

Memoirs of George W. Towle **Cal Hundred - 2nd Massachusetts Cavalry**

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Some Personal Recollections of George W. Towle:

Sometime in 1862 I read in the Alta California that Capt. J. Seawell (sic) Reed was raising a company of cavalry to go East. At that time political feeling – Union and Cession (sic) was so evenly divided in California that it was not thought advisable to take Union men out of the State. A number of regiments were raised in California but they were all assigned to duty on or near to the Pacific Coast. An old school mate ‘Cheney’ Doane, was assisting Capt. Reed in raising the Company, and desiring to enlist I wrote him asking whether I would be accepted if I applied. I was then very much of a stripling, did not weigh more than 130 pounds, and he replied that they desired older and heavier men. I had thought that such would be the case and so dismissed the matter from consideration. Later I saw a notice in the Alta one afternoon that 25 more men were wanted for the “California Hundred”, that being the name given to the Company which Capt. Reed was raising. I walked into the next room where mother was and said “Mother I am going to the City tomorrow and see if they won’t take me”. She said nothing to dissuade me and the next day I went to the City, signed the roll and passed my physical examination. The headquarters of the Company was at what was then known as “Armory Hall”, a large wooden hall situate, I believe, on the corner of Sutter and Kearney Streets, where the “White House” was at the time of the fire. It was a raw November day. I think the day before Thanksgiving, and I don’t want to shiver again as I did while I stood behind a curtain waiting for my turn to be examined. The first test was to jump over a table. Fortunately the man ahead of me had jumped on top of it and broken the table down, so that my jump was easy. I was put through all the exercises and tests that the medical officer required, and was there upon pronounced physically fit. My friend Doane was rejected, but went East with the Company and at Readville, Mass. passed his examination and went with the Company into the field.

We were mustered into the U.S. service at San Francisco in December 1862 by Lieutenant Colonel Ringgold, a U.S. Army officer. I understood there were some two or three hundred who had signed the roll but had been dropped on physical examination or for other reasons. One man who had been mustered in came into the barracks drunk the night before we were to sail, whereupon he was stripped of his uniform and told to go and another was taken in his place. We had very constant drilling during the short time we remained in San Francisco and became quite proficient in a few savor exercises and company maneuvers. We procured uniforms, blankets and sabers here, but otherwise we were not armed or equipped. A supply of hair cinches was taken with us. The Company received some attention during the short time that it remained in San Francisco. On one or two occasions it attended a theater in a body, and on one special occasion attended Starr Kings Church; and he on one or more occasions visited the Company at its armory. It was also presented with a white and blue silk company guidon upon which a Grizzly Bear was painted. Prior to enlistment it had never occurred to me to inquire what my pay would be, or what the army rations would be, or whether clothing would need be paid for or be furnished free. The blankets which we received at San Francisco were made at the Mission Wollen Mills as also I think was the material for our uniforms; both of which we found

when we got East, were of much better quality than was supplied to troops there. Our uniform and an overcoat with long cape light blue in color; jacket reaching to the hips; dark blue in color, fatigue blouse, dark blue in color; trousers, light blue in color and dark blue cap with a sloping visor. The jacket profusely ornamented with yellow worsted braid around the collar and cuffs and down each seam at the back and along the edges of the jacket in front; but we discarded the yellow braid.

I was not then a confirmed smoker nor an habitual user of liquor, but had indulged in those small vices only on special occasions and to some extent surreptitiously. A day or two before we sailed on uncle had come down from the mines to see me. He had a reputation of having run the gamut of most things, and as we walked round the City the night before we sailed he gave me the benefit of some of his knowledge and experience, but did not attempt to exact any promise from me as to my future conduct. He did however express a hope, and assured me that he believed, that I should, as a soldier, acquit myself well in the field.

On December 12, I think it was, the Company embarked 101 strong on the S.S. "Golden Age" then lying on the south side of Folsom St. wharf. There was a large crowd there to see us depart. The company was drawn up at parade rest on the upper deck shortly before the steamer sailed and while so standing I made a mental resolution that so long as I was in the army I would neither drink nor smoke, a resolution which I kept. At that time I had no thought of surviving my enlistment, nor so long as I was in the service did I ever allow myself to anticipate that I would. We were steerage passengers, but we appropriated to our use a portion of the steerage end of the saloon deck which we roped off, and at which we stationed a guard to prevent intrusions. The provisions furnished were I suppose usual steerage fare of that time and to say the best of it were extremely poor in quality. The deficiency of fare was to some extent eked out by clandestine purchases from the ship's stewards and waiters of loaves and pies; fifty cents for each. The steerage table was a wide board suspended by iron rods fastened to the deck above on which the provisions were placed in large tin pans. Tin plates and cups and iron knives and forks were supplied. No seats were provided, and the table swung with the roll of the ship. We stood around in close order and helped ourselves to such as we chose.

Bad as the fare was from San Francisco to Panama we found after crossing the Isthmus and taking passage on the "Ocean Queen", a vessel owned by Commodore Vanderbilt, that we were yet to learn what steerage fare, as furnished by that man of blessed memory, could be. It may be safely said that on the "Ocean Queen" there was not a single item of the fare furnished us that was fit for food. Before you could eat the hard bread you must rattle the vermin out of it. The corned beef, so called, was rotten, rice wormy, and with us it soon became a question of starvation. This came to a focus one morning; the pans of beef were thrown overboard, the rice was strewn along on top of the scouse, the molasses emptied on top of those, the pans of mustard, supplied for the rotten "salt horse", emptied on top of it all. About the time that was done word had reached Capt. Tinklepau, the master of the ship. He came where we were and was vigorous in his criticism of our conduct, threatening that he would put us in irons. The reply was "if you think you have enough men to do it start right in, but we propose to have something to eat and if you do not furnish it we will proceed to take it." He retired in bad order, but from that time on our fare was better. The ship, contrary to custom, calling at Florida Keyes to get fresh provisions for our use.

This was when the Alabama was making trouble, and there was a double shipment of coin on board – about \$2,000,000.00 – and to avoid being captured by the Alabama no lights were allowed after we left Aspinwall, and the steamer pursued a different course from that

usually taken. One dark night a vessel was seen bearing down on us, and for a time it was thought to be the Alabama, but it proved otherwise. We arrived at New York on or about the 1st day of January 1863 and were taken to barracks in Union Square for our breakfast, and during the day we were paraded in the snow and slush. That afternoon we took passage on a steamer to Providence and there transferred to train on which we were taken to Readville, Mass., where we occupied barracks that had been used by other troops that had gone to the front. At Readville were certain Companies raised in Massachusetts for the Second Regiment of Massachusetts Cavalry, and to the regiment we were there attached as Company 'A'. While there we procured metal letters C.A.L. and figures making 100 and placed them in a semicircle on the top of our caps, and those letters on occasions when we visited Boston, which was about 8 or 9 miles distant, were as serviceable as a regulation pass. Shortly after our arrival we were given a reception in Fanuel Hall where the Governor addressed us and later a delegation of ladies from Charleston came out to Readville and presented us with a flag. Indeed during all of the time we were there we were very nicely treated. On reaching Readville the Company procured high cavalry boots the wrinkles in the stiff leather at the ankles of which were a source of torture to many, certainly to me. Horses and horse equipments were there supplied, and the men drew lots for choice. I chose what I thought a fairly good horse and used my spare time in getting him bridle wise, that is so that he would guide easily by pressure of the rein on the neck and start, stop and turn quickly. An Eastern horse at that time was not used to that means of guidance. We discarded the girths furnished with the saddles, and substituted the hair cinches which we had taken with us from California. While at Readville we were quite constantly drilled mounted and as we were green and few of us not very good riders, the horses green when the Company would be ordered into platoon or company front formation the tendency of the horses on the flanks to crowd toward the center would sometimes subject the limbs of those near the center to a pressure which was far from pleasant, especially if the soldiers knee happened at the time to be next to the curry comb and brush in the saddle bag of the one next him. At times the pressure would nearly raise horse and rider off the ground. Occasionally we would make short excursions in columns of fours over the country roads in the neighborhood. While there each of the company who desired it was granted a ten days furlough. I used the opportunity to visit relatives at Bangor where among others I for the first time met Fannie Foss, a cousin about my own age.

Seven or eight of the Company did not report back from their furlough, a fact which from sheer shame I never stated to any one until long after the war. One of those who failed to report did long afterwards return. In the latter part of January or early in February of 63 such companies of the regiment as had then been organized were ordered to the front. The night before they were to leave I was taken seriously ill with typhoid fever, and when the Company left I was placed in the hospital where I remained for two or three weeks. So soon as I was able to think of leaving I obtained from the surgeon in charge a promise that I might leave in so many days, and when the time came, I insisted that his promise be kept. The hospital was about three hundred yards from the railway station, the wind was blowing a gale, I had to beat my way through a foot or more of snow on the ground. I think I had to stop and turn my back to the wind at least twenty times while making my way from the hospital to the station. I again had a ten days furlough and again went to Bangor where I remained during that time. The Company when ordered to the front had gone to Gloucester point, across the York River from Yorktown, and at the expiration of my furlough I reported at Boston and was there furnished transportation by rail to Fortress Monroe, from which by steamer I went up the York River to Gloucester Point. On the train was a soldier who was returning from furlough. At one time he had in his hand a copy

of Harper's Weekly with a picture of the storming of some fortification, and as usual in such pictures an officer was shown in the lead on top of the fortification and doing bloody execution with his sword. Quite a little crowd of civilians had collected around the soldier. He was criticizing the picture, but all I remember of what he said is "that he had been at the front for more than a year and had never seen an officer's sword bloody but once, and that was from sticking a pig." I may here say I never saw an officer's sword bloody, even from pig sticking.

On arrival at Gloucester Point I found that my horse had had his leg broken by a kick from another horse so that I was temporarily without a mount, and the horse furnished me was not as good as the one I had lost. The Company's quarters at Gloucester Point were Sibley tents, each providing shelter for 16 men. The tents were placed in a straight line, and a short distance in front was stretched a picket line to which the horses were attached, the horses having no shelter. Later posts were secured and the tents stockaded so as to raise the bottom of the tent about 4 or 5 feet from the ground, openings in the stockade being left for ventilation. Major Casper Crowninshield was in command of the detachment at Gloucester Point. There we ground sharp the points and about a foot of the top end of our sabers. We were usually drilled twice a day, one part of the day in saber exercises and company movements on foot, and the other portion of the day mounted. Our duties while there, outside of drill and care of the camp and camp guard duty, were to stand picket some distance outside the infantry lines at night. There was a fort some distance from our camp and infantry stationed there. The infantry picket lines extended across the point from bank to bank of the river which there makes a sharp bend. The orders were if the cavalry picket saw any movement in front to notify the infantry picket whereupon a rocket or rockets would be sent up as a warning to the reserve in camp, in which case the reserve would be ordered out and proceed to the picket line. When details from certain companies were on picket we were almost sure to be ordered out; and we had so much practice of that character that our company became very expeditious, that is, would be mounted and in line very quickly; always before any other company. The alarm always proved to be false and while to me they were all then very real I have since wondered whether it were not in fact a means of drill resorted to by our officers.

