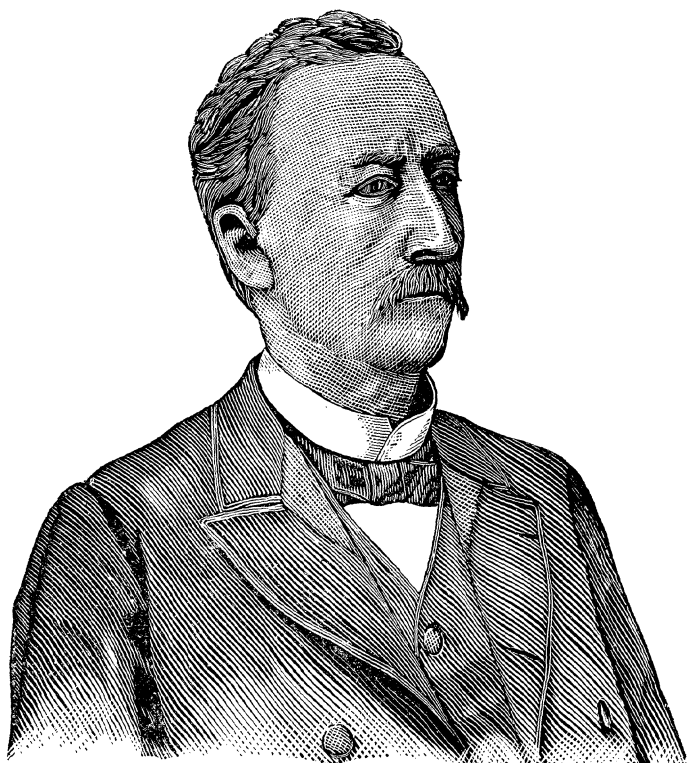


WAR
REMINISCENCES

MONTEIRO.

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A. Monteiro Q.D.

WAR
REMINISCENCES

BY THE

SURGEON OF MOSBY'S COMMAND.

RICHMOND, VA.:

1890,

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PREFACE.

These papers were written more than a dozen years after the last eight thousand Confederate muskets had been stacked at Appomattox. It was only at the request of esteemed army comrades, whose memory seemed to linger yet, with the cold ashes of long extinguished camp-fires, that they were written at all. These thoughts were transmitted to paper under the pressure of extraordinary and exacting professional labors. The opinions and sentiments expressed, are the shadows and reflections, of uncommon events and startling scenes. Many years afterwards, an accomplished physician and an estimable gentleman, Dr. J. B. Brewster, of Plymouth, Massachusetts, read these papers. He advised and recommended their publication. Whilst in his possession for examination, he submitted them to a severe test of merit. They were placed in the hands of the Rev. Frederick N. Knapp, of Plymouth. This distinguished scholar, philanthropist, and patriot, was a warm personal friend of the illustrious General Grant and the lamented Lincoln. He had held a high position on the National Sanitary Commission during the war. It would not be reasonable to anticipate for the literary labors of a partisan Major of medicine, a very flattering criticism from such an exalted source.

This excellent man, noted alike for high literary attainments, pure patriotism, and exalted Christian virtues, generously tendered his valuable services "to review these papers for the press." He was suddenly removed by death, and called to his reward before he completed his task. His valuable suggestions, however, have been carefully observed. Many "passages which might have given pain or annoyance" have been omitted.

The following criticism from this distinguished son of Massachusetts needs no extended explanation :

"PLYMOUTH, MASS., July 16, 1888.

"*My Dear Doctor*—I have looked over with care "*The Reminiscences of the War by the Surgeon of Mosby's Command.*"

They are of great interest and value. They should be published after some passages which might give pain or annoyance, perhaps, are cut out.

"They present details of the war such as I have not elsewhere seen. They evidently are an honest transcript of the feelings and impressions of a clear-headed, earnest Confederate; who was by Mosby's side during those most trying days, including the days of the surrender. The generous tone in which the writer gives his impressions of the cordial greeting and kind fellowship of the Union generals at the time of the surrender of the Confederate army, is admirable. So also is the graphic setting forth, previously, of what a Yankee stood for in the eyes of the South. The tribute to Lincoln, coming from the source it did, is full of pathos. Whatever is exaggerated or severe in any of these papers can readily be accepted, as a most natural fruit of the circumstances under which these experiences were obtained. What is caustic in tone can now cause no ill feeling, or lead to reproach. It portrays what was, not what is. We want facts just as they were. These papers admit us to a most interesting gallery, where we may see drawn, with a bold, if sometimes dashing hand, pictures of the war as seen by a Confederate officer.

"I would with pleasure, if it should be desired, assist in reviewing these papers for the press.

"Yours, truly,

"FREDERICK N. KNAPP.

"*Dr. J. B. Brewster.*"

In answer to a letter recalling the papers, after the death of Mr. Knapp, the following from Dr. Brewster was received :

"PLYMOUTH, February 9, 1889.

"*Dr. A. Monteiro :*

"Dear Doctor—I received your note of January 24th, and thank you for the kindness expressed. In your brief correspondence, you have read correctly the character of Mr. Knapp. He was, as you have said, "a noble patriot and philanthropist." Our whole community mourns him as a dear friend gone. I return the papers, as you requested, and regret deeply that the opportunity was not afforded Mr. Knapp to have assisted you in their publication. Death only has prevented. He was very much interested, and very anxious to have them given to the public. Now, dear doctor, let me assure you of my very great regard for yourself, and that I shall ever consider your acquaintance as the pleasantest souvenir of my trip South,

"Very truly yours,

"J. B. BREWSTER."

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WAR REMINISCENCES

BY THE

SURGEON OF MOSBY'S COMMAND.

CHAPTER I.

THE gallant sons of the South had gathered around their last stronghold—the devoted city of Petersburg. The long drawn-out legions of General Grant, that persistent, stubborn child of fortune, encircled the withered remnant of what was once the invincible Army of Northern Virginia. (To the heart of a Confederate veteran, what memories cluster around that name!) Like a starved lion within the inexorable folds of an anaconda, that skeleton band of heroes resisted the contracting lines of overwhelming numbers with a heroism and courage that the ghost of Leonidas, after the lapse of two thousand years, might gracefully inscribe over the graves of his three hundred Spartans that defended the pass at Thermopylæ. The eventful summer of 1864 was drawing to a gloomy autumn, with the fast declining hopes of all

true sons of the South, those devoted though daring and doomed followers of our immortal Lee. A three-months' storm, both day and night, of shot and shell had poured into the Confederate lines an incessant fire that would convert Milton's description of hell into a paradise when compared with the defences of Petersburg in the summer of 1864. It was late in the month of October, while on duty as surgeon of the Twenty-sixth Virginia regiment, Wise's brigade, I was ordered to take charge of a train of wounded men and transport them to the hospitals at Richmond. This mutilated cargo of suffering humanity had to be removed under the fire of the enemy's guns. So closely were their lines drawn upon us that our hospital flags were saluted with blazing artillery and our trains of wounded serenaded with screaming shells. On my return from Richmond, when the train stopped at Chester for fuel and water, I stepped off to make a hasty call on two old comrades at that post. I was accosted by a gentleman of decidedly striking appearance. He was dressed in the usual Confederate uniform of a cavalry officer with the rank of colonel. There was something about this officer's appearance that would attract the attention of the most indifferent observer. I could trace something like a familiar expression, particularly of his eyes, recalling scenes or emotions long since past, but not entirely forgotten. He wore a rough, unkempt beard that imparted a wild yet care-worn expression to his otherwise animated and somewhat fierce physiognomy. A very

grim smile, that recalled reminiscences of a long past era, and a warm, cordial grasp of the hand, convinced me at once that I had accidentally stumbled upon an old acquaintance in disguise.

Fourteen years before this interview, I had formed the acquaintance and friendship of a youthful student at the University of Virginia. At that time, though my junior by several years, he had already made a considerable reputation in the active line of hostile encounters with his fellow-students and the overbearing civil authorities of the town of Charlottesville. As we were attached to different schools at the University, we were not so constantly thrown together as if belonging to the same class. My young friend was a student of the law class, whilst my studies were those of the medical department. I must confess that there was nothing very remarkable about this young limb of the law during his school days, with the exception of a well-marked ruling passion to fight on all possible occasions. The feud ever existing between the University students and the citizens of the town of Charlottesville was once ignited into a full blaze of hostility by an overbearing civil officer, with a sort of despotic disposition, attempting to arrest my young friend for whistling on the public highway. The town constable, in the role of petty tyrant, issued an order that forbade students to whistle on the streets of the good town of Charlottesville. Like most high-spirited young gentlemen, my youthful friend claimed the right to whistle. The despotic officer was a man of powerful and gigantic physique, and attempted

by violent means to execute his anti-whistling decree. The student, though in stature a mere child, seized the club of the official Goliath, wrenched it from his hand, and belabored the giant until he yelled aloud for help, to save him from the ferocity of his Lilliputian adversary. The *unequal* contest was speedily brought to a termination by the united force of the corporate authorities, whose combined powers succeeded in arresting and imprisoning this diminutive, though daring and belligerent student. A long and tedious trial followed this adventure, and my young friend was meantime confined within the sombre walls of that dread abode, the Albe-marle jail. I visited him often during his incarceration, and generally found him busily engaged in sounding the unfathomable mysteries of Coke, Blackstone, Vattel, and other brain-defying absurdities of legal lore. I yet believe that he acquired more real knowledge of that mystical nonsense called law within the prisoner's cell than he would have accomplished within the more airy and pleasant precincts of the lecture-room. Of all my University friends and acquaintances this youthful prisoner would have been the last one I would have selected with the least expectation that the world would ever hear from him again. Many bright and promising sons of Virginia matriculated at her favorite institution of learning at the session of 1850-'51; yet no name out of five hundred students of that session has been more admired for dauntless courage, or absurdly damned for political treason, than that of my youthful and belligerent friend. The lapse of fourteen years

had changed the smooth-faced, beardless boy of seventeen summers to the war-scarred, and hard-featured veteran soldier of thirty-one. I could yet trace a likeness of the boy in the bronzed face of the grim-visaged leader. "Have you forgotten me?" he enquired, with as pleasant smile as could illumine such a face as his. The sound of his voice and a certain manner that even the rough hand of time and ghastly scenes of carnage could not change, brought up with the magic of thought a living picture of the youthful prisoner. Time had indeed changed the stripling student of law into the already famous partisan leader and guerrilla chief, John S. Mosby. That was the first time I had seen him since our college days; and I now discovered that the name so distinguished for daring, intrepidity, cunning, and dauntless courage belonged to the insignificant boy who was arrested and tried for beating old George Slaughter, the gigantic town constable of Charlottesville, with his own club. The partisan chief informed me that he was then on his way to General Lee's headquarters with important information; that he was anxious to return to his command with as little delay as possible, and asked me if I would be willing to go up and act as surgeon of his battalion. If I would consent, he proposed to go with me to the army headquarters and make all necessary arrangements for my assignment. I was glad of an opportunity to satisfy a very reasonable curiosity in regard to that peculiar mode of warfare and the causes of such extraordinary military success as my friend had accomplished. I at once consented to serve

him as surgeon. With a painful experience of military red tape, running through a period of three years in the field, I had strong reasons to doubt the ability of Colonel Mosby, or any other man, to overcome the Rip Van Winkle tendency of chronic habit. I had on more than one occasion lost many months in consummating what common sense, without red tape, could have accomplished in as many hours. He who has passed through the circumlocution offices of the medical, quartermaster, or commissary departments of an army, will never forget his disappointments and his acute disgust for official authority, engendered by a uniform failure to accomplish the smallest object with the most lavish expenditure of time.

With a strong doubt of Colonel Mosby's ability to have me transferred to the partisan battalion, I yet hoped for his success. We proceeded by the train to Petersburg. When we arrived at my hospital, above the city, I ordered my horse to be saddled for Colonel Mosby, borrowed Dr. Edmund Mason's horse for my own use, and we rode directly to the headquarters of the Army of Northern Virginia. General Lee was with his staff occupying a house on the plank road several miles west of Petersburg. Ten minutes' ride brought us to the door of the great Confederate chief. His care-worn features, stern, earnest, manly, and sad expression, for the first time in three eventful years of war, weakened my hopes in the final success of our cause. I shall never forget the earnest look, and the warm, almost affectionate greeting the partisan chief and the Confederate surgeon received from this big-hearted Christian soldier. I have

never looked into such eyes as his. His great soul was tortured by doubt verging upon despair. In the face of the dire peril that hung like a funeral pall over the fair land he loved so well, there was a deep meaning in his steady gaze that I have never seen in any other eyes than his. It has been poetically said that the eye is the window of the soul. In the dark gloom that foreshadowed the dissolution of our country, kindled with a blaze that even brightened the gloom of despair, I looked through a dazzling and beautiful window into the most magnificent soul that ever gave immortality to man. The noble and stately chief sat alone, in a small, plain room, surrounded by maps and papers. As we entered he arose with majestic mien, advanced, and cordially grasped our hands. With few but earnest words the partisan leader detailed the startling achievements of his gallant clan in Northern Virginia. Mosby, at that period of the war, with his eight hundred rangers, commanded all of Northern Virginia not occupied by the enemy. I had never known until this interview between the rough rider and his great commander, how important was the little band known as the Forty-third battalion of Virginia cavalry to the general welfare of the Confederate cause.

The idol of the army thanked the brave partisan for the great services he had rendered, and told him that the army was under obligations to him for signal and efficient work in holding at bay large bodies of the enemy, and for the capture of valuable supplies, so essential to our suffering troops. The Colonel, in his usual curt and snappish manner, said: "General, I

want my friend here assigned to my command. I have only an assistant surgeon; I am entitled to a surgeon. He is an old friend, and I want him with me." "It will give me pleasure to assist you in any way," replied General Lee; "but I have no control over this matter more than to request the Medical Director, Dr. Guild, to grant your wish if possible." With this short interview I left the presence of this great soldier and pure Christian never to look into his manly face again. A short gallop carried us to the Appomattox river. We crossed on a pontoon bridge to the headquarters of the Medical Director of the Army of Northern Virginia. We dismounted and entered the tent of Dr. Lafayette Guild. The distinguished head of the medical department of the field was fast asleep. Whether the soporific condition of the medical director could be ascribed to brain exhaustion, fatigue, or the proverbial effect of the atmosphere of the county of Chesterfield I know not, but it was with some difficulty that I aroused him, and introduced Colonel Mosby. The partisan chief, being a man of few words and remarkable quickness of thought and action, promptly, positively and bluntly stated the object of his visit, and asked that his friend be assigned to duty with his battalion. "I am very sorry to disappoint you," said the sleepy medical director, "but I cannot make any changes now in the Medical Department of the Army."

At this abrupt and unexpected refusal the Colonel made as gallant a charge upon the great head of the

Medical Department of the Army of Northern Virginia as he had ever made upon the Yankees. He seemed to lose all control of his temper, and dashed into the sleepy representative of martial physis. The Doctor was aroused and wide awake in less time than it takes me to write this sentence.

"This is infamous red tape," said the irate Colonel. "This is the devil's work in all military matters. This red tape is the halter of stupidity and indolence that has strangled General Lee and starved the armies of the South. I shall not submit to it. You shall at once grant what I ask, or I will get an order from the Secretary of War this very night and have it delivered in the morning." The sudden, snappish and galvanic manner in which the above, "or words to that effect," were discharged, aroused the Doctor to as wakeful a condition as his phlegmatic nature would admit. Turning to me he asked: "Doctor, what Colonel Mosby is this, anyhow?" On being informed that he was in the presence of the renowned partisan leader of Northern Virginia, with an air of surprise he reached out his hand to Mosby, apologized for not recognizing him before, and expressed pleasure in making his acquaintance. He hurriedly assured him that his wish should be immediately complied with. The Colonel grinned a ghastly grin, and told the military medicine man that he had at last adopted the proper method of dispatching important business, and galloped off with the promise that I should surely hear from him next morning.

CHAPTER II.

THE visit of Colonel Mosby to the medical department of Wise's brigade aroused all the latent curiosity of that command. Many were the questions asked by officers and men regarding the purpose of his visit. A rumor sprang up that Mosby was recruiting to fill the wasted companies of his battalion. The peculiar fascinations of partisan life, added to the brilliant record he had already made as an independent leader, his daring adventures and successful raids, mingled with a charming spirit of romance and the capture of dazzling spoils, excited the strongest emotions and kindled the liveliest ambition in the hearts of the old soldiers of the regular service. Officers and enlisted men crowded my tent anxiously and earnestly requesting that they be transferred to the free-and-easy battalion of partisan rangers. Many commissioned officers expressed their willingness to join Mosby as private soldiers. I had the good fortune to make many friends in the old brigade, and when the rumor ripened into the fact that I was preparing to leave that old heroic band forever, many of the rough, bronzed faces around me were moistened by honest tears that had neither hypocrisy nor selfishness in them. I never

shall forget the emotions excited by this final parting. Men accustomed to the presence of death in its most hideous and revolting forms; veteran soldiers who were ever in readiness to die in defense of their country; brave souls that only a few weeks before had fearlessly looked down into the very cannon's mouth in that saturnalia of death at the murderous crater; sun-burnt, weather-beaten and battled-scarred heroes of the war, whose eyes brightened at the gleam of the bayonet charge, who never faltered in deadliest shock of battle, shed tears at the final parting with a comrade and a friend. I have not forgotten you, my brave companions of the blood-marked battle-field, and never shall forget you. Many sons of old Virginia, 'tis sadly true, have been wrapped in the gloomy folds of the old Confederate blanket, and buried in obscure and shallow graves; but such souls as the true Confederate soldier carried into battle, cannot die, neither can they be wrapped in the army blanket nor buried in a shallow grave. The truly great men of the war have mingled their dust with mother earth all the way from Gettysburg to Chickamauga, while fate has decreed the cheap humanity of the survivor and the conqueror, to revel in ill-gotten wealth at home and abroad, even amidst the despotic, rotten and corrupt kingdoms of the Old World. The brave defenders of their country's honor fell in battle, while the coarse, cheap pets of prostituted fame carouse with kings and take lessons in republican liberty from the jeweled hand of royal despotism. Time alone will place the monarch and

the peasant, the hero and the despot, the sage and the sot, on the same eternal plane of everlasting equity—

“Weighed in the balance, hero dust
Is vile as vulgar clay ;
Thy scales, Mortality, are just
To all who pass away.”

It is difficult for people unaccustomed to camp life to understand how the grotesque and the beautiful, the sublime and the ludicrous, are so intimately blended in a soldier's life. My friend, Dr. Wm. Hoskins, was the surgeon of the Fifty-ninth Virginia regiment. He placed over my tent a rough board, on which appeared the attractive inscription, “Recruiting Office for Mosby's Battalion.” This cunning display of poetical wit on the part of my friend Hoskins brought all kinds of military candidates to my quarters. Commissioned officers of high rank were willing to exchange their commissions for a place in the ranks of the partisan battalion ; wounded and invalid soldiers crawled out of their hospital tents and tendered their services ; old veterans of a hundred fights hobbled around with one leg or one arm, declaring they could follow Mosby, and begging to be transferred to him. While the impression that I was a recruiting officer continued, Donnybrook fair was a well-disciplined place, and even Bedlam a quiet abode, compared with the scenes around the medical department of Wise's brigade. Earnest and repeated denial of the rumor failed to convince the zealous applicants that I was not a recruiting officer for the distinguished partisan chief. Much to the dis-

appointment of my friend, Dr. Hoskins, who seemed to enjoy his fun in proportion to my perplexity, a courier delivered my order from the Secretary of War, to "Report without delay to Colonel J. S. Mosby for duty." The anxious candidates for partisan honors became convinced, and seemed, though slowly, to comprehend the situation when the order from the War Department was made known to them, though a few, like doubting Thomas, insisted on seeing and handling the paper itself. This order severed me forever from the gallant band of heroes known as Wise's brigade. To the reader unacquainted with medico-military matters, it would be extremely difficult to convey in language the aggregate stupidity attending the cruel meanderings of the medical department of an army. From the cerebrum to the caudal appendix of this department, individual egotism and general imbecility prevail. "May the angels and ministers of grace" watch and defend a brave army against the diabolical machinery of organic military medicine. It is sadly disgusting in civil life to witness professional men without brains, secure behind fortifications of the time-honored idiocy called professional etiquette, show their contempt for human right and human life. But these creatures are powerless in private practice, and succeed in their imposture only through the ignorance of their unlucky patrons. Unfortunately, in military medicine, the fool and the charlatan is powerful if he has procured a commission through the pusillanimous influence of nepotism. The uncles, the sisters, and the aunts of a medical association, like

those of a military association, have been known to raise contemptible imposters to places of great power and responsibility.

With a singleness of purpose I served the Southern cause, and a fidelity of which I am not ashamed even in these days of reconstruction. From its bright incipency to its gloomy close, I guarded as best I could every avenue through which danger or damage could approach our ill-fated government. With a deep interest in my own department, I worked earnestly in behalf of the wounded and the sick. After years of the best thought I am capable of bestowing upon this interesting subject, I am forced by the irresistible logic of facts to declare that of all the causes that conspire to increase and intensify the cruelties of war, without excepting the numerous diseases and injuries, the multiform miseries of ideopathic, contagious or infectious disorders, a drunken, mal-administration of the medical department constitutes the most dire affliction that can befall an army in the field.

The veiled prophet of Khorassan was less cruel to his unhappy and deluded followers than were the executive methods of Confederate medicine to the sick and wounded soldiers of our unfortunate army. The chief duties of this department seemed to be clerical: To keep books; to order the largest number of wounded men to be transported the greatest possible distances by the roughest modes of transportation; to refuse all needed supplies to the surgeons in the field; to encourage all medical officers to be as cruel and severe to the

sick and wounded as possible; to prevent the examining boards from discharging maimed, crippled, or consumptive soldiers; to avoid by strict care the appointment of intelligent or qualified surgeons to positions of responsibility, were the chief functions of the surgeon-general's office. Should a surgeon be so indiscreet as to manifest any human feeling or sympathy for the sick or wounded under his care, he would surely be reprimanded for the kindness of his heart. To please the head of the department, surgeons must be cruel, stern, severe; and, above all things, stupid, submissive and sycophantic. To manifest the smallest degree of intelligence, or exhibit any sympathy at all, or display the least kindness of heart toward a suffering soldier, would surely incur the displeasure of all the prominent officers of the Medical Department of the Army. No surgeon was promoted, or even respected, if he was not both stupid and despotic. Ignorance and presumption, as a rule, with blood relations in power, were the chief factors of promotion or of obtaining soft positions in the army, and more particularly in the medical wing of the military service. The circumstances that environed my application for a surgeon's commission were amusing, if not ludicrous. I procured certificates of scientific qualifications and moral character from the purest, ablest, and most distinguished medical men and officers in the army and in civil life. Among the prominent names in my profession were those of Professors James L. Cabell and John Staige Davies, of the University of Virginia, my preceptors and friends. These testimonials were presented to the executive head

of the medical department, to enable me to procure permission to be examined by a board of *distinguished Southern experts*. I was not more surprised than disgusted when the great Mogul in authority told me, without blushing, that the names I presented, though known to the scientific people of two continents, were *unknown to him!* He insisted that I should present certificates from people of his acquaintance. The contempt and disgust inspired by this incident increased my determination to succeed. I made a diligent search for such unknown creatures as were likely to enjoy the friendship of a great man.

Through the kindness of my ever-valued friend, Dr. James Beale, of Richmond, my research was rewarded by the discovery of two obscure medical students. One had been a pupil in my office; the other was of worse than doubtful reputation, but both were favorites with the office that represented the big end of the medical department. I easily procured the signatures of these unknown striplings, and soon discovered they were far more influential with the ruling power than were the distinguished names before presented. Strange as it may seem to the civilized reader, the autographs of these pet boys, like the tear of the penitent criminal found by the Peri, gained admittance to the august tribunal of medical qualification. I had often before the war been catechised by very distinguished professors, and always succeeded in impressing them with a belief that I was proficient in the healing art. I now had to face a very different tribunal. A real Confederate examining board is a very different body of men

from the faculties of the University of Virginia and the Jefferson Medical College of Philadelphia. These learned Southern experts held certain doctrines and fine-drawn theories that no other people held. The first proposition that startled me was the differential diagnosis between a Confederate soldier and any other soldier from a surgical standpoint. I knew of several intellectual peculiarities of the Confederate soldier that no other soldier possessed. One was that he would receive Confederate money for his services—an act that no other sane individual would commit—but that his physical being differed from that of other men, and that he demanded a different system of medical and surgical treatment than other people, I was not prepared to admit. My examination was not difficult but peculiar. I recognized one member of the board of examiners as a classmate. I had spent many months with him in the lecture-room of the University. As a medical student he was dignified and silent. He rarely condescended to answer any question addressed to him in class. He left that institution of learning without a diploma, but his father possessed cash, and a voyage to the city of Paris no doubt gave him a passport to an elevated position in the medical department of our new government. Another member was eccentric. He died by suicide soon after the war. One other member owed his promotion to nepotism—a very common disease at that time. A fourth member was very drunk. He died in that way soon after my examination. The fifth and last member was a scientific gentleman and thoroughly qualified for the responsible

position he occupied. The only peculiarity of disposition that marked these learned and privileged gentlemen was the punctuality they displayed in drawing their salaries in Confederate money, and in writing quaint essays on diseases incident to the Confederate soldier and gun-shot wounds of the *human intellect* generally. I enjoyed the rare good fortune of reading several curious productions of this sort before my examination, and it is probable my *good luck* and success in passing this comical ordeal may be ascribed to that accident. One of these professional sages held that gun-shot wounds of the lung should be treated, *a la Dr. Langrado*, by copious blood-letting. His opponent held an opposite *doctrine*. This very question confronted me: I could not please one of my tormentors without offending the other. I was compelled to hedge on common sense to escape defeat, and answered boldly that, "to the best of my knowledge and belief, both methods had been eminently successful in Chinese surgery, and that if both gentlemen happened to be present on any battle-field where I was on duty (a very improbable hypothesis, as government pets are cautious animals,) I would, by their authority, treat all traumatic affections of the Confederate lung both ways." This answer pleased the scientific jury, and I was acquitted of professional heresy and commissioned to kill, *secundum artem*, and to draw from the Confederate treasury one hundred and sixty-two dollars per month in a sort of infidel currency that knew not a redeemer.

CHAPTER III.

WITH the aid of my assistant surgeon, Dr. Bristow, and faithful hospital steward, Dr. Leigh, a carefully prepared report of all the sick and wounded of the regiment, for the period of one month, was duly rendered the surgeon-general. My friend, Colonel Tabb, one of the bravest and most chivalrous officers of the army, requested me to delay my departure a few days and accompany him to Richmond, where he anticipated a matrimonial union with one of the fairest daughters of the Confederate capital. I promised to gratify my brave comrade and witness that most interesting and happy event of human life—the union of two hearts that love. I fulfilled the promise and witnessed the marriage of the knightly groom and the beautiful bride. Only fourteen years have swept with dark and funereal wing over that bright and joyous scene—the beautiful flower faded and died; the young wife has been sleeping for years in the grave, and the noble husband has followed her to that dark abode! This officer was as insensible to fear as the heroic Frenchman, Marshal Ney. If Napoleon could designate his great lieutenant—amidst thousands of dauntless veterans—as “the bravest of the brave,” surely that dis-

tinguished honor could be worn as meritoriously and as gracefully by my warm-hearted friend and gallant comrade, Colonel Tabb.

