



PERSONAL NARRATIVES  
OF EVENTS IN THE  
WAR OF THE REBELLION,

BEING PAPERS READ BEFORE THE  
RHODE ISLAND SOLDIERS AND SAILORS  
HISTORICAL SOCIETY

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INCIDENTS OF CAVALRY EXPERIENCES

DURING

GENERAL POPE'S CAMPAIGN,

BY

WILLIAM GARDINER,

LATE SERGEANT FIRST RHODE ISLAND CAVALRY.



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# INCIDENTS OF CAVALRY EXPERIENCES

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[Read before the Society, February 14, 1883.]

Chaplain Frederic Denison has written and presented to this Society a most interesting and graphic description of the Battle of Groveton, between the Union forces, commanded by Major-General John Pope, and a Confederate force, commanded by the famous rebel chieftain, Thomas J. Jackson—better known as “Stonewall Jackson,”—August 28th and 29th, 1862.

Closely following the events so ably described by the Chaplain, occurred a few incidents of an interesting nature that came under my observation and experience, or have learned from others having a knowledge of the facts, that shall serve as themes for

this paper, and may prove an appropriate supplemental chapter to those written by the Chaplain of the famous "Pope's Campaign."

This campaign was the second in the experience of my regiment—the First Rhode Island Cavalry,—and the most prolific of startling events—humiliation and suffering, both physical and mental, the command experienced during its nearly four years' service in the field.

It is not possible for any one to frame language in such fitting words as will adequately convey to the minds of others than those who have had such an experience, the terrible suffering endured by the men of Pope's command from August 19th, until September 3, 1862. The cavalry probably suffered greater hardships than either the artillery or infantry, as the nature of its service required its presence at points more remote from the army's base of supplies, from which, by reason of its constant and rapid movements, it could not procure nourishment for man or beast.

Three days rations were issued to our regiment August 19th, and by the evening of the 22d, not a

"hard tack" was left in the haversacks of the regiment; and from the latter date until the morning of the 30th, we were dependent upon the country through which we moved for subsistence for both man and horse; and it was as poor a country, at that time, as one can well imagine.

During this interval we gathered corn, nearly ripe, from the fields, and green apples from the orchards. Various methods were devised and made use of, to prepare the hard corn in such manner as would make it palatable and digestible for human beings. By some, it was broken and pulverized with such stones as were procurable in the vicinity where halts were made, either for a few moments or a night bivouac, and when properly broken was boiled in tin cups that would hold little less than a quart, and when sufficiently cooked was eaten without salt. If one was so fortunate as to have found a large green apple during the day's march, he was regarded as a lucky fellow; for, while cooking his corn, he might roast the apple upon prepared coals, and when roasted, realize a luxury that would cause him to be much envied by the dozen or more half-famished

men, with mouths watering, standing or sitting near him. Many attempts were made in the early part of our wretchedness to cook the corn upon the cob by boiling or roasting. The first seemed to harden the corn, and the latter process would ruin it,—for when placed upon the coals it would burn, so hard and dry had it become.

Our poor horses suffered as much, if not more, than ourselves. Forage was not plenty, and if it had been, time was not given to procure it. This fact caused us much unhappiness, for a cavalryman soon learns that in an active campaign his horse is his best friend, and loves it as such. It may seem strange to many, and difficult to understand, how, under any circumstances, a man can be made to regard a beast as his *best friend*. I will try to explain why a mounted soldier, during an active campaign in the field, in close proximity to his enemies, entertains such a regard and affection for his horse.