Near one camp was a camp of refugee negroes, known as Slab Richmond. There were great quantities of large oysters in the river which we could have by raking them up or the negroes would supply them shelled for ten cents a quart. They also peddled pies and such at the camp. On one occasion Corporal Hussey and another soldier and myself, on being relieved from picket duty in the morning, rode out a mile or so to a farm house. While the corporal was talking to a lady on the front step and the other soldier and myself were in the orchard a confederate officer and his orderly came along the road and seeing the corporal apparently alone charged on him to make him a prisoner. He gave the alarm and we rushed to his rescue, whereupon the confederates beat a retreat and we after them and finally, after a long chase we captured the officer. This was the first prisoner taken by our company. On one occasion our command went as far as the Court House, some 10 or 15 miles, but encountered no opposition. There was much dissatisfaction because of the fact that we were doing nothing worthwhile at Gloucester Point, instead of being with the Army of the Potomac. There was also a feeling that some of the boys were carrying tales to officers, and loose talk about men taking affairs in their own hands and starting on their hook to join the Army of the Potomac, and one afternoon a paper was drawn up and circulated for the signatures of those who were willing to join in such an expedition. Soon after that a man who was suspected of carrying tales was seen going to the Captain's quarters, after which the Captain was seen to go to the Fort. That night, about 12 o'clock, as we were all

peaceably asleep, orders came to 'turn out', whereupon as usual inquiry was made as to what arms we should take. We were told to turn out without arms, and on striking a light saw bayonets sticking through all the openings in the stockade, and when we stepped out in front found a double line of infantry there drawn up with bayonets fixed. There were also two pieces of artillery stationed at one end of our camp. We were then marched to the fort and put under guard and there kept until late in the afternoon when most of us were released, the officers by that time having become satisfied that there was no need for arrest.

Part of a cavalrymans duty is to groom his horse at stated times morning and evening, that duty being supervised by a commissioned officer. On one occasion the officer in charge directed the orderly sergeant to assist him in his supervision, and then ordered a soldier to groom sergeant's horse. That the soldier refused to do stating that he was a soldier and not the orderly sergeant's "flunky", whereupon the officer ordered the soldier to guard house under arrest. Later the officer went to the guard house and ordered the sergeant in command to trice the soldier up by his thumbs, punishment for his disobedience. Word of that coming to the Company, a number of the boys stuck their revolvers in their boot legs and went to the guard house and demanded of the sergeant that he release the man. That he refused to do, and sent for the officer of the day. When he came the same demand was made of him. He also refused, whereupon one of the boys said that the man must be court-martialed and punished in the regular way, but should not be punished arbitrarily in that manner and that if the officer did not order him released those present would release him. To that the officer replied if they undertook to do that someone would surely get hurt; to which the reply was we expected to get hurt when we enlisted, and we may as well get hurt here in defending our rights as be hurt later on while defending our country's rights and this man must be released. The result was that the man was released, and that method of punishment was never again attempted in our Company, although in the Massachusetts Companies it was a frequent occurrence.

Major Crowninshield was a very nice easy going and good dispositioned man who would have made a first rate private soldier, but who as an officer wasn't 'worth the powder to kill him'. On one occasion we were practicing picking things off the ground from our horse's back while riding. After looking on for sometime Major Crowninshield tried to do the same, where upon he landed on his back. One Sunday afternoon he had his command drawn up for dress parade, on which occasion all the soldiers wore white cotton gloves. The weather was hot and flies were very troublesome. As we stood at attention occasionally a soldier would raise a hand to brush a fly from his face, and if the Major saw him he would order the soldier out three paces to the front, where he would stand at parade rest. Three or four of our Company had gotten into that position when the Major, who was apparently pretty well loaded, at least occasionally he needed to brace himself steady with his saber and scabbard, gave the order 'fours right'. When that maneuver was executed these three or four men stood facing the front near the left of a set of fours. By this time the Major had forgotten that he had ordered the men to the front, and demanded of Capt. Reed 'what those men were doing standing there at parade rest'. The Captain attempted some explanation but the inquiry being again made in a low tone ordered the men to get to there places.

We had a good deal of sport bathing, and swimming our horses in the river. While there, we with our horses and equipments were loaded on a steamer and transported one night to White House Landing. There we hurriedly disembarked early in the morning, our Company ordered out some distance on the railroad from Richmond which crosses the river at that point. Near the landing were two or three earthwork redoubts in each of which was a turntable, so arranged that

artillery mounted on cars could be run into the redoubt and there operated while on the cars by means of the turn table. It was soon reported that a locomotive was approaching, whereupon we strung ourselves along on side of the track and taking hold of the rails lifted up one side of the track bodily from the ground and turned the track over for a distance of two or three hundred yards. We did not see any locomotive.

From there we moved to Hanover Court House or more properly to a railroad bridge which crossed the South Anna, a narrow and deep stream near the Court House, which we reached in the afternoon of the second day and there found confederate infantry occupying earthworks near the end of the bridge towards which we were approaching. As we advanced dismounted they left the earthworks and retreated across the bridge, taking up their position in a blockhouse and earthworks near the other end. In advancing toward the bridge one of our Company was killed. The banks of the stream were wooded and we found a short distance below the bridge foot logs placed across the stream, but they would only support one man at a time and that only if he moved quickly. Some in crossing fell into the water. The Fifth Pennsylvania Cavalry formed a part of the expedition, and that regiment found a ford some distance to our right. Those of our regiment not needed to hold horses, that is numbers 1, 2 and 3 of each set of fours, crossed on the foot logs, generally keeping concealed in the timber along the bank of the stream, but one man, Dick Ellet, stepped beyond the timber line and was at once shot through both thighs. When we had crossed, and the Fifth Pennsylvania mounted had crossed, the command was given for both commands to charge on the confederate position. That was done with a yell. The railroad embankment in front of us was quite high, and the confederates were behind that and in a blockhouse above, but as soon as we reached the embankment, which was not more than a hundred yards from our starting point, the embankment furnished as good protection for us as it did for them. They were infantry, armed with muzzle loading rifles, while we had saber, breach loading carbines and six shooters, so that when it came to close quarters the entire confederate force, which was I think one battalion of the 15th North Carolina, were at a disadvantage, the result being that we either killed or took prisoners the whole force. Having done that and burned the railroad bridge, the object of the expedition, we returned to White House Landing taking with us our prisoners and wounded of which there were a number, impressing farm wagons for the wounded. At White House Landing we found infantry. It was very hot, and swampy around White House Landing and one afternoon I was feeling very badly and as I lay in the shade of a chincopin bush very much in doubt whether I would not have to give up and go the doctor the infantry were out on dress parade and their band, a very good one, commenced to play. The effect of the music turned the tide of my feelings and I have always believed that that music saved me from a serious illness.

After remaining at White House Landing a few days the cavalry proceeded south of the river, to a point near Williamsburg and there went into camp. Williamsburg was a small place and the houses generally had a very ancient appearance. Williams and Marys College, founded as I was told by Lord Berkeley, was there situate but at that time the College building had been burned and a marble statue of Lord Berkeley standing on a pedestal in front of the buildings had received the impact of so many bullets that the statue had the appearance of being pockmarked. The people of Williamsburg evinced no friendly feeling for us. From there we started one evening on an expedition up the peninsula, and when we had been on the march for an hour or two a very severe and cold thunder storm came up, the rain and wind beating so strongly in our faces that the horses at times would refuse to face it. The night, except when illumined by lighting was pitch dark. We turned off the road, halted drawn up in an open field in platoon

formation, and there stood to our horses the entire night, the cold and discomfort of which made it one of the very most uncomfortable nights that I have ever endured. It was reported that the enemy was near and no fires were allowed, but along towards morning the discomfort was such that some of the boys gathered small fagots and started a fire about as large as one's hat around which they would gather as far as one could even smell the smoke. The officer of the day or night as you may call it, was a Dutchman and seeing the fire he would come around and give an order "to make them fires out" whereupon the fire would be scattered only to be raked together as soon as he had gone. It was amusing on this expedition for one in the advance to sight a negro at work plowing in the field, for when he would see Yankee soldiers coming he would leave his mules standing and strike across the field as though satan was after him. This we later learned was because negroes in that section had been told that Yankees were cannibals having but one eye, which was red and situated in the middle of their fore-heads. One afternoon we encountered a small detachment of confederate youth known as 'Home Guards' and armed with shotguns, of whom we took one or two prisoners. The Country through which we passed was rich and well cultivated, the corn generally being taller than a man's head when on horseback. Plantation houses were large and often handsome, and my constant wonder was how people situated as they were could have been willing to hazard their welfare on the result of a contest with the North, a result that to my mind was never in doubt. Shortly after returning from that expedition, which consumed three or four days, the Companies of the Second Mass. were loaded on transports at Yorktown and thence taken to Washington, going into temporary camp near that city and near the Capitol on the North bank of the Potomac.

In a day or two thereafter we proceeded through Washington to Georgetown and by way of a Chain Bridge across the Potomac, for Centreville. Before we reached Fairfax Court House we learned that Mosebey's command had an hour or two before captured near there a large sutler's train on the way from Washington to the front. The command then went in pursuit of Mosebey's command, which took off to the Northward of the road leading to Centerville. The weather was extremely hot and our horses were very nearly ruined in the forced march which ensued, but it was found impossible to overtake them and the command retraced its steps and went into camp that evening near the wagons of the sutler's train which Mosebey had left in a ravine. There were large quantities of sutler's supplies of all kinds in the wagon including quite a quantity of whiskey, and it was not long until the officers found that the men had discovered the Whiskey, whereupon orders were given for the orderly sergeant of each Company to issue one drink to each soldier, the idea being that that was all the whiskey the soldier should have: but while the orderly sergeant was issuing drinks in his front soldiers were stealing bottles from between his legs behind and filling their canteens, the result was that when it came time to detail a camp guard the orderly sergeant, like the horse that Mark Twain speaks about in his 'Innocents Abroad', needed to lean up against the fence to think and it was with great difficulty that he could find soldiers to detail for guard duty. What whiskey there was left in the wagons was put in one wagon and I was placed on guard over it. We fed our horses that night on ginger bread from the sutler's wagons. If Mosebey had returned to our camp at 12 o'clock that night he would have had no difficulty in capturing all of our horses and such of the men as he could find lying around in the bushes, for the men, barring a half dozen or so, were at that time entirely helpless.

Before departing the next morning everyone helped himself to such quantities of tobacco, condensed milk, cheese and other sutler's supplies as he chose, a supply which lasted for weeks afterwards. From there we went by the main pike through Fairfax Court House to a point a little

East of Centreville where we went into camp. Scouting expeditions by detachments from our camp to Centreville were frequent, extending to fords on the upper Potomac and Leesburg on the North, and to Ashby's and Snickers Gap and other points on the West and South. On these expeditions, one platoon would be ordered to the front as an advance guard, its position being about as far ahead as it could be kept well in sight by the main body. From the advance platoon a corporal taking positions about as far ahead of the platoon as was the platoon ahead of the main command and then two men as advance videttes, as far in advance of the corporal and two men as they were from the platoon. The orders were that if the two advance videttes saw anyone ahead they should immediately proceed with all haste after them, whereupon the corporal and two men would do the same and platoon the same and the main command the same so that if the advance videttes encountered more than they could handle there would always be support near. There were frequent encounters with detachments of Mosebey's command and sometimes at crossings of streams which afforded facilities for an ambush and sometimes on the open highways. Usually after a brief interchange of shots Mosebey's men would leave the road and strike across the country, with which they were entirely familiar.