Before taking my departure from the regular service, I visited, amongst other officers, the statesman and soldier who bequeathed a name to the old brigade. General H. A. Wise occupied a small wooden house near the western suburbs of Petersburg. I found this representative specimen of Virginia's genius engaged in a very animated discussion of the probable results of the war with his old friend, Mr. Parker, from the county of Accomac. Mr. Parker exhibited the same fiery vehemence in discussion so characteristic of General Wise. It was amusing and entertaining to witness these two active and impetuous old gentlemen wrestle in playful controversy. It was an intellectual gladiatorial encounter. They were old friends, and indulged in the widest latitudes of freedom with each other, and were well matched in wit, quickness of thought, and sarcasm. Their rapid and sharp criticisms of the imaginary faults and frailties of each other constituted one of the most interesting exhibitions I have ever enjoyed. Rapid and brilliant scintillations of wit would snap and flash from one to the other like sparks of electric fluid from the poles of a strong galvanic battery. After silently awaiting a pause in the storm of words that played upon the auditorial nerves like the music of a nail factory, I informed General Wise that I had been ordered to report to Mosby, and must leave his brigade. The old gentleman had been tuned to concert pitch by

the boisterous encounter with his verbose companion. Abruptly turning upon me, with that inimitable mimic expression of displeasure and anger that only General Wise could assume, he asked if I was in earnest. "Are you going to leave the Twenty-sixth regiment, sir; my brigade, sir? Do you know that Mosby fights under the black flag, sir? Do you desire to be captured and hung, sir?" and, with that peculiar shake of the head and clenching of teeth so characteristic of the man, with increased emphasis, he repeated:

"Will be hung, sir; hung by the neck like a dog, sir; hung to a tree, sir, as certain as you leave my brigade, sir, and join that band of pirates. The worst part is, that you will deserve to suffer, sir, for leaving my poor Twenty-sixth regiment, sir." (This was the General's pet regiment.) "I shall not object to your going, sir, if you had rather be hung than remain in my brigade. Go, sir; go, go; we can bear your loss as well as you can stand hanging."

While delivering himself of these soothing expressions, so consoling to a retiring comrade, the General was busily engaged in pulling off one of his boots. Impressed with the idea that the old hero was "troubled with corns," that may have contributed somewhat to his accustomed irritability of temper, I was not surprised at this manœuvre, but there was something ludicrous in his gesture and gait as he awkwardly advanced to me, boot in hand, and quietly requested that I would take off one of my boots and try his on. I asked a reason for this singular proceeding.

"You see, my boots are nearly worn out," was the reply, "and I can't get another pair; there is no good leather in the Confederacy, and I can't wear bull's hide. If my boot fits you, I want you to send me the best pair you capture from the d——d Yankees; try them on; and I don't want you to wait for a second capture; send me the first you get, for they will hang you before you get another choice. I am an old man; I know more than you do about black flags; they will hang you, sir; hang you. Send me the boots before they catch you."

I confess this prophetic language did not increase my relish for the new field of service before me. I had already been informed that the chaplain of Mosby's command had been hung to a tree for no other offense than praying for the partisan battalion. I had no cause to expect more leniency than the unfortunate young preacher had received. If the pious non-combatant was hung for ministering to the diseased Confederate soul, what plea for mercy could be sustained in behalf of the less godly surgeon, whose art only ministered to the rebel body? But, with unshaken confidence in the truth of the saying, that "catching comes before hanging," I bade an affectionate adieu to the fiery old General and his staff, with the promise that I would not forget his boots should a Yankee of the proper size, with boots of the proper make, be captured before my time came, according to his prophesy, to be hung.

At this period of the war no commissioned officer or soldier could walk the streets of any city in Virginia

without being arrested, unless protected by a pass or order, signed by officers of high rank. I have sometimes thought that, if half the men on conscript duty had been in active service in the field, the result of the war would have been different; and it is possible that Washington, and not Appomattox, would have seen its termination. The last few years of the desperate and unequal struggle found the Army of Northern Virginia growing weaker and smaller, while the home guards and conscript forces grew larger and stronger every year. This department of the service was becoming more popular as the struggle became warmer and more desperate. The streets of our cities were filled with guards, whose only or chief duty seemed to be to keep out of the army themselves and put every invalid and wounded veteran back into the ranks again. To see able-bodied loafers, musket in hand, on every street corner and on every sidewalk, while lame, crippled soldiers were performing active duty in the field, became one of the most unpromising and revolting phenomena of the closing scenes of the war. The home guards and conscript bureaus became the refuge of safety and comfort for the favorites and pets of authority; young and green lieutenants could save their reputations and their innocent bodies by this ingenious military contrivance; and the soft sons, nephews and cousins of all the *rear action* officials in power sought shelter and ease in these pleasant and safe bombproof establishments.

On leaving Petersburg *en route* to Mosby's command, no sooner had I stepped from the railway train in

Richmond, than one of these vigilant conscript-hunters, noticing my uniform, worn and dusty, at once believed me to be one of the old veterans of the field who should not be permitted to enjoy the freedom, or the luxuries of a city even for a moment. He promptly advanced, dropped the butt of his musket heavily upon the pavement, and, with the characteristic whining twang of the chronic guard, not easily forgotten but impossible to describe with the pen, said: "Ha-lt! pa-ss!" at the same time extending his hand to receive whatever paper authority I might be fortunate enough to possess. I presented my order from the Secretary of War to report to Colonel J. S. Mosby. At this, the potent engine of belligerent authority, with musket attachment, informed me that he could not read (like a true and candid disciple of Dr. Dabney's creed). He gruffly ordered me to read my own passport for him. It did not occur to this vigilant watchman on the outposts of Southern liberty, that I could deceive him at pleasure by reading from imagination instead of the paper before me. I read the order as it was written, and also the name of the highest officer of the military department of the Government, as my authority for traveling by the most speedy and direct route, in obedience to the high command of the yet powerful Confederate rule, from the regular army to the partisan command. On hearing the order read, a rapid change came over the spirit of my newly made and inquisitive acquaintance. He suddenly changed his tone of authority, and expressed a strong

desire to exchange places with me. He said he had heard so much of Mosby, and his men lived so well and made so much money, that, if I had no objection to taking his place and his musket, he would be very glad to take mine, and promised faithfully that he would not desert, but do his duty like a man. With the firm belief that he would get rich on partisan spoils in a very short time, he begged me to take him with me if I would not exchange places with him. So popular was the partisan band at this period of the war, that an unsophisticated guard could be easily seduced from duty by its charm of novelty and romance, with the spice of avarice attached. This ignorant guard had heard marvelous stories about the immense wealth captured by Mosby. He told of certain Yankee paymasters being captured and relieved of millions at a single raid. His eyes moistened with emotion as he related to me the bright pecuniary prospects for us both, if I would only agree to take him with me, and even went far enough to promise I should be a partner in his expected spoils if I would comply with his very reasonable request.

I have related this simple incident to elucidate the general sentiment of the army regarding the prospective pleasures and profits of the guerrilla service.

After remaining only one day in Richmond, to procure proper equipments of partisan life, I proceeded directly to the county of Albemarle. On arriving at Charlottesville, I learned that my new leader had returned to his command the day following my last interview

with him at Petersburg; had been seriously, if **not** mortally, wounded, and would be conveyed to his father's house near Lynchburg, if not captured by the enemy. I remained in Charlottesville that night, and heard it rumored that he was dead and his body had been sent to McIvor depot, near the home of his father. Before the departure of the evening train for Lynchburg another rumor came that he was not dead, but seriously wounded. I proceeded at once to McIvor depot, and there learned that my friend was at his father's, a short distance from the depot. I was glad to find him in much better condition than I had cause to expect. He was cheerful, though in considerable pain. This was the seventh wound he had received from the enemy.

Though feeble from hemorrhage he was able to give me a graphic and interesting account of his adventures since our recent parting. Two days after leaving my camp near Petersburg, he was skirmishing with a large force of the enemy at Rector's cross-roads, in Fauquier county. At night he rode in company with two of his men to the house of Mr. Lud. Lake, only three miles from the enemy's camp. While at supper a strong force of the enemy surrounded the house and fired on him through the windows. One bullet entered his left side below the heart, and passing around his body, lodged under the skin on the right side. He fell to the floor, yet retained presence of mind sufficient to take off his jacket, with the mark of his rank upon it, and conceal it under a small bed before the assassins entered

the room. A Federal officer, followed by a number of men, rushed in upon the wounded Colonel. The officer examined the wound carefully, and saying it was mortal, asked his name and command. The Colonel feebly replied that his name was Wilson, and that he was a Lieutenant of the Sixth Virginia cavalry. The appreciative murderer, with true military *sang froid*, said to Mr. Lud. Lake, "Have him decently buried; he seems to be a brave soldier." While the gallant Colonel was pretending to be much worse than he really was, and the Yankee Major delivered himself of a sympathetic eulogy over what he supposed to be a dying soldier, his followers were busily engaged in relieving the victim of his boots. They also found his overcoat and hat. With this capture of personal property, they departed, without suspecting the importance of the unknown officer they had robbed and left, as they supposed, to die.

No sooner had the unwelcome visitors left his presence than the brave Colonel arose from the floor, notwithstanding his great loss of blood, and ordered Mr. Lud. Lake to furnish some sort of transportation immediately. He knew that certain papers and dispatches contained in the pocket of his overcoat would betray him, whenever they were examined at the enemy's camp. His suspicions were well founded. Mr. Lake unfortunately had no other mode of removing the wounded Colonel than a clumsy ox-cart, and two untrained calves to pull it. This quaint apparatus for "rapid transit" was soon ready, and the Colonel removed several miles in a forest and carefully concealed him-

self with leaves and brush. A few hours after he effected his exodus from the unlucky precincts of old Lud. Lake, the entire country was closely scoured by Yankee cavalry. Papers in the pockets of the stolen overcoat, had revealed the fact that the wounded officer was no other than the renowned partisan chief. Every house was searched, and every citizen threatened with immediate death, if any were so hardened in sin or lost in iniquity, as to aid in the concealment of the dreaded guerrilla.

This active search was kept up several days. Herod's endeavor to discover the young child was not more energetic. Every well, ice-house, barnyard, and chicken coop, was examined in vain. Sharp, experienced officers and lynx-eyed enlisted men explored every hole, cavern and corner of sufficient capacity to conceal a medium sized rebel. They cast anxious glances under every bed and looked up every chimney, yet no wounded Colonel did they find.

While this scrutinizing investigation of field, forest and domicile progressed, Mosby rested quietly under his pile of leaves and brushwood. When the excitement of the human hunt subsided, the cunning chief emerged from his hiding place, and by the aid of an ambulance made good his escape to Gordonsville.

CHAPTER IV.

I REMAINED with my new commander until he was sufficiently improved to leave his chamber. The wound he had received was a severe one. Exhaustion from hemorrhage, with attendant inflammation and symptomatic fever, left him in a feeble and prostrated condition. His strong will and cheerful disposition resisted successfully the results of serious injury.

After the dull routine of camp life and the tiresome monotony of regular service, it was exceedingly interesting to hear from the lips of the great raider, a lively recital of his many "hair-breadth 'scapes" and daring encounters with the enemy. His description of the capture of General Stoughton made a lasting impression. I remember well the manner and zest with which he related this most remarkable incident of the war. There is something so wild and desperate in piercing the very heart of a large army, with a squad of twelve men, to capture a general in his camp, surrounded by his videttes, pickets and guard, that it reads more like the creation of fiction, than the historic realities of military life. I doubt that either ancient or modern warfare has produced a leader that combined the rare

strategy and extraordinary courage requisite to plan and execute such an enterprise as Mosby consummated in the capture of General Stoughton.

His narrative was, that he selected twelve good men, and advanced cautiously through the darkness of a stormy night upon the enemy's first line of pickets. He captured them without difficulty and carried them with him. He then made prisoners of the second and third lines of pickets. They were now more than he could well guard. He then proceeded alone to the house where the General slept. The guard at the door was captured and disarmed, and ordered to act as guide to General Stoughton's room. With a pistol bearing upon his head, the prisoner slowly and reluctantly obeyed. He found the General asleep and shook him several times before he was aroused. He seemed to be only half way conscious, and probably supposed the raider to be one of his own men. With a gruff voice and an ugly epithet, he ordered the intruder to leave and not disturb him again. Knowing that his name was not entirely devoid of interest or significance to a live Yankee, he asked the General in a rather loud tone if he had heard of Mosby? The talismanic name seemed to get the attention of the drowsy officer. Turning suddenly, he asked, with some interest, "Have you caught the d——d rascal?" "No," said the chief; "but he has caught you! My name is Mosby, and you are my prisoner." It is not reasonable to suppose that any man since the melancholy event of man's first fall, has ever been more surprised or shocked than was this General, when informed that he was Mosby's prisoner.

He was ordered to rise, dress and follow his captor. He seemed to be so reluctant and slow to obey, that the stimulus of a pistol presented to his face convinced him at once that disobedience was synonymous with death while Mosby was at one end of the pistol and he was at the other. The General and his pickets were all brought out safely and sent to Gordonsville, under guard. Compared with this adventure the boasted exploits of the old knights in the days of chivalry, pale into utter insignificance.

In the month of May, in the ever-memorable year 1862, the brave and lamented Stuart won military renown by one of the most daring adventures ever made by a small body of cavalry. This accomplished and brilliant officer performed the daring feat of leading his followers entirely around one of the largest and best equipped armies of ancient or modern times. When McClellan, with nearly two hundred thousand men, held the Confederate capital as with the grip of a giant—when the dismal sound of the alarm bells of the doomed city of Richmond carried dismay and despair into the hearts of the truest and bravest men that ever marched with steady step to the music of death—this heroic band cut its way through dense masses of the enemy's columns, severing the great body of the army from its base of supplies. This was considered at the time one of the most wonderful achievements of modern warfare; and indeed just so long as supernatural courage is admired by mankind, will ever mark a brilliant page in the annals of history. Without

detracting by comparison, from the well-earned fame of the glorious Stuart, I may ask that a flower from the garland that encircles his heroic brow, be permitted to adorn the chaplet of a much younger Confederate soldier—one who, without rank or command at that time, but acting only as a scout, had alone blazed the way for this wonderful exploit. This indomitable scout proposed the method and guided the raid, that gave such great eclât to the distinguished cavalry general. Mosby's consummate skill, great presence of mind, and absolute courage ministered in no small degree to Stuart's success in this perilous enterprise.

When memory bears our fancy back into the dark period of the war; when we are permitted to view through the lens of the imagination, the storm-cloud of despair, mingled with hope, that lowered for four long years like a funereal pall over our loved country; when we take a retrospective view of the dazzling flashes of heroism and self-sacrifice that gave for a brief period a silver lining to that sombre cloud, the few bright spots shine forth with a vivid glare, like a green oasis in the sandy and parched desert, falls upon the visions of the weary Arab and his faithful camel; when the fever of prejudice and the present paroxysm of injustice, gives place to reason—we may expect history to speak the truth, and render justice to the purity, manhood and patriotism of Lee; the stern faith, Christian integrity and wonderful genius of Jackson; the beautiful chivalry of Stuart, and the incomparable skill, dash, and courage of Mosby.

"Let fate do her worst, there is something of joy :
Sweet dreams of the past that she cannot destroy ;
We may break, we may ruin the vase, if we will,
But the fragrance of roses will cling 'round it still."

Virginia will never forget such sons, let cheap humanity whine and fret as it may. The carping out-laws of nature and the desecrators of our household gods may cast the slime of their own foul natures against the bright jewels of Virginia's crown, but the halo of true glory, that enshrines their noble deeds will illumine and expose the contemptible malice and dastardly meanness, of the coarse traducer and cowardly calumniator.

He who risks his life with the almost absolute certainty of death, in defense of his country, cannot be a bad man, or a traitor. Of the four bright names I have written, two yielded up their great souls on the field of their country's honor. They died with their harness on in the discharge of an almost sacred duty. No country can demand a more priceless gift offering than Virginia placed on the altar of liberty, in the blood of her Jackson and her Stuart. The great and pure-minded Lee, survived the dissolution of his cause for only a brief period of time. He could not live after his country died. When the Virginia that gave Washington to the world and many States and statesmen to the Union was maimed, divided, robbed, and reduced to Military District No. 1, by the reckless conqueror; when the liberty her Washington had won was lost forever, the greatest military genius our continent has known, laid down his unstained life. His big heart

was broken by the shock. With the exception of Cincinnati, our Washington offers to history the only example of refusing absolute power. The example of Lee has no parallel: A great leader, so benign in victory, so sublime in defeat, who could pause, with mingled charity and philanthropy, amid the ghastly carnage of the battle-field, and when the sun of hope went down, he placed the last gift offering—a broken heart—upon the blasted altar of his country's honor.

Only one of this heroic quartette lives. Mosby, whose remarkable military achievements makes a conspicuous chapter in Virginia's history, survives the desperate, unequal conflict of arms, that yielded so curious a conglomeration of glory and of shame. He bears on his person many honorable scars received in defense of his country; yet his good record and manly service, his unquestioned patriotism and self-sacrifices, protect him not, against the infamous calumnies of political assailants. He may well feel proud that the same high spirit and chivalry that won for him a splendid reputation in war, also bequeathed him a manly independence in time of peace. History has often borne testimony, that the most contemptible and faithless members of the human race have been found amongst the politicians of every age. Strange as it may seem to the honest reader, this brave soldier and patriotic Virginian has been persistently charged with political treason to his State and the people he loved so well and defended with such conspicuous heroism; and still more strange, the charges against him have been pre-

ferred by bombproof political demagogues who skulked to the rear when "red battle stamped her foot," and when their old mother Virginia most needed the aid of her true children. The mercenary, who sold beer, speculated in bread, acted the part of quartermaster, and robbed the soldier of his clothing, his money and his food during the war, now, with bronzed brow and monumental cheek, steps nimbly to the front, to assail Mosby for want of patriotism. Such men must have an alloy of zinc and copper in their nature sufficient to mould at least one twenty-four pound brass howitzer. From many recent disclosures in high political circles, it is reasonable to conclude that of such chemical elements are the average politicians constructed. From Titus Oates, who was flogged at the cart's tail through the streets of London, to Secretary Belknap, who was kicked out of Grant's Cabinet for what common people call stealing, the world has no good cause to praise the professional politician. Thomas Paine, a politician of no mean ability, deliberately insulted mankind by an unprovoked assault upon the unstained character of Washington and the holy creed of Christ. The modern political blasphemer, true to the oblique instincts of his vicious nature, feeds upon the reputations of good men with the voracious avidity that a hungry hyena seeks a new-made grave. With an experience of many years, and a contact with good and bad men, with great men in small places and small men in great places, with honest and dishonest men, with detestable hypocrites and pure patriots, with men of unquestioned

truth and with the most notorious liars, I write with the conviction of certainty, that Virginia can claim no truer son or braver soldier, nor has she ever given birth to a more honest and faithful man than John Singleton Mosby. In this narrative of war incidents, mingled with such thoughts as the stirring events of the time inspired, I am anxious to avoid misleading the reader. No man differs from the political views of my distinguished military leader more widely than does the writer. But the man who knows Mosby and can doubt his honor, his patriotism, or his courage, must possess an obliquity of thought that reflects doubtful credit upon his own intellect. Will any sane member of society question the sincerity or integrity of the martyr while the ligatures that bound him to the stake were cutting into his living tissues and the fierce flames scorching his quivering flesh? Can any man, *not a politician*, doubt the honor or the patriotism of Regulus, as every revolution of his cylinder of death, thrust torturing spikes into his body? When such questions can be answered in the affirmative with truth, then, and only then, can an intelligent mind receive the revolting doctrine that the heroes that suffered most and made the greatest sacrifices for their country are traitors to its cause.

CHAPTER V.

ONE week from the day I took charge of my wounded commander he expressed some impatience to take the saddle again and lead his gallant followers to the front. I advised him to bear philosophically the necessary delay; that it would yet be many weeks before he could with safety return to duty. His convalescence was sufficiently advanced for me to leave him. He gave me letters of introduction to his friends in Fauquier county and the officers of his command. I left him in the care of his family and departed for the stirring scenes of partisan strife. One of the difficulties that awaited me in preparing for the new service was the scarcity of horses sufficiently fleet for that peculiar and precarious warfare. The class of animals used in the regular service were unfit for the extra-hazardous risks of guerrilla life. The safety and efficiency of the ranger depended much upon the fleetness of his horse. All the best animals within the limits of the Southern Confederacy had been stolen, captured, or pressed into service by the ubiquitous quartermaster, or the more active and indefatigable horse-thief. At this advanced and unpleasant stage of hostilities every farmer who possessed any

property worth stealing would be sure to hide it. Provisions of every kind were concealed in garrets and cellars or buried in unfrequented fields. Horses, mules and cattle were often picketed out in forests, or immured in subterranean recesses and ice-houses. All the patriotism of the South was in the army, and very little, if any of it, could be found with the home-staying male inhabitants. The true test of patriotism was not found in the father who would freely give up his youthful sons as food for villainous gunpowder, but in the man who would surrender his property for the common cause. I have known many instances of parents sending young sons to battle, where grim death awaited them, without pausing to consider the priceless value of patriotic blood. That fluid was indeed the only cheap commodity during the strained excitement of war, and it flowed as free as water from the mountains to the sea. But who amidst the insane saturnalia of war, can forget the false reasoning and bitter opposition made by the parents (who had given their young sons to slaughter) when the dire distress of their country demanded *pecuniary* aid in the way of slaves or other property in behalf of the government? The stern law of necessity justified the government in its merciless demands on human life. Young boys—mere children—were driven into the ranks of battle and sacrificed without a murmur of remonstrance. Life was cheap and blood was valueless. Let humanity blush! When a horse or mule was pressed into service, a bullock taken to feed the hungry and starving sol-

diers, or a slave temporarily taken to aid in the construction of earthworks, or fortifications to protect the bodies of living men against the murderous storm of shell and shot, a great cry went up, a spirit of complaint was heard throughout the land, wildly proclaiming that the government had no right to take the property of the people. At this period of the war, human life was the cheapest commodity in the Southern Confederacy, not excepting its irredeemable currency itself. That uncertain chimera had at least a constructive value, while Southern life had none.

Notwithstanding the abnormal love for property and money that marked this unhappy period, and so often outweighed the love of country, we had some noble exceptions to the general rule. I found one man, a plain, unpretending and *honest* farmer in the county of Albemarle. This man possessed a liberal disposition, a good conscience, and moderate means. His kindness and generosity I shall not soon forget. Mr. Adam Via, the "good Samaritan," lived near the village of Batesville, a hamlet not distinguished for its liberality or bigness of heart. Like many Virginians of the remote past, he had a well-developed attachment for fast horses, and was noted for keeping the best stock in his section of the county. In looking over the long list of my friends and acquaintances in my old neighborhood, it occurred to me that if any farmer in that portion of the Piedmont region had a horse fast enough to help a partisan ranger out of a hard place, Mr. Via was certainly the man. Mosby

had informed me that it was neither proper nor safe to engage in his peculiar methods of warfare with an indifferent steed. On leaving the railway train at North Garden depot I proceeded at once to Mr. Via's house, a distance of five miles. I found the kind and hospitable gentleman at home. He seemed to be exceedingly glad to meet his old family physician again, and I was equally well pleased to find my old patient enjoying excellent health and cheerful spirits. I soon told him that I was *en route* to Mosby's command, and was in quest of a suitable horse for that wild service, and desired him to furnish me with the best animal in his stables. I knew full well that the hard experiences of the war had made most men grasping and mercenary in proportion to the uncertainty of the struggle, and fully expected my old friend would place a high price upon the horse. My pecuniary resources at this time could not be considered in a very robust condition. I had only a few months before this visit paid the sum of \$162 (one month's salary) for one small jug of butter-milk, when Confederate money was not so depressed as at the time of this interview. I was prepared to learn that the price of an extra good horse would ascend to the vicinity of \$50,000, if not higher. I confess to as much surprise as pleasure when my generous friend said he had the very horse I needed—a beautiful black, the fleetest horse in his county, and could leap the highest fence on his farm. It was his favorite horse; he would not sell him at any price, and he did not

think it right to take a soldier's money, so he would not sell. But as I had saved the lives of his two boys before the war, before I should be captured by the Yankees and hung for the want of a good horse he would consider himself guilty of murder, and he could not bear the idea, and would never forgive himself if I should be hung on his account; that if I would accept the horse as a gift he would be pleased to present me with his favorite black. From the uniform meanness of mankind we generally expect something of the same sort in every transaction of life. A sudden flash of grateful generosity takes any one who has suffered much intercourse with his fellow-men by surprise. As neighbor, friend and physician I had known Mr. Via for seven years, and esteemed him as a kind, genial, honest, good man. But as Confederate morals when weighed in the balance with mercenary motives had declined *pari passu* with Confederate money, I was in no intellectual condition to expect a farmer of moderate means to bequeath valuable property in consideration for only a sentimental equivalent. I accepted the valuable present from my generous friend, with the promise that should I fall under the shadows of the black flag I would remember his unselfish liberality on the very threshold of another world, and if favored by the god of war his kindness would be returned with compound interest.

The unequal valuation of property at this dark and uncertain era of civil strife could not be rationally explained. The soldier in the field, with breast

exposed to the almost unceasing storm of death-dealing shot and shell, was rewarded by his government with twelve so-called dollars of Confederate money per month. A very small cup of bad whiskey (they had no glasses) would command a price equal to a half-month's pay of a soldier in the ranks. Five years' pay of an enlisted soldier would not buy a barrel of flour for his hungry family. November, 1864, I paid \$480 (equal to a major's salary for three months) for a pair of boots—and very indifferent boots they were. Real estate did not rate with *useful* commodities. The price of two barrels of the most villainous apple brandy, or still meaner and more plebeian short corn whisky, would purchase an average Virginia farm, with dwellings, out-buildings, and agricultural implements thrown in. A wide-spread, general insanity pervaded every department of business. Men of good reputation for industry and thrift—people who were never before even suspected of lunacy in any of its forms—would, under the excitements and hallucinations incident to war, sell their lands and houses for small prices in Confederate money, and forthwith invest the proceeds in Confederate bonds or slaves. The *money* received for the sale of many of the best and most fertile landed estates in Virginia can yet be found safely stored away in old *hair-covered trunks* in garrets and cellars of the South awaiting the blast of Gabriel's trumpet, or the more tardy approach of some equally reluctant financial redeemer.

The beautiful jet black steed presented to me would have sold for a sum sufficient to purchase several hundred acres of fertile land in the fairest portion of Virginia, and my appreciation of the generous act is in just proportion of its value at that time.

One incident of interest only I remember on my way to the county of Fauquier. The Piedmont counties of Virginia were at that time infested with many thieves, military and otherwise. Marauders and footpads frequently frightened, robbed, and annoyed the wayfarer. In passing alone on horseback through the northern borders of the county of Greene, two uncouth horsemen, with shabby uniforms, badly mounted, and armed with rusty carbines and unburnished sabres, halted me in the road. I observed that they were much more impressed with the appearance of my handsome black steed than with the looks of the rider. One, the uglier of the two, in a very rude manner, with a cracked voice that seemed to issue from a fractured bagpipe, asked in a decidedly impertinent method: "Whar did you git him?" "Got what?" I replied. "Git that fine crittur?" I answered them in as Chesterfield-like manner as I could then command, if they were soldiers, deserters, or horse thieves? This question, and the earnestness with which it was put, changed their method of procedure. One of the men asked what regiment I served with. I informed him that his inquiry was impertinent, and I knew not by what right he made any demand on me; but I would condescend to satisfy his very unreasonable curiosity, provided he would tell me

what officer had the misfortune to command such uncouth ruffians as they appeared to be. Without seeming to be at all vain of his associates in arms, one of them, and the uglier of the horrid twain, said, "We is McCauslan's men; an' I'd like to git that hoss you's ridin'." Finding the interview growing more unpleasant and inclining towards a more serious turn than at first, I at once concluded that a bold front and some effrontery could be made to equal the value of a good horse. Taking a pistol from the belt, I announced that I belonged to Mosby's battalion, and proposed to conduct them to their command as prisoners if the distance was not too great; and if so, I would settle the legal right to our horses then and there. The uglier of the two barbarians assured me it was all a joke; and that he had heard a good deal about Colonel Mosby and his men, and he liked them mightily from what he had "heered," and he had no notion of interfering with any of them.

