

CHAPTER V.

The Fall And Winter At Martinsburg-----Along The
B. & O. R. R.-----Preparing For The Campaign Of 1864-----
Regiment Ordered To Harper's Ferry-----Brigaded
Anew-----General Sigel Takes Command-----Up The
Valley-----A Sham Battle-----Battle Of New Market.

When we reached Martinsburg, Colonel McReynolds appeared on the ground and assumed command, and among other things, directed the 116th to encamp on the grounds of the rebel Faulkner, and protect that gentleman's house, grounds and property. The 116th went into camp as directed, but Lieutenant Colonel Wildes refused to carry out that part of the order requiring him to "guard Faulkner's grounds, house and property." Colonel McReynolds immediately placed him in arrest. General Kelley, who was in command of the department at the time, with headquarters at Cumberland, on hearing of this, released Lieutenant Colonel Wildes from arrest, and, relieving Colonel McReynolds from command, ordered him to report to Washington for trial by court martial, under charges of disobedience of orders on the retreat from Winchester. The 116th was then removed from the Faulkner grounds to another camp, and that rebel's property allowed thereafter to share the same fortunes of war enjoyed by all other rebels. Colonel McReynolds never returned to his regiment, nor to any other command in the Shenandoah Valley, except the post, just as we were starting out, in April, 1864. What became of the charges against him we never learned. His regiment, the 1st New York cavalry, was one of the best cavalry regiments in the service, made so, not by him, but by the gallant Adams Quinn, and as fine a lot of company officers as ever rode horses. He was as near being a "rebel sympathizer" as any man ever seen in the Federal Army. During his short stay in Martinsburg the rebel citizens of the place were in high feather, while the Union people were correspondingly depressed. In Colonel McReynolds's absence, Lieutenant Colonel Wildes commanded the post.

In passing from this subject it should be said of Mrs. Faulkner and her family, that they afterwards endeared themselves to the soldiers by their kindness to our sick, especially to Sergeant Patterson, and no special guards were necessary for their protection as soon as the soldiers learned how good and kind they were. Under date of August 5th, 1863, Patterson had Walker write in his diary, he being too sick with fever to write in it himself: "Through to Martinsburg. We are encamped in the lawn in front of Faulkner's house. He was Minister to France, and, for a while, tried to be a Union man, but is now in the rebel army. It is rumored in camp that we are to move to-morrow, for fear we will do some damage to his grounds. If we do go, I hope our boys will destroy everything he has. The lawn contains about eight acres and is ornamented with shade trees of different kinds. A drive extends from the front gate to the house. The plat in front is ornamented with small shrubbery and roses." And, under date of the 6th, Walker again writes for him: "Moved our camp to-day, but instead of going to the woods, only moved across the drive." Under date of the 10th: "Mrs. And Miss Faulkner came to see me to-day noon and brought me some dinner. They seemed very kind and offered to send me anything I wanted." Daily after that, up to the 24th, when he went home on furlough, his diary had some kind mention of them, such as "Mrs. Faulkner still visits me daily, and furnished me everything I need and more. Her ice does me much good. Whatever our feelings may be towards her rebel husband, we cannot help liking her and her daughter, who have been so kind to us. Our men all show their gratitude by their care of everything here." And so many other diaries and letters in my possession speak of Mrs. and Miss Faulkner.

While in command of the post, several orders came to Lieutenant Colonel Wildes from General Kelley to collect assessments from rebels in the vicinity of Shepherdstown, Kearneyville and Charlestown, to indemnify Union citizens for property destroyed by rebel guerrillas. The 116th was often on these "collecting tours," and became quite expert in the business. The following is a sample of numerous receipts in my possession:

"MARTINSBURG, VA., February 28, 1864

Received of Lt. Col. Thos. F. Wildes, 116th Reg't Ohio Volunteers, (\$1,485.00)
fourteen hundred and eighty-five dollars, which sum was collected from rebel

citizens in the vicinity of Kearneyville, Va., and paid over to Jacob Williamson, to indemnify him for the loss of a barn burned by the rebels.

(Signed) JACOB WILLIAMSON.

ATTEST:-----HORACE KELLOGG, Maj. 123d O. V. I.”

This course of procedure had a very salutary effect. It was well understood that the rebel citizens pointed out the houses of Union men to these rebel marauders, and when it, became understood by them that they would have to pay for all property destroyed belonging to Union men, the destruction of such property decreased amazingly.