On one occasion another soldier and myself followed two of them on a steep chase across country for a mile or more, but we finally lost sight of them in the woods. They were usually armed only with revolvers of which they carried from two to four, thereby having much more ammunition for immediate use than we who only carried one. They were good riders and usually good shots and when pursued would turn in their saddles and shoot behind. On such occasions at close range, the muzzle of their six shooter would look as big as the muzzle of a 10 pounder when not in action. In such encounters our carbines were of little use. The battlefield of Bull Run lies near Centreville and riding over it at that time one would see long rows of decayed knapsacks lying where they had been left by troops when engaged in that battle. The whole country was in a devastated condition.

On these scouting expeditions three days rations of hard bread, bacon or pork and coffee and sugar together with three days rations of corn or oats for the horse would be taken by each soldier and carried on his horses' back, those rations together with the rider and his equipment, arms, ammunition, blankets, etc., made a very substantial load for the horse, in an effort to lighten which I discarded every piece of leather connected with the saddle not absolutely essential and never carried any clothing other than such as I wore nor any blanket other than a saddle blanket. My sleeping equipment consisted of a poncho about 5' by 6' composed of light cotton to which a coating of rubber or other rain proof material was applied and having a slit in the center so that it could be worn over the shoulders as a protection against rain. Each soldier cooked his own rations. My cooking outfit consisted of a short butcher knife, an iron spoon and three tined fork, pint tin cup, and one half a canteen for frying pan. Coffee and sugar were kept separate; salt and pepper were carried mixed. Coffee would be made by placing cold water in the cup, coffee on top and sugar on top of coffee. As soon as the water boiled a dash of cold water would be poured in and the coffee then drank from the cup. There is no better way to make coffee, I think.

Much of the time the weather was extremely hot, the roads very dusty and the day's march often continued from 16 to 18 hours with the result that our horses would be speedily used up. That summer an epidemic of what was called 'grease heel' developed among the horses, one or both of their hind legs would swell and the hoof separate from the flesh at the heel which sometimes would so extend that the horse would lose his entire hoof. When horses were disabled they would be taken to Washington and there exchanged for serviceable horses; and

when they needed to be shod they were also taken to Washington and there shod. It would frequently happen that when horses were being shod there would be reserve horses from the Government stables in the blacksmith shop to be shod. Such horses would have only rope halters, while horses in the service would always have leather head stalls and leather halters. On one afternoon a member of our Company saw a horse at the shop to be shod which he fancied, and watching his opportunity he slipped the head stall and halter from his own horse onto the other horse and tool him away with him. Afterwards that horse became with the "grease heel" and he was placed on the condemned picket line to be sent into Washington the next day. I took a fancy to the horse, and thinking I might cure him stole him off the picket line that night and took him to our Company line and there gave him such care that in a short time he was in good serviceable condition. He was a bright bay about fifteen hands high, spirited and kind, a good walker and would jump any fence or ditch whenever urged thereto. I would never allow and other soldier to ride my horse. On one occasion the orderly sergeant's horse being disabled he wanted the privilege of riding mine on dress parade, but I refused. I became very much attached to this horse, which in a way was a misfortune because the hardships to which a cavalryman's horse are subjected are such that if he has any liking for his horse, his sympathies are so drawn upon that at times it is misery. For that reason during the latter years of my service I much preferred a horse that I could not like.

On one occasion a detail under command of a sergeant, when returning from Washinton with a band of horses and each soldier leading three, were bushwhacked by Mosebey's command near Fairfax Court House with the result that some of the detail were taken prisoners and most of the horses captured. Some escaped and brought the news to camp where upon two parties were sent out with a hope of intercepting and possibly capturing Mosebey's command. One of the detachments came in contact with that command and Mosebey himself was wounded and might then have been kept prisoner but it was not then known that the wounded man was Mosebey. In the fall of that year we moved to Vienna, Virginia, some 10 or 12 miles from Washington and there went into camp. Our quarters there were stockaded Sibley tents, and there were sheds to protect our horses from the weather, I now have a photograph of that camp. The row of tents on the left of that picture were occupied by the 1st squadron, companies 'A' and 'L' my tent was either the third or fourth from the upper end of that row. The lines of tents represent the command drawn up in squadron front, facing west, 'A' Company being the right, or front, of the Command. The 13th and 16th Regiments of New York Cavalry, who had just come into the field were also there encamped. Our Colonel C. R. Lowell was in command of all. The personnel of those regiments was largely German or Dutch, and when details from either or both formed a part of a scouting expedition we always regarded them as not only of no assistance but as so much 'baggage' to be taken care of. If Mosebey took one of them prisoner he would strip the soldier of what he wanted and turn him loose, with a direction to go to camp and get more.

I have spoken before of "Cheney" Doane. He was tall, raw boned individual, not very tidy in his appearance and with an appetite which required at least two men's rations to satisfy and a very dry wit. He rode a pinto horse that was the smallest in the Company, in riding which his feet would come very near the ground. Before Capt. Reed's death he had been promoted to sergeant. On one occasion when a scouting expedition had halted on the road he and two or three others went off to a farm house for something to eat. When the command returned to camp Doane was missing, and those who had been with him at the farm house reported that when they left he had in front of him a very large loaf of bread and crock of butter which they had no idea he would leave until it was all consumed. The next day Doane came into camp and reported that

after returning from the farm house to the road he found that the command had moved on, and that while following to overtake it he was intercepted by some of Mosebey's men and taken prisoner. They asked him to what regiment he belonged and in as good a German accent as he could command told them that he belonged to the 16th New York, whereupon they took his horse and equipment and gave him a kick and told him to go to camp and get more. Capt. Washburn who was in command of the Company, did not like Doane and he after this reduced him to the ranks. Not long after that Doane secured a commission as lieutenant and was ordered to join a force on the Mississippi under command of General Ellet, a relative of Dick Ellet of whom I have spoken and who before then had received a commission and was attached to that command. After Doane secured a uniform he visited our camp, I suppose so that he might have an opportunity to rub up against and rasp Capt. Washburn as an equal. With us he was the same old Doane, although the contrast in his personal appearance was somewhat startling. After the war he continued in the service and was at one time, when Captain, stationed at the Presidio in San Francisco.

While at Vienna two serious misfortunes occurred; one when a scouting expedition under Major Forbes met a force near Zion Church and owing to his gross blunder or incompetency was seriously cut up. One of our Company, Hilliard, who had been detailed on camp guard just before the detail was made for that scouting expedition effected an exchange of duty and as a consequence was killed in that engagement. The other misfortune occurred to a scouting expedition near Dranesville when it was returning from a three or four days scout and was negligently permitted to be bushwhacked near Dranesville. With others, Capt. Reed of our Company was there killed.

While we were at Vienna one of Mosebey's lieutenants deserted, came into our camp and offered to act as our guide in capturing the men of Mosebey's command in their individual lodgings. Mosebey had no regular camp, maintained no continuous military organization. On the contrary his men were quartered among the residents of a territory in the neighborhood of Aldie and bordering the Blue Ridge on the East and would be brought together by prearranged signals whenever their services were required. To capture them scouting expeditions of 60 or a 100 men were sent out; all but ten or twelve of whom would go dismounted. The dismounted men would travel through by-roads and timber and at night so as to conceal their movements. The mounted men would keep to the highway near. When they reached a neighborhood where it was expected that Mosebey's men were to be found they at night would raid the farm houses and if fortunate take two or three or more of Mosebey's men prisoners. These expeditions usually consumed three or four days. The first scouting expedition for which Mosebey's lieutenant acted as guide left camp one Sunday afternoon, and after proceeding some distance up the railroad track the command was halted and the 1st lieutenant of our Company Rumery, in command undertook to get the lieutenant drunk to see how he would talk and act when in that condition, there being some doubt as to his good faith; the result was that our lieutenant was very much more affected by the whiskey than was the other. On leaving camp a special detail of two men was made whose duty it was to always keep near Mosebey's lieutenant and if they found him treacherous to shoot him. There was however never any sign of treachery on his part.

During the winter at Vienna those not detailed on scouting expeditions were usually detailed on either camp guard, picket duty or patrol duty every other day and night and our pickets were very frequently bushwhacked at night by men of the confederate cavalry who had lost their mount and took that means of securing a horse. Because of that the picket was required to stand dismounted, the horses of the first detail so doing being returned to camp and after the

pickets relieved would ride them back to camp. It was very cold much of the time and because of that the men on picket were often relieved every hour. As a result of this continuous duty I, on one occasion, was very much in need of a good night's sleep. In order to secure that I applied for a pass to Washington, and after securing that I went to my tent and to sleep. In the afternoon the orderly sergeant wanted to detail me on picket duty, but I showed him my pass and convinced him that I was in Washington and so escaped such detail. That was the only time I ever maneuvered to escape duty.

A mounted patrol was maintained along certain roads and one Saturday night one of the patrol, not of our company, deserted, taking with him additional arms which he had stolen from his comrades. He joined Mosebey's command and about two weeks after the deserter led some of Mosebey's men against a detachment on scouting duty which he thought was composed of men of the 13th and 16th New York, but which were men from his own regiment. Mosebey's men did not stay with him and he was taken prisoner by a sergeant of his own squad. When he was brought into camp a drum-head court-martial was at once held. He was found guilty and sentenced to be shot the next morning. About 8 or 9 o'clock in the morning the entire command was drawn up in two open ranks, facing inwards, and extending around three sides of a square; in the center of the open end of the square a grave was dug by which a coffin was placed. The condemned man walking with the Chaplain, preceded by the band playing a dirge and followed by the firing squad; was marched between the lines around three sides of the square and then to the grave. He then asked permission to address Colonel Lowell and being granted leave walked to where the Colonel was, begged his pardon for the disgrace he had brought on his regiment, returned to the grave and took his seat on the coffin. His eyes were then bandaged and his hands bound in front of him, whereupon with his arms he worked his blouse open and quietly awaited execution. When the squad fired he dropped back entirely limp, dead. Before his enlistment he had been a pony express rider across the plains. The reason for his desertion was that on a scouting expedition in the neighborhood he had become acquainted with and very much attached to a young lady there and he deserted and joined Mosebey's command so that he might have opportunity for meeting her. Through the entire ordeal the condemned man never showed the slightest sign of nervousness or fear. When passing between the lines he said goodbye to all those with whom he had been intimate. It was a sad ending for a brave man, and save for his desertion, as good a soldier as any man need ever hope to be. Arms were furnished the firing squad loaded; one gun containing a blank cartridge so that each one of the squad might think that he had not killed his one-time comrade.

One afternoon another soldier and myself, without leave, rode out through the lines and on returning by the main road saw before us the officer of the day and his orderly. We might have taken to the woods and escaped, but we thought we could bluff it out and so rode directly up to the officer who halted us and demanded our passes. Having none, he directed his orderly to take us to the guard-house. The orderly was new to the camp and did not know where the guard-house was, so we took him to the camp guard tent where we dismounted and sat around during the rest of the day. When the camp guard was changed in the evening the sergeant wanted to know of the one whom he was relieving what we were doing there. He explained to him how we came there and as he was a sergeant from our company, the officer of the day having neither shown up nor left any instructions, he dismissed us to our quarters. We heard that the officer of the day was very much chagrined when he failed to find us at the guard-house, but as he did not know who we were we heard no more about it.