During the movement of an army, it is the duty of the cavalry to cover its flanks, head and rear, and when halted for the bivouac, or permanent encampment, a cordon of mounted sentinels is established

around the army, with its posts from two to seven and ten miles from the army camp. The distance between the posts is whatever the nature of the locality requires. At all intersections of roads a post is established, from which a view can be obtained of any movement made outside the guard line. Should heavy timber land intervene between that and the next post, either right or left, or both, the distance between the posts is determined by the nature of the obstacles which such forest land, with its swampy bottom or growth of underbrush and vines, would present to an advance of the enemy. If the forest should prove to be impenetrable, the posts would be widely separated, and perhaps beyond hailing reach of each other. Under such circumstances, one cannot well imagine more lonely and disagreeable service than that of being compelled to sit upon a horse, stationed upon a road with which he is not familiar, in a dismal forest during a dark night, beyond the reach of a human voice, with nothing to comfort him but the thought that he is performing the most honorable and responsible service his country can demand of him. Upon *him* rests the responsibility of guarding with

watchful eye, and listening ear, the thousands of sleeping men in his rear against any movement of the enemy, toward or near his post of duty.

Can any one fail to imagine how, under such circumstances, a man should feel thankful for the companionship of a horse, and if attacked by the enemy, —and such attacks were frequently made upon our picket guards—he should learn to regard his faithful horse as his “best friend”? The true cavalryman loves his faithful horse, and will sacrifice much of personal comfort for its welfare, and the intelligent creature is fully capable of appreciating any kindness it may receive from its master, and reciprocates, too, as has been clearly proven by innumerable manifestations of affection and endearment made by them towards their masters. When this companionship has existed for several months, or years, and the mutual bond of affection between man and horse has grown more and more binding with time, *is* it strange or unmanly for a man to manifest the deepest concern for the welfare of the dumb friend, so wholly dependent upon his care and consideration? History has recorded the great sacrifices and suffering of the

soldiers during the great war of the rebellion. Little, if anything, has been written of the poor beasts that played such an important part in the accomplishment of great results, and suffered so much. As a cavalryman it gives me pleasure to divide the honors (as I often during the war shared my rations) with them, derived from successful operations with the faithful friends that carried me to and from twenty-six battle fields of the war

Having explained the reasons why a cavalryman should regard his horse as his best friend, I think it will not be difficult for one to imagine with what anxiety and solicitude we viewed our poor, half-starved, worn-out horses about August 29, 1862, in this memorable campaign of Major-General John Pope.

Lack of rations and forage had reduced the men and horses to a condition that must soon end in death by starvation, if something was not speedily done to relieve us. The labor and hardships of the past two weeks had been beyond one's power to describe. I do not think a cavalryman of Pope's army enjoyed two hours continuous sleep during all this time. I

have ridden for miles sleeping as we marched along, regardless of pouring rain and the stumbling of my weary horse over rough, stony, muddy and slippery roads, through darkness so black that one could not see his file leader.

After the battle of the 28th, between General Rufus King's division and General Jackson's advance force, which ended by King's division returning from the field about 10 or 11 P. M., our regiment being the last to leave the field, moved as rear guard of the column toward Manassas. Our line of march carried us over that portion of the field where the battle had raged most furiously; and the shrieks and moans of the wounded and dying were heart-rending as we passed them. They begged us for water and help which we could not give or render them, and we were obliged to leave them to the mercy of a not over-merciful enemy

What terrible requirements war imposes upon the soldier! Here were our friends and compatriots suffering within our reach—our hearts o'erflowing with sympathy for them, yet policy and our duty preventing us from doing that which our humanity

would naturally have impelled us to have done. God grant that our country may never again experience such a terrible war, and that its people may never again witness such scenes, even the remembrance of which curdles the blood, caused by man's inhumanity to man.

We reached Manassas early in the morning of the 29th, and there halted for several hours. Shortly after our arrival, a heavy column of infantry passed us moving toward Gainesville, from which point could be heard the sullen roar of artillery, with occasional rolls of musketry, pretty sure evidence that warm work was being done in *that* vicinity. After halting I moved around the deserted camps in the vicinity, hunting for forage, and succeeded in finding a grain bag partially filled with hay which had probably fallen from some army wagon that had passed in that vicinity. I could not have experienced a greater degree of pleasure if it had been gold, for my poor horse was so famished that when walking he would sway from one side to the other like a drunken person, so weak and exhausted had he become. How well I remember his pleasure when I returned and

opened the bag and with what eagerness he seized what I gave him of its contents, and my own pleasure at discovering about seven quarts of oats at the bottom after removing the hay ! We were halted not far from a stream, and after my horse had finished his allowance and drank at the stream, I laid myself down upon the ground and had the longest nap I had enjoyed since the 18th of the month.