At the October, 1863, election the regiment was excused from all ordinary duty. The election passed off quietly and orderly. The vote at the close of the polls stood:

FOR GOVERNOR.

John Brough.....398 votes.
C. L. Vallandigham..... 50 votes.

For some time a great deal of curiosity existed and some indignation was felt over the fifty votes for Vallandigham. But the officers put a stop to political discussions and the excited feeling soon subsided. Before the election, however, not the least restraint was exercised against anyone voting as he pleased.

Martinsburg was headquarters of the regiment until April 29, 1864, though during that time several companies were scattered at various points along the B. & O. Railroad, from Sleepy Creek to Kearneyville. While lying here, Lieutenant Wm. Spriggs of company H was cashiered and dismissed from the service “for using disloyal and treasonable language against the Government of the United States, disrespectful language of the President, and other conduct unbecoming an officer and a gentleman.” During September and October there were frequent alarms, occasioned by rumors that Lee was returning again down the Valley. About the 20th of October Lee’s left wing was reported at Leesburg, that he was preparing to cross the Potomac, in which event a portion, at least, of his army would pass through Martinsburg. Accordingly, all surplus supplies, Quartermaster’s and Commissary stores, except five days’ rations, were sent to Harper’s Ferry. On the next day sharp cannonading was heard in the direction of Charlestown, and reinforcements of cavalry, artillery and infantry were dispatched from Martinsburg, but before they arrived, a part of the 9th Maryland regiment stationed there had been captured by Imboden. Imboden was defeated and followed some distance. Some of the 9th Maryland were recaptured, a section of artillery and many prisoners taken. Our orders, on the troops leaving for Charlestown, were to pack up and load and be ready to fight or retreat, as emergency required, and we remained in this condition until their return, when quiet again reigned. About the same time, perhaps a day or two earlier, company E, of the 116th, stationed at North Mountain, together with two companies of cavalry, one of the 1st New York, and one of the 12th Pennsylvania, captured forty of Gilmore’s guerrillas and fifty horses. They were concealed in a ravine and were neatly surrounded and surprised, neither side firing a gun. About the same time a passenger train was captured between Kearneyville and Harper’s Ferry and the passengers robbed of everything. An iron clad car upon which was placed a piece of artillery, and which was loop-holed for infantry, was used in picketing the track from Kearneyville to Sleepy Creek. A great commotion was created one night by some one beating the “long roll” in camp. All the troops were under arms in a moment and awaited developments. Heavy parties of troops were sent out to occupy the roads and certain advantageous points. After waiting some time for the appearance of the enemy, it was ascertained that the alarm had been made by the Colonel of the 12th Pennsylvania cavalry, becoming a little hilarious, beating the “long roll” to show what he could do as a drummer. He was placed in arrest as soon as the discovery was made, and charges preferred against him. They were afterwards withdrawn on his promise to “reform.”

The 10th Maryland eastern shore regiment came to Martinsburg one very cold night without their tents or blankets, and the 116th took the whole regiment into their quarters. The Colonel next morning made a neat

speech to us, in which he thanked us heartily for our hospitality. Some of our men said it was the prettiest speech they ever heard. When the 18th Connecticut joined us, it camped beside our regiment. The men were short of rations, and they besieged our Sutler for “cookies” and everything else he had to eat. Mr. Armstrong, the Sutler, couldn’t make out what they meant by “cookies,” and his confusion for a time was very amusing. The 18th Connecticut was always known among us after that as the “cookie regiment.”

A notorious rebel spy by the name of Belle Boyd made herself quite conspicuous several times at Martinsburg. She was several times discovered, arrested and sent under guard to Baltimore or Washington. She would there be released under promise to behave herself and keep out of the Union lines. On one occasion she returned on the same train with the guard who had escorted her to Baltimore, dressed as a Union soldier, and representing herself as returning to a Maryland regiment from furlough. She was detected, not by her recent guard, but by some Union citizen, as she alighted from the train at Martinsburg. Upon being searched, she was found to have a great number of letters to rebels and to Confederate soldiers up the Valley, and a Confederate uniform under her outward uniform of blue. She was irrepressible, and a perplexing individual to manage. Doubtless she was often among us in disguise when we knew nothing about it. Once, at least, when captured, she pretended to be insane, and insanity was never better feigned than by her. Finally, she was “let alone,” and as soon as importance ceased to be given to her movements, she settled down at her home in Martinsburg and behaved as well as any one. But she was always the same arrant little rebel, and ready at all times for an argument against the Government, and in favor of secession.