These fellows looked hungry, haggard, and desperately bad—something like two badly constructed ghosts in Hamlet, on a raid; but, unlike the ghost (so far as concerned my horse), they had some "speculation" in their eyes. I confess to a feeling of discomfort or unpleasantness while in the presence of these very hard specimens of the Southern soldier. As I moved off slowly, they were disposed to follow on their lean and jaded steeds. I turned upon them and made them understand in very plain language that their presence was not agreeable, and insisted on their speedy departure; which

gentle insinuation they understood and reluctantly withdrew. Though many years have passed since this trivial though disagreeable incident transpired, I yet distinctly remember the criminal expression that played upon the features of the uglier one. His dreadful face revealed coarse brutality, dull sensualism, and habitual crime. He seemed the living image of the man so graphically described by Mr. Thomas Moore: the old wretch, discovered by the Peri, whose life was portrayed in the lines of his face, that told of "The ruined maid, the shrine profaned, with blood of guests the threshold stained." I can but think that if the devil or his war department had use for a standing army, he would be much pleased with just such recruits as this *specimen* private of McCausland's brigade. I galloped rapidly on, through a forest, endeavoring to obliterate from memory the mental vision of that uncompromising hideous face. I cannot truly say at this late period that "his bright smile haunts me still," but I have a sort of superstitious misgiving that the same demoniac physiognomy may confront me yet in another if not a better world.

It is pleasant to turn from the painful contemplation of so grim a subject, to view the brightest phases of human nature. There is something radiant as well as dark in our lives. I cannot well describe the contrast between the kind of character I have so imperfectly delineated here and the pure, intellectual, and social atmosphere that welcomed me on my arrival at the hospitable mansion of Major Richard Henry Carter, of

Fauquier. I reached Major Carter's residence (Glen Welby) on the second night of my journey from Albemarle. I was fatigued by the travel of one hundred and forty miles. Mosby had notified his friends of my probable arrival. I shall ever gratefully remember the cordial welcome and warm-hearted greeting I received, and shall always regard my short association with the refined, gentle, and accomplished family of Major Carter as one of the brightest and most pleasant epochs of my life.

CHAPTER VI.

THE hospitable and elegant mansion that afforded shelter to Mosby and his staff was owned by Major Richard Henry Carter, and was situated in one of the most picturesque and beautiful regions of the county of Fauquier. There was something noble and elevating about the place and its occupants; a spirit of chivalry, hospitality, and immaculate patriotism seemed to pervade the very atmosphere of Glen Welby. Even in the very storm-centre of civil war, I found in this quiet and pure Virginia home the purest principles of religion mingled with the loftiest sentiments of patriotic self-sacrifice. Major Carter was a Virginia gentleman of the old school. Before the invaders had stripped him of his wealth the broad, fertile acres and warm hearts of Glen Welby gave life to every charitable enterprise, and shaped the refinements of fashion for the aristocracy of Fauquier. I have never invested much faith in Utopias of government, dreamed of and sought by the ancient philosophers of the mythic ages of the world. Perpetual motion and perfection of government are equally difficult to attain, and only exist in bewildered imaginations and abnormal dreams. But, so far as Utopian perfection can apply to the

domestic household, the happy circle of the bright and noble family of Major Carter offers an example so free from the contaminations of earthly selfishness that I must claim for that accomplished family all that humanity can attain towards the Utopian perfection of domestic life.

Major Carter was an officer on General Lee's staff. He had returned home on a short leave of absence to find a large portion of his fine estate laid waste by the barbarous cruelty of irresponsible soldiers. His farm had been pillaged of horses, mules, slaves and sheep; all his crops either stolen or destroyed by fire; fences and out-buildings burnt; and even his stately mansion had been set on fire, but saved by the superhuman efforts of its brave tenants. How cheerfully this noble family bore the accumulated misfortunes visited upon them, only because they gave shelter to the partisan leader, presents one more bright page in the history of martyrdom quite refreshing to the philosopher when contrasted with the usual soiled selfishness of mankind. No complaint or murmur ever escaped the lips of a single member of this oppressed family. On several occasions, when Mosby's headquarters were attacked by the enemy, and all their provisions, jewelry and clothing stolen, and their furniture destroyed, the first question I have known the heroic ladies of that household to ask when the storm subsided was, "Did they capture any of our soldiers?" forgetting, as it were, themselves in the deep interest they felt for the cause of their country.

The cordial reception I met with at Glen Welby caused me to feel as much at home as if I had only returned to the presence of old acquaintances or well-tried friends. Major Carter introduced me to several officers of the battalion who were his guests, also to his estimable lady, accomplished daughters, and charming niece. Their graceful hospitality and refined courtesy caused me to feel more like a member of that delightful family group than a stranger within their gates. Charming conversation, a few games of chess with my noble host, and some of the sweetest music I ever heard soon passed the time away. Before retiring for the night my new comrades informed me of the best modes of escape should the enemy make a raid upon the house in the night-time. Without any kind of picket, guard, or other precaution than a weasel or a fox would put before his hole, we retired for the night. This was the first night during the four years of war that I found myself within the enemy's lines, except when engaged in actual battle. With the full knowledge that the black flag was our only ensign, and that we had no guard on duty to give alarm at the approach of the enemy, and with the further information that a large force of the enemy was encamped only a few miles from our resting-place, and that our force at headquarters consisted only of two officers besides myself, altogether made up an association of ideas not calculated to act the part of a soporific upon the nerves of a newly-initiated partisan ranger. The adjutant of the battalion was a brother of Colonel

Mosby, a youth not quite twenty years of age, yet partaking, in a remarkable degree, of the peculiar characteristics of the great raider. Willie Mosby was my bed-fellow for the night. We conversed for several hours upon the stirring events in which he had taken part. He spoke lightly of the dangers by which we were surrounded, and assured me there was less peril fighting under the black flag than in the regular service. He argued that it made men fight much harder, and when they knew that no quarter would be granted them, they were much harder to catch, &c. I confess, even at this late date, that his arguments were neither soothing nor convincing. The chances of being captured and hung any cold morning before breakfast, on an empty stomach, and by strangers with whom I had no sympathy whatever, was not calculated, in my opinion, to act as an incentive to a soldier's appetite, no matter how much he may enjoy the old belligerent system of long-range conflict, with a fair prospect of boarding on prisoner's fare at the expense of a hostile government. I was informed by Lieutenant Mosby that our headquarters were liable to be attacked at any hour; the enemy had recently made a raid on it; that they always attacked at night, and that our chances of escape consisted in being well armed, and either escape at one door as they broke through another, or cut our way through their columns if they surrounded the house, as they frequently did.

He gave me a very pleasant account of the last hanging of Yankees that took place at Rector's Cross-Roads,

only three miles from our headquarters; and also the unprovoked hanging of seven of our own men at Front Royal, for which the cross-roads affair was retaliatory. With boyish glee he seemed to enjoy the cold-blooded butchery, by deliberate and barbarous strangulation, with as much delight as to crush out human life with the more dignified and gentlemanly method of shell, shot and bayonet. Juvenile warriors seem incapable of discriminating between a dignified and time-honored system of murder and the new-fangled methods that reflect no credit upon the operator at all. If life must be taken to justify the whimsicalities of rulers, or to gratify the appetites of latent philanthropists, it should be taken by the methods that will do most good and leave to posterity healthy precedents that will save them much trouble in shedding what fashionable people are pleased to call this mortal coil. But I never could see what special advantages could be derived from this peculiar innovation in belligerent ethics—of hanging a soldier after he has been captured. More particularly do I object to this barbarous precedence if I am to be the subject of this unwarlike experiment.

My first night at Glen Welby (Mosby's headquarters) was well spent listening to the narrative of the battalion's adjutant, William Mosby. He related with boyish vivacity many interesting encounters with the enemy, in which our brave boys were victorious. The adventure with Major Blaizor was one of the most entertaining as told by the Adjutant. It seems that a desperado named Blaizor had offered his services to the

old government, with the promise that he would volunteer to capture the cunning rebel partisan, Mosby, provided the government would permit him to form a company of one hundred picked men from the Federal army. The request was granted, and Blaizor selected his men. This command, it seems, was carefully composed of ruffians like the rough Blaizor himself. From the description of this specimen officer, I presume he must be one of the most uncouth bipeds that ever aspired to military honors. Hugo's description of the savage Cambronne reads like the picture of a carpet knight compared with the ambitious Blaizor.

Willie Mosby in his boyish style tells that this Yankee Major, with more daring than judgment or prudence, at the head of his desperate band, scoured the counties of Clarke, Loudoun, and Fauquier in quest of his prey. Mosby did not seem to be at all disturbed by the preparations and manœuvres of Blaizor. About this time he was suddenly called to Richmond by order of General Lee. During Mosby's absence, Major Richards was placed in command of forty-five men, and ordered to find Blaizor, with his hundred picked veterans. The two commands met; Richards commanding forty-five rangers, and Blaizor in command of his one hundred men, chosen from a huge army of many thousands. The conflict was short, sharp, but decisive. Blaizor formed his command on a hill; Richards charged him with his small force. It was a clear field and a fair encounter. Blaizor lost nearly half his command killed and wounded; the remainder captured,

including the boastful and desperate Blaizor himself. The gallant Richards, having discharged the last shot from his pistols, unhorsed Blaizor by a heavy blow with the butt of the empty weapon, inflicting a severe wound upon the scalp of the aforesaid Major of the desperate command. This unwise and venturesome officer and his surviving followers were placed under guard in the care of Sam Alexander, and sent back to Gordonsville. Sam is said to have been in high spirits, partly from the hot blood engendered by the fierce encounter and partly from the contents of a tin can he always carried about him. He became instantly on intimate terms with the discomfited Yankee Major, offered him assistance from his tin can, and attempted to cheer him up with strong apple brandy.

"Take a drink, Blaze," said Sam; "it will do you good and make you forget your troubles. I feel sorry for you, Blaze." Then, slapping the unlucky Major on the shoulder with that insolent familiarity that only intoxication can impart, "Did you have the impudence to try and catch our Mose? Why, our Mose wouldn't condescend to fight such a fool as you. He sent little Dolly Richards arter you, with only half a company, and you see what you got. Blaze, you're a fool! Take a drink, Blaze; and if you ever get out of Libby prison again, let somebody else get up an army of a thousand men like you, Blaze, and then come and see us. Don't you feel ashamed, Blaze, to let our little Dolly Richards, with a handful of men, catch you and all your hundred wild men? Take a drink, Blaze, and don't try to catch our Mose again."

The dejected Blaizor followed Sam's advice by taking the brandy, but we never heard whether he returned in quest of Mosby any more. From the history Major Richards afterwards gave me of this engagement, it must have been one of the most remarkable victories of the war. No strategy could be used, no ambush or surprise, but a fair, open, field fight. The enemy numbered one hundred men, all selected because of their supposed fitness for the desperate work before them, and Richards's command numbered only forty-five of his regular rangers. That such an engagement should result in the smaller force destroying and capturing the larger one only tells of the determined earnestness of men fighting for a cause approved by an enlightened conscience and coarse hirelings who only fight for mercenary wages. The history of the world cannot point to a solitary page that tells of one hundred patriots being defeated by forty-five mercenaries. Blaizor's followers were prompted by the sentiments of fierce brutality and pecuniary gain, while the dash of the partisans was nerved by that high spirit that held the Spartans at Thermopylæ or Stonewall's followers at Cross Keys.

CHAPTER VII.

A FEW days before my arrival at Glen Welby one of the most daring officers of our battalion had been severely wounded. Lieutenant Charles Grogan, returning from a raid near Fairfax Courthouse, had stopped at the house of a *Union man* named Turner. While at the breakfast-table a regiment of Federal cavalry (the Eighth Illinois) surrounded the house and commanded Lieutenant Grogan to surrender. The plucky old Roman who attempted alone to defend a bridge against an advancing army may have paused to consider the chances of an unequal contest, but Charles Grogan fell in the desperate effort to cut his way through a regiment of armed men. His extraordinary courage won the sympathy and admiration of the brave fellows he so earnestly fought. Surgeon Nelson, the medical officer of the regiment, examined and dressed the wound, advised and offered his services to amputate the limb. This kind offer the gallant Grogan refused to accept. I visited him the day after my arrival at Glen Welby. I found him suffering considerably from the severe wound he had received. His newly-made friend, the Yankee surgeon, had failed to

remove the fragments of the broken bone, and the wound was in a very unpromising condition. I noticed my patient was in a very despondent mood. I carefully examined the fracture, removed the spiculæ of the bone that caused much needless irritation, and left him more comfortable than I had found him. On my next visit I discovered that he was more depressed in spirits than before.

This is so unusual an occurrence with men of uncommon courage that I could not account for his mental condition. On my return home I noticed particularly one of the charming young ladies at headquarters manifested much interest in the condition of my brave patient. I immediately suspected that the heroic officer was attached to the fair lady, and made inquiries, with a view to a correct surgical management of the case. I soon learned enough to decide, with as little delay as possible, to remove my patient to Glen Welby, where he could be well *nursed* and scientifically treated. I have long ago observed that the mental treatment of diseases and injuries is as important as their physical management. Apart from the romantic interest of this particular case, I can now assert as true that in a very active professional life of more than the fourth part of a century I have never known more perfect success to follow the psychological management of surgical injury. The soul has more to do with repairing physical disorders than even professional men with small souls can be made to comprehend. I shall ever believe that the fond attachment (or what young

people call love) for a charming and accomplished lady had much more to do with the recovery of this brave officer than did the *armamentum medicum* at my command. The extraordinary bravery of this patient, added to the softer sentiment involved, caused me to feel more than an ordinary interest in his recovery. Dr. Nelson, the medical officer of the Eighth Illinois regiment, whom I afterwards learned was an accomplished surgeon, had already given an unfavorable opinion. He had advised amputation as the only means of saving life. A compound comminuted fracture is always regarded by the surgeon as a dangerous wound. I caused him to be removed from Mr. Turner's to Glen Welby. Mr. Turner, at whose house he had received the wound, was a Union man. That fact alone I believe increased the despondency of my rebellious patient. The rebel nervous system, particularly in Mosby's command, was not very impressible to Union sentiments, and the patriotism of Lieutenant Grogan could not well brook the presence of a hostile nurse. The contrast between the tender care of a beautiful nurse, who already has charge of a patient's heart, with that of a hateful enemy to his cause, may well be considered as an important factor in the ultimate recovery of a doubtful physical injury. I have never known a more sudden or a more remarkable improvement than Lieutenant Grogan experienced in the change from a loathed to a loving presence. Under the mystic influence of the pure and ethereal sentiment of unselfish love, the color of life returned to his

blanched features, and new vitality flowed merrily through the withered channels of his veins. Day by day this rapid convalescence was continued, until the success of perfect recovery crowned the efforts of psychological surgery. Let the learned votaries of material science object if they will, I assert it as the full conviction of mature reason, that this dauntless life would have been lost, without the agency of that potent though mysterious influence offered by loving hearts and ministered by gentle and tender hands. As his medical attendant I claim no other credit for this almost miraculous escape from the embrace of apparently certain death, than the common sense that directed the change from the care of a diabolic to that of an angelic nurse. The reader may be naturally disappointed by the sequel of this rather romantic narrative. It would be easy enough to increase the interest of the reader in these sketches of fact were I to forget the demand of history and yield to the more pleasing creations of fancy. It matters not how bright the realms of imagination, and how beautiful the gems and the flowers of fiction, the unyielding demand of reality so shaped the lives and the destiny of the lovers, that the fairy hand whose tender care saved the life of the gallant soldier, with the loving heart of the fair giver, was reserved for the happiness of another. The fearless, devoted and faithful Lieutenant submitted to an ordeal infinitely more painful than wounds or physical anguish can bestow. He lived to see the beautiful Fairy Queen of all his earthly hopes of love

become the bride of another, and that other a fat man of more than two hundred avoirdupois. A lover of such dimensions will blot the record of the most romantic sentiment on earth.

Mosby's battalion numbered eight hundred men. Lieutenant-Colonel Chapman, in command of six hundred, was stationed in that portion of Virginia known as Northern Neck. Major Richards, in command of two hundred, held and defended the counties of Fairfax, Loudoun, Fauquier, Culpeper, and Clarke.

Our soldiers were quartered in squads of four to ten men at each private residence, mostly throughout the county of Fauquier. When needed for action they were summoned by couriers to rendezvous at a given point. Within a few hours the entire command would always be ready for a "raid." Almost every dwelling occupied by Mosby's men was provided with trap-doors and other convenient subterranean hiding places. Whenever a house was attacked and surrounded by the enemy, a trap-door would immediately fly open, a few soldiers disappear through the floor, a piece of carpet or oil-cloth would then be thrown carefully over the hiding place, after which a fierce search for rebels would be made in vain. Major Richards lived with his father at Upperville. The old Richards mansion was of course supplied with the usual holes and hiding places, to be used in cases of sudden emergency. With no more notice than a savings bank or an insurance company gives of its impending insolvency, a squad of several hundred Yankee cavalry from Winchester made a

descent upon Upperville. Like many of the sneaking varieties of wild animals, the adventurous raiders would always select the most inclement weather for their unwelcome visitations. They found "Dolly" Richards at home, with several of his warlike companions. No sooner did the butt of a hostile carbine break through the panels of the door than Richards and his followers took to their holes through the floor. The surprise was so sudden and complete that the vigilant Major and his comrades had no time to save their clothing and arms. Richards's beautiful new uniform, with hat and gay ostrich feather, fell an easy capture into the hands of the drunken Yankees. Major Richards was a man of exquisite taste. His uniform was of the most unexceptionable finish; his hat and feather were considered the most stylish in the entire command. The drunken raiders held possession of the house for several hours, and our friends remained very quiet in their holes. When the Yankees left, they carried away with them all the movable property found about the house, clothing, provisions, and such light or portable articles as could be conveniently tied to their saddles; leaving, indeed, nothing that could be of use to a fashionable officer in the way of clothing. I presume that the four years of war did not present, in a single instance, such a picture as this dashing, brave and handsome Major offered to the public eye after he emerged from his hole in the floor. An old suit of his father's clothing, with the blue coat of horse collar and sparrow-tail cut; an old bell-crowned, black beaver, boots several sizes too

large for him, and of ancient make, and pantaloons like those worn by Chatelard when found in the chamber of Mary Stuart. These made up a *tout ensemble* altogether too strikingly grotesque to describe. The brave Richards—disgusted, incensed, enraged—gathered his followers with more rapidity than Rhoderick's horn could possibly have summoned his highland clans, and, in his picturesque costume, gave chase to the dishonest invaders of his quiet household.

The Yanks had evidently enjoyed their visit to Upperville. They had found and confiscated a large quantity of apple brandy, and from their physical condition had evidently used this contraband commodity to an injudicious if not a damaging extent. The entire command seemed profoundly intoxicated. They had captured a few prisoners in Upperville, and had also loaded their horses so heavily with stolen property of every kind, that even had they been sober they could not have escaped the pursuit of the incensed and avenging Richards.

A curious picture of war did this drunken cavalry present. Their horses, laden with bags, fowls, pigs, and small articles of furniture, tied to their saddles, yelling, singing obscene songs, and uttering disgusting oaths—hotly pursued by the handsome Richards, clad in his father's ancient habiliments. Two Chinese columns of hostile warriors could not have committed greater violence on the dignity of war than did this unique military display. Richards had gathered about fifty of his best men within a few hours. He sent a

detachment of nearly half his force by a short route to obstruct the road beyond Paris. With the remainder he pursued the disordered drunken column until it was driven into the murderous ambushade prepared for it. The engagement was a one-sided affair. A large number were killed and captured. Several of our own men that had been captured at Upperville were recaptured in this engagement, and one or two of them wounded by our own bullets. Dr. Sowers, one of our best soldiers and most genial companions, was severely wounded in the fight. Major Richards recovered his stolen uniform, and expressed himself well satisfied with this adventure.

One of our scouts brought information that something could be captured in the vicinity of Alexandria. A force of forty men was immediately dispatched to that locality. When in view of that city, a long train of wagons could be seen winding its slow and tortuous course along in the direction of our position. There was generally a strong attraction—a sort of affinity—existing between the partisan battalion and a wagon train. Our boys waited, like a cat awaits the appearance of a mouse, until the coveted and tempting prize approached within short musket range, when, at a given signal, a rapid charge was ordered upon the devoted teamsters. A strong force of colored troops guarded the train, and the poor Africans fired at random, and were thrown into the utmost confusion by our sudden and unexpected dash upon them. The unfortunate creatures, in their extreme excitement and panic, fired

their muskets in every conceivable direction except the right one. When "Our Boys" closed upon them, it was a sickening sight to see the miserable barbarians scatter and hide themselves under the wagons and in the adjacent brushwood. The fight, if it could be dignified by such a name, lasted only a few moments. Many of the unfortunate wretches were killed. One of the number who escaped that fate was recognized as the property of Mr. Armistead Carter. He was captured. To the surprise and disgust of our brave raiders, the wagon-train did not afford a very rich prize. Instead of army supplies, the wagons were freighted with negro corpses, destined for a kind of African Potter's Field only a few miles from the city. Our boys soon recovered from their disgust and disappointment. They immediately detached the horses and mules from the wagons, and cremated the entire train, with its loathsome cargo.

Many valuable horses and one live negro were the results, all told, of this enterprise. The negro prisoner turned out to be almost as costly as Dr. Franklin's whistle. The contraband African was lodged for the night at our headquarters, and made to sleep in the same room with two of his captors. The guard was too much fatigued to keep a vigilant watch over the colored prisoner. They were soon asleep, the negro escaped, took one of our best horses, and returned to Alexandria, a distance of more than forty miles, the same night. The night following this incident the hospitable roof at Glen Welby gave shelter to the fol-

lowing *dramatis personæ*: Colonel Welby Carter, ex-colonel of the First Virginia cavalry; Mosby's Chief of Staff, Colonel Joseph Blackwell; and a youth of twenty summers—all these occupying an upper chamber. Adjutant Willie Mosby and myself shared a room with the wounded Lieutenant Grogan, on the first floor of the rear section of the house. The weather was very cold. A five-inch snow, with a hard-frozen crust, covered the ground. My friend Grogan complained of his wound, and desired me to get up and relieve him of pain. I remember, with the distinctness of certainty, the incidents of that eventful night. It was not more than half an hour before the dawn of day when I had relieved the pain of my patient and returned to bed. I had scarcely settled down into a comfortable position for a morning nap, when a sound, but not a "sound of revelry by night," jarred most unmelodiously upon the rebel ear. The crushing footsteps of a thousand soldiers, breaking through the snow crust, as they stamped rapidly to warm themselves after a forty-mile ride through the frosty night air, mingled with the ominous thud of the carbine butt against the solid, well-barred doors of the stately old mansion, made altogether the most unpleasant combination of discordant and evil-boding sounds it has ever been my misfortune to hear. With a hasty, ill-considered, and not very gentle punch in the ribs of my companion, I aroused the Adjutant. "Willie, Willie," I exclaimed, "the Yankees have surrounded the house!" The word "Yankee" was alone

sufficient to arouse my bed-fellow. In less time than I have ever known any animal to awake, Lieutenant Mosby had left me and disappeared in the dark. I shall not easily forget the feeling of utter helplessness that seized me at that moment. In our hottest and heaviest battles, when death seemed certain and inevitable there was no sensation half so unpleasant or dreadful as the horrible apprehension of a capture by night and a hanging in the morning. In that half-bewildered state that I suppose a stranger might feel when standing at the gate of Pluto's dark dominion, in gloomy contemplation of the greeting he shall receive, I appealed to Lieutenant Grogan for advice.

"They have got me, Grogan, I believe. What shall I do?"

"O, don't give it up, Doctor. If you can't do any better, get out on the house top."

I confess that I did not feel very wise just at that moment, but a hint to *me* was sufficient. I sprang from my covering, seized my clothing, boots and pistol, and hastened with all speed, first into the hall, then up the first flight of steps. It was very dark. Just as I landed upon the second floor, I ran against some small living and moving object. It turned out to be one of the little negro girls that waited on the ladies of the house. The young creature led me through the dark, up another flight of steps, and indicated, in a whisper, the way through the garret and out upon the roof.

CHAPTER VIII.

GROPING my uncertain way through a garret, filled with broken furniture, old boxes and general rubbish, and guided by the indistinct light that proceeded from a small window, opening above an adjacent roof, I moved with cautious haste, inspired by the fear of capture and the attendant apprehensive certainty of an ignominious death. I succeeded in reaching the small window, and found it open. It was the labor of less than a moment to tumble my clothing and boots through the window and out upon the roof. I then crawled after my baggage, and closed the window behind me. I found that Adjutant Mosby, who had disappeared so suddenly from my bed and room, had preceded me to this elevated place of safety. The lieutenant was lying prostrate upon the roof. The snow had been thawed by the sun on all that portion of the roof not shaded by the gable-wall of the house. My comrade in misfortune was lying half way upon the snow; the remaining half of his handsome though meagrely clad person reclined upon the cold tin with which the roof was covered. With a view to the concealment of myself and friend, I assumed a horizontal position immediately upon him, and drew my overcoat over both.

While this very quiet and unostentatious process of "nest hiding" was being most faithfully executed, our boisterous pursuers were indeed making a great noise. Their harsh voices, mingled with oaths and diabolical threats, were heard in every room of the house. The rough, jarring and unmusical sound of the axe, as it crushed through resisting and well-barred doors, contained no melody for the sensitive ear of the nervous rebel. We were scarcely settled, and could not have been considered comfortable in our lofty perch, when a "Yank," out of several who had followed us to the garret, more adventurous and enterprising than his companions, came up to the very window through which we made our exit, and flashing his lantern in our faces, made use of the most undignified epithets I have ever heard. In stentorian tones he swore that many unsanctified and unblessed rebels were yet in the house and he would not give up the chase until all were killed or captured. In my cold and helpless situation I could distinctly hear the uncouth and broken accents of drunken foreigners, quarreling over the stolen property they were dividing below. Presently, a loud voice, in the rough brogue of Erin, proceeding from the vicinity of the stables, proclaimed, "I say, b'ys, this is no scrub of an 'orse." I knew at once that my beautiful black stallion, the gift of my old friend Via, of Albe-marle, was about to depart, like Ajut, never to return.

It is difficult to describe the sensations of a full-blooded rebel, as he crouched low upon the cold tin roof, with the lamps of the cruel and ferocious foe

flashing in his face. Inspired by that extreme tension of the nervous system that only the terrible suspense of life or death can create, I was better prepared to resign my beautiful steed to the hands of the despised enemy than I would have been had my own corporate safety been better insured.

The scenes and sensations of that unpleasant night can be much better remembered than described. Willie Mosby was lying face down with his body partly on the snow-covered portion of the roof and partly on the naked tin. The morning air was cold and frosty. My comrade's costume would have been much more comfortable under the direct rays of a tropical sun than the frigid ordeal of the frozen house top. The lieutenant was as brave any youth could be. He had never flinched in the deadly charge. With boyish glee he would rush through the sulphurous blaze of battle and coquette with death at the cannon's mouth. But to repose with scant clothing on a very cold roof, with the skeleton Death in his most hideous and offensive garb looking him full in the face, was a refinement of mental persecution too far above the temper of nerve endurance for a youthful soldier to bear.

It is said that when a man in the flush of mental vigor and physical health is brought suddenly face to face with death, a panoramic view of all his past acts, both of good and of evil report, passes with the rapidity of an electric flash before his mind; that the scenes of a long life are condensed within a period of a few seconds of time. If the sublime and the ludicrous

were ever compressed within a more concentrated focus of thought than the scenes that passed at Glen Welby on that night presented, the occasion has never come under my observation. The youthful and chivalrous adjutant of that gallant band of heroes, Mosby's battalion, was lying upon the snow and cold tin roof, with his toes keeping time to the rapid mutations of his feelings, like the gentle vibrations of the aspen leaf when moved by the soft current of the south wind.

