, causing great suffering to the inmates. During the Summer of 1864 under orders from General Grant, a number of male citizens around Berryville and vicinity who were liable to conscription for service, were arrested, among them were Jas. Forster, Henry J. Mesmer, John F. Burchell, Jno. Louthan, Jas. Louthan, Geo. Diffenderfer—Patterson, John Anderson, Killian Pope, and others whose names I have been unable to get. They were imprisoned in Fort McHenry for some months, when they were released through the efforts of some friends of the south in Baltimore. To show the horrors of war, I will tell of an incident in the Fall of 1864 at the time of Sheridan's advance to attack Early. At a house near the Opequon a lady was very ill. Batteries were put in position on the hills near. Skirmishers were firing across the creek, the house and yard were filled with soldiers. Every room except the one in which the sick lady lay, was occupied at night by soldiers. Amidst all this noise and confusion a child was born and the mother passed into the Great Beyond. Strange to say the sick one was the calmest and most self-possessed person in the house. The day after her death she was carried to Winchester through the midst of the hostile army and laid in Mt. Hebron. The child born under such adverse circumstances lived to be a bright and happy girl.

The writer has tried to gather more of the trying experiences of the people but has failed to get any response to his appeal for help in this direction. Of course, many of these sufferings were the natural outcome of war, but many of them need not have been if the common instinct of humanity had been given full play.

In Sheridan's barn burning raid, night came upon the burners when they reached Berryville and a few barns near

by were not burned. Among them was that of Mr. Thos. E. Gold, which was well filled with hay. The U. S. Cavalry would go every day and carry it to camp on their horses, promising to burn the barn before they left. It was the Fall of the year and the orchard near the barn was full of apples. One day just as a large party leaving were loaded with hay and apples, Phil. Swan, John Crow and Marquis Calmes, members of the Clarke Cavalry who were scouting, rode up to the edge of the woods near the house and in sight of the barn. Mr. Gold, standing on his porch, saw them and waving his hands to them, they dashed after the Yankees, firing and yelling as if they had a hundred, whereupon all took to flight and the boys rode back with three horses and one prisoner and made their escape through the woods. Very soon a regiment was on the ground threatening to burn the house and to take the "old rebel" away with them, charging him with firing out of the house on them. Mr. Gold's comment on his accuser was apropos. "Captain," he said, "that man's a liar and he knows he's a liar, I'd like to have the handling of him for a few minutes." No doubt their threats would have been carried out, but for the honesty of one of them who had remained in the orchard during the whold affair. He testified that there were only three rebels and that "the old Rebel" was telling the truth. These are isolated cases. That there were many others there is no doubt. These are given not to stir up bad feeling but that the young people of this generation and those to come, may know what hardships their ancestors endured during those troublous times.

The numerous searchings for Confederate soldiers led many people to make places of concealment for not only the soldiers who might happen to be with them, but for any valuables that could not be carried safely about their

persons. Closets were devised with concealed openings and great ingenuity was used and scarcely a house but had a place into which they could slip a soldier or two for safe keeping. The ladies also used to have large pockets fastened to a belt around their waist, under their nice roomy skirts. The dresses of that day were especially suited for the purposes of concealment, as all ladies wore hoops which gave ample room for the pockets. In these pockets, the silver spoons and other light valuables were put whenever the Yankees appeared. The fashion of today would have offered no opertunity for such a thing. In that day every one admired curved lines in the make up and so plumpness was much sought after. Now the idea is to have all lines as straight as a shingle.

Soldiers and people took all sorts of risks and braved all dangers. On one occasion a number of Confederate Cavalry were breakfasting at Mr. Armistead Colston's, when some one announced the approach of some U. S. Cavalry toward the front of the house. The boys had their horses just in front and were absolutely cut off from escape in that direction. One of the young ladies of the family, taking in the situation told them to come through the yard of the house and pass out through the garden back of it. She held the gate while they did so. They had hardly disappeared around the house when the Yankees appeared and ordered her to open the gate. She stoutly refused and held onto it although they struck her with the scabbords of their swords and broke her arm. The delay gained by her bravery and persistancy gave our boys time to make their escape. Such devotion was not rare. The women old and young seemed to rise to the occasion no matter how trying. This young lady became the wife of a gallant Confederate soldier and was well worthy of the best. Another of our heroines was a young married lady, who

rescued all her father's cattle and cows. The entire herd was driven off in spite of pleadings and protestations that the cows at least be left, as they furnished milk and butter for the old and the children, and indeed more than half the living. She determined to follow and appeal to the General of the Command. So taking an old black Mammy behind her on a horse she started on her perilous journey. She finally overtook them at New Market, the home of Dr. Randolph, where they had halted for the night. An interview was obtained and the General at last told her that if she could get her cows out of the large drove in the field opposite, she might have them. The old Mammy here came into use. She had milked those cows and when she went to the gate and called they came running, and not only their own, but some that belonged to their neighbors, all that ran out when the gate was opened and were returned in triumph by these invincible women.

The fidelity of the negroes who remained at home was also wonderful. When the young master or even other soldiers were in the house, they always knew it and kept the faith put in them perfectly. As an instance;—A soldier was at a relative's house, when a party of U. S. Cavalry rode up, making escape impossible. The colored people were eating their dinner in the basement. The Yankees instead of searching the house, as they so often did, asked these negroes, through the open window, whether there was not a rebel soldier in the house? They answered "No," that he had "been there but had left." The Soldier a member of the Clarke Cavalry, was standing at that moment in the room above, behind some ladies who were looking out of the window, indeed he could see the cavalry himself, and felt hopeless of the outcome, but the Yankees on getting this answer, moved away and he was safe.

Many instances of their fidelity could be mentioned. The cheerfulness of the people under such depressing cercumstances was remarkable. One old gentleman while his barns were burning sat on his front porch and sang—"Let the Yankees burn as they will, we'll be gay and happy still." Their only ambition seemed to be to help their country's cause and do something for the soldiers who were defending her. As for themselves if they could have something to eat and to wear, they were satisfied. Some day a monument to the noble women and old men who bore so much and so bravely should be built and I hope that the young people who may read this account, and others, may be led to do it.

CHAPTER XVII.

TWO WEEKS UNDER SHERIDAN

DURING the war between the States—1861 1865, my father lived on the farm now owned and occupied by Mr. Ben Foley, about three miles due north from Berryville. Living there back from any of the public highways along which the contending armies often passed, we had been disturbed comparatively little by the Yankees excepting the taking by them of all our horses save one old blind mare and an old horse the Confederates had turned out to die.

Early in the fall of 1864, there we were in fancied security listening to the rattling of the musketry, the singing of the cannon ball, the bursting of the bomb-shells, and the yelling of the soldiers in a battle raging about and around Grind Stone Hill. This battle, I think, was on Saturday evening and as the shades of evening fell there was quite and peace at our home with little thought of what the morrow had in store for us. Sunday morning came, —it was a bright September Sunday, and the sun as usual smiled upon our home of plenty, yea, of abundance. To enumerate, we had the two old horses spoken of above, eight milk cows, sixty fine fat sheep, seventy-five or a hundred hogs big and little, and turkeys, geese, and chickens almost without number, three or four hundred bushels of wheat in stack, twenty-five tons of nice hay in the barn, which my father and my younger brother and myself with the aid of Mr. Michael Pope, had garnered,

laboring beyond our strength rather than see it waste in the field, a large crop of corn standing in the field, apple, peach, and damson trees all exceedingly full of luscious fruit, a goodly supply of meat in the meat-house, and quite a number of bee stands.

Thus surrounded by plenty,—for war times a great deal —we were enjoying the quiet of a country Sabbath, when all of a sudden we were aroused by the geese, hens and turkeys flying, screaming and fleeing as if the very deuce was after them.

Out we rushed and for the first time and last we saw a Confederate skirmish line. It extended clear across the farm and rapidly advanced in a northern direction. These men were so close to each other that the fowls had fled pellmell before them. The line never got any further than the fence that divides the John Locke land from Mr. Ben Foley's. That portion of the farm southwest of the house was literally covered with soldiers, horses and cannon. General Early, Maj. S. J. C. Moore, Col. John Riley and a number of other Confederate officers were in our yard. My mother and sister hastily prepared them a snack which they ate from their hands as they sat on their horses. The soldiers fell upon the fruit upon the trees like a devouring flame, and my father seeing that it would soon be gone asked General Early for a guard and saved much of the fruit,—an act which we all bitterly regretted.

Some of the soldiers advised us to repair to the cellar or quit the premises as the house would likely be leveled to the earth by the death-dealing ball and shell; we could then hear the rattle of the musketry between the skirmish lines not a thousand yards away.

Early had come down the pike from Winchester and turned off at Mr. Martin Gaunt's farm, now owned and occupied by his son John Gaunt, and got as far as our

place to plant his cannon or, which is more probable, finding the enemy too strong for him retired before night leaving only a skirmish line between us and the Yankees. Monday the skirmish lines fought all around our house; sometimes the Confederates were in our yard and sometimes the Yankees. The balls flew thick and fast, many of them striking the house, which being of logs and stone afforded us ample protection. We had no cellar. By night we had seen an armed Confederate soldier for the last time. That God has willed it so is the only thing that has ever reconciled the writer to the passing of the Confederate Soldier.

During the skirmish on Monday a couple of Confederates came to our front gate and asked for something to eat. I was on the front porch and ran in the house to get it. When I came out with it they said, "Don't bring it out here, the balls might hit you." I replied, "they are no more apt to hit me than you," and rushed out with the food but the whistling, singing, and spat of the balls made me only too glad to get back into the house. Late in the evening, when all was quiet and neither a Yankee nor a Confederate was anywhere in sight, brother Doras got upon the fence to survey the surroundings. Scarcely was he up before two bullets came whistling by his head from the direction in which the Confederates had retired, they thinking, no doubt, that he was a Yankee.

By Tuesday the Yankees, realizing that the Confederated were all gone, began to pour in on us to loot and to pillage. We applied to the officers for a guard, but they replied that as our house lay outside of their picket line they could not give us a guard, for Mosby might pick them up.

Language fails me to portray even faintly what we had to take, endure, and suffer for the next two weeks for that

Godless horde fulfilling to the very letter Sheridan's instructions to lay waste the Valley so that a crow flying over would have to carry its rations. All day long they would pillage and destroy and at night they would retire within their picket line. One day quite a number were catching chickens when a man in fine uniform evidently an officer, rode up and in a rough and commanding tone ordered them to quit, and he drove them out of the yard. Then he said to my mother, "Madam, these men will return and take all of your chickens, I cannot stay here and keep them away, so you let your two little boys (Doras and myself) catch as many as they can and I will buy them from you." We caught a dozen or so and tying them together handed them up to him, when without saying "thank you" he put spurs to his horse and rode away. When we attempted to eat our meals at the table as usual, they came in the house and took the victuals off the table, dishes and all. We soon discovered that at the rate things were going we would have literally nothing to eat, so at night father, Doras, and I buried a pot of butter, hid jars of preserves in rock piles, buried our meat in the ash heap, carried one barrel of flour out in the field and put it in an old lime kiln and covered it over with rocks, and hid another barrel in a secret closet in an old unoccupied house. Had we not done this I verily believe we would have had to leave the premises in search of something to eat. I saw my father pick scraps of meat out of the soap grease and eat them. We had to prepare and eat our meals at night. During the day we ate on the sly what we could carry in our pocket.

One day a drunken soldier cocked his gun and put it to my father's breast and with an oath said: "If you do not let me put my hand in your pocket I will kill you," at that my father pulled his vest open and said, "I reckon I am as ready to die as you are ready to kill me," just then an-

other soldier jerked the gun away, and at the same time my sister, now Mrs. Britton, raised a window and threw the wash basin at the drunken soldier hoping, I suppose, thereby to attract his attention. He whirled around and struck at her through the window with his gun, breaking the sash and knocking the broken glass all over her.

By their acts and language, generally, they proved what one of their great generals said and acted, to-wit: "War is hell."

This pillaging, looting, destroying set would have pickets out for fear of Mosby. One day twenty-five or fifty negroes, coming after hay on mules, came out of the woods near by in a gallop and with a yell. One of the pickets fired his gun. Pandemonium ensued. Men rushed here and there as if they had suddenly gone mad. Some seized their bridle reins and vainly attempted to pull their horses over the yard fence, a strong plank fence, some threw down their guns and yelled out "I surrender." One poor fellow actually ran against a tree with such force that he tore off one side of his face, making a sickening sight.

Well, God be praised, the end came at last. One morning we found the Yankees had all gone and their camp we found as completely deserted as the Trojans found the Greek camp before the walls of Troy. Then we took a long breath of relief, and pulled ourselves together, and surveyed our surroundings. We found we had literally nothing, excepting what we had hid. We had neither horse, cow, sheep, hog, turkey, goose, nor chicken; no hay, no wheat, no corn, no straw, no fodder, nor apples, nor peaches, nor damsons, not even any bees with their honey.

Save for the provisions we had hid and a hundred or so dollars in gold my father had managed to save, starvation would have stared us in the face during the winter of

1864-65. Not a grain of wheat did we get sowed in the fall of 1864, yet we cut eighty bushels of volunteer wheat in the summer of 1865, through we had plowed not a furrow. Our Heavenly Father knew we had need of it.

M. W. JONES.

CHAPTER XVIII.

THE CLARKE RIFLES

COMPANY "I" 2ND VIRGINIA INFANTRY

ON the 17th of October, 1859, the people of Harper's Ferry were startled in the early morning by meeting armed men at their doors, and finding that during the quiet hours of the night a body of desperate men had taken possession of the U. S. Armory and arsenal, and were shooting down any who came in sight. Who these desperate men were and what was their object was soon manifested. Several persons were killed or wounded, some were taken prisoners to the small engine house where this force was collected. It was then discovered that the leader was the infamous John Brown, a leader in the fighting in Kansas, the instrument of the fanatical abolitionists of the North in their effort to prevent the establishment of slavery in the territory of Kansas. He had a few months prior to this time established himself as a farmer and country merchant in the Blue Ridge mountains near Harper's Ferry, and there had gathered his men and arms for his effort to arouse the negroes to insurrection against their owners. From this point he had gone up and down the Virginia Valley trying to stir up the negroes to join him in his purpose. The writer remembers very well a singing school teacher, who during the summer and fall preceding his outbreak, had schools at different points in the county. A very innocent man

STROTHER H. BOWEN

CAPTAIN, "CLARKE RIFLES" (COMPANY I, SECOND VIRGINIA INFANTRY)

apparently, but his disappearance just before the outbreak of Brown at Harper's Ferry, and the fact that he made it convenient to visit farmers' houses on Sundays while the families were at church, ostensibly to have his washing done, but really to talk with the negroes, convincing every one that he had been an emissary of Brown. Doubtless Brown had assurances from some of the more restless and discontented of the negroes that they would join him, but their hearts failed them, or their good sense prevented them, and so no one responded to his movement. The U. S. Government sent Col. R. E. Lee and the Marines from Washington, under Lieut. Israel Green, whose wife was a Miss Taylor of Berryville, to Harper's Ferry, and the affair was soon ended by the capture of Brown and his party. Some were killed and wounded, the others were placed in the jail at Charlestown and after trial were sentenced and hanged. This affair stirred up the Virginia people and aroused them to the fact that they should prepare for such emergancies. They then saw that there was a faction at the North who would stop at nothing to accomplish their objects and that to be ready to defend their rights, their homes and their liberties, they must arm themselves. Immediately all over the State volunteer companies of soldiers were organized. In Berryville a Company was formed calling themselves the Clarke Guards, under Capt. Strother H. Bowen; Lieuts. Flagg, Ashby and Morgan. They took part in guarding the prison at Charlestown. One of their number preventing the escape of Cooke and Coppie, two of the men under sentence. After the execution of Brown and his men, this company returned home and from some disagreement among its officers, was disbanded. A new company was then organized, calling themselves the "Clarke Rifles." Strother H. Bowen was elected Captain, S. J. C. Moore 1st Lieutenant; H. P.

Deahl 2nd Lieut.; Byrd, 3rd Lieut.; W. T. Milton 1st Sergeant.

They were armed with minie rifles with sword bayonet, a very fine weapon, considered the best then made. The men were uniformed in gray, with high hats having a large pompon or ball instead of plume. The hat was a very heavy and uncomfortable affair, which was soon thrown away when we went into service, and replaced by a light military cap, much more comfortable and suitable. The rifle, too, was found not to be as good as the Springfield minie musket, and was also exchanged for the musket and regulation bayonet. These muskets were got later on, mostly from the enemy, as opportunity offered. The members of the company were from the town and country around, and represented all classes of the people, farmers, merchants, mechanics, lawyers, printers and young boys from the schools. A number of them were from the Blue Ridge Mountain. Most of them were accustomed to the use of a gun or rifle, and were fine shots, a fact which contributed very much to the usefulness of the company in active service. The fall and winter of 1860 and '61 were spent in drilling, and the men by the spring of 1861 were tolerably efficient in the drill and the use of their weapons. While we were thus preparing for what all feared must come the country at large was in a state of excitement and unrest. Several of the Southern States had seceded from the Union. Virginia had elected a convention to consider what her course should be, and although Virginia's people loved the Union and were averse to leaving it, the course of the newly elected President Lincoln and his government was such as to cause thinking people great anxiety as to the outcome. What was feared suddenly happened. Mr. Lincoln ordered out 75000 troops and called on Virginia for her quota. Immediately the sentiment of all

changed, and the convention determined to cast the fortunes of the old Commonwealth with her sister Southern states. Upon this being determined, orders were issued for the volunteer companies of the State to meet and prepare for the struggle.

On the morning of the 17th of April, 1861, Captain Bowen received orders to march with his company to Harper's Ferry to aid in its capture. At Harper's Ferry were the U. S. Armory and Arsenal, where were stored large quantities of arms and ammunition, very important for us to have. Messengers were sent hurrying through the county, ordering the members of the company to report in uniform and with arms at Berryville by 12 m. of that day, but with singular want of foresight no orders for rations were issued even for the one day. The men gathered promptly, and by 1 o'clock were ready for the march. There were hasty goodbyes, many tears by anxious mothers and wives over sons and husbands departing for no one could guess what fate. But among the men, especially the young and thoughtless, all was joy and hilarity. No idea of the terrible events which were so soon to follow. No idea of the long years of toil and danger entered into their minds. We would soon settle matters and be at home again. We were carried in four-horse wagons furnished by the farmers of the neighborhood, and from the top of what is now Cemetery Hill, we took our departure. On reaching Charlestown we found that the 2nd Regiment, under Col. J. W. Allen, composed of the companies from Jefferson County, had marched to Halltown, four miles from Harper's Ferry. We pushed on, arriving there about sundown, as did also the Nelson Rifles, a company from Millwood under command of Capt. W. N. Nelson. After a supper of crackers and cheese and very fat middling, we started on the march.

About two miles from the Ferry we were halted, and for the first time heard the command, afterward to be so familiar, "load at will." That sounded like business. Intense excitement ensued. Some in their hurry loaded with the ball end of the cartridge foremost, others tore off the powder and left only the ball, all of which gave trouble later. One fellow became deadly sick and had to retire. Fortunately just then a young man of the county who had followed, came up and there in the road they exchanged clothing, the sick man going back home, never to be of any account again. Fear so possessed him that he never rallied, and eventually left the service. But our excitement and flurry amounted to nothing. We marched into the Ferry, meeting no one. The U. S. troops there, a company of infantry, after setting fire to the armory, had crossed the bridge and marched to Chambersburg. We arrived on the scene in time to see the burning buildings and no more. We had quarters in the Catholic Church, and during the night arrested a number of citizens, attempting to secure guns stolen from the armory. On the next day we entered upon the real life of a soldier, never to be relaxed until that fateful day at Appomattox when, our toils, labors and sacrifices over, we laid down the arms so sanguinely taken up. Officers and men soon found that they had all to learn as to war and its affairs. No one knew how to make a cake of bread or cook a piece of meat, and only one man in the company could make a cup of coffee. I well remember with what curiosity we gathered around Bob Whittington to see him make coffee. At first for a few days we were in a Battallion of the two companies from Clarke under command of Capt. Wm. N. Nelson of Millwood, but soon we were placed in Colonel Allen's regiment, which for a while was called the 1st Virginia. The old 1st Virginia was formed from Richmond com-

panies and claimed the right to retain their number, which the government conceded to them, although we were the first to organize in the field. We never envied them their name or reputation, as we felt that we were as well drilled, although not as well uniformed, and that we did as good service and we are sure that the 2nd Virginia earned by hard service and gallant fighting as good a name as they. Soldier's life in the main, except in battle, is uneventful. Ours consisted in drilling during the day and being aroused at night by false alarms. When Col. T. J. Jackson took command he went at once to the work of breaking us in, and our days and nights were all full of work and unrest. For some reason from the first, the Clarke Rifles, now Co. "I", 2nd Virginia Vol. Inf., was often put on detached service. We men used to think it was because the Colonel did not like us, but I have thought since it was because he had confidence in our officers and in the men also, that they would do well whatever duty was put upon them. We were soon sent over into Maryland on outpost duty. We were stationed at the School house where Cooke of John Brown fame, taught school. Here we saw the pits where those mysterious boxes were buried which came to John Brown, ostensibly filled with hardware for the store, but really with picks and guns to be used by the negroes in murdering the white people of the land. A mile or two away was the house in which Brown lived and kept his country store. Colonel Jackson was determined that his men should become accustomed to war's alarms. Every few days reports of the approach of the enemy were circulated. On one occasion all were ordered out at two o'clock in the morning, sent hurring to different points to take post, but all that happened was the B. & O. train pulling in and aboard was Major Gen. Harney of the U. S. Army on his way to Washington. Lieutenant Moore of

our company and Captain Marshall of General Jackson's staff arrested him. The old gentleman was sent to Richmond, and there released and sent on to Washington. On another evening the enemy was reported advancing from Chambersburg. Lieutenant Moore came hurrying from the Ferry loaded with a box of cartridges. The company was formed, cartridges distributed, orders given to sleep on arms and be ready at a moment's notice to meet the foe. The excitement was intense. One fellow, who was sick, forced himself to join the ranks, but the strain was too great. He fainted and had to be carried away. Another boy, who proved afterwards to be a very dashing, gallant soldier, fainted at the sight of the first one's toppling over. This was not fear, as both proved gallant soldiers. The stay on the Maryland mountain was pleasant, but could not last. We were ordered to join the Regiment, and the Regiment was ordered to Martinsburg to protect that point. The Clarke Rifles were sent to the Potomac opposite Williamsport to guard the ferry and ford there. There was a company of Maryland troops at Williamsport, but they made no demonstration and we none. There we were joined by two men of the town who came over—Tommy Goheen, a little Irishman, who made a good and faithful soldier, and a loyal citizen of Frederick County after the war. The other, a man named Johnston, was good and true for a long time, but towards the last grew tired and gave up the fight; did not desert to the enemy, but simply quit. A few weeks after this, having left the ford at Williamsport and rejoining the Regiment, we received our fine tents furnished by the county, and made by the ladies of the county. You may be sure we prized them, for they represented to us the love and toil of the dear ones at home. Time was passing delightfully in camp in a fine orchard, when suddenly a strange sound

greeted our ears, a very rapid and continued roll of the drums, "The long roll," once heard never forgotten. How every one ran with one accord to one place. "Fall in, fall in, fall in, strike your tents, prepare to march." Alas, the beautiful tents were torn down, nicely piled up to wait for wagons which never came, and there found by the Yankees who in a short time after we marched away, came in and took possession. Never more were we to see them; all the labor and love was wasted. An incompetent or ignorant quartermaster had made no provision for what all should have known must come soon. Thenceforward we had tents if we captured them, but mostly we did not have them. In fact we came to think that tents and things of that sort were incumbrances, only to be used by the Yankees and by us sometimes in winter quarters, when there was no marching to do. The regiment, now part of the 1st Brigade under command of Brigadier General T. J. Jackson, took position on the pike near the little village of Hainsville, and we were put for the first time in line of battle and saw in the distance the blue coated enemy and the Stars and Stripes floating in the breeze. We were not premitted on this occasion to become engaged. The 5th Virginia and Pendleton's battery had all the fighting to do and won all the honors. The experience was helpful to all, it gave us some idea of what we should have to do, and braced our nerves for that which would surely come to pass. We withdrew through Martinsburg and joined General Johnston's command, and retired to Winchester for a few days. Then we were marched to Darkesville, four miles from Martinsburg, where we lay in line of battle for four days offering battle to the enemy, who declined to come out. When Johnston left Harper's Ferry to put himself in front of Colonel Patterson who was at Martinsburg, we marched through

Charlestown and a few miles out on the Berryville pike. We were sure we were going through our home town and see our home people, and the people at home made great preparations to feed the whole army as it came through. Wagon loads of good things were brought in, and although it was Sunday, no thought was given to anything but the feeding of the soldiers. The day wore away and no army appeared. General Johnston had passed across through Smithfield to Bunker Hill, and formed his lines there to confront the enemy. The disappointment was great. The ample provision was lost. One ardent old gentleman filled his carriage and came on to Bunker Hill, bringing his double-barreled gun to take part in the fighting. It is almost incredible to people of this day, half a century later, the spirit that animated old and young then. Each man felt that the fight was his, and that it was his duty to take part in and if need be, die for the cause. Patterson refusing to fight, back to Winchester we marched, and what wonderful preparations for battle we made. We tore down all the fences within a mile of the town on the north, so that the cavalry and artillery could have a fair and open field. All this was done to fool Patterson. We found out later that battlefields were always ready, didn't have to be prepared. Suddenly one morning, the head of the column started towards the Blue Ridge. We were going to leave the Valley. How we rebelled. We would not leave our homes and people to the mercy of the Yankees. We would not go, but as we marched we were halted on the road and an order from General Johnston read telling the men that "Our gallant army under General Beauregard at Manassas in now attacked by overwhelming numbers; the commanding general hopes that his troops will step out like men, and make a forced march to save the country." This appeal to our patriotism was

like an electric shock, and was responded to with cheers, and every one felt that it was up to him to do his duty. But when we reached the Shenandoah River and found that we had to ford it, our enthusiasm cooled and for a time many of us held back, but just then the 33rd Virginia, under Colonel Cummings came up and marched right into the water. We were put to shame and waded right in. The ford was really refreshing after the hot and dusty march of the day and we felt better from it. The night was spent at Paris, nestling at the foot of the mountain, and in the morning away to Piedmont, now Delaplane, and aboard the cars for Manassas Junction and Beauregard. By night fall we are there and in bivouac. At day break we are marched to Blackburn's Ford on Bull Run, where two days before a fight had taken place. But no foe appears to us and we are marched westward. After a while the boom of cannon and then the rattle of musketry is heard and we know that the fighting has begun. Our General moves us towards the firing, the noise of battle increasing. The wounded begin to meet us—all things indicate trouble ahead. Passing through a woods we are thrown into line of battle. The artillery commence firing just to our right. We are just behind a hill. Our orders are to wait until the enemy comes over the hill, then the front rank to fire, then the rear, then to charge bayonets. A thrilling and trying time—shells bursting above us. One man of the company is wounded by shrapnel. The minie balls are flying everywhere. We can not see the left of the regiment, but we know that they are engaged, that our friends in Co. "C" are at it. We hear afterwards of their terrible loss. The brigade is ordered forward—we drive the enemy before us beyond the Henry House. We capture their battery. The fight rages wildly—they turn and run—the day is ours, and we don't know how

we got it, but it is glorious. The enemy retreat in wild disorder, throwing away guns and everything that impeded their flight. The road is filled with overturned wagons, abandoned pieces of artillery, everything connected with a well appointed army. Grave and great senators, congressmen, civilians of all sorts who had come out to see the Rebels run, joined in the race. One senator ran so fast he was said to have lost the tails of his coat. A great victory. Many thought that we ought at once to have advanced and taken Washington. Whether we could or should have advanced is fully discussed in the great histories. The reader is referred to them. This writer is no military critic. All that he knows is that on the night and day succeeding the battle it rained, and rained and rained. He knows that the troops engaged in the battle were in great disorder, and that it took several days for the commands to get into proper shape. During the hottest part of the cannonade, which was very heavy and trying on the nerves, and lasted for several hours, General Bee seeing Jackson's Brigade standing so firmly in their position, called upon his men to rally behind the Virginians, who were standing like a "Stone wall." It was thus we got the name which was borne with honor through the war, and which honors every one connected with the Brigade.

CHAPTER XIX

THE calm succeeding the great battle was occupied in training the armies on both sides for the next encounter. We went into camp just below Centreville and were kept at drilling from daylight until dark, day after day;—Mounting guard, going on picket, sometimes for a week, turning out to meet a supposed advance, building forts and, in fact, doing everything calculated to improve us as soldiers and bring us into thorough military discipline. Sometimes we were in sight of the capitol at Washington, sometimes in the pine woods where nothing could be seen, ever on the alert against our foe, who was just as alert as we. Now and then some father or brother would come from home to visit the Company, bringing always a box of good things to some one of the boys, and maybe a bottle or two of whiskey to be used, they said, medicinally. Among us such things were always in common, all joined in the feast or tasted the good old rye. Those were red letter days and enjoyed to the full. While at camp Harmon near Centreville, our Captain, Strother H. Bowen, resigned to take up other work for the government. He was a brave man and a capable officer, but his years made the service very hard to him. When he resigned, 1st Lieut. S. J. C. Moore was made captain, H. P. Deahl 1st Lieut., Sergt. W. T. Milton 2nd Lieut, and J. H. O'Bannon 3rd Lieut., in place of Byrd, resigned. Mr. Byrd's health had been such that he had been unable to do any service, having been with the com-

pany only on one march. The new officers were popular and energetic, and raised the company to a fine state of efficiency and did much to earn the high reputation it always bore. A. S. Allen was made 1st Sergt.; a gallant soldier and fine fellow, beloved by all; kind hearted and true, and well deserving the promotion.

The weeks and months passed swiftly until the late fall, when our General, having been promoted to Major General, was sent to the Valley to take command there. How earnestly we all wished to go with him, but it was not so ordered and we had learned that a soldier had to obey and be content. Upon taking leave of the Brigade he had us all drawn up in column before him in such compact form that all might see and hear him. He made a speech, the first probably he had ever made.

"I am not here to make a speech, but simply to say farewell. I first met you at Harper's Ferry in the commencement of this war, and I cannot take leave of you without giving expression to my admiration of your conduct from that day to this, whether on the march, in the bivouac, or the tented field; or on the bloody plains of Manassas where you gained the well-deserved reputation of having decided the fate of the battle. Throughout the broad extent of country over which you have marched, by your respect for the rights and the property of citizens, you have shown that you were soldiers, not only to defend, but able and willing both to defend and protect. You have already gained a brilliant and deservedly high reputation, throughout the army of the whole Confederacy, and I trust, in the future, by your deeds on the field, and by the assistance of the same kind Providence who has heretofore favored our cause, you will gain more victories, and add additional lustre to the reputation you now enjoy. You have already gained a proud position in the future

history of this, our second War of Independence. I shall look with great anxiety to your future movements; and I trust, whenever I shall hear of the First Brigade on the field of battle, it will be of nobler deeds achieved, and higher reputation won."

Then pausing, as though unable to leave his comrades-in-arms without some warmer and less official words, he threw the rein upon the neck of his horse, and, extending his arms, exclaimed:

"In the army of the Shenandoah you were the First Brigade; in the army of the Potomac you were the First Brigade; you are the First Brigade in the affections of your general; and I hope, by your future deeds and bearing, you will be handed down to posterity as the First Brigade in this our second War of Independence. Farewell."

Thus saying he waved his hand, wheeled and left the ground at a gallop, followed by a shout in which his brave men poured out their whole hearts. He left immediately for Winchester. About the middle of November the Brigade was ordered to follow. You can well imagine the joy this order gave us, whose homes were so near to the seat of his movements. Very few of us got an opportunity to go to our homes, as early in December General Jackson determined to attempt to break up the use of the Chesapeake and Ohio Canal on the north bank of the Potomac. To do this it was necessary to cut Dam No. 5 across the river which turned the water into the canal. Four companies of infantry, Cos. "D", "I" and "H" of the 2nd Regiment, and Captain Williams Company of the 4th Regiment were sent with the militia to make a diversion at Falling Waters, and then being joined by the Brigade to try to cut the dam. The Clarke Rifles guarded the working party which consisted of Captain Holliday's Company of the 33rd Regiment and Captain Robinson's

of the 27th. The work was accomplished in four nights. They could only work at night, as the enemy were thick on the other bank and kept up a continuous fire. The Company there was under the eye of our General, and often very near him, as he seemed to take delight in being at the most exposed places. To be near Jackson and Ashby while in action was an inspiration to all, and every man endeavored to do his full duty. When stationed along the banks of the river at night, we were ordered to keep perfectly quiet so as not to draw the fire of the enemy. One night when all was still, there suddenly rang out the squawk of an old rooster, making night hideous. One of the boys had marked his roosting place, and as it was known that we were to leave that night, he determined to capture him for his Christmas dinner. How mad the Captain was. "Who caught that rooster." No one knew, but all the same, we carried him back to camp and on Christmas day invited the Captain to join us in a plate of soup from his lordship. With all the hardships and dangers, the boys would mix fun and hilarity.