The regiment lay at Martinsburg until November 19th, when it was all detailed at different points along the B. & O. Railroad. Some companies had been at points on the road from soon after our arrival in Martinsburg, in the early part of August 1863. Now it all went, and the field and staff officers soon found themselves “more ornamental than useful.” Major Morris took charge of the stations west of North Mountain, making his headquarters there. Lieutenant Colonel Wildes was detailed as President of a Court Martial, and Colonel Washburn was generally in command of some brigade of troops, and looking after the welfare of the regiment as well as he could in its scattered condition. Thus the time was spent until the breaking of winter. As attesting the vigilance and faithfulness of the different companies in the discharge of this unpleasant and responsible service, it can be stated that no raid was successfully made upon, or damage done, to the road during the time they were guarding it. The service was a very severe one, the different companies being almost constantly engaged in scouting and pursuing small parties of rebels. They cleared the whole country for miles of rebel bushwhackers, and captured a large number of prisoners, aggregating more than their own number.

On the 25th of November, Sergeant William Brister, of F, was accidentally shot and killed at Duffield Station by private Stephen Hogue of the same company. It seems that Sergeant Silas King had just returned to camp from a scout on which he had found a number of arms. Among them was an old flintlock musket. Seeing Hogue approaching, Sergeant Brister playfully picked it up and pointed it toward him. Hogue, in the same playful mood, picked up a musket, which he thought unloaded, and pointed it toward the Sergeant and pulled the trigger. It proved to be loaded, and Sergeant Brister was shot through the breast and died in a few minutes. It was a dreadfully unfortunate occurrence and nearly crazed Hogue, as the two men were close neighbors at home, and very warm friends. Hogue soon afterwards wrote to Brister’s friends, saying that he “had killed the best friend he had on earth.” Brister’s remains were sent home.

On the 1st of March, 1864, the regiment was gotten together at Martinsburg, being relieved by the 123d Ohio. Troops were now congregating in considerable force under General Sigel, who had been assigned to the command of the department. Under date of the 3d of March, 1864, General Milroy wrote me from Washington, in which he expressed a hope that he might be assigned to command in the Valley. No one could have been assigned to our command that would have given more general satisfaction to the troops. But General Milroy was under the ban of the ogre General Halleck, and could not expect a command as long as Halleck controlled army affairs. Milroy rejoiced that General Grant had just been appointed Lieutenant General, and that now he had hopes of a command, and it might be remarked that the armies, everywhere, had hopes that newspaper generals, and political considerations in the appointment of army commanders, and public clamor of “on to Richmond,” and so forth, had had their day in the conduct of the war, and that henceforth it was to be carried on according to strict military rules and principles. General

Grant, in assuming command of the armies of the United States, had, in substance, said to the President and the people of the country what a Roman Consul said to the Roman Senate and people, on his leaving for the seat of war in Macedonia: "If there be any one who conceives himself capable of assisting me with his counsels in the war you have charged me with, let him not refuse to do the Republic that service, but let him go with me into Macedonia. But, if he will not take so much trouble, and prefers the tranquility of the city to the dangers and fatigues of the field, let him not take upon him to hold the helm and continue idle in the port. The city of itself supplies sufficient matter of discourse on other subjects, but as for these, let him be silent on them, and know that we shall pay no regard to any counsels, but such as shall be given us in the camp itself." And General Grant acted upon this policy to the end of the war.