I have ascribed the rattling sound of the adjutant's toes upon the tin roof partly to the extreme cold of our exposed position and partly to the varying emotions of hope and despair that alternately played upon his brave young heart. The surgeon, superimposed upon the prostrate form of the adjutant—both occupying as limited an area as possible upon the house top—presented a scene that would defy the accomplished genius of a Cruikshank or the more clumsy pencil of a Nast. In making my exit from the garret I had dropped my neck tie and collar. The wretched "Yank" who followed so closely at my heels found these small articles, and I could distinctly hear his uncouth comments upon these unimportant though significant objects of his search. My cavalry boots, with huge brass spurs attached, had been hastily and carelessly thrown out upon the roof, immediately in front of the small window that had afforded us egress from the garret. I was anxious to remove the boots from their rather prominent position, for fear they would be seen by the enemy and lead to our discovery. Adjutant Mosby was mut-

tering something in a very low or subdued voice, while the light from the garret window was throwing its most unwelcome rays upon us. Everything was still as could be, so far as the fugitives were concerned, except the gentle though continuous rattling of the adjutant's toes upon the tin roof. At last I heard the voice of my comrade more distinctly, and could construe his almost inarticulate muttering into a most awkward effort at prayer. Willie was not a pious boy. He had evidently never before attempted to intrude upon the Throne of Grace with anything like a petition regarding his earthly wants or eternal aspirations. He was certainly as awkward in prayer as old Jim Bludsoe was said to be in a "row." But Willie did the best he could in his uncomfortable, if not desperate, situation. He was almost as ignorant in matters of theology as was the old sailor in a storm, who, when asked to pray, acknowledged bluntly that he knew nothing about it. As the danger grew more imminent, he was again requested to do something pious, when the honest old tar offered his services to carry the hat around to take up a collection, that being the only duty appertaining to religion that he knew anything about. So it was to a certain extent with my anxious companion in tribulation. He certainly knew very little about preparing artistic petitions to the Giver of all mercies. He made a complete failure at the only attempt he proposed at the Lord's Prayer, struck one line of the sweet little nursery prayer, "When I lay me down to sleep," &c., and seemed to appreciate the inapplicability of

that sentiment to our unhappy condition. He then branched off upon detached portions of the morning service of the Episcopal church, and diverged upon the litany for a line or two.

While all these mumbling and decidedly unsuccessful efforts at extemporaneous piety were progressing, I was diligently endeavoring, with one hand, to remove my heavy boots, with their large spurs attached, from the rather ostentatious position they occupied immediately in front of the window. At each movement of the boots, their friction against the cold, dry tin-roof made an alarming noise. My poor companion, hearing the grating, would stop his earnest orisons and appeal to me, in whispered oaths, to "stop that d——d noise or we would be discovered and hung as sure as h——l." I would obey his command and desist for a few seconds of time. My peculiar position and state of mind at that time made me very obedient, and prone to accept any suggestion my more youthful though practiced partisan comrade might feel disposed to make; but when the big Yankee in the garret would throw the rays of his lantern through the small attic window full upon the boots, I would again act on my own judgment and discretion and make another effort to get them out of the luminous range of that annoying lantern. With unusual and constrained earnestness would Lieutenant Mosby continue to offer up his broken fragments of borrowed and heterogeneous petitions. "Good Lord," he would say, with energetic though whispered uncertainty, "We have done many things we ought not to have

done, and there is mighty little help in us." On a slight movement of the boots, with the attendant grating sound upon the tin roof, he would change his tone and address me, in a sharp whisper, "Stop that d——d noise, they will hear you." Then he would mumble again into the merciful ear of Jehovah, "We have left undone many things that we ought to have done (let them d——d boots alone) and have mercy upon us, good Lord! (If these d——d scoundrels catch us, it will be your fault, d——n you.) Have mercy on all sick children and women in the perils of——(them d——d boots will be the death of us. Stop that noise, by G——d, stop it!)"

While this quaint commingling of sentiment and sin—of superstition usurping the place of religion—and that grotesque absurdity, faith born of fear, was acting the part of vicarious consolation for a terrified soul; while oaths and orisons were devoutly blended in all the mazes of fantastic confusion, on the house-top, scenes of no ordinary interest were transpiring in other portions of the hospitable old mansion. The room occupied by Colonel Welby Carter, Joe Blackwell and young Waller was not altogether devoid of interest. Young Waller, a youth of twenty, was a near relative of the President of the Southern Confederacy. He had been with the partisan command but a few months, yet was experienced enough in H. W. Beecher's art of "nest-hiding" to elude the cunning search of the attacking party on that eventful night. With the assistance of a serving-woman of color, who yet

loved her old master too well to leave the generous and classic shades of Glen Welby to follow the *ignis fatuus* of Yankee promise, young Waller ascended to the top of an old-fashioned wardrobe, and there remained as secure as the infant Moses in his protecting bed of rushes, until the search was ended.

The wardrobe was inspected and removed some distance from the wall, with this young ranger on the top of it, yet he remained very quiet and said not a word until the rough, unceremonious and uninvited visitors left the house. He very quietly held his position until the storm subsided, then came down with an air of self-satisfied innocence difficult to imitate and still harder to describe.

The other occupants of the same room were not so fortunate as young Waller. Colonel Welby Carter and Chief-of-Staff Joe Blackwell slept together. Colonel Carter was not connected in any manner with Mosby's command. He had distinguished himself for extraordinary courage at the first battle of Manassas, while in command of a company of cavalry, and he won his promotion to the command of the First regiment of Virginia cavalry by gallant conduct in the field. Notwithstanding the fact that this officer won his spurs by that honest discharge of duty, and knightly courage, that demands the respect and admiration of his brave comrades, he was tried by a dishonest military court, and deprived of his rank, through the perfidy of a superior officer and the corruption of his subordinates.

Colonel Carter was the only *regular* at Mosby's headquarters the night of the raid. He was captured before he could get out of his room. His fat bed fellow, Joe Blackwell, known as Mosby's chief of staff, was not tall but very corpulent. He resembled the stage representations of Falstaff, only he was more obese and not so old as the gallant Briton whose numerous foes wore buckram. Joe Blackwell had an honest dread of Yankees. Though his aversion and dislike for the invaders was very great, his fear of these much abused people was much greater. They had burnt his dwelling and destroyed his other property, because he had given shelter to Mosby. He had formed an erroneous impression in regard to the enemy. He conceived that their purpose in visiting Fauquier county so often was not general, but personal. He believed, no matter how large the hostile force that visited his county, they came with but a single object and that was to capture and hang the man whose property they had destroyed. His peculiar aversion, mingled with a morbid fear of the enemy, became the frequent topic of conversation and comment at the table, in the parlor, and at all the social gatherings of his friends. It was a well cultivated apprehension he entertained for the common enemy. His peculiarly impressible condition, on this unpleasant subject, prepared him for more than usual excitement on the occasion of this unexpected attack on our headquarters. It is not an easy matter for the most lively imagination

to conceive the sensations of Joe Blackwell when he discovered the startling fact that one thousand hostile horsemen, on blood intent, surrounded his defenseless sanctum. Nothing less than the certainty of immediate dissolution could have inspired the helpless, and almost hopeless, chief of staff, to the absolutely desperate effort before him. From my elevation position, I heard a great noise and commotion below. Rough oaths, loud laughter, and the sharp, quick reports of carbines told of some desperate or ridiculous incident. Joe Blackwell had sprung from his bed, with only two articles of clothing about his person, and leaped from an upper window, not less than twenty feet from the ground, into the midst of his enemies. The Yankees shouted, yelled, laughed, fired on him, and gave chase. Blackwell weighed not less than two hundred pounds; he was very fat. I am satisfied no fat man ever made better time than the frightened chief. Propelled by the wild and gloomy emotion of utter despair, he dashed off like a frightened deer pursued by hounds. With the force gathered by the avalanche in its furious descent from the cloud-capped mountain-top, the excited chief rushed headlong from his swift pursuers. He struck the garden fence in his mad career and broke through an entire panel. Rushing like Mazeppa's steed through the enclosure, he swept another panel of fence before him and gained an open field. Here the chase became as exciting and interesting as a first-class horse race. I could see, from the house-top,

a large, white object, that seemed to roll rapidly forward like some huge snowball, followed speedily by many dark, fast moving figures, until the white thing seemed to strike a high stone fence, over which it rolled, without any perceptible diminution of speed, continuing its onward course until it disappeared over a distant hill. The dark objects in pursuit stopped at the stone fence and slowly returned to the house.

CHAPTER IX.

ABOUT the time the chase of Joe Blackwell ended, the first faint rays of daylight could be marked along the eastern horizon. Lieutenant Mosby continued mumbling his heterogeneous prayers, while fresh dangers gathered around us. We knew that daylight would discover our hiding place, and just as I proposed to my unhappy companion the propriety of crawling back into the garret, the rattling fire of pistols in the yard beneath, told of another change in our kaleidoscope of chance. The bullets whistled distinctly and seemed to pass near us. I whispered to my companion: "Willie, they have discovered and are firing at us." "Oh! My God, what shall we do, may the good Lord have mercy on our souls," muttered the lieutenant, in his most devout accents. Whether the fortunate sequel of this temporary unpleasantness can be ascribed to the efficacy of the prayers offered by my pious comrade, I know not, but he has frequently remarked since, that, if he were submitted to the same terrible ordeal again, he would certainly repeat the prayers with unshaken faith in the consummation of the same results. The firing in the yard below was occasioned by a desperate charge of three of our gal-

lant boys upon the whole regiment of Yankee cavalry. When the column of cavalry passed White Plains en route to Mosby's headquarters, three of our brave boys, quartered at that place, suspected their purpose, and endeavored to reach Glen Welby before them and give the alarm. But the negro prisoner who had escaped the night before acted as guide for the enemy and conducted them by the most direct route. When our three friends arrived, the Yankees had been with us more than half an hour. The brave boys were too late to give us notice of approaching danger, but were at last in time to save us from capture. They rode into the midst of the enemy and fired a volley into their ranks. The whole regiment was mounted in an instant and pursued our friend in hot haste. This move I shall ever believe had much more to do with our safety than did the prayers and oaths of my pious young comrade, Lieutenant Mosby.

With profound sensations of relief that followed the departure of the enemy, we slowly descended from the house-top. Out of five rebels surprised that night, I was the only one fortunate enough to retain sufficient raiment to make a respectable appearance in the morning. I lent Lieutenant Mosby my overcoat to enable him to make a decent descent from the roof. Willie Mosby and Blackwell had lost everything "save honor." The former, in his night attire, badly concealed by my overcoat, with feet and head uncovered, made altogether no indifferent likeness to a ghost. The laughter and witty congratulations we received on our

fortunate escape and grotesque habiliments by the amiable though facetious ladies of the hospitable household, retains yet a bright green spot in my memory. Every species of property had been injured, destroyed or stolen by the enemy. Nothing that could be utilized for domestic economy or comfort had been spared to this noble, generous and patriotic family. Yet their serious sacrifices did not diminish their joyous demonstrations at our fortunate though unexpected deliverance from the cruel and hated foe.

The sun rose in dazzling splendor over the wide expanse of snow. Its resplendent brightness seemed in contrast and mockery of the scenes and feelings of the preceding night. The landscape, as viewed from the gentle elevation of Glen Welby, is one of the most picturesque and beautiful in all Piedmont Virginia. The charming undulating azure of the distant mountain slopes distinctly outlined against the soft blue sky, with the modest aspect of less presumptuous hills in the fore-ground, mingling tastefully with the rolling surface of a fertile plain, chequered by stone fences and substantial farm houses, presented a lovely picture of this beautiful region. The ladies of the house had gathered in the front portico and were joined by Mosby, Waller, and myself. We were each relating the individual experiences, fancies and excitements of the night. So far, only three partisans besides Lieutenant Grogan (who was not disturbed) had been heard from. Speculation ran high as to the probable fate of poor Joe Blackwell. He was missing, and I knew that

a large white object had rolled with unprecedented velocity away from the Yankees in the early dawn; and we knew that this object in its course had swept two panels of the garden fence away with great power. Yet we did not know that this object was Joe Blackwell; and from the number of carbines discharged at the receding spectre, we could not feel certain, even if it was Joseph, that he yet lived. The noble-hearted ladies expressed great sympathy and manifested some grief over the uncertain fate of the missing chief. When the topic of conversation had become almost painful in its gloomy interest, and a proposition had been submitted that we borrow a few horses and go in search of the lost one—an awkward apparition could be indistinctly perceived over a snow-clad hill in the dim distance. All eyes were instantly turned upon the figure as it slowly approached in the direction of the house. Some of our group suspected it was a Yankee scout in disguise, others suggested, from its white appearance, that it was a flag of truce.

The thing came forward steadily, but very slowly. It observed not the beaten track, path, or plantation road, but advanced over hills and across plains with the unerring accuracy of a perfect mathematical line. As the object came nearer, it looked more and more quaint in its outlines and odd in its construction. The curiosity of our entire group was excited, yet could not conceive the true nature of this singular phenomenon. We awaited patiently, but yet, in profoundest doubt, whether the thing was physical or metaphysical.

Its strange *tout ensemble* could pass equally well for "spirit of health, or goblin d——d," and to a practiced eye more strongly resembled the latter. Not with "Tarquin's ravishing strides," but with the broken gait of a lame horse, the thing continued to advance. From its tardy locomotion, and heterogeneous "get up," it looked neither hostile nor war-like. It had approached within twenty-five paces of our position, when the first indication we had that its "true inwardness" had been ascertained and its nature properly diagnosed, was a wild shriek, mingled with uncontrollable laughter, and the rapid retreat of our lady friends from the portico. The silver tones of merry laughter rang through the wide and echoing halls of Glen Welby before the members of our group of the male persuasion had discovered the cause of such a sudden stampede and extraordinary merriment. The genius of the gifted Dickens would pause in its effort to describe the figure that now presented itself. Joe Blackwell, with only two articles of "gentleman's wear" about his well-developed person, had eluded his baffled pursuers in the early morning's chase. With naked feet, over the frozen snow he had outstripped the swift following Yankees, and at the distance of two miles from the point he started, the alarmed chief had sought refuge in a dense forest behind the sheltering body of a fallen oak. Pinched by the merciless temperature of a cruel frost, he dragged his chilled body to the cabin of a friendly negro. The poor darkey was not prepared to render any valuable aid to the fugitive chief. Relief

such as he could afford was cheerfully given. The good darkey was the owner of a poor old horse. This species of personal property was cheerfully offered to the oppressed rebel, and as cordially accepted. With ingenuity demonstrating the old proverb, that necessity is the mother of invention, Joseph made a hasty change in the systematic arrangement of his scanty costume. He was compelled by the stress, or rather the distress, of circumstances, to protect one portion of his handsome person at the expense of another heretofore less exposed region of his physical economy. Having only two garments at his disposal, and neither of these, from their peculiar structure and customary application, affording the least protection or assistance to his frost-bitten feet, the chief deliberately divided one of his nether garments into two equal parts, and wrapped one half of said transposed linen carefully round his suffering pedal extremities. In this guise, awkwardly mounted upon the old free negro's horse, without saddle or bridle, with a large rope halter around the animal's nose to guide him, he set out upon his return. The horse being poor, lame and badly galled by harness, looked not much happier than the rider. Without hat, with round, full face covered with short beard, holding the rope in one hand and blowing in the other to keep it warm, and each foot wrapped in half a linen garment, this, and only this, constituted the phenomenon that presented itself before the front portico at Glen Welby. Is the reader surprised that the ladies laughed and fled? If Sancho Panza had

engaged in a prize fight, remained a week at Seven Points, spent one night in Babcock's ice-house, and then traded Dapple with his master for old Rosinante, he may possibly have made as striking an impression on a Sunday-school picnic as that made on the home circle of Glen Welby by the chief's return.

I was the first to go forward to assist him from his painful position and suffering steed. I remember well the significant nod of his head and the triumphant look he gave me as I extended my hand to help him down. It was with that unmistakable air of triumph and pain that he said, "Ah! Doctor, I beat them running, but I am mighty cold. Help me, for God's sake and give me a drink!"

CHAPTER X.

A FEW days subsequent to the scenes and adventures described in the preceding chapter, the gallant partisan leader returned to his faithful command, after an absence of two months. Mosby was received by his brave followers with the wildest demonstrations of vociferous joy. His old well-trying veterans gathered around him with noisy manifestations of affectionate regard. The chivalrous and devoted retainers of Roderick Dhu could not have exhibited more admiration for their loved and trusted chief, than did this warlike partisan clan for their distinguished and dashing leader. Napoleon the Great said that military success depends more on simultaneous thought and action, than on the tardy and deliberate methods of systematic calculations. These qualifications of the distinguished Corsican's criterion of true military genius, the partisan chief possessed to an eminent degree. With a thorough and intimate knowledge of his characteristic mental twists and peculiarities of disposition, I assert the belief that no man ever possessed a greater power of quick perception, or more promptness of thought and action, than did this meteoric genius of guerrilla warfare. Soon as he returned

to the county of Fauquier, the officers of his command gathered around him, and plans were instantly perfected to organize the many volunteers that were constantly flocking to his battalion, into new companies, and rapidly filling the wasted ranks of the old. Mosby exercised the most arbitrary power over his immediate command, and also over the several counties under his military control. He was considered not only a military ruler, but also a civil power of unquestioned authority, over the several counties known at that time as "Mosby's Confederacy." No caricatures of human justice, in the form of county or circuit courts, were then known or recognized by the people during Mosby's reign. He settled all disputes, and his decisions admitted of no appeal. Indeed, the opposing litigants were generally satisfied with his prompt and impartial decrees. If two old farmers quarreled about a horse trade, or the sale of real estate, the court of first appeal and last resort, was the *drum-head* tribunal at Mosby's headquarters. From a hasty puerile quarrel, to the most important business transaction, the decisions of this arbitrary court were always considered the perfection of justice and the mature product of unquestioned wisdom. One great advantage contestants enjoyed before the martial judiciary of Mosby's administration was a "speedy trial" in its fullest sense. One of the strongest elements of complaint in Hamlet's Soliloquy would not have annoyed the unlucky Prince of Denmark, had his case been tried in Mosby's court. There was no honest ground to complain of

the "law's delay" before his prompt and inexorable bar. His scales of justice could not be made to change their even balance through the attraction of gain, or the force of prejudice, or malice; but when once the result was reached, not all the powers of earth could change the stubborn will or the inflexible determination of this arbitrary court. Quick perception, strong judgment, firmness of purpose and a determined self-possession, supplied the important functions of this tribunal of justice that are unfortunately so rare in others. Mosby detested red tape in every form. He recognized it as a deadly poison to military success, and often said to me that this contemptible relic of ancient stupidity, has retarded the progress of civilization more even than the vulgar superstition and hapless ignorance of the darkest ages of the world's history.

He frequently uttered his contempt for the circumlocution tendencies of all civil, military and legal matters in this country. He would hear the full evidence in any one case and decide the moment the testimony closed. He promoted his officers and soldiers on the single principle of merit. The most extravagant pretensions to aristocratic privileges, the boast of vulgar wealth, or the more common and contemptible claim of influence with the government, would alike fail in procuring a commission in his command. When a brave and intelligent soldier made a successful raid, and at a great risk, captured a number of the enemy, or obeyed the orders of his superior regardless of his own safety, and proved himself faithful, obedient, intel-

ligent and totally fearless, he would find himself one degree higher in rank without the trouble of making a special application for promotion. If all the officers of authority in the Confederate Government had possessed half the intelligence, patriotism, and innate justice that characterized the chief of the partisan battalion, surely our armies would have been severely purged of the traitors, cowards and impostors, that so often disgraced the official rolls of our unfortunate and ill-fated government. So strong was the attachment of his followers to their popular leader and his cause, that the only punishment he ever proposed for disobedience, was expulsion from his command. To be ordered back into the regular service was regarded by every man in the Forty-third battalion of Virginia cavalry, as intolerable punishment and eternal disgrace. The only sense of fear known to these brave raiders, was the honest dread of being remanded back into the regular army. I have known the intimation of this dreadful penalty to bring tears from the eyes of the most desperate and daring men in the partisan service. In all the history of human error, there is no impression yet made upon the public mind more wide of the truth, than the general opinion regarding the honor and discipline of Mosby's command. The chivalrous leader of these gallant men, inspired them with his own high sense of honor, and their profound regard and admiration for him, commanded their strict obedience to his will. Every man knew that the slightest suspicion of dishonesty, or cowardice, would consign

him at once to the disgrace of expulsion ; and although there must have been the usual modicum of human meanness always found in a given number of human beings, I am enabled to say, after three years of active field service in the regular army, that I have never witnessed, amongst eight hundred men and officers, more true courage and chivalry, or a higher sense of honor, blended with less vice, selfishness and meanness, than I found during my official intercourse with the partisan battalion. 'Tis true, acts of cruelty were sometimes committed—as will always happen when one man is placed at the mercy of another, and the base passions in common with all humanity, are lashed into fury by terrible and atrocious wrongs. No lazy man, rocked in the cradle of luxury and nursed by the degrading spirit of indolence, can either comprehend or appreciate the fiery play of angry passion whipped into fury by the glare of burning dwellings, while the hungry and freezing little children of murdered parents are standing by the ruins of their homes, clinging to their pale though heroic mothers, pleading with blanched cheeks and tearful eyes for such protection as the feeble hand of a delicate mother can grant them, in the grim ordeal of murder, arson, starvation, and death. I have read of civilized warfare, but that was not the kind the invaders waged against the defenceless inhabitants of Fauquier. General Hancock held the post of Winchester with a force of nearly forty thousand men. A force nearly as powerful held the city of Alexandria and Fairfax Courthouse. Mosby,

with his eight hundred veterans, held the several counties that intervened between these powerful forces of the enemy. Large commands from either post would make frequent incursions into our territory, and every advance would be illuminated by the ghastly glare of burning barns and dwellings. This is what certain pious writers denominate civilized warfare, conducted under humane regulations. If, under these trying circumstances, a squad of partisans should happen to advance upon a party of incendiaries, gloating over the ruin they have wrought—whose brutality crops out in their hideous, obscene jests and vulgar insults, hurled at the piteous pleadings of the poor mother and her frightened children—it would certainly not shock the genius that presides over the department of retaliatory justice, for the gentle partisan to seize the cruel incendiary by the neck and heels and add a small supply of combustible fuel to the fire, by hurling the vandal into the flames he kindled. If the gallows prepared by Haman was a well-considered engine to *raise* its maker in the estimation of all just men, surely the hell created in Virginia by the hand of the barbarous incendiary was not too hot for the demon who applied the torch. If a “kindred spirit makes us wondrous kind,” a demoniac act makes us wonderfully vindictive. This brutal conduct was probably more manifest in the county of Fauquier, than in any other region of Virginia. The savage cruelty of an Indian war was not more merciless in its barbarous atrocities than that waged upon the defenceless women and helpless young

children of this lovely section of Piedmont Virginia. The savage, in taking the scalp, shortens the agonies of his victim; but a huge army, that destroys the food and burns the habitations of defenceless women and young children, adds the protracted torture of gradual death by starvation, to the agonizing pangs of mental torment in the feverish apprehension of cold and hunger. The cold-blooded atrocities perpetrated upon the unprotected inhabitants of Fauquier and the adjoining counties, prove that the human animal is more ferocious than the wild beast in his jungle. The tiger is brutal by instinct, and takes life only when his own is in danger, or when he is pinched by the significant sense of hunger. But man (or at least such specimens of mankind as committed military arson and murder) makes use of reason, in brutality and calculates the sufferings of a tortured victim, prompted, not by hunger or even retaliation—for what brute would retaliate an injury upon a woman or a child? The gallant sons of heroic Virginia, were in the field, breasting the deadly storm of lead and steel in defence of their country. Her gentle daughters and her infant children, were left in the care of Him of whom it is said “tempers the wintry winds to the shorn lamb.” A general in a report to his commander-in-chief boasts of many thousand dwellings destroyed by fire. The ineffable Haynau was no doubt proud of the like hideous heroism of ordering Hungarian ladies, to be scourged with the dreadful knout.

If the history of atrocities in Northern Virginia is ever honestly or truthfully written, the descendants of

the murderers and incendiaries will not be proud of the record of their unworthy progenitors.

A commissioned *officer* of a civilized government that can give or execute an order to burn thousands of human dwellings, that shelter only the most interesting and helpless of the human race—members of society that cannot bear arms for or against a government—that are in the fullest sense of the term non-combatants, must indeed be an animal without a soul. Or, if such a creature is the possessor of a soul, it is a very indifferent article.

The prayers of defenceless women and the tears of frightened children prevailed not with the cold-blooded brutality of the foul incendiaries. The heartrending picture of little children toddling out of a burning house and falling in their fright over its blazing timbers, failed to move the coarse black heart that would almost burst asunder at the raid on Harper's Ferry or break with pious indignation, at the hanging of old John Brown.

The cruelties and atrocities of the barbarous foe, inspired our partisan soldiers with more than human courage. When one hundred of these savages were engaged in burning a dwelling only ten partisan soldiers would often put the entire company to flight. A *soldier* who will insult a woman, frighten a child, steal whatever he can find to steal, or burn a dwelling, will not make an honest fight when danger looks him in the face. Cruelty and cowardice are inseparable companions. Show me a cruel tyrant, and I will discover a cowardly knave.

CHAPTER XI.

THE county of Loudoun, one of the most fertile in Virginia, furnished some of the bravest soldiers in the Confederate army and retained many of the bitterest foes to the Southern Cause. Amongst the Union men most active and acrimonious in their opposition to Confederate authority, may be noticed the brotherhood or sect, known as the society of Friends. The Quakers of Loudoun may have been friendly to each other, but they were decidedly unfriendly to the Southern soldier. These quaint, peaceful, and thrifty followers of Wm. Penn, possessed the most beautiful and profitable farms in the county of Loudoun. They were generally wealthy and lived well, yet refused to pay their taxes to the Southern Government. The only method that presented a reasonable certainty of gathering the taxes of the Union Quakers, was that adopted by our battalion. Mosby ordered a detachment of one hundred and twenty-eight men to go down into their settlements, quarter the troops upon the rebellious Quakers, and send into the county of Fauquier one-tenth part of their grain, forage and bacon. The men deputed to execute this unpleasant order, were divided into squads of ten or twelve. Each squad was

ordered to quarter upon some convenient Union man who had refused to pay his tithe of grain and meat, to the Confederate Government. I remember well riding through a beautiful and fertile region with my twelve rangers to the well-tilled and comfortable farm of Mr. R. T——. We found the old gentleman in his front portico. He was a fat and robust man. His red face and rotund appearance, bespoke a thrifty agriculturalist. Everything about his domicile indicated ease, comfort, and plenty. Yet the first expression that escaped his lips proved beyond all controversy, that he was not happy. Indeed, the Carthaginian had no stronger aversion to the Roman, than did this phlegmatic Quaker of Loudoun county, for the soldiers of Mosby's command. I rode directly up to the front door of the house and asked if he was the proprietor. In reply to a direct and civil question, the old gentleman asked if we belonged to that infernal band of freebooters, cut-throats and thieves commanded by the rebel highwayman, Mosby. The tone and gestures of the old man spoke more eloquently than his words. I had often heard of the quiet disposition and peaceful doctrines of the staid and gentle sect, of which he was a leader and was not prepared to witness such electric sparks of anger as seemed to flash from the old man's chin. I gently informed him in as mild manner as possible that we came into his county for the simple and laudable purpose, of collecting from himself and other Union men, the government tax of one-tenth of the products of their farms, that I demanded the keys of his stables

and barns, for the purpose of examining hay, corn, &c.; also, I desired him to feed our horses and men for a few days. A sprightly imagination may possibly conceive the intensity of anger that kindled the ire of old Douglass, when Lord Marmion called him a liar; but no one can picture the extreme rage that exploded the temper of this demure old man, when he fully comprehended insult added to aggravated injury. His chronic habit of economy was assaulted and his sense of prudence violently shocked, at the prospect of serious loss, and his pain was infinitely increased by the thought that the vile enemy inflicted the wrong. The old man yelled with rage at the bare idea of rebel horses feeding upon his valuable grain. He foamed at the mouth, stamped his feet, and exhibited more activity and vituperation than I had seen before in one of his advanced years. He accused us of all the crimes known to the law, and declared vehemently, that he preferred instant death to the surrender of his property, and he promised to die before he would give up the keys to his corn-house. I made the matter as plain as language could make it—that, in obedience to the orders of Colonel Mosby, we were compelled, no matter how painful the duty, to feed our horses and men at his expense for a few days, and send up to our headquarters one-tenth part of his crops as the tax he justly owed to his government. This was more than Quaker flesh and Union spleen could bear. He screamed with rage and leaped into the air like some powerful wild animal shot in the head. He looked

exceedingly comical, dressed as he was, in short breeches, heavy brogans, working jacket and broad-brimmed hat. His chubby figure and grotesque costume, did not coincide with his active and extreme manifestations of indignation and anger. He uttered whole volumes of abusive epithets with a rattling rapidity of sound, very much like that made by pouring a stream of dried beans upon a sonorous surface. He wildly shouted in despair his fixed determination to die in defence of his corn-crib. I endeavored to explain to the infuriated Quaker, that even death could not protect his corn-crib, or save his bacon, and that it was our duty, in obedience to orders, to take his provisions whether he lived or died, and as good soldiers and patriotic citizens, we had no especial objections to his dying whenever his duty or pleasure prompted the sacrifice he then contemplated. I reminded him that he was at the mercy of the very men that he abused in such unmeasured and unreasonable terms, and suggested the propriety of prudence under the unhappy circumstances that environed himself and his coveted corn-crib. In mercy to the old man I explained that even his death would not diminish the exact amount of tax we were ordered to collect from him, and it would be the part of wisdom, for him to live longer and raise another crop, as we would probably pay him one more visit for the same purpose the coming year. At this new insult he strutted awkwardly into the house and slammed the door with great energy behind him. A few loud

rams with the butt end of a heavy pistol, aroused him from his profound indignation and brought him to the porch again. I now demanded the keys, with a warning that my men were becoming unmanageable, and I seriously apprehended that they would soon resent his insults in a manner to be deplored.