When I awoke the day was far advanced and the roar of battle—some three or four miles away—was loud and continuous, and I knew we would not much longer be permitted to remain where we were. I found my horse much refreshed, and giving him the oats, waited for the order we knew would soon be given us to move to the front. Luckily sufficient time elapsed before the order came for "Billy" to finish the oats, and have a good draught from the stream, and a good grooming—all of which made him seem more like himself than at any time during the past ten days. How I wish I had the power of description necessary to convey to other minds the picture presented at this moment of our fatigued men and horses : Men stretched upon the ground, in the

full glare of a burning sun, sleeping soundly, although the earth beneath them fairly trembled with the roar and reverberation of the terrible battle ; faces bronzed by exposure, dirt-begrimed, and shabby in the extreme. I'm sure their own mothers would not have known them as the darlings they had kissed, and tearfully bade "good-bye" only a few months previous.

"Boots and saddles" sounding from our bugles brought nearly every man to his feet, although some rough shaking was necessary to awaken some of the men, and some tall grumbling was heard when that result was obtained.

Somewhat refreshed by our long halt, but oh, *so* hungry, we mounted our horses and were soon moving toward the battle-field, with no very comforting thought of what it might have in store for us. It was late in the afternoon when we arrived upon the field, which, by the way, was very near to that of Bull Run, fought July 21, 1861. We, with other regiments of cavalry, were assigned a position upon the extreme right of our army line of battle. Our regiment was formed in rear of a stone mansion near

a forest, upon high ground, its line being at such an angle with the Union and Confederate lines of battle as to give us an excellent view of both in the valley beneath us during the little of daylight that remained.

Longstreet, together with a large portion of the balance of Lee's army, had now reinforced Jackson. A heavy column of Confederates were moving toward the field from the direction of Thoroughfare Gap in the Bull Run mountains, and our small army was being menaced by a vastly superior force.

I can never forget that night (the 29th), and its experience of sights and sounds. Our regiment remained in position during the night, upon the right flank, as described, the men dismounted, with bridle reins in hand ready for instant service. Some were standing, others sitting, and many reclining at full length upon the ground, and I need not assure you that our situation was most anxiously discussed. The two armies remained in position ready to resume their bloody work by day dawn. No fires were built, and the field, shrouded by the mantle of night, presented a strange and weird spectacle. Ambulances hurrying to and fro could be heard, but not seen,

through the darkness from our position, searching for those wounded during the day, and when found, their shrieks and moans could plainly be heard when removed from the earth to the vehicle. The incessant murmur of the voices and rattling of spades of those engaged in burying the dead—together with occasional shots along the lines—as some vigilant sentry saw, or imagined he saw, a movement of the enemy in his front, with here and there a vivid flash along those dark lines, as volleys were given and returned with vicious roar, all combined served to make an experience not easily forgotten. How slowly dragged the long, weary hours of that night; and with what anxiety we waited for the coming day to dawn. Some among us were refreshed by brief naps, during which visions of something to eat cheered our minds,—but oh! *how* sadly they deceived our stomachs.

The morning of the 30th opened clear and fine, and the battle began with desultory firing and skirmishing along the lines. Our regiment was not called upon for active service, but remained in position awaiting orders. Our Colonel, Alfred N. Duffié,

well known as "the little Frenchman" and as a thorough and brilliant soldier even at this stage of the war, was made extremely anxious and unhappy by the thought that his "boys" were suffering the pangs of hunger.