On the 9th of March the 34th Massachusetts arrived at Martinsburg, and Colonel Wells assumed command of the post. In due time we all paid him our respects, generally leaving his presence with a very good opinion of him. His regiment was a very fine one. Having had a great deal of garrison duty about Washington, it was remarkably well drilled and under good discipline. It was so much more neatly dressed and so completely equipped, compared to our own regiment, that it was a sort of curiosity to our "rough Ohio fellers," as its officers and men often spoke of us. But on the third of April, it went back to Harper's Ferry. On the 12th of April 1864, the 116th and the 123d followed to Harper's Ferry and encamped on Bolivar Heights. On the 15th we received orders from "Headquarters First Infantry Division," General Sullivan commanding, forming a brigade composed of the 34th Massachusetts, 116th Ohio, 123d Ohio, and the 3d Maryland (Snows) Battery, Colonel Wells, of the 34th Massachusetts, commanding the brigade. Of this brigade, General Lincoln, in his admirable history of the 34th Massachusetts, is moved to remark as follows: "Heaven help us! except the 34th, this infantry is neither drilled nor disciplined; this, however, from no fault of theirs. The bulk of the rank and file of these commands was captured at Milroy's defeat last summer. The men were paroled soon after and have been scattered in small squads along the B. & O. Railroad on picket guard. The officers, however, were retained as prisoners, and many are, in fact, still in rebel hands. It looks as if we were to suffer from the connection." I have looked carefully through General Lincoln's interesting book for verification of the fear that they were to "suffer from the connection." On the contrary, I am led, from his frequent compliments to the 116th, to conclude that his fears were never realized. The fact is, the 34th then very generally regarded itself badly mismated with us. We were looked upon as a lot of barbarians by these well drilled, well disciplined, highly cultured eastern soldiers. They had performed garrison and patrol duty at Washington, from their enlistment up to July, 1863, since which time they had, with little exception, enjoyed magnificent quarters at Harper's Ferry. At Washington the regiment was the admiration of all beholders, if we are to credit General Lincoln, and we see no reason why we should not. Many of its officers, while brave, good soldiers, were also martinets. But before we separated in 1865 at Richmond, we had learned to respect these martinets as plumed and chivalric knights. It had, withal, a well trained brass band, and was in every way well prepared for serenades, parades and reviews, so much in vogue in Washington early in the war. While we, poor fellows, with constant marching, scouting, picketing, to say nothing of now and then a little fighting, would make a sad display in either of these three ornamental positions. In short, there were no ornaments about us or among us, if we except, perhaps, a few good looking officers, notable the Major, Adjutant, Captain Karr, Lieutenant Frame and one or two others. But before we separated at Richmond in 1865, the 34th Massachusetts regiment felt as much pride in the history the First Brigade had made for itself, as was felt by any regiment in it. It was not then ashamed of the "connection" formed fourteen months before, nor was there an officer or man in it who felt that he had "suffered by the connection."

On the 17th of April we started back to Martinsburg, reaching there the evening of the 18th. The next day Colonel Wells was relieved of the command of the brigade and assigned to the command of the post, and Colonel Washburn was placed in command of the brigade. The congregating of troops at Martinsburg had excited the curiosity of the enemy, and there were a great many small parties scattered about the country annoying us constantly. As we arrived at Martinsburg, we found General Averill just leaving for West Virginia with his cavalry. General Averil, on leaving, placed Colonel McReynolds, who had made his appearance here again, in command of the post. But Colonel Wells was in *possession* of post headquarters, and so for several days we were receiving orders from both these officers which were often, and in fact generally, in conflict. During this time no one knew whether he "was a-foot or a-horseback." Colonel Wells's orders were, however, very generally obeyed, owing to the utter dislike felt by everybody for McReynolds. It was soon adjusted, however, by Colonel Wells abandoning the contest and going back to

his regiment. We were now brigaded anew. Our brigade was composed of the 28th, 116th, 123d Ohio and 18th Connecticut, with Colonel Moore, of the 28th, in command. That is, he would be when he arrived, which he did not do till we reached Winchester, during which time Colonel Washburn commanded. The 34th left us for a short time for duty in another brigade.

On the 20th General Sigel issued an order allowing thirteen teams to a regiment. He told Colonel Washburn, one day, "Turn over your tents and be very ready to march." On the 26th another order came allowing one team for headquarters, and one for every 300 men, each man to carry in his knapsack one extra shirt, one pair of socks, one pair of shoes, and soap and towels. On the 27th we had a "garrison review," and such a time as we had finding our places in the line was never seen before. The brigades had never been in line together before, and all questions of rank had to be settled on the parade ground before any one knew or would take place in the line. After all preliminaries were settled, the review went off very well. Our regiment numbered nearly 800 men and looked like a brigade itself. Colonel Thoburn was in command of the second brigade, ours being known as the first. On the 29th of April we moved out of Martinsburg up the Valley, stopping the first night at Bunker Hill. Generals Sigel, Stahel and Sullivan were with us, Sigel in command of the army, Stahel of the cavalry, Sullivan of the infantry, the latter being composed of eight regiments. Our cavalry force was not very large, only about 1,500, but we had a good supply of artillery, four batteries. In speaking of the infantry, General Lincoln says: "The 54th Pennsylvania is fair, the 12th West Virginia pretty good; *the rest are barely passable.*" It will be seen that the 34th was deemed *beyond* comparison with any other regiment in the command, and so was not mentioned, while the 116th and the rest were "barely passable." We remained at Bunker Hill until May 1st, when we marched to Winchester, camping about two miles the other side of the place. Much display of the stars and stripes was visible as we passed through, more than we had ever observed before. Little Willie McFielly, the Lieutenant Colonel's boy, was carrying a "marker" at the head of the regiment as it marched through Winchester, when some woman, who was very glad to see us, called out: "That's right, little boy, raise it up high, clear up, and let everybody see it." Colonel Washburn, still in command of the brigade, detailed Quartermaster Williams as Brigade Quartermaster, and Lieutenant W. L. Mosely was detailed to act as Regimental Quartermaster, but only remained one day, when he was returned to his company. Quartermaster Williams had his horse stolen, and looked through all the cavalry for it, finally finding it in the camp of the 1st New York. On the day after our arrival at Winchester our men wandered over the battle grounds of June, 1863, and finding some of our dead but poorly buried by the rebels, selected a nice spot and buried them decently. The cavalry burned a house from which one of their men was shot a few days before our arrival.