Trembling with anger and fear, he surrendered the keys, with the exclamation that God would inflict a distinct and terrible curse upon us for every ear of corn we dared to steal. The men proceeded rapidly with their work of measuring the old man's corn, while he poured out his vials of wrath and vituperation, upon all God-forsaken rebels in general and our little partisan flock in particular. The dull sound of his corn, as it rattled into the rebel measure, was wormwood to his Union soul. His rage seemed to wear itself out gradually as the deep sense of his loss, overspread his niggardly mind and parsimonious disposition. The sensitive old miser, crouched down upon the steps of his corn-crib and wept as bitterly over the trivial loss of a few bushels of grain as a true patriot would, over the loss of his country's rights. When the rust of a metallic conscience oxidizes the microscopic soul of a contemptible miser, the sudden loss of a few pennies jars upon his sordid emotions with acutest agony. The sentient nerve structure of a base nature, will vibrate only to the touch of pecuniary loss. Such creatures feel no sympathy with the sufferings or misfortunes of others. They care not for their kind, kindred, or country. The old Quaker felt more acute pain

at the loss of a few bushels of corn than the true patriot feels when he proudly offers up as a gift offering his gallant life upon the altar of his country's honor. The tears of a hungry crocodile make a respectable fluid compared with the lachrymal secretion of a chronic miser.

His paroxysm of passion had subsided into a wail of distress, when I again aroused his anger by demanding that my men should be provided with food. This demand he stubbornly resisted, and declared that if the infernal hell-hounds entered his house they should enter "over his lifeless corpse." I solemnly assured him that we would have no real objection to doing so, if it was at all desirable to him; that we were disposed to be accommodating, and would endeavor to please him either dead or alive; and were not very particular on that point, as indeed it was a matter of absolute indifference; but we were determined to be fed for a few days at his expense. I expressed the belief that he would find it more economical to prepare a dinner for the men, than to give up his keys to them—that we had no good cooks in our squad, and I feared they would be rather extravagant in an impromptu culinary enterprise. He comprehended this reasonable suggestion, and agreed to prepare a dinner for his enemies. Within less than two hours my order was obeyed, and a very excellent repast was ready for a dozen hungry partisans.

After dinner it became my *painful* duty to make another very unpleasant proposition to our antipa-

thetic host. "Mr. T——, we are compelled to avail ourselves of your hospitality for the night. You will please prepare room and beds for twelve." When I uttered this sentiment, or "words to that effect," a torpedo under a camp-meeting would scarcely cause more confusion, consternation and noise. Even the ladies of this quiet abode manifested a lively interest against us. They gathered around a small table in the room in which we had dined, and by a given signal from the head of the household, that sounded like the discontented grunt of a wild boar in distress, this interesting family group, knelt down and prayed. The old man led off in a devout growl; followed in indistinct murmurs by the younger and lesser members of this delectable group. The head of the house devoutly asked the merciful Ruler of the universe to condescend, in the infinitude of his power and mercy, to damn every rebel in the world; and, if he ran short of general curses, to please be kind enough to specially damn, without the power of revocation or appeal, the infernal devils in gray uniforms commanded by that hell-bound robber, cut-throat and murderer, Colonel John S. Mosby. The good Lord was petitioned, in most pious accents, not to spare any rebel; but if, in the discretion of Divine wisdom, anybody had to be spared the endless torments of a perennial hell, "do, good Lord, visit the extreme terrors of thy chastening wrath, upon those unconscionable scoundrels that stole our corn."

While this vindictive appeal was passing from the

lips of a sordid miser, to the ear of the *Great Judge*, and some of our men were listening to the diabolical outpouring of superstitious folly, others were loitering about the stables, barns, and poultry houses. One of the wildest and most indiscreet of our boys had found in his rambles a hen's nest. It was evidently an old nest, or at least contained old eggs. The hard-hearted young rebel had discovered that the old man's piety was not the only unsound thing on the premises.

The eggs he had found were unorthodox and as abnormal as the old man's prayers. We were listening to the devout family's expressions—so soothing and comforting to the rebel soul—and profoundly contemplating the disgusting sentiments of pious brutality, when suddenly our thoughts were turned from the group by a disagreeable noise, attended with a very unpleasant odor. The thoughtless wretch who had discovered the ancient hen-nest having no better sense of propriety than his *host* had of piety, and becoming incensed and disgusted with the old man's uncomplimentary insinuations against our command, this young savage had directed our oviparous battery against the pious group, with *smelling* if not *telling* effect.

After breaking a half-dozen of these unsavory *shells* against the house and half-open door, this indelicate barbarian amused himself by quoting in a loud voice those beautiful though inappropriate lines of Tom Moore:

“You may break, you may ruin the vase if you will—
The scent of the roses will cling 'round it still.”

The indirect effort and the direct influences of the eggs brought the pious petitioners to their feet at once. They howled forth a torrent of unmeasured and ugly epithets with as much ease and fluency as Vesuvius or *Ætna* casts their ashes and lava. After rapidly delivering himself of all the sharp-pointed words that can be found in Webster and Worcester combined, the old saint folded his arms and stared at us with all the malignity that a fat man can possibly possess, and tried to look like an extinct volcano in his impotent wrath. But, with the exception of a few rum-blossoms, or cutaneous eruptions around his nose, I could see nothing volcanic about him. I now renewed my oft-repeated demand for a comfortable night's lodging, and the old man disappeared in great disgust without deigning a reply.

While engaged in holding a council of war with my followers regarding the best policy for the night, the lady of the house made her first appearance. She looked grand, gloomy and peculiar. It was made clear to the guerrilla boys, that the old woman was mad. She was also fat, but had more method in her madness than the old man had in his. She looked as if there was some milk of human kindness about her, though soured by adversity and rebels. With assumed deliberation and mock courtesy she asked, in measured and distinct tones:

"Is there a surgeon-doctor 'mongst you men?"

I politely stepped to the front and offered my services to the distressed dame.

"Are you a surgeon-doctor?" she asked.

I stated that I was the fortunate possessor of several diplomas and numerous certificates of distinction given me by the highest institutions of learning in America; besides, I claimed the proudest distinction yet of being the surgeon of Mosby's command, and would be still more proud were I fortunate enough to be able to render any valuable services to a lady of such distinguished appearance and surroundings as herself. She seemed unable to comprehend my statement, but understood enough to exclaim: "And you, a doctor, keeping company with such bad men! May the good Lord have mercy on your soul." She evidently enjoyed a very exalted opinion of the medical profession and placed a very poor estimate upon a rebel soldier. She informed me that she had a very sick child, and would be pleased if I would see the sufferer. I followed the fat dame into a comfortable and well furnished chamber, and to my surprise discovered that the sick child referred to was a beautiful young lady. I asked if the handsome figure before me was the patient. An affirmative response convinced me at once, that somebody was endeavoring to impose upon the surgeon. I knew quite well that such rosy cheeks, pearly teeth and rounded form could not mean disease.

"What are your symptoms, Miss, and what mysterious influence deludes you into the belief that you are an invalid?"

"The hand of Death is upon me, Doctor," she replied. "I am dying; I shall soon leave this sorrow-stricken world, and I am willing and prepared to die. I have

been sinking for many weeks, and shall soon go to the arms of our blessed Father in heaven. The destroyer, consumption, has baffled the skill of the best earthly physicians, and I have no hope to live. But before I die I make you this last request. I know that men of your calling are kind-hearted, and I shall expect you to grant my wish. I am nervous, my system is shattered and broken with long suffering. Will you be kind to a dying girl and prevail on those cruel men the soldiers, to leave our house? The noise they make will kill me, and my poor old father will become a madman under their cruel treatment."

I thought of the beautiful lines of Lord Byron:

" 'Tis only in the sunny south

Such words are uttered and such charms displayed—

So fair a language from so-sweet a mouth,

To what an effort would it not persuade?"

I had for years paid great attention to the subject of malingering. I had made this particular branch of military surgery a special study. The experience of three years in the regular service, where men and officers continually pretend to be sick when they are not, prepared me to detect any effort in that line not perfectly considered. I perceived that my beautiful patient was more of an impostor than an invalid, and her motive was announced before her assumed symptoms were stated.

The universal rule, in a correct system of prescribing, would have answered as excellent a purpose in this case as in real disease. Remove the cause and the disease removes itself. Remove the soldiers, and the con-

sumption of this pretty patient would not carry her to heaven as speedily as she pretended to believe. I was too polite to insinuate the palpable fraud before me; I only expressed great sympathy for the sufferer, and promised to use my authority with my rude comrades for her sake, and counselled that her father should behave himself also, and desist from irritating the men. My fair patient thanked me for my kind professions and offered up a very pretty little prayer for my rebellious soul. If I had to contract for a given amount of extemporaneous praying I would engage her services without hesitation, in preference to her more experienced parent. At least, it is to be hoped that the petition of this sweet young lady was heard and the barbarous appeal of the old man was lost on its way up to the celestial bar.

My visit to the sick chamber seemed to act as a general pacificator. Even the old man smiled as I met him in the porch. The men were **not** insulted any more that night. Supper and lodging were ensured without more quarreling on our part.

CHAPTER XII.

AFTER supper I was again requested to visit the sick room. My fair patient asked me if I had ever shed human blood. (These Quakers are peculiarly averse to a lavish expenditure of sanguineous fluid). I told her I was sorry to confess I had, on many occasions. She rolled up her pretty, expressive eyes in great horror. I dissipated the painful impression as speedily as possible by defining my position, explaining that a profound sense of duty and humanity prompted me to shed blood. It was not through a savage or cruel propensity I did it, but my purpose was to save life and avert pain. My object was charity and good will to mankind, and my instruments were the lancet and the scalpel, not the murderous bullet, sabre, or bayonet.

"The good Lord will reward you for your kindness and charity to his creatures," was the fervent and apparently sincere ejaculation of my pious young patient.

I assured her that I looked alone to that source for reward, for surely men are rarely if ever known to pay a doctor's bill—that if the good Lord forgot me I most certainly would go unpaid. This playful turn of our

conversation brought a very interesting smile to the handsome face of my fair patient, and she seemed to forget all about her fancied approximation to the gaunt arms of the grim old monster, Death. I was now on very good terms with the whole family.

Our men were made comfortable for the night. I parted with the several members of this Union family with reciprocal expressions of kindly feeling. Will the reader be surprised to learn that the old hypocrite sent a secret messenger many miles to a Yankee camp to betray us while we slept? Such was the fact. By sunrise the rangers were up and ready for a raid. Our horses were fed before the dawn of day, and the men were conversing in groups, awaiting their breakfast. We observed the old man of the house very busy. He was actively engaged in carrying water from the spring, with a large wooden bucket in each hand, to fill a huge cauldron. This ponderous vessel rested upon a circular brick wall built for its support. The old man had deposited nearly one hundred gallons of water in this colossal kettle. I observed the activity with which he worked yet could not divine his purpose. I was leaning against a tree listening at the significant sound of our alarm bugle, when young Sclater, one of our most mischievous and witty fellows, approached me with a sly look and asked me if the boys might play a trick on the old man. I asked him if it was a simple, or serious trick that he proposed to play. "It won't hurt him, and he deserves it," was the reply, followed with an air of injured innocence, by the

remark, that the old cuss had been asked why he carried so much water to the cauldron, to which he had answered, with the same anger manifested on our first interview, that "it was to wash the bed-clothes that had been soiled by those dirty rascals, Mosby's cut-throats and thieves;" that he would have to scour out the rooms they occupied, and boil the bed-clothes to destroy the vermin; that he had been robbed and ruined by the infamous scoundrels.

"What trick do you propose Sclater?" I asked.

"When he gets his cauldron nearly full we want to upset it on him as he comes up the hill with a bucket in each hand, so he can't get out of the way."

After hearing this new and unprovoked insult, I readily gave my consent for the boys to amuse themselves at the expense of the old hypocrite.

Six strong men leaned against the huge iron vessel, prepared to lift it from its base, so soon as the old man came within proper range of this aqueous battery. It was a curious scene. The old man approached with a full bucket in each hand. He ascended a slight elevation to reach the point of his proposed deposit. When within eight feet of the cauldron, with a quick and powerful effort it was upset and its contents dashed against the approaching Quaker with such force that he was washed back almost to the spring from whence he came. Wet, mad, and covered with mud, he yelled with rage and ran around with as little method in his muscular functions as a small boy is expected to display when he has unexpectedly intruded upon the pre-

cinets of a hornet's nest, without the advantage of a formal introduction to those active, brave and independent insects. Before we had recovered from the merriment occasioned by this new entertainment, the alarm bugle could be heard distinctly in the direction of the Quaker church. A scout came in to inform us that the whole command was ordered to meet at the church without delay.

As our horses were being saddled, I was summoned to the front porch by the chubby old lady of the house. To my utter surprise, she thanked me for my kindness to the family, and, with one arm extended above her head, pronounced a blessing upon me, asking that the Lord might forgive me for associating with such evil companions and great sinners as Mosby's men; and that my kindness, charity, good-will and valuable services to my fellow creatures, might be rewarded in due season with plenteous grace and much more of the same sort. For all of these kindly sentiments I, of course, felt profoundly grateful.

Before the old lady completed her benediction, however, that obstreperous, uncouth, long-nosed young rebel, Willie Mosby, with his usual awkwardness, seriously marred the sentiments of her appropriate appeal, by the audible assertion that "the good old woman was mistaken in the subject of her prayer," and that "the doctor was decidedly the wildest and meanest man in the lot." This uncalled-for and provoking declaration of the Adjutant, shocked my moral sensibilities so much that I have scarcely forgiven the young barbarian for his offensive suggestion to this day.

Bidding a hasty and affectionate farewell to the Quakers, we hurriedly mounted and rode rapidly to the place of rendezvous. On our arrival at the brick church we found the battalion ready for work, with the gallant Mosby in command. He instantly disclosed the circumstances that brought us so suddenly together. He said the old gentleman whose house had given us shelter the previous night had betrayed us by sending a messenger to General Hancock, commanding at Winchester. This messenger had informed the enemy that our force numbered five hundred men, and that we were robbing the Union men of Loudoun county; that the people were anxious for relief, asking that a large force be sent immediately to sweep Mosby and his men out of their county. In answer to this appeal from my old host, the Quaker, General Hancock had ordered the Twelfth Pennsylvania cavalry and a Michigan regiment of infantry to do the old man's bidding. How Mosby discovered so soon and so accurately the facts in the case I have never ascertained, but all he told me on that occasion was verified by subsequent events. He pointed in the direction of the Blue Ridge mountains to a cloud of dust, and asked me if I knew the cause. I told him I had often seen such phenomenon before, and that it indicated a moving column of troops. He said, "that is the force we've got to whip to-day." I told him that, from the amount of dust, I thought he must be mistaken; that the cloud was too large to be dispelled by only one hundred and twenty-eight men; that our

force was entirely too small to meet two regiments; and from what he said the enemy outnumbered us more than ten to one; that I was not a graduate of any military school, but I had a right to my opinion, nevertheless, and though I did not have the impudence or presumption, to offer a successful leader like himself anything like advice, yet, if he would permit me to make a suggestion, I would most respectfully and anxiously recommend that we take our hundred and twenty-eight men back into the county of Fauquier, with all the promptness and speed consistent with a sound of military reputation; that I had read of a great many battles where an inferior number vanquished a superior number. I remembered distinctly the great Napoleon's statement that he never calculated the numerical strength of his enemies, but depended entirely on the discipline and organization of his own army; yet I could not be made to believe, before the engagement, that we could defeat, rout, capture or kill one thousand six hundred men with only one hundred and twenty-eight; that I liked what people called "good nerve" as well as anybody—that I admired dash, and would not mind investing pretty considerably in a little second-hand glory if it didn't cost too much—but, when the odds were so heavy against us, I also had some regard for common sense, reason and prudence. The great partisan chief laughed immoderately at my reasoning, and told me that his system had never failed him, and he felt just as certain of success as if his followers outnumbered the foe.

He expressed such confidence and certainty regarding the results of this unequal prospective conflict that I felt somewhat encouraged by the sheer impudence of his assertions. He gave such apparently sound reasons why his small command, scientifically handled, could defeat a much larger force managed according to the old methods, that I began to regard him almost as much of a military genius as an irresponsible madman. He had already, in person, been within short musket range of the enemy's column, and told me that he knew, within one company, how many he had to fight. He had counted their wagons and ambulances, which property, he said, must be captured. Also, he said, the Pennsylvania cavalry had some very good horses that would suit his men very well, and we must have them. I had been quite intimate with many of our most distinguished officers of the regular service and had the utmost confidence in their military ability, yet I must confess that there was something so absolutely preternatural in the assumption of power and the deliberate daring of Mosby I have never recognized in any other leader. I believe his presence before the enemy, would inspire the most abject craven, with almost heroic courage.

I had heard the thunder of all the greatest battles of the war, and had become accustomed to the noise, the carnage, and the peril of the hottest engagements on our continent; yet there is something about the quiet preparation of a small number of partisans to attack ten times their number of regulars, that gives

more time for reflection, and consequently imparts to the soldier a more acute and definite sense of *cautious prudence* than the artillery storm of Gettysburg or the sulphurous hell of the Crater. Some men are born for particular callings with as absolute an instinct as a pointer dog is born with a nose for game. Mosby had the sharp, well-marked cunning for his desperate business that the sleuth hound has for the trail of a fugitive. He seemed to possess two distinct and separate natures. When in a state of repose and not in the presence of the foe, he was quiet, gentle and sociable, fond of jest and railery, would laugh with boyish glee over a good joke, and enjoy with acute zest a witty anecdote or a lively narrative. I had never seen him when his true genius was ignited by the active excitement of the fray. He was not the same individual. He looked like a different man.

I remember well with what rapidity and caution he concealed his men in ambush that bright spring morning. One hundred and twenty men and horses were placed near the broad turnpike, so carefully hidden in their position behind the brushwood that an army might pass within fifty paces without perceiving them. With eight selected followers the cunning chief sallied forth and skirmished with the vanguard of the advancing foe. This ruse was intended to decoy the enemy into the ambush prepared for them. Many shots were exchanged, but the enemy did not pursue the decoying party. Mosby would sometimes ride within range of the musketry and expose himself to their fire, yet they

would not pursue him. He returned to his ambush and ordered us to proceed by a rapid and circuitous route a few miles further in the direction of the small town of Harmony. Here we were again concealed, awaiting the approach of the enemy. The same strategy was again attempted with like unprofitable result. Most of the day was spent in the effort to ambush and surprise the advancing column, but without success. Late in the evening we discovered that they were preparing to go into camp at Harmony. Mosby immediately placed us once more in ambush, one mile from the village, on the side of a broad turnpike. The head of our column rested within a few paces of a broad and well fenced road. He then selected ten men and dashed wildly through the enemy's camp, firing and yelling like madmen. The cavalry mounted in great confusion and gave chase to the desperate partisans. This was the result desired by the cunning chief. More than half the cavalry followed in hot pursuit and were led into the deadly ambush. Mosby, in person, conducted the decoying squad. When the column advanced upon our concealed position, with the rapidity of thought he dashed out of the road and awaited the enemy at the head of his own column. Nearly one hundred men had passed the point of our intended attack, when the order to charge was given. I have never witnessed a more gallant charge or a more complete victory. Nearly one company of the enemy was entirely cut off from their column. They were captured without difficulty. The remainder of the regi-

ment was repulsed and routed. Our gallant boys, with a yell and a shout, chased them back into their camp. The infantry had formed, and as their own cavalry came back in great confusion, opened a deadly fire upon their friends. From the number of wounded men I examined after the fight, and the nature of their wounds, I feel certain a large proportion of the wounded fell by the fire of their own infantry.

CHAPTER XIII.

THE brilliant affair at Harmony resulted in a decided victory for the guerrilla forces. Our small number of valiant raiders killed, wounded and captured a large number of Yankees. We also appropriated many very good horses, once the property of the United States Government, but unprofitably used by the Twelfth Pennsylvania cavalry. A reader unacquainted with Colonel Mosby's tactics, may indulge in an unnecessary display of incredulity when he reads that one hundred and twenty-eight partisans did signally defeat and actually rout ten times their own number of well armed and trained regular troops. Yet, as remarkable as such a statement may appear, it is nevertheless a true history of the engagement at Harmony. What may seem still more startling to the peaceful reader, is the insignificance of our loss compared with the serious casualties on the part of the enemy. In killed, wounded and captured, the enemy's loss did not fall far short of one hundred; Mosby's loss was one (the noble and gallant Binford, of Richmond), killed; Chew (a brother of Captain Chew, of the artillery) and Private Manning (once a captain on General Longstreet's staff), wounded. This was the first engagement I had

witnessed on the true principles of Mosby's method of warfare. Had I not been present, it would have been difficult to convince me that one company of partisans could have routed two regiments of regular soldiers, inflicting a loss of several hundred and sustaining only the trivial loss of three men.

On many occasions I had listened to the roar of artillery and the incessant roll of musketry for many consecutive hours, with only a small number of casualties, to mark the murderous result of noisy warfare. On this occasion our boys were armed only with Colt's army revolvers. 'Tis true, each partisan carried twelve charges in his belt. The fight lasted only a few minutes, and the road, for nearly one mile, was literally covered with dead and wounded men and horses. Private Sinclair, in the hottest of the fight, discovered a Yankee lieutenant who wore a brilliant diamond ring. The partisan pursued him into the town of Hamilton and into the porch of a private residence, and shot him dead. The ring could not be readily removed from the finger. He amputated the finger and procured the jewel.

This remarkable encounter was really the last battle of the war. Our command was operating entirely within the enemy's lines. We had no certain or direct communication with the government of the Southern Confederacy. The stirring and significant scenes that marked the dying agonies of the Confederacy were unknown to the partisan battalion. We were gallantly contending against overwhelming odds, with a success

unprecedented in the annals of modern warfare. We had not been informed of the events that were closing around our devoted capital. The last reliable intelligence we had received from Richmond, was a dispatch from General Lee informing Mosby that Sheridan was preparing a strong force of mounted infantry at Winchester for the purpose of sweeping the Valley with fire and sword. With rare accuracy, the actual route he subsequently followed was foretold by that unerring and grand old General. We were at supper when Mosby received this dispatch. He smiled, and said to me: "Doctor, your old town of Charlottesville will soon be in the hands of the enemy," and gave me the dispatch to read. This communication from General Lee—the last we ever received from him—informed us that the line of march proposed by Sheridan would embrace Harrisonburg, Staunton, Waynesborough, Charlottesville and Gordonsville, and finally unite with Grant's army, then at Petersburg. He requested Mosby to fall upon Sheridan's rear and retard his march up the Valley. We struggled hard to cross the Shenandoah river, in a desperate effort to comply with this request, but fate was against us. The stream was immensely swollen by heavy rains, and we found it impossible to ford it at any point.

Totally ignorant of the events that were hourly sounding the death-knell of our government, we struggled on, with bright hopes of final success. During the month of March we had won victories against enormous odds. We had captured many prisoners and

valuable army supplies, and had succeeded in inflicting severe loss upon the enemy wherever we met him.

The month of April now opened upon us with improved prospects. Lieutenant-Colonel Chapman had returned to us with his six hundred men that had wintered in the Northern Neck, and Mosby was making active preparations for a brilliant spring campaign. Our men were cheerful and our chief was in high spirits. Many of the bravest veterans of the regular army were rapidly filling the ranks of our companies, and Mosby was busy reorganizing new ones. About this time there was a force composed of renegade Virginians, called Key's battalion, with headquarters at Harper's Ferry. These natural children of a spurious patriotism, commanded by an outlaw of nature named *Key*, annoyed the true people, called rebels, considerably, and from their knowledge of individuals and families betrayed many of the best citizens of the vicinity of Harper's Ferry into the hands of the enemy. Mosby organized a company of veterans and placed the gallant Baylor in command. Baylor was one of the Colonel's favorites. Mosby had a way of his own in forming companies and selecting officers. He always submitted his new organizations to severe ordeals. Baylor was a young man of uncommon courage. His new company was organized and placed under his command in the morning, and directed to visit Harper's Ferry that night to ascertain what could be accomplished in a collision with Key's Virginia renegades.

The morning following this event a messenger arrived at Mosby's headquarters with a dispatch from Captain Baylor, stating that he had obeyed the orders of his colonel; had visited Harper's Ferry; met Major Key and his command, and, though the Virginia Yankees outnumbered his company three to one, he had been fortunate enough to capture the party, and now held them as prisoners, awaiting further orders. This information gave great pleasure to the Colonel. He expressed the opinion that young Baylor was as able and as true as the best officer in his command, and he expected much from him in the future.

The news from Baylor put the whole command in a good humor. We rode rapidly, and in high spirits, to the quarters of the gallant captain. As soon as we arrived I gathered such Northern newspapers as were found on the prisoners. Mosby was in the best humor I had ever seen him. He was laughing and talking rapidly and cheerfully with Captain Baylor and his prisoners, while I gathered a package of Baltimore papers and retired to a seat upon a log to read the news. Never shall I forget the shock and mortification that I received on opening the first newspaper. It was the *Baltimore American*. Double leaded columns told of the fall of Richmond and the surrender of General Lee. In the midst of our triumph over the capture of Key's battalion, I read the death warrant of the Confederacy. I was so suddenly and completely shocked that I could not realize the fact. Even under the startling announcement, that consoling element

that clung to the bottom of Pandora's box, though considerably debilitated, clung to me. *Hope* was not dead, but dying. I still held on to the possible chance offered by the universal tendency of the enemy to *lie*. I knew that most of their success throughout the terrible annals of war had been accomplished by their facile art of lying. They had lied under all circumstances; and had made public and private lying, professional and individual lying, general and local lying, legislative, judicial, and executive lying, civil, legal, and military lying, written and oral lying, perform all the functions of nerve, of numbers, of shell and shot, of artillery and musketry, and had so often succeeded, by their universal panacea of falsehood, in converting the most disastrous defeat into the most brilliant victory, that I yet hoped the startling announcement of the fall of our capital and the surrender of our army was a part and parcel of the same widespread and universal system of lying that had been displayed, with such wonderful success, for four long years of war. With that dreadful emotion, of hope contending against despair, that only a parent feels while watching the hurried breath and sunken eye of a loved child, I called Mosby to me and with one question, "Is that true," pointed to General Wetzel's dispatch from the city of Richmond. The stern, brave, intrepid soldier gazed at the fatal lines that foretold the death of our country and our cause, and I gazed at him with the same intense feeling. When I saw tears gather in his eyes, I lost all hope. Other officers

of the battalion gathered around us. Many of these hardened veterans that had faced death in every form that the monster could present himself, with unblanched cheek and steady hand, now dropped their heads in profound grief. The heavy sigh and moistened eye interpreted their deep feeling better than language could express it.

“Woe betide a country when
She sees the tears of bearded men.”

It was indeed difficult to realize that these men were the same that, only a few moments before, so joyfully cheered the victorious Baylor. To dream of the dazzling, resplendent glories of heaven, and awake amidst the burning marl and dismal fires of hell, may dimly portray the grim emotional contrast that played upon the hearts of these brave men.