One of our officers had secured a horse which he thought was a fine English hunter, and

on one occasion he was engaged, with a small detail, in laying out a new picket line. Another soldier and myself were directed to ride ahead while the officer and the others followed. We had very good horses and when we came to a fence would jump our horses over and proceed a short distance and then turn to see how the officer would get over. We had much amusement watching his efforts to get his English hunter over the fences; which he never succeeded in doing until he had knocked a fence pretty well down.

In the spring of 1864 our camp was moved to Falls Church and while there we were employed very much the same as we had been at Vienna. On one occasion when on a dismounted scouting expedition and about 15 miles from camp we heard in the distance and between us and our camp a rumble of moving wagons and artillery which steadily grew nearer. We were entirely at a loss as to whether this noise proceeded from a movement of confederate or union forces, but we did know it was a strong force. In our dilemma we took refuge in a small piece of timber placing a guard around, on whom absolute silence was imposed, the guard being changed every half hour. Later in the evening we could see many camp fires a short distance away, and could hear the rattle of tin cups. When it came light we could see soldiers passing through fields some distance away, but could not distinguish who they were. Finally one of our mounted men was sent out to interview some of those seen, whereupon much to our relief it was learned that it was Union Command. Shortly after this we broke camp at Falls Church and proceeded through Washington and Georgetown out on the main pike towards Rockville. I happened to be one of the advance videttes and when about half way from Georgetown to Rockville saw some distance ahead and on a road at right angles to the one we were traveling a large cloud of dust, whereupon we were ordered forward to investigate. On reaching the corner of the road we discovered a long line of confederate infantry, the advance of which on seeing us promptly moved into platoon formation across the road. We retraced our steps and made our report whereupon a light skirmish line was thrown out for some distance on each side of the road, which slowly retreated before a strong confederate infantry skirmish line until we had reached a position where we were under cover of the artillery stationed at Tennallytown. There was there some skirmish fire between the two lines. Our squadron on being relieved from the skirmish line took a position on the main road back of a little rise just high enough to afford protection. Late in the afternoon a detachment of 90 infantry was ordered forward to relieve the dismounted cavalry on the skirmish line. They came marching up the road in close order with arms at right shoulder shift like militia on parade. They were very soldierly appearing until they reached the brow of the rise in front of us where they were first exposed to the confederate fire. None of them were hit, but the immediate result was that that command as a command, officers and all disappeared; and I have often wondered, when, if ever, some of them stopped running. Shortly after a detachment of 5th New York Cavalry was ordered forward dismounted, they proceeded over the brow of the hill, received the confederate fire, from which two or three were wounded and brought to the rear, but the others moved steadily forward about their business. While there it was amusing to see civilians come out with their guns to get a shot at a reb, but none ventured beyond the brow of the hill.

The confederate force was in command of General Jubal Early, and the next day there was some artillery and other firing to the North of where we were stationed but I think it was during the night of the next day that he started to retreat. We followed after him and overtook his rear guard a short distance beyond Rockville. At this time we were armed with Spencer repeating carbines and the confederate rear guard was composed of mounted infantry. Our skirmish line when deployed consisted of our squadron, about 150 men; the advance being under

the immediate command of Major, then Lt. Col. Crowninshield. As we advanced to a fringe of pine timber which grew so close that our horses could not pass through, whereupon numbers 1, 2 and 3 of each set of fours were ordered to dismount and advance, and number four of each set of fours, of whom I was one, was left to hold the horses. Beyond the fringe of pines was low ground overgrown with high grass and weeds through which there were ditches, and while our dismounted skirmish line was crossing that the confederates deployed a very strong double line of infantry skirmishers which flanked our line for a long distance at each end, and the confederate line pushed rapidly forward. That force was altogether too much for ours and our line commenced a hasty retreat and many were unable to escape; some however by concealing themselves in the ditches and tall grass and weeds managed to avoid capture. At the same time a confederate force of mounted infantry charged down the main road toward Rockville. Our horses and their holders were stationed some distance off from that road and they there remained until the mounted confederate advance was seen passing down the road between them and Rockville. The dust in the road was so thick that it was almost impossible to there distinguish friend from foe. I with my three led horses made a break for the road and rode down it for some distance in company with others obscured by the dust and when at the outskirts of Rockville turned out of the road and made a detour around the town finding on the other side of our command. Col. Lowell, riding forward with his orderly met the confederate advance just in the southern outskirts of Rockville and his orderly, Allen, was there killed. The confederates did not proceed through Rockville, but having stampeded our advance turned and resumed their line of march. At roll call that night our Company mustered only nine men but all through the night stragglers who had escaped capture were coming in. Quite a number of our skirmish line was captured and some were killed. Lt. Col. Crowninshield's final orders before the stampede were said to have been for everyone to take care of himself, and that he succeeded in doing. The next day we continued on after the retreating confederates and had a skirmish in the afternoon with their rear guard near Poolesville. From there I was sent by Col. Lowell back toward Washington with a message for a command that I was unable to find. Night coming on, I camped near a haystack in a field; there being quite a number of straggling soldiers there camped. During the night, while I slept my horse either got loose and strayed away or was stolen so that next morning I found myself a long way from my Company and dismounted. I left my saddle, which had been my pillow, and all of my outfit except my arms and rations and started on foot to overtake my company. After proceeding a few miles, I learned that Major Thompson, who had raised four companies in San Francisco that were attached to the 2nd Mass. Cavalry and which were known as the 'California Battalion' was in camp with his command near a ford of the Potomac some distance to the left of the road. I made my way to his camp and reported to him my situation. Being one of the 'Hundred' I was cordially received and Major Thompson exerted himself to procure for me a mount, and after remaining there over night I started the next morning to rejoin my company. That I succeeded in doing the next day near Fredericktown.

My recollection is not distinct as to immediate subsequent movements until we crossed the Potomac on pontoons at Harper's Ferry nor is it chronologically distinct as to events immediately following our crossing at Harper's Ferry, that is whether we first went down to the valley as far as Summit Point and then returned to near Harper's Ferry or whether our advance to Summit Point came later. It may be that it came later. We found infantry in position a short distance from Harper's and we went into camp near there. There was a confederate force in front near Charlestown, the infantry picket lines of the two forces fronting each other some distance apart and extending pretty well across the valley at the point. I noticed that our infantry had

thrown up earthworks in their front capped in places with logs of wood so placed as to furnish a narrow space between the logs and the top of the earthworks through which a gun could be protuded. The skirmish line was also protected by rifle pits, that is trenches eight or ten feet long, the earth of which was thrown up as an embankment on the side toward the enemy and in each of which two or three men would be stationed, the rifle pits extending along the entire front and at a short distances apart. One afternoon part of our regiment under command of Col. Lowell rode out through the timber to the left of the infantry and reached a position opposite the extreme right of the confederate skirmish line, which there extended beyond our infantry skirmish line. Between the timber in which we were and the confederate skirmish line was a distance of I would judge three or four hundred yards, all of which was open. Col. Lowell formed his command in single rank facing the enemy and then moved slowly out of the timber and shortly after reaching the open ground gave orders to charge as foragers, that is, in open order, on the enemy's picket line in front. That was done, and before the confederates had time to re-load after discharging their first shot we were on top of them and swept off a section of the picket line. The portion against which we had charged was a portion of a So. Carolina regiment; my impression is the 14th; and we took prisoners about 60 men in all. As those prisoners were being taken to the rear under guard the confederates pushed forward a battery and commenced shelling our men, among whom of course were the confederate prisoners. There was a corn field to one side of the open ground and some of the confederates had succeeded in escaping into that. After the prisoners had been taken some distance to the rear Col. Lowell, as he stood facing the confederate line, saw two confederates come out of the edge of the corn field and start back for their own lines. I was his orderly that day and he ordered me to go after them and bring them in. I soon overtook them, faced them about and started them for our lines. They were so out of breath that they could not move quickly. As we moved the wind from an exploded shell which struck the ground near my horse's heels blew my cap off and the ground which it threw up covered me with sand and dirt and filled the interstices between my saddletree and my horse's back with sand. My first impression was that my horse's rump had been cut off. My next that I wanted to recover my cap, but I continued riding behind the two men some little distance. I soon saw that I could easily catch them if I returned for my cap, so I ordered them to 'git' for our lines and returned to where my cap was, stooped from my saddle and picked it up and then regained my position behind the two men. The captured So. Carolinians when drawn up in our camp seemed very much chagrined when they learned that they had been captured by Mass. troops, a feeling which will be readily understood by those who are familiar with conditions at that time.

A day or two after that I was acting Orderly to Col. Lowell when he took a detachment of a Pennsylvania cavalry, regiment the 22nd, I think it was, to a point beyond that from which we had made our advance on the confederate line, and leaving the command under cover of a high ground took the Colonel of that regiment with him to the top of a hill overlooking the confederate line. There as they sat on their horses near a couple of hay-stacks Col. Lowell was explaining to the other just how he thought would be best for this other Colonel's regiment to make a dash on the confederate line. Apparently the confederates had noticed the presence of two colonels on the hill, or had otherwise become aware of the movement, for they quickly moved forward a very strong reinforcement for their picket line, seeing which the proposed movement on our part was abandoned; it then seemed to me very much to the relief of the Pennsylvania colonel. While the colonels were near the hay-stack Col. Lowell's bridle reins were shot off close to his hand.

At times while we were in camp at this point a temporary truce would be declared along

the two infantry picket lines whereupon the pickets would leave their rifles in their rifle pits and each advance about halfway between the two lines and then swap lies, coffee and tobacco, etc., on which occasions, if firing was heard at other points on the line each would return to his rifle pit and resume hostilities. The confederates finally evacuated their position and moved down the valley. Col. Lowell with his command then moved through Charlestown and crossed over to the Berryville Pike and down that pike to a position on the south bank of the stream. While there I was given a dispatch to be carried to a command that was supposed to be moving on a road that passes down the valley through Charlestown. I undertook to carry that dispatch by traveling the road which led from where we were to the other but found after proceeding a short distance that there were confederates in front of me. I then returned and reported my inability to get through that road, and was directed to take with me one other soldier and try and get through by riding across country. About the middle of the afternoon we succeeded in reaching the other road on which large bodies of troops were then moving. By that time my companion's horse had given out, so I proceeded alone in an effort to find the officer to whom my message was to be delivered, but inquire and search as I would was unable to find him. Night overtook me between the rear of the forces on that road and Harper's Ferry, so I rode off into a piece of timber and there found small quantities of corn and oats that had been left by horses that had been fed there and which I scraped up as well as I could to furnish feed for my horse, and then lay down and passed the night. Next day I rode through Charlestown and out on the road which we had before taken to the Berryville Pike and late that evening succeeded in reaching our regiment. I had been reported as captured, as I afterwards learned quite a number had been during the day on the road which I had traveled. One afternoon as we were camped on the North Bank of this stream there was quite a hot skirmish in progress on the other side and from my position where I was cooking my lunch, I could plainly overlook it. I remember that I had a potato that day, with which and some pork and hard bread I made a stew, which was as satisfying as anything I have ever eaten.