We were in camp for a few days, and then these four companies were again ordered to Dam No. 5, this time to veil the movement of the main army on Bath in Morgan County. With Ashby's cavalry we made a demonstration there, and when the army moved towards Bath we with the cavalry, marched across the mountains to join them. The weather was bad, snow, rain and sleet every day, the roads blocked by trees cut across them, but on we pushed, to reach Bath a few minutes after the army had entered and the enemy had fled across the Potomac to Hancock. A luxurious night in the big hotel, and on we went the next morning to attack the enemy across the river. Our wagons not having come up, we had the next night to repose our weary limbs on the ground, to wake

up in the morning with several inches of snow on us. Such is soldier life. Hardships unending, pleasures very seldom, but youth and high spirits seem to overcome all obstacles and though we grumbled at times, no one lost heart or wanted to turn back. Again we are with the Regiment and after a toilsome all night march over frozen icy road, we came up with our wagons at Unger's Store on the way to Romney. Hungry and tired we were the next morning, when there came in sight a carriage. With one accord all shouted, "There is old Mr. Gold." He had come from Clarke, loaded with overcoats for the men and a box for Tom. With what pleasure was his load received. How comfortable were the coats, and how good the things in the box. The people at home were thinking of us and did not want us to suffer. Letters were written, and soon he left loaded with the thanks of the men and letters for the homefolk. Those dear people, ever faithful and thoughtful. We can never forget the hardships and toils that they endured for their country and their friends at the front. Time nor distance, swollen streams nor stress of weather prevented them from coming to see their boys and bringing something to cheer them for their hard duty.

A few days rest at Unger's Store, from which point all the sick were sent to the hospital at Winchester. Colds and some pneumonia produced by the severe exposure of this winter had made the sick list unusually heavy. We were all hoping that the army would soon move in that direction, when one night the order was sent around to cook three day's rations and be ready to move early in the morning. What hustling and bustle in the messes! By midnight the rations were cooked, and all hands were ready for the hard march to Romney. Rain and sleet every day! Muddy roads and many streams to cross. At every step some one cursing "old Jackson" for taking

us on such a march at such a time and in such weather. In the midst of the cursing and grumbling, along rides our general on Old Sorrel. Immediately the cursing stops, and all with one accord begin to cheer. He gallops by, his cap in hand and eyes to the front, his staff following as best they can. It was wonderful how his presence inspired enthusiasm and made all press on with renewed vigor. Though the march was hard and toilsome, we felt that he knew what he was doing and that it was for the best. We soon began to pass the ruins of burning houses and barns, evidence of the vandalism of the enemy who so often seemed to think that they could crush the "Rebellion" by burning homes and throwing women and children helpless and homeless out into the cold and winter weather. What indignation at this cruel and inhuman warefare was stirred in our hearts, and I fear that if any of the perpetrators of these things had come into our hands then they would have paid dearly for their inhumanity. At least we reached Romney to find the enemy gone, leaving tents standing and every evidence of a hurried and precipitous retreat. We were quartered in the Academy building, a school taught for many years by Dr. Foote, a Presbyterian minister of note—a very pleasant change from tents and the wet ground. General Jackson was a very temperate man, but here, by his orders I suppose, a ration of whiskey was issued to the men. There were few very who did not accept it cheerfully. The commissary carried it around and measured out to each man his ration. One of the boys, wanting to get a double portion, slipped out with his gun and placed himself in the line of sentinels, and when the jug was carried around the guard line, he was there ready and succeeded nicely with his little trick. I remember only two or three occasions when this was done. While at Romney the Company was

sent on picket to the Hanging Rocks, a high mass of rocks overhanging the road, and looking as if they might at any time topple over. In a few days all the troops, except General Loring's command, were ordered to march back to Winchester, 42 miles away. Such a march was hardly ever taken. The rains and snows had made the roads soft. The long wagon trains and the artillery cut them up so that they were almost impassible for man or beast. But on we went. Winchester was our goal, and who would not endure hardship to get to old Winchester and in reach of home. At Romney we had made some new acquaintances. In the abandoned tents of the enemy we found some very disagreeable occupants. The boys said that they had U. S. on their backs. We did not want their company, but before the war was over, became used to them in a way. It was said that fire would not kill them, but we found out that boiling water would, and often the camp kettle in which we made our soup, was used for boiling our clothes and ridding ourselves of these vermin.

Upon reaching Winchester, the 2nd Regiment went into winter quarters near the Old Smithfield house just northeast of town. We were furnished tents to which we made chimneys of mud and stone or sticks, and managed to exist most miserably while there. In later years we learned to build log huts which were very comfortable. The winter was uneventful, except for the first military execution of the war, at least in our part of the army. A man by the name of Miller from Jefferson County, had been court martialed for striking or wounding his captain, and was sentenced to be shot. When the day arrived, Co. "I" was detailed to guard the execution. It was not a pleasant duty, but it was not ours to object. We had to do as we were ordered. The place of execution was in a field just south of town. The prisoner was placed upon his

coffin with his hands tied behind him, facing the firing party, who were from his own company of cavalry. Our company was divided into two platoons, and drawn up on each side of the coffin. At the command to fire from the Provost Marshal, Captain Botts of Charlestown, twelve guns loaded some with ball and some with blank cartridges, flashed and the prisoner was dead. An awful sight, but men became hardened to things of that kind.

Early in March rumors of advance of the enemy were heard. Members of the company who were at home were hurriedly recalled, and everyone was in expectation of a fight. On the 11th of March, the army moved back towards Strasburg. After crossing Cedar Creek, the four companies before mentioned, "D", "H" and "I" of the 2nd Regiment, and one from the 4th, were again placed with the cavalry. When the enemy advanced we, with the artillery under Captain Chew, fought them from every hill from Cedar Creek to Mt. Jackson. At Fisher's Hill, just beyond Strasburg, the river makes a sharp bend above which are high bluffs. Our company was stationed here with Chew's two guns. When the enemy advanced through the town on the river road they came in full view of Chew, and he firing with great precision struck the centre of a regiment and killed and wounded a large number. It did not take many minutes for them to vacate the road. They then proceeded to form their lines, place their batteries and send out a swarm of skirmishers. It looked like we were going to be picked up in short order. But Colonel Ashby at last ordered us to leave our position and after keeping to the fields, and out of sight as was thought, till beyond range, we were marched on the road, when all at once they opened on us with eight pieces of artillery, so placed as to sweep the road. It was trying on the nerves, and Captain Moore never walked so slowly

in his life than at that time, and of course we could go no faster than he, no matter how much we might want to. From almost every hill we had now to fight them. We would form our skirmish line, and place our battery. They would move up till they saw us and then they would do the same and advance and after some time had been thus occupied, we would withdraw to another hill and await another advance. So it went, we retreating very slowly, they advancing very slowly. At night we went in to camp at the Narrow Passage and the enemy withdrew to Winchester. On the 22nd of March, Colonel Ashby and our four Companies and Chew were ordered down the Valley. We marched to Bartonsville, 27 miles that day, and stopped for the night there. Ashby and Chew had attacked the enemy on the suburbs of Winchester just at sundown, and General Shields had been wounded. We were in high hopes that the next day we could enter Winchester once more. In the early morning we were moved out and down the pike, and were thrown into ambush on each side of the road, hoping that their cavalry would get after Colonel Ashby, who had ridden ahead to draw them out. But they were too sharp for that. About ten o'clock the enemy advanced a brigade to attack Chew's guns which were on the right and east of the turnpike. To support the guns the four companies were deployed and sent forward. As Mr. Dabney puts it, "They scoured the forest with enthusiastic courage and repulsed the enemy." But our loss in this engagement was severe. Wm. Shepherd was killed, his brother Decatur badly wounded, Richard Roy badly wounded and taken prisoner and Nat Sowers taken prisoner. These in our Company. The other companies had losses of killed and wounded also. The companies were then ordered to rejoin their regiments, which by this time had come upon the field. About four

o'clock we were all moved to the left to attack the enemy, posted upon a range of hills lying west of Kernstown. We had to cross from the pike to the hills in full view of the enemy and under the fire of their guns. Upon reaching the line of hills we immediately advanced and were soon hard at it. Sheltered behind rocks, trees and anything we could find, we poured a heavy fire into their lines with telling effect. The regiments in our front were continually breaking and others being brought up. They had to plant their flag staff into the ground, the bearers were shot down so often. When nearly out of ammunition, the order was given to fall back by General Garnett, commanding our brigade. There was some confusion for a time, but the 5th Regiment being in reserve checked the pursuit. Our Company lost here: killed, Kins Willingham, and others wounded, and Ed. Bonham and Tom Gold taken prisoners.

This was the hardest fight we had ever been in, and I doubt if there were many harder fought fields during the war. The men taken prisoners were sent to Fort Delaware, where they were kept until the following August, when they were exchanged and returned to the army. The story of their life in prison would be interesting, but as it is not the object of this history to give the story of individuals, but of the whole company, their's must remain untold.

The army, after the battle which seemed to end so disastrously, retreated only a few miles and went into camp for the night. By morning the stragglers had come together, discipline was renewed and everything and everybody was ready to meet the enemy, if he advanced. While the victory seemed to be with the enemy, General Jackson accomplished what he started to do, which was to prevent the forces at Winchester crossing the mountains and reinforcing McClellan at Manassas and thus overpower-

JAS. H. O'BANNON

CAPTAIN, "CLARKE RIFLES"
(COMPANY I, SECOND VIRGINIA INFANTRY)

ing General Jos. E. Johnston, who was opposing him there. The severe blow given at Kernstown compelled them not only to keep all their forces at Winchester, but to send others there to follow Jackson. On the morning of the 24th, General Jackson retreated through Strasburg to Rude's Hill beyond Mt. Jackson. The four companies spoken of as being with the cavalry were again detached to help Ashby cover the retreat to that point. The enemy moved south as far as Woodstock and there stopped, seeming afraid to attack General Jackson, who had a very strong position at Rude's Hill. After resting here for some days, Jackson moved through Harrisonburg to Swift Run Gap in the Blue Ridge. At this place a great many companies were reorganized. They had enlisted for one year, and that time having expired and most of the men having re-enlisted for the war, it was nescesary to elect officers for the new term. The Clarke Rifles, Co. "I", proceeded to elect, and chose for Captain, S. J. C. Moore, 1st Lieut. Jas. H. O'Bannon, 2nd Lieut. Chas. A. Marshall, 3rd Algernon S. Allen. John R. Nunn who had recently joined the Company, having been a Captain in the militia in its service around Winchester, was made 1st Sergeant. This appointment was much disapproved of by the men, as they thought that one of their number who had gone through the year's service with them should have received it. The appointment, though unpopular, was a good one, as he made a good and efficient officer, brave and cool in time of action. J. W. Willingham was made 2nd Sergeant, D. J. Shepherd 3rd, B. F. Thompson 4th, M. L. Barr, 5th. While the army was here a number of conscripts from Augusta were put into the company; some of them made good soldiers and served to the close of the war. In the Blue Ridge mountains near Swift Run Gap, a number of men who had deserted the army or were

avoiding conscription, had set up an armed resistance to the authorities. They had built a fort in one of the narrow valleys among the hills, and defied arrest, committing depredations at times upon the people of the surrounding country. General Jackson sent the four companies heretofore named, Co. "I" being one of them, under command of Major Jones, (afterwards Brigadier General, and a very poor one) to break up their nest, arrest and bring them in if possible. Their fort was taken and they scattered, but I don't think any were captured; but this little rebellion was effectually crushed by the prompt and rapid action of Major Jones and his command. This duty completed, the Company rejoined the regiment and their connection with Ashby and his cavalry ceased.

CHAPTER XX

THESE companies during all their service with Ashby had rendered very efficient aid in supporting his advance or covering his retreats. Very soon his career was to end, and from this time on the company's history was to be merged into that of the whole regiment and the army. Henderson's Life of Jackson gives a very vivid history of the events which follow the movement from Swift Run Gap. The toilsome march to Staunton, the rapid march to McDowell, the attack upon Millroy and his defeat are set forth by him very graphically. The 2nd Regiment was not actively engaged during the battle, and lost no men. After the battle the army marched to Franklin in pursuit of the enemy. Seeing them fleeing before him, General Jackson here turned eastward with his face for the Valley and his eyes on Banks at Harrisonburg. Banks, who had been mystified by Jackson's movements, no sooner heard of his approach than he fell back to Strasburg to be in reach of his supports. Jackson moving with his usual rapidity, passed through Harrisonburg to New Market, followed by General Ewell and his division. Ashby with his cavalry threatened Banks at Strasburg, while Jackson crossing the mountain to Luray, passed down the Page Valley and fell upon the enemy at Front Royal. Upon hearing of the disaster to his troops there, Banks retreated in disorder to Winchester, evading Jackson, who wished to strike him at Middletown and destroy him. Worn and tired they at last faced each other

on the hills west of Kernstown. Here Banks made a gallant defense. The Stonewall Brigade with other troops at last, by a gallant charge broke their line, and they went pellmell through the town. Not, though, without heavy loss to Co. "I." A shell burst in the line and killed Jno. Dobbins and another of the Company, and two men of the next company, disabling Lieut. A. S. Allen by blinding him, but only for a short time. He had to be led into the town, but was ready in a few days to resume his duties. The march to Martinsburg and Harper's Ferry and the investment of that place was rapidly accomplished. Here the 2nd Virginia with Co. "I", were sent across the Shenandoah to hold the mountain top on the Loudoun side. His rear being threatened from Front Royal and Moorefield, Jackson had to get away faster than he came, if he was to save his plunder and his prisoners, and even his army. The army marched for Winchester, leaving the Stonewall Brigade to follow as soon as the 2nd Virginia could be moved from its position across the river. The darkness of the night, and some mistake in orders by which the Regiment was marched back to the top of the mountain after having reached the river, and immediately marched back to the river again, so delayed the 2nd Regiment that they were left by the Brigade far in the rear. After crossing the river they marched to Charlestown, where many of them lived, and halted for an hour for breakfast. They then pushed on and made the longest continuous march ever recorded, overtaking the Brigade at Newtown after a march of forty-two miles without sleeping.

Particular mention is made of this march because Cos. "I" and "C" both of Clarke, took part in it. The Regiment having rejoined the Brigade and soon after the rest of the army, proceeded up the Valley, taking part in those

brilliant movements which culminated in the Battle of Port Republic.

At Port Republic Co. "I" had again the fortune to do signal and effective service while detached from the Regiment on picket duty. Port Republic lies just at the junction of the North and South branches of the Shenandoah River, and between the rivers. A bridge across the north branch afforded a means of passing it. The south branch was crossed by fording. General Jackson's reserve ordnance and other trains were parked just south of the village, while the army was in bivouac on the north bank, opposing Fremont who was advancing from Harrisonburg. On the South side and advancing rapidly up the Page Valley from Luray was Shields. In some way Shields had heard of the almost defenseless position of the wagon trains. He saw that to destroy them would ruin Jackson. He therefore pushed a force of cavalry and infantry by forced marches in order to surprise and destroy these trains. But "the best laid plans of mice and men—even of Generals gang aft agley." It happened that Captain S. J. C. Moore and his company had been placed on picket duty beyond the town, and were on the point of moving back to camp to rejoin the Regiment, when Henry Kerfoot, who had been a member of the Company, but had left to join the cavalry, dashed up and reported that the Yankee cavalry had driven in the cavalry picket and were almost at his heels in pursuit. Captain Moore first sending Kerfoot to notify General Jackson, who had slept in the town, of the approach of the enemy, and thus saving Jackson from capture, formed his company behind a plank fence, and as soon as they appeared opened fire upon the Yankees and checked their advance. His determined and gallant defense of his position, aided by Carrington's battery, which was parked nearby, and got

into action as soon as possible, held the enemy until General Jackson riding rapidly across the bridge could send a regiment or two to their relief. The prompt and gallant action of Captain Moore in foiling the plans of the Yankees saved not only General Jackson from capture, but also saved from destruction his ordnance trains. Their capture would likely have resulted in his defeat by Fremont and possibly the destruction of his army by the junction of Shields and Fremont. The crippling even of Jackson would have prevented him from taking part in the great seven days fight at Richmond, and might well have brought disaster on the cause of the South of the most ruinous character. Dr. Dabney in his life of Jackson, claims the credit for this affair for himself, and some stragglers that he gathered together, but Henderson, the great English writer, gives full credit to Captain Moore and his Company. After the war Captain Moore met General Carroll, who commanded the force which endeavored to capture the trains, and was told by him that his gallant defense that morning had kept him from being promoted for a year. If he had succeeded he would have been made a Brigadier General right away. We see here the importance of doing our duty in small matters, because upon very small things often turn the great events of history. The people of Clarke may well be proud of the record of her gallant soldiers upon this, as upon many other occasions. On the same day the Battle of Cross Keys was fought, and on the next the Battle of Port Republic, the hardest fight Jackson's men had yet had. The Stonewall Brigade, which for a long time bore the brunt of the fight, was badly cut up and had for a while to fall back before the enemy. Our Company was in with the Regiment, and bore its part in the arduous fighting, losing killed and wounded several men.

While Fremont and Shields were in full retreat with the cavalry on their heels, Jackson was pushing his army by every possible means toward Richmond, to take part in General Lee's effort to drive McClelland from his position in front of that city. The story of those seven days fighting, of the bravery and self-sacrifice of our brave soldiers is known by all. Co. "I" with the 2nd Virginia, took part in all these battles and bore themselves with honor. The list of killed and wounded was large, among the latter Sergt. John Nunn.

Here too, our gallant Colonel Allen was killed and now lies buried in Hollywood Cemetery at Richmond. He was succeeded in command by Col. Lawson Botts of Charlestown. The battles of Richmond over, after a few day's rest, away went Jackson and his men to Gordonsville to meet a new enemy, Gen. John Pope, who boasted that he carried his headquarters in the saddle and had never seen anything but the backs of his foes. He was soon to find that he must look into their faces. At Cedar Run his advance under Banks was met and driven from the field. Here the Stonewall Brigade again, by its prompt and vigorous charge led by General Jackson in person, turned the tide of battle, which was wavering, into glorious victory. In this fight, as Captain Moore and his Company were advancing through the woods, they came suddenly upon a Regiment of Yankees also advancing. The Yankee Colonel was about to shoot Captain Moore, when Wm. Allen, who was near him, shot and killed the Colonel, thus no doubt saving Captain Moore's life. As our fellows followed the retreating foe, Sergeant Willingham noticed a watch in the pocket of a dead officer, and without stopping, as he ran by, he pulled it from his pocket. That night by the camp fire, after washing the blood from it, he discovered that he had a very fine watch,

worth $150.00. It was a rare thing for infantry to get any of the plunder of the battle field, except perhaps a gum blanket or a canteen. Such things were supplied to us by our captures from the enemy. A number of our best and bravest were killed or wounded in this fight. There was no rest under General Jackson. But few days passed when away we marched, through dust and heat, night and day, going we knew not whither, across the Rappahannock, through Thoroughfare Gap, on, on, until early one morning we ended at Manassas. What a time was that—half starved and worn out, we suddenly found ourselves turned loose among car loads of everything good to eat and drink and smoke—cigars by the box. One good fellow loaded up with a fine lot of coffee upon which his mess hoped to regale themselves, and then in so much abundance of good things, threw away his coffee and loaded up with tent flies. You may be sure he got a good cussing that night. What good were tent flies in August? Did we not have the whole canopy of heaven to rest under? But coffee,—ah, that was luxury indeed. After burning all those delightful stores, away we marched through the night across the old field of 1st Manassas, facing at last to meet the foe as he might come from Warrenton. The hard march, the lack of rations and the lack of shoes caused many men of the Company and of the army to straggle so that we went into the fight the next day with only twenty-three men and officers. All day the 28th of August we seemed to lie around, moving here and there, fronting first one way and then the other until, just as the sun set, the order to advance is given. On we go, a long line of gray, firing as we advance. From somewhere in front the bullets come thick and fast, the smoke hanging low. We see nothing. At last we reach a fence. We halt,—all seem to be falling,—the rain of bullets is like hail. Our men from the

rear, coming up, overlap us, firing also. Small wonder that of the twenty-three who went in, fourteen are killed and wounded, four left on the field dead. The order is presently heard to cease firing. The moon rises and floats peacefully and serenely above us, giving her light to friend and foe. Now the ambulances come, the wounded are gathered up and borne to some field hospital. There the surgeons remove balls, cut off arms and legs. Oh, the horror of it all, to look back at, but who minded it then? The writer, who was wounded, remembers a poor fellow in the ambulance with him whose cries for water were pitiful in the extreme. On receiving some he became quiet, and on reaching the hospital was found to be dead—dead beside a comrade who did not know it until he himself was taken out of the ambulance. The wounded of the Company in some way were sent to Clarke, and had a few months or weeks with the dear ones at home. The survivors pressed on with the army, to take part in the march through Maryland, in the capture of Harper's Ferry, and in that bloodiest of all fights of the war, Sharpsburg. The few left on their feet were allowed to slip off to their homes as the army made its way slowly down the Valley before crossing the mountain. By November the wounded were well back in the ranks, and Fredericksburg found the Company again with pretty full ranks and ready for duty whatever it might be. After Fredericksburg, into winter quarters at Moss Neck Farm. Here we had good log huts, comfortably heated, and entered into the usual routine of drilling, mounting guard, going on picket, etc., the playtime of the soldier. Here we had for the Brigade a large log house for preaching, and during the winter a meeting of weeks, during which many were converted. Some of the best preachers in the South were with us, and much good was done. Co. "I" had some very

earnest and devoted Christians, among the best was J. M. Pope, a good Christian and brave soldier. The influence for good of such men was far-reaching and inspiring to all who met them. Captain Moore, who was wounded at 2nd Manassas, did not return to the Company, but accepted a position on the Staff of the 2nd Brigade with General Jones. He was a very gallant and efficient officer and had the confidence of his men in the fullest degree. Under him the Company reached its highest point in efficiency and good service, and we parted from him with regret. The wound he had received disqualified him for infantry service, and he felt that he would do more and better service elsewhere. If he had remained with us, he doubtless would have reached the ranks of Brigadier General,—if he had lived—but our field officers were killed off so fast, or were so badly wounded that none of them got past the rank of Colonel. 1st Lieut. O'Bannon was promoted to Captain, Marshall to 1st Lieut and Allen to 2nd. 1st Sergt. J. R. Nunn was made 3rd Lieut., and Sebastian E. Bonham 1st Sergt.

The winter was uneventful. Picket duty along the Rappahannock for a week at a time broke the monotony, but added to the hardship of soldier life, for on picket we had no houses or tents, but had to do the best we could with shelters made of blankets and oilcloths. Soldiers are generally lighthearted and make the best of things. In addition to our preaching, we also had some theatrical performances. Holmes Clarke of Co. "C" was prominent in these. They were considered pretty good under such adverse circumstances. There was a good deal of sickness in the Company. Several men were sent to the hospitals in the cities with pneumonia and kindred diseases. Some were placed at farm houses in the vicinity of the camp. Our Regimental Surgeon, Dr. Jack Straith,

A. S. ALLEN

SECOND LIEUTENANT, "CLARKE RIFLES"
(COMPANY I, SECOND VIRGINIA INFANTRY)

of Charlestown, was indefatigable in his labors, and no doubt saved the lives of many. Our good Chaplain Dr. Hopkins, was always attentive to the spiritual welfare of the men in camp, as well as in battle, where he not only inspired with courage by his example, but every word and deed helped us to do our duty.

Rumors of the advance of the enemy were frequent, and at last they proved true. Hooker threw his vast army across the fords of the Rappahannock into the Wilderness, and the 2nd Corps under our great General Jackson was soon on the march to meet him. Everyone is familiar with the great movement around Hooker's flank, with the night attack and the surprise, and also with the sad blow the South received in the fatal wounding of our noble leader. With his death the Confederacy received a mortal wound from which she never recovered. The next morning, with J. E. B. Stuart in command, and the watchword "Remember Jackson," the enemy's works were charged and taken, but with heavy loss. The wounded in Co. "I" were Lieuts. Allen and Nunn, and Sergt. Bonham, and privates Tom Barr, Julian Morales and Kirk Glover. Lieut. Allen was carried to Richmond, where pneumonia developed and he died,—gallant, whole-souled fellow and beloved comrade; always in high spirits and ready for any duty. His loss was irreparable to the Company. Bass Bonham, who died from wounds, was a kindred spirit and one of the best of soldiers. Lieut. Nunn's wound was such as to disable him for infantry service. On his recovery he was sent to Harrisonburg on special duty as Provost Marshal, and never rejoined the Company. These vacancies were never filled. From that time on we had only the two commissioned officers, O'Bannon and Marshall. Our losses in killed and prisoners and sick in hospitals so reduced our numbers, that it was not thought

necessary to fill up the vacant places. J. W. Willingham was made 1st Sergt. and was a very capable officer.

Lieut. Nunn, although unpopular as a first Sergt., being a very strict disciplinarian, was a popular Lieut., and was held by the men in high esteem for his bravery and devotion to duty. The victory left the army saddened by the loss of our General, and the Company by the loss of our Lieut. Allen and Sergeant Bonham. But soldiers have no time to grieve. The spring was here, and the time for action had come. With our new Corps Commander, Gen. R. S. Ewell, we were soon upon the road with our faces towards the Blue Ridge. What joy in all hearts when from the top of a hill we at last saw in the distance the long blue hills. Now all with one accord broke forth into shouts of gladness, homeward bound, for the Valley is home. How all stepped out with renewed vigor and pressed forward, eager to meet the foe and drive him from our beloved homeland. On up the mountain, and yonder at its foot is Front Royal. We forded the Shenandoah and soon the 2nd Virginia was ordered to the front to take the advance. Captain Burgess, of the Winchester Rifles, Co. "F", demanded of the Colonel the right to lead the advance to Winchester, and Co. "I" was sent with him. Soon after crossing the Opequon we were deployed as skirmishers on each side of the road, and pushed on over fence and through woods until suddenly, what we first thought to be cavalry, appeared on a hill in front, but we soon discovered that it was a battery of artillery. They quickly unlimbered and let us have it. We were halted in our wild career and wondered how well those Yankee gunners could shoot, as shot and shell fell around us. Colonel Nadenbousch ordered up a battery of our guns and they entertained each other for a little while, when the Yankees withdrew. Much noise and some tremor, but no

one hurt. The advance was resumed, and our division took position southeast of the town, while Early moved around to the west to attack the forts. During the night the enemy moved out and attempted to make their way to Martinsburg, but our division marching to Jordon Springs intercepted them, and captured a large number, the 2nd Virginia capturing three regiments and five flags. There came a day's rest near Stevenson's and visits from some of our fathers, loaded with things for the comfort of sons and friends, and words of cheer from loved ones at home, and we again went away through Brucetown and Smithfield to Shepherdstown, where we forded the Potomac and were once more in Maryland. Fording rivers had become no more a hardship, but rather a comfort, cooling and cleansing in its effects on our hot and dusty bodies. We bivouaced near Sharpsburg, and the Company picketed at the bridge over the Antietam, made famous by Burnside's efforts to cross it during the recent battle. The march to Hagerstown lay through the battlefield where fences and trees showed the rain of bullets poured upon them. In bivouac just beyond Hagerstown, old Mr. Gold again came to us with the inevitable box for Tommie. All enjoyed it and he passed the night with us, taking soldier fare on the ground. By easy marches we passed through the towns of the Cumberland Valley to Carlisle, where we halted for a day or two. To our surprise, for we expected to go to Philadelphia or New York, we now turn our faces southward, reaching Chambersburg in the evening, where in a large creek we find time to bathe and wash our under clothing, much in need of it, lying on the bank while it dries. The next day across the mountains towards Gettysburg we go, never stopping to rest as usual, for ten minutes every hour. Some one hears a boom in front. A cannon? No, some one tapping the bass drum.

Again "Boom", "Boom", surely that is a cannon! How we push on! The top is at last reached, and then we know that someone is fighting ahead. At Cashtown, wagons and wagons! What is ahead? "A. P. Hill is swinging corners there."

Presently some wounded appear and then some prisoners, and we are in the midst of the field of the first day's fighting at Gettysburg, but it is over for the day. Someone has blundered, and the Yankees are taking advantage of the blunder and are even now building breastworks and placing batteries. We go into line at the base of Culp's Hill, very slowly. We hear the axes ringing on the hill. We know that means hard and hot work tomorrow. The men say "If old Jack was here we would go up that hill tonight and not wait for them to fortify." Fatal blunder, paid for with many lives, and possibly the success of the Confederacy. At last we are in line. The skirmishers are sent forward; all orders are in a whisper, for the enemy is just in front. Now and then an alarm, a rattling fire and then quiet, but we know that they are very near. With the dawn the skirmishers engaged, but soon take respectful distance and all is quiet until four in the evening. Why were all those hours lost? Another blunder. Then the line advances toward the hill. Our left is harassed by some skirmishers and the 2nd Virginia is sent to drive them back, which is soon done, and the regiment, now on the extreme left of the army, goes in with the brigade. But Cos. "I" and "K" are detached to watch the fellows we have just driven off and to guard the roads in rear of our line of battle. There we stay during the whole battle. We know nothing of what is going on. We hear the awful roar of cannon and musketry, and our suspense is terrible. We hear some way that our division has captured a line of breastworks, and is holding them, but is in a very

perilous situation. We make the best of it. Our videttes see the enemy's cavalry massing on our left, then our cavalry massing to meet them, and in the evening we see the great cavalry fight between Stuart and Pleasanton. Rations having run short, some of our company find some hams and flour up a chimney in a deserted house. The hams are divided among the men and some of the flour is baked, but with the usual improvidence of soldiers, no more is cooked than needed just then, but the raw ham proved a life saver on the retreat, as it turned out to be all that we were to have. At last our suspense is ended. An aide to General Walker has just ordered us to rejoin our regiment, and whispers to the Captain that General Lee has been repulsed and that the army is about to withdraw. How quietly, how sadly we move. How depressed and crestfallen, none can tell. Morning finds us on Seminary Hill facing the enemy. We have thrown up breastworks somehow and are ready to meet him. We come to the conclusion that we are not so badly whipped after all, and wish that our friends over on the other hill would try to take our hill from us, but they seem to know better and do not try it. All this day, the 4th of July, we lie behind our breastworks waiting for them. A day's rations were brought to us here, which were soon eaten, as everyone was hungry. On the next morning we were moved out to take up the line of retreat, expecting the enemy to strike us every moment, but they did not come and along about ten A. M. we were fairly started with Early's division covering the retreat. The heavy rains had made the roads deep and muddy, making the marching bad for men and worse for artillery and wagons, so that our progress was slow, and we did not make many miles that day. Just before night cannonading told us that they were pushing our rear guard, but no one seemed disturbed and

at dark we bivouaced. Johnston's Division took the rear the next morning, with the 2nd Regiment as rear guard. All day we marched, but saw no signs of the enemy. We were almost starved. But for the hams taken during the battle, Co. "I" would have had nothing. This we ate raw. We stopped for awhile near a mill. Some of the men started the mill to running and ground some wheat that they found, letting the bran and flour all run together. This we mixed and baked on the mould board of a plow found lying near by. It was about the sweetest bread we ever ate. Late on this day we reached Antietam Creek and crossed on a bridge. Just beyond were our trains and plenty to eat. Each man was looking forward to a good meal, when an order came to Lieutenant Marshall to take sixteen men and go back to guard the bridge. We were mad, but back we had to go. Soldiers are excusable sometimes for taking something to eat, and at this place we availed ourselves of the priviledge and killed a fine pig running around threatening to bite us. We got some corn meal from a mill nearby and proceeded to cook enough of the pig and meal to satisfy us for our long fast. When everything was about ready to be served, pop, pop, pop, from across the creek, and the cavalry were back upon us, the Yankees following them. We deployed and advanced and drove them back, but when we returned, all of our pig and meal were gone. Some troops stopping there had gobbled everything. Such is the life of the soldier.

CHAPTER XXI.

ON the morrow we took position between Hagerstown and the Potomac, and built breastworks, for we had to wait until the river fell before we could ford it. Part of Co. "I", under Sergeant Gold, were placed on picket in the old fair grounds near the pike. What an awful dark rainy night that was. At midnight they were withdrawn, and relieved by cavalry. Two men, Nimrod Hart and Ed Hall, were left, as in the darkness they could not be found, and as everything was done in a whisper, they could not be called. We thought we would never see them again, but just as we were stepping into the river to ford it, they came up, having had a very narrow escape from capture. When we were in the Valley again, General Walker said he wanted every man in the 2nd Regiment to get home if possible, but as passes could not be gotten from the higher Generals, we had to take our chances of getting by the pickets. So Co. "I" was very small for some days, but by the time we crossed the mountains at Milam's Gap, most of the boys had returned to duty, having seen their loved ones for a fleeting moment. We went into camp near Orange Court House, and just as we got fixed up comfortably, we were moved around Meade towards Manassas, trying to play the game we played on Pope, but it did not work and we were marched back to where we started. Then Meade tried his hand at advancing, and at Mine Run our division suddenly found itself very close to the enemy. The 2nd

Regiment was thrown forward as skirmishers and got into one of the hottest fights of the war. Here Co. "I" lost in a short time fourteen men out of twenty-two. We sometimes called it the "Battle of the Georges". Geo. Patterson, Geo. Riggle and Geo. Doll were killed and Geo. Wheeler was badly wounded and died shortly after reaching the hospital. Ben. Thompson, Nat Sowers, and others were wounded.