On the 4th, the men were ordered to pack all spare clothing in their knapsacks for transportation to Martinsburg, and officers were bereft of almost everything. We were down to our "fighting weight." An order was received for brigade drill on the morrow, and officers were studying Casey diligently. The morrow came, and with it the brigade drill so much looked for and so much dreaded. A whole field full of Generals, Colonels and staff officers were present to witness the performance. General Sigel and Colonel Moore had a lot of Dutchmen on their staffs who could hardly talk English, and who knew nothing about communicating orders on the drill ground. Few of the Colonels knew anything at all about brigade drill, and some of them very little even about battalion drill. One of the first things that was done was to deploy and start out the 34th Massachusetts as skirmishers, and then General Sigel undertook to maneuver the infantry, cavalry and artillery as on a field of battle in their rear. It was the funniest farce ever witnessed anywhere, and can never be forgotten as long as any man who took part in it lives. Our own regiment, for instance, was ordered through something like this: The right wing was ordered to advance, firing, to a fence pointed out, and there to lie down and keep on firing. Then, when it was thought our right wing was out about long enough to be pretty badly cut up, the left was ordered to charge, without instructions how far to go in its wild career, or what to do next. Away we went, "hell bent," with a yell. As soon as we reached the left of the other wing it jumped up and charged, too, the whole regiment yelling like fiends. The "recall" was sounded by General Sigel's bugler, but of course we didn't hear it, and away we went up the Valley, clear out to the picket line. Now came on the gallop three or four leather breeches Dutch staff officers after us, who finally overtook us and ordered a halt. But the 34th Massachusetts skirmishers! What had become of them? Here we had gone to the picket line and had not come up with them. It seemed they had been forgotten in the general muss, and had been allowed to advance some distance beyond the picket line before they were thought of and recalled. It was after dark before the 34th got back to camp that night. "Thus endeth the first lesson," solemnly remarked our Chaplain when we got into camp. "Yes, by

God!” responded Colonel Washburn, “and a h—l of a lesson it was, too.” At which the Chaplain retired to his “pup tent” in disgust. General Lincoln says the whole thing was a good deal like a “town meeting,” no doubt having in mind the meetings held by eastern people, which are noted for nothing so much as for their want of order and decorum. This farce was repeated, with not quite so much blundering, the next day, and then the regiments were given over to their commanders for battalion drill.

Talk about your “corn stalk militia,” and “general training” of ye olden times! There was never anything seen half so ridiculous, and it bred in everyone the most supreme contempt for General Sigel and his crowd of foreign adventurers. Not an officer or a man retained a spark of respect for, or confidence in, him or any of the leather breeches retinue of staff officers with which he had surrounded himself. So that for all the good that army would or could do under him, it might as well, and better, have returned at once to Martinsburg. Companies F and K were detailed to guard signal posts about seven miles from Winchester, on the 6th, and, when the command moved, were not called in, and did not rejoin the regiment until the second day after we reached Cedar Creek. It was more good luck than good generalship that they were not all captured. Lieutenant Milton A. Ellis was detached to the signal corps, Lieutenant John F. Welch to the pioneer corps, and Lieutenant Ransom Griffin to the ambulance corps. Each of these officers continued so detached during the remainder of their term of service, and each distinguished himself in his respective corps and frequently received high praise and honorable mention in orders, for his efficiency and good conduct.