The great leader of the valiant clan was dumb with grief. For the first time in an eventful life the quick fire of his fertile genius was suddenly extinguished by the startling violence of this terrible calamity. For years his whole heart had been wrapped in the fiery struggle for Southern liberty. No man ever offered up his life for any cause with more cheerful resignation than had our dauntless chief in hundreds of desperate conflicts. He had no other thought than the service of his country. His entire being was so engrossed with the dreadful work of the soldier, that the sudden and unexpected downfall of the Southern Government, crushed him under its intolerable weight. His followers gathered around him, speechless, and

shrouded in the dark mantle of unutterable grief. The great cause was *lost*. Virginia's motto reversed. "Freedom shrieked when Kosciusko fell;" brave men wept, when the glorious Southern cross went down. Mosby was the first in the group to break the painful silence. With the Baltimore *American* in one hand and pointing to the ominous report of General Wetzel with the other, he said, "Our poor country has fallen a prey to the conqueror. The noblest cause ever defended by the sword is lost. The noble dead that sleep in their shallow though honored graves are far more fortunate than their survivors. I thought I had sounded the profoundest depth of human feeling, but this is the bitterest hour of my life." While uttering these sentiments that seemed to well from the deepest recesses of his overburdened heart, his faithful followers, mute with grief, gazed upon his fixed and rigid features. He looked the very image of despair. If the cubless tigress in her desolate jungle, could imitate her human cousin, by moistening her grim visage with tears of distress, she would doubtless resemble our mortified chief in haggard features and hopeless gloom.

Those faithful hearts that had followed the varying fortunes of the Confederate battle-flag were deeply wounded men when that glorious ensign fell to rise no more. The hallowed memories that cluster around the old banner will never be effaced from the heart of the true Southern soldier. Yet, what strange emotions spring from the same cause, though prompted by

opposite motives. While Mosby wept, and, like Rachel, would not be comforted because he had lost his country, my assistant surgeon, Dr. Dunn, complained bitterly from a different cause. The doctor had just returned from a successful raid in Maryland, where he had robbed some belligerent merchant out of a few hundred greenbacks, and was exceedingly jubilant over his spoils. Just as Mosby, with a tremulous voice and frame shaken by the deepest feeling, poured out his earnest lamentations from his aching and overburdened heart, Dr. Dunn arose in an awkward manner, and with expressive though uncouth gestures, said in a loud voice: "This is just like all the rest of my d—d luck. If the world had been a cow I would have been its infernal tail, I expect. Now, I have been fighting for several years in bad luck—not making a cent—and just as I was getting in a good way of making money for the first time in my life, the d—d thing *busted up*." This timely and ridiculous expression of my avaricious assistant, somewhat aroused our mortified comrades from their gloomy reflections. The glaring contrast between the mercenary mortification of Dunn and the patriotic anguish of Mosby, changed for the moment, the train of our melancholy thoughts. Now for the first time we were brought face to face with the most unpleasant realities that can possibly disturb the equanimity, or ruffle the temper of a true soldier. Our minds had been heretofore filled with only one purpose, and that was to oppose unto death a powerful enemy. Now we had to reflect upon the possibilities

and probabilities of a good or a bad reception by the men we had fought so long and so earnestly. Will they receive us as prisoners of war or hang us as outlaws? "To be or not to be, that is the question." Notwithstanding the clear and positive testimony borne by the *Baltimore American* that our capital had fallen and the noble old army of Northern Virginia had surrendered at Appomattox, Mosby once more disposed his men into several raiding parties to continue our unequal contest as if nothing of importance had transpired.

CHAPTER XIV.

WITH that peculiar military audacity so characteristic of Mosby, he disposed his men in raiding squads, and sent them throughout Loudoun, Fauquier, Clarke, Frederick and Culpeper. His followers all felt that, Othello like, their occupation was gone. Yet in obedience to the orders of their chief, they seemed as earnest in their efforts to kill, capture and annoy the common enemy, as if nothing unusual had occurred. One bright Sabbath morning, Mosby and three of his followers, Sclater, Hern and another, were concealed in the brush-wood bordering the broad turnpike a short distance below Winchester; their horses were picketed a few paces from them in the woods. The chief was awaiting, as was his custom, to catch any stragglers or stray Yankees, that might possibly venture near his lair. By such means he frequently obtained useful information regarding the position of troops or the locality of wagon trains, also careless ambulances and army supplies. He had a peculiar attachment to sutler's stores. He once captured the same sutler three times; on the third occasion the itinerant military merchantman exclaimed, in decidedly broken German, "Cur-nel, dees is de teird dime,

end I vil not schtand mit it enny moor." The three raiders were not long concealed in their cover when the inveterate Hern exclaimed, "Colonel, thar comes one live Yank and two town gals." After waiting a few moments the laconic order was given, "Go out, Hern, and fetch them in." In less time than it takes to write this incident the uncouth, rugged and ragged Hern walked back into the brush, bringing with him a remarkably well dressed young man. This young man looked every inch a beau of the lower class, and, indeed, like anything else than a soldier. He was dressed in black and was as well jewelled as the best modern timepiece. He wore glittering rings and a flashy breast-pin, besides any quantity of gold watch-chains. It seems that he had indulged in an unusually long walk with two fashionable young females from the town of Winchester on that bright Sabbath morning. He had evidently put on his best harness and most costly jewelry. Hern was one of the most daring of Mosby's fighting men, but, like Hugo's description of Cambronne, he was a very rough specimen of the *genus homo*. Most of our men were remarkable for cleanliness of person and exquisite taste in military dress. Hern was the opposite of this habit. He wore a ragged Confederate gray jacket, out at the elbows, and fringed by time in various places. His rough Confederate boots had seen their best days; they were out at the toes, and run down at the side, with short trousers, and an old dilapidated Yankee overcoat torn in many places. Hern looked every inch a clumsy

clown in a sea of trouble. This was the figure that brought into the bushes the remarkably well dressed Yankee beau, and with an air of confused awkwardness, introduced him to Mosby, "Say, Kernel Mosby, here is the feller; what must I do with him, an' shel I fetch the gals in?" At the sound of Mosby's name, the well dressed stranger trembled and stammered an expression of surprise. "Is this Colonel Mosby I have heard so much about, that kills and eats his prisoners?" The Colonel grinned one of his most interesting and ghastly grins at this significant interrogation, and answered in the affirmative that he was the man. At this the unfortunate and alarmed prisoner cried out with a loud voice, "Oh! my God, Colonel, don't keel mee, I am a poor, miserable sinner and I ain't prepared to die. Colonel, forgive me, I ain't no soldier no how." On bended knee with uplifted hands this frightened creature begged most piteously for his life. The trembling wretch seemed disposed to unbosom himself on all topics. The Colonel, desiring to have a private interview with the stranger, touched him significantly on the shoulder and with that enlightened grin that only Mosby could execute, beckoned him to follow further into the dense woods. In passing near his horse Mosby carelessly reached out his hand, and shaking one of his huge cavalry pistols from its holster, said, "Now I want you to tell me the truth in answer to any and all questions I shall ask you." The frightened wretch, on seeing the stern visaged chief take the dreadful instrument of death from his holster, and feeling

absolutely certain that he was doomed to immediate and certain death, fell on his knees again, and implored the savage looking Colonel to spare his life. "Oh! my God, I can't stand it; I shall run if you are going to *keel* me—you said you would not *keel* me, and now, now, now, you are going to do it. Oh! have mercy on me. I am a poor fallen sinner, and ain't prepared to die now." The only reply the grim chief made to this pusillanimous appeal was, "You are very well dressed for a poor fallen sinner, and I have already told you that I shall not hurt you if you will only tell me the truth."

After considerable conversation in a low tone between the Colonel and his frightened prisoner, both returned to the side of the road. Mosby turned to his men and said: "Hern, go through him." The unfortunate and frightened creature evidently regarded this order as his absolute and irrevocable death warrant. He did not understand the meaning of that much-used term in guerrilla tactics. The term "go through him" only means to relieve the sufferer of any loose greenbacks or superfluous jewelry that may cling about his person after the entertaining process of capture has been consummated. "Now, now, O Lord! you order that man to *keel* me, after all your promises. What difference does it make to me whether you keel me or that other man keels me? I shall run, I shall run, if you shoot. O Lord! have mercy on my soul. Don't keel me! Oh, don't! for God's sake, don't! I will do anything you say if you spare my life."

Even the coarse, unfeeling and clumsy Hern felt sorry for the craven, cowardly wretch, and explained, in his primitive style, that he was ordered not to kill him, but to appropriate his personal effects in a very peaceful and unostentatious manner; that if he would only keep quiet long enough and stop all that infernal begging and palavering he would soon show him by actual practice the difference between killing a customer and simply "going through him," *secundem artem*. "Now let me show you," said Hern. "For instance, your coat is better than mine. I am gwyne to trade that garment wid you." "Certainly, yes, by all means," said the alarmed customer. "I will swap coats with you; certainly I will." "Well, then," said Hern, "your boots are better than mine, and that ain't right neither." To this unjust assertion the accommodating stranger yielded a ready assent. He seemed altogether too willing to yield to every wish and approve every suggestion made by the barbarous if not villainous Hern. The rough guerrilla robber appropriated each and every piece of jewelry and article of clothing that suited his fancy, and insisted on the stranger wearing his old costume. The mind of the prisoner was very impressible to all the whims, desires and wishes of his inspector. Hern deliberately exchanged his several articles of clothing with his victim. No man ever manifested more pleasure in being robbed than did this unlucky beau of Winchester, when he discovered that his life was safe. He would have been happy in the privilege of escorting his lady friends back through

the streets of Winchester in no better raiment than was the progenitor of the human race attired when playing with snakes, robbing orchards, and flirting with Eve in the garden of Eden. In examining the contents of the stranger's pockets, we discovered the true cause of his great alarm in the presence of Colonel Mosby. One of the pockets contained a remarkable document. It was in pamphlet form, of the cheap dime novel order. It was printed on the cheapest and coarsest paper. The typography was dreadfully bad and the subject matter still worse. This curious specimen of cheap Yankee literature, was fearfully and wonderfully made. It pretended to be the life of Mosby and a history of his command. It was fancifully illustrated with the clumsiest wood cuts. Some of the illustrations represented Mosby and his men at breakfast. Hideous pictures of rough Confederate soldiers around a camp fire, with dead Union soldiers before them in every stage of mutilation that the savage fancy of an excited fool could possibly suggest. Haggard, lean and famished men were represented with a slice of human flesh pierced by a bayonet or ramrod, and held over the burning embers to broil as a savory dish for the palate of the wild and hungry partisan. This quaint illustrated narrative of Mosby's command, if believed by the superstitious hoodlums of the North, must have impressed those benighted savages with intense horror and abnormal dread of the Confederate partisan. No savage ever conceived the horrors of war as they were described and pictured in this gro-

tesque literary fiasco. Mosby was represented by the hideous wood cuts something in form between a centaur and a vampire, as he fed with ravenous gusto upon the choice steaks and tender cutlets of heroic Yankee prisoners.

After a perusal of this specimen of Northern fiction it is easy to comprehend why the well-dressed barbarian, was so dreadfully alarmed when he found himself suddenly in the presence of the great king of the cannibals. I have no doubt the unhappy fool believed that fate had fattened him as a choice repast for the horrid bloodsuckers of Mosby's command. When he saw the Cassius-looking guerrilla chief take from his holster a murderous weapon and walk, with Tarquin's ravishing strides, through the brushwood, it is easy to imagine the inexpressible horror that darkened his terrified soul.

If 'tis true, as Cæsar said it was, that brave men die only once, but cowards many times, this demoralized captive must surely have expired once a minute for the several hours of the fearful ordeal to which he was submitted in this dreadful interview. He had, no doubt, amused the charming young Union females during their promenade, with the blood-curdling stories of Mosby and his ferocious cannibals. He had probably shown them the pictures of hungry and savage rebels feeding upon the sweet tender loin flesh of youthful Union braves. He was young, green, fresh, and from his conduct and dress, must have been a successful ladies' man. What he had learned about Mosby and his men was evident-

ly derived from the published record in his pocket, and that record was not only in *print*, which fact made it unquestionably true, but then its statements were corroborated by expressive illustrations, and the reader could see for himself that Mosby and his men were actually devouring the flesh of the Union prisoners. Any one could see them eating it in the pictures; then who could be so skeptical as refuse to believe, what could be seen even with the naked eye. Hern carefully and with great deliberation, divested the gaudy young dandy of every species of personal property that could be rationally utilized by a thoughtful warrior, and kindly assisted in dressing the victim in his own well-worn and untidy articles of dress. When the work of exchanging garments was complete, the mother of the young Union dandy would not have known her son. He was of smaller stature than the robust and uncouth Hern; the stranger's black vestments fitted their new possessor very tight, while the raiment of the rough partisan, hung loosely on the more meagre person of the beau. Indeed the clothes of Hern fitted the fop too much, and the fop's clothing hugged the clumsy figure of Hern with the uncomfortable contraction that a straight jacket holds on to the limbs of a maniac. The two females awaited patiently the return of their unlucky escort, with that blessed feminine adaptability so characteristic of the sex. They were amusing themselves with promiscuous giggling and walking around each other in total ignorance of the fate of their companion, nor did they seem to care whether he

returned to them again or not. Nothing could look more ludicrous than did the Union dandy after the process of "going through him" had been scrupulously accomplished. Hern's boots were much too large for him, and his toes peeped through them with a constrained air of retiring modesty, as if they were ashamed of their new and unaccustomed license. The old Confederate's trousers were too long for him, and they bagged about his unsubstantial limbs as if they were hanging out to dry. The dilapidated blue overcoat out at the sleeves and dangling in many melancholy folds over his narrow shoulders, wrought incalculable violence to the law that presides over the eternal fitness of things. The mournful slouched *felt* hat was not the only thing *felt* on that eventful occasion. The wearer felt happy, that he had only lost a few articles of worthless jewelery, exchanged a cheap suit of shoddy broad-cloth for the grotesque uniform of a modern cannibal, and had made a much narrower escape than Daniel had leisure to dream of in the lion's den. From the peculiar manner he wagged off in the direction of the females, I am convinced he felt happy in his novel and unbecoming costume. He did not depart with a strut, nor did the movements of his form betoken pride, but there was an airy swing about Hern's old blue overcoat, as it gracefully waved an adieu to the scenes of morbid fear and mortal peril, that told of blessed relief from great tribulations. The appearance of the receding captive, was ludicrously monstrous. He seemed to think aloud: "I was dead and am now

alive. My flesh has escaped the digestive powers of voracious cannibals. Though decked in the ragged ugliness of a rebel uniform, I can once more breathe the pure atmosphere of heaven and live." He did not walk the turnpike like a thing of life, but rather wriggled his slow course, in the direction of the two females. They awaited his approach with gestures and motions that implied astonishment and curiosity combined. As he came they gradually receded from him, as if alarmed at his changed appearance. He was so unlike their dandified escort of the early morning, that they seemed not to realize the change that had transformed a cheap and highly wrought beau of the morning to a hideous guy at noon. We could distinctly hear the screams and laughter that announced the recognition of our late prisoner. The two females seemed afraid of their beau. They moved slowly from him as he awkwardly approached them. The three figures receded in the direction of Winchester, and disappeared over a slight elevation of the road, the females still screaming with laughter and their disguised escort walking slowly after them.

CHAPTER XV.

THE legions of the North, like the folds of a monstrous reptile, had contracted upon the emaciated form of the Southern Confederacy until all evidence of vitality or hope of resuscitation had been extinguished. Eight hundred battle-scarred and war-worn veterans yet maintained a military organization against the sovereign authority and well armed minions of Federal authority. Nothing could be more utterly hopeless than was our condition after the fall of our capital and the surrender of the Army of Northern Virginia. Yet true to the dire instincts of determined and inveterate purpose, our stubborn chief fought on. The blood-marked annals of diabolical war, tender no record of heroism, superior to that manifested by the officers and men of Mosby's command. Let the future historian comment as he will upon the errors that marked the decline and fall of the Southern Confederacy. The maudlin sentimentalist may eulogize the victor and condemn the vanquished. The soulless sycophant may fawn and flatter the successful hero of the hour, the human parasite may cling to the corrupt tyranny of despicable fraud. The brainless snob may incur the contempt of true manhood by the pusillanimity

that worships the living ass and calumniates the dead lion. But whatever may have been the faults or follies of the South during the great struggle for what she held most dear, no man of unsullied character will dare assert that her sons were inferior, in patriotism or courage, to any race or people that ever lived or died. The month of April, in the year 1865, marked an epoch in the history of the North American Republic that will be long remembered by the victors and the vanquished that participated in that memorable struggle. Richmond had fallen, Lee had surrendered, and the ragged remnant of Confederate regulars, commanded by General Johnston, were surrounded as by a circle of fire, and were helpless, hopeless, under the ponderous guns of General Sherman. Shadowed by such gloomy auspices, Mosby continued to annoy the enemy by every conceivable method his fertile genius could suggest. While the reverberations of artillery at Winchester resounded along the mountains and valleys of the lovely Piedmont country in honor of the Federal conquest, and as a solemn requiem of the dead Confederacy, our raiding parties were busy catching sutlers, frightening quartermasters, and capturing prisoners and supplies with a cool indifference to the decrees of fate that looms up as a crude and curious incident of transcendental audacity. Our leader was, in the fullest acceptation of the term, a man of character. Conventional laws, or the established rules of society, and the ordinary modes of thought were habitually ignored in his conduct and action alike. With

uncommon quickness of conception and promptness of execution he followed alone the dictates of his own original and decided reason. What appeared irrational to other men he would assume as the perfection of wisdom.

On the 14th of April, a beautiful spring day, one of the most remarkable official papers ever written by one military officer to another, was received by Colonel Mosby from General Hancock. This extraordinary epistle was addressed to "Colonel J. S. Mosby, C. S. A.," and demanded the surrender of the partisan battalion on terms similar to those accepted by General Lee from General Grant, and an offer to parole all stragglers from the Army of Northern Virginia, but excluded from that benefit the "guerrilla chief Mosby." The significant fact that General Hancock should have been instructed by the War Department to conclude terms, with a military officer, and at the same time refuse to recognize or acknowledge him as such an officer, discloses and emphasizes the wild hallucination that inflamed and influenced the government at this interesting epoch of our history. The calamitous act of a lunatic in the assassination of the lamented Lincoln, only indicated the widespread insanity of that unhappy period. To treat with Colonel Mosby as an officer, qualified to transact important and responsible military functions, and consider him an outlaw, qualified to sign his own death warrant, at the same time on contract, bears strong evidence of official insanity.

A government cannot be regarded "*non compos mentis*," yet such an act would indicate unsound-

ness of mind in an individual. The morning this startling intimation of an ignominious death reached our chief, he was on the road, as usual. The powerful government had declared our chivalrous commander an outlaw.

Before departing from Colonel Carter's that beautiful April morning, the fair daughters of Glen Welby had decorated his hat with bright flowers and rare taste. His horse's head was also decorated with the same beautiful emblems of early spring. He looked as happy as a bridegroom before the honeymoon's eclipse. The gaudy appearance of our leader was in glaring contrast with the gloom of our environment and its dismal associations of disaster and defeat. I have never seen a more sudden change than his features expressed when he scanned the purport of General Hancock's letter. From high spirits to low, from brightest gaiety to black despair, from sunlight and spring flowers to the hangman and the scaffold, seemed the extremes of sensation that scaled the gamut of his emotions. With compressed lip and distended nostril, he looked the very embodiment of fierce determination. It is difficult to conceive of a more painful situation than that of our brave commander. We had nerved ourselves to bear the most terrible calamities that a protracted and bloody war could bring us in its train of unnumbered woes. We were schooling our nerves to the stoic tension demanded by the sudden loss of that cherished liberty for which we had fought so steadfastly, so earnest, and so long. But now we

were confronted with a new and cruel feature in the panorama of mental torture—the disgraceful death of our brave commander. In behalf of poor humanity, with all its errors, its crimes and its infamies, let it be said that Mosby's followers were not afraid to die, as men should die, before they would submit to surrender their chief to the scaffold. Many plans and schemes were discussed by the officers and men. A proposition was made to keep the command in tact and cut our way through all obstacles into Mexico. We knew that the ill-fated Maxmillian had offered strong inducements to officers of experience to join his army. Many expressed their convictions that Mosby would cut his way easily through the Federal forces and plant his well-earned military laurels upon the sunny plains of Mexico. Wild, extravagant and irrational as this suggestion may now appear under the luminous glare of recent history, it met with the almost unanimous approval of the officers and men. Mosby knew well the unselfish devotion of his followers, and how ready and willing they were to sacrifice their lives in his defence. He decided to communicate with General Hancock. He appointed Lieutenant-Colonel Chapman, the surgeon of his command, his adjutant and Captain Frankland, to bear the following communication to the Federal general W. S. Hancock, at Winchester.

“APRIL 15, 1865.

“*Major-General W. S. Hancock, Commanding, &c.:*

“General—I am in receipt of a letter from your chief of staff, Brigadier-General Morgan, enclosing copies of

correspondence between Generals Grant and Lee, and informing me that you would appoint an officer of equal rank with myself to arrange details for the surrender of the forces under my command. As yet I have no notice, through any other source, of the facts concerning the surrender of the Army of Northern Virginia, nor in my opinion has the emergency yet arisen which would justify the surrender of my command. With no disposition, however, to cause the useless effusion of blood, or to inflict on a war-worn population any unnecessary distress, I am ready to agree to a suspension of hostilities for a short time, in order to enable me to communicate with my own authorities, or until I can obtain sufficient intelligence to determine my future action. Should you accede to this proposition I am ready to meet any person you may designate to arrange the terms of an armistice.

“I am, very respectfully, your obedient servant,

“JOHN S. MOSBY,

“Colonel C. S. A.”

Lieutenant-Colonel Chapman had recently returned with a large portion of the command from his winter campaign in the Northern Neck counties of Virginia, and was not present during our conference on the Hancock correspondence. Captain Frankland, Adjutant Willie Mosby and myself left Glen Welby in the evening bearing the letter of Colonel Mosby to General Hancock, and arrived at Colonel Chapman's before night. Colonel Chapman had been married only a

few months. We found him in his parlor. He introduced us to Mrs. Chapman, and after a brief conversation I presented Mosby's letter and delivered the verbal instructions regarding our visit to Winchester. I discovered instantly that I had committed a blunder in transacting this business in the lady's presence. But I was so pre-occupied with the grave purpose of our visit that I did not think of anybody's nerves but my own. I was soon made sensible of my error. Very naturally Mrs. Chapman was dreadfully shocked at the proposition to take her husband without warning right into a large camp of the enemy. This was more than the nervous system of any reasonable lady could bear. She most earnestly and vehemently protested against our taking the Colonel with us to Winchester lest he might be imprisoned or murdered by the enemy. I endeavored to repair the result of my inexcusable blunder in not conferring with the Colonel in the absence of his estimable wife. I made every possible effort to convince her that there could be no danger in our visit to General Hancock. She paid no attention to my repeated assurances, but persisted in her nervous reiteration that Colonel Chapman should not go. The brave and chivalrous Colonel, in as calm a mood as possible, tried to soothe her fears and make it clear that he had no alternative but obedience to the order of his superior officer. He also reminded her that the war was ended and no danger of any kind attached to the duty before us. His kind and affectionate expostulations had no other effect than to

increase the nervous alarm of his wife. When she discovered that her earnest appeals were futile, and that she was powerless to save her husband from what her imagination had pictured as certain death, this estimable lady became unconscious from her great alarm. The gallant Colonel quietly bore her off to her chamber and left us for a few moments to ourselves. Food was soon prepared for our journey and we were on our way to Winchester. The weather, that seems to attune itself in accord with the gay or gloomy feelings of humanity, was cold and cloudy, with a sufficient rainfall to depress the spirits of our party.

We crossed the Shenandoah river at Berry's Ferry. The water was, as usual, very high, and the ford very unsafe. By swimming our horses a short distance we succeeded in reaching the opposite shore, only wet enough to make us uncomfortable for the night. When we reached within four miles of Winchester, at 10 o'clock P. M., shelter for the night was obtained from a hospitable stranger. The proprietor of the farm was absent, but his kind lady, with that hospitality so characteristic of the good people of the Valley, prepared us an excellent supper and made us feel grateful and comfortable. We were conversing sadly regarding the prospects of our chief's deliverance, when the proprietor returned from a visit to Winchester. Subject to shock and surprise as we had been for four years of war, we could not be prepared for the sad and startling intelligence brought back by this hospitable stranger from Winchester. We had often endured the humilia-

tion of defeat, and oftener revelled in the wild and glorious triumph of victory. In efforts to secure what we earnestly thought and believed to be the dearest rights of our country, we had scaled the loftiest heights and explored the profoundest depths of human feelings; yet we were not ready for the shock that awaited us on that eventful night. The first word that escaped the lips of the stranger on crossing his threshold yet ring in the ear of memory like the melancholy vibrations of a funeral bell, and will not rub out from the tablets of the mind. "Bad news, gentlemen." Before he proceeded further I was suddenly impressed with the absurdity of any news being bad for us. We had lost all. Even hope had fled from us. We felt that death in any honorable shape, would be a blessed relief to a conquered rebel. What intelligence under the broad canopy of heaven could be tortured into bad news for us? We were groping in the dark. Our minds were so tossed and tormented by every variety of misfortune that we were almost incapable of normal reflections. The news was bad, and bad for us—a calamity to the civilized world. "Bad news. The President of the United States has been assassinated, and Colonel Mosby is charged with the horrible crime."

CHAPTER XVI.

WITH all our accumulated misfortunes we were not prepared to encounter this unexpected calamity. Our errand was one of extreme doubt, anxiety and uncertainty without this new unprecedented and accidental atrocity. We had fought earnestly for what we had conceived to be a noble and a righteous cause, and we were willing to endure every form of human suffering for our country's honor. But we had never stooped to the contemplation of dastardly and atrocious crime for the accomplishment of our purpose. The intelligence of this hideous catastrophe of brutal and unprovoked assassination shocked and paralyzed the veterans of honorable warfare. We felt the blow as a bitter misfortune that must inevitably injure the fair name of the cause we had labored so earnestly and so faithfully to maintain with the clean hands of patriotism, honor, and a courage that the truth of history is ever solemnly charged to vindicate. We felt that the unblemished character of those noble spirits that had passed from time to eternity on the bloody field of their country's fame, was compromised by the rash act of a lunatic, or the red hand of foul and unpardonable murder. We knew that our chief was innocent of the

charge that connected his name with this dreadful crime, yet we felt that the suspicion was a base insult to our leader and his cause. We were confident that the excitement and fury the murder of the President must create would surely defeat that justice we were endeavoring to obtain from General Hancock in our almost hopeless mission to Winchester. Without the power of foresight, or the gift of prophecy, we knew enough of furious hate to divine the probable result of this unprovoked and egregious crime. Though we could not conceive of the unmitigated brutality that did follow this great and hideous offence, we knew that the base passions of the thoughtless millions, whose malice had already been manifested in no uncertain manner by burning dwellings, indiscriminate plunder of defenceless women and the murder of young children, would not be soothed or abated by the maddening crime of butchering their idolized chief magistrate. 'Tis true, we did not think that a powerful nation would debase its good name by the judicial murder of an innocent woman, in retaliation for a crime she knew nothing about; but we did expect harsh treatment at the hands of an exasperated, merciless, and powerful foe.

The people of the South could not have encountered a more terrible misfortune than the untimely and violent death of President Lincoln. Of all the inhuman vampires that gathered about the Republican throne in Washington during the Reign of Terror that lasted from 1861 to 1865, the only philanthropic heart of that hardened crew was the heart of the murdered

President. The hissing and seething cauldron of political corruption that distilled devil's broth for the American people during the administration of the unfortunate Lincoln became tenfold more virulent and unscrupulous in its malignancy when that kind-hearted political philosopher fell by the hand of the demented assassin. Of all the Northern millions that fanned the flames of hell during the war, Abraham Lincoln alone expressed sincere sympathy for his erring and unfortunate fellow-citizens of the South. And now that our fair country had fallen a helpless prey to the conqueror, to fill the bitter cup of all our sorrows we were informed that our only mediator and advocate had been foully murdered, and that, too, as we afterwards learned, by an irresponsible lunatic, in the name of the very people his unpardonable infamy, so fearfully outraged.