After this battle the army went into winter quarters. Our houses were small log huts, capable of holding three or four men, and were quite comfortable. Chimneys built of sticks of wood and plastered on the inside, answered well. The roofs of clapboards or pieces of tents, a bed of straw or pine shats on pieces of split wood, or small poles, made us feel quite luxurious. Our rations this winter showed that provisions were getting scarcer and harder to get. Corn meal and ¼ of a pound of bacon, with sometimes a little rice or beans, made little enough for men living in the open all the time. But no grumbling was heard, no question as to pay was ever raised. How different from the soldiers of the Revolutionary War. Some of them were always clamoring for their pay and made Washington's life miserable. But General Lee never had that to vex his soul. The army of Northern Virginia took what was given to them, and toiled and fought on without murmuring. The world will never see their like again. This winter our brigade was sent every fourth week some miles away down the Rapidan River to picket. Some weeks it rained continuously. Our only shelter was made of oil cloths and blankets, making sheds very much like the hog shelters often seen on farms. Big log fires in front of them kept us warm enough, but life during picket week was miserable on the whole. Sometimes it was varied by a sudden crossing of the river by the enemy

on a reconnoissance. Then the long roll would ring out and everyone would seize his gun and make for the breastworks. After a few hours the Yankees would go back and all would be quiet again. The Stonewall Brigade and Hay's Louisiana Brigade had their winter quarters near each other, and Doles' and Battle's Alabama Brigades not far off. One day, just after a heavy fall of snow, General Doles challenged General Walker to a snowball battle. Doles' and Battle's Brigades were formed in line on one hill, where they made piles of balls and stood waiting the attack of General Walker with his own and the Louisiana Brigade. General Walker determined to try some of Jackson's tactics on them. He drew his brigade up facing the Alabamians, but sent the other brigade around through the woods, so that they should come in the rear of the Alabamians. His men were told to prepare as many balls as they could carry, and at a signal on the drum to advance to the attack, but when they got pretty close, at another roll of the drum, they were to turn and fall back, which would draw Doles' men away from their piles of balls in pursuit of their fleeing enemy. Then another roll of the drum and the Louisianians were to rush out behind, capture their balls, and our brigade was to turn and charge them in front. The scheme worked finely. We advanced and then fled with them after us. At the signal the Louisianians appeared, we turned and drove them pellmell from the field, chasing them through their own camp. General Doles was knocked from his horse, but not hurt. The game, though rough, was much better than the real thing with minie balls, and was greatly enjoyed. The monotony of camp life was broken by such things.

Late in the winter Lieut. Chas. Marshall, of Co. "I", was sent to Clarke to hunt up some absentees, taking

with him Kirk Glover, Julian Morales, Eph. Furr and Tom Gold. At Waynesboro they were joined by a small detachment of the 12th Georgia Regiment. They marched down the Page Valley through Luray and Front Royal, and down the eastern bank of the Shenandoah to Berry's Ferry. After passing Front Royal a few miles, they saw a man running away from a house towards the mountain. The Georgians immediately opened fire on him, and for a few minutes the dust flew around his heels, until Lieutenant Marshall interfered and stopped them. The fugitive turned out to be Captain Marshall, of our Cavalry, who was at his home and took us to be Yankees and so fled. He had a narrow escape. The Georgians thought any man running away from them must be a Yankee, and so they went for him. Our trip resulted in nothing more than to give our men from Clarke an opportunity to get to their homes for a few hours, slipping across the river one night, and returning the next. Julian Morales met a lot of Yankee cavalry, and only escaped by lying behind a fence while they rode by on the other side. This short, hard-earned pleasure was much enjoyed, although we had to march nearly two hundred miles to obtain it. We were soon back in camp, much envied by the poor fellows who had not gone.

On the fourth of May, 1864, we broke up our winter quarters, and set out on the march to meet General Grant and his vast army, who had crossed the river and were preparing to get between General Lee and Richmond. We passed the old battlefield at Mine Run, and bivouaced near the Wilderness. On the morning of the 5th, after some moving back and forth through the thick woods, we met the enemy and all day long we were engaged until the brigade was almost out of ammunition, but we held our ground, and just before night the firing ceased and we

CHAS. A. MARSHALL

FIRST LIEUTENANT, "CLARKE RIFLES"
(COMPANY I, SECOND VIRGINIA INFANTRY)

built breastworks. During the day Seargt. Willingham was taken prisoner, and Geo. Writt was wounded. There were no other casualties. The 6th and 7th we laid in our breastworks, and were not engaged, except our skirmishers in our front. On the 8th we moved towards Spotsylvania C. H. to meet Grant there—a hot and toilsome march. We were urged by our General, in an order read to us on the march, "To stand to our duty, that the enemy was pressing to get ahead of us, but had been met and repulsed by Anderson's Division." We were very much refreshed by meeting the Clarke Cavalry, who had just come out of the fight. To meet old friends and schoolmates, seen but rarely in those stirring times, gave us fresh courage to press on with vigor and inspired us with zeal, and hope. A moment we saw them, shook their hands, and parted for fates we knew not of. Just before night we went into line of battle, and immediately were ordered to build breastworks. A rail fence nearby gave us the foundation, and we dug dirt with whatever we could, with our bayonets and one pick, and threw it up as best we could, and in a short time we had it breast high and thick enough to withstand bullets, if not cannon ball. Soon General Ewell rode along and directed us to place a log on top, with space to fire under, and to cut brush and trees in front to hinder the enemy as much as possible. We worked at this by relays, all night, and by morning we were strongly fortified. On the evening of the 10th of May, the enemy broke through our lines just to our left, but no one of our Company was hurt. On the morning of the 12th about dawn, they charged our lines to our right and rear, and soon in our front, in such overwhelming numbers, that they broke through. Although our brigade and the others fought well and bravely, 3,500 were cut off and captured including Gen. Edward Johnston, commanding the Di-

vision. From Co. "I" Kirk Glover, Chas. Ashby and Tom Gold, were captured, Lieut. Chas A. Marshall was wounded. All day long the battle raged in one incessant roar of musketry and artillery. There never seemed one moment of intermission, until night ended it, both sides worn out with the great effort. The Confederates held their lines, but at great loss of life—lives more precious to us than to the enemy, because we could not refill our ranks. The 12th of May, 1864, was a day never to be forgotten. It left the Stonewall Brigade and the 2nd Regiment with ranks so depleted, that from that time on they could not fill the posts assigned to them with the spirit and dash of the past, but could only hang on with grim determination to do their duty to the end. Captain O'Bannon was now the only Commissioned officer with the Company. Lieutenant Marshall, being disabled by his wound for a time, got permission to raise a company of partisan cavalry in Clarke, but when it met to organize at White Post, some months after this time, they were surprised and scattered and he taken prisoner. He was among the Confederate officers sent to Charleston Harbor to be placed under the fires of our own batteries in order to keep them from firing at the batteries of the enemy. He survived it all, and after the war settled in California, where he died. He was a most gallant and efficient officer, and much beloved by the men and honored by his brother officers. In an engagement soon after the 12th of May, Julian Morales and Jno. W. Grubbs were captured and sent to Point Lookout. They, with others of the company, who were prisoners there, were later sent to Elmira, N. Y., and kept there, most of them, until the close of the war. Those were awful days; battle succeeding battle in quick succession—North Anna, Cold Harbor, and then into the lines at Petersburg. Sergt. Geo.

Alexander was wounded at Cold Harbor, and upon going home was captured and joined his comrades in the prison. The casualties of different kinds, killed, wounded and missing, reduced the Company so much in numbers that Captain O'Bannon was placed on the staff of the General commanding the brigade, and the few remaining men were placed in Co. "C", under the gallant Capt. Robt. Randolph. With him they made the Lynchburg campaign after the house-burning General Hunter. Then under General Early they made the campaign to Washington and return, took part in the Cool Spring battle in Clarke, and the battle of the Opequon, and of Cedar Creek, where Captain Randolph was killed, gallantly leading the remnants of the two companies. At Petersburg under Gordon they suffered untold hardships in the trenches, took part in the endless fighting on the lines, and finally under Lieut. Philip Nelson, they made the sad retreat from Petersburg, fighting, starving, suffering in body and mind until the 9th of April, 1865, the few left present laid down their arms, so nobly borne for four long years, and returned to their homes.

But how few of Co. "I" to return. Four were present at the surrender, a few had given out on the retreat, and were not there, only J. R. Shipe, "Doc", as we all called him, Edward Rutter, Osborne Jones and R. H. Depreist, a man from Augusta County, who had been put into the Company in 1862 and had made a good and faithful soldier. Of these "Doc" Shipe is the only one living, honored by all for his faithfulness in that time of trial, and for his honor and integrity as a man. Osborne Jones, a good and true soldier, died years ago, leaving a family to mourn a father who had manfully done his duty. The survivors of the Company after the war became scattered and now in the County of Clarke there are very few liv-

ing, the remnant of as gallant a band as entered the Confederate army so many years ago. The places which know them will soon know them no more. May the memory of their patriotism and faithfulness to duty be kept ever green in the hearts of the people of the County. In doing their duty they did honor to the county of their birth, and deserve to be held in honor by coming generations As this company was a part of the Stonewall Brigade the following beautiful poem is given as appropriate to them:

THE STONEWALL BRIGADE

They come again, who in immortal story,
  Past failure, death and tears,
Bore their unfading banner to its glory
  Through the laborious years.

The frost is in their veins; the feet are laggard,
  That sped to meet the foe;
Yet shines on every face, however haggard,
  The light of long ago.

For each, the peaceful years have vanished, seeing
  His comrades marching there;
Once more they live and move and have their being
  In a diviner air.

And shaking off the pulseless, feeble fashion
  Of this degenerate day,
They thrill again with the heroic passion,
  Of Stonewall Jackson's way.

What boots it, though the fight was lost? They fought it
  As soldiers should: That youth
Passed with it, and was lost too? Lo! these thought it
  Well spent, since for the Truth.

They march with ghosts of comrades, dead and gory—
  Down the autumnal years
Still bearing that rent banner, starred with glory,
  Past failure, death and tears.

Lost Cause! Lost Youth! Nay, out of War's red sowing
  Hath sprung the harvest grain:
Their Cause is fame's; and the old bugles, blowing,
  Bring back their youth again.

—*Armistead C. Gordon.*

CHAPTER XXII.

THE following is the roll of the Clarke Rifles, Co. "I", 2nd Virginia Vol. Infantry.

We regret that we cannot give the record of each man in full, but there being no written record available, we have had to depend on memory, and there are so few of the Company now living and their memories are so impaired by age and the long lapse of time, that individual records cannot be given, and even some of these that we give may not be altogether right; but with the help of Jno. W. Grubbs, J. R. Shipe and M. L. Barr we have done the best we could. There will be some names with no record given. That will not mean that they may not have been wounded or a prisoner, or possibly killed, but the absence of each one of us who have tried to make the record for sometime in prison has made it impossible for us to know the fate of all. It is very much to be regretted that we did not undertake this work ten years ago, when more memories would have been available, but it is vain to regret. We have done the best possible under the circumstances. There were some men from Augusta County put into the Company. They will be indicated.

NAMES

1st Capt. Strother H. Bowen. Resigned August, 1862, to manufacture gun carriages for the Confederacy.

2nd Capt. S. J. C. Moore. Promoted from 1st Lieut. Wounded at 2nd Manassas. Made Adjutant Gen.

2nd Brigade. Wounded at Wilderness. Made Adjutant Gen. 2nd Corps under Gen. Early. Rank Lieut. Col.

2nd Lieut. H. P. Deahl. Spring 1862 joined Clarke Cavalry.

3rd. Lieut. Thomas Byrd. Resigned 1861. Physical disability.

3rd Lieut. Wm. T. Milton. Promoted from 1st Sergt. Joined Clarke Cavalry 1862.

Lieut. J. H. O'Bannan. Promoted to Captain Dec. 1862.

Lieut. Chas. A. Marshall. Promoted from 1st Sergt. to 1st Lieut. Wounded at Spotsylvania, taken prisoner and confined with the 600 in Charleston Harbor.

Lieut. Algernon S. Allen, Jr. Promoted to 2nd Lieut., wounded at Chancellorsville, died in Richmond, 1863.

Lieut. Jno. R. Nunn. Promoted from 1st Sergt. 1863, wounded at Seven Days fight, Richmond and Chancellorsville, disabled and made Provost Marshal of Harrisonburg.

2nd Sergt. Jas. W. Willingham. Promoted to 1st Sergt., taken prisoner May 5th, 1864, Wilderness.

Sergt. Decatur J. Shepherd. Wounded Kernstown 1862 and Cedar Run 1862, detached service.

Sergt. Ben. F. Thompson. Wounded Mine Run Nov. 1863, prisoner at Pt. Lookout and Elmira, N. Y.

Sergt. Martin L. Barr. Wounded Mine Run, Nov. 1863.

Sergt. W. C. Shepherd. Killed, Kernstown, Mar. 23rd, 1862.

Sergt. Justin E. Sowers. Joined Cavalry, April 1862.

Sergt. N. O. Sowers. Prisoner, Kernstown 1862, wounded Mine Run, Nov. 1863, disabled.

Jas. H. Wilson.

Geo. W. Alexander. Wounded, Cold Harbor. Prisoner.

Geo. Towberman. Augusta man.

Ben. F. Stuart. Augusta man.

2nd Sergt. Thos. D. Gold. Prisoner, Kernstown, Mar. 25th, 1862. Wounded, 2nd Manassas. Prisoner, Spotsylvania, May 12th, 1864.

Jno. P. Carrigan. Musician, deserted to the enemy.

Jno. Kelley. Musician, deserted to the enemy.

Jno. A. Atwell.

Chas. Ashby. Detached service. Prisoner, Spotsylvania May 12th, 1864.

Wm. S. Allen.

J. R. Athey.

W. Athey.

Jas. E. Bonham. Prisoner, Kernstown, 1862. Prisoner 1864. 12th Va. Cavalry.

Sebastian E. Bonham. Promoted to 1st Sergt. 1863. Killed, Chancellorsville, 1863.

Jas. F. Broy. Killed, Wilderness, May 5th, 1864.

Addison Broy. Died, Stanardsville, 1862.

Geo. N. Barnett. Joined Brooks battery May 1862. Wounded, Chancellorsville, died.

W. Brabham.

John T. Barr. Wounded, Fredericksburg, Dec. 1862, died.

David Barr. Prisoner, died old Capitol Prison, Washington, D. C.

Jas. F. Billmyer.

Jas. Beavers. Augusta.

Borden. Augusta.

Jos. M. Brown. Augusta.

Chas. D. Castleman. Wounded, 2nd Manassas, died.

Samuel A. Campbell.

Wm. Carroll.

Rezin Carroll. Wounded, Cedar Run, disabled.,

Jno. W. Carpenter. Joined Cavalry.

Benj. W. Crim. Wounded, detached service.

Jno. H. Craig. Augusta.
Childress.
Cleveland. Augusta.
Craun.
Croft. Augusta.
John J. Dobbins. Killed, Winchester, 1862.
Peter T. Duke. Joined Cavalry.
John Davis. Killed, 2nd Manassas, 1862.
Geo. Doll. Augusta. Killed, Mine Run.
Desper. Augusta.
Robert H. Depreist. Augusta. Present Appomattox.
Demaster. Augusta.
Geo. Daugherty. Killed, 2nd Manassas.
Jas. R. Elleyette. Detached service.
J. Endernon. Augusta.
W. D. Engleton. Augusta.
Jno. Fiddler. Detached and honorably discharged.
James Fiddler. Died in prison, Pt. Lookout.
Ephriam Furr.
Geo. Furr. Joined Cavalry 11th Reg.
Edward T. Farral. Wounded, Wilderness.
Jas. W. Fuller. Cavalry.
Jas. H. Gill. Wounded, 2nd Manassas, died.
Thornton K. Glover. Wounded, Chancellorsville, prisoner, Spotsylvania, 1864.
Thos. W. Guard.
Thos. Goheen. Prisoner 1864.
Garber. Augusta.
Cyrus Grow. Killed. Augusta man.
Jno. W. Grubbs. Wounded Chancellorsville and Spotsylvania. Prisoner, Cold Harbor.
Chas. Wesley Grubbs. Prisoner, Spotsylvania 1864.
Edward Hall. Killed, Wilderness.
N. R. K. Hart. Prisoner.

Norman D. V. Howard. Detached service.
W. E. Hannum. Prisoner.
Robert Hunter.
Jas. P. Hough.
Jno. M. Harwood.
Geo. W. Joy. Detached.
Andrew J. Joy. Prisoner.
Francis Johnston. Prisoner.
Osborne Jones. One of four at surrender at Appomattox.
J. Campbell Janney. Joined Mosby, 1864.
Jordon. Augusta.
Geo. W. Kelly. Wounded, 1st Manassas and Port Republic.
H. H. Kindig. Augusta. Put in substitute, who was killed.
J. E. Kindig. Killed. Augusta.
Thos. B. Lanham.
Philip B. Lucius. Cavalry.
Geo. W. Levi. Cavalry.
Carter M. Louthan. Discharged for disability. Joined Artillery, Brooks Battery.
Longford. Augusta.
David H. McGuire, Jr. Joined Clarke Cavalry.
Alfred C. Marshall. Discharged, disability. Joined Cavalry.
Moses B. Murphey. Joined Cavalry.
Benj. A. May. Wounded, 1st Manassas.
Jesse Mercer.
Julian Morales. Prisoner, Spotsylvania.
Evan T. Myers.
David Mercer. Died in hospital.
W. A. Nicewarner.
Geo. M. D. O'Bannon. Joined Mosby, 1864.
Nathaniel Pine.

Thos. Pyle.
Thos. Pratt.
Willis Pritchard.
Jno. M. Pope. Wounded, Mine Run.
Washington Pope. Died in hospital.
Geo. Patterson. Killed, Mine Run.
Geo. Riggle. Killed, Mine Run.
Edwin M. Rutter. Wounded, Wilderness. One of four at Appomattox.
Jno. W. Riggle.
Richard P. Roy. Badly wounded, Kernstown, and taken prisoner.
Benj. R. Ricard. Taken prisoner, Petersburg, April, 1865.
Jno. J. Riely. Deserted to enemy.
Chas. B. Riely. Prisoner 1862. Killed, 2nd Manassas.
Jno. J. Rippon.
Jno. H. Shewbridge. Prisoner, 1862. On detached service.
Simon P. Stickles. Wounded, Port Republic, disabled.
Jno. R. Shipe. Wounded, Petersburg, and prisoner. One of four at Appomattox.
Franklyn R. Shepherd. Prisoner, 1864.
Stout. Augusta.
Edward C. Smith. Discharged from old age.
Jas. F. Trayhorne. Became captain of Cavalry Company in White's Battalion.
Albert S. Thompson.
Thos. T. Thatcher.
James Talley. Died.
Baker Tapscott. Prisoner.
Jas. W. Whittington. Cavalry.
Robert N. Wilson.
Geo. Writt. Wounded at Wilderness, May 5th, 1864.
Jeremiah Wilson.

Walker B. Wilson.
Geo. W. Willingham. Detached service.
John P. Willingham. Killed 23rd March, 1862 at Kernstown.
Benj. F. Wilson.
Abraham Wilson.
Thos. Wyndham. Discharged, over age.
Geo. Wheeler. Wounded, Mine Run. Died, Richmond.
William Wilson.

WM. N. NELSON

CAPTAIN, "NELSON RIFLES" (COMPANY C, SECOND VIRGINIA INFANTRY)

CHAPTER XXIII

COMPANY "C". NELSON RIFLES

THE excitement following the John Brown affair stirred up the people of Clarke, as well as the whole of Virginia, men everywhere felt that a crisis was upon them. That they must prepare to meet what seemed inevitable, an appeal to arms. The little hamlet of Millwood and the community surrounding and its people of intelligence and fervent patriotism responded to the cry of the hour and organized a Military Company. Choosing for its Captain, one who had in the Mexican war borne himself gallantly. Wm. N. Nelson was made Captain. Dr. Wm. Hay 1st Lieut., Robert C. Randolph 2nd., Jas. Ryan 3rd., John Kelly 1st Sergeant, David Keeler 2nd, W. T. Whorton 3rd.

When the call to arms was sounded on the 17th of April, 1861, Captain Nelson proceeded with his Company to Charlestown and thence to Halltown, where the 2nd Va. Infantry had assembled under Col. J. W. Allen. Captain Nelson, as the senior officer from Clarke, took command of the two Companies from the County. He being under Colonel Allen. The march to Harper's Ferry, the capture of what was left by the flames, of the contents of the arsenal and armory, was easily accomplished. For a few days the two Clarke Companies were in a Battalion under Captain Nelson. They were then thrown into what was called for a short time, the 1st Virginia Infantry, under Colonel Allen, Lieut. Col. Lackland of Jefferson and Major

Frank Jones of Frederick County. The Nelson Rifles as the Millwood Company was called, now became Co. "C". 1st Va. Inf. But in a short time the number of the regiment was changed to the 2nd Va., and thus it went through the war.

The Nelson Rifles was composed of men from Millwood, White Post and the vicinity of these places. Men of all classes and conditions; the sturdy sons of farmers, merchants, laborers from the farms and shops, men from the Blue Ridge, all drawn together by one impulse in defense of a common cause, bound together by love of country and in defense of home. With such incentives they were sure to do their duty well and make a name for courage and devotion equal to any from the State or the South. Col. T. J. Jackson having taken command at Harper's Ferry, every effort of every officer and man was to make this mass of patriotic citizens into an army of soldiers, who were to leave an imperishable fame. No one entered into this work with more enthusiasm and zeal than Captain Nelson and his men. The drilling, the guard duty, the false alarms, the marches were entered into with a set purpose to do the best and make the best of themselves. When the 2nd Regiment was ordered to confront Patterson's advance at Williamsport, Company "C" marched with them and at the camp near Falling Waters received the tents furnished by the County; which alas; in a short time were to fall into the hands of the enemy. When Patterson crossed the river and the brigade under General Jackson went to meet him at Hainesville, the Company had to leave their tents nicely folded for the Yankees to get, as no provision had been made to haul them. Here at Hainesville, Company "C", as did the rest of the brigade, first saw the enemy, but that was all, the 5th Va. Regiment and the Rockbridge battery did the fighting.

But the sound of the guns made them realize that they were near the real thing, and that war meant something more than drilling and dress parade. The marches to and from Winchester, the lines of battle at Bunker Hill and Darkesville, confronting the enemy, the momentary expectation of battle, steadied their nerves and prepared them for what was so soon to come. When the order to move to Manassas came they had to march by their own doors and were only allowed to say a hurried good-bye; they thought war was real, war was earnest, but with true and loyal hearts they accepted the inevitable and did their duty like men. At the crossing of the Shenandoah Mr. Otway McCormick, who lived at the ford, saw that Co. "C", got over dryshod, as he had his hands and horses there to carry them over. The bivouac at Paris, the march to Piedmont, the ride on the cars, brought them at last to Manassas Junction, where Beauregard was waiting and hoping for their arrival, as McDowell with his hosts were just ready to spring upon him. The next morning they marched to Blackburn's Ford, thence to the sound of the firing. The Brigade was thrown into line with the 33rd Regiment, to the left of the 2nd, Company "C" being on the extreme left of the 2nd, where it was to have its baptism of fire. Very soon a battery of artillery was placed immediately in front of the 33rd, and of the left of the 2nd and opening with shot and shell threatened to do much damage to our line. Seeing this Colonel Cummings of the 33rd Va., ordered that regiment to charge the battery, which they did most gallantly. Not being supported they were soon driven back, back past the left of the 2nd, Va., thus leaving their flank unprotected. Very soon the enemy advanced and from flank and front poured in a merciless fire on the gallant companies in the left of the regiment.

Companies "C" and "G" both lost heavily, but stood their ground and returned the fire until at that critical moment the whole brigade led by General Jackson advanced, captured the batteries, swept every thing before them and turned the tide from an imminent defeat, to a glorious victory. Captain Nelson was wounded by a ball through his chest from which he never recovered and was prevented from active service in the field during the remainder of the war, but a man of his ardent nature and zealous patriotism could not be content to do nothing and he sought other service in which he could and did be useful to his country. Others equally true and loyal were killed and wounded. Alexander Parkins, the editor of the Berryville Gazette, one of the most fiery of secessionists, was wounded and died. Carlyle F. Whiting, Thos. H. B. Randolph, John A. Hibbard, Jacob B. Rutter and Adam Thompson were also wounded.

W. Scott Dishman, E. Grubbs, J. B. Whitten and Ben. F. Wilson, were killed. The loss being seventeen out of fifty-seven. Soon after the battle of Manassas, Lieutenant Hay who was a surgeon of ability was made surgeon of the 33rd Va. Inf., and left the Company. He had been a good and efficient officer and did his part well, taking command of the company after Captain Nelson was wounded and leading it through the remainder of the battle. He served with the brigade for a year or more, and was then put in charge of the Hospitals at Staunton, which he managed with great ability and acquired a great reputation as a skillful surgeon. Lieutenant Ryan being Sheriff of the county never went into active service, but resigned. This left two vacancies in the Commissioned Officers of the Company, which were filled in August, 1861, by the election of David Meade of White Post as 2nd Lieut. and of David Keeler as 3rd Lieutenant, Randolph

WILLIAM HAY

FIRST LIEUTENANT, "NELSON RIFLES"
(COMPANY C, SECOND VIRGINIA INFANTRY)
SURGEON IN CHARGE OF HOSPITALS AT STAUNTON, VA.

having been promoted to the 1st Lieutenant when Dr. Hay resigned, assumed command of the Company and held it in that capacity until April, 1862. Captain Nelson's wound proved of such a serious character that he was unfitted for infantry service and was not with the Company again, but hoping to return held his commission until the reorganization in 1862 when he declined re-election and was put into another branch of service. A man of his talent and gallantry would have won renown and attained high rank if he could have stayed in the regular service. The company had lost so heavily in the battle of July 21st, that it needed all the skill and good example of Lieut. Randolph to get it into good shape again, but his high moral character and wise leadership soon accomplished the desired end and the company was itself again, ready for any service or danger that might be placed upon them. In the meantime General McClellan, "The Young Napoleon of the North," had been placed in command of the Federal army. His great forte was organization, so he proceeded to organize and equip an immense army for invasion, and "On to Richmond," became the cry of every one from the President to the private citizen. To meet this vast host our Generals set to work to prepare for it by a thorough drilling and disciplining of their forces. General Jackson although wounded in the recent battle never left his post, but by presence and example inspired his brigade to do all things possible to sustain the high reputation they had acquired at Manassas. None responded nore heartily than the officers and men of Co. "C". The Officers studied tactics and read books on military affairs and the men rapidly learned the drills. For a week or two after the battle the brigade bivouaced near the battlefield. It was then moved to a camp about a mile east of the village of Centerville upon a level plateau,

which offered most excellent drill grounds for all the regiments. Very few people of the present day have any idea of the life of soldiers in camp and it may be interesting to describe it. The men of each Company were divided into messes, of from six to ten men, who did their own cooking. A few utensils, such as frying pans, spiders which were iron vessels with three legs and a lid for cooking bread in. Kettles to boil meat in and to make soup and when not in use for that purpose to boil clothes in, constituted the culinary outfit. It was wonderful how expert many of the men became. They could make very good biscuits or flat cake and often most excellent rolls. On rare occasions coffee was issued. The usual ration was rice and beans and for meat, bacon and fresh beef. Life in camp was never idle. At five o'clock in the morning "Reveille" was sounded—the whole drum corps of each regiment taking part. You can imagine that when the whole brigade or a division were camped near each other that some noise was made. At the end of the third tune, you could hear all over the camps, the first sergeants calling "Fall in Co. "I" or "C", whatever their company might be. What tumbling out of tents and rushing into line, for the roll was to be called immediately and he who was late or absent was to be put on extra guard duty. What wonderful memories those first sergeants had, they would rattle off names of officers and men without missing one, no matter how large the company and never failed to remember the poor belated ones, or the turn of extra duty. After roll call every one whose duty it was for that day to cook, became busy until breakfast was over. At half-past seven, the call for Company drill was sounded. One of the officers, usually a Lieutenant then drilled the Company in the manual of arms for an hour. This was to teach the men how to handle their guns, how to load

and fire with precision and coolness, and to care for their weapons, so that they should always be ready for inspection. At nine, guard mounting took place, and the detail from each company and regiment was marched to the guard house (which was often not a house, but an enclosure of any kind) and there divided into three reliefs for duty during the following twenty-four hours. At ten the call for Company drill was heard and the companies with all the officers present were taught the different evolutions of the company. How to keep step, to wheel, to form in various ways and assume a number of positions, which might be necessary some day even on the field of battle. At twelve, dinner was cooked and served, if there chanced to be enough for three meals, and there was plenty at first in the camp we are now telling of. At two, the companies were again assembled for Battalion drill. Here the Colonel was in all his glory. There was no better drill officer in the army than our Colonel Allen. For two hours he kept the regiment on the go, from one movement to another until every one was almost worn out. At six dress parade was held. Every one in his best uniform, if he had any best. This was a sight worth seeing. The long lines at open order. The fussy adjutant, the stately Colonel. The band marching and playing from one end to the other. Everything to show the pomp and glory of the occasion and at the end to march to the tune of "Yankee-doodle," double-quick back to quarters, and then to get supper. At nine, tattoo, and half-past taps, were sounded and "lights out," was heard being shouted by the sergeants of the companies, and soon the thousands of gallant men were sleeping the sleep of the tired. All this was necessary to make soldiers of the raw mass of men who composed the army. All were willing enough to fight, but to fight sucessfully, they must be under disci-

pline, must know how to obey orders, no matter how or when given, whether in the quiet of the camp or the roar of the battlefield. Co. "C" did its part in this school of the soldier and by Fall its officers and men were ready for whatever might come to them in the fortunes of war. Very soon a change was to come, their General now loved and admired for his bearing in the battle was to be taken from them and to go to their beloved Valley. They were present at his parting with the brigade and heard his speech, which meant so much to him and to them. But their sorrow was soon turned into joy, for the brigade was ordered to proceed to Winchester. What joy in all their hearts as they speeded toward the Blue Ridge and from its top could almost see Millwood and White Post and their homes. General Jackson having been made a Major General, a new man was sent to take command of the brigade—General Garnett, a West Pointer, but a gentleman, one whom the men soon learned to love. He soon let them know that he looked upon them as men and fellow soldiers, not machines or dogs to be ordered and kicked around at his fancy. He realized as had General Jackson that his was a citizen soldiery and deserved to be treated as comrades fighting for a common cause. From the camp near Winchester, some of the men of Co. "C" were allowed to go home for a few days and possibly some availed themselves of the nearness of home to go without permission. But such things were not thought to be so bad in the early days of the war and if the men returned in a short time, they received only a mild reprimand. No doubt the kind hearted Lieutenant Randolph was imposed upon by some, for all knew his gentle disposition and that he felt that his men, being good soldiers and always ready for the fight or march, should have some liberty. 'Twas not in his nature to be a martinet, his men were his comrades and

friends and his discipline was easy upon all who tried to do their part in times of stress.

The terrible winter campaign to Bath and Romney was borne with cheerfulness by men and officers. Upon the return to Winchester, the commanders of Cos. "C" and "I" sent a detail to Clarke to hunt up some from each company who had over-stayed their time of leave and having recovered from their sickness were slow to return to duty. These were to be seen and told that unless they reported promptly for duty, that they would be reported as deserters. You may be sure that they hurried to report as no one wanted that name applied to him. The winter wore away with the usual routine of camp life. More uncomfortably to the men than some in the later days, as they had not learned to build huts for winter quarters, or they could not obtain material for building them. Early in March it became evident that General Jackson would have to fight or leave Winchester. Co. "C" and all the lower Valley soldiers preferred fighting, but our force was too small and on the 10th of March, we left the town and moved up the Valley. The enemy advanced as far as Woodstock and then fell back to Winchester. General Jackson broke up his camp near Mt. Jackson a few days later and by one of the rapid marches for which he and his men were soon to become famous advanced to Kernstown, three miles from Winchester. Here on the 23rd of March he struck the enemy, inflicting such a blow that, they were forced to give up their plan of reinforcing General McClelland at Manassas, were compelled to return to the valley and follow his movements, which from this time on attracted the attention of the U. S. Government, more even than the movements of McClelland with his grand army. Co. "C" was in at Kernstown, one of the most hotly contested battles of the war and did

its part well. Back to Rude's Hill and then to Swift Run Gap, General Jackson took his troops. The time of enlistment of many of the troops having expired, it became necessary to re-organize all such companies and regiments. Most of the men had re-enlisted for three years or the war. In order to fill up the ranks of such companies as had fallen below the standard required by the army regulations, many conscripts from the counties higher up the Valley had been gathered together and were now distributed among the companies needing them. Co. "C" had a large number put into her ranks, but many of them left on the night after they were mustered in and were never seen again. Those who remained became good soldiers and served with loyalty until the end. Some being killed and wounded and otherwise suffering from the vicissitudes of war. In the re-organization the company was called on to choose its commissioned officers. Wm. W. Randolph, a private in the company was elected Captain. Lieut. Robert C. Randolph, 1st Lieut., David Meade 2nd Lieut. and David Keeler 3rd, Philip Nelson was made 1st Sergt. and Mord Lewis 2nd. Captain Randolph was a brother of Lieutenant Randolph, who with his usual magnaminity preferred his brother's promotion to his own. A noble pair indeed, admired by all who knew them for their many manly qualities. The Company and the army were now ready for whatever might be before them and General Jackson soon let them know there was to be no play time among his men. McDowell, Winchester, Harper's Ferry, soon followed, Co. "C" taking part in all and being with the 2nd Va., in its famous march from Harper's Ferry to Newtown, forty-two miles without stopping to sleep. The longest march known in history. At Port Republic the company led by her gallant Captain did good service and lost some good men. About this

WM. W. RANDOLPH

CAPTAIN, "NELSON RIFLES" (COMPANY C, SECOND VIRGINIA INFANTRY)
LIEUTENANT-COLONEL, SECOND VIRGINIA INFANTRY

time Sergt. Nathaniel Burwell was made Sergt. Major of the Regiment which position he filled with ability and soon endeared himself to the Colonel and his staff. The march to Richmond, where General Jackson threw his forces on the flank of the enemy found Co. "C" in step with the rest of the army. In these fights the Company lost heavily, Lieut. David Keeler was killed, a gallant man and efficient officer. He fell at Cold Harbor during a charge made by the brigade. One incident, an example of gallantry, occurred here, which I will give in the words of Sergt. Mord Lewis who was present and saw and heard all that was done, as well as doing his own part, nobly. In a letter to me he says: "The most noticeable incident of bravery that I recall was at the battle of Cold Harbor, June 27th, 1862. General Jackson had the brigade drawn up in line and told us that he had not intended to put us in the fight, but there was a battery that had annoyed General Lee all day, and that other brigades had failed to take it, he said, "You have done it before, you can do it again, go ahead." We went in charging through a boggy piece of ground, part of the way up to our knees in mud, becoming somewhat scattered, by the time we got over it. Nat Burwell of "Carter Hall" was Sergt. Major of the the regiment at the time. By order of Colonel Botts he lined us up and said "Now men when you charge, remember the girls at home." Just then Colonel Botts said "Come here Burwell, give me your hand, you are a brave fellow." This was done while under a heavy fire. We made the charge and captured the guns. I have heard of this from others, who said that Sergeant Burwell led the charge, jumping his horse over the fences and going ahead of the men until the guns were captured. The compliment paid to him by Colonel Botts was all the more valuable as Colonel Botts did not give his praise unless

well deserved. This gallant young man, with so much of promise before him, fell badly wounded, two months later at 2nd Manassas and died, and his remains lie with his father in the sacred precincts of "Old Chapel."