Our Chaplain, the Rev. Frederic Denison, was not of that class of men who upon one pretext or another managed to shun danger by having a mission in the rear, when danger threatened in front, but chose to remain with his regiment under any and all circumstances, and usually performed valuable service as a volunteer aid to the Colonel. During the campaign thus far he had followed the fortunes of the regiment during its tedious marching and countermarching, and counted one among the sabres and spurs of the command when battling with the enemy. By some means unknown to me he had learned that our regimental supply train was at or near Centreville, and so informed the Colonel, at the same time volunteering to go to Centreville and have some rations brought to the regiment. Colonel Duffié entertained a most affectionate regard for the Chaplain and would not *order* him to go to Centreville, it being a dangerous ride

of some six or seven miles, but having no one to send, he assured the Chaplain that such service would be highly appreciated by the regiment, and that he would feel under great personal obligations if he would do so. And the Chaplain was only too glad to perform such service, for his love of the men and his interest in their welfare were equally as strong as that entertained by the Colonel for his command. After many cautions from the Colonel "to be careful, and not fall into the hands of the enemy," the Chaplain started, with his faithful colored servant, John Harris, upon the mission that circumstances and his own warm heart had forced upon him. His only weapon was a rapier, a sword of light pattern, his revolver having been left—either by mistake or carelessness—several days previously with his baggage in the regimental wagons. John, the servant, was armed with only a rebel belt knife of peculiar design, picked up by the Chaplain a few days previous while wandering over the field where a battle had occurred near Rapahannock Station, on the Orange and Alexandria Railroad. Thus armed they started, and rode straight over the hills, and through the woods, and passed

not far from the lines held by the enemy the day before. Advancing they reached the summit of a knoll, and looking down the slope in front discovered at a stream known as Cub Run, in an unfrequented spot, six rebel infantrymen engaged in filling canteens with water. Upon the bank near them lay their muskets. Here was a serious obstacle to the procurement of rations for the regiment. What should be done? The Chaplain's first thought was, I will capture them, and without waiting for a second one he put spurs to his spirited horse, and closely followed by his servant dashed down upon the enemy, and riding between them and their arms, the following dialogue ensued:

“Which way are you going, boys?” asked the Chaplain.

“I don't know,” said one of the surprised Rebs. “I know; you are going with me,” said the Chaplain. To this the rebel spokesman said: “I don't know about that!” “If there is any dispute about that we will settle it,” said the Chaplain, and thrusting his right hand into the left breast inside pocket of his coat as if after his revolver, he pointed with his left hand to the muskets and inquired if they were loaded;

to which the spokesman replied " Yes " The Chaplain then ordered him to take the guns singly and discharge them into the stream, which was done, save two, which he ordered handed to him. One of them being a handsome rifle of the Enfield pattern, the Chaplain gave it to his servant John with the remark, " You may find it of good service in bringing down possums." The prisoners were then ordered to unbuckle their belts, and drop their cartridge boxes, which they did. He next ordered one man who had no gun, to sling the cartridge boxes over his shoulder, and forming them in single file, with the man bearing cartridge boxes in the rear, started them towards Centreville. It seems strange that the firing of the muskets did not call out an exploring force from the enemy's lines to ascertain the cause of the firing of the muskets.

Their lines must have certainly been near, and the shots must have been heard within their lines. Their failure to send out such an exploring force must be attributed to the fact, that being well exhausted by the arduous duties of fighting and marching for the past several days, they were too tired and stupid to make such an effort.

The Chaplain when ordering the discharge of the muskets did not think of such a probable result, but it soon occurred to his mind, and he hurried his captives from the scene of their capture as fast as possible. When well on their way, the Chaplain discovered that the prisoners were talking together in low tones, and not liking this conversation, he divided them into two squads by riding between them, having in the meantime told John to ride close in their rear and keep his eyes open.

Very soon one of the prisoners inquired: "Where is your command, sir?" To which the Chaplain replied: "I'll attend to my business, and you attend yours. To what corps of the Confederates do you belong?" "We belong to Stonewall Jackson's foot cavalry" The term "foot cavalry" being somewhat ambiguous, the Chaplain asked, "How's that?" "We march thirty miles a day and fight at that," was the reply. The most of the march to Centreville was made in silence, but, as can easily be imagined, with any amount of thinking.