After a restless and wretched night we proceeded on our way to Winchester. We soon came in sight of a Federal picket, composed of a portion of the Twelfth Pennsylvania cavalry. We halted and prepared a flag of truce by tying a white handkerchief to a stick. Now a new question presented itself. Who shall carry this emblem of enforced humility? Colonel Chapman peremptorily refused. I offered the doubtful honor to Captain Frankland, who likewise refused. I then thought of Adjutant Willie Mosby. Notwithstanding his distinguished brother's life depended so much on this simple sacrifice of puerile pride, the Adjutant also declined the honor of bearing the white flag. I then discovered that our mission must end, or I must vol-

unteer to bear this humiliating token of submission. To great souls it may appear as a trivial sacrifice of feeling to bear a flag of truce under the peculiar circumstances of our case; but I confess the emotions generated by the simple duty of transporting a small handkerchief, attached to a stick, into the dense columns of our old enemies was anything but flattering to a natural sense of self-esteem. I decided at once to perform this disagreeable duty. I seized the rude and hastily improvised emblem of temporary peace, and galloped, with as much show of indifference as I could command, up to the line of pickets.

About this time the roads were filled with Confederate soldiers as they poured in from every direction to surrender and receive their paroles. The first question asked, as I rode up to the picket line, was, "What command, Major?" As I returned the answer, "Mosby's," a loud and prolonged shout went up along their entire line. One bronzed and weather-beaten old veteran stepped quickly to the front and reached out his hand. With honest face and sincere tears he said, with considerable unction: "Thank God! The war is over. I know the end has come when Mosby's men surrender." To see this old Pennsylvania soldier moisten his rough cheeks with tears and express with simple earnestness his unfeigned enjoyment at the flattering prospect of a speedy peace, caused me to forget my own grief and mortification. For the first time I was made to understand that these men were earnest, and had also made many sacrifices for their cause. We were met by the

hostile troops in no bombastic spirit of insult to our misfortunes, but with a cordial and friendly grasp of the hand that seemed to say the past is forgiven, we are friends again. It is strange magic indeed, that can change the inveterate hatred and feuds of bitter strife one day for cordial feelings of warm friendship the next. We had expected a haughty, if not an offensive, reception at the hands of our old enemies. Our surprise was complete when those men we had fought with such savage ferocity a few days before now shed tears of joy as they greeted us once more as members of the great national family.

We waited only a short time, when an officer came and escorted us to General Reno's quarters. General Reno was in command of the troops we had fought so successfully at Harmony only a short time before. He seemed glad to see us, and offered us several kinds of liquors and the best Havana cigars. He addressed several questions to Colonel Chapman regarding the condition and numbers of our command. The Colonel, being a much better fighting man than conversationalist, answered very slowly. The General seemed to be unable to keep up both sides of the conversation, and turning direct to me, asked if I was at that little affair at Harmony. I answered in the affirmative. "Will you be kind enough to tell me how many of your men were engaged in that fight?" he asked. I assured him that I had no sort of objections to imparting whatever information I possessed. I considered the war at an end and our task as finished; we

had nothing more to do but surrender; that it would give me pleasure to accommodate him with all the particulars of the engagement referred to. I assured him that our force on that occasion was very small. I remembered well the officers and men were counted several times on the morning he referred to, and that the number was the same. I was present, and on each occasion when they were placed in ambush they were counted, and the exact number amounted to one hundred and twenty-eight, all told. I could readily perceive that the General was very incredulous about my statement. He smiled and said: "Twenty-eight thousand, you mean." I repeated that I had no interest or motive in deceiving him or misrepresenting facts, and if it was all the same to him I preferred that he should not consider me mean enough to utter falsehoods only for amusement. I told him that it was natural for me to presume, that he must have considered our force much larger than it really was, or else his two regiments would not have made such good time in hastening to the rear; and that it was more than probable, if he had known how weak we were in numbers, his troops would have fought better and would not have run away quite so fast. He seemed to take much interest in my account of Mosby's method of getting what he used to call the "bulge" on the enemy, and I thought it possible Mosby's system of the "bulge" from ambush, might have been mistaken by him for one or two extra brigades. It was somewhat comforting in our forlorn situation, to compare

notes with an officer we had so recently defeated, though even that consideration did not amount to a first-class consideration, in the face of our preparations to surrender to the very troops we had routed. The General made himself as agreeable as he knew how, by doubting all my statements and asserting some wonderfully plain ones on his own account. We had not waited long at Reno's tent, when two officers from General Hancock's headquarters arrived to escort us into that General's presence. The two officers wore the rank of colonel. One was Colonel Russell. I forget the name of the other. They were as courteous and affable as they could be, and much more so than General Reno. They informed us that they were instructed to conduct two of us to General Hancock's quarters. Colonel Chapman and myself being of higher rank than Captain Frankland and Lieutenant Mosby, we were selected.

Leaving our friends, Willie Mosby and Captain Frankland at Reno's tent, we proceeded at once to General Hancock's house. A rumor had been generally circulated throughout the army that Colonel Mosby was on a visit to General Hancock, and the entire army turned out to see him. The road to Winchester was rendered almost impassable by the mass of soldiers gathering through curiosity to see the guerrilla chief. General Hancock occupied a large brick house on the north side of Main street in Winchester. With some difficulty we made our way through the dense crowd of soldiers in blue uniforms.

We arrived in front of the General's quarters and dismounted. Our polite guides proceeded up through an iron gateway overhung with a large United States flag. It seemed to me that this flag had been placed there as a kind of compulsory test of our loyalty to the new government now demanding our allegiance. Colonel Chapman, as well as myself, had been growing more tame and familiar with Yankees, yet this sudden call to pass under the old flag aroused the slumbering fires of our rebellious pride, and I moved slowly to a small side-gate that was also embellished with a more diminutive display of stars and stripes. I deliberately removed the little flag and gently twirled it around its small staff, then laid it quietly down on the iron railing of the fence. This movement excited a smile on the handsome faces of our polite and courteous escort. One Yankee colonel looked at the other Yankee colonel and remarked that the rebellion was dying hard. We passed into the hall of a large brick house and was informed that the General was in his room and would soon grant us an audience. We were introduced to his adjutant, whom we found a very agreeable and pleasant fellow. In a few moments' conversation with this polite officer we were much impressed with his good manners and obliging disposition. He sent a messenger to the General's room to inform him that Lieutenant-Colonel Chapman and Surgeon —, of Mosby's command were waiting to see him. We had no well-digested plan of action in the event the General refused our petition, and we were

not so sure he would have much regard for our flag of truce. Indeed, we were really at the mercy of our old enemy, and felt no certainty that we would be permitted to return. While conversing pleasantly with Colonel Russell and the adjutant, General Hancock walked into the hall. We were introduced by Colonel Russell. Fourteen eventful years have been gathered to Time's bosom since that interview, yet I have a distinct and vivid mental vision of General Hancock as he approached us and cordially grasped our hands. There was a self-possession, ease and benignant dignity about him that I will never forget. A benevolent expression, illumined by a powerful intellect, spoke volumes of meaning from his bright and handsome face. It may be that an association of ideas, caused by receiving kind expressions of sympathy and regard, when I expected a harsh, cruel or haughty reception, impressed me so favorably with this true gentleman and distinguished soldier. Be that as it may, I have never met a man for whom I have a higher regard, or more profound respect than I have even at this date, for General Hancock. I had never before felt at all ashamed of my old gray uniform, but when this true soldier held my hand and looked kindly and squarely into my face and said, in a firm and earnest voice, "I sympathize with you in what you believe to be a great misfortune. You have fought bravely, and have nothing to be ashamed of. You have, like gallant soldiers, left your cause to the God of battles, and the arbitrament of the sword has decided against you.

Let us once more kneel down at the same altar and be like brothers of the same household." I felt I suppose as the Prodigal Son ought to have felt when he dropped the corn husks and abandoned his riotous living, to return once more to the home of his father. On finding such a man as General Hancock, a great leader, an accomplished officer and a perfect gentleman, against us, I for the first time encountered a doubt as to the righteousness of our cause. This noble old hero was so kind, considerate and gentle in his manner to us, when we had so little to expect of him, that he conquered me more effectually by his manly sympathy and noble sentiments than could have been done by brute force and military despotism.

CHAPTER XVII.

THROUGHOUT the dark and stormy annals of our bitter and earnest struggle, all the worst feelings and attributes of that wonderfully incomprehensible paradox, Confederate "humanity," had been kindled into a living blaze of active hatred for all Yankeedom. In Dixieland the word *Yankee* was a generic term that implied the enlarged significance of all and everything that is low and mean, loathsome, contemptible, disgusting and despicable. The Southern soldier, like all other men when sorely tempted, has been known to steal, but never with the readiness or alacrity of a member of Congress. I have known even commissioned officers of the Confederate States army to take what Shakspeare called *trash* that didn't belong to them; I have known some low-born followers of the Lost Cause, to do other disreputable things, and amongst others, to submit to charges of dishonesty, and even cowardice, without resentment; but I have never known during the war, a single instance of a Southern soldier submitting to the intolerable indignity of being called a Yankee. No other epithet in the language conveyed such intensified insult to the Southern ear. It is the general opinion of mankind

that a sense of guilt constrains a criminal to submit without resistance or resentment to the charge of crime. But the most hardened old offender of the Southern army, would not brook the insult of being called a Yankee. So keenly was the Southern mind cultivated by prejudice, hatred and passion, against the public enemy, that the most ignorant citizens of our rural districts believed the Yankee a kind of quadruped with crooked horns, cloven hoofs and hairy tail. I remember well my own servant, a fat, young, burly African, to express great surprise at the appearance of a brigade of Yankee prisoners captured at the seven days' battle of the Chickahominy. Henry was a good negro, a badly spoiled slave, and a great coward. He had carefully concealed himself during the hottest of the fight—like some of our more distinguished brigadiers—and when the thunder of artillery and the rattling of musketry had subsided, crept quietly out of his cover, to join the herd of human jackals in their ghastly raid upon the pockets of the dead. I remember well when, with white eyes and glistening teeth, contrasting widely with the midnight hue of his jet-black skin, he crawled through the underbrush, cautiously and slowly, to inquire, with an air of intense anxiety mingled with fear, "Massa, is dey gwine fit agin soon? If dey is, I gwine way fum dis he-er place." "No, boy," I replied, "the battle is over; here comes a large number of Yankee prisoners; comê and see them." The bewildered African gazed with anxious curiosity at the approaching column of prisoners, until they came very near,

then turning suddenly to me, asked, "Is dem Yankees?" I answered him affirmatively. With a ludicrous expression of astonishment and glee that only a young untutored African can assume, he said: "Why, lor! dey is folks, just' like our folks, only dey close is blue. If dey dress like de res' uv us you couden' tel' um fum our sodjers."

I discovered, during the progress of the war, that my benighted servant was not the only man in Dixie that questioned the humanity of Yankees. Not only the negroes of the Southern States, but a great many unsophisticated *white folks*, had grave doubts as to what classification of the animal kingdom the Yankee properly belonged. They entertained a vague conception that a Yankee was something not well defined in natural history, but generally considered to be a monstrous compromise of nature, between a fish, a bird, a reptile or a beast of prey. Neither did many of our uncultured people care to inquire whether Yankees inhabited the earth, the air, or the deep sea. The general impression was that the Yankee could be amphibious if he chose to be, and that he could crawl, run, fly or swim; that he fed mostly on young negroes, and was especially noted for being very numerous and in great many places at the same time. Scarcely anybody doubted that he was a voracious and ubiquitous animal, with decided prowling and nomadic proclivities. Everybody believed that his ruling passion was to take what did not belong to him, and that he was exceedingly hard to please. From the fact of his being to a

certain extent a sort of unknown quantity, as well as quality, the imagination of the more ignorant, and consequently the most superstitious, portion of our people enjoyed great latitude. It was no uncommon thing to hear the boast of some visionary young warrior proclaim, that he had broken a Yankee's wing or knocked off a Yankee's horn in a desperate hand to hand fight. There was a great variety of opinions regarding the habits of the Yankees. Many thought they fought to greater advantage by climbing trees, and if overpowered they would take to their holes like squirrels. Others declared that their habit was to burrow in the ground, after the manner of the prairie dog, or the Florida gopher, and always to turn up when they were least expected or desired.

The impenetrable mystery that gathered around the true nature of this remarkable and badly understood animal, exercised a great moral effect upon the public mind. Women who promenaded the lower walks of Southern society, would frighten their young children into obedience by telling them wonderful stories of Yankee cruelty and barbarity. Many a boy has grown up with the fixed and changeless impression that there is no perceptible difference between a meek and pious Yankee, a shark, or a Bengal tiger. Whatever variety of opinion may have existed regarding the physical condition, shape, size, or appetite of a Yankee, there was one point on which all men, women and children agreed with an unanimity as remarkable as it was determined, and that was, that the Yankee was

deceitful above all things and desperately wicked. Repugnance, contempt and acrimonious hatred for the despised Yankee were not solely confined to the inferior classes of Southern society. I have heard a Confederate Brigadier-General, who was also a graduate of West Point, declare, in the presence of his staff, and that a large one, that every Yankee prisoner ought to be shot or hung; that they were entitled to no more rights or immunities than so many stray dogs. 'Tis true, a brave young officer replied instantly and sharply to the Brigadier that "mean as the public enemy might be, no Yankee could be meaner than the officer who could utter such cruel and disgusting sentiments."

It is difficult to comprehend the ugly feelings of aversion, antipathy and hatred that animated the individual members of the opposing armies. The Southern people had educated themselves into the abnormal belief that the Yankees were the most relentless, cruel and dishonest animals on earth, while the coarse, untutored millions of the North were carefully taught by their professional liars, that the rebels were not only barbarians far beyond the reach of civilization, but that they added the hideous feature of cannibalism to their otherwise savage accomplishments. Thus the hellish fires of fratricidal strife, were fanned into a blaze of fury, by the tortured imaginations and excited passions, of a brainless and ferocious multitude of unthinking, superstitious and misguided zealots. This was the general state of preternatural antipathy

that existed between the contending sections of this great country at the time of our visit to General Hancock. Notwithstanding the fact that Colonel Chapman and myself did not participate in this foolish and ferocious hatred, for the common enemy, we had breathed the hot atmosphere of Dixie too long to feel an entire Christian resignation, to the irrevocable decrees of "outrageous fortune." We had never indulged in a senseless, savage, spiteful, thirst for revenge, yet we could not, with any healthy regard for truth, declare that we had either a very tender regard, or sincere affection for the people that had so persistently killed our friends, stolen our property and burned our dwellings. I have always admired that beautiful Christian injunction to "love our enemies," but have never yet discovered the exact method by which that divine doctrine, can be rationally applied to Yankees, without committing an indecent assault on conscience or doing violence to another divine law, of a decidedly mandatory kind, that *commands* obedience to the law of truth. As a Christian man, I cannot say that I ever did, or that I now do, love Yankees; but I do confess that the excess of virtue that made me a criminal in the eyes of all Yankeedom—the principle of patriotism, that was so admired in Washington and abhorred in Lee—grew beautifully less in the presence and under the influence of that courteous gentleman and distinguished officer, General Hancock. His manly bearing, kind words, unfeigned regard and unexpected sympathy, changed at once whatever feel-

ing of aversion or antipathy I then harbored for himself or his cause, into sentiments of sincere esteem, not unmixed with a grateful sense of just admiration for this noble old soldier.

The General placed before us choice wines and cigars, and spoke feelingly and fluently of the prominent features of the great struggle about to be closed forever. He seemed to be as familiar with the lives and characters of the leading Confederate officers, as with his own, and evinced an intimate knowledge of all the leading incidents of the war. The conversation progressed pleasantly until I suggested the propriety of dispatching the business that brought us to Winchester.

CHAPTER XVIII.

GENERAL HANCOCK carefully perused Mosby's communication, and for a brief period of time seemed wrapped in profound thought. He said that he had been awaiting a reply from our commander for several days, and he was glad to receive it even at so late an hour. The response to his letter was just in time to save our people from great loss and suffering. He had given an order only a few hours previous to our arrival, and said it was with great reluctance that he ordered ten thousand men into the counties of Loudoun and Fauquier, as the last terrible resort, for the purpose of destroying every house that continued to give shelter to Mosby and his men. The General manifested much feeling for the people whose fidelity to their convictions of patriotism demanded this cruel alternative of submission or destruction. He insisted now that our cause was utterly hopeless; any effort to continue the war on the part of Mosby and his followers, was savage stubbornness and irresponsible madness; that since he had demanded the surrender of our forces, we had annoyed his outposts in a most outrageous manner; that we continued to kill his pickets and capture his quartermasters, commissaries and

medical stores every night. His patience was now completely exhausted, and he was compelled to use the harshest measures to force us to honorable terms of surrender. He assured us that the cruel order would be immediately countermanded, and that our visit had saved our generous and faithful friends the ordeal of having their houses and property destroyed. On how little does the happiness or destruction of a noble and self-sacrificing people depend! The mere whim or fancy of a fool, the passion, eccentricity or caprice of a madman, a false sense of duty or an erroneous sense of honor, may often produce the most serious consequences for weal or woe. We did not think that the decision of Mosby, in sending us to General Hancock, would result in saving the houses of hundreds of our best and most self-sacrificing friends in the counties of Loudoun and Fauquier, from the vandal and cruel torch. Yet such was the fact as told by General Hancock himself. Our visit, made only a few hours after his cruel order was given, saved a large number of our devoted friends the dreadful scourge of military ferocity and destruction by fire. The General reasoned well, and argued the point that "*extremos morbus, extrema remedia,*" and asked me, with a significant smile, if that was not one of my professional dogmas. It was very evident, from the military prescription, of this true soldier, that he considered Mosby's tactics an extreme disease that required heroic remedies. Though General Hancock possessed the stubborn and iron nerve of the true and trained

soldier, he also possessed the acute sensibilities and refined emotions of a good man and an accomplished gentleman. He manifested as much feeling and sympathy for the people he had prepared to punish with such extreme severity, as any one naturally hardened by the needless cruelties and brutalities of military life could possibly feel. The purely military man is nothing more nor less than a trained brute. I have always entertained the same regard for a well-trained mule. If a mule obeys the order of his driver or master he is looked upon as a valuable animal, and the same rule holds good with a military mule, be he general, colonel, major, captain, lieutenant or a high private in the rear rank of an army. What is such an animal but an unthinking mass of organic matter that has some other animal, and oftener a brute than otherwise, to think for him? To obey the rein or voice of a driver is the highest duty known to a well-trained mule. To obey every order given by a superior officer, is the highest duty known to the military animal. Then does not that faithful domestic animal (the mule) deserve just as much credit and glory for his submission and obedience, as does his human military co-laborer, in the campaign, or field of battle? The simple performance of a brainless duty characterizes both these noble and patient creatures. I know the world claims much more glory for the patient biped, than the stubborn quadruped; for the stolid, stupid soldier, than for his more useful cousin—the mule. But is it right, just or equitable? Can intelligence furnish the

degrees, or grade of true glory that mark the disparity that divides the faithful quadruped, from the prouder and more faithless biped? So far as the disposition to do right or wrong indiscriminately is concerned, the military man is far superior to the mule. But for constancy, patience and endurance, under long suffering the mule ranks first. When a free citizen suddenly becomes transformed into a well-disciplined soldier, he is metamorphized into a human mule. He is not expected to have an opinion, has nothing to say on any subject; the man is as much of an automaton as the mule. Why the simple machine with two feet should be entitled to more fame or glory, than the more useful, faithful and constant machine with four feet, no writer, or philosopher has yet explained. The world has produced very few soldiers with high claims to the sort of admiration that is directed by an enlightened conscience. The good citizen that becomes a soldier through the pure motives of patriotism when his country is in danger, when he offers his life, his fortune and his honor for the cause he holds most dear, deserves a better fate than his fellow mercenary, who fights only for his wages, and cares nothing for his cause. The mere professional soldier who fights against his convictions or his country, seems only an automaton, without brain, conscience or soul, and is lower than the honest and patient mule, who works only for his food. Indeed, the mule is not complimented by the comparison. It is alone the cause, for which he fights that gives true fame to the soldier;

that makes him a martyr when he falls and a hero when he survives. The creature in uniform that fights for or against liberty, as his master commands, sinks lower than the level of the brute.

God has placed the human animal a little higher in the scale of creation, and when he falls, he passes lower than his fellow-brute, because he gained in the impulse of his descent, a power in his fall, while his fellow-beast holds with serene instinct the place his Creator assigned him.

When the true soldier is illumined by the higher virtues of chivalry, patriotism, humanity and charity, that marks the character of a Washington, a Lee, and a Jackson, or a Hancock and a McClellan, we look upon their unspotted names as bright green spots in the boundless desert of war, that extends all the way from the siege of Troy to the capitulation at Appomattox. There is a constant propensity in man to worship something. The ancient mythologists had their passionate gods—Bacchus, Jupiter, Mars, and many other unmitigated old ruffians, of that classic age. The modern heathen enjoys with exquisite emotion, the worship of his uncouth, mug-headed and bow-legged monstrous idols. The devil-worshippers of India perform their hideous rites around a sort of diabolical altar erected in honor of the devil himself, and in soft and mellifluous accents address the old "He Fiend" as the "Injured One." The good and true men of all countries worship the ever living God, and admire only the noble specimens of their own race who elevate themselves

above the base and degrading passions, appetites and sensualism which man shares in common with the brute creation. The character of the worshiper is estimated by the purity of the being worshiped. The worshiper of Bacchus, is presumed to be a drunken sot. The worshiper of Mars is reasonably presumed a bull-headed ruffian, with as much soul or sentiment as we would expect to be manifested by a brace of Kilkenny cats. The degree of admiration displayed by some men for others also expresses a kindred feeling between the admirer and the admired. Men that admire the name, fame and character of John Brown, of Potowatomie, are surely not superior in intellect, wisdom, virtue or character, to the admirers of George Washington. A calm review of ancient or modern history will clearly establish the fact that the bubble, reputation or fame is not worth seeking at the cannon's mouth. As only good men are admired by good men, and bad men worshiped by bad men, it inevitably follows that bad men are in the majority throughout the world; hence a distinguished bad man is much more popular than a distinguished good man.

Benjamin Franklin Butler and old John Brown, will be remembered and admired by a much larger number of people (of a peculiar kind) than will such Virginia rebels as Washington, Jefferson, Jackson, and Lee. General Hancock was both gentleman and soldier. Any man can admire him without compromising his own intelligence or degrading his moral perceptions. Colonel Chapman and myself were entirely

at his mercy and subject to any caprice or whimsicality a weaker officer's fancy would suggest or exercise with irresponsible impunity; yet he treated us as gentlemen and as officers, and as if we were entitled to equal consideration with himself. He said, with much affability and kindness, that he would be very glad to receive Colonel Mosby and his entire command as prisoners of war, and assured us that we should be treated with all the civility and respect that gallant officers and brave men were entitled to, and that we would all be paroled and permitted to return to our respective homes. We received the following communication for Colonel Mosby:

“HEADQUARTERS MIDDLE MILITARY DIVISION,

“WINCHESTER, VA., April 16, 1865.

“*To Colonel John S. Mosby, C. S. A.:*

“Colonel—Major-General Hancock directs me to acknowledge the receipt of your communication by the hand of Lieutenant-Colonel Chapman, of the 15th instant, in reply to mine of the 11th. The General does not think it necessary to designate an officer to meet you to arrange an armistice, as you suggest.

“Understanding, however, your motives in hesitating to surrender your command without definite intelligence from your former superiors, the General is very willing to allow a reasonable time for you to acquire the information you desire. It is not practicable for you to communicate with General Lee, as he is no longer in authority. Lieutenant-Colonel Chapman, the bearer of your communication, has been furnished

with such evidence as will undoubtedly satisfy you that further resistance on the part of your command can result in no good to the cause in which you have been engaged.

"In view of these facts, the General will not operate against your command until Tuesday next at 12 M., provided there are no hostilities from your command. This agreement to be understood to include the Department of Washington and the Potomac river line. It is possible some difficulty may arise from the operation of guerrilla parties not of your command, but the General hopes you can control the whole matter. On Tuesday at noon the General will send an officer of equal rank with yourself to Millwood to meet you and ascertain your determination, and if you conclude to surrender your command, to arrange the details. Lieutenant-Colonel Chapman will be able to give all the information you desire as to the probable terms.

"If you consent to the above arrangements, please notify Brigadier-General Chapman, at Berryville, as soon as practicable.

"Very respectfully, your obedient servant,

"C. H. MORGAN,

"Brevet Brig-Gen. and Chief of Staff."

CHAPTER XIX.

AFTER a prolonged and decidedly pleasant interview with this polite, courteous and accomplished officer, I arose to thank him for his magnanimous kindness and rare generosity before taking our final departure. He politely asked us to dine with him, and at the same time informed us that General Torbett had sent a special invitation to take dinner at his quarters. With a pleasant gesture and a significant expression of his handsome features, this fine looking old Federal chief said: "Gentleman, as you have been on much more intimate terms with General Torbett than myself, and as you have given him recently such good evidences of your regard, and always received his visits with such warm if not affectionate cordiality, it may be more pleasant during your short stay with us to accept his invitation. Though General Torbett claims the right to entertain you, I will be very much pleased if you will do me the *honor* of accepting a soldier's hospitality and break bread with me to-day." This was said in such a kind manner, and with such pleasing grace, that the most callous and obtuse rebel, would have been softened by the smooth and touching sentiments so appropriately expressed.

For two poor, forlorn, helpless, conquered rebel soldiers, who presented themselves at the throne of Federal power, as humble petitioners for mercy and justice to our outlawed chief, to be treated as distinguished visitors by the august representative of absolute power, was a shock to our previous calculations that threatened to take the atmosphere out of anybody's lungs. This great and unexpected condescension of potent military authority, almost overpowered us. To think of two hungry and friendless supplicants in gray uniforms being asked to confer an *honor* on a great, big, powerful Major-General of the victorious Federal army by taking dinner with him, was more than the best trained nervous system could bear. If we could have been educated slowly and gradually to accommodate ourselves to this change of feeling we would have exhibited less awkwardness under the shock we received, if the startling compliment had been administered in broken doses. But taken all at once, it made us feel something like the poor relations in the Pickwick papers—"all smiles and shirt collars." My comrade, Colonel Chapman, was not a talking man, and General Hancock's extraordinary and almost oppressive kindness left me bewildered and confused. I endeavored to say something pretty, but stammered something probably the reverse. Kind treatment was what Confederate soldiers knew nothing about. We had never received any of it from our own officers or government, and had no reason to expect it from our old enemies. At the death of poor old Peg Slider-

screw, the housekeeper of Arthur Gride, the miser, many suggestions were made by the people as to the cause of the old woman's sudden taking off, when a youth, who knew something of the true inwardness of old Gride's household habits, said that "it was probable that the old woman had seen something good to eat, and the surprise killed her." Good treatment to a Confederate soldier would do as much violence to the law of chronic habit as the appearance of dainty food was suspected to have inflicted upon the lean, hungry housekeeper of the inveterate miser, Arthur Gride. I tried to be as thankful and polite as I could. I talked a good deal. My quiet friend Chapman afterwards told me that I talked too much. I remember the feeling of gratitude that prompted me on that occasion much better than I can remember the words by which I endeavored to express it. It occurs to me that I looked the old General squarely in the face while he held my hand, and told him that if ever fate decreed that I should live to get the better of him as much as he seemed to have the advantage of me, I should do my best to return all his distinguished favors with compound interest—that is, if the laws and the Constitution of the new government, known as the United States at that time, should be so kind as to permit favors, or any other currency to bear compound interest or any other kind of interest—that if I was unfortunate enough to live several hundred years more than Methuselah ever did, I should not then outlive the profound gratitude I felt for his exceptional kindness and

unmerited generosity; that should fortune ever turn his footsteps in the future towards the good old county of Albemarle, where I had a home when I last heard from it, I would assuredly kill the fatted calf; and if the calf was not fat enough, or if General Sheridan had not already killed it, he should have the first choice of all the pigs, chickens, ducks, or any other thing that was good to eat or drink, that was yet left in that hospitable old county, provided that infamous marauder, General Sheridan, with his hungry swarm of human caterpillars, known as Sheridan's mounted infantry, had left enough in his wake to feed so distinguished a Federal general as himself upon; that provided General Sheridan had left anything in my old county, I would see to it that General Hancock should have it. Feeling a full and clear certainty that my intentions were first-class, I was not very cautious in the words I used on this occasion. I have, ever since that eventful epoch, believed that my earnest effort to please only succeeded in sadly boring my distinguished host. The General had implied a handsome compliment to our command in his reference to the several warm receptions we had given his friend, General Torbett, as we had recently repulsed him in a lively and splendid engagement at Warrenton. He had also complimented our courage, skill and bearing as gallant soldiers, and eulogized Mosby's extraordinary genius and unprecedented daring. All these things were exceedingly flattering to our vanity. All men have vanity, even a vanquished soldier, and hu-

man vanity always enjoys a good appetite and can digest an enormous amount of the crudest and toughest flattery. Though conquered we were like other men—vain even of our defects and proud even of our follies. But, with all our human follies, when General Hancock told us he would be *proud* of the *honor* two friendless, helpless and lonely rebel officers would confer by dining with him, it was rather more than the very voracious appetite of human vanity could well receive or comfortably digest.