Since the re-organization in April of 1862, many changes had taken place in the Company. Besides the heavy losses in killed and wounded, several of her good and true men had joined the cavalry, and the artillery. Ben Trenary, Carlyle Whiting, Warren Smith, Jas. F. Kerfoot, who was made a scout for General Lee and promoted later to Captain. Peter Dearmont, Judson Kerfoot, Mat Royston and others went into the cavalry. Robert Burwell and his brother, George, and W. T. Wharton joined Stuart's Horse artillery. Robert Burwell was promoted on the battlefield of Sharpsburg for bravery and later was mortally wounded at Brandy Station on the 9th of June, 1863. Geo. Burwell was also promoted to a Lieutenancy. W. T. Wharton was made Sergeant and did good service in that branch of the army. N. B. Cooke was transferred to the Clarke Cavalry, Oct. 21st, 1862, and ordered to report to General Stuart's Headquarters, where he remained about a month, when he was elected 2nd Lieut. in Cooper's Battery, which he was commanding when disabled on Early's Retreat, Oct. 24th, 1864. There were probably others transferred or detailed which materially reduced the ranks of the Company. Lieut. David Meade had also been promoted to Captain in the Quartermaster's Department and Lieutenant Keeler had been killed at Cold Harbor, leaving only two officers present for duty—Captain and Lieutenant Randolph. These vacancies were not filled until the winter of 1863, when Philip W. Nelson and Samuel Grubbs were elected to fill them. After 2nd Manassas and its losses, the Company bore its part in the strenuous Maryland Campaign,

being at the capture of Harper's Ferry and in the terrible fighting at Sharpsburg. Those who were left were allowed a few days at home as the army passed through Clarke on its slow progress up the Valley and then came Fredericksburg and winter quarters at Moss Neck, where the men made themselves comfortable by building log huts. A chapel was built by the brigade, where preaching was held. This winter some amusements were gotten up in the form of amateur plays. Holmes Clark, a very gifted young fellow in Co. "C", was a leader in this movement.

The opening of the Spring of 1863 found the army and all connected with it ready for the work that our General had in view for them. Every one was in fine spirits and none more so than the gallant officers and men of Co. "C". At Chancellorsville they took part in the great flank movement and also in the charge on the enemy's works, led by General Stuart, with the watchword "Remember Jackson," for our peerless leader had fallen the night before. Here the coolness and bravery of Captain Randolph inspired his men. He was a very tall man, and as the line advanced seeing some men a little distance from him being shot in the legs, he said to his men: "Boys I believe I will go down there, I might get a furlough." Sometimes the men used to call getting a wound, getting a furlough. His indifference to danger as well as his coolness had the desired effect on his Company and others near him. Among the wounded here, was John Jolliffe, a gallant fellow, who was so disabled as to be unfit for the field, but did good service elsewhere.

Following swiftly on Chancellorsville came the march into Pennsylvania and the great battle of Gettysburg. The 2nd Virginia in this fight was on the extreme left and did not take a very serious part in the battle, but Company

"C" lost in wounded, three of the fourteen from the regiment, showing that it was doing its full duty. The ever present and vigilant enemy did not allow much time for rest and soon the armies were confronting each other on the Rapidan and the bloody fight at Mine Run took place. Here the regiment lost heavily—in officers and men. At 2nd Manassas, Colonel Botts had been wounded and died, leaving no field officer. These places had been filled by promoting Captain Nadenbousch, of Martinsburg, to Colonel; Captain Colston, of Berkeley, to Lieutenant Colonel and Captain Stuart, of Harper's Ferry, to Major. At Mine Run, Colonel Nadenbousch was disabled and never again took command. Colonel Colston was mortally wounded and subsequently died, leaving Major Stuart in command.

CHAPTER XXIV

THE winter of 1864 was spent in quarters on the Rapidan watching the enemy. The death of Colonel Colston and the retirement of Colonel Nadenbousch made it necessary that one of the Captains should be promoted. Early in the spring of 1864, Captain Wm. W. Randolph was promoted to the Lieutenant Colonelcy of the regiment over the head of Major Stuart. Major Stuart, while a gallant soldier, lacked some of the qualifications for so important a command and it was thought best by those in authority to promote Captain Randolph. The selection was a good one. No braver, cooler, or more thoughtful man for the comfort and welfare of his men could have been chosen. Colonel Randolph took command on the 3rd of May, 1864. On the 4th the army moved out to meet the enemy under General Grant, the new commander of the Army of the Potomac. To illustrate Colonel Randolph's care and thoughtfulness for his men, I will relate an incident of that day's march. On going into bivouac in the evening after a hard march, the Colonel found that the Quartermaster had left the wagons containing the cooking utensils of the men several hundred yards away. He sent for the Quartermaster and ordered him to bring the wagons right up to the line of the regiment, saying "that his men had marched all day and should not be required to go such a distance for the utensils and that he never wanted that to occur again." You may be sure, that this thing, small in itself, made an

impression on the regiment and they took him at once into their hearts and all looked forward to a brilliant and successful career for him, but vain are human hopes. In twenty-four short hours he whom they loved was to be taken from them in the full tide of his manhood. On the morning of May 5th the division moved forward and was soon thrown into line of battle, in a thick woods. The line which was continually moving to the right, was sometimes in a dense thicket and sometimes in the open woods. Our regiment was on the extreme left and we had to keep moving in order to keep in touch with the brigade. Colonel Randolph was on foot behind the line, carrying in his hand a chess board, of which game he was very fond. Being near the writer at one time in the thick woods he remarked to me: "Tom, how will we get out of this place?" I answered: "Oh, you will get us out all right." After sometime the line halted and the enemy opened fire and we were soon hotly engaged. The regiment being on the extreme left was being flanked by the enemy and our line had to be continually stretched out towards the left in order to hold them back. This state of things had gone on for several hours and the men were getting scarce of ammunition when word was brought that the Louisiana brigade was coming to our relief. In the meantime in order to steady the line, Colonel Randolph had ordered the flag to a position near him and had gathered a number of men near it to protect it. Just after this had been done, the writer who was near the Colonel saw Sergeant Lewis of Co. "C" talking to him. They were talking very coolly but very earnestly and seriously. Sergeant Lewis with his hands resting on the muzzle of his gun and the Colonel with his chess board under his arm as calm as if in not the least danger, although the fire at this point was too hot to be comfortable. Sergeant Lewis was telling him of

the death of Lieut. Sam Grubbs, who a little before had been shot, leading his company in an advance to drive back a body of the enemy who were outflanking them. Grubbs had been shot in the head and instantly killed. Lewis had at that time a hole through the crown of his hat, received a few minutes before. As our men were holding their own, the Colonel moved off with Sergeant Lewis to make an attempt to bring off the body of Lieutenant Grubbs. While going on this sacred duty Colonel Randolph was struck by a ball in the head and died immediately. His body was brought off, but the body of gallant Sam Grubbs was not recovered. The enemy taking advantage of the momentary confusion caused by the fall of the Colonel, moved forward, but their advance was met by the timely arrival of the Louisiana brigade, which drove them back. Thus was his noble life cut short. No more gallant spirit ever filled man's heart. No braver or more thoughtful officer ever commanded the regiment. The regiment felt his loss deeply and Co. "C" missed this gallant young Lieutenant—the friend and companion of his men. But alas, such things as were upon them allowed no moments for grief. Even while the body of our leader was borne away, we had to fall back a short distance and proceed to build breast works. That evening, to our left the enemy made a desperate effort to break our lines, but failed, and renewed the attack the following morning with the same results. On the 8th of May we moved towards Spotsylvania Court House. Arriving there after a most tiring march late in the evening we immediately went to throwing up works. On the evening of the 10th the enemy attacked just to the left of our regiment and broke the line, driving the brigade on our left from their position, thus exposing the left flank of Co. "C". In this charge Elliott Weir, a member of Co. "C", had a singular exper-

ience. When the enemy got over the breast works, he was captured and ordered to pass over to the side from which they had come. As soon as he had jumped over, he threw himself on to the ground and pretended that he was dead. In a short time our troops drove the enemy back and recovered our lines. Elliott then got up and came in safe and sound. He was not so fortunate on the 12th, when the enemy charged our division and captured 3,500 men, "Ell" was of the number and could play no such ruse to save himself, but with many others from the regiment had to go to prison and remain there until the end of the war. Soon after the death of Colonel Randolph, Lieut. Robert Randolph was made captain of the Company and Phil Nelson 1st Lieut. The heavy losses in both Co. "C" and Co. "I" made it necessary to unite them under one command, Captain O'Bannon of Co. "I", having been put upon the staff of the brigade general. All were under the command of Capt. Robert Randolph. Under him they made the campaign with General Early from Lynchburg after Hunter, took part in the fight at Monocacy and before the defenses of Washington. On the retreat they passed through Loudoun and entered Clarke at Snicker's Gap. Here some of them got an opportunity for a few fleeting hours to see the home folks. At the battle of "Cool Spring" they had their first and last opportunity to fight on the soil of Clarke. They took part in the rapid movements of General Early in front of Sheridan and at the battle of "Belle Grove," or Cedar Creek, they lost their honored Captain, who had so faithfully and gallantly led them through so many trials and dangers. There was no more chivalrous or heroic spirit in the ranks of the army than he, gentle and modest, thoughtful and kind, yet demanding the best in his men, he was loved by them with a devotion seldom seen. Upon his death the command de-

ROBERT C. RANDOLPH

CAPTAIN, "NELSON RIFLES" (COMPANY C, SECOND VIRGINIA INFANTRY)

volved upon Lieutenant Nelson. Under him the winter of 1864 was passed in the trenches at Petersburg. Our brave men here endured the greatest hardships of the war, suffering from cold and hunger and never free from the fire of the enemy. It was no common thing for a shell to drop in the midst of them while cooking their scanty rations. But amidst it all they bore themselves with fortitude, accepting the worst without complaining. One third of them were kept on the firing line at all times, so that they never had more then two days at a time for rest and even then often all were called to the front to repel a threatened attack, or to march off to the right to resist an attempt to turn General Lee's flank. Day and night these alarms came and there was no moment of security. Their rations were of corn bread and middling, day after day. As spring opened details were sent into swamps and fields hunting garlic, poke and other weeds for greens, in an effort to prevent scurvy.

Many were sick with chills and fever and other malarious diseases. Their pay, small at best, had become so worthless that a month's pay would not buy a pound of tobacco. But our gallant fellows cared not for the pay. If they could have been clothed warmly and properly fed, the lack of pay, dangers from shot and shell would not have affected them. When engaged in battle with their well fed and warmly clothed enemy they sometimes had the opportunity to get a haversack full of the good things that the Yankees had or to capture an overcoat or blanket, but these chances were rare now. Our army was on the defensive and were glad to be able to hold their position, and could not ransack the enemy's camps as of yore or to capture them in large numbers, and so this resource was taken from them. The winter wore itself away, General Grant having stretched his lines away to the South and

East, compelling General Lee to still further extend his attenuated lines. At last all was ready for the final blow. On a bright Sunday morning in early April he made the attempt and succeeded in breaking General Lee's line. All saw that the inevitable had come. Petersburg so long, so bravely defended must be given up. With but a scanty supply of rations, the retreat was commenced, with the expectation of getting abundant supplies at Amelia Court House. But some incompetent, somewhere, failed to do his duty and when the army reached that point no rations were found. From that time forward the possessor of an ear or two of corn was a richer man than Rockefeller. Marching and fighting by day and marching by night, snatching a little sleep during a halt, they pushed on. On the ninth of April near the village of Appomattox C. H. they found the enemy across their path. General Gordon with the 2nd Corps, all that was left of it, and our friends of Co. "C" and "I" are among them, is ordered to clear the road of the enemy. They form into line and with the old time yell they charge the foe and drive them a mile and the road is open for escape. But useless was the charge, useless the yell, the bravery, for even then General Lee was making terms of surrender.

The end had come and of the two gallant companies that had marched to Harper's Ferry on the 17th of April, 1861, so gayly, so confidently, there are but Lieutenant Nelson and eight men from Co. "C", and four from Co. "I". A sad day for them, worn out, half starved, two hundred miles from home, no money, what were they to do? With the farewell order of their loved General sounding in their ears and embalmed in their hearts, they started on the long tramp. No longer led by able and thoughtful officers, they scattered and each for himself or in couples they made the dreary tramp, depending for something to

eat on the impoverished people along the way. Slowly and painfully they come, and at last the Blue Ridge and Shenandoah are crossed and they reach their homes. Homes almost as destitute as they, but the loved ones are there and it is home at last. Before them work, hard work, but they went at it as bravely as they had gone at their old enemy. Gradually as the summer passed, those in prisons or hospitals came and took up the work of life. How these returned soldiers bore themselves, how they toiled to rebuild broken fortunes, how they helped to put the old State back into proper place in influence and power, all now living know. They are now old and worn with the toils and cares and misfortunes of life and many are dependent upon the scanty pension given them by an ungrateful State, which has forgotten all that these men did and suffered, or if remembered, remembered only as the theme of a decoration day oration or the plank in a party platform, or in a Governor's Message. The Daughters of the Confederacy, God bless them, bedeck them with "Crosses of Honor," aid them with money, look after their widows and do all that they can to help and honor them, but the State gives them hardly enough to clothe them, and even those who get the little pension have to swear that they are in poverty.

I cannot close this account of Co. "C", the "Nelson Rifles," better than by giving an extract from a letter published some years ago in the Clarke Courier, signed "A Gentleman of Verona"—a gentleman well known and honored by all the people of Clarke, one familiar with the history of the officers and men of this Company. Although too young to be in the army, he was old enough at the close of the war to take note of each and every one, and can speak of them far better than the writer.

"I should like if my pen has the power, to make you a

few pictures of some of the noble men with whom I served for part of the war in the Company "C", Second Regiment, Stonewall Brigade. Rudyard Kipling says: "The officers are well written about," but it is only my messmates and comrades and dear friends whom I shall speak of. There was our first Captain, William N. Nelson, the noblest gentleman I have ever seen. I fancy I can see him now in full dress uniform as he took us on dress parade, as handsome as an Apollo Belvidere, keen of wit, sound of judgement, stern in the performance of duty, expecting all men to do theirs in the cause he loved so well, and every inch a soldier. There was Will Randolph, true and tried, who fell as Colonel of the Regiment on the 9th day of May, 1864; who stood like King Saul, head and shoulders above any man, scholar, gymnast, statesman, and the bravest man I thought in the army. I recall how he looked as he walked on top of the works at Gettysburg, carrying an oil cloth full of ammunition to the Company. And Robert Randolph, also Captain of the Company "C", killed at Cedar Creek, a perfect type of Christian soldier, and gentleman. And I see Tom Randolph as he looked at the extreme right of the Company as we marched in at Manassas on that bright July morning when our Captain and 17 men were killed out of 57 muskets.

"I often thought in looking at Tom Randolph that 'he is complete in features and mind with all good grace to grace a gentleman,' and John Jolliffe, faithful to the end, and badly wounded at Chancellorsville. Carly Whiting, who was twice wounded before he was 17 and died a martyr's death at 19, and his joyous laugh was lost to the Cavalry Camp. There were six Grubses out of seven killed and wounded; their mother should have been as proud of them as if they had been the Gracchi, and Lieut. David Keeler, like Hercules, killed without the city wall. I mind

well Adam Thompson, the best squirrel shot in the Company, and Bill Thompson, a good soldier as ever polished a belt buckle or bayonet. Then there was Warren Copenhaver, though dying soon after his first fight, left a glorious record behind him, and old John Hibbard, shot in the leg at Manassas at the time our Captain got his death wound, so far as active service was concerned, and Robert Burwell, the coolest man I ever saw under fire, and who in the Company does not remember George Burwell trying to draw his ramrod from his gun at Kernstown and crying because he could not get another shot at the ——— Yankees, and which of you old fellows does not remember George's capturing the Yankee Captain at Manassas when he was only 14 years old. Lord, what a handsome dashing boy he was. There was a man with us on whose memory my mind loves to linger as I look over the past. I fear you will say, Dear Courier, that I an only calling the roll of honor, but calling the roll was my business at that time, as it was the business of the man of whom I am just speaking, a man who never would take promotion because he thought he could serve the Dear Mother-land better as a private or non-commissioned officer, and because I think he really loved to feel the pressure of the musket to his shoulder, and got more of the glory of the strife on foot doing a private's duty than he would anywhere else. As I heard one of the officers say once he believed he was one of the most reckless men in the army. I refer to Nat Burwell, of "Carter Hall." It would be useless to have to write his name for any of the old Company to know him when I recall the time before Richmond when Colonel Botts called on Nat to rally the regiment and let them dress on him just as the evening was closing in and the regiment came to his call. Think of the gallant fellow after the battle was fought carrying water to the wounded of the

enemy because he said our wounded had their friends to look after them and the others, poor fellows, had been left in our hands. That always seemed to me the truest hospitality and the highest Christian virtue. Many of these fellows became commissioned officers and many were killed, but all deserved high rank. I have not forgotten John McCormick and the way he carried dispatches for General Rhodes, at Gettysburg, to whom he had been transferred from Company C, as the army marched to Pennsylvania. 'I am dreaming and the visions of the past come over the still deep waters in ripples bright and fast.' I find it impossible to mention more than a few of the noble men I had the honor to serve with, in a letter, but I hope it will make some one of the old boys who has more talent than I to write what he knows so I may see it way off here and know who has passed over the river and who are still on this side. What became of Nat Cook, and Phil Nelson, and Mord Lewis? What boys they were, and what men they made, ripened in the hot furnace of red battle. There are many more men I would like to pay a passing tribute to, some who were not of my command, but I shall only speak of two now. Capt. Hugh Nelson, afterwards Major, I mind him well on his milk white steed when the white banner of peace was still spread over our fair land. The greatest scholar, statesman and scientist of the day, man of wondrous charm of manner and bearing, a man all of whose ways were ways of pleasantness and all his paths were peace, but when once the despot's heel was on our shore, he was a very bolt of war, and the beau ideal of a Cavalry Commander, as he led the Old Clarke Cavalry on Victor, where the foremost fighting fell. And then there was Dr. Archie Randolph, Fitz Lee's chief medical advisor and friend."

I will here give a list of the battles in which Co. "C"

and Co. "I" took part. This list was furnished by Mr. Lewis:

1st Manassas.....July 21st, 1861
Kernstown.....March 23rd, 1862
McDowell.....May 9th, 1862
Winchester (Banks).....May 25th, 1862
Cross Keys.....June 8th, 1862
Port Republic.....June 9th, 1862
Cold Harbor.....June 29th, 1862
Malvern Hill.....July 1st, 1862
Cedar Run.....August 9th, 1862
2nd Manassas.....August 28th-29th and 30th, 1862
Capture of Harper's Ferry
Sharpsburg.....Sept. 17th, 1862
Fredericksburg.....Dec. 13th, 1862
Chancellorsville.....May 2nd and 3rd, 1863
Winchester No. 2.....June 15th, 1863
Gettysburg.....July 1st, 2nd, and 3rd, 1863
Mine Run.....Nov. 27th, 1863
Wilderness.....May 5th, 1864
Spotsylvania.....May 10th and 12th, 1864
Battle of the Nye.....May 18th, 1864
Bethesda Church.....June 2nd, 1864
Monocacy.....July 9th, 1864
Cool Spring.....August, 1864
Fisher's Hill.....Sept, 22nd, 1864
Cedar Creek or Shady Grove.....Oct. 19th, 1864
Hatcher's Run.....Feb. 6th, 1865
Hains Hill or Fort Steadman.....Mar, 25th, 1865
Petersburg.....April 2nd, 1865
Retreat.....April 2nd to 9th, 1865

Besides these, there were numerous skirmishes of not enough importance to be named or remembered.

The story of this company should have been written

by one of the Company, and the writer most reluctantly undertook the work. He felt that Sergt. Mord Lewis was the one best fitted in every way for it. But his modesty is equal to his bravery and to show my readers what his bravery was I will relate an incident of the winter of 1865. The ladies of Rockbridge County sent to the brigade a large lot of clothing and they desired that a suit should be given to the bravest man in each regiment, the man to be chosen by his comrades. In the 2nd Virginia Sergeant Lewis was only a few votes behind David Henderson, of Jefferson, and you must remember that Jefferson had five companies in the regiment. Lieut. N. B. Cooke, at one time a member of the company, in answer to a letter from the writer says: "Dear Old Mord Lewis is the one peculiarly fitted to give you Co. "C", from A to Z. No man in the army did his work more faithfully and he was fortunate enough to be never disabled and so was there all the time." There were very few of the Company in my reach to consult with and they like myself have forgotten much that would have been of interest. It has been my wish and my effort to do full justice to the gallant officers and men and if I have made errors they have been unintentional and unavoidable. I have been unable to get a correct list of the casualties in the different battles and as I could not give them in full, have not attempted at all. A Roll of the Company is given which has some notes as to the killed and wounded and etc., but I am sure it is not full and may be not altogether correct. This roll has upon it a number of names of men from up the Valley who were placed in the Company in April, 1862. Many of them left very soon but those remaining made good soldiers. I am not able to indicate those men on the roll, but people of Clarke will recognize the names of our own people.

Those men did their part like men in those days which tried men's souls. The following little poem expressing most beautifully his condition after so many years have passed:

THE VETERAN

[*Written for the Religious Herald.*]

We see him standing at the parting of the ways.
  The one leads back, along which youth has sped.
  The other, shorter of the two, ends just ahead,
  Within the silent city of the dead,
Where young and old alike must end their days.

The passing years have left their furrows, clear and deep,
  Upon the cheek and brow once free from care.
  The head, so richly crowned with locks of raven hair,
  Doth now but scattered strands of silver wear;
And eyes, so wide awake in youth, now sleep.

In early life he heard his country's call to war,
  To which his loyal soul gave answer true.
  We know not if he wore the garb of gray or blue;
  But this we know, that all the struggle through
He kept his face towards his guiding star.

And whether came to him glad victory or defeat,
  His bright escutcheon was no coward's shield.
  His glittering blade preserved on every field
  The symbol which no valiant heart may yield,
And gave the world a theme for poets meet.

Down through the years that followed war—the years of peace,
  Which none the less were years of toil and strife,
  With duties manifold and heavy burdens rife—
  The veteran poured the manhood of his life
In streams of love whose flow shall never cease.

'Tis thus we find him at the parting of the ways.
  What tribute for his service shall we bring?
  What panacea for the pain of ingrate's sting?
  His deeds of love and valor we will sing;
His "dearest meed" be "our esteem and praise."

Gainesville, Fla. W. T. H.

CHAPTER XXIV.

THE NELSON RIFLES

ROLL of Company "C", 2nd Va. Volunteer Infantry:

Wm. N. Nelson, enlisted Apr. 17, 1861, captain, Millwood. Wounded 1st Manassas, disabled, entered another branch of service.

William Hay, enlisted Apr. 17, 1861, 1st Lieut., Millwood. Made Surgeon 33rd Va. Reg., Aug. 1861. Promoted 1st Lieut.

Robert C. Randolph, enlisted Apr. 17, 1861, 2nd Lieut., Millwood. Captain, May, 1864. Killed battle of Cedar Creek or Belle Grove, Oct. 1864.

James Ryan, enlisted Apr. 17, 1861, 3rd Lieut., Millwood. Resigned, Sheriff of County.

David Meade, enlisted Apr. 17, 1861, 3rd Lieut., White Post. Vice Ryan resigned.

David Keeler, enlisted Apr. 17, 1861, 3rd Lieut., Millwood. Aug. 1861, vacancy. Lieut. Hay promoted.

Philip W. Nelson, enlisted Apr. 17, 1861, 2nd Lieut, Millwood. Promoted from 1st Sergt., wounded Port Republic and present at surrender at Appomatox.

Samuel Grubbs, enlisted Aug. 17, 1861, 3rd Lieut., Millwood. Promoted from Sergt. Killed May 5th, 1864, Wilderness.

John Kelly, enlisted Apr. 17, 1861, 1st Sergt., Millwood. Discharged 1861, disability.

Wm. T. Wharton, enlisted Aug. 17, 1861, 3rd Sergt., White Post. Transferred to Horse Artillery.

Jno. Jolliffe, enlisted Apr. 17, 1861, 4th Sergt., Millwood. Wounded Chancellorsville, detailed special duty.

Chas. C. Benn, enlisted Apr. 17, 1861, 5th Sergt., Millwood. Present at surrender at Appomattox.

Cornelious Hawks, enlisted Apr. 17, 1861, 1st Corp., White Post. In prison 12 months.

John A. Hibbard, enlisted Apr. 17, 1861, 2nd Corp., Millwood. Wounded 1st Manassas. Discharged on account of wound.

Geo. W. Rutter, enlisted Apr. 17, 1861, Drummer, White Post. Discharged for disability.

Barney Carrigan, enlisted Apr. 17, 1861, Fifer, White Post. Deserted to enemy.

Jacob B. Rutter, enlisted Apr. 17, 1861, private, White Post. Wounded Manassas 1861. Killed at Aldie 1861.

Nathaniel Burwell, enlisted Apr. 17, 1861, Sergt. Major of Regiment, Millwood. Promoted Sergt. Major of Regt. Mortally wounded 2nd Manassas, 1862, and died.

Robert P. Burwell, enlisted Apr. 17, 1861, Private, Millwood. Transferred Stuart's Horse Artillery, Promoted Lieut. Died of wounds received Brandy station June 9th, 1863.

George H. Burwell, enlisted Apr. 17, 1861, private, Millwood. Promoted 2nd Lieut. Pelham Battery, Horse Artillery.

W. B. Copenhaver, enlisted Apr. 17, 1861, private, Millwood. Died 1861.

A. J. Berlin, enlisted Apr. 17, 1861, private, White Post. Served four years. Captured May 12th, 1864, prisoner until close of war.

W. R. Barham. Served 4 years.

G. W. Anderson, private.

Fred S. Crow, private. In prison 12 months.

James Cooper, private.

Jno. W. Cooper, private.

N. B. Cooke, enlisted Apr. 17, 1861, private, Millwood. Transferred to Clarke Cavalry Oct. 21, 1862. On duty at General Stuart's Headquarters. Made 2nd Lieut. Cooper's Battery. Disabled Oct. 24th, 1864.

Ephriam Corfelt, enlisted Apr., 1862, private, Shenandoah County.

Aaron Corfelt, enlisted Apr., 1862, private, Shenandoah County.

Gideon Corfelt, enlisted Apr., 1862, private, Shenandoah County. Wounded.

F. N. Crown, enlisted private, Shenandoah County. Discharged Mar. 28, 1862 by special order No. 118.

C. C. Cahoon, private. Served four years.

John W. Clay, enlisted 1864, private. Served one year.

James Chamblin, enlisted 1861, private, Millwood. Wounded June 27th, 1862.

W. B. Clem, enlisted 1862, private, Shenandoah. Served 4 years.

Peter Dearmont, enlisted 1861, private, Millwood. Transferred Clarke Cavalry.

Jos. T. Doran, enlisted Apr. 18, 1861, private, Millwood.

W. Scott Dishman, Apr. 18, 1861, private, Millwood. Killed 1st Manassas. Buried on field.

Alexander Day, enlisted Apr. 18, 1861, private, Millwood. Served 4 years.

John E. Evans, enlisted Apr. 18, 1861, private, White Post. Prisoner.

Harrison Estep, enlisted Apr. 18, 1861, private, Shenandoah.

R. T. Ellett, enlisted Apr. 18, 1861, private, Millwood. Made Sergeant.

J. Erms, private. Wounded June 27, 1862.

D. Estep, enlisted Apr. 18, 1861, private, Millwood. Served four years.

Kinlock Fauntleroy, enlisted Apr. 18, 1861, private, Millwood. Made Lieut. Artillery.

John A. Fry, enlisted Apr. 18, 1861, private. Wounded Gettysburg.

Amos Funkhouser, enlisted 1863, private. Served 2 years.

Ambrose Funkhouser, enlisted 1863, private. Served 2 years.

E. Grubbs, enlisted 1861, private, Millwood. Killed 1st Manassas.

Samuel Grubbs, enlisted 1861, private Millwood. Promoted Lieut. Killed May 5th, 1864. Wilderness.

Jas. W. Grubbs, enlisted 1861, private, Millwood. Killed Kernstown.

Wm. Grubbs, enlisted 1861, private, Millwood. Killed Spotsylvania.

Geo. W. Grubbs, enlisted 1861, private, Millwood. Killed Spottsylvania.

Jas. S. Grubbs, enlisted 1861, private.

Philip L. Grubbs, enlisted 1861, private, Millwood. Wounded Fredericksburg.

Jas. T. Grubbs, enlisted 1861, private, Millwood. Served four years.

Jno. W. Holland, enlisted 1861, private, Millwood.

Jas. Henry, enlisted 1861, private, Millwood.

Edward Hefflebower, enlisted 1861, private, Millwood. Wounded; 12 months in prison. Cavalry.

James Hodge, enlisted 1861, private.

Robert C. Harris, enlisted 1861, private, Millwood. Prisoner.

Thos. L. Hughes, enlisted 1861, private, White Post. Discharged under age.

John T. Hughes, enlisted 1861, private, White Post. Discharged under age.

Jesse Harman.

Joel Hensley, enlisted 1861, private. Served four years.

A. M. Hoyt, enlisted 1862, private. Served three years.

Jas. F. Kerfoot, enlisted 1861, private, Millwood. Joined cavalry 1862. Made scout to Gen. Lee. Promoted to Captain.

Judson G. Kerfoot, enlisted 1861, private, Millwood. Joined cavalry 1862.

Daniel Kerfoot, enlisted 1861, private, Millwood. Killed near Millwood.

A. J. Kerfoot, enlisted 1861, private, Millwood. Surrendered Appomattox April 9th, 1865.

Jas. Kenny, enlisted 1861, private.

Wm. Kenny, enlisted 1861, private, Millwood. Wounded.

H. T. Kelly, enlisted 1864, private, Millwood. Served 1 year.

Jas. D. Kerfoot, enlisted 1861, private, Millwood. Served 4 years.

Mordecai Lewis, enlisted 1861, Sergt., Millwood. Promoted Sergt. Wounded. At surrender at Appomattox, April 9th, 1865.

J. D. Lloyd, enlisted 1861, Millwood.

J. S. Lloyd, enlisted 1861, Millwood.

Jas. B. Lindsey, enlisted, 1861, Millwood.

T. Munsen, enlisted 1861, Millwood. Deserted 1861.

John W. McCormick, enlisted 1861, private, Millwood. Surrendered at Appomatox.

H. T. McDonald, enlisted 1861, private, Millwood.

D. F. Miller, enlisted 1862, private. Served 3 years.

Jas. W. Marshall, Sr., enlisted 1861, private. Served 2½ years.

Jos. McDaniel, enlisted 1864, private. Served 3 months.

Jos. E. Newlands, enlisted 1861, private. Served 4 years.
P. W. Noell, enlisted 1863, private. Served 2 years.
Wm. T. Noell, enlisted 1863, private, Millwood. Served 2 years.
J. R. Oliver, enlisted 1862, private, Millwood. Served 3 years.
Alex. Parkins, enlisted 1861, private, Millwood. Wounded 1st Manassas and died.
Bushrod Puller, enlisted 1861, private, Millwood.
Andrew Perron, enlisted 1861, private, Millwood.
W. L. Paugere, enlisted 1862, private, Millwood. To end of war.
Geo. R. Lunzey.
Deshin Lloyd, enlisted 1861, private, Millwood.
Samuel Rutter, enlisted 1862, private, Millwood.
Mat S. Royston, enlisted 1861, private, Millwood. Joined cavalry.
Thos. H. B. Randolph, enlisted 1861, private, Millwood. Wounded 1st Manassas. Transferred Signal Corps.
Chas. H. Richards, enlisted 1861, private, Millwood. Killed at Wilderness, May 5th, 1864.
John Reardon, enlisted 1861, private. Prisoner Spotsylvania, died at Elmira, N. Y.
F. H. Randolph.
Geo. C. or John C. Rutherford.
John Ryman, enlisted 1862, private, Millwood. Served to close of war.
Ed. Ryan, enlisted 1862, private, Millwood. Served to close of war.
L. R. Riley, enlisted 1861, private, Millwood. Wounded at Gettysburg.
John W. Sprint, enlisted 1861, private, Millwood.
Jas. W. Spencer, enlisted Apr. 1861, private.