From this point we moved down valley to Summit Point, near which as we approached we stampeded a small force of confederate cavalry that were in camp some distance off to the left of the road upon which we were moving. Shortly after the main body of the stampeded confederates had disappeared a man was seen walking down the road, and Col. Lowell, whose orderly I was that day, directed me to ride across and intercept the man and bring him in. I reached the road on which the man was just as he had turned off from the road into a piece of timber. I ordered him to halt, noticing at the time that he had a bridle in his hand but not noticing that he had a belt around his waist or was armed. The man halted and I then ordered him to come to me. He hesitated a little but on the order being repeated he came forward and I proceeded with him walking on the left side of my horse toward the Colonel. As we walked along I noticed that he had a pistol holster at his side and then asked him whether or not he had a pistol. He said he had. I ordered him to give it to me. I had not drawn my pistol nor had I any weapon in my hand. When he had his pistol about half out of his holster I realized that in handing up his pistol he could have the drop on me and I ordered him not to hand me his pistol but unbuckle his belt and hand me altogether. That he did, whereupon I could not resist saying 'well, you are a good natured reb anyway.' I then made up my mind that I would never again approach a stranger without having my six shooter in my hand. What information the Colonel obtained from the captured man I do not know. The next day we moved forward as far as Opwquan Creek (I am not responsible for the spelling) and there found a confederate force occupying the southern bank with which we had quite a hot skirmish during the afternoon, and when it came dusk fell back to the neighborhood of Summit Point where we were shortly after

joined by other cavalry. We remained there in camp for some little time, during which our regiment made daily advances to the creek and on every occasion found that the confederate force was still there. One afternoon when making such advance we met a force of confederate infantry advancing in our direction. A part of Col. Lowell's command on that day was a battalion of Maryland troops known as "Coles Cavalry" which had quite a reputation. On this afternoon they had been in the advance and were deployed as skirmishers. At one time they were not standing their ground as well as Col. Lowell wished and he instructed me, his orderly, to ride forward to the Major in command and tell him that the Colonel's orders were for him to hold his ground. They were forced to the rear and falling back when I delivered the Colonel's order, immediately following which I of course started back to rejoin Col. Lowell. The skirmish line did not obey the Colonel's order which I had delivered but kept falling back, as I returned toward Col. Lowell I met him advancing. He rode to the officer in command of the skirmish line and ordered him to face his men about and hold their ground. The officer gave the command, but as it seemed to me in a halfhearted way and the line kept falling back, whereupon Col. Lowell used some vigorous language to the officer and his men condemning them for cowards and so on, all of which had no effect. Finally he demanded to know to what regiment they belonged. That seemed to touch their regimental pride for they halted and faced about, although the Colonel's criticism of them as cowards had produced no effect.

During this time the Colonel's horse was shot through the left jaw, and he and I thereupon exchanged horses. Returning, the Colonel took up a position to the right of the road and a detachment of the regiment under command of Lieutenant Col. Crowninshield was then moving down the road. The Colonel ordered me to give his compliments to Lieutenant Col. Crowninshield and then say that he wished him to get out of the road into a field on his right and there form squadron facing the front. There was no opening in the fence near where the order was given, but there was an opening in the fence some little distance down the road toward which Lieutenant Col. Crowninshield was moving. On my return to Col. Lowell he ordered me to again give his compliments to Lieutenant Col. Crowninshield and say his orders were 'god damn you get out of the road'. As quickly as possible the order was transmitted exactly as received and the command then quickly got into the field. It may be thought strange that a private soldier should have been used to carry messages which are usually transmitted only by a staff officer.

At this time Col Lowell was in command of what was known as a provisional brigade, made up largely of dismounted soldiers from many regiments hastily assembled in Washington and there mounted and put under the command of stranger officers; and Col. Lowell's staff was two or three of such officers, but I never saw one of those officers in a situation to render assistance to Col. Lowell when in action. He was always near the firing while they seldom or never were.

Our position as last described was maintained during the remainder of the day. The confederates soon retiring to their position South of the Creek. The south bank of the Creek was quite high and steep while on the north there was a gradual slope down to the Creek, which was quite deep. Part of the ground North of the Creek was wooded and part open, and the same was true of the South bank. On one occasion a squadron of our regiment, under the command of Lieutenant McIntosh crossed the Creek at a ford to our left, made our way on wooded road through the timber to the open portion where the confederate's picket line was and there captured ten or a dozen confederates whom they brought back with them. Immediately that advance was made the confederates pushed forward a heavy double line of skirmishers to support their picket

line, seeing which two pieces of our artillery opened fire upon them. It was comical to see the advancing confederate line, which extended for two or three hundred yards, duck in unison in response to each artillery discharge. This, although they maintained their line and their advance. On another occasion the officer in command of our company was instructed to see if he could find a ford across the Creek farther up the stream. He first marched our company down very near to the bank of the stream and there in the open drew them up in platoon formation, and then from that position sent a sergeant and two men to hunt for a ford. The South bank of the Creek was occupied by a few confederate sharpshooters and we were within easy range. The result was that nearly every shot they fired either a horse or a man of our Company was hit. The sharpshooters were bunched close together, and as we stood there was a branch of a tree that came between me and their position, for which I was not unthankful. While returning from there, Dearborn, who was in the set of fours next behind me, was shot through the right temple, and at about the same time my horse was wounded. Dearborn fell off his horse where he was shot, but his horse kept its place in the ranks. So soon as we halted I hastily transferred my equipment to Dearborn's horse. I have never been able to regard that maneuver as anything but the result of crass stupidity. The Company neither in advancing or in retreating fired a shot, nor did it in the slightest aid in the discovery of a ford. All the Company did was to sit there on their horses, like bumps on logs, and serve as targets for the confederate sharpshooters. A sergeant and two men could have done all that was done and without such needless loss of life and property. Dearborn was in every sense of the word a fine man and a good soldier. These and other similar occurrences were all prior to September 19, 1864.

The force near Summit Point was reinforced by a brigade of cavalry under the command of General Custer; then known as Custer's Michigan Brigade. About midnight of September 18 the whole command advanced from Summit Point towards the Creek, Custer's brigade being some distance off to the right of ours. Before it was daylight a skirmish line was deployed and pushed forward to force a passage of the Creek. There was stubborn resistance but we finally succeeded. I remember then seeing a confederate prisoner, on each side of whom was a union soldier, hit by a shell from one of our guns the powder charge for which was so insufficient that the shell fell far short of where it was intended to go. The explosion of the shell tore the confederate to pieces and tore his blankets, which were doubled across his shoulders, high in the air, but neither of the union soldiers beside him was touched.

We had a battery to assist us in crossing, and after we had gotten across that artillery was sent to support Custer. In a short time after that his brigade also had forced a crossing. When this had been done the confederates fell back on their reserve which was in some timber at the top of a long hill. The slope was entirely open. Where we then were it was wooded. Immediately in front was an open and very steep descent to the foot of that long open slope. At the edge of the wood the skirmish line, composed of men from one of the regiments of U.S. regulars then attached to our brigade, had stalled. We were deployed as skirmishers in their rear and ordered forward. We rode right through their line. The confederates, apparently as a challenge, had placed a battle flag at the top of the long slope in front of their position; as much as to say, 'if you damn yankees want that flag come and get it'. Our regiment from our position, and one of Custer's regiments from his, made a charge up the hill toward that flag. I shall never forget the ceaseless sing of minie balls as we rode up that long slope. My then constant wonder was how it was possible that anything as big as a mosquito could escape. Strangely few were hurt. Neither regiment succeeded in capturing that flag at that time; instead they swung off into the timber to the right and near the confederate reserve. Then the battery was brought forward

and commenced shelling the woods in which was the confederate reserves.

After a little of that the confederates started on a retreat toward Winchester. They would run like tow heads across the open fields, but when they came to a stone wall that would give them protection they would stop. Our cavalry, its formation somewhat broken in the pursuit, would then stop and form and then it would charge the stone wall. The confederate infantry would then soon hike to the rear until they again found protection. Our cavalry after getting over or through the stone wall would again form and again charge and again the confederates would retreat. This with variations was kept up through the entire afternoon, near the end of which we were near the Southwest side of the field of the Battle of Winchester which was that day fought by the union forces under the command of General Sheridan and confederate forces under the command of General Early. When near Winchester the infantry which we had been pursuing formed behind a stone wall, and a brigade of confederate cavalry came out of the woods and formed in the open in their rear to protect them. Our brigade and Custer's then halted long enough to form side by side in regimental front. That done, the bugles sounded the charge and we moved forward on the run, the confederate cavalry and infantry, speedily retreating in quick and bad order. Infantry dead and wounded were all around. During the day Colonel Lowell's command captured three pieces of artillery, and Custer's command, as usual, captured a number of battle flags.

That evening General Custer flaunted his captured flags before Colonel Lowell and inquired why he had none to show. Lowell's reply was 'Oh, flags do not hurt anybody, why don't you capture some artillery'. By the time it was dusk Early's forces were in full retreat and we went into camp near Winchester feeling very jubilant indeed. Early's command fell back to and took a position on Fishers Hill, which is about 15 or 20 miles South of Winchester. The Massanutten Range (again I am not responsible for the spelling) split the valley at that point. Fisher's Hill is quite high and stands between that range and the one on the West, while across the valley North of Fisher's Hill and between the ranges runs what might be called quite a high plateau, in front of which runs one fork of the Shenandoah River across which there was only one bridge. Both ridges were quite heavily wooded, the edge of the plateau, next the river, precipitous and it was along that that Early's command was entrenched. His position was regarded as almost impregnable and was so to an attack on its front.

On the 20th of September Sheridan's command moved forward and took a position in front of Fisher's Hill. That night Custer's brigade and ours were sent on an expedition up the Luray Valley which lies to the East of Massanutten Range. The purpose was to proceed up that valley and through a pass some distance South and thereby get in the rear of Early's command and threaten his rear or cut off his retreat or assist in his capture. In the Luray Valley there is a position quite similar to that at Fisher's Hill and we there found confederates in such force that it was not deemed wise to attempt to dislodge them. There was some skirmish fire through the day and much artillery fire on both sides. On one occasion a shot from one of our guns was directed at a confederate rifle pit that had been annoying. It struck the rifle pit and silenced it completely. That night we retraced our steps; the ambulance train with the wounded proceeded by a small guard was in advance. At one place the road is for quite a distance cut out of the cliff bordering the Shenandoah River, the end of that cut being at a plateau near the town of Fort Royal. About sunrise as the ambulance train with its small guard came to the plateau it was attacked by a body of Mosebey's command, they killing some of the guard and taking some prisoners. We were next to the ambulance train, and immediately pushed forward and engaged Mosebey's command. They stampeded, and we followed them across the plateau and into the hills taking a number of

them prisoner. Some of Mosebey's command finding that they would lose there prisoners they had taken shot them. The main command halted on the plateau near the top, and there learned that prisoners taken by Mosebey's command had been shot. In retaliation for that two of Mosebey's men whom we had taken prisoner were hanged on a limb of a tree near the river and a placard placed on their breasts stating why. The others were informally executed.