The Chaplain hailed the appearance of our lines at Centreville with delight, and having passed the lines,

he soon found a camp of provost guards commanded by Captain William R. Sterling, of the Seventh Ohio Infantry, to whom he delivered the prisoners. One of them belonged to the Eighteenth North Carolina; three to the Fifth Alabama Battalion, and the remaining two to a Georgia regiment, the number of which I am unable to give; probably the Nineteenth Georgia for the following reason: The roster of the Confederate "Army of Northern Virginia," August 30, 1862, which I find in John C. Rope's excellent book bearing the title, "The Army under Pope," locates the Eighteenth North Carolina with "Branch's Brigade," and the Fifth Alabama Battalion with Archer's Brigade. In this brigade was the Nineteenth Georgia, that being the only Georgia regiment in Brigadier-General J. L. Archer's command. The three regiments represented by the prisoners, were all of Major-General Ambrose P. Hill's division of Major-General Thomas J. Jackson's command, viz., left wing of the "Army of Northern Virginia."

This adventure of Chaplain Denison's is but one of many daring and successful manifestations of individual pluck and nerve the experience of the war has

given us, but they are sufficiently rare to rank the Chaplain among those that are entitled to a conspicuous place upon the roll of honor for distinguished bravery and gallantry upon the field.

This happened more than twenty years since, and it gives me pleasure to place upon record in this manner and form such an interesting incident in the military experience of one who commanded and received the love and respect of all his associates during the war.

But to resume my narrative. By diligent search and inquiry, the Chaplain soon found our regimental supply train, and hurriedly loading into two wagons the necessary supplies, he hastened back to the regiment, making a wide detour from the vicinity of his daring exploit. In due time he found the regiment, which had been removed from the position where he had left it in the morning, to almost the identical ground upon which was fought the first battle of Bull Run.

Having detailed at some length the hungry condition of the men, it will not, I'm sure, be necessary for me to assure the reader that the appearance of

the Chaplain and the two wagon loads of supplies were most welcome. The rations were served, though little time was given to devour them, for now the battle opened, and business of a serious nature demanded our undivided attention, in doing the duty assigned us in the great and terrible conflict, styled "Second Manassas" by the Confederates, and as "Second Bull Run" by the Unionists.

So much has been written of this battle by competent writers, that its main features have become familiar to all, and I need not add more—unless it may be the fact, that the falling back of our army from this field, did not in *any* sense resemble the scare and flight of July 21, 1861

Our regiment, with other regiments of cavalry, covered the army in its retreat, executing a brilliant manœuvre in retiring by battalions, by which a force was continually facing the enemy in regular line of battle *at a halt*. The movement of retiring was made at a *slow walk* under a terrible artillery fire, and so continued nearly to Centreville, the enemy manifesting little desire to push forward with vigor his advance toward our well-formed lines of horse-

men, and it ceased to advance toward our direction some time before we reached Centreville, although his artillery sent us its compliments at long range with little effect.

It was while making this movement by battalions mentioned, that a characteristic of our French Colonel cropped out that I think is worthy of mention, although some may think it does not reflect much credit upon the Colonel's reputation as a rigid disciplinarian. His action in the matter elevated him in *my* esteem and all others of my regiment acquainted with the circumstances of the case.

I will explain briefly the circumstances as I now recall them. We were falling back—in the manner described—and had halted upon high ground south of Bull Run stream and were facing the enemy, then about half or three-quarters of a mile distant. The ground sloped gradually to the valley below. Off at our right front, about a mile distant, was the stone mansion and forest where we had remained in position during the night. A small force of Confederate cavalry were moving about in that vicinity. In our immediate front the view was unobstructed for per-

haps a mile and a half, to a range of hills running parallel with our line of cavalry. Upon this ridge, separated by a few hundred yards from each other, could be seen from our position two rebel batteries in position for action, which were sending us occasional shots at long range, doing us little if any damage.