Phil H. Shearer, enlisted Apr. 1861, private, Millwood. Wounded at Gettysburg.

Wm. R. Shipe, enlisted Apr. 1861, private.

Wm. M. Sowers, enlisted Apr., 1861, private, Millwood. Killed while at home on furlough.

Wm. M. Sowers, enlisted Apr. 1861, private, Millwood. Killed 1864.

Philip Speyle, enlisted 1861, private. Surrendered Appomattox April 9th, 1865.

Samuel Speyle, enlisted 1861, private, Millwood.

J. E. Spitzer, enlisted 1861, private, Millwood. Served 4 years.

Geo. T. Shields, enlisted 1863, private. Served 13 months.

John T. Sprint.

Adam T. Thompson, enlisted 1861, private, Millwood. Wounded 1st Manassas.

John W. Tansill, enlisted 1861, private.

W. A. Tansill.

W. H. Thompson, enlisted 1861, private, Millwood. Quarter Master Sergt. of regiment. Surrender of Appomattox.

Ben Trenary, enlisted 1861, private, Millwood. Transferred cavalry.

J. B. Whitter, enlisted 1861, private, Millwood. Killed 1st Manassas.

John Welch.

Lewis F. Wood, enlisted 1861, private, Millwood.

F. B. Whiting, Jr., enlisted 1861, private, Millwood. Wounded Gettysburg.

Carlyle Whiting, enlisted 1861, private, Millwood. Transferred Co. D. 6th Virginia Cavalry. Killed 1864.

Jas. E. Weir, enlisted 1861, private, Millwood. Prisoner Spotsylvania.

Benj. F. Wilson, enlisted 1861, private, Millwood. Killed 1st Manassas.

B. F. Willingham, enlisted 1861, private, Millwood.

H. Van Belt, enlisted 1861, private, Millowod.

H. Cloud, possibly H. Clarke. Surrendered Appomattox.

Jno. L. Nash, private. Discharged.

CHAPTER XXV

THE CLARKE CAVALRY

AMONG the military organizations that went from the County of Clarke in defense of the State and Southland in the war between the states, was a troop of horse known as the Clarke Cavalry.

It is not to be understood that this troop was composed wholly of residents of said county. It was a crack corps, and many men from adjoining and distant counties of the State and from other states enlisted in it, attracted by its reputation for dash and gallantry, and the character of the material of which it was composed.

There was organized in that part of the County of Frederick which is now embraced in the territory of the County of Clarke, for service in the war with Great Britian in 1812, a company of cavalry commanded by Captain Eben Taylor. It is said that the names on the roster of the Company last mentioned and the names on that of the Clarke Cavalry were to a large extent the same, from which the inference is drawn that many of the men composing the Clarke Cavalry that took part in the war between the states were descendents of the men who, in the war of 1812, enlisted under the command of Captain Taylor.

Throughout the period between the War of 1812 and that of 1861–65, this Company preserved its organization in a general way; its existence was not continuous, but with short intervals of interruption the organization

D. T. RICHARDS

CAPTAIN, "CLARKE CAVALRY," (COMPANY D, SIXTH VIRGINIA CAVALRY)
LIEUTENANT-COLONEL, SIXTH VIRGINIA CAVALRY

was preserved. From 1845 to 1856 this Company had as its Captain, Hugh M. Nelson, of "Longbranch", near Millwood. Among the Lieutenants during these years were Richard P. Bryarly of White Post and James M. Allen, now living in Brooklyn, New York. The Company was armed with sabres and the old single barrel horse pistols, which would be curiosities now. Previous to and during the John Brown affair the Company had as its Captain, E. P. C. Lewis.

It did some service at that time. Soon after this it was reorganized with other officers.

The roster of the Company when it engaged in the war of 1861–65 with changes and additions in its officers herein below noted, were as follows:

Joseph R. Hardesty, Captain; resigned July 21st, 1861.

Hugh M. Nelson, elected in July 1861. He served as Captain of the Company until the spring of 1862, when he accepted a position on the staff of Gen. Ewell. He served in this capacity until his death in August, 1862, when he died from disease contracted in the service.

William Taylor, 1st Lieut., promoted to Major in the Commissary Department.

David H. Allen, 2nd Lieut, who died in August, 1861, from the result of a wound received in the first battle of Manassas.

George Mason, 3rd Lieut.

Charles H. Smith, Orderly Sergeant.

At the re-organization of the Company in May, 1862, the following officers were elected:

D. T. Richards, Captain; successively promoted to Major and Lieut. Colonel of the 6th Virginia Cavalry. He was wounded in action at the battle of Yellow Tavern, May 11, 1864.

1st Lieut, Joseph McKay Kennerly, promoted to be captain of the Company Oct. 28th, 1864, to rank from June 4, 1864, permanently disabled by a wound received in action at Ream's Station July, 1864.

R. O. Allen, 2nd Lieut., permanently disabled by a wound received at the Battle of Brandy Station, June 9, 1863.

C. George Shumate, 3rd Lieut., wounded at Brandy Station, June 9, 1863, at Trevillian Station, June 11, 1864, and killed in action near Berry's Ferry, July, 1864.

ENLISTED MEN

Ashby, Lewis; killed in action at Trevillian Station, June 11, 1864.

Ashby, Buckner; discharged under an Act of Congress.

Ashby, George; discharged on surgeon's certificate.

Ashby, Shirley C.

Anderson, Milton B.

Anderson, John.

Ambler, Jaqueline R.

Baney, Thaddeus.

Bell, Jonah; killed at Trevillian Station, June 11, 1864.

Bell, James; killed in action near Berryville, Aug. 1864.

Bell, John; wounded in action September 9, 1863.

Brown, William H.

Blackburn, John S.; promoted to lieutenancy in Ordinance Department.

Brabham, Charles; discharged on surgeon's certificate.

Barbee, John; killed in action June 9, 1863 at Brandy Station.

Berkeley, Carter; promoted to lieutenancy in Artillery Service.

Larue, C. C.; corporal, wounded in action Sept. 13, 1863 at Brandy Station, Va., and at Lacey's Springs, Va., Sept. 20, 1864.

Larue, James.
Larue, William A.
Larue, Gilbert; wounded in action at Brandy Station, Oct., 1863.
Lewis, H. L. D., promoted to Major on staff of Gen. Maury.
Lewis, Robert.
Lindsey, James; killed in action, 1863, near Upperville, Va.
Laughlin, William.
Mason, Joseph.
Moore, Francis; died March 6, 1862, from sickness contracted in service.
Moore, William; Sergeant, promoted to lieutenancy in the Company, died of wounds received in action at Five Forks, Va., April 2, 1865.
Moore, A., Jr.; taken prisoner at Yellow Tavern, May 11, 1864, escaped from railroad train August 16, 1864, and returned to his command.
Moore, Nicholas; permanently disabled by wound received June 9, 1863, at Brandy Station, Va.
Morgan, William C.; sergeant.
Morgan, John; taken prisoner at Berry's Ferry, Va.
Morgan, Daniel, died of wounds received in action April 2, 1865, at Five Forks, Va.
McGuire, D. Holmes.
McGuire, Burwell.
Meade, F. Key.
Meade, David.
Meade, Harry.
Magner, M. F.
Manuel, Newton.
McMurray, John.
Milton, William T.; acting Sergeant Major of the 6th Va. Regiment Cavalry after the capture of Eugene Davis.
Bonham, William.

Bonham, Isaac.
Carson, John R.
Castleman, M. R. P.; color Sergeant of 6th Va. Cavalry.
Castleman, Robert; transferred to 12th Regiment of Cavalry.
Castleman, James R.
Crow, John T.; wounded while on service as scout near Luray in 1864.
Crow, H. Clay.
Carper, John.
Catlett, Henry.
Calmes, F. H.; promoted to major of 23rd Va. Cavalry, wounded in action at Charles Town, Nov., 1863.
Calmes, Marquis; killed in service as scout, Dec., 1864.
Cooke, N. B., detailed as courier for Gen. J. E. B. Stuart.
Dearmont, John; corporal, killed in action at Lacy's Spring, Va., Dec. 20th, 1864.
Dearmont, Thomas.
Dearmont, Peter.
Dement, Thomas.
Deahl, Horace P.; wounded at Brandy Sta., Oct. 13, 1863, at Trevillian Sta., June 11, 1864, and captured in 1864.
Davis, Eugene; promoted to Sergt. Major of 6th Va., Cavalry, taken prisoner at Yellow Tavern, May 11, 1864.
Davis, Albert F.
Davis, A. S.
Everhart, James B.
Everhart, J. Newton.
Fauntleroy, Kinloch, promoted to lieutenancy and assigned to Stuart's Horse Artillery.
Funston, O. R.; promoted to lieutenancy as adjutant 11th Va. cavalry.

Grady, C. Powell; sergeant, promoted to captaincy on the staff of Gen. William E. Jones.

Grady, Temple; died of disease contracted in the service, Nov., 1864.

Grady, Edward; wounded at Berry's Ferry.

Gibson, William, sergeant, killed in ambuscade at Annandale, Va., Oct., 1861.

Griggs, James L.; wounded in action Sept. 1864, near Luray, Va.

Harris, George; corporal.

Harris, John.

Hardesty, Charles W.; wounded near Appomattox Court House.

Hammond, William H.; died of wound received in action July 4th, 1864, at Ream's Station, Va.

Hunter, Taliaferro.

Harley, William.

Hite, Madison; discharged on surgeon's certificate.

Hite, Irving; died of disease contracted in the service.

Hite, Fontaine; killed in action Jan., 1865, at Beverly, W. Va.

Hite, Cornelius.

Hite, William M.; killed in action Oct. 14, 1864, at Brandy Station, Va.

Hibbs, Solomon.

Jones, Robert.

Janney, Walter, died at Camp Chase Prison in 1864.

Johnson, John M.

Kiger, James.

Keeler, J. M.

Kendall, Charles.

Kerfoot, John D.

Kerfoot, Henry; wounded in action Sept., 1864.

Kitchen, John.

Kitchen, George; deserted to the enemy.
Kneller, Lewis, corporal.
Kneller, Jacob.
Kneller, Thomas.
Kimball, Charles E.; promoted to lieutenancy and adjutancy of 6th Regiment Va. Cavalry.
McCormick, Edward, promoted to major in Quartermaster's Department.
McCormick, Hugh H.; wounded in action Oct. 14, 1863, at Brandy Station.
McCormick, Cyrus; wounded in action Oct. 14, 1863, at Brandy Station.
McCormick, Province.
Mitchell, Cary; died of disease contracted in service.
Mitchell, Robert; wounded in action Oct. 14, 1863, at Buford's Ford; killed in action June 11, 1864, at Trevillian Station, Va.
Mitchell, Ship.
McClure, Nicholas; Quartermaster clerk.
Milburn, John.
Michie, H. B.
Marshall, E. C., Jr.
Opie, Hierome; promoted to lieutenancy in Ordance Bureau.
Opie, John N.; wounded in action Sept. 13, 1863, Culpepper Court House.
Osborne, Edward.
Powers, Philip; promoted to major in Quartermaster's Department.
Pierce, William.
Page, George.
Page, William B.; wounded in action Culpeper, Court House, Oct. 13, 1863.
Page, Archie.

Pendleton, Robert N.
Pendleton, Dudley D.; promoted to captaincy on staff of Gen. Pendleton.
Pennybacker, Frank.
Russell, Jesse, corporal.
Russell, Bennett, died of disease contracted in the service in 1863.
Russell, Thomas, J.; wounded in action at Brandy Station, June 9, 1863, and permanently disabled.
Riely, William A.
Ritter, George.
Smith, Charles H.; taken prisoner May 9, 1864.
Smith, Treadwell, corporal; wounded June 9, 1863, at Brandy Station, at same place Sept., 1863, and killed in action at Five Forks, Aug. 2, 1865.
Smith, J. Rice.
Smith, Warren C.
Sowers, George, H.
Shepherd, Joseph H.; taken prisoner 1863.
Shepherd, George C.; taken prisoner 1863.
Shepherd, Champ.
Shumate, G. H.; died of disease contracted in the service.
Shumate, Edward.
Shumate, Thomas; wounded in action.
Steptoe, R. C.; wounded in action June 11, 1864, Trevillian Station.
Swartzwelder, Lennard; killed in action June 11, 1864, at Trevillian Station.
Swann, Philip; corporal, detailed as scout.
Simpson, William.
Stephenson, Henry.
Trenary, Benjamin.
Timberlake, Thomas W.; killed in action Oct. 9, 1864.

Topper, Pius Francis, wounded in action June 9, 1863, at Brandy Station; killed in action Sept., 1864, near Luray, Va.

Thompson, James.

Turner, George.

Watson, James; Commissary Sergeant of Company.

Watson, Thomas; wounded in action Oct. 9, 1864.

White, John R.; wounded at Luray, Sept., 1864.

Williams, Thomas; promoted to assistant surgeon.

Williams, L. Eustace, wounded in action at Trevillian Station, June 11, 1864.

Ware, Charles; assistant Surgeon out of Regiment.

Ware, J. S.

Willis, N. P.; sergeant and lieutenant of Company, wounded in action June 11, 1864, at Trevillian Station.

Waesche, George; quartermaster clerk.

Whiting, Carlyle; wounded at Manassas, July 21, 1861, killed near Luray, Dec., 1864.

Wigginton, James D.

Wheat, Joseph N.; taken prisoner Sept. 18, 1864, at Winchester, Va.

Wheat, F. W.; orderly sergeant.

Count F. Zulasky; promoted to lieutenancy and put in command of battery at Rockett's, near Richmond.

The foregoing embraces the names of all enlistments in the Clarke Cavalry, including those that enlisted during the war.

Immediately on the secession of the State from the Federal Union, April 17th, 1861, Governor Letcher ordered all military organizations in the lower Shenandoah Valley to proceed with expedition to Harper's Ferry and take possession of that point, the chief object in view being the seizure of the United States armory and arsenal at that point, with the muskets and swords contained in

the latter. The Clarke Cavalry promptly obeyed this order, moving on the 17th. Shortly after, Col. Thomas J. Jackson was put in command of the troops at that point, and he was shortly succeeded by Gen. Joseph E. Johnson, who was intrusted with the command of the Department of the Valley and the country lying west of it. J. E. B. Stuart was commissioned by the State of Virginia Colonel of the Cavalry and had in his command at Harper's Ferry six troops, aggregating about three hundred men, including the Clarke Cavalry. This was the nucleus of the first regiment of Virginia cavalry.

During the occupation of Harper's Ferry the Cavalry, under the command of Colonel Stuart, was kept constantly on duty as pickets and scouts. It guarded the forts of the Shenandoah, and of the Potomac beyond Martinsburg. One important duty that devolved upon Colonel Stuart was to keep his eye on the movements of a body of Federal soldiers that was being collected at Harrisburg, Pa., with the purpose of so threatening General Johnson's communications at Harper's Ferry as to prevent his rendering aid to General Beauregard at Manassas. So efficient was the service rendered by Colonel Stuart that General Johnson in a letter written to him when he, Johnson, was transferred to the West, says "How can I eat, sleep or rest in peace without you upon the outpost?"

Colonel Stuart kept General Johnson fully advised of Patterson's movements down the Cumberland Valley to Williamsport, Md., and the latter promptly transferred his army from Harper's Ferry to a point on the Winchester and Martinsburg Turnpike, near Darksville, and offered battle, which Patterson declined. His escape with his army to the aid of Beauregard at Manassas without knowledge of it reaching Patterson was a most difficult

and delicate undertaking, the accomplishment of which depended very largely on the efficiency with which Colonel Stuart cloaked and guarded the movements. A cordon of pickets was established across the Shenandoah Valley to the top of the Blue Ridge Mountain, which was so well maintained as to completely veil the movements and purpose of General Johnson, so that he was able to arrive on the plains of Manassas without a suspicion of the movement entering the mind of General Patterson. After General Johnson's infantry and artillery had crossed the Blue Ridge, Colonel Stuart called in his pickets and scouts and followed it to Piedmont, and thence marched promptly to Manassas to take his part in the battle that was then pending there. Placing himself on the extreme left of the Confederate army and supported by Beckham's battery, he kept in check and repelled repeated efforts of the enemy to extend its right flank so as to envelope the left of General Johnson, and finally, at a critical period of the battle, he ordered two companies of his regiment, namely, the Clarke Cavalry and the Loudoun Cavalry, to charge the enemy's infantry. This was successfully done, and a regiment of Zouaves that had ventured out on the extreme right of the Federal army was practically destroyed. In this engagement Lieut. David H. Allen received a wound from which he died in the month of August following.

When the retreat of the enemy began, Colonel Stuart pressed it with his mounted men, captured a great many prisoners and contributed largely to the confusion, excitement and panic of the rout. In a paper prepared by General Early on so much of the battle as fell under his immediate eye he declares that no subordinate officer contributed as much to the defeat of the enemy in this engagement as did Colonel Stuart.

WILLIAM TAYLOR

FIRST LIEUTENANT, "CLARKE CAVALRY"
(COMPANY D, SIXTH VIRGINIA CAVALRY)
MAJOR IN QUARTERMASTER'S DEPARTMENT

CHAPTER XXVI

THE battle of Manassas was followed by a long period of quiet and rest to the infantry and artillery, but the cavalry, which has been fitly styled the eye and ears and cloak of an army, was constantly occupied. Colonel Stuart established his picket line within sight of the capitol building in Washington, and had daily encounters with the outposts of the enemy. In one of these, Sergeant Wm. Gibson, of the Clarke Cavalry, was fired upon from ambuscade by the enemy and killed.

The Clarke Cavalry retained its connection with the First Regiment until Colonel Stuart was promoted to the rank of Brigadier General, and as there was an excess of two companies in the First over what was required to constitute a regiment, the Clarke Cavalry elected to be transferred to the 6th Virginia Cavalry, with which regiment it served until the close of the war between the states, and in which it was known as Company D. The 6th constituted a part of the brigade of which General Stuart took command on his promotion. It was first commanded by Col. C. W. Field, who being, shortly after he took command of it, promoted to the rank of Brigadier General of Infantry, was succeeded in command by Col. Thomas S. Flournoy. When the army of General Johnson was withdrawn from the neighborhood of Centreville and transferred to the peninsula below Richmond, the Clarke Cavalry took an active part in defending the rear of his army and after it had crossed the Rapidan River the 6th Regiment was left

with General Ewell in the neighborhood of Culpeper Court House for the purpose of watching the movements of General McDowell, who commanded the Federal army at Fredericksburg.

When, in the month of May, 1862, General T. J. Jackson was about to enter upon his brilliant campaign in the Shenandoah Valley, he was re-enforced at Elkton by the troops commanded by General Ewell, including the 6th Cavalry. The Clarke Cavalry had it thus in its power to take an active part in the campaign, and rendered very valuable and efficient service.

General Jackson's march down the Luray Valley was preceded by the Cavalry, and his movement concealed and shrouded by active picketing and scouting. The enemy, after being driven from Front Royal and Riverton, made a stand at Cedarville on the turnpike road between Riverton and Winchester, where, under the immediate eye of General Jackson, and acting under his personal order, five companies of the 6th Regiment, including the Clarke Cavalry, made a charge so effective and gallant that General Jackson is said to have expressed great admiration of it and to have declared that he had never read of a more gallant charge by a body of cavalry.

The Clarke Cavalry remained with General Jackson while he was in the lower Valley, and accompanied him when he withdrew from Harper's Ferry to the Upper Valley, taking part in the fight near Harrisonburg, in which General Ashby was killed, and in the subsequent battles of Cross Keys and Port Republic. It then accompanied General Jackson as his advance guard, especially selected for the purpose, on his march to Richmond to join General Lee in his attack on the army of General McClellan. It remained near Richmond until General Jackson's movement to Gordonsville, to which point it ac-

companied him, taking part in his campaign against Pope and in the Battle of Cedar Mountain.

About this time a new brigade formation was made by which the 6th Virginia Cavalry, together with the 2nd, 7th, 12th and the 17th Battallion constituted Robertson's Brigade.

Shortly after the Battle of Cedar Mountain, General Lee concentrated his army near Culpeper Court House, from which point General Stuart made his celebrated raid by way of Warrenton and Auburn on the rear of Pope's army at Catlett's Station, captured Pope's headquarters, his private wardrobe and papers, and a large amount of stores, and several hundred wagons were burned. A member of the Clarke Cavalry became the possessor of a pair of General Pope's boots which he wore with much satisfaction for some time thereafter.

From Catlett's Station General Stuart returned by a direct route to Fauquier White Sulphur Springs, where the enemy sought to intercept him. After a heavy cannonade in which some of his men were killed and wounded, Stuart succeeded in re-crossing the Rappahannock and re-joined General Lee's army in Culpeper County. The march to Catlett's Station immediately preceded General Jackson's famous flank movement of Pope's army.

On the 25th day of August, 1862, General Jackson, with his corps well shrouded from view of the enemy by Stuart's Cavalry, crossed the Rappahannock River at Hinson's Mill, and by a forced march reached Salem on the night of that day. On the 26th, passing through Thoroughfare Gap, he struck the railroad at Bristoe Station, a few miles north of Manassas Junction, where there was known to be an enormous quantity of supplies of all sorts for Pope's army. On the night of the 26th, General Stuart was directed to move on Manassas Junction and if

possible capture it without giving the enemy an opportunity to put the torch to the supplies there. Taking with him a part of his command, including the Clarke Cavalry, he marched directly upon Manassas Junction, and early on the morning of the 27th, with the assistance of a force under the command of General Trimble, succeeded in capturing the place with the troops stationed there, and all of the supplies that had been concentrated at that point. The Clarke Cavalry participated in this movement, and in the subsequent disposition for meeting Pope on the old battlefield of Manassas. In this battle the Cavalry rendered efficient service, charging and routing that of the enemy and protecting the right flank of General Lee's army.

After the defeat of Pope at Manassas, the command to which the Clarke Cavalry was attached accompanied General Jackson on his flank movement by way of Chantilly, having for its purpose getting at the rear of Pope's army between Centreville and Alexandria. While the movement did not succeed in accomplishing this purpose, it inflicted punishment upon the enemy at a fight that occurred near Chantilly in which Generals Kearney and Stevens, of the Federal army, were killed.

About this time General Robertson was relieved of the command of the brigade and after the lapse of a few months was succeeded by Col. W. E. Jones, who was made Brigadier and placed in command of it. The 6th Cavalry did not accompany General Lee on his campaign into Marylsnd which terminated at Antietam, but was left behind at Manassas to protect the troops that were engaged in gathering together the arms and other fruits of the victory there, and after this was accomplished they marched to the Shenandoah Valley and joined the army of General Lee in the neighborhood of Charles Town. They contin-

ued in camp near Charles Town until the army moved across the Blue Ridge on its march to Fredericksburg, and was occupied in picketing very closely the Shenandoah River and the roads leading across the Blue Ridge Mountains from the counties of Jefferson and Clarke.

When General Lee withdrew his army from Antietam to the counties of Berkeley and Jefferson, it was sorely in need of rest from its most fatiguing campaign.

General Jackson's troops had marched from the Valley to Monterey, where they defeated Freemont; thence down the Valley fighting the enemy at Front Royal and Winchester, to Harper's Ferry; thence up the Valley fighting the battles of Cross Keys and Port Republic. It had then marched to Richmond, participating in the seven day's fighting on the Chicahominy; thence they had returned to Gordonsville, marched to Cedar Mountain and defeated Pope, made its flank movement to Manassas, engaged the army of General Pope for three successive days in heavy battle, marched by way of Frederick City to Harper's Ferry; thence to Antietam or Sharpsburg, participating in the very heavy engagement there. The rest of General Lee's army had made the same march and done the same fighting, except that it had not participated in the campaign with Jackson in the Valley, nor did it participate in the battle of Cedar Mountain. The result of this strenuous period of marching and fighting had worn the army's strength down to the last degree, and General Lee, desiring to give his army a good long rest in that region of abundance, determined to send General Stuart on an expedition around McClellan's army which was then on the north side of the Potomac River, with its bivouac or camps extending from Williamsport on the west to the present town of Brunswick, then known as Berlin, on the east, with his cavalry massed near Berlin, his idea being

that when Stuart appeared north of the Potomac River, the enemy's cavalry would be put in immediate pursuit and that by the hurry and prolonged march that it would be compelled to make in pursuit of the elusive Stuart, it would be so broken down as to be unfitted for service for the period of at least a month, a condition that would compel McClellan to remain quietly in his camps until his army could be rested for further action.

He accordingly directed General Stuart to take eighteen hundred picked men, six hundred from each of his three brigades, to cross the Potomac a few miles west of Williamsport, march into Pennsylvania as his judgement might direct, gather up as many horses and cattle as he could, and to do such other damage to the public enemy as was in his power and return to Virginia.

Stuart on the 9th of October, marched out with his eighteen hundred men and a battery of four guns, from Darksville, crossing the Potomac before daybreak, and started on his expedition before the enemy learned of his movement. Shortly after he crossed the River a steady down-pour of rain began which lasted for forty-eight hours rendering the usual quiet flow of the Potomac turbid and rapid, filling its channel to the swimming point at most of the ordinary fords. General Stuart issued an address to his troops before leaving Virginia in which he enjoined upon them implicit obedience to orders, the strictest order and sobriety on the march and in bivouac, and informed them that the success of their expedition demanded at their hands coolness, decision and bravery. One-third of his command was ordered to seize horses and other property of the citizens of the United States subject to legal capture, and the remainder was held in reserve for any service that might be demanded of them. Individual plundering was strictly prohibited. The arrest of public of-

ficers was ordered that they might be held as hostages for citizens of the Confederacy who had been imprisoned by the Federal authorities. This movement was not successful in its efforts to elude observation, and by an early hour of the morning on which the River was crossed, the Federal officers were aware of it and of the direction the Confederates had taken. As stated above, McClellan's Cavalry was on the east flank of his army, distant about forty miles from the point at which General Stuart entered Maryland. They were ordered to make a rapid march from the left to the right flank and reaching the neighborhood of Williamsport they were disposed so as to intercept Stuart's command on its return, as it was confidently anticipated that he would return by the route taken. General Stuart reached Chambersburg the evening of the 10th of October in a pitiless rain. Placing his artillery so as to command the town, it was called upon for an unconditional surrender. No resistance was made and the Confederate troops marched into the town and were drawn up on the public square. Colonel McClure, whose home was on the line of march, some time after wrote for publication an account of his observation of the conduct of the men and officers, in which he paid the highest compliment to their conduct, declaring that they behaved with entire propriety and would not even enter a house without first asking permission.

General Stuart was confronted now with a very serious problem. He knew that if he returned by the route by which he had come he would encounter Federal cavalry. He had every reason to fear too, that the Potomac River above Williamsport near the foot of the North Mountains would be past fording. On the other hand if he attempted to return to Virginia by the other flank of McClellan's army, that is, east of Berlin, the line of march would be

lengthened by sixty or more miles. After carefully considering the entire situation, General Stuart determined to make the longer march, influenced thereto doubtless by the supposition that the enemy would be looking for him on the route by which he had come, and that if they attempted to return to the point from which they had first marched to intercept him, neither horses nor men would be in effective condition by the time they reached his line of march. Leaving Chambersburg at 9 o'clock on the morning of the 11th, he followed the road to Gettysburg until he had crossed the Catoctin Mountain. At Cashtown he turned southward, marched through Fairfield on the road to Emmitsburg. During all this time his detachments were busily collecting horses until the Maryland line was reached. There the detachments were called in, orders were issued to disturb no property belonging to the people of Maryland, the command was closed up and the march continued. General Stuart was fortunate in capturing some of the enemy's couriers with dispatches indicating what efforts were being made to intercept him, and thus was enabled to avoid the troops sent out for that purpose. Passing Hyattstown, he proceeded by way of Barnesville, which he reached just after the enemy's cavalry had vacated it; thence he pushed boldly towards Poolesville. The enemy had a signal station on Sugarloaf Mountain from which, as they could perceive the movements of Stuart and his line of march, information was promptly conveyed to the Federal officers.

After passing Barnesville and going about two miles in the direction of Poolesville, he bore to the right, taking a long disused road which conducted him to the public road leading from the Monocacy to Poolesville, which he entered about three miles from the mouth of the Monocacy. When he reached the last named road his command turn-

ed westward until he reached the farm of Mr. Franklin White. There leaving the public road and taking a private road through the farm of Mr. White and his neighbors, he approached White's ford on the Potomac River, where he found a large body of Federal infantry in possession of the ford, and the situation appeared desperate. Determining to try a little bravado, the officer in command of the advance guard wrote a note to the Federal commander, stating that General Stuart with his command, was nearby, that successful resistance was hopeless, and demanding the surrender of the Federal troops. Fifteen minutes was granted for compliance with the demand. The fifteen minutes passed without any sign from the enemy when it was opened upon with artillery and the Confederate regiments ordered to advance. Instead of receiving the fire of the enemy, as was confidently expected, they were seen retreating as rapidly as they could along the tow-path down the river. The crossing of the Potomac was soon effected, and General Stuart's command was again among friends.

The difficulties of this march were inexpressible. The fatigue of the horses and men, the inclement weather, the danger of being intercepted by the enemy, the successful moving of the long train of horses that were captured, and keeping the artillery horses up to their duty, combined to create difficulties that were almost insurmountable. The effect upon the enemy's cavalry which had been rapidly hurried from Berlin to Williamsport, and then back from Williamsport to Berlin was such as General Lee had anticipated. The enemy's cavalry was completely broken down, and General McClellan was held in his position on the north bank of the Potomac fully a month longer than he would otherwise have remained, thus giving to General

Lee's army an additional month for necessary rest and re-organization.

An amusing story is told by Major McClellan in his campaign of Stuart's Cavalry of an incident of this expedition. "On the second day's march some hungry cavalrymen approached a house whose male defenders had fled, leaving the women and babies in possession. A polite request for food was met by the somewhat surly reply that there was none in the house. Casting a wolfish glance upon the babies, a lean fellow remarked that he had never been in the habit of eating human flesh, but that he was now hungry enough for anything, and that if he could get nothing else he believed that he would compromise on one of the babies. It is hardly necessary to say that the mother's heart relented and a bountiful repast was soon provided.

"Butler's Advance Guard was completely equipped with the boots and shoes of a Mercersburg merchant, who had no suspicion of the character of his liberal customers until payment was tendered in the form of a receipt required by General Stuart's orders. One old gentleman who was despoiled of a large sorrel mare which he was driving to a cart, protested that the impressment of horses had been forbidden by orders from Washington. He refused to be convinced that he had fallen into the hands of the rebels, but threatened the vengeance of the General Government upon those who had disregarded its orders."

CHAPTER XXVII

AFTER the army of General Lee had left the Valley for Fredericksburg, General Jones with his brigade was ordered to proceed to the neighborhood of Harrisonburg and go into winter quarters, and he was engaged during the following winter in protecting the Valley from the depredations of the enemy who were then in possession of Winchester and the section around it.

In the month of January, 1863, General Jones moved with his brigade across North Mountain to Moorefield in Hardy County, where there was a body of the enemy stationed. The march was a most disagreeable one; dense fog, alternating with heavy cold rain and sleet, filled the mountains throughout the march, which lasted for several days. When Moorefield was reached, the enemy promptly proceeded to re-enforce the troops at that point and presented a front that caused General Jones to return to his winter quarters near Harrisonburg without accomcomplishing the purpose for which the journey was made. He remained quietly in winter quarters until the latter part of April, when he started on an extended march through West Virginia, passing through the North Mountain at Brock's Gap by Moorefield, and thence by way of Greenland Gap to a point on the Cheat River near the crossing of that stream by the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad.

When the command reached Moorefield it was discovered that the south branch of the Potomac, flushed by heavy spring rains was beyond fording depth at the ford

by which the road proceeded directly toward New Creek, but it was thought that fording might be accomplished at Petersburg, a point on the River some miles above, and about twelve miles south-westward from Moorefield. The 6th Regiment was accordingly marched by the road to Petersburg to make a test of the question of its being forded. When it arrived on the east bank, an uninviting sight presented itself to the men. The river was very full, the current exceedingly swift and the ford exceedingly rough and rocky. It was evident that fording could be accomplished only with great danger and perhaps with loss of life. Some citizens living nearby volunteered their services, and riding boldly out into the stream, took a position on either side of the fordway so as to indicate the exact line of the ford. The command then marched into the river to find that their worst apprehensions of the danger were more than realized. The water was well up on the saddle skirts and none but the strongest animal could retain his footing. Several of the men, with their horses, were swept down the stream, one of them drowned and the other two narrowly escaped with their lives, being swept by the current within reach of the trees standing on the bank, and being fortunate enough to seize the branches and pull themselves out of the water, they managed to reach the shore. About one-half of the regiment succeeded in getting over. The remainder were sent down below to the ford at Old Field, where they swam their horses across, accompanied by the other regiments of the brigade. The command then proceeded by a forced march to Greenland Gap, which it found held by about one hundred and fifty Federal infantry, who because of the delay at Moorefield, had heard of our approach and had prepared for our reception by throwing up breastworks in the narrow gap and occupying some buildings

that stood by the side of the Turnpike. General Jones was without artillery and the enemy had to be attacked by sharp shooters. A very stubborn resistance was made, resulting in the killing and wounding of one-half dozen or more of the Confederates and the capture of the enemy, two or three of whom were killed in the attack.