That afternoon we continued our march towards Fisher's Hill, from near which we very shortly retraced our steps and again proceeded up the Luray Valley. On this occasion we found no confederates at the point where we had met them before, but some distance farther down the valley we early one morning encountered a force of confederate cavalry stationed in a body of timber near the center of which was quite a little gap. Their skirmish line extended along a fence at the edge of the woods and across this gap. General Custer was in advance at this time. He was a fine athletic looking soldier, tall, wore his yellow hair long and a long red necktie. As he rode up and down in front of the confederate lines getting his command in place he presented a shining mark. When his line, of which our squadron formed a part, was all placed he ordered our band, which had been stationed under cover of a hill, to move to the top of the hill and play and then ordered the bugles to sound the charge. As we moved forward the confederates along the open space were the first to give way, on seeing which our boys sent up a cheer, hearing which one stalwart looking confederate who was running in a stooped position to the rear straightened up and turned around facing us for an instant and then deliberately, walked off standing as straight as a ramrod. It was not long until the entire confederate force was in full retreat and we after them in very much broken order for some miles. Custer had at the beginning of the charge sung out 'yell, boys yell, I am hoarse and can't', but I thought he did do his share of the yell. In riding after the confederates through the woods one of our men saw on a bush about half of a confederate flag that had been torn from its staff which he seized as he rode by and put in his pocket. Later he turned that in and as I understood received the congressional medal awarded to all those who captured a battle flag. In the later part of the afternoon we camped near the head of the valley where there was plenty of corn just right for roasting ears and quite a large band of sheep, the slaughter of which consumed nearly as much ammunition as we had used earlier in the day. We cooked the corn by throwing it, with the husks on, on a bed of coals, which in my judgement is the very best way to cook corn. While we had been doing this General Sheridan had carried Early's position at Fishers Hill, but we did not get through the pass in time to intercept his retreat. Our command then continued down the main valley as far as Staunton at which point the boys raided a large tobacco warehouse, taking usually a box of tobacco apiece which they broke open as we rode from Staunton to Waynesboro. There was an over-supply secured and a good deal of exchange when it was found that one had better tobacco than another; in which case the poorer would be discarded enmasse. The result was that the road from Staunton to Waynesboro was for some distance pretty well paved with plug tobacco.

At Waynesboro we went into camp and remained two or three days. While there the military regulations were pretty much at loose ends, it being supposed that there were no confederates near. One afternoon when another soldier and I were on duty at a house near a mill pond around which the road took a bend and about a mile from camp, the confederates unexpectedly attacked our line in strong force at a point beyond where we were stationed. Shortly before that we had been swimming in the mill pond; and very shortly before that the horses from our batteries without their guns had all been down there for water. Our picket line farther out was rapidly forced back, but the attack did not reach us. No orders were sent us to fall back; so we held our position until after the confederate's advance appeared in the road on

the other side of the mill pond and until after we saw our skirmish line in retreat on our left. We then rode to a turn in the road and from there exchanged a few shots with the confederates across the pond. By this time it was getting dusk and we could hear the rumble of wagons as though our wagon train was moving off on the road toward Staunton. We then rode back toward our camp and found that a confederate battery occupied that position which had been our camp when we went on duty and was then engaged with one of our batteries stationed farther to the South. We halted for a few minutes to watch the artillery duel in progress, and could plainly trace the shells from the batteries as they passed through the air by the light of their blazing fuses. We then moved off in the direction of the moving troops and in so doing came in range of the confederate battery, the shot and shell from which often fell near us. As our troops moved toward Staunton there was substantially no organization that was intact. As we moved down the road every little while we would pass an officer stationed at a gap in a fence calling out 'men of such a regiment this way'; in that way endeavoring to get together the men of his command. The retreat was continued throughout the night, during which military organization was fairly restored. Our retreat was not rapid, nor did the confederates press the advantage which they had obtained. Passing Staunton we took the road to the left of the main pike going North, I supposed fearing we might be intercepted if we traveled on the line extending entirely across the valley. The corn was then cut and shucked in the field and we proceeded to burn and drive off everything that would furnish subsistence to the enemy. This continued for several days. The last day our regiment was on rear guard and Lieutenant Col. Crowninshield was in command. He having imbibed an ample supply of apple-jack, insisted that every stray animal that had escaped the driving line in front should be driven along. On one occasion we came to a cow near a house where there were two or three bare-footed young women and the Colonel ordered that the cow be driven off. That all of the young women used their best endeavor to prevent, but after a little the cow got beyond reach of their interference and then one of them ran for some distance alongside of the Colonel pleading with him: saying 'good Mr. Colonel please give me back my cow', until finally finding the Colonel obdurate and the cow beyond her reach she straightened herself up and said to the Colonel, 'take her god damn you and go to hell with her'. While so engaged we gathered such a surplus quantity of provisions in the way of chickens, mutton, pork, butter, apple butter and such that those living in the neighborhood of our camp would come in each morning to get what we would leave. Confederate cavalry was sent to punish us for our burnings.

In the afternoon of the day we neared Fisher's Hill, they were pressing us pretty hard, and succeeded in capturing one of Custer's headquarters wagons. The entire command was forced to halt to withstand their assault. Later in the day our squadron was stationed near the edge of a piece of timber, to the south of which was a long slope at the head of which was confederate battery, and at the foot of which was our skirmish line for which we were a reserve. We were moved out of the timber into the open, and there stood in squadron front with our left flank exposed to the confederate battery. We being the most compact body in sight they at once trained their guns upon us. One shot in particular I remember struck the ground a short distance to our left and ricocheted over our heads; shortly after which, much to my personal relief, we were ordered to deploy as skirmishers and very shortly after that to advance. We were then substantially out of ammunition and when ordered to advance that fact was reported to Colonel Lowell. His reply was 'that makes no difference, advance'. That we did, and the confederates gave way. We held that position until the close of day. That night I was on picket and in the morning my station was on top of a hill which overlooked the officers during the night, with the

result that it was decided to try the johnies out the next morning. However that may be, the ball opened at daylight, and for the second and last time I had an opportunity to observe for a few moments the conduct of troops in action. About eight o'clock the picket was called in and our regiment was ordered to charge in columns of fours through the main street of Woodstock. That town was a short distance in our front, and on the other side were the confederates. At the same time that we charged a general advance was made along the whole line, with the result that the confederates were soon in full and disorganized retreat. On a little rise to the left of the road on the outskirts of Woodstock there were three pieces of confederate artillery which we captured shotted; their support having stampeded; the men at the guns had not fired them. I was very near the right of our squadron that morning and we were in advance on that charge. Those guns were loaded with grape and canister and if they had been discharged the head of the column must have been badly cut up. At that time our horses were very much worn down, many of them so weak that they would stagger as they walked. As we continued after the confederates those having the best horses found themselves in the lead, and when we reached the confederate wagon train, about 9 miles from where the fight started, there were only nine of us together. They had not had time to hitch up and get away. Their dutch ovens were full of bread baking. Shortly before reaching the wagon train I saw in the road a small bundle which had been dropped from some confederate's horse, and stooping from my saddle I picked it up. It consisted of a towel and a very fine and clean flannel shirt; as I had worn but one shirt all that summer I very gladly appropriated that shirt to my own use. The flannel then appeared to be one homogeneous piece, but later it began to come apart in peculiar places and on closer examination it was found to have been made of a great number of small pieces so carefully stitched together as to make the shirt appear made from whole cloth. Some kind confederate lady is to be pitied for the work she did in making that shirt for the use of a 'yankee'. This engagement was I think on the 9th of October and is I think officially known as the Battle of Cedar Brook but with us it was always known as the Woodstock Races. The confederate cavalry brought with them 12 pieces of artillery of which we captured all; and an unsuccessful effort was made that day to capture the other piece some 20 miles from where the fight commenced.

From this position we moved to the North bank of Cedar Creek, about 15 miles South of Winchester, and I think near Strasburg. From here our regiment was sent through a pass in the Blue Ridge to communicate with the troops on the Easterly of the ridge. That expedition was regarded as hazardous, but we met with very little opposition. Returning from there we went into camp, in the rear of the right wing of our infantry, which then maintained its picket line across the valley at that point. On the evening of the 18th of October we should have drawn three days rations, but for some reason we did not get them. Very early the next morning we moved out beyond the right wing of our infantry, and in so doing passed through the camp of a brigade of our cavalry. Some distance beyond we came under fire of a confederate battery. We drew up behind a little hill but the battery soon secured a good range with the result our position was far from comfortable. As we were there drawn up a solid shot struck the horse of the man next me in the breast, going completely through. The horse dropped instantly, and I shall never forget the peculiar look of surprise on the soldier's face as he stood there a straddle his fallen horse. A fog drifted in between us and the battery and under cover of that we moved back toward our camp, finding none of the cavalry that we had passed through where we had seen it. On coming out in the open, near where we had been in camp, we saw the whole country in front of us, and for some distance to the South, covered with our straggling infantry. In some cases there would be a division flag with perhaps 50 men with it; but usually a soldier was walking by

himself. Rebel batteries at the head of a long open slope to the South were busily engaged in shelling our retreating troops. There were some officers trying to stop the retreat. When a soldier was ordered to halt he would stop and face about, but immediately the officer had ridden to halt another soldier the first would turn around and leisurely continue his march to the rear. We rode across the entire field under fire of the confederate batteries until we reached the main pike leading from Winchester South, near which was one division of the 6th Corps busily engaged in erecting a rail barricade and having a skirmish line out front. That was the only organized body of troops, save our own, that was seen during that time. We took a position immediately on the left of that division of the 6th Corps under a little rise of ground at the top of which our skirmish line was placed. In the forenoon a charge of one squadron of the regiment was made in an effort to capture some confederate guns, but the effort failed and Capt. Smith, then in command of our Company, was killed. The different squadrons of the regiment not on the skirmish line were drawn up at intervals in the rear as a support for it; and all through the day the shot and shell of the confederate batteries were constantly passing 10 or 15 feet above our heads and striking in a field to our rear. In the middle of the afternoon the confederates endeavored to push a detachment of infantry into a position on our left flank. At that time the officer in command of our squadron was away talking to an officer of another squadron in reserve, and seeing the need for immediate action our squadron, without orders, charged the confederate advance and succeeded in driving it back. Sheridan had been away and about noon it was reported he had returned. Confidence was at once restored. About the middle of the afternoon the three Corps of infantry, which, with the cavalry, constituted Sheridan's command, had been partially reorganized and placed in position, and a general advance was then ordered. We moved up over the hill in regimental front, and continued to advance until ordered to retreat. As we advanced I was next to the right of our regiment and Charlie Benjamin was next on my right. We each at the same time saw what looked much like a soldier's cap coming through the air, to escape which he dodged to the right and I to the left, and cannon shot or shell, for such it was, the wind of which was plainly felt, passing between us. I never saw our regiment act with more coolness or steadiness when on a dress parade than it did at that time. During that advance Colonel Lowell was wounded. Earlier in that day he had been requested by the General in command to go to the rear and protect the wagon train, but he had begged off and taken position on the firing line. About sundown a general advance was again ordered and this time it was successful; the confederates soon being completely routed. In the morning they had surprised and stampeded two corps of our infantry, and had captured about three fourths of all our artillery, wagons, etc., but in the evening we recaptured all that we had lost and substantially all of our artillery, it being jammed near a bridge at the foot of Fishers Hill.

Colonel Lowell had been in command of a brigade, that is acting as a brigadier general, all through that summer and his commission, as brigadier general arrived on the field that evening shortly after he had died from the effects of his wound. He was young, I think not more than 27 or 28, of medium height and slight build. In action he usually carried in his hand a carnelian handled riding whip which it was understood had been given to him by his wife. I never saw him exchange that for a saber but once, and that was when he led that charge on Mosebey's men at Fort Royal. During that summer the horses he rode were wounded more than a dozen times. His death was a great loss, and I have no doubt that the subsequent history of his command was much changed by his death. I think that had he lived many of his command who survived would have been killed. Notwithstanding the wide distance that separates a private from his Colonel I have always felt his death as a distinct personal loss.