Jutting into this valley at our left front was a strip of woodland with quite a heavy growth of forest trees, in the form of a  $\succ$ , its angle line in the view of those directly in front being such as to make it serve as a screen to any movement made behind it by the enemy. From our position we could see *both* sides of the V, and discovered a large force of the "grey-backs"—certainly a division, if not more,—moving into the forest where it halted.

General McDowell and staff were in such a position at our left that this movement of the enemy could only partially be seen, and thinking probably that the enemy were trying to gain this position for strategic reasons, and that he was in small force, the General rode rapidly over to our regiment and its Colonel, and pointing with his finger to the strip of

forest land, ordered the Colonel to move his regiment and "clean out the enemy from that vicinity," or words to that effect. The Colonel, and in fact, every member of the regiment present knew that there was a heavy force of the enemy in the forest, and that, under the circumstances, obedience of the order would be equivalent to suicide. The Colonel refused to obey the order, much to the surprise of the General, who was not accustomed to such treatment from his subordinates. "What is the reason, sir, you will not do as you are ordered to do?" asked the General. "I see my way *into* that forest, but I no see my way *out* of it," was the reply. "Consider yourself under arrest for disobedience of orders," said the General, who rode away, and shortly afterwards we moved back to Centreville. I am not sure if the Colonel was really under arrest or not. Some of my regiment say that he was relieved of his command that night by the General, and Lieut.-Colonel Thompson placed in command of the regiment. I am sure that he did not remain long under arrest, for he commanded the regiment the evening of September 1st, during the battle of Chantilly, which was opened by the

Confederates upon our regiment, from which the first blood of the engagement was drawn. Private Isaac Wescott, of F Troop, can justly claim to have been the first sufferer in this terrible battle.

Our regiment during the first day of September had been lying near Fairfax Court House enjoying a much-needed rest and full rations and forage, and now that we were so near Alexandria, with its 60,000 or 70,000 troops of McClellan's army, had good reason to hope that we should be permitted to rest and recuperate before being called upon for active service in the field again.

It was late in the afternoon, and I had prepared a pot of coffee and a delicious stew, known as "Lobscouse" among the boys, prepared in the following manner: Salt fat pork cut in pieces about half or three-quarters of an inch square—quarter of a pound, boiled in about three pints of water. When little more than half cooked put in as much broken "hard tack" as the dish will permit, and stew together until done. Season to taste with black pepper, and we had a dish fit for a king. So we thought in those trying days.

I anticipated a good square meal, when suddenly a stir among the troops in our vicinity presaged a movement. While we were wondering what was up, an aid rode furiously up to our head-quarters and almost immediately "Boots and saddles" was sounded from our bugles, followed by a rapid and peculiar succession of toots, known as "double quick."

I had no time to swallow either coffee or "Lobscouse," and both being scalding hot could not take them with me, and so was obliged, most regretfully, to empty my cooking utensils and secure them quickly to my saddle. I think a saint, under such circumstances, would be fully justified in giving utterance to a few naughty cuss words. I do not remember if I did or not, but it will not be unreasonable for one to imagine that I *did*, for I wasn't a saint in those times. Not because I didn't know how to be one, I would not have it supposed,—but because General Pope's army movements were not calculated to encourage a cultivation of those graces supposed to be necessary to the make-up of such a character.

Horses were quickly saddled, the men mounted, and the regiment moved—at the trot—south of Fair-

fax Court House, upon what is known, if I remember rightly, as the "Winchester road," accompanied by General "Fighting Joe" Hooker, and a portion of his staff.

I do not think we had advanced a mile upon this road when we discovered a rebel battery posted upon high ground in the road upon which we were advancing, and not more than a quarter of a mile distant. We were in column of fours, in direct range of the enemy's guns, and before we could move from the road into the forest at our left, there came, almost simultaneous with the boom of the first gun, the loud, sharp, cracking explosion of a shell in our ranks, a fragment of which struck Private Isaac Wescott in the face, making an ugly-looking wound, from which the blood flowed copiously.