The night was a peculiarly beautiful one, a full moon shed its rays upon the mountain and the road by which the command traveled. The air was crisp and frosty, the scenery most romantic and beautiful. The shoes of the horses made music on the turnpike road. All night long the command pressed briskly westward and by sunrise of the next morning, ascended a steep range of mountains bordering Cheat River on the east. The river was reached about 12 o'clock of that day. A picket of two mounted men stood at the bridge spanning the river. Two Confederates mounted on fleet horses were directed to effect their capture, which was speedily done. The command was then about three or four miles up stream from Rowlesburg, where the Baltimore & Ohio Railroad crossed the river over a bridge with long and very high trestling. General Jones was of the opinion that the destruction of this bridge and trestling would interrupt for a long period of time the use of the Baltimore & Ohio Railroad by the Federal Government in the transportation of troops and supplies, and its destruction was the main object he had in view in making the expedition. He carried with him nine kegs of powder to be used in blowing up the bridge and trestling. Having captured the picket as above stated, he at once made his dispositions for attacking the town of Rowlesburg. He was unprovided with artillery and his command consisted wholly of cavalry. It was found that from the position at the bridge Rowlesburg could be reached only by a narrow and exceedingly

steep mountain road that made its way up the eastern slope of Cheat Mountain, and over it to Rowlesburg. Advancing his mounted men along this narrow and steep road, he discovered that the enemy had barricaded it by felling a great number of trees across it, and, besides this, had stationed a regiment of infantry at the barricade to oppose its passage. The command was not provided with axes to remove the obstacles, nor was it so armed as to enable it to attack the infantry guard on anything like equal terms. Expecting that General Imboden, who had in his command some mounted infantry, would join him at this point on the following day, he withdrew without pressing an attack, went into camp and awaited the arrival of General Imboden. In this, however, he was disappointed. General Imboden was then many miles distant from him and did not unite his forces with him for some days thereafter. The result was that on the following morning General Jones abandoned the purpose of attacking Rowlesburg and the destruction of the bridge and trestling, and proceeded westward to Morgantown and thence to Fairmont.

At Morgantown a singular incident occurred. The Monongahela River at that point was spanned by a suspension bridge, the only support of which, besides the suspension wires, was furnished by its resting on stone piers on either bank of the stream. The 6th regiment was ordered to cross the bridge, and when the head of the column reached the centre of it it inclined downward, thus shortening the direct line of the structure and it slipped from its supports at either end and thus became in reality a suspension bridge hanging in mid air and held up by the steel cables alone. The movement of the horses soon imparted to the bridge a swinging motion which caused them to stagger and sway from side to side as if they had been

drunk. It gave a very ludicrous appearance to them and was attended by very grave danger, for if the cables or the wires attaching the bridge to the cables had broken, the command would have been precipitated to the stream some fifty or sixty feet below. The column was at once halted, that portion which had not approached the centre of the bridge was ordered to return to the bank and the rest of the command proceeded to the other side of the river, the bridge maintained its swinging motion and the horses their staggering steps until they had reached firm ground.

At Fairmont the command encountered opposition from a home guard that had been hastily assembled and organized, embracing three hundred men and boys. On the approach of the Confederates they took position along the river at a point that they considered inaccessible to cavalry, but a bold charge soon dislodged them and they surrendered at discretion. An iron bridge spanning the river at Fairmont was broken up. This part of the object of General Jones' expedition, that is, the destruction of the bridges and trestling along the Baltimore & Ohio at such points as they were able to touch, was very effectually accomplished, except that at Rowlesburg, the destruction of which would have inflicted much more serious injury upon the road than of all the other bridges and trestling put together. From Fairmont, the command marched toward Clarksburg, but finding it held by a large force of the enemy, it skirted to the east and southward of that town and moved in the direction of Wirt County on the Kanawha River. Here were the first wells bored for oil in the United states, it being a very rich oil section owned originally by a southern capitalist, but on the breaking out of the war the northern sympathizers drove out the owners and took possession of these wells

and operated them for their own benefit. Punishment for this outrage was the object of General Jones' expedition to that section. The superstructure over the wells and many tanks of oil were quickly ablaze, flat boats loaded with oil and moored in the river were fired. The tanks and the barrels of oil on the boats quickly exploded under the effect of the heat of the fire, and the oil spread upon the surface of the river for a distance probably of a mile, and this catching fire, there was presented the very remarkable spectacle of a river on fire. This occurred at night and the whole region was lit up by the lurid flames of the burning oil.

From this point General Jones turned his face again toward the Valley, reaching it and going into his old camp near Harrisonburg the latter part of May or first of June. As the command approached the Shenandoah Valley the rumor reached it of the death of Stonewall Jackson, the first intimation it had had of that sad event. Although it came in the shape of a rumor not fully confirmed, the men spoke of it with bated breath and in awe-struck tones.

The expedition of General Jones had covered the period of a month or more. Its purpose, as above indicated, being to do as much harm as possible to the Baltimore & Ohio Railroad, to gather and bring into the Confederate lines as many beef, cattle and horses as could be secured, and last, but not least, to impress the Federal authorities with the necessity of placing military commands at various points in the State to protect that region from a repetition of such visits as had been paid it by General Jones' brigade, thus weakening their force at other points where contact with the Confederate armies was sharp.

The command had been but a few days in its old quar-

ters near Harrisonburg, when it was summoned to re-join General Stuart at Brandy Station, near Culpeper Court House, and at once took up its march for that destination.

On the 8th day of June, a grand review was held in the neighborhood of Brandy Station, of all of the cavalry attached to General Lee's army. General Lee was present in person and took part in the review. It was said that eight thousand cavalrymen were in the procession.

General Lee was then preparing to move his army northward from Culpeper Court House on his Pennsylvania campaign, and with the view of shielding his army from the view of the enemy and preventing his getting any information of the direction in which he was moving he determined upon a reconnoissance in force by his cavalry on the north side of the Rappahannock River, his cavalry to be so disposed as to effectually cloak the infantry and artillery. After the review spoken of above, and with the purpose of beginning the crossing of the Rappahannock, early on the morning of the 9th, he disposed his cavalry as follows: General Hampton's brigade was placed about two miles south of Brandy Station in the direction of Stevensburg; William F. H. Lee's brigade was stationed in front of Wellford's Ford, or in a position from which it could move across and take part in the reconnoissance of the following morning; Beverly Robertson's brigade of North Carolina cavalry was posted on the plateau north of Fleet Wood Hill, charged with the duty of picketing Kelly's Ford; William E. Jones' brigade was stationed four and a half miles east of Brandy Station near St. James church in front of Beverly's ford, and was charged with the duty of picketting there. General Stuart's headquarters the night of the 8th were on Fleet Wood Hill, one-half mile east of Brandy Station. St. James church stood about two hundred and fifty yards to the westward

of the road leading to Beverly's Ford, and near this church all of the brigade of General Jones went into bivouac the night of the 8th, except the 6th regiment. On the east side of the Beverly's Ford road, and nearly opposite St. James church, stood the Gee house, surrounded by a grove of oaks and crowning a slight eminence. In this grove the 6th Regiment bivouaced. The artillery was camped in front of Jones' brigade near the edge of a body of timber. St. James church stood about two miles south-westward from the river at Beverly Ford. Extending from the church a distance of a half mile was an open field. North-eastward from the edge of the field a body of timber, perhaps a mile in depth, extended towards the river and to the hills overlooking the river bottom. The horses of the men, after they went into bivouac on the night of the 8th were turned loose to graze, as were the horses of the battery camped in the edge of the field near the woods spoken of above. Company A, of the 6th Regiment, was detailed to do picket duty at Beverly's Ford. General Stuart was wholly unconscious of a purpose then entertained by General Pleasanton, commanding the cavalry of the Federal army, to make on the early morning of the 9th a reconnoissance towards Culpeper Court House for the purpose of ascertaining the situation, position and, as well as he could, the purpose of General Lee and his army. Thus the two commanding officers of the two bodies of cavalry each had in mind to cross to the opposite side of the Rappahannock River on the morning of the 9th. Each was unaware of the position and purpose of the other. General Pleasanton had massed his cavalry on the northern bank of the Rappahannock. At early daybreak of the morning of June 9th, he suddenly threw the 2nd and 3rd Cavalry Division and General Russell's Brigade of infantry across the Rappahannock River at Kelly's Ford,

several miles below Beverly's Ford, which ford as stated above was under the guardianship and care of General Robertson. At the same time his 1st Division of Cavalry and General Aimes' Brigade of infantry, all under the command of Brigadier General Buford, suddenly, a little before daybreak, began the fording of the Rappahannock at Beverly's Ford, moving with great precipitation and spirit. It there encountered the company of the 6th, Company A, of Loudoun County, on picket duty at that point. The enemy soon pressed back this Company and reached the southern bank of the river. From that point the road, a narrow one, led through the hills overlooking the river, and thence on by way of St. James church to Brandy Station. The narrowness of the road and the timber land spoken of above, afforded Captain Gibson, of Company A, the opportunity to put up a very spirited defense, which he did, with the result of greatly impeding and delaying the movements of General Buford's Cavalry. Realizing at a glance the seriousness of the situation, he dispatched a messenger to Major Flournoy, commanding the 6th Cavalry, to inform him of what was transpiring. This messenger found the men asleep, and their horses as stated above, scattered in the fields grazing. The order was at once given to the men to mount their hourses as quickly as possible, and without waiting to fall into line of battle or column, to move as rapidly as they could to the aid of Captain Gibson. About one hundred men of the 6th promptly succeeding in catching their horses. Some mounted without saddles, some without coats or hats. Everything was hurry and scurry to dash to the assistance of Captain Gibson. This body of men moving in some confusion, when they had penetrated about two-thirds of the distance of the woodland, encountered Captain Gibson's men retreating rapidly before the enemy,

who were pursuing as fast as they could. This un-organized crowd of the 6th made a bold dash at the enemy and succeeded in checking his advance. In the meanwhile notice was promptly sent to General Stuart of the situation at his bivouac on Fleet Wood Hill, two miles in the rear. William F. H. Lee's brigade was hurried from Wellford's Ford down the river so as to assail Buford's command in flank. Robertson was dispatched with his entire command to guard Kelly's Ford. Hampton was recalled from his position on the Stevensburg road to the assistance of General Jones at St. James church. It should have been stated that Fitz Lee's brigade on the evening of the 8th had been sent up the Rappahannock river some miles in order that he might interpose his men between any cavalry of the enemy that might move up in that direction, and the column of General Lee then occupying the road on its march toward the Valley.

Buford, while somewhat delayed by the onslaught of the men of the 6th above mentioned, soon forced them back into the field south of the woods. A few men tarried in the woods to observe the enemy's movements, among them Lieut. R. O. Allen, of the Clarke Cavalry, whose attention was attracted to Col. B. F. Davis, of the 8th New York Cavalry, that day in command of the brigade, who was seated on his horse in the road with his back to Lieutenant Allen, waiving his sword as though to encourage his men to advance. Lieutenant Allen had shot from his pistol all but one load. Seeing the position of Colonel Davis in front of his men, indeed the men themselves were concealed from his view by a bend in the road, he advanced upon him without attracting his attention until he was within a very short distance. Colonel Davis, perceiving his danger, made a vicious stroke at Lieutenant Allen with his sword. The Lieutenant was a capital horseman, pos-

R. O. ALLEN

LIEUTENANT, "CLARKE CAVALRY"
(COMPANY D, SIXTH VIRGINIA CAVALRY)

He was the eldest of three brothers who served in the Confederate Army, two of whom lost their lives in the service (David H., who was mortally wounded at the First Battle of Manassas, and A. S., at Chancellorsville.) These young men were of patriotic and fighting stock, as their paternal great-grandfather fought in the Revolutionary War and was presented a sword by the House of Burgesses of Virginia.

sessing the skill of an Indian in the management of a horse and in his seat upon it. Throwing himself quickly on the side of his horse, the sweep of Davis' sword passed over him and in an instant Allen fired his remaining shot at Davis with an aim so true that he fell dead from his horse and Allen galloped off unharmed. One of the men in the woods with Lieutenant Allen was Nicholas Moore, of the Clarke Cavalry, who received a very severe wound from a pistol shot which caused him to fall forward on his horse and to loose control of it. He, however, managed to retain his position on his back and was brought off of the field.

The enemy now pressed forward to the open field that has been mentioned, lying between St. James church and the woodland, and there a tremendous struggle occurred, the Confederate and Federal soldiers being commingled and fighting at arm's length. This struggle resulted in the enemy being forced back into the timber and gave opportunity to the officers commanding the Confederate cavalry to get into some formation. General Stuart was now on the ground and was in position to direct the fight. In the struggle that had occurred in the field the artillery, especially Chew's battery, contributed very largely to forcing the enemy to retreat into the timber. The artillery took an advanced position and poured shell and cannister and grape shot successfully into the ranks of the enemy. The enemy, however, was not to be disposed of by what had occurred. They rallied and made one or two desperate charges across the field in an effort to capture the artillery which had taken up a position on the southern side of it, and not far from St. James church. They were foiled in this, and about this time William F. H. Lee's brigade had reached the hills overlooking the road by which the enemy were moving, and making a vigorous

flank attack upon them withdrew for the time their attention from the force about St. James church.

The arrival of Lee's brigade on the enemy's flank and the lull in their attack upon the Confederates at St. James church was a most fortunate circumstance, for at this moment a courier dashed up with the startling intelligence that the enemy was directly in the rear of the Confederates, between them and Brandy Station, and about one-half mile from the latter place, where they occupied Fleet Wood Hill. At first General Stuart could not credit this information, but the sound of artillery from the direction of Fleet Wood Hill soon dispelled all doubts in his mind.

It turned out that the force of the enemy that had crossed at Kelly's Ford had succeeded in passing along the front of General Robertson's brigade, who as stated above, had been sent to guard that approach. A part had marched rapidly to Stevensburg and a part direct to Brandy Station and Fleet Wood Hill. Near Stevensburg they encountered a part of General Hampton's brigade where a very sharp engagement ensued, resulting in Hampton's regiment being forced back. General Stuart had had his headquarters on Fleet Wood Hill several days, but on the morning of the 9th, in preparation for his movement across the Rappahannock, he had had his headquarters baggage packed, and with his wagons sent off to Culpeper Court House. But for this it would unquestionably have fallen into the enemy's hands.

Most fortunately one of Chew's guns that had exhausted its ammunition in the fighting at St James church had retired from the field there and gone back to the foot of Fleet Wood Hill. By good luck a few solid shot and two or three defective shells were found in the limber of the gun, and Lieutenant Carter, who had charge of it, promptly moved his gun to the top of Fleet Wood Hill and opened

on the approaching column of the enemy. He and his gunmen were without support, and constituted the only force of Confederates there at the time. The bold front shown by Lieutenant Carter impressed the enemy with the idea that he was supported by a body of Confederate Cavalry, and caused him to halt to make his dispositions for attack.

This was the situation reported to Gen. Stuart at St. James church as above mentioned. General Buford's being called off by the threatened attack of William H. F. Lee on his flank, enabled General Stuart to withdraw his force by degrees and as rapidly as the situation admitted of to meet the attack at Fleet Wood Hill. His regiments moved back at a rapid gallop, which brought them upon the ground in a very straggling and ill-formed condition, but the front ranks without waiting to close up dashed at the enemy, drove them back and recovered the guns of Chew's battery they had captured, and a general melee ensued in which the other regiments as they came upon the ground from St. James church participated. The fight was prolonged and severe. In a charge made by the 6th Cavalry, Lieutenant Allen, who had wrought such doughty service down in front of St. James church as above stated, received a cannister shot through his shoulder which disabled him from further active service in the army. The result of the fight at Fleet Wood Hill was that the enemy was driven off, losing one of their own batteries to the Confederates, as well as the one they had captured before the arrival of the forces from St. James. The fight at the two points lasted almost throughout the entire day, and is regarded as the severest cavalry fight that occurred during the war between the States. The enemy hastily withdrew across the Rappahannock River, and on the morning of the next day General Lee, taking up his march northward with

his army, General Stuart crossed the river a little higher up than had been his purpose, but at a point which enabled him to interpose his cavalry between Lee's army and the enemy.

CHAPTER XXVIII

GENERAL LEE marched to the Shenandoah Valley and rested his army for a few days in the neighborhood of Berryville and Millwood, General Stuart being charged with the duty of watching the movements of General Hooker's army and guarding the passes of the Blue Ridge Mountain. He distributed his cavalry from Upperville to Snickersville, and Aldie, where he was vigorously attacked by the enemy's cavalry, supported by two brigades of infantry. This fight continued through two days and resulted in what may be considered a drawn battle. While his cavalry was thus engaged, Hooker was moving his army northward, approaching the Potomac River through the counties of Fairfax and Loudoun. General Lee crossed the Potomac in the neighborhood of Shepherdstown and gave directions to General Stuart to cross with his cavalry on either side of the enemy's army that in his discretion he thought best. Acting under the discretion given him, General Stuart concluded to move around the rear of the enemy's army and pass his cavalry between it and the City of Washington, the directions received by him from General Lee being to join General Ewell's corps in Pennsylvania, and that he would probably find him in the neighborhood of York, Pa.

General Stuart left behind to watch the enemy and the passes through the Blue Ridge Mountain, the brigade of General Robertson and General Jones, and as this has more to do with the Clarke Cavalry than the movement

of other parts of the Southern army, nothing further will be said with reference to General Stuart's movements.

General Robertson, who was the senior brigadier general and in command of his own and General Jones' brigade, was directed to hang upon the enemy's left flank and rear and as soon as he was satisfied that he was moving across the Potomac River, to cross the Blue Ridge Mountain and join General Lee in Maryland or Pennsylvania, as the case might be. Accordingly when Hooker's army was fully occupied with crossing the river, General Robertson withdrew the two brigades from the east of the mountain into the Valley, and marching by Millwood and Berryville, crossed the Potomac River at Williamsport, moving thence to Chambersburg and from Chambersbugr direct to Gettysburg, where what may be termed the decisive battle of the war was fought within the next few days.

Robertson's cavalry was kept upon the right flank of General Lee's army during the first two days' engagement at Gettysburg. On the third General Lee informed Gen. William E. Jones that the enemy's cavalry was assailing his wagon trains from the direction of Emmitsburg, Md., and directed him to proceed rapidly with his brigade to the defense of the trains. General Jones at once moved out towards Emmitsburg, and on his arrival in the neighborhood of the village of Fairfield, Pa., encountered the advance of the enemy's cavalry, which happened to be the 6th Regiment of United States Regulars. The 7th Virginia Cavalry held the advance of Jones' brigade, and for some reason gave way before the combined attack of the enemy's mounted men and dismounted sharpshooters, when General Jones made a personal appeal to the 6th Virginia Cavalry to drive the enemy from the field. The Clarke Cavalry held, as it usually did,

a position at the head of the regiment, and acting under the orders of Major Cabell Flournoy, moved hurriedly down a lane bounded on either side by a stout, well-built post and rail fence. The head of the enemy's mounted column was soon observed moving in the direction of the 6th Virginia, while the enemy's dismounted sharpshooters from a field on the right of their mounted men received the 6th Virginia with a hot fire from their carbines. The 6th, with drawn sabers, dashed most gallantly down the road at the head of the emeny's column, which it broke by its impact and put to rout. Unfortunately for the enemy the led horses of the dismounted men were brought along the lane in their rear, so that when the mounted men were forced back and encountered the led horses they were caught between the Confederates in their rear and the immovable mass of dismounted horses in their front. Their escape from the Confederates was thus impeded, with the result that a great many of them were killed and wounded. The writer observed in the pursuit that there was hardly a fence corner along the lane on either side of it that was not occupied by a dead or wounded Yankee.

Major Starr, who commanded the United States Regulars, was desperately wounded and captured, and the second in command was likewise badly wounded, the result being to destroy for some time the usefulness of the 6th United States Cavalry.

This victory for the Confederate Cavalry accomplished the purpose for which they had been sent in the direction of Emmitsburg, and after the fight they went into bivouac near the village of Fairfield. On this day had been fought the last day's fight at Gettysburg, and General Lee directed his wagon trains to draw back toward the Potomac River, he remaining, however, the following day in line offering to give battle to the enemy if he desired it,

but the enemy had no stomach for further fighting, and on the following day General Lee withdrew his army and moved back to Hagerstown, where he halted for several days and renewed his offer of battle to the enemy, which again was declined, and General Lee then moved his army over the Potomac River into the lower Valley of the Shenandoah. The Cavalry was engaged during the halt in Hagerstown, in numerous encounters with the enemy on General Lee's front, and finally guarded the rear of the army when it was making passage of the Potomac river.

After some days of rest in the Lower Valley, the enemy having moved in the direction of Warrenton, General Lee took up his line of march to place himself across the enemy's front and between him and Richmond, going by way of Front Royal and Chester's Gap, the cavalry remaining behind to guard the approach across the Blue Ridge Mountain and to protect the rear of the army from attack, followed on and re-joined the army in Culpeper County.

During the following months the regiment to which the Clarke Cavalry was attached, was occupied with picketting and scouting and performing the ordinary duties of the cavalry branch of an army. General Lee finally withdrew across the Rapidan River, leaving the cavalry still northward and north-eastward of Culpeper Court House.

On the 13th of September, 1863, the enemy's cavalry made a very determined attack upon the Confederates, one column attacking the brigade of which the 6th was a part, at Brandy Station, and the other coming in from the direction of Rickettsville, where it met and gradually drove back Wickham's brigade to Culpeper Court House. There Jones' brigade, having fallen back slowly fighting

every foot of the way, joined it. A spirited charge was made by the enemy at Culpeper Court House, and just south of it, but it was met with equal spirit and courage, and greater efficiency, and was held in check until nightfall, when the Confederates, under orders from General Lee, fell back to the Rapidan, where they joined the main body of the army. The enemy's cavalry pressed forward to the Rapidan and displayed themselves in the fields bordering it on the north. Major Flournoy requested permission to take his regiment, the 6th Cavalry, over and drive them back and administer punishment to them for their audacity. Permission being granted, he moved his regiment over the river, and drawing it up in squadron formation, made a very gallant and effective charge upon the enemy, wounding and capturing some of them and driving the rest of them back into the timber, when upon orders from General Lee it withdrew across the Rapidan. This charge was made in sight of General Lee's army, and of General Lee himself, and won for Major Flournoy his commission as Lieutenant Colonel of the Regiment.

There followed this what is known as the Bristoe Campaign in which General Lee moved his army forward with an effort to repeat the movement made by General Jackson in 1862 of getting in the rear of the Federal army, now commanded by General Meade, and administering a castigation. The enemy, however, had learned from experience, and moved so quickly back from its position on the Rapidan River that the effort was generally speaking a fruitless one, and the army was withdrawn to its old quarters south of the Rapidan. The cavalry attended General Lee on this movement and rendered the usual service of guarding his flanks and cloaking and concealing the movements as well as could be done.

After the return of General Lee's army to its old quarters south of the Rapidan, the enemy essayed a forward movement. Crossing the Rapidan River, it approached General Lee's position on a little stream known as Mine Run, which gave the name to this campaign, and it is from the name of the stream known as the Mine Run Campaign. General Meade moved forward and took a position in front of General Lee, giving every indication of a purpose to deliver battle. General Lee anticipating an attack from the enemy remained in his position until suddenly the enemy seemed to lose heart and withdrew across the Rapidan without accomplishing anything by his forward movement. There can be little doubt that had General Lee known that Meade's heart would fail him and that he would not attack, that he, General Lee, would himself have been the assailant and that a battle would have occurred at this time south of the Rapidan River.

The Mine Run campaign closed active operations for the season. The Clarke Cavalry, with the regiment to which it was attached, went into winter quarters between Orange Court House and Barnett's Ford on the Rapidan and was engaged throughout fall and early winter months in picketting the Rapidan River. About the 1st of January, owing to the scarcity of food for horses, the cavalry command was permitted to go to their homes and remain until their assistance was needed in the spring.

About the 1st of March, 1864, the 6th Regiment was assembled and went into camp at Ashland, about sixteen miles north of the City of Richmond. It remained here for some weeks in great discomfort, when it marched to the neighborhood of Fredericksburg, where it remained a few days. From its bivouac there it moved to Spotsylvania Court House, and went into camp and continued

there until Grant crossed the Rapidan River for his campaign of 1864.

To Fitz Lee's division, of which the Clarke Cavalry formed a part, was committed the duty of holding the extreme right of General Lee's army. The campaign opened early in May of that year, and for three days the command would move out regularly in the morning, take its position, fight throughout the day, always holding the enemy in check, and returning each evening to its place of bivouac. On the morning of the third day General Grant began his movement by his left flank, endeavoring to interpose his army between that of General Lee and the city of Richmond. This movement brought upon the cavalry defending the right wing of General Lee's army pressure, both by their cavalry and infantry supported by artillery, before which it was compelled to give way. The fighting during the preceding days had been in a body of timber land just south of which, extending toward Spotsylvania Court House, was a large body of cleared land, an open unobstructed field, and when Fitz Lee's division was forced back from the position it had occupied on General Lee's right it retired across this body of cleared land, moving slowly and presenting a front to the enemy's movements. The enemy followed with a large body of infantry, having withdrawn its cavalry, and moved in battle formation to and across the field in the direction of Fitz Lee's retiring division. It was estimated that the enemy brought into the field a force of not less than ten thousand infantry, which marched in line of battle, and before this battle line the cavalry slowly retired until it reached a body of timber on the south side of the cleared land spoken of above, which extended from the cleared land immediately to the neighborhood of Spotsylvania Court House. At this point a dispatch was received from General An-

derson, commanding the corps of General Longstreet, stating that he, with Longstreet's corps, was marching with all possible expedition to the position then occupied by Fitz Lee's division of cavalry; that it was necessary that the enemy should be held in check until his arrival, and that he should not be permitted to occupy the position then occupied by the cavalry. Captain Breathed placed his guns in position at the edge of the woods, where, supported by Lee's division of cavalry, he kept up a continuous and rapid discharge of shells upon the lines of the approaching enemy. This fire retarded their movements, but still there was reason for the gravest apprehension that they would get possession of Spotsylvania Court House before the arrival of Longstreet's corps of infantry. General Lomax, then commanding the brigade to which the 6th Virginia Cavalry was attached, approached the position occupied by the Clarke Cavalry and repeated to the men the contents of the dispatch above referred to from General Anderson. He said it appeared to be necessary that some diversion should be made to still further retard the steady advance of the enemy's infantry; that he had determined to order the Clarke Cavalry to charge full front on the enemy's lines, and that it was his purpose to lead them in the charge. He then ordered the company to detach itself from the regiment and to follow him to a position in the direction of the enemy from which the charge could be most effectively made. The company moved briskly forward a distance of about two hundred and fifty yards, where in a slight depression in the surface of the ground, it was drawn up in line of battle for the intended charge.

There was never an occasion when the courage of men and their readiness to sacrifice their lives for a cause were more severely tested. It was observed, however, that

the men took the situation with great cheerfulness and evinced a readiness to devote their lives there to the defense of their country. There was not the least sign apparent of uncertainty in the mind of any member of the company as to what he should and would do. They sat erect in their saddles with the bridle lines firmly grasped in their hands, ready to rush upon the enemy at the command from General Lomax, who sat a few paces in front of their line. The situation was most tense. The order to charge was momentarily expected, when suddenly a shout in the rear announced the arrival of Longstreet's corps of infantry, and a courier dashed up to General Lomax with an order to withdraw the company and resume its place at the head of the regiment. The order to countermarch was at once given and the men were marched back and took the position which they had just before moved from.

On their arrival the head of Longstreet's corps marched up and the infantry was rapidly ranged across the front of the open field and the cavalry withdrew in the direction of Spotsylvania Court House. It may be safely said that at no period of the experience of this company in the war between the states was their courage and patriotism more severely tried, and it may be further said that there is on record no instance of men showing a more cheerful readiness to lay down their lives in defense of the cause which they were seeking to maintain.

On the arrival of the infantry the enemy's advance was at once arrested and on the field theretofore occupied by Lee's division of cavalry was constructed the angle in the light works that General Lee's army was able to provide for their protection, which became afterwards famous as the Bloody Angle. The day following information reached General Stuart that General Sheridan, with a body of cav-

alry and artillery, numbering from twelve to fourteen thousand men, had moved out from near Fredericksburg on what is known as the Old Telegraph Road, and was marching in the direction of Richmond. Between Sheridan's corps and Richmond there were no Confederate troops, and his movement was a very serious menace to the safety of the capital of the Confederacy. General Stuart, on receiving this information, started in pursuit of Sheridan with Lomax's, Wickham's and Gordon's brigades of cavalry, numbering not in excess of five thousand men. The rear of Sheridan's corps was overtaken and sharply attacked at Jarrald's Mill. Here the enemy left the Old Telegraph Road and took that to Beaver Dam Station on the Virginia Central Railroad, where they captured and burned some Confederate supplies. Here again they were struck by Stuart's pursuing column and a sharp fight resulted.

From this point the enemy marched southward to what is known as the Old Mountain Road leading from Gordonsville to Yellow Tavern, where it unites with the Old Telegraph Road about twelve miles north of Richmond. The movement of Sheridan to the Old Mountain Road left open to General Stuart an interior line of march to Yellow Tavern, of which he promptly took advantage and leaving General Gordon to harrass the enemy's rear, he, with Lomax's and Wickham's brigades, pressed on rapidly to Hanover Junction, where the men and horses were allowed an hour and a half for rest. About two o'clock of the morning of the 11th, the command was again started in the direction of Yellow Tavern, reaching that point about 11 or 12 o'clock the following day and in advance of Sheridan. The march from Hanover Junction to Yellow Tavern was a very rapid one, the horses over much of the route passing at a gallop. Near Ashland General Stuart, act-

ing upon information that he received of the enemy's movements, detached Wickham's brigade which he sent southward with orders if the enemy were not soon discovered in that direction, to return and follow his march to Yellow Tavern. General Wickham's brigade was greatly delayed in the execution of this movement, and the only command with which General Stuart reached Yellow Tavern was Lomax's brigade.

Shortly after his arrival there sharp cannonading could be heard in the direction of the Mountain Road, indicating that General Gordon had overtaken the enemy's rear and was doing what he could to impede his march and arrest and break up his movements. About 2 o'clock in the afternoon the head of Sheridan's corps appeared in view from Yellow Tavern. The size of the command there with General Stuart was much too small to admit of his planting himself across Sheridan's front, so he withdrew from the point of intersection of the Old Mountain and the Old Telegraph Roads about a mile and a half along the Telegraph Road northward, where he dismounted the entire command, except the Clarke Cavalry. The dismounted men were placed in the cuts made by the road and in ditches that the farmers had made in connection with their fences. Of the Clarke Cavalry there were present about forty men; twenty of these were dispatched under command of Lieutenant Shumate to report to General Winder, in command of the city of Richmond, and to keep him advised of the movements of the enemy's column between Yellow Tavern and that city. The remainder of the cavalry were deployed on horseback on an elevated piece of ground in rear of the dismounted men, the object being to make as large a display of force as was possible. General Sheridan dismounted his command and formed it in three lines of battle which were advanced to the at-

tack on Lomax's brigade, numbering in all not over eight hundred men. Here a most spirited fight was waged and the enemy, notwithstanding the disparity of forces, was held in check until nearly or quite five o'clock in the afternoon, when by a spirited charge the Confederare line was driven from its position and retired behind the sparse line of mounted men above mentioned. During this engagement the Baltimore Light Artillery had been posted on the extreme right of the Confederate line and had rendered most efficient service in holding the enemy in check. When the dismounted men gave way General Custer, with his brigade mounted, advanced to charge this battery. At this time a courier rode up from General Lomax with the statement that the eighteen or twenty mounted men of the Clarke Cavalry were the only mounted Confederates on the field with which to meet Custer's charge. The men were directed to ride as rapidly as they could around to the right until they reached the Old Telegraph road and then to charge immediately down the road until they struck the head of the enemy's column, charging up the road. It took but a few minutes for them to reach the Telegraph Road, but before they did so, along their way they met General Lomax, who with great earnestness appealed to the men to do what was in their power to save the Baltimore Light Artillery from capture, as it was being hard pressed by Custer. Reaching the Old Telegraph Road, the men at once turned to the left and dashed down it in the direction of the approaching enemy. About one hundred and fifty yards from the point where they reached the telegraph road they passed Gen. J. E. B. Stuart, who was seated on his horse a few yards to the west of the road and facing it. When the men appeared he waved his sword and cheered them. About two hundred yards beyond the point where General Stuart was passed, the men met

two guns of the battery coming out at full speed. They opened to the right and left to permit them to pass and then resumed their charge. A short distance behind the battery the enemy appeared in sight coming at a charge. The dust raised by the retreating battery and the shadow cast by the trees which lined the road tended greatly to obscure the fewness of the Confederates, while the narrow road enabled them to occupy it from side to side and present as broad a front as that of the enemy. Like an arrow from a cross bow they struck the head of the enemy's column, stopped it, turned it about and tumbled it down the hill up which it was riding and across a stream that flowed at the bottom of it. In the meantime the enemy had gathered in the timberland on both sides of the road and greeted the Confederates with a rifle fire as they pursued the fleeing cavalry. Two guns of the Baltimore Light Artillery had been captured, one with a broken axle and the other because it could not limber up in time to get out of the enemy's way, but the two remaining guns escaped owing to the bold dash made by the remnant of the Clarke Cavalry that made the charge. These were compelled, of course, to retire after their first dash, but they charged and re-charged as the enemy attempted to mount the hill and held it in check until the arrival of a mounted squadron of the 1st Regiment which then took up the fight, and the enemy was enabled to get a very short distance beyond the point where its charge was first arrested by that of the Clarke Cavalry.