That night I was detailed for picket duty and as I rode out to my post saw on the ground what looked like a horse's nose bag. Reaching over I picked it up only to find that it was a boot with a piece of a man's leg in it. We had had no breakfast that morning and were without rations through the day. That night all I had was a quantity of hard bread crumbs that could be held in the hollow of the hand, and about a teaspoon of coffee. The next morning we proceeded down the valley all day. Returning the next day late in the afternoon, rations were issued. There was nothing that could be foraged in the country through which we had moved, and I think if twenty dollar gold pieces and hard breads had been placed side by side we would have grabbed the hard breads first. This was the only occasion in the field that I really suffered for the want of something to eat.

This was General Sheridan's most famous battle, the one celebrated in rhyme. In the morning the inquiry had been 'where is (constant) Sheridan?' and when about noon word was passed along the line that he had returned, as I have said confidence was at once restored. His statement to his troops was "Boys, you will sleep in your old camps tonight" and that was in fact generally done. He had there only the remnants of three corps of infantry and the cavalry, but I have never had the least doubt that his single presence on that field was more effective than would have been of any other officer backed by 10,000 men.

While it is somewhat out of place, I may as well here say that a few years after the war General Sheridan visited San Francisco and put up at the Palace Hotel. By appointment a number of the Cal 100 and the 'Bat' called upon the General and were very cordially received. In the course of the evening's talk he stated to us some of his impressions of that battle. He said that he with his headquarters staff and guard had reached Winchester the night before. That early in the morning it was reported to him that there was heavy firing at the front. That he thought little of that believing it the result of a reconnaissance in force from his command. That a little later he could see by the conduct of the woman of Winchester that all was not well with his command at the front; but not wishing to show any evidence of anxiety he leisurely rode down the main street of Winchester toward the South until he had crossed a stream at the foot of a decline, immediately beyond which the road rises up onto quite a broad open plateau. That when he reached there he saw that plateau covered with wagons and struggling soldiers, the advance retreat of a stampeded army. That right there came for him the struggle of the day; that is, whether he should wait there and reform his army as they drifted to that point or should he push to the front. That as he rode slowly along debating that in his mind he passed two or three soldiers who had built a little fire at the side of the road and were then engaged in cooking their breakfast, that as he passed one of them looked up, recognized him, and turning to his companions said, 'By god boys, here's little Phil, let's follow him' and thereupon grabbed his coffee off the fire and picked up his musket and started toward the front. That he then felt that if his men would follow him like that he could lick hell out of old Jube wherever he met him and so rode on as fast as he could to the front. That ride was the occasion of the poem to which I have referred, the first lines of which are:

Up from the South at break of day,
Bringing to Winchester fresh dismay,
The offrighted air with a shudder bore,
Like a herald in haste to the chieftain's door,
A terrible rumble and grumble and roar,
Telling that battle was on once more;
And Sheridan twenty, miles away.

(That is a free quotation from memory.) That incident as related by General Sheridan, has always impressed me with the sometime importance of apparently trivial things; for, so far as one can judge had the salutation of the soldier been, 'By god Phil they have licked hell out of us this time', Sheridan's conduct would have been entirely different, and the results of that day a disastrous defeat instead of a glorious victory.

We remained in camp near there for sometime after this, the weather at times being quite windy and cold. One windy evening we were gathered around our camp fire trying to keep warm, a very difficult thing to do, at which time one of the party, Hunter, was slowly revolving himself in front of the fire. After noticing that movement for sometime one of the boys asked him why he was doing that, to which he replied that he was 'trying to keep those damn gray-backs on the move'. During that summer there was no opportunity to wash clothing other than at such infrequent times as we would be halted near a creek; on which occasion the soldier would first give his under clothing a cold wash and hang it on a limb to dry, and then bath himself; often being required to don this clothing before it was dry.

Later the cavalry was sent on an expedition through Staunton and Waynesboro and a gap in the Blue Ridge near there to Gordonsville. The weather was very cold and much of the road covered with ice which made it very difficult for horses that were not sharp shod to keep on their feet. It was not unusual to see a dozen horses down at a time. On approaching Gordonsville there was a sharp cavalry skirmish one afternoon, but nothing decisive resulted.

The next day we started North on the east side of Blue Ridge and as we proceeded drove off or burned everything that would furnish subsistence to the enemy. We crossed back through Manassas Gap with large droves of cattle and sheep which we took with us into the Shenandoah Valley. During most of that trip, saving coffee and sugar, we lived off what we could forage from the country. We were passing through that gap on Christmas Day, and a small party of us on a foraging expedition some distance from the command saw a horse with military trappings being ridden by a small boy from a house to the barn. We dashed up to the house, captured the horse and found hidden away in an upper room one of Mosebey's men who had just come there for his Christmas dinner. There were three or four young ladies at the house and preparations had been made for a party that night. That was somewhat interfered with by our taking with us one of their intended guests as well as the turkey which they had in the oven in addition to which we took a liberal supply of salted hams and a lot of very nice sausage rolled in calico, the roll being about two or three inches in diameter and about a foot long. From there we rode to the next house, about one half mile away, and there found another turkey ready for the oven, which with some large blankets we took also. Mosebey's man was dressed in a fine new gray uniform, very fine boots, and wore a blue necktie--good looking young fellow. That night as we sat by the fire talking in a very friendly way he gave me his necktie, which I had with me on my return home and may have today.

The Shenandoah was too deep for the sheep to ford, so as we came along each would grab a sheep and ferry it across. After we had crossed there was a short halt, and many soldiers, in preparation for their evening meal, slaughtered a sheep. In many cases before they had time to dress the sheep they were ordered to move. Two soldiers would then take their sheep between them and dress it as they rode along. There were cows in the drove and that night I was fortunate in finding one that could stand to be milked. We then proceeded to a point a short distance South of Winchester where we went into camp for the winter.

The only shelter which we carried in the field was one half of what was known as a 'dog-

tent', that is, a piece of cotton cloth about five feet by six feet and provided on one side with button holes and buttons so that two pieces could be buttoned together and then stretched over an improvised ridge pole to form a shelter from the rain. On going into camp we constructed for ourselves more commodious quarters, but were very much crowded. Later, there was an abandoned infantry camp about a mile away composed of nice log houses, made of small hickory logs which had been cut near there. Another soldier and I secured the use of a quartermaster's wagon, drove over to the deserted camp, took down one of the log houses and reconstructed it on our company line. We had just gotten the walls up and a mud fireplace and chimney built when a number of recruits arrived, for whom no shelter was provided. They had all received large bounties and were well supplied with money. There was six inches of snow and slush on the ground, the prospect of camping down in which did not appeal to some of those assigned to our company, and two of them opened negotiations for the purchase of our partly constructed quarters. We finally sold to them for \$50. That was my first sale of real estate and a fortunate sale it was, because within two or three weeks after that we broke camp. The recruits had entirely new outfits such as horse blankets, canvas covers, head-stalls, etc., but it was not very long before their outfits of such things were either sold or they had none at all. A soldier cannot steal, but he can forage; and he has no hesitancy in taking anything that he finds loose that belongs to one regiment or company other than his own. This does not mean that he will deliberately raid another regiment or company, but only that if a horse belonging to one regiment or company gets loose and strays into another regiment's or company's line that he may go away from it stripped of everything that he had on. On the march, horse and all would be appropriated; that is if anyone had need of a horse or if the stray horse was better than the one the soldier finding him had. Up to this time I had ridden the horse which I exchanged for when Dearborn was killed, and in anticipation of an early movement had paid a blacksmith to put sharp steel corks on his shoes. On dress parade one day my horse tripped on some brush and partially fell, but recovered himself. After dress parade was over I found that the sharp cork on one of his hind feet had scraped the skin entirely off one of his forelegs from the knee to the ankle cutting the bone. This was only a day or two before we broke camp, and I had to take such left over horse as there was, which was a very poor one indeed.

There was all kinds of rumors that we would soon move and as to where we were going, and as to who would be in command. We broke camp early in the morning and headed south on the main pike towards Staunton, no one to that time, so far as I know, having any knowledge as to who would be in command of the expedition. The next in command to General Sheridan did not have the confidence of the command, and many feared that the expedition would be under him. There was a general anxiety as we rode South that morning until about noon, General Sheridan and his staff rode past us. On seeing him we all drew a long breath of relief and settled ourselves comfortably in our saddles. This because we had entire confidence in General Sheridan. Not that he wouldn't give us plenty of work to do; but we knew that he would not put us into a position we could not get out of, nor would he ignorantly sacrifice us for no good. We went on the pike as far South as Staunton and then turned off on the road to Waynesboro. That was an ordinary country road, and the passage of the cavalry, artillery and wagons over it was attended with the utmost difficulty. No supplies, other than ammunition, coffee and sugar were taken along. Of course each soldier started with three days rations for himself and horse. There was practically no bottom to that road, in the hollows would be many mortar beds, often belly deep, while in the sloping portions the road would be tramped into ridges extending across the road as high as a horse could step over. If a horse fell in one of those mortar beds he would be

left as he fell, and often be buried alive by the mud kicked onto him by the horses following.

At Waynesboro we surprised and captured between fifteen hundred and two thousand confederates who were sent under guard to the rear. From there we crossed through the Blue Ridge and proceeded to the James River Canal, the walls and locks of which we partially destroyed and also burned all canal boats that we found either in the canal or in course of construction along its banks. We also destroyed long stretches of railroad. The rails were pried loose from the ties, the ties placed in piles, the rails balanced over the piles of ties and then the ties set on fire. As the ties burned the rails would bend. Sometimes a rail that was red hot in the middle would be taken and twisted around a tree. We found large quantities of tobacco and hogsheads at different points, all of which we burned. After the first three days our horses were fed from corn or hay found as we proceeded, of which there was never any lack. Our marches were usually from about 5 o'clock in the morning to 10 or 11 at night. Often after getting into camp at that hour and scraping the mud from my horse as well as I could I have taken a circingle and gone half a mile or more to some barn and there got hay to feed my horse; after which I would feel at liberty to attend to my own personal needs. The weather was cold and wet, at camp our horses would be knee deep in mud in the morning, and the only means of our keeping out of the mud was to place fence rails on the ground and lie on top of them. In the morning, after such a night, one could almost feel icicles coursing through his veins. A quart of steaming hot coffee at such a time was a 'God send'; you could feel it thaw you out. On the march it was a frequent occurrence for a horse to step on the heel of the one ahead, the result of which would be that the next morning the horse would be a cripple. In such a case the soldier would proceed afoot. The crippled horses were shot by the rear guard each morning.

After about ten days of this we started one morning at 2 o'clock and rode all that day and until sunrise of the next day without stopping, which we then did for about half an hour to cook coffee and feed our horses. I think on that night that 90% of the men were sound asleep as they rode. After that short halt we proceeded all that day and until 11 o'clock that night without stopping. Sometime before this I had been promoted to 'corp', and that night was detailed to picket duty. About 2 o'clock in the morning I took out a detail to relieve the picket and allowed each picket to return to camp as fast as relieved. I then rode to a farmhouse, entered the chicken house and there gathered as many chickens as I could hold with both hands, mounted my horse and rode back along the picket line to camp. On my way back no picket challenged me; the constant squawk of my chickens was sufficient evidence that it was a friend approaching. Needless to say there was fried chicken for breakfast. Early in the morning we continued our march and before noon reached and destroyed the railroad bridge across South Anna Creek, about 15 miles from Richmond, to destroy which had been the object of our forced march. There was a small body of confederates there, as there had been when we first visited that bridge more than a year earlier, but they offered no opposition, although their fortifications were much stronger than when we were first there. The confederates had known of our destination, but had not believed it possible for us to reach the railroad so soon as we did. They had intended to protect the bridge by a force sent out from Richmond, and later in the day they appeared. Skirmish lines on both sides were then thrown out and a brisk skirmish ensued that afternoon.