Being nearest him, I grasped his arm and held him in his saddle, and was immediately ordered to conduct him to the rear, which I did, and so lost the risk and glory of further action in this engagement, known as the battle of "Chantilly "

My regiment had two men wounded in this battle, viz. : Private Wescott, already mentioned, and Ser-

geant Charles Briggs, of Troop L, and lost two horses.

Conducting the wounded man to the rear, I met a heavy column of our infantry which was deploying into line of battle in the fields to the right of the highway, across which a six-gun battery was galloping toward a knoll, which, having reached it, unlimbered for action.

The line of battle formed, it advanced toward the enemy, and our regiment moved out of the way to make room for its advance. It soon found the enemy and the battle opened with a fierceness seldom equalled during the war, and continued into the night, during the most terrific thunder storm I ever witnessed, and I am sure that no one, be he Union or Confederate, that was present upon that occasion, can ever forget its terrible grandeur.

The deep, heavy rolling of heaven's artillery, the bursting of thunderbolts, vivid and blinding continuous flashes of lightning, the howling, rushing of the wind, which amounted to a hurricane, and the down-pour of rain in sheets, served to drown the roar of the battle and prevent its continuance.

During the night our forces fell back through Fairfax, and after all had passed, our regiment moved as rear guard along the Alexandria road with flankers well out from the column upon each side of the road ready for instant action, which we had good reason to expect any moment. The morning light of the second revealed to us the fact that we were followed by the Confederates upon both our flanks, pressing us as closely as our belligerent attitude would permit.

A real nice kind of a morning ride, this was, for one with weak nerves to take! We had enjoyed (?) many such since August 9th, and had become tired of them,—upon the principle that one can have too much of a good thing.

Yet we were proud of the honor conferred, that *we* should be chosen in preference to others for the performance of such responsible and honorable, although dangerous, service.

What a time we had driving on the hundreds of infantry stragglers of our army! Poor fellows, tired and footsore, hungry and discouraged, they cared not what might happen to them.

The rear of our army column halted that night

near Bailey's Cross Roads, and we enjoyed a few moments of rest and sleep, from which we were awakened about midnight and the assurance given that the enemy were almost upon us; and such was the fact, for those of us in the extreme rear could plainly hear their footsteps advancing.

Indeed, if Private Allen W Towne, of D Troop, then doing duty in the commissary department of the regiment, had not been seeking the regiment, and, wandering beyond its halting-place discovered the advance of the enemy, and finding the regiment, promptly notified the Colonel and others of our danger, the chances are that there would have been a midnight fight with all the advantage upon one side, and that many of us would have had to make a march "on to Richmond" under rebel orders.

We moved out of the woods in excellent order, with as little noise as possible, and not *very slowly*, although some of us in the rear thought dreadful slow progress was made by those in advance.

I will not dwell longer upon the events of this campaign.

If *all* were written of, they would make a volume

of manuscript sufficiently heavy to discourage an average army pack-mule, and I haven't the time to devote to such an undertaking, and will conclude this rather rambling and erratic chapter of war experience with the assurance, that if as mean a looking fellow as I and all my comrades were at the close of this campaign, should appear at either my front or back door to-day, I would order him away, and if he wouldn't go, I would put the police upon his track.

We suffered terribly during this campaign, but I do not think one of its survivors regrets having had such an experience.

It taught us how much *can* be endured, and prepared us for future campaigns. It made better soldiers of us, for when in other campaigns the thought would arise in our minds that we were faring poorly, the mind would go back to the hardships of Pope's campaign and effectually quench all disposition to grumble.

While writing this paper, and reviewing the scenes and experiences of those trying days, it has not seemed possible that one could live to tell the story of such an experience nearly twenty-one years after.

I do not crave another such an experience, nor do I regret having had such, while serving that grand emblem of progress, liberty and freedom for all mankind—our dear old flag—the “Stars and Stripes.”