In the meanwhile General Stuart had imprudently left the position mentioned above and ridden in the direction of the enemy, when a Yankee who had been dismounted and who was running through the woods to escape to his friends, saw him and fired at him with his pistol, giving him a wound from which he died the following day.

The loss of General Stuart was second only to that of General Jackson, as it was not possible to replace him.

After the enemy was halted, as above described, it withdrew back toward Yellow Tavern and thence marched toward Richmond until it reached what is locally known as the Lafayette Road, which cut the road to Richmond at right angles, and which is said to have been originally made by General Lafayette when he marched from a point on the James River above Richmond to Yorktown to take part in the capture of Cornwallis. Turning to the left the enemy took this road in the direction of the white house on the Pamunky river. After marching in that direction for twenty-four hours it suddenly turned to the right and moved to the James at Harrison's Landing. Throughout this march it was greatly harrassed and annoyed by attacks from the Confederate cavalry under the command of General Hampton, who on the death of General Stuart succeeded to the command of the cavalry attached to the army of Northern Virginia.

The 6th Virginia Cavalry remained below Richmond for the next thirty days. Early in the month of June General Hunter, who was then commanding the Federal forces in the Valley, was directed to move up the Valley, to cross the Blue Ridge Mountains, seize Charlottesville, do as much damage to the railroads there as he could, and then to march across country to join Grant below Richmond. To aid him in making this march General Sheridan with two divisions of cavalry was detached by General Grant and directed to make a wide detour to avoid the detection of his movement and its arrest by the Confederate Cavalry, and to endeavor to unite with Hunter in the neighborhood of Charlottesville, from which point he was to aid him in his march to Grant's army. General Lee was promptly advised of this movement and dis-

patched General Hampton with his own and Fitz Lee's division to intercept Sheridan and prevent his meeting with Hunter. General Hampton had the inside road and marching rapidly reached Trevillian Station on the Virginia Central Railroad ten or fifteen miles east of Gordonsville, and there bivouaced on the night of the 10th. Fitz Lee's division following, spent the same night at Louisa Court House, six or eight miles distant and to the east. On this day, the 10th of June, Sheridan crossed North Anna River. General Hampton's purpose was to unite Fitz Lee's division with his own and thus combined to deliver battle to Sheridan on the following day, and to this end he directed General Lee to march by a road that led from Louisa Court House to Clayton's store, just north of which Sheridan had gone into camp; with his own division he marched from his position near Trevillian by a road which, gradually converging with the road General Lee was ordered to march by, united with it at Clayton's Store. This proved to be an unfortunate movement. The two columns of Confederate cavalry were moving on lines which started at a distance of six or eight miles from each other and gradually converged as above stated, until they met at the store above mentioned. Before this movement could be fully executed, and before the two moving Confederate columns had gotten near to the point of destination, Clayton's store, Sheridan sent General Custer with his brigade by a route which passed his, Custer's column, between the two columns of Confederate cavalry and enabled him to take a position near Trevillian Station from which he attacked the rear guard and baggage wagons of Hampton's division. As soon as information of this was obtained by General Hampton, both his own and Fitz Lee's division were so directed as to catch Custer between them, and General Rosser was or-

dered to attack Custer from the west. Custer escaped the trap thus set for him, although he had to abandon what he had captured from Hampton and a number of caissons of his own artillery. Sheridan, with the balance of his command, moved toward Trevillian where there was heavy fighting which lasted during parts of the 12th and 13th of June. During the progress of this fighting a battery of the enemy well posted on a hill caused much annoyance to the brigade of General Lomax, of Fitz Lee's division, as it marched from the direction of Louisa Court House upon Trevillian Station, and General Lomax ordered the squadron, composed of the Clarke Cavalry and a small remnant of Company H of the Regiment, to detach itself from his line, to march, moving as quietly as it could, through the timberland intervening between him and the troublesome battery and when in proper position to charge and if possible capture it. Captain Joseph McK. Kennerly, of the Clarke Cavalry, commanding the squadron, moved as directed for some distance through timberland which concealed from the enemy his approach, until he reached the edge of the field in which the battery was posted and three or four hundred yards from the guns. There a difficulty presented itself that was most discouraging. A piece of swamp land, it was found, separated the timber land from the solid ground of the field mentioned above, which was only passable by men riding in single file. Captain Kennerly led his men across this swamp and formed them in line on the side next to the enemy's battery, which in the meanwhile had turned its fire upon him and his men, directing Lieutenant Duncan, commanding Company H, to follow, form his men likewise and then take up the charge, he ordered his line to charge upon the battery. A more gallant charge was never made by soldiers. The men of the Clarke Cavalry present num-

bered twenty-eight or nine. They dashed upon the guns, cutting down the gunners, and then seeing a regiment of dismounted men, the support of the battery, lying on the ground in rear of it, they pressed forward against it, routed it and put it in retreat, but here an unexpected trouble arose. A regiment of mounted men which had not been before visible, and which were posted to the right of the battery, came down at full charge on the small handful of Confederates, scattering them, their organization being already broken by the charge they had made, and swept them back, recovering the guns. This charge was most fatal to the men of the Clarke Cavalry in killed and wounded, and in wounded horses; but few of them got off unhurt or with horses unhurt. Many were left upon the field, some to die and some too badly wounded to be removed. What remained of the Clarke Cavalry re-joined the Regiment and took part at the subsequent attack on Sheridan, who was finally driven from the field and the purpose of his movement broken up. Sheridan in his report of this fight states that he pressed Hampton's Cavalry until he reached a line of infantry in rifle pits when he thought it prudent to retire. In point of fact no infantry took part in the fight, and no organization of Confederate infantry was nearer General Hampton's force than twenty or thirty miles.

From the Trevillian fight Sheridan retreated precipitately, re-crossing the North Anna River and marching as far eastward as the White House on the Pamunky, closely pursued by Hampton and his cavalry. Sheridan crossed the Pamunky and took a position on the right flank of Grant's army. Hampton followed and for the ensuing weeks there was frequent contact between him and the enemy in which he inflicted upon it much loss and damage. Sheridan finally moved across the James River

and took position on the left flank of Grant's army, and about the latter part of June, Hampton followed with his cavalry and took position on the right of General Lee's army. About the time this movement was made by Hampton, General Wilson of the Federal army, with a division of cavalry, marched down into Southern Virginia, destroying much private property and doing some damage to the railroads. One object on the part of General Hampton in moving to the south side was to intercept Wilson on his return from his raid. This he succeeded in doing at Ream's Station, where about the 1st of July he encountered Wilson returning, his men loaded down with plunder and eagerly anxious to get under shelter of Grant's army. A fight ensued in which Wilson's division was very badly used up, a large number of prisoners, about eight hundred, were captured and the field was strewn with articles of female apparel, jewelry and every kind of valuable that could be found in the houses of the people that had been raided by the enemy on their excursion into the interior of the State.

Early in the month of August the brigade, embracing the 6th Virginia Cavalry then commanded by Gen. Wm. H. Payne, was ordered to the Valley to join Early, who at that time had retired from his march to the neighborhood of Washington City. General Payne joined General Early in the neighborhood of Winchester and his brigade took an active part in the marching and countermarching adopted by General Early to deceive the enemy and in the many cavalry engagements that occurred at the time. The battle of Winchester was fought on the 19th of September, 1864, the 6th Regiment participating in the fight. This battle was disastrous to General Early, his right flank being turned by the enemy's cavalry, and he was forced to retreat, which he did as far as New Market

where he halted his army. A large part of Sheridan's army consisted of a body of well-mounted and well-equipped cavalry armed with repeating rifles. The Confederates cavalry had had an exceedingly arduous campaign. Begining with the fighting in the Wilderness early in May, it had been fighting and marching throughout the entire summer and when Payne's brigade reached the Valley, both men and horses were thoroughly exhausted and in no plight to encounter the enemy's cavalry. In the battle of Winchester, Gen. Fitz Lee was wounded and General Rosser, who had remained with General Lee's army, was ordered to move with his brigade first to Culpeper Court House, where General Anderson was posted with a body of infantry, and shortly after to the Valley where he took command of the cavalry attached to General Early's army. On the 19th of October, General Early made his attack upon Sheridan's army at Cedar Creek, just north of Strasburg, marching by night, moving by concealed roads, he took the enemy completely by surprise and Sheridan's army was panic stricken and fled. In a flank movement along the base of the Massanutten Mountain the Clarke Cavalry had the lead and had the distinction of being the first of the Confederate troops to ride into the enemy's camp and to spread terror in their ranks. One corps of Sheridan's army, occupying a position on his right, preserved its organization intact, and falling back near Middletown made a stand, re-enforced by as many of the fugitives from the fighting in the early part of the day as he could gather to his standard. General Early attacked Wright's corps, but his army was very much scattered, the men were nearly starved and the temptation to stop in the abandoned camp of the enemy to supply themselves with food and clothing was too great for them, and yielding to it General Early found his line very much

decimated when he undertook to drive Wright from his position at Middletown. He failed in the attack and the enemy moving forward with great spirit, having a large mass of cavalry on its right, put Early to rout, capturing many of his men and much of his artillery and wagon train. General Early retreated to New Market, and Rosser massed the cavalry on his left on what is known as the Middle and Back Roads. The Valley had been thoroughly swept and garnished of all supplies for man and beast, and it was found impossible to supply either men or horses with food at New Market, and General Early withdrew to Staunton, a position on the Virginia Central Railroad, where supplies could reach him. This exposed the Valley northward of Staunton to the advance of the enemy's cavalry, which moved up to Harrisonburg and out to the southwest as far as Dayton and Bridgewater. Here it engaged in a systematic plan of destruction by fire of dwellings, barns, mills, hay and grain stacks, so that the country presented the appearance of a general conflagration for many miles. While engaged in this work, Rosser moved down and attacked them, driving them back, killing a great many, but no prisoners were taken. The men, highly incensed by the sight of the burning dwellings, barns, etc., and of the women and children who had been rendered homeless, showed no quarter. They drove the enemy beyond Harrisonburg and on down the Valley, General Early moving his small body of infantry in support of the cavalry. Rosser's men were rendered reckless in their courage by the scenes they had witnessed and often pressed the enemy to the point of imprudence and suffered punishment in consequence. A fight that occurred on the Back Road in the month of November resulted in the defeat of Rosser and the capture of some of his artillery. He then withdrew his com-

mand to the neighborhood of Timberville in Rockingham County. The need of supplies for the men caused General Rosser to turn attention to the counties lying westward of the Valley, where there still remained large numbers of cattle and horses and on the 26th of November he moved with his command through Brock's Gap and on the 27th reached Moorefield.

At New Creek Station, now Keyser, a point on the Baltimore & Ohio Railroad about twenty miles southwest of Cumberland, the enemy maintained a force of infantry and cavalry numbering from twelve to fifteen hundred. It had constructed two forts on elevations near the Station, one of which was equipped with heavy artillery and the other with a battery of field guns. Here was kept a large quantity of supplies for use by the force at that point and for the raiding bodies of cavalry which were sent out from that point into Hardy and other counties lying southward. When General Rosser started on his march to Moorefield and westward of it, he thought of the possibility of attacking and capturing the forces at New Creek, together with the supplies stored there. He knew very well that if this was to be accomplished it was to be done by surprising the enemy. Just below Moorefield, a few miles, the advance of Rosser's command encountered a body of Federal cavalry on a raiding expedition. In order to conceal if possible the fact that he was present with his cavalry command, he sent Captain McNiell, who commanded a company of rangers enlisted in the neighborhood of Moorefield, to attack the enemy, at the same time sending one or two squadrons of men taken from either his own or Payne's brigade, to get in rear of the enemy. McNiell moved forward promptly, attacked the enemy with great spirit and dash, captured a large number of them and put the rest to flight. This

was done before the flanking party mentioned above was able to reach a post in the enemy's rear, the result being that such of the enemy as were not killed or captured by McNiell, turned in a headlong run which did not terminate until they reached New Creek. This situation presented a dilema. It was fair to presume that all chance was now lost of springing a surprise on the enemy at New Creek Station, as they had undoubtedly been warned by the fleeing raiding party of the approach of the Confederate forces, and this in point of fact was done. Another circumstance had occurred in the meanwhile of which Rosser had no information, namely, another raiding party had been started on an expedition toward Moorefield, which learned of the presence of Rosser's force below Moorfield and returned in full retreat to the point from which they had come, but in their anxiety to escape Rosser's men they abandoned the main roads and took a circuitous route through the mountains, thus delaying their return to New Creek until the night of the following day. General Rosser concluded to move on toward New Creek and let events determine whether he should attack the enemy in his stronghold or not. Proceeding down the main road from Moorefield toward Romney until he reached a point a few miles south of Burlington, where a road branching off from the road Rosser was traveling led in the direction of New Creek, he moved his command by a secluded mountain road until he reached a point within six miles of New Creek Station. Here the very grave question was debated as to whether or not the attack should be attempted. General Payne, who was always keen for a fight, gave his voice for the attack, and whatever hesitation General Rosser may have felt was overcome and it was determined to move promptly on the enemy and try the fortunes of war with him. Rosser's command reached

the road leading from Petersburg to New Creek Station, about four miles from the latter point. A small stream which gave the name to the station meandered along a bold line of hills to the right of the road, which, from the point at which it was entered, ran as straight almost as an arrow into New Creek Station. One of the enemy's forts occupied a hill immediately to the left of the road as the Confederate troops faced the enemy. Another fort occupied a point nearer the railroad and to the right of the public road. Moving down this road from the post occupied by the Confederate column, everything seemed to be perfectly quiet, there being nothing to indicate that the enemy was aware of Rosser's presence. About two miles in the direction of New Creek Station was the enemy's picket. People living in houses along the road who were known to be of strong Union sympathies, looked with complacency and entirely without alarm upon the advance guard of Rosser's men, having no idea that they were not Federal troops. This increased the belief that his arrival was not anticipated by the enemy. Twenty men were selected, all wearing the blue overcoat of the Federal uniform. These were sent a short distance in advance of the column with directions to make no outward demonstration, but to ride up on the picket as if they were friends and capture them without firing a shot. The 6th Regiment, headed by the Clarke Cavalry, followed at a short distance behind this group. As the men moved down the road some Federal soldiers were met who were permitted to pass the group in blue coats, which they did, assuming that they were their own men, until they rode into the column dressed in gray a short distance behind, where they were captured and sent to the rear. As the column moved down the road and approached New Creek, it was made more and more apparent that the enemy was

resting with a sense of entire security and without suspicion of what awaited them. A Federal wagon train was returning to New Creek by a road that paralled the road on which the Confederates were travelling, and about two hundred and fifty yards distant, but they too, were obviously ignorant of the character of the force that was there in full sight.

These wagon men, when the column had reached a point within two or three hundred yards of the enemy's fort on the left, suddenly woke up to the fact that the men on the turnpike road were Confederates and it was very amusing to see their frantic actions and efforts to hurry their teams into a gallop to escape to New Creek Station. Having reached a point within two or three hundred yards of the fort, the 6th Regiment was ordered to diverge from the road and to charge directly up the steep hill on which the fort was located and to capture it. The cannon protruded from the embankment and the sentinels could be seen on their beats as they marched up and down within the fort, but without hesitation the 6th Regiment spurred their horses to the greatest speed that in their condition they could attain, dashed up the hill, entered the fort and in a few minutes hauled down the United States flag that was floating from a staff within its limits. The 8th Regiment that followed immediately behind the 6th, was directed to pursue the road toward New Creek Station until it reached the point where the road that passed the fort in that quarter left the road by which it was travelling, and to take that road and if possible to seize the fort there. This was gallantly done, the fort was captured and a battery of field artillery that was posted within it was secured. By this time the men constituting the garrison at this point who had been in their tents just in the rear of the fort attacked by the 6th Cavalry, were seen tumbling

out of their tents and hurrying with all possible speed toward the Potomac River, which flowed about three hundred yards north of the Station. The 6th Regiment, now re-enforced by the rest of the command, except the 8th, set off in full pursuit and soon overhauled the greater number of them. The colonel in command escaped with twenty-five or thirty men into the mountains beyond the river. The victory here was a notable one. Rosser had scarcely more than eight hundred men with him, he had surprised and captured a post garrisoned by at least one thousand infantry, protected by two forts well supplied with artillery. There was also captured here a large amount of supplies of all kinds gathered there for the men of the post and other forces of Federal troops engaged in raiding into the country to the southward. The prisoners were hastily gathered together, horses were put to the field artillery and it was carried off. The heavy guns in the other fort were spiked and Rosser, after remaining until night fall at the Station, took up his march leisurely back to his camp near Timberville, taking with him the booty and prisoners that represented the results of the expedition.

This was one of the most successful of the many expeditions of this kind made by the Confederate Cavalry during the war.

Returning to the Valley of Virginia a large part of Rosser's cavalry was furloughed in order that the men might go to their homes and take care of their horses, and recruit themselves for the campaign of the approaching spring. A part of the command, including the Clarke Cavalry, was moved up to a point on the Virginia Central Railroad about eight miles west of Staunton, known as Swope's Depot, where the men went into bivouac, and rejoiced to feel that although their supply of rations was most scanty, and they were ragged and ill-shod, that their

horses were utterly broken down and without sufficient food, they might count upon a period of rest from their labors. It was the purpose of the enemy, however, to permit no such indulgence.

About the 17th or 18th of December, an expedition left Winchester that had for its object the seizure of Charlotesville and the destruction of the railroads at that point. One body, and the larger of the two, moved by way of Front Royal, crossing the Blue Ridge at Chester's Gap, and thence by direct road toward Charlottesville. The other moved up the Valley with the view of either occupying the attention of Early's small command there or else to cross by one of the Gaps of the Blue Ridge and join the other force at Charlottesville. General Rosser was promptly advised of this movement and moving about three hundred men down the Valley, learned that the enemy had reached a point known as Lacey's Spring on the Valley Turnpike, where he had gone into camp for the night. It was utterly idle to suppose that any impression could be made upon so strong a force as the enemy had by an attack by daylight, and so it was determined to make a night attack upon the enemy while he slept. Accordingly General Payne, with his small body of men, moved to the westward of Lacey's Spring and approaching the enemy's camp, as indicated by his fires, when within charging distance, charged among their tents with loud hurrahs, firing their pistols into the tents and at every man who showed himself. This created a perfect pandemonium. The enemy, aroused from his sleep, bewildered by the noise, frightened by the cracking of the pistols and the carbines, wildly dashed out of their tents in full retreat. This attack could be made, however, at but one point, the enemy's camp extended along the turnpike for a considerable distance and while the Confed-

erates were driving pell mell the enemy from one part of the camp, in the farther part the enemy mounted, formed in rank and prepared to deliver battle. For this the Confederates were in no wise prepared, and having captured a good many prisoners and arms and horses, they quietly withdrew and the next morning the enemy began his retreat down the Valley and General Payne marched leisurely back to Swope's Depot to his old quarters. Arrived here, news came of the movement of the enemy, spoken of above, that had crossed the Blue Ridge Mountains at Chester Gap, and which was by this time pressing on towards Charlottesville. At Charlottesville a large body of artillery had been quartered for the winter. It was wholly unprotected by infantry or cavalry, and its first intinatiom of the danger to which they were exposed was on hearing that the enemy were within a short distance of them. The Confederate artillery was well accustomed to fighting without support. The guns were hastily run out upon the hills, placed in position and shotted, and when the enemy came within reach of their fire a furious cannonade was opened upon him. This reception was evidently unlooked for, and doubtless produced in the minds of the enemy the impression that a body of Confederate infantry or cavalry was there to protect so formidable an array of artillery as showed itself upon the hills, so that, after some light skirmishing with the artillery, the whole body turned upon its heels and retired to Winchester, the point from which they had started.

In the meantime, Payne's brigade, learning of the exposed condition of the artillery at Charlottesville, was hurried by way of Staunton and Waynesborough across the Blue Ridge Mountain at Swift Run Gap, and had reached a point about twelve or fifteen miles from Char-

lottesville, when it learned of the enemy's retreat and returned to its old camp at Swope's Depot.

In the month of January, with the view of obtaining supplies for the horses and men, General Payne moved his brigade to a point in Rockbridge County, about ten miles southeast from Lexington, and went into quarters there. General Rosser, who was always on the lookout for something striking to do, had learned that a body of the enemy was occupying Beverly, in Pocahontas county, on the banks of Tygert's Valley River, and he conceived the idea that he might repeat the experience he had had at New Creek by marching across the mountains and attacking this post. The horses and men were in such condition, however, that he was unwilling to make the movement without the entire consent of the men. He accordingly called for three hundred volunteers to go on the expedition. He soon found he had more volunteers than he wanted, and selecting from them three hundred of the best mounted, he started upon an expedition that had not its parallel in the experiences of the men of either army during the war between the States, in the matter of hardships to which the men were subjected. The weather was bitterly cold, the roads, at best difficult and rough and exceedingly hilly, were covered with ice. At points the snow had collected in deep drifts and the cold was so intense that scarcely a man who went upon the expedition escaped being badly frost bitten, some even losing their limbs from the effect of the cold. The horses' shoes had not been roughed for such an expedition, and so they slipped on the ice-caked roads, often falling and struggling to regain their feet. Under these circumstances this body of men proceeded with such expedition as it could until it reached a point within striking distance of Beverly. A halt was made until the shades of night had gathered,

and then moving by an obscure mountain road which conducted the command to a point to the west of the enemy's encampment, so as to cut off retreat, the men were dismounted and formed in line. Many of them were so stiff with cold that they had to be taken from their horses, their pistols removed from the holster and placed with the cock drawn in their hands. The enemy numbered from eight hundred to a thousand, and the night was dark. Moving in thin line the men pushed forward to the log huts which constituted the enemy's winter quarters, and announced their arrival by seizing the interior guard, bursting open the doors of the huts and rushing in among the sleeping and now terrified enemy. In the darkness some of the enemy escaped, but five hundred and eighty prisoners were captured and brought away by the Confederates. The captured supplies were burned, and by daybreak the command was ready to take up the returning march to its encampment in Rockbridge County. The Confederate casualties were two; Colonel Cooke was wounded in the leg and lost his limb. Private Fontaine Hite, of Frederick County, Va., who had enlisted in the Clarke Cavalry, and who had lost his horse, learning that there was a probable opportunity of remounting himself if he accompanied the expedition, did so afoot, walking the entire distance. Going to the door of one of the huts occupied by the sleeping enemy, he kicked it open and walked in. A soldier, realizing that an attack was made upon the encampment, seized his pistol and firing at Hite gave him a wound from which he died in a few hours.

It is much to be doubted if this movement was a wise one. The condition of the men and their horses when they got back from it was such as to unfit them for service for a very long time.

On the 7th day of February, 1865, Payne's brigade

broke up its camp in Rockbridge County and marching down the James River reached Richmond and took a post a few miles east of the city on what is known as the Nine Miles Road. Here they remained until Sheridan, who had succeeded in driving General Early from the Valley, capturing many of his men, had approached the north bank of the James River in Nelson County, with the evident purpose of crossing to the south side and destroying the high bridge on the line of the South Side Railroad. The Cavalry camped about Richmond, including the 6th Virginia Regiment, was hurried across the James to this bridge near Farmville to meet the enemy, but Sheridan found the James River greatly swollen from the winter rains, and the citizens living in the neighborhood of the point at which he proposed to cross it, prudently burned all the bridges so that he found himself unable to continue his march toward the high bridge. Turning to the left he marched down the river until he reached a point some miles west of Richmond, then struck across the country leaving Richmond to his right, crossed the Pamunky River and proceeded along its north bank to the White House, pursued by the cavalry, which when it found that he had abandoned his purpose to cross the James, had recrossed it at Richmond and followed in his track.

There was little further fighting on the part of the cavalry until Grant began his movement to turn General Lee's right flank and to get into his rear, when it was ordered to cross the James and take a position on the right of the infantry line to meet the enemy. The beginning of the end had now approached. On the retreat from Petersburg the cavalry was in almost daily contact with the enemy, fighting and marching. At Five Forks, about the 1st of April, it engaged in a very heavy battle with Sheridan's cavalry in which the enemy was driven from the

field. In this fight William Moore and Treadwell Smith were killed, and Daniel Morgan received a wound which caused his death in the course of a few weeks. The surrender of General Lee's army on the 9th of April, did not include the cavalry, which was given an opportunity, or took the opportunity to march away and detach itself from the army before the surrender occurred. Many of the men attempted to reach General Johnson's army in North Carolina, others, realizing that the end of the war had come, turned their faces homeward, and so ended their career as soldiers of the Confederacy.

No attempt has been made in the foregoing narrative to describe the life of the men in camp and on the march, or the peculiarity of temperament and disposition of the men of the Clarke Cavalry; nor has it been attempted to speak of their individual daring and exploits. This would make interesting reading, but is foreign to the purpose of this article and would swell its volume far beyond the purpose for which it is prepared.

CHAPTER XXIX

COUNTY MEN IN VARIOUS COMMANDS

A LARGE number of men from the county joined companies from other counties. Some were in the different departments of the army as Quartermaster Commissaries, Doctors, Staff Officers and in command of companies from other counties. We have endeavored to get the names and records of all facts; no doubt some may be overlooked. We have appealed through the county paper for help in this direction and have not received it. If any are omitted, it will not be for want of effort on our part. Each record will be as full as our information will warrant, of every individual as to his line of service and his record in the service.

Lieutenant Col. Fielding H. Calmes, of the 23rd Virginia Cavalry, enlisted at the beginning of the war in the Clarke Cavalry, Co. D., 6th Virginia Cavalry. He was detailed as a scout and while engaged in this duty he formed a company of cavalry, which was placed in the 23rd Virginia Cavalry, commanded by Col. Chas. T. O'Ferrall. As Captain of his Company he was very active, efficient and gallant. In General Imboden's attack on a force of U. S. troops in Charlestown, who were posted in part, in the Court House, he was badly wounded. The attack was successful and a large number of prisoners captured. Upon his return to his regiment after he had recovered from his wound, he was promoted to Major and later in February, 1865, was made Lieut. Col. In

April, 1864, Major Calmes, with ninety-seven men, attacked a force of 200 in Winchester and drove them pell-mell through the streets of the town and taking their commander and thirty-two prisoners. He was taken prisoner later and confined at Camp Chase, Ohio. There were doubtless Clarke men in Major Calmes' Company, but I am unable to get their names.

Dr. Wm. M. Page, Assistant Surgeon U. S. Navy. In the fall of 1861 returned to the South and joined Captain Marshall's Company of cavalry. Was later made Surgeon in Confederate Navy.

Beverly Randolph, killed at Greenwood Depot, Albermarle County, March 2nd, 1865.

Major John Esten Cooke served on staff of Gen. J. E. B. Stuart and on staff of General Pendleton. Was also inspector of artillery. He achieved distinction as an author of historical novels and his "Virginia" is very fine.

Dr. A. C. Randolph. Surgeon of Cavalry Division.

Dr. R. P. Page, enlisted as private in Nelson Rifles, was made Surgeon of Mahone's Division.

Capt. T. P. Pendleton, Quartermaster Col. McDonald's Cavalry.

Dr. Randolph Kownslar, Surgeon in hospital at Charlottesville.

Dr. S. S. Neill, surgeon in hospital at Charlottesville.

Dr. Bushrod Taylor, Surgeon of Division.

Major Jno. Morgan, Quartermaster in Tennessee army.

Robt. P. Morgan, Quartermaster in Tennessee army.

Capt. Benj. Morgan, Quartermaster in Tennessee army.

Capt. A. J. Thompson, Co. B, 52nd Infantry. Wounded at Gettysburg.

R. Powel Page, Rockbridge Battery, and served on staff of Col. Tom Carter, Chief of Artillery under Gen. Early.

Robert Burwell, promoted from Co. C., 2nd Va. Inf., to

Lieut. Horse Artillery. Mortally wounded Aug. 1st, 1863, died Aug. 21st, 1863.

W. T. Wharton, transferred from Co. C, as Sergeant to Horse artillery.

Col. Thos. H. Carter, a native of Clarke County, a graduate of the V. M. Institute, also a graduate of medicine, when the war broke out was living in King William county, where he raised a company of Artillery and was made Capt. Then Major, Lieut. Col., and Col, and commanded the artillery of General Early's army of the Valley in the Fall of 1864. Wounded at the battle of Winchester, Sept. 19th, 1864.

Capt. Wm. P. Carter was living in Miss. when the war broke out but came back to Virginia and was made Orderly Sergeant of the King William Artillery, then 1st Lieut., then Captain. Was desperately wounded at the Battle of Seven Pines, and captured at Spotsylvania Court House, May 12th, 1864, and remained in prison until after the war, then farmed in this his native county. Died in Washington city, Nov. 20th, 1913, aged 77.

Wm. B. Page, son of Judge Jno. E. Page, joined the army in Sept., 1864. Died of typhoid fever in November, same year.

Geo. H. Burwell was first in Co. C; then the Horse Artillery, in 1864. Was made Lieut. in the regular army, after the war, went to Mexico and joined Maximilliam's Army, was made Captain of Artillery and killed Sept., 1866, aged 19 years and 6 months.

Major Beverley Randolph was in the old Navy and Mexican war. Was on Gen. Jos. E. Johnson's staff until Gen'l Johnson was wounded at Seven Pines, then on Gen'l Whiting's staff, then made Ordinance officer, and assigned to the Staunton, Va., Post.

N. B. Cooke, promoted to Lieut. of Artillery from Co.

C, 2nd Va. Inf. Very badly wounded Sept. 26th, 1864.

W. T. Kerfoot, wounded near Gettysburg, while courier for Gen. W. E. Jones.

Judson G. Kerfoot, Co. B.

James F. Kerfoot, joined Co. C, 2nd Va. Inf., promoted to Capt. of Scouts.

John B. Glover, Co. K, 2nd Kentucky Inf.

W. H. Carter, Co. I, 23rd Va. cavalry.

Jim Willingham, Co. B, 2nd Va. Inf.

E. A. Colston, Co. D, 2nd Va. Cavalry.

W. A. Castleman, Jr., 17th Va. Inf. Killed Sharpsburg.

Henry Briggs, Warrenton Rifles, 8th Va.

Geo. H. Wright, Co. A, 19th Va. Inf.

Lieut. A. Marshall Monroe, Co. F, 2nd Va. Inf. wounded and prisoner.

Frank Willingham, Co. F, 2nd Va.

John Stipe, 5th Va. Inf.

Richard K. Meade, Co. F, 2nd Va. Lost his arm at 1st Manassas, was made Lieut. on Gen. Jackson's staff. Was inspector of cavalry later.

Col. Richard H. Lee, Co. G, 2nd Va. Inf. Wounded at Kernstown, made Lieut. Col. on General Court Martial; Judge of County Court after the war.

Col. O. R. Funston, Col. of 11th Va. Cav.

Lieut. O. R. Funston, Adj. 11th Va. Cav.

Col. J. R. C. Lewis, in command heavy artillery on James river below Richmond. Resigned from U. S. Navy to come south.

Major P. H. Powers, Commissary department.

Major Jno. D. Richardson, Quartermaster 7th Va. Cavalry.

Dr. John P. Smith, Surgeon in the Army and Hospitals.

Col. C. D. Bruce, raised a Battery of Artillery, but was later transferred to Infantry.

Major Edward McCormick, in Quartermaster Department, Lynchburg, Va.

H. L. D. Lewis, on Gen. Maury's staff, at Mobile, Ala.

C. L. Deahl, in artillery Co. from Alexandria.

Dr. Chas. A. McCormick, Surgeon in army of Tennessee.

COMPANY K, 11th VIRGINIA CAVALRY

Geo. Chapel
H. C. Drish
Geo. Grimes
James Grimes
Jas. Moore
Jos. B. Moore
J. T. Murphy
Moses B. Murphy
Wm. Pyles
Alfred Shell
Jno. T. Shafer
Henry Stickles
Wm. Thompson
James Tomlin
Geo. Willingham
Jos. Green
James Dishman
Geo. Smallwood
G. W. Furr
A. L. Lloyd
Jno. L. Longerbeam
Wm. Tomblin
Snowden Tomblin
Isaiah Writt
Frank Willingham
David Wood
Geo. Thompson
Geo. Lanham
James Wiley

BROOK'S BATTERY—POGUE'S—BATTALION OF ARTILLERY

C. M. Louthan, prisoner for long time.

Geo. N. Barnett, wounded at Chancellorsville and died.

John Edward Barnett, Quartermaster Sergt. Pogue's Battalion Art.

7TH VIRGINIA CAVALRY FROM CLARKE

CO. A

Geo. Diffenderfer
Richard Marlow
Jno. Marlow

CO. B

N H Carpenter
Jno. Carpenter

CO. E

Marcus Irwin

11TH VIRGINIA CAVALRY

CO. C

Capt. Jno. R. Pendleton
Lieut. Edmond Pendleton, killed at Jack's Shop, fall of 1863.
Warner T. Gray
Jas. Van Meter
D. C. Snyder
Isaac Van Meter.
Philip P. Pendleton
John Hughes
Henry Catlett
H. Clay Grigsby
Tazewell Grigsby

12TH VA. CAVALRY

D. Mason Hough
John H. Shewbridge

CO. E, 12TH VIRGINIA

M. A. Boyd
Alfred Marshall

CO. I, 12TH VIRGINIA

Buckner Ashby
Lewis Ashby
Russell Ashby
Abner Ferguson
J. Ship Mitchel

35TH BATTALION OF CAVALRY

CAPT. JNO. F. TRAYHERN

CO. A

John Dove
Joseph Dove
Edwin Drish, killed at Leesburg, July, 1864.

CO. B

Jno. O. Crown, a native of Maryland, but coming to

Clarke at the close of the war, we feel that he is one of us.

CO. C

Magnus S. Thompson, wounded near Berryville, November 1st, 1864.