On the 9th we moved to Strasburg, lying here one day. On the 11th we moved to Woodstock, where we camped in a clover field a mile from water. On our teams coming up, Sergeant Walker took out of a mess pan a little black object, calling out, “Here’s the Lieutenant Colonel’s baggage.” It proved to be a white kitten, which, coming into our camp at Strasburg, the Lieutenant Colonel had fed, and which, on our moving from there, Walker had put into one of the wagons among the sooty mess pans, and now here was kitty, as black as night itself. After being fed and washed white again, it took kitty most of the night to dry herself and be ready for the next day’s experience. A citizen came in and told Colonel Washburn that his men were killing his sheep. “Have you taken the oath?” asked the Colonel. “No, but I’m willin’ to,” was the reply. Upon taking it, a guard was furnished him, but when he got home *no sheep could be found!* Of course the boys all expressed “regrets.” Another order, allowing only one Sutler to a brigade, was issued, the rest being ordered to the rear. A note had been written and handed to the Division Wagon Master, purporting to come from the Chief Quartermaster, and to be in his hand writing, ordering a large train to the rear, with which were also to go the returned Sutlers’ wagons. The train had started and was well out on the road *without a guard*, when the Quartermaster discovered what had been done. He dashed off as fast as his horse could carry him to bring it back, which he did in safety. It was afterwards ascertained that Moseby and McNeil were in waiting for the train a few miles down the road. We lay at Woodstock until the 14th, when we moved on to Mount Jackson. That evening some of our troops met Breckenridge with a force of about 4,000 men near New Market, and drove in his pickets, and defeated a small force sent out to reconnoiter our position. The next day the 116th was left with the trains, the first and last time during the war, until about the middle of the afternoon, when some cavalry relieved us, and we were moved to the front on the double quick. Sharp fighting had been going on at the front since noon, which occurred in the midst of heavy thunder storms. The 123d suffered very severely during the afternoon, as did, also the 34th Massachusetts. We arrived on the field just in time to witness the falling back of our little army. We had moved to the front in a violent rain storm on the double quick, or run, for a distance of about four miles, and to cover the retreat. The 28th and 116th Ohio regiments, with quite a large body of cavalry, were kept in the rear, guarding the immense trains, which were allowed to stand, in the main, stretched out on the road, until the remainder of the army was entirely defeated. Then our regiment was ordered up at the rate of speed spoken of, arriving on the field in an exhausted condition, and too late to do anything, except to cover the retreat of the broken up and defeated regiments. The army fell back across the river to Mount Jackson. The enemy followed us but a short distance, probably because of General Sigel’s fame for conducting “masterly retreats.” When across the river, some military engineer undertook to blow up the bridge, by exploding kegs of powder on the top of it. After the powder was all exploded, the 116th tore down the bridge in the regular way, with axes and crowbars. The loss of our little army was quite heavy. That of the 116th consisted of a few wounded. Very few of us wanted to fight any more “mit Sigel.” His army was beaten in detail. A small force was first sent into the fight, which was allowed to be first beaten, when another small force would be sent in, to be in turn beaten. Had he gotten his army well in hand at

first, and given battle with it, he might have been victorious, though the enemy under Breckenridge outnumbered us.

General Sigel himself reported afterwards that, besides his cavalry and artillery, he had only six regiments on the field, while the enemy attacked him with 7,000 men. And he gave as an excuse for this, the extreme length of his trains and the attenuation of his line of march, which prevented him from confronting the enemy with his whole force. It was the height of folly to keep so large a portion of his force with his trains. If properly parked, instead of being allowed to stand stretched out for miles on the road, a very small force would have been sufficient to protect it. When we were ordered to the front, the trains occupied the road, and we were obliged to take to the fields to pass them. As it was, when defeated, his trains were in such bad shape that a portion had to be destroyed to prevent its falling into the hands of the enemy. The defeat was a very bad one. He lost 700 men, six pieces of artillery, about 1,000 small arms, and he abandoned his hospitals to the enemy. The retreat, for some miles, was in great disorder, made so by some bridges breaking down, and others being washed away by the high water, for, be it remembered, we had a real Virginia freshet from the furious rains of the day. We retreated to Cedar Creek, but the enemy did not pursue in force. Reaching Cedar Creek, on the 17th, we at once began reorganization and refitting.

Transcribed by:
Diana Hart
April 25, 2002
DiHart@juno.com