That night we there went into camp, large campfires being built, but after 9 or 10 o'clock we broke camp and proceeded toward White House Landing, which we reached a day or two after. After leaving South Anna Bridge my horse became disabled and I went into White House Landing on foot. I suppose 15000 cavalry horses started from Winchester on that expedition, of which I think not less than 5000 became disabled and were shot. The mounted portion of the

command then marched across the peninsula to the James River at a point below Richmond and there crossed and joined the Union forces in front of Petersburg and Richmond. The dismounted men were placed on transports and conveyed by water to City Point Landing which was the base of supplies for the Army of the Potomac in front of Richmond, where they formed a large and very disorderly camp. Sutler's tents were frequently raided. On one dark and drizzly evening the Colonel in command was standing in a sutler's tent when a large number of soldiers who had formed in a large circle around the tent made a dash for it, each grabbing such supplies as he readily could and disappearing in the darkness. Nothing remained, in less time than it takes to tell it. On another occasion a disliked officer, whose tent was near the bank of the river, had a tunnel dug under his tent, powder placed therein and exploded. An effort was made to organize a command out of the dismounted men and they were started on an expedition, but the officers found the men entirely uncontrollable; their orders being replied to with jeers and joshes.

A portion of our command under General Sheridan proceeded to a point in the rear of the Southerly portion of the defense front of Petersburg turning the right wing of the confederate forces and General Lee's evacuation of Richmond and Petersburg. Shortly after that President Lincoln came to White House Landing, and from there went up the river to Richmond. During Sheridan's advance 8 or 9 thousand prisoners were on board the transports and taken to prisons in the North. There were a large number of negroes working for the quartermaster at City Point, and as these prisoners were going on board the transports the negroes gathered along the line on the lookout for any one they knew. Occasionally a negro would see his old master or some one he knew in the line, whereupon in the most respectful manner imaginable he would address him and make inquires regarding the folks at home; following which he would retire behind piles of hay and nearly laugh his head off; apparently at the changed conditions, he being free and his old master in bondage. I saw no exception to his course of conduct on the part of the negroes.

After Lee surrendered at Appomattox, Sheridan's command returned and went into camp near City Point Landing. About that time General Sherman had gotten himself tangled up in a 30 day truce with General Johnston in South Carolina, and the cavalry corps was ordered to proceed to South Carolina and break that truce. At that time I was furnished with a mount and rejoined my company. Lee's surrender was regarded as the virtual end of the war, and as we rode South there was very much criticism of General Sherman and that was thought to be his stupidity in entering into such engagement as with General Johnston. The weather was warm and much of the road very dusty, with occasional long stretches of corduroy road through swamps; and we all had a feeling that instead of at that time being headed South we should have been riding in the other direction.

About noon one day, when we had just reached the borders of North Carolina where the road bordered on each side with pine timber, word reached us that Johnston had surrendered. Immediately, we turned out of the road into the pine timber and went into camp, feeling then that the war was indeed ended. Negroes traveling the road were gathered in and put in a bunch around which a circle was formed and they were made to dance while the soldiers patted jubba, and general jubilation was held throughout the afternoon. Until then I had not realized the weight of the responsibility and care which I had been carrying; but then I realized as never before what were the feelings of Christian when he dropped his load at the foot of the cross.

The next morning we started on our return North and frequently met straggling confederates on their way to their homes. I have never felt more sympathy for any one than I then did for those men. Before the war it was a common Southern boast that one Southerner was as the equal in fighting ability of five Northerners and with that belief firmly fixed they had

entered into the contest. Now they were returning to their homes under the necessity of there confessing to their sweethearts and wives that they had been defeated by those whose fighting ability they had been taught to despise; not only that, but all that they had, had been risked and lost on the result of their enterprise. A more sorrowful homecoming it is hard to imagine.

On reaching the vicinity of Washington we went into camp near Alexandria. While there another soldier and I rode across country to Mount Vernon where we saw Washington's tomb. The tomb did not impress me as at all pretentious; it consisted of a vault dug out of the side of a low hill enclosed with barred Iron-gates through which the sarcophagus could be seen. In front was a small gravel esplanade from which the road led down to a steamboat landing on the Potomac. While there visitors to the tomb had come by steamer from Washington arrived, and it was amusing to watch the expressions on their faces as they approached the tomb; the mouths of some would gape wide open.

From that camp we moved across the river and through Washington to Bladensburg where we went into camp and remained until after the grand review. While there I visited the capitol; eating pie as I wandered around the dome looking at pictures and statues. I also climbed to the top of the dome which was not then finished. The first day of the review consisted of the cavalry. We passed by the old capitol buildings, and as we turned toward Pennsylvania Avenue there were canvasses stretched from building to building across the street on which different legends were printed. There had been a great deal of discussion in our company as to whether the government would furnish transportation back to San Francisco, and one of the first legends we encountered was one reading 'The only debt we can never repay; the debt we owe to our victorious union defenders'. On reading that, Hall, who rode next me, turned and said 'there, didn't I tell you they wouldn't give us our transportation!'. When we formed in company front I found myself on the extreme left next the curb and it was not long before I received a number of bouquets; one of which I stuck in my scabbard and handed the others to other soldiers. I never felt so nervous on entering that parade. We passed down the entire length of Pennsylvania Avenue and up past the Treasury building and in front of the White House where the president and reviewing officers were stationed. From there we returned to camp. Preceding the parade we had taken very good care of our horses, and thought they were then in very fair condition. On that parade we wore our field uniforms, in the condition they were in coming from the field. Afterwards I saw a printed account of the parade, written by some Western preacher who had witnessed it, in which he expressed wonder that cavalry mounted as we were had ever been able to do what we had done. I suppose Mr. Preacherman had the traditional idea that a calvary and a man's horse customarily travels on his hind legs, with neck arched, etc. - but if he could have seen our horses at times in the field, he might then have had reason to wonder how it was possible for men so mounted to do what was done. I have often seen the horses of a battery, on a march, so weak that they would weave along the road and our horses were sometimes so weak that if when running they put their forefeet in a depression they would surely fall. On more than one occasion when drawing 3 days rations of hard bread I have, because of lack of food for my horse, given him two thirds of it.

The second day of the review was composed of Sherman's command, the passage of which I witnessed from the sidewalk. They moved in close order, their formation extending from curb to curb, and they carried their tattered battle flags which usually consisted of only a few ragged shreds of silk or bunting from six inches to a foot long next the staff. There was a number of General officers who had but one arm, each of whom had been the recipient of a wreath which he wore over his shoulders. There was no apparent effort to keep either step or

alignment but both were perfect, and the rhythm of their movement was such that it seemed to me that if the head of the column struck the Treasury Building at the end of Pennsylvania Avenue its momentum would break that building down. As a contrast to that; the next military parade I saw was in San Francisco on Washington's birthday of the next year. The impression I then received was, that if the men at the head of that column were hit between the eyes the whole column would fall over. The 'dog', so to speak, of the militia on that parade was an amusing contrast to the entire lack of it in Sherman's troops as they passed through Washington on the grand review.

Shortly after the grand review we again passed through Washington, went into camp near Fairfax Court House and were there mustered out of the service in July 1865. Shortly after that we were loaded into a train of boxcars in Washington; ordinary freight cars without other means of ventilation than the doors in the sides. The weather was extremely hot, and so many were put in a car that all could not lay down at the same time. Shortly after the train was in motion we used the butts of our carbines as battering rams and knocked off about two feet of the four sides of the cars so that we might have more air. There were about 40 cars in the train and we must have supplied enough kindling wood to last the people along that track for a long time. From Baltimore we went to Philadelphia where we stopped long enough to go to some hall and have lunch. There we were again loaded on boxcars and taken on our way North. These cars were like the others except that they were sealed up on the inside of the frames, so that the sides of the cars could not be knocked off. They had evidently been used by other soldiers who had endeavored to knock off the sides, for they were deeply indented by the butts of muskets. We passed through New Jersey on Sunday, and as we passed people on seeing we were soldiers would always wave their hands or handkerchiefs to us. At New York we took passage on a steamer to Stonington, where we transferred to passenger cars, reaching Readville early in the morning. While in camp at Fairfax Court House there had been much discussion regarding the disposition that should be made of flags that had been presented to our company; some wishing the flags to be deposited with the California Pioneers, while I advocated their being deposited in the Capitol of the State. My idea finally prevailed, and as I intended returning to Calif., the flags were given to my custody to be deposited. In the meantime a blue silk banner on which were shown the names of the different engagements in which the company had participated, had been prepared and attached to the guidon. While riding in the cars I had unhooked my saber from my belt and placed it in the rack above, and when getting out of the cars at Readville, having the flags to look after, I forgot my saber and left the car without it. I was never able to find it. The loss of my saber has always been a regret; it had its scabbard bearing mute evidence of the service it had seen. My belt and pistol I retained and still have. My carbine was turned in as I did not care to retain that. We remained in Readville waiting to be paid off and mustered out of the State service until about the 5th of August 1865. At that time the kitchen supplied by Massachusetts had before been our stable. The provision there furnished by Massachusetts were substantially all uneatable; not to be compared with what we had received in the field; only to be compared, not to their advantage, with the steerage fare furnished us on our passage from San Francisco to New York. Needless to say we were not given a reception at Faneuil Hall as we had been on our first arrival there, nor did any of the ladies of Charleston enter our camp for any purpose, nor were we the subject of any attention of any character whatever. Massachusetts conduct evidences the truth of Richlieu's statement to Joseph, when he said 'Ah Joseph, past favors count for naught, it is favors to come that hold:'. When we were first at Readville, Massachusetts wanted men to fill her quota and Major Thompson was then engaged in raising

for that quota four companies in San Francisco. To facilitate that, and not at all because any liking for us or appreciation of the fact that we had come from California to engage in the service, we were given the marked attention which we received on our first arrival at Readville. Those who joined Major Thompson's companies were informed of the fine treatment we had received when first at Readville and naturally expected the same. Did they get it? The reason for it no longer existed-- no other companies to be counted in the Massachusetts quota were being or to be raised in California and the Battalion from all accounts, received there about the same attention that we all did on our return after the war.

Immediately after my discharge at Readville I went to Bangor and remained two weeks, there for the first time meeting my cousin George Towle. At the end of that time I went to New York and there took passage on a steamer for San Francisco arriving home in the latter part of September 1865. I had shipped the flags from Bangor by express, and on their arrival took them to Sacramento and there delivered them to the Adjutant General of the State. On that trip I went from San Francisco to Sacramento by steamer, leaving the City about 4 or 5 o'clock in the afternoon of a raw November day. As we passed Alcatraz there was a soldier walking his post on top of a high brick building, and I very distinctly remember the sympathy I had for what I knew was his discomfort in the performance of his duty, a duty entirely without necessity or use so far as any one could judge.

There are many, many incidents at the time amusing or tragical or important that have not been referred to, and the chronology of the facts stated may not have been accurate; but it may be truthfully said that nothing has been stated as occurring that did not occur. The wearing character of the service has been but lightly touched upon but my honest belief has always been that the hardships attending my term of service would result in lopping off from the end of my life not less than ten years.