Maitland Taylor, wounded and died May 5th, 1864, Wilderness.

Ben Taylor.

12TH VIRGINIA CAVALRY

CO. A

Jas. W. Whittington
Harrison A. Way
Geo. Zombro

CO. B

Edward Bonham
Chas. R. Hardesty

CO. C

Capt. Jno. Ford, wounded at Jack's Shop and Poolsville, Md.

Sergt. Thos. N. Eddy, wounded at Berryville.

Jno. F. Bell
Harry Bell
John Bell
Morgan Copenhaver
Jno. T. Colston, wounded at Ream's Station.
Chas. Carter, wounded at Wilson's Raid.
Benj. Diffenderfer
Newton Everhart
Jackson Everhart
Thos. Everhart
Chas. A. Jones, wounded in Wilderness.
Newton Patterson
Henry Patterson
W. E. Reed
Lewis Shrout
David Shrout
George Shrout

J. N. Shepherd, badly wounded at Brandy Station, June, 1863.

John P. Yowell, badly wounded at Kernstown.

MOSBY'S BATTALION

Lieut. Jno. S. Russell
Geo. Copenhaver
Howard Kerfoot
Washington Dearmont
John R. Ashby
Dr. Richard Sowers
J. R. Castleman
Harvey Woods
Z. T. Sowers
Robert Elsea
Edgar Dishman
Mathew Royston, Co. C, 2nd Va., then to cavalry.

LEE'S BODYGUARD—39TH VA. BATTALION CAV.

Vernon Lee
Wm. Morris
Jacob Willingham
Ludwell Lee
Josiah McDonald
Wm. Green, 1st Sergt.

Jas. W. Denny, on detached service at Gen. Lee's headquarters. After the war moved to Baltimore and was elected to Congress.

6TH VIRGINIA CAVALRY

CO. A

Lewis Carroll
Jeremiah Marlow
D. McC. Knight
Mason Hummer
Samuel Martz
Chas. Brothan
Joseph Feltner
Benj. Edwards
Geo. Pine
Cornelius Wiley
Wm. Moreland
Jesse Mercer
H. T. Wiley
Thomas Carroll
Nathanal Mercer
John McClaughrey
John Hummer
Jas. Marlow
John Keane
Alphus Maby
Jno. Edwards
Jas. Furr
John Willingham
Wm. Sowers

Geo. Marlow
Jas. Sowers
Everard Fowler
Chas. Balthis
R. E. Beavers
Geo. Thompson
Edward Jenkins

CHAPTER XXX

J. E. B. STUART camp of Confederate Veterans was organized August 12th, 1891, with Col. S. J. C. Moore as Commander.

The Camp was organized for the purpose of gathering and preserving local history connected with the war, personal experiences of the members and any incidents of historical value connected with the lives of the soldiers or citizens of the county at that time; also to aid any Confederate who might be needy, and in any way possible perpetuate the memory of the men and the events of the years from 1861 to 1865. In carrying out this work they have aided the survivors of the Clarke Cavalry, an organization of the county, to put up a handsome monument on the Court House Square. This work was first undertaken by the Clarke Cavalry survivors and carried forward by them alone until the Camp was organized, when their efforts were united. Very material aid was given, also by the Stonewall Chapter of Daughters of the Confederacy. The monument was unveiled on the 21st day of July, 1900.

WEST SIDE

The monument has upon it the following inscription and also the names of those who lost their lives during the war.

ERECTED

TO THE MEMORY OF

THE SONS OF CLARKE

who gave their lives in defense of the

RIGHTS OF THE STATES

and of Constitutional Government

Fortune denied them success

But they achieved

IMPERISHABLE FAME

EAST SIDE

2nd Virginia Inf., Stonewall Brigade

LIEUT. COL. W. W. RANDOLPH

SERGT. MAJ. N. BURWELL

CO. C

CAPT. R. C. RANDOLPH

Lieut. D. Keeler
W. C. Copenhaver
L. Dishman
W. G. Grubbs
A. Perkins
J. Reardon
G. W. Whitter
P. Grubbs
J. Welch
Lieut. L. T. Grubbs
J. Debtor
J. M. Grubbs
D. Kerfoot
J. Puller
C. H. Richards
B. S. Wilson
J. Ritter

CO. I

Lieut. A. S. Allen
S. E. Bonham
J. Broy
G. Breach
J. Davis
T. Barr
W. Brabham
G. Doll
C. D. Castleman
J. J. Dobbin

J. Dougherty
G. Wheeler
J. Gearing
D. Mercer
G. Patterson
E. M. Ritter
W. C. Shepherd
J. Fuller
J. Gill
E. Hall
J. Murphy
C. Riley
G. Riggle
J. K. Willingham

SOUTH SIDE

Co. D, 6th Virginia Regiment, Cavalry

LIEUT. D. H. ALLEN

LIEUT. C. G. SHUMATE

SERGT. W. B. MOORE

L. Ashby
Jas. Bell
T. Baney
J. Dearmont
T. Grady
F. Hite
W. Janney
F. Moore
P. C. Mitchell
D. C. Morgan
G. H. Shumate
L. Swartzwelder
T. Timberlake
J. Bell
J. Barbee
M. Calmes
W. Gibson
W. M. Hite
W. T. Hammond
J. Lindsay
J. Milburn
R. Mitchell
B. Russell
T. Smith, Jr.
P. F. Topper
C. Whiting

NORTH

OTHER COMMANDS

MAJ. H. M. NELSON

SURG. W. HAY

LIEUT. R. P. BURWELL

LIEUT. E. PENDLETON

T. Alexander	G. Ashby
G. N. Barnett	N. Anderson
J. Carter	J. Carroll
W. Castleman	C. L. Deahl
M. Copenhaver	C. Elyett
J. Everhart	J. Feltner
J. T. Keene	V. Green
W. T. Moreland	A. Martz
W. B. Page	B. Randolph
T. G. Russell	T. T. Royston
J. W. Smith	W. M. Shumate
W. M. Sowers	A. Shores
M. Taylor	G. Thompson
J. Vorous	C. Wiley

Surg. Chas. McCormick
J. W. Ashby

The address was delivered by Hon. James Marshall, himself an old soldier. The monument was unveiled by Miss Mary Washington Gold, president of the Stonewall Chapter. The J. E. B. Stuart Camp, assisted by the Stonewall Chapter, entertained the visiting Camps and all old soldiers and a great many others, providing a bountiful feast. The large crowd who attended on that occasion testified to the desire of the people to do honor to the Confederate Soldier and the cause he represented. It was a day memorable in the history of Berryville and Clarke County.

The Camp has now on its roll the names of one hundred and six members. Many of them have answered their last roll call on earth and have "passed over the river to rest under the shade of the trees" with their great leaders, Lee, Jackson and Stuart. A list of the members of the Camp from its formation is herein given.

R. O. Allen
P. F. Affleck
W. E. Ambrose
John H. Anderson
Jno. F. Bell
Isaac Bowman
Chas. H. Brabham
J. Edward Barnett
Rev. Julian Broaddus
W. S. Brown
Fielding H. Calmes
W. P. Carter
E. A. Colston
Jno. O. Crown
M. R. P. Castleman
Jno. R. Castleman
S. A. Duling
Cornelius Hawks
A. J. Hobson
Jno. M. Jones
Jas. F. Kerfoot
W. E. Kerfoot
David McKnight
Jos. McK. Kennerly
H. L. D. Lewis
J. R. C. Lewis
J. N. Laws
B. F. Lewis
A. G. Lidy
J. W. Lloyd
C. E. Lippitt
David Meade, Sr.
David Meade, Jr.
W. T. Milton
John W. Carpenter
B. R. Diffenderfer
H. P. Deahl
Joshua Dewar
Jas. R. Ellyett
Rev. J. J. Engle
Robert Elsea
B. F. Foley
Joshua Fletcher
Peter Fuqua
W. T. Grey
J. T. Griffith
J. W. Grubbs
Thos. D. Gold
Wm. V. Green
Chas. R. Hardesty
C. W. Hardesty
A. Marshall Monroe
D. B. Morrison
J. E. Murphy
W. C. Morgan
Julian Morales
Jas. F. Moore
Dr. S. S. Neill
Decatur Osburn
R. K. Ogden
Dr. R. P. Page
R. Powel Page
G. E. S. Philips
Jos. Price
Wm. M. Pipher
J. M. Pope
Archie C. Page
Beverly Randolph

Dr. Cyrus McCormick
Province McCormick
Jno. W. McCormick
Burwell McGuire
Josiah McDonald
Wm. N. McDonald
Nicholas Moore
A. Moore, Jr.
S. J. C. Moore
R. K. Meade
John H. Shewbridge
John B. Stannard
Wm. M. Struder
W. C. R. Tapscott
A. J. Thompson
Wm. H. Thompson
J. W. Vorous
Jno. R. White
J. H. Willingham
J. S. Ware
Thos. H. Randolph
W. E. Reed
Geo. C. Ricamore
R. B. Roy
Jno. S. Russell
J. W. Roberts
Jno. C. Rutherford
J. N. Shepherd
Geo. C. Shepherd
John R. Shipe
D. C. Snyder
Chas. H. Smith
Rev. Jos. Thomas
B. F. Thompson
Adam Thompson
Jacob Warden
J. D. Wigginton
G. F. Willingham
Geo. H. Wright

CHAPTER XXXI

UNITED DAUGHTERS OF THE CONFEDERACY

ON January 16, 1897, a chapter of the United Daughters of the Confederacy was organized in Berryville. The object of this chapter, as of the organization of the U. D. C., was and is to collect and preserve material for a truthful history of the war between the States, to protect historic places in the South and to aid in any way possible needy Confederates Veterans and those dependent upon them. The Stonewall Chapter has been especially interested in gathering and preserving local history. The Chapter organized by electing Miss Mary A. Lippitt, president; Miss Kate S. Neill, 1st Vice-president; Miss Louise D. Hardesty, 2nd Vice-president; Miss Mary K. Moore, Secretary and Treasurer.

The Stonewall Chapter from its organization has been very active in every good work undertaken either by the J. E. B. Stuart Camp of Veterans or by the Virginia Division of the U. D. C. It has extended material aid to veterans in the county who were in need and also to the widows of veterans. It has furnished a room in the Aged Confederate Woman's Home, in Richmond, and each year sends contributions to help to maintain that institution. At the solicitation of Mrs. A. J. Montague during one year they sent one hundred and twenty-five dollars ($125.00) to the Home. thus maintaining one of the inmates for a year. The Chapter took a very active part in raising funds for the erection of the Confederate Monu-

ment standing in the Court House Square, thus aiding the J. E. B. Stuart Camp most materially. They managed the great entertainment held on the day of the unveiling of the monument and did everything in their power to make the occasion the great success it was. The Chapter deserved and received the gratitude of the veterans and the applause of the whole county for their good work on this occasion. It has helped in putting monuments and other memorials not only in the State of Virginia, but at many places in other states of the South. They are especially interested in helping needy widows, who under the limitations of the State pension laws, cannot receive pensions from the State.

Confederate Veterans look with hope and confidence to the organization of the U. D. C., to take up and carry on the work of the Camps, when they go out out of existence, which must be in a few year. The Stonewall Chapter is very much in earnest in all these good works and the J. E. B. Stuart Camp appreciates most highly their help in collecting and preserving historical events, in looking after the histories used in schools and in endeavoring to have true histories used by the schools. The Camp and Chapter both feel that such things have been neglected too long and that in a great many instances wrong and harmful impressions have been made upon the minds of the youth of our country by the use of histories which were unfair to the South and the men who fought for the Southern cause. A list of the members of the Stonewall Chapter is appended. In the years to come many will consider it a high honor to find the name of a mother or relative on this roll.

The Stonewall Chapter has been active in presenting crosses of honor to the veterans and such descendants as were entitled to them. If any veteran or any one entitled

to receive a cross fails to receive one, it will be his own fault. as the Daughters have earnestly insisted upon all such to apply. On the occasion of presenting these crosses, the Chapter has always succeeded in having a speaker to entertain and instruct all who would come. These occasions have been of much interest and have been well attended. The speakers have been enabled to present parts of history to the people often not found in books, and also to explain the causes of the war in such a way as to enlighten the people who hear them. These occasions have been very valuable and helpful in instilling correct views and in teaching true history.

The Stonewall Chapter has aided the Camp very materially in its last work of marking the scenes of battles and engagements in the county. They stand ever ready to help every good Confederate cause.

ROLL OF STONEWALL CHAPTER, U. D. C.

BERRYVILLE, CLARKE COUNTY, VIRGINIA

Miss Kate B. Neill
Miss Daisy Warden
Miss Mary Washington Gold
Mrs. Nelson Clarke Griffith Wilson
Mrs. E. M. VanDevanter
Mrs. Rebecca L. Green Bryarly
Miss Francis R. Wolfe
Miss Kate Henson
Mrs. Pattie Hardee Page
Mrs. Louisa Dix Hardesty Kerfoot
Mrs. Maria G. Lewis
Mrs. Minnie N. Kerfoot
Mrs. W. S. Allen
Mrs. Lorenzo Lewis

Miss Hallie Broaddus
Miss Mary A. Lippitt
Miss Mable Barnett
Miss Annie C. Moore
Mrs. A. R. Brown
Mrs. Nannie P. McCormick
Mrs. Mary N. Crisp
Miss Elvira Daniel Moore
Miss Marie I. Crow
Mrs. Bessie McCormick Whiting
Miss Jennie Pope
Miss Mary Melville Morrison
Mrs. Florence B. Hardesty
Miss Edith Allen Morrison
Miss Jessie Castleman
Mrs. Mary Brewer Moore Miller
Miss Ida Lee Castleman
Miss Lily K. Moore
Miss Bernie Crown
Miss Minnie Lee Ogden
Mrs. Loula Henson Dix
Mrs. Ida Thompson Ramey
Miss Hallie LaRue Dorsey
Miss E. C. Turner
Miss Ada M. Drake
Miss Emily H. Smith
Mrs. Jas. W. Foley
Miss Fleda May Ramey
Miss Kathleen Ferguson
Miss Nannie D. Thomas
Miss Helen M. Ferguson
Miss Agnes Lee Tapscott
Mrs. Laura W. Gold Crawford
Mrs. Lucy Ware Lewis McCormick

Mrs. Lucy Neville Gold Walter
Mrs. Nannie Moss Whiting
Miss Mary E. White
Mrs. Elizabeth E. G. Walker
Miss Lucy Taylor Mumford
Mrs. Ellen Douglas Neill
Mrs. Mary Engle Gaunt

CHAPTER XXXII

MEMORIES OF PRISON LIFE

ADDRESS of Mr. Thomas D. Gold, before the J. E. B. Stuart Camp.

FELLOW COMRADES:—

A third of a century has passed since the scenes and the events occurred in which it is now our highest honor to know we bore a small part, but the lapse of time, the care, the trials or successes of life cannot eclipse nor even dim our recollections of the men, the times, the experiences of those days. One step with memory and we are seated around the camp-fire with loved comrades; the story, the joke, the song, the merry laugh, are heard. We are on the toilsome march. The cannon boom in the distance, the column steadily pushes onward, the line of battle is formed, the skirmishers are sent out, the line advances, the enemy is in sight, muskets roar, with yells we rush forward, the guns are taken, the enemy is routed, night falls, we bivouac on the field, the roll is called; our gallant comrades—where are they? Killed, wounded, missing. It was my misfortune on two occasions to be missing and to find myself a prisoner. At Kernstown, in 1864, when I saw our lines falling back in confusion, I thought all would be taken, and decided to save myself by flank movement, and, of course, was picked up by the cavalry. With 235 others, I was sent to Baltimore jail, where we were the recipients of the kindness for which

good people of that city were famous, and which should forever bind us to them with hooks of steel. Books to read and a gold dollar for each prisoner were given us. We were then sent to Fort Delaware, from which I was exchanged the following August. The second time I was taken with 3,500 others in the Bloody Angle at Spottsylvania on that ever memorial 12th of May, 1864, when Hancock broke our lines. We were kept all that day at Grant's headquarters, where we could hear the heavy musketry fire, the heaviest of the war, hoping, as sometimes the roar seemed to come nearer, that the tide of battle would reach us and free us. The rain which fell in torrents during the evening and night, we had to stand; fortunately, we had not yet thrown our blankets away, and, with Yankee oilcloths taken from out foes, we were able to keep dry. Nothing was issued to us to eat until evening of the next day, when we reached Potomac creek on our way to Point Lookout. On our march we met for the first time negro troops, who said as we passed them; "Better put 'em down in dat hollow and open grape and canister on 'em; dey make mighty good guano." Our blood boiled; if there had been no white guards to interfere we would have made guano of them.

After landing at Point Lookout and being divided into companies we soon fell into the life of the prisoner. The prison was a large enclosure containing forty or fifty acres, surrounded by a close plank fence 15 feet high, with a parapet on the outside for the sentinels to walk on, from which they could overlook the prison. Ten feet inside was the "Dead-Line," to cross which was to be shot without warning. Just outside of the walls was the bay, in which we were allowed to bathe, or we could remain on the beach from sunrise to sunset. The prison was laid off in streets running parallel to each other, into the main street, upon

which the eating houses were situated, at meals. We were marched by companies into these houses and got our very scanty rations—about half a pound of bread, two ounces of meat, and a pint of soup a day, or ten hard-tack in the place of bread. We found there, when we arrived, some friends from our command and others. We were quartered in large tents mostly, some built houses of cracker boxes, obtained from the commissary, using the boxes as weather-boarding and covering with tent flies or oilcloths. I lived in one with Ed. Bonham, who was there when I arrived, and some others. They were more comfortable and not so crowded as the large tents, which had as many as twenty in them sometimes. Soon after my arrival there, our comrades, A. Moore, Jr., and Charles H. Smith, were brought in. With them was Mr. Eugene Davis, a cultured Christian gentleman, a gallant soldier, a man whom to know was a privilege, to have as a friend an honor. To me he became such, and I shall forever remember his kindness to a boy who needed the wise counsel and good example set by one whose quiet dignity subdued the rough, and whose pleasant manners and genial conversations charmed all who were brought under his influence. Twenty-five years after, when nursing my son at Charlottsville, he sought me out and renewed the kindness of former days by everything in his power that could comfort and help me in sore trouble. His patient endurance, without murmuring of the hardships of prison life, helped many others. I remember that during the winter at Elmira, where the thermometer was often 12 or 15 degrees below zero, that his bed consisted of two oilcloths, a blanket, and three canteens filled each night with hot water and placed around him; yet he was invariable cheerful. Soon after our getting settled we were entertained by the old soldiers with stories of the negro guards, and warned to be

careful not be out after dark, as the patrol which went about over the grounds would arrest or shoot on very little provocation, in fact, we could hear shots and whistling bullets at most any time in the night.

A negro sentinel one day had brought in with him his knapsack filled to the full. He put it on the ground at one end of his beat. As he paced to and fro an old "Confed" could not stand the temptation to renew acquaintance with a Yankee knapsack, so when the fellow's back was turned he picked it up and was soon enjoying its contents. When the darky saw what had happened he said: "Dah, dey done got my knapsack, and, 'fore God, Dinah's picture's in dah." On another occasion one of them on guard on the street near the eating house, when the street was crowded with prisoners going and coming from dinner, fired into them and wounded four men. If a leader had appeared just then I think we would have broken out, so great was the indignation among us. Their presence was an insult, and so intended, no doubt, and very galling to southern pride. The prisoners had many ways of employment and amusement. One was a large school, presided over by a man of education, and attended by several hundred prisoners. Among them were Mr. A. Moore, Jr., and myself. Everything was taught, from Latin and Greek to A. B. C's. We refreshed our memory of Virgil and some other Latin writers. In this connection I will say that at Elmira we had a still larger school, under the management of Mr. Davis. I was a teacher there and taught a class of men to read and write, who did not know their letters. We had a very large school, running way up in the hundreds. We were allowed for a few hours each day the use of an eating house. Books were sent from New York, Baltimore and other cities—old books of every conceivable kind. Much good was done by these

schools, especially in keeping the men cheerful under their privations. At Point Lookout we could bathe when we chose during the day, which was very conducive to health.

Many were engaged in manufacturing fans, rings, images made from bone, chains from guttapercha and horse hair. One man made a steam engine, by which he ran a turning lathe. They demonstrated that all ingenuity was not with the Yankees. A great pastime was gambling. On the beach you could, during the day, find hundreds of games of faro, keno, lotto, poker, and sweat cloths, at which you might bet anything you had, money, chews of tobacco, rations of bread, crackers, anything and everything. I had a comrade in my house who used to frequently steal a start in crackers from an old gentleman who was with us, and like, the gambler of to-day, he sometimes got enough to pay back and have several good feeds over, but often nothing. I tried it myself once. I had only two hard-tacks and was very hungry, so concluded to risk them for enough for a good meal. Luck was with me, and I got a big pile, but was not satisfied until luck turned and left me without one, and hungrier than ever and mad because I had not eaten some of them while I played. The experience was enough, and I quit dice for good.

During the summer an old gentleman from Charles City County, Va., was brought in, about 70 years old, taken from his home without warning, with no charge against him, and leaving a family of several ladies defenceless. He was kept until the close of the war, and was assigned to our house. He was a lawyer by profession, but had taught a school for boys many years. He determined that he would not give way, and so by exercise and every way possible he kept up his health until his release. He said he had made money all his life, and wanted to make some there, so that he could say that he had turned every

occasion to good account. To do it he wrote to his daughter in Richmond to send him a box of tobacco. The authorities let it in, he sold it for greenbacks; bought up Confederate money, and when he got home after the war had a pile of it. He was a plucky old man, and had faith in the south. There was another old man brought during the winter to Elmira from the southern part of Florida, 75 years old, taken with others who attempted to resist a Yankee raid. With clothing insufficient for such a climate, so different from his own, there could be only one issue. He was urged by the officer, who brought him to take the oath and leave the prison. He said that if out, he could not get home and would die, and if he must die he wanted to die among his own people. His imprisonment was a short one, and he died among his own people. The name and memory of Mark Elmore, the aged patriot, will never be forgotten by those who saw and knew him. In August many of us were removed from the Point to Elmira, N. Y. The trip was made by water to New York City, spending about forty-eight hours on the ocean. The weather was fine and the trip was as pleasant as it could be to one of 1,100 prisoners. Elmira was situated in sight of the mountains, and you may be sure that we Valley people feasted our eyes, even if our stomachs were starving. The officer in charge—a Major Colt, of New York—was a very kind hearted man, and did all he could for us, except feed us, which was what we wanted most. There were 12,000 prisoners here; and, although in many respects it was the best prison I was in, the lack of food and severe climate caused many to die. During the winter there were twenty-five per day taken out and buried. They lie there today in unmarked graves. How long shall it be so? Do not these men as much deserve honor as those who fell on the fields? You, those who have not

endured imprisonment, can hardly understand the feelings of men who daily saw a large number of their comrades carried to their graves, and were conscious that their turn was likely to come at any time; seeing hundreds more, pale, emaciated, ragged, who were being starved by a slow but certain process; diseases of all kinds, such as small-pox, fevers, pneumonia, and etc., thinning us out, it required the same, or more bravery than the battle-field. Many prisoners had friends in the North who helped them. The liberality of those who sympathized with the South was wonderful, and they never seemed to tire. There was an order that we could only write to relatives. Immediately, we all became cousins and nephews to somebody. A lady would get a letter from her "dear cousin" she caught on right away, and cousin it was. Those cousins sent us clothing, good things to eat, wrote kind letters, and cheered us every way. Some day we ought to build a monument to our cousins up there. The quarters at Elmira were large buildings of rough plank, holding 250 men, in charge of two sergeants from among the prisoners. We were required to keep them very clean, and to do this a detail was made each day of fifteen men, three of whom were on duty at a time from sunrise to tattoo. Breaches of rules were punished by imprisonment in the guard-house or in a black hole, by bucking, or confinement in the sweat-box. This implement of torture must have come down from the Inquisition. It was made of plank just large enough for a man to stand erect in with his hands down and so tight that he could not raise them; he could not bend his knees. The top, several feet above his head, was the only place through which air could enter, and this placed in the sun made confinement for any length of time intense torture. I remember two young men from southwest Virginia, who in some way had got enough

whiskey to get drunk on, and who were punished by bucking and gagging, the sweat-box and black hole, because they would not divulge the name of the Yankee who furnished the whiskey. An officer struck one of them in the mouth with a tent-pin, but they held out and told them they might kill them before they would tell. There were not a great many instances of cruelty, and some of the officers were kind when it was in their power to be so. The hospitals were quiet, good, and well furnished, and prisoners were detailed as nurses and stewards. Doctors, who were mostly men employed, not commissioned, were kind and did what they could to alleviate the sufferings of the sick.

In all the prisons, the prisoners, by their manufacture of trinkets, etc., were able to get some money, by which they carried on a traffic among themselves. At Point Lookout there were many who kept eating-houses, where one could get hot biscuits and coffee, molasses, sometimes cabbage, or anything that could be bought from the sutlers. At Elmira we were not allowed to buy so many things from the sutler. Tobacco was almost the only article we could buy. It was also an important part of the currency. The authorities would not let money sent by friends be paid in money, but forced you to get orders on the sutler. So, to turn it into money, we had to buy tobacco, trade it for bread, sell the bread for money; with the money you could buy bread when hungry, or possibly clothing from some one who had a misfit or more than he wanted. There were many attempts to escape by tunnels, but only one was successful, by which five men got away. I was ready one night to go out, and two men were in the hole about to open it, when some oath-taker discovered it and reported us. The two caught were confined in the black hole for a month on bread and water.

We sometimes had preaching on Sunday, Rev. Thomas K. Beecher, brother of Henry Ward, a Catholic bishop, and several others. All but one confined themselves to the Gospel, one man undertook to tell us of the wickedness of the rebellion, but had to finish his sermon to the few Yankees who stood around, as the prisoners all left. In January there was talk of exchanging the sick, and of course, all wanted to get into hospitals. I was so fortunate as to be sick enough to get in, and to be sent on the second load to Richmond. You may imagine with what joy I got ready, sewing my prison relics in the lining of my clothes for fear they might be taken, telling good-by to the many friends, new and old, some met there who had become dear by pleasant association, congeniality of thought and feeling, never to be seen or even to be heard of in this world again. The sad memories of that time are brightened by thoughts of those who helped to bear the ills to which we were all subjected. The southern soldier, in prison, half starved, poorly clad, in a rigorous climate, in the midst of disease, with death rapidly reducing his numbers, bearing all with patient endurance, with cheerfulness even, with no incentive but love of country and of honor, maintained the reputation for bravery and devotion to duty upheld by men on hard fought fields, when inspired by the enthusiasm of comrades and the leadership of loved commanders. May our memory of the men and the times be kept ever green.

(Note.—Since the above address was delivered, the National Government has marked all the Confederate graves at the Federal Prison Camps which could be positively located from the records.)

CHAPTER XXXIII

HOW A CLARKE MAN, A PRISONER OF THE WAR, ESCAPED

SOLDIER life has many vicissitudes of fortune, in the Camp, or march, or battlefield. None is more dreaded by the soldier than capture by the enemy. The humiliation of giving up to your despised foe, the trusty saber and pistol or the beloved musket, and of exultation of the charge, changed in a moment to shame and despair is overpowering and one feels that death was preferable. T'was so quickly done, a dozen pistols at your head or perhaps bayonets at your breast, and you surrender. You are ordered to the rear with perhaps a dozen volunteer guards, who are glad of some excuse to leave the front, At the rear you meet other prisoners coming in, perhaps some from your own company—which is comforting—"For misery loves company."

On the 10th of May, 1864, Sheridan made a great effort to capture Richmond, while Grant was holding Lee's attention at Spotsylvania Court House. He was met at "The Yellow Tavern," near Richmond, and a hotly contested battle was fought. The gallant and beloved Gen. J. E. B. Stuart was killed there—a loss irreparable to the Confederacy. During the hottest of the battle the Clarke Cavalry were ordered to meet the advance of a large force which was endeavoring to capture a Confederate battery. They did this most gallantly, repulsing the enemy. In the melee following the charge, our county man, A. Moore, Jr., then a boy of sixteen, was captured by the

enemy. He with Mr. Eugene Davis, a member of the company, although a citizen of Albemarle County, and others of the cavalry were marched, on foot, to the "White House" on the Pamunkey and from that point sent by steam boat to Point Lookout, where the U. S. Government had a large prison camp. Here they met with many whom they knew belonging to other commands and also some of their own company. They in common with all others, endured the hardships of the life there until in August, a large number were selected to be sent to Elmira, New York. Mr. Moore and Mr. Davis were among the number. They went by steamboat to Baltimore and at that place were put on aboard cars of the Northern Central R. R. for Elmira. Mr. Moore knew that this road passed through the mountains of Maryland and Pennsylvania and through the Cumberland Valley. He with five others determined to attempt to escape. They were traveling in ordinary box cars, such as are used for carrying grain, etc. They thought that they could cut a hole in one end, and thus get on the narrow platform between the cars and by jumping off escape. In order to carry out this plan, on some pretense a blanket was hung across the car, shielding the one at work from the observation of the guard at the door. Mr. Davis, who was a very cultivated and agreeable man, undertook to entertain the guard and prevent him from suspecting what was going on. With their knives they slowly cut the plank away and at a late hour of the night when they thought they were now in Northern Pennsylvania and in the mountains bordering on the Cumberland Valley, succeeded in making it large enough to slip through. Without the formality of good-byes, six of them passed quietly through and taking their places behind each other on the bumpers, they sprang one after the other out into the darkness. Where they would land they knew not

whether in a cut or on an embankment they thought only of the chance for freedom and did not think of the dangers. They were seen by some of the guards of the rapidly passing train and fired at, but no stop was made, or effort to recapture them. What was their liberty worth to them now that they were free? They were in a hostile country. Part of Pennsylvania and Maryland lay between them and the Potomac, and as they knew the enemy were in possession of the Shenandoah Valley. Fortunately Mr. Moore's knowledge of the country served them here. The mountains on either hand told them that their road was southward between the mountains. Undaunted, they determined to press on. They found it best to travel by night and lie hidden during the day in corn fields or woods. Each night they would get something to eat from the spring-houses or dairies of the farms on their route. Living thus, principally on milk and butter, for they were afraid to venture to make inquiries or seek food from the houses, they made their perilous journey. On one occasion two of them went to a farm house seeking to get some food, as they were tired of the milk and butter diet. There they represented themselves as going to Chambersburg, which they had heard had been burned by General Early, seeking work. The people were willing to sell them something and gave them desired information as to the state of affairs, but they were much nonplussed by a young woman of the house wanting to go with them, as she lived in Chambersburg and wanted to go home. Fortunately, it was found that her clothing was in the washtub and she would not go. On one occasion daylight caught them before they got to a suitable hiding place and they had to take refuge in a small cornfield near a village. They could hear the drums beating as a detachment of troops was stationed there, enforcing the draft. During the day

a woman from a near by house came into the field to gather the green corn. Some dogs that she had with her found something suspicious in the long grass and barked. She, to satisfy her curiousity, made a search and was much terrified when a tall man in a long linen duster rose out of the grass and confronted her. She fled rapidly to the house, and our friends thought that it was all up with them. But for some reason, probably she and her folks thought that the man was a citizen hiding from the soldiers who were enforcing the draft, and having no desire to have a fellow citizen drafted, they made no alarm. After their long and dangerous tramp they at last came in sight of the Potomac and Virginia. But the canal had to be crossed and also the river. While hidden in a corn field near the canal, Mr. Moore went forward to renonnoiter, hoping to find a bridge across the canal, as a road crossed it at that point. Upon approaching cautiously, he found just below him a picket post of soldiers. Retracing his steps very quietly and rejoining his friends, they kept hidden until some time after dark. They then came to the canal at another point, and were fortunate enough to avoid the sentinels on its banks and plunging in got across safely. A broad bottom was crossed and the river reached and now came the rub. Five of the men had been connected with the Confederate Marine Service and could swim, but Mr. Moore could not. How was he to get across? They knew nothing of the river or of the bank on the farther side. But after all the other dangers passed they could not let this stop them. Two of the men offered to get him across if he was willing to venture. They struck boldly in, he having a hand on the shoulder of each one. At last the Virginia bank is reached and is found to be a high bluff and no place to land. The swimmers are almost exhausted and our young friend urged them to leave him and save

themselves, but they tell him to hold on and presently, swimming down stream, a landing is found and they are safe on the banks. After a while they were joined by the others and strike out into the darkness. Many people in Berkeley county near the river were Union people and it now behooved them to exercise supreme caution, but food they must have and information. So at last they determined to make inquiries at a large house looming up ahead of them. Upon knocking at the door a head is cautiously put out of a window—"who are you, and what do you want at this hour of the night?" After much baffling, it was decided to tell who they were—"Escaped Confederate prisoners."—"Come right in, the Confederate pickets are just over the hill and Gen. Early's army is in Martinsburg." What relief of suspense! What joy to be again with southern friends and in the lines of a Confederate army! Other heads had been at the windows above and they being withdrawn in a moment the doors were thrown open and the good ladies proceeded to give our heroes the first meal that they had tasted since they had parted with their Yankee guards and their "Hardtack". There is very little more to say. In the morning they went to Martinsburg and there parted never to meet again. Our young friend, Ammi Moore, going to his father's home in Clarke and thence to the army. The others reached their part of the army in safety. One of them is now living in Richmond, a very old man. Mr. Moore hears from him occasionally and through him of the others. No doubt there were other escapes made, all of them perilous, but none more so than this made by a Clarke county man who is known so well to the people of the county.

THE END

LIBRARY OF CONGRESS
0 009 930 051 6