Colonel Chapman wore one more star on his collar than I wore on mine, and I left it to him to decide whether we should *honor* General Hancock or General Torbett with our distinguished presence at dinner. The Colonel being somewhat slow, I put the question, "All who are in favor of dining with General Torbett will say aye; those to the contrary say no." The Colonel not being contrary said nothing. I voted in the affirmative, and as the Colonel did not vote on either side I decided that the meeting had voted unanimously for dining with General Torbett. The noble old General smiled at this method of taking the sense of our delegation on the interesting question of dinner. With an air of condescending though majestic dignity he walked with us to the door. The street in front of the house was densely packed with Federal soldiers in blue. General Hancock said, with a smile: "It is rumored that Colonel Mosby is here; observe the curiosity of the army to see your leader. Gentlemen, it is

impossible for you to go out by the front gate." Then turning to Colonel Russel he asked him to conduct us out by the back way and escort us to General Torbett's quarters. Colonel Russel kindly guided us through the rear way into an alley that led into a cross street. No sooner did the Federal soldiers observe our movements than they made a great rush into the cross-street in a desperate effort to see the famous fierce fighter, Colonel Mosby. We worked our way as best we could through the dense mass of uniformed humanity that surged and rolled around us as blue and restless as the sea. In answer to the many questions as to "Which is Mosby?" I would point to Colonel Chapman and the Colonel would point them to me. Many were the comments made, and some not of a decidedly complimentary character, as to our appearance. Some of the men expressed great surprise that "sich an 'onery' man should have made sich a fuss in the worl'." Others said they thought "he must hav' bin an ugly cuss frum the way he behaved heself, but he wuz re'ly wus lookin' than we had spozen he wuz." "Lor! what a hard-lookin' feller! No wonder he fout so, frum his looks. He looks like a foutin' man, he do." "I ain't never see no wus lookin' man, I ain't; he looks like he wuz bought outen a drove of wild wen, he do. He don't look like he tame yet, he don't." "He dang'rous feller to turn lose now, you bet." "He don't look like a bad man, he ugly though." "I woulden like to trus' him now, if he has gin it up, I woulden." "No wonder we couldn ketch him befo'; he look like a fox, he

do." "Thank God he done gin it up, I say." "I didn't think he looked like that, I didn't." Such were the running commentaries passed upon us as we moved through the dense mass of Yankee soldiers from General Hancock's to General Torbett's headquarters. As the various reflections fell equally upon myself and my comrade, Colonel Chapman, we divided the doubtful compliments between us the best we could, and felt any other sentiment than vanity as we received this running fire of criticism from the rank and file of blue uniforms before us. Colonel Chapman insisted that I was the man mistaken for Mosby, and I with equal contumacy insisted that, as the Colonel was equally as ordinary looking an individual as myself, and at least an inch or two more conspicuous, the doubtful compliments must have been intended for him.

Without any further difficulty than the wild creations of Yankee fancy that greeted us on our way, we arrived at General Torbett's quarters. We found the General reclining on a couch. He informed us that he had been seriously indisposed for several days, but was glad to receive us as his guests. He spoke pleasantly of the interesting encounters he had had with us on previous occasions, and mentioned the affair at Warrenton as one of peculiar interest, particularly to his medical director. He introduced me to that officer, and informed me that his doctor had lost two very valuable horses on that occasion and would like to know something about them. The medical director seemed so deeply interested in the fate of his favorite quad-

rupeds that he gave me a graphic description of the animals in question, and anxiously asked if I thought there was any prospect of his ultimately recovering them. From his minute description I recognized the fact that our gallant Captain Glasscock was the officer who had captured the Doctor's horses. I told him it was very probable he would finally recover his property. He said they were great pets, or favorites, and he was willing to pay full price for them. I had formed an opinion that as we were conquered we had no right to anything. We had unfortunately lost our liberty and could not conceive how we could maintain any legal right to property. I therefore assured him that Captain Glasscock would doubtless take great pleasure in restoring the horses to their legal owner, without money and without price. I very much regret that I have forgotten the name of this medical director. I remember his appearance well. He was a small man with small eyes and small side whiskers, of small stature and still smaller ideas. His whole soul seemed to be totally absorbed with the hope of recovering his lost property. Every other officer at General Torbett's headquarters was thinking of the great events of the closing struggle that had shaken a continent and bathed a nation in the best blood that ever flowed from patriots' veins. But this remarkable military M. D. seemed wholly absorbed with his horses.

It occurred to me that unfortunate indeed must be the brave soldiers whose welfare in sickness and wounds would depend upon such an officer. A commissioned

officer who could think only of his private property in the throes and agony of a great nation, in the storm and convulsion of the hideous civil war that shed its horrid glare around us, must surely be unfit for the high and responsible duties of his almost sacred office. What a great curse it is—incalculable in its cruel damage to humanity—for the medical department of an army to be incompetent and indifferent to the discharge of important functions, stupid, unjust, or depraved! Whenever or wherever I discovered incompetency, folly, and cruel injustice, I always thought of the thoroughly organized hell of the medical department of the Confederate States army, with its implements of torture in the irresponsible hands of ignorant and cruel impostors. The medical department of our army, with its Gorgon head, was well described in “The Devil’s Drive” by the great lord of British poetry:

“What shall I ride in, quoth Lucifer then,
If I follow my taste, indeed?
I will ride in a wagon of wounded men,
And smile to see them bleed.”

The horribly shocking picture in Lalla Rookh, drawn by Tom Moore, when Mokana lifts his veil upon the ghastly scene of his poisoned victims, and discloses for the first time to mortal vision features too hideous to describe, and plainly tells them:

“Now see if hell with all its powers to damn,
Can add one curse to the foul thing I am”—

is nothing more nor less than the picture of thousands of mangled human bodies—the sick and wounded

myriads of Confederate soldiers—looking intolerable anguish and despair into the face of the stolid representative of Confederate surgery. The veiled prophet of Korassan was more merciful to his deluded followers than was the Confederate medical department to its unhappy victims. “The Moon Maker” poisoned and killed without torture; but it was left for the prophet of the nineteenth century to transport thousands of living, mangled soldiers hundreds of miles for no other purpose than cruelty, torture and death.

CHAPTER XX.

WE found General Torbett a very pleasant fellow. He was excessive in his politeness, though his excellent address did not entirely conceal a vein of inordinate vanity that cropped out from his every word and gesture. My preconceived ideas regarding the good looks and behavior of Yankee officers prepared me to expect a very different impression and reception from these antipathetic gentlemen. General Torbett was of medium stature, more gaunt than robust, of erect figure, a large jaw and expressive features. The prominent facial muscles, compressed lips, high curved nose and steady eye, betokened strong will, determined purpose and intellectual power. This was the officer that commanded the Federal cavalry against us at Warrenton a short time previous to this interview. He made some very pleasant observations regarding that engagement, and seemed to think as General Reno did of the affair at Harmony—that our forces were much larger than we acknowledged them to be. I soon discovered that these Yankee officers believed Mosby's command to be about as numerous as the Persian army under Xerxes. Falstaff's foes in buckram did not increase in numbers with half the rapidity

of Mosby's men when multiplied by the abnormal imagination of Yankee generals. No doubt, when partisan pistols prattled so lively in the streets of Warrenton, and Torbett's braves "skedaddled" in a manner that caused any other system of rapid transit to fade into insignificance, those nimble warriors conceived that rebel partisans were as countless as twinkling stars in the firmament.

The General informed us that we were just in time for dinner. He expressed much regret that he had no opportunity of preparing a suitable banquet for his distinguished visitors, but desired that we accept his good intentions under the circumstances for a more elaborate and ceremonious reception, but yet hoped that the best efforts of his commissariat would at least satisfy the natural requirements of a reasonable appetite, and insisted with marked politeness, that we make ourselves at home and partake with cheerful freedom of a soldier's hospitality. One glance at a table well covered with every luxury that a tropical or temperate climate could produce convinced me at once that all the polite though superfluous verbosity of the General was only a peculiarity of his modest method of boasting in regard to his lavish and profuse alimentary display. He apologized to us for the meagre repast, but said it was the best he could do on so short a notice, and added that soldiers were from the very nature of their calling subject to occasional privations. I did not desire to appear surprised or overcome at the extravagant profusion of boned turkey, chicken salad,

savory lamb, veal, fish, flesh and fowl, surrounded with tropical fruits and vegetables, and costly wines. I did not feel like "a poor boy at a frolic," nor did I wish to appear like that melancholy and despondent young animal; but feeling to the contrary I waited for Colonel Chapman to reply to the feigned and labored apologies of our august host. The Colonel, with his usual marked economy of language, remained silent. Finding it absolutely necessary and proper to say something, I deliberately gathered all the dignity the situation and its *outré* surroundings admitted of and tried to look as much like a Federal cavalry general as possible. Feeling quite assured that everybody present expected me to say something in response to General Torbett's studied misrepresentation of an excellent dinner, I straightway told him that we had for several years been occasionally subjected to hardships and temporary privations of different kinds; that I had once read of a noted Continental officer of the old Revolutionary war inviting a British general to dine with him, when much to the surprise of his distinguished guest, he presented him with a roasted potato on a platter of pine bark. I informed him that we had, during our many campaigns just closed, on several occasions been forced by unavoidable circumstances to put up with almost as indifferent and meagre a dinner as his many misfortunes had now caused him to offer us, but I hoped he would not permit a nervous or supersensitive conscience to further disturb him on the score of his extreme poverty or inability to provide

more suitable or savory viands for his guests, but desired him to feel assured that we were to a certain though limited extent children of sorrow and slightly acquainted with grief ourselves; and furthermore, our mothers and Lord Chesterfield had taught us manners sufficiently civilized not to complain aloud about any mere temporary hardship; we had fully made up our minds to bear up under all such afflictions as best we could; and also, that it gave us unfeigned trouble to observe his pain because of his inability to provide better for us. I made it as plain as possible to him that we had traveled far and could truthfully claim a very good appetite, and although his table was not *au fait*, and did not present as good articles of diet as we had been accustomed to in the commissariat of the Confederate States army, we were prepared to submit to the awkward infliction of a poor dinner with firm resolve and Christian resignation. I consoled him with the truthful observation that we were prepared to enjoy this interview with him even without dinner more than we did the last time we met; that I much preferred meeting himself and friends in a spirit of fraternal regard, as at present, even on an empty stomach, than as we had last met after a full and hearty meal of Nassau pork and bean-meal bread. I hoped he would not distress himself further on our account because of his scanty repast. He could, of course, imagine that the variety of his meats, vegetables, fruits and wines differed somewhat from our accustomed fare within the Confederate lines during the maintenance

of his blockade; that we could not well avail ourselves of the luxuries of foreign markets, and also, the culinary art by which we prepared our delightful Nassau pork and compounded our monkey-pudding differed somewhat from his more stylish yet less palatable modes.

The General seemed as much astonished as amused at the cool effrontery and deliberate manner in which I agreed with him in depreciating his extravagant and lavish display of dainty viands. When I explained to him the *modus operandi* of constructing Confederate monkey-pudding, composed of hard-tack, sorgum and gravy from the everlasting Nassau hog, compounded in a camp-kettle, he laughed aloud, and said if we enjoyed the monkey-pudding as much as he relished my description of it, it must have been very excellent food indeed. After making every reasonable effort I could to cause the General to feel comfortable and at home in his own quarters, I observed he still manifested some awkwardness in the presence of such rough rebels. We had partaken of several glasses of strong Ohio whiskey at General Reno's tent and repeated the same potent prescription at General Hancock's. Of course we had not refused to be equally as sociable with General Torbett. The exciting scenes and inspirations of our mission, added to the potency of Ohio corn-juice of the best quality, prompted me to use many words where probably only a few would have sufficed. I told General Torbett not to look so sad on account of his indifferent dinner; he had cause to rejoice at the

termination of the war. He was a victorious General and we poor conquered rebels; that he ought to feel glad even if everything on his table was sour except the pickles and vinegar; that much better men than himself had often eaten worse dinners. According to my view of the situation, a great general ought not to set his whole heart on the mere animal or sensual pleasures of appetite, more particularly at such a time when his military aspirations and martial pride had been so signally gratified and his ambition as a soldier crowned with glorious victory; that he might excuse the expressed freedom of my opinions and sentiment if he thought proper, and if not, I was as indifferent as Mr. Toots himself: it was "a matter of no consequence;" and that if I had said anything I was very sorry for I was exceedingly glad of it.

My laconic friend and comrade, Chapman, afterwards informed me in his usual quiet way that my conduct, conversation and general behavior on this occasion was a most sublime exhibition of human impudence. I noticed the General was not as talkative after my assault on his unprotected vanity. He continued to look as pleasant as any man in a blue military uniform could look, but complained of physical indisposition, and requested his adjutant-general and medical director to entertain us at the table. I have forgotten the name of the adjutant, though I remember he was a very polite and agreeable gentleman. I was seated by the side of the medical director, and would have enjoyed the conversation of the staff-officers very

much but for the constant and annoying questions of the medical director. This officer would constantly interrupt our conversation—no matter what the subject or how interesting—with interrogations about his captured horses. When more intelligent officers were discussing the entertaining subject of our approaching surrender, he would invariably lug in Captain Glasscock and his horses—his pet horses, his poor horses, how he would like to recover his horses. Were he a savage he would be more likely to assume the name of Boston Charley or Shack Nasty Jim than “Young Man Afraid of his Horses.” At least, he was not afraid to talk about his horses to the exclusion of every other topic. I would occasionally interrogate him upon the subject of military surgery, hospital gangrene, erysipelas, pyemia, gun-shot wounds, and refer to the rapid progress made in our profession during the war—the scientific wisdom hived by our brethren—as the only profitable result of the great struggle. Yet, in reply to such questions as related to the approved modern methods of treating formidable diseases and injuries, he would say that he was willing to pay Captain Glasscock any reasonable price for the recovery of his horses. Surely Captain Jinks, of the Horse Marines, did not have a more affectionate regard for his favorite quadruped that was so tenderly replenished with “corn and beans” than did General Torbett’s surgeon manifest for the animals captured by Captain Glasscock.

CHAPTER XXI.

HAVING faithfully and successfully accomplished the purpose of our mission to Winchester, we at once bade adieu to our newly-made Yankee friends with many wishes for their future welfare and continued happiness, and, in company with our polite escort, the two handsome Yankee colonels, galloped back to General Reno's quarters. We found our friends, Captain Frankland and Willie Mosby, patiently awaiting our return. Their general appearance indicated that they had enjoyed General Reno's society and shared freely of his good *spirits* during our absence. Willie Mosby smiled pleasantly, as only a very happy young man can smile who smiles often; he seemed to be profoundly under the influence of General Reno's improved laughing-gas. The General had been kind to our friends, and had evidently moistened his lavish hospitality with a very liberal allowance of Ohio whiskey. Willie, at all times demonstrative, became more so under the variety of disturbing causes by which he was surrounded. His expressive and youthful features expanded into an immense wealth of expression under the influence of mixed excitement. More stern and aged tissues are not as flexible under the strain of

mental emotions or alcoholic pressure. He welcomed Colonel Chapman and myself back with a wild and explosive exclamation of delight, that sounded more like a solitary rebel yell than any other noise I have yet known to escape from human lips. It was not altogether a civilized sound; he seemed to forget that we were yet the guests of our old enemies. Much to the surprise and mortification of my silent companion, Colonel Chapman, he loudly proclaimed in the presence of General Reno and his staff officers: "This is the first time in my life I have ever seen the derved live Yankees in a natural state. By G—d! we can kill a thousand of them and then get away." Then taming down his ardor, he asked me, in that croaking, gosling voice so peculiar to youthful inebriation, what I thought of his suggestion. I told him that, judging from the unquestionable evidence before me, I was forced to believe that whiskey was indeed a potent factor in the destruction of human reason, and I had already seen cause to believe the same agent was also a formidable engine of death; that I thought it exceedingly probable the Yankees, whether in the natural or artificial state, could be slaughtered by thousands; if they used that agent as freely as he had, they would kill themselves, and would hence save us all the unnecessary trouble in the vain effort to accomplish the sanguinary purposes he so patriotically recommended. This singular mode of reasoning seemed to console and quiet him very much. He took only one more glass of Ohio consolation, stuck one of General Reno's largest cigars

between his teeth, and announced himself ready for any emergency. From his improved appearance I thought he was quite ready.

Slowly and sadly we returned to the county of Fauquier. Mosby had awaited our arrival at Glen Welby with feelings of uncertainty as to the result of our mission to Winchester. When we gave him the communication from General Hancock granting him all the privileges and immunities we had asked under his own instructions, he very promptly decided that it was not his intention to surrender his command at all, but thought it was his duty to disband his forces and permit officers and private soldiers to return to their respective homes.

One of Mosby's peculiarities when engaged in profound meditation was the habit of picking his teeth with a wooden toothpick, gazing at nothing with great intensity, then deliberately chewing the toothpick until it was entirely destroyed. Until this process was ended it was useless to address him, as he was never known to make a reply, even to the most important question, while any of the toothpick remained. I have known him, when absorbed in deep and anxious thought, to destroy two or more toothpicks in this way. He would sometimes use a small twig in place of a toothpick, and it seemed to depend somewhat on the size of the material he was engaged in chewing how long his spell of total abstraction would continue.

On this occasion, as well as I can remember, while engaged in the unpleasant contemplation of surrender-

ing his faithful followers, he consumed three or four toothpicks, and said not a word until the last vestige of wood had disappeared. It was his custom when recovering from one of these protracted reveries to speak of some subject entirely foreign to whatever theme furnished the topic of his last conversation. So it was in this instance. After thinking severely in earnest for a long time he turned to me with a vacant expression and a most unmeaning grin and asked me, with the air of a sick man just awaking from a profound and protracted sleep, "Doctor, what do you think of the widow?" "Confound the widow," I replied, "What in the name of the paternal ancestors of all the mules in creation has the widow to do with the serious question before us?" The widow referred to was a lady of considerable beauty and many accomplishments. She was one of the Colonel's favorites. When I first entered his "confederacy" he had introduced me to this lady, and had recommended me as one of his warmest personal friends; and to have a good joke and a little fun of his own, he represented me as a beau and quite a catch. The lady was attractive, charming, and had decidedly winning ways. But she was that kind of a belle that probably old Nebuchadnezzar would have fancied in his day and generation more than any prudent surgeon would prize in the nineteenth century. Mrs. F—— was a *grass* widow with a live husband a long way off, way down among the gold-diggers of California. Not many days previous to our visit to Winchester the Colonel and myself

had dined at the hospitable and delightful residence of Mrs. W——. This amiable and patriotic lady lived with her beautiful, graceful and refined daughters and nieces only three miles from Salem. The widow in question was her guest. This hospitable abode was an elysium for Mosby's men. It was a place of light and life, of music, laughter, beauty and bliss. Whenever Mosby was sad or disheartened by misfortunes to his command or his country; whenever he was depressed in spirits or any disaster cast its shadow of gloom across his pathway of duty, he would invariably visit the delightful precincts of Waveland and have there the dark foreboding of sad thoughts laughed out of him by the bright and cheerful magic of that charmed circle of lovely and lively young ladies. At the dinner-table the fascinating and fashionable grass-widow, believing, as she had been informed, that I was yet in the market of matrimony, and feeling, no doubt, quite at home in the adroit use of those irresistible charms that the genuine widow habitually directs with such marvelous power, addressed herself particularly to me, and succeeded in getting off some very excellent specimens of original wit. As I was somewhat awkward in making known my real status, thinking that it would be unpleasant to the Colonel for me to state plainly that I was not in the hymeneal market, as I would thereby spoil his little joke and destroy the innocent fun he had manufactured for his own amusement, I hesitated; and the widow advanced her sharpshooters all along the line. With the skill of a true

and practiced archer she threw her arrows, feathered with cunning wit and directed with unerring aim. Mosby was delighted with the success of his ruse. It was working finely. Every one at the table knew I was invulnerable except the charming widow, and all seemed to enjoy with great zest the stolid manner in which I received the splendidly directed and incessant fire from this sprightly and brilliant fortress. Mosby had his stern features kindled into an expressive smile that gradually expanded into a fixed and significant grin; the young ladies laughed by platoons; even the graceful and dignified lady of the house exhibited more symptoms of mirth than I had before witnessed on her calm and handsome face. The widow said she had been favorably impressed with me from the moment her friend, Colonel Mosby, had introduced me; that she had seen a good deal of the world in her travels, but she believed she had at last discovered her beau ideal; that my being a warm personal friend of Colonel Mosby increased her regard for me so much that she had concluded to set her cap for me. I thought this sort of fun had gone just about far enough, and whether it was pleasing or offensive to my chief I determined at once to put an extinguisher upon it. I at once advised my charming and vivacious female friend that in the event she concluded to set her cap for me to set the largest one she had; that I had good reason to believe I would be able to fill it. She quickly asked why she should set a larger cap for me than for any one else. I told her she was fishing in deeper water than usual, and if successful she would catch

more than she bargained for, as I could promise as much as a wife and seven children for the first haul, on my part, and if the executive officer of her own household should come in from the Pacific *slope* it would amount almost to a certainty that somebody else would have to slope also.

I have never known whether it was the sudden discovery of my own *multiplication* or her domestic *division* that so startled and shocked the fair widow. She blushed an honest blush, and gave me a fierce glance, that conveyed all the meaning of a whole battery of Gatling guns, supported by a Chinese man-of-war. She threw down her knife and fork, and with an air of majestic though savage grandeur, flirted out of the room with a storm of laughter from the young ladies and Mosby's fixed and rigid grin to cheer her exit. This was the last interview I ever had with the fascinating widow, and I have never learned whether her cap is still setting or not; if so, it is very still so far as my knowledge or interest in it is concerned. With a distinct recollection of the elder Mr. Weller's advice, I am at all times prepared to "beware of the widows."

But for the fact that she gave Colonel Mosby an opportunity of exercising his peculiar habit of changing a conversation to a subject that no one could possibly be thinking of but himself, it is more than probable I should never have thought of this fascinating personage again. I earnestly urged him to ignore for the present all frivolous subjects and proceed at once to the serious work before us. He said, with a provok-

ing laugh, that the widow was not a frivolous subject, and he believed I was afraid of her. The truth of Mirabeau's assertion that Frenchmen are composed of equal part of monkey and tiger, applies, I believe, to other people than the natives of Gaul. To think that a distinguished military leader, who had inscribed his name so deservedly high on the column of martial fame, and who now was engaged in the serious and sad contemplation of parting perhaps forever with those brave followers who had contributed so much to the glory of his record and had shared so many dangers with him, caused me to feel too solemn to participate in such ill-timed and badly digested jokes about any giddy-headed or light-hearted widow.

There was much talk but very little certainty among the officers and men as to what the erratic genius of Mosby would determine. We knew that only a few hours remained for us to consider any plans for future action. Judging by the opinions expressed among the officers, it was clear that the majority were in favor of surrender, while a few considered it more consistent with the dignity and honor of the command to disband and permit every man to act for himself. Only a few days of disastrous news had produced a wonderful change in the spirits of the brave followers of the lost cause. Each man felt that he had faithfully performed his part even under the most trying and adverse circumstances, and could bear the humiliation of disaster and defeat with the fortitude and strength that a clear consciousness of duty faithfully performed will ever bequeath to the brave and true soldier.

CHAPTER XXII.

THE sands in the hour-glass of the doomed Confederacy were fast fading from the anxious gaze of her devoted and chivalrous defenders. The last faint ray of hope was descending rapidly below the horizon. Fate, with the blackness of an Arctic night, filled the Southern soul with unutterable gloom. Solitary, dismal, blackened chimneys and deserted homesteads marked the decline and fall of our ill-fated system of self-government. To those brave spirits that had followed the varying fortunes of our cherished cause through sunshine and storm, through victory and defeat, through evil and through good report, the ordeal was indeed one of unprecedented and transcendental cruelty. When the endurance of the soldier is submitted to the severe test of physical pain, hardship, privation, want and peril; when in the heat and hell of battle he is nerved by dauntless courage and patriotic impulse, the better elements of his nature predominate over the baser emotions, and the latent philosophy of his being overcomes alike the cowardice of fear and the sense of pain.

“There is something of pride in the perilous hour,
Whate’er be the shape in which death may lower;
Fame is there to see who bleeds,

And honor's eyes on daring deeds.
But, when that is done, it is humbling to tread,
Over the weltering field of the tombless dead ;
While worms of the earth, birds of the air,
And beasts of the forest all gathering there—
All regarding man as their prey—
All rejoicing in his decay."

When the undue strain and tension of a terrible and protracted struggle against fearful odds for four long years gives away suddenly to the abnormal reaction of hopeless defeat, relaxation assumes the form of mental torture that the most cruel savage might envy in his barbarous though impotent rage. The ripe resources of human iniquity have been exhausted in the vain endeavor to discover or accomplish a more hideous form of acute suffering than the murderous blow from the mailed hand of insolent, haughty and defiant despotism, that curses the prostrate form of defenseless liberty. So earnest was the fight, and so absorbing the clash of arms, that few men paused to contemplate the possibility of defeat. Now that war and mental chaos, with all its elements combined, submerged the hope of liberty in the black sea of irrevocable anarchy and desolation, we were peremptorily commanded by inevitable destiny to submit to the ugly decrees of a fate far more intolerable than death without the cheering promise of final resurrection.

Mosby directed all his commissioned officers and a few of his most trustworthy scouts to rendezvous at Paris, a small village in the county of Fauquier about three miles from Berry's Ford, on the Shenandoah river, punctually at 10 A. M. the following day. At

the time appointed about twenty as brave men as ever met the shock of battle, well mounted and equipped, patiently awaited at Paris the coming of their chief. We started punctually at the appointed time, and fording the river without difficulty arrived at Millwood thirty minutes before the hour fixed by General Hancock that our truce should expire. We found General Chapman and staff, with several other Federal officers, awaiting our arrival. General Chapman expressed much regret that the time allowed us by the terms of our truce was so limited; that he had some doubt that we could accomplish our purpose and arrange the final terms of surrender before the hour of twelve. He was acting under orders from General Hancock and had no option in the matter. General Hancock had fixed the time for the truce to expire with Mosby, and his only duty was obedience to the command of his superior; that he did not possess the power to alter terms of truce fixed by the commanding general, but would take the liberty of arranging another truce for the period of twenty-four hours, if agreeable with Colonel Mosby; and suggested that we return at an earlier hour on the following day. This arrangement was finally accepted by Mosby, and we once more departed for the county of Fauquier.

The distance from Millwood to the several abodes of Mosby's men would average twenty to thirty miles. Many of them, fatigued by the previous day's journey, slept late on the morning of the final meeting. We met at Paris a half hour later than on the previous

day, and consequently arrived at Millwood almost at the exact hour that the second truce expired. We found fifteen Federal officers again awaiting us. They were seated in a large room called a parlor in the only hotel in the little village of Millwood. Mosby walked in rapidly, followed by twenty of his officers. Taking a seat by one of the Federal officers, whose name I have forgotten, he entered into an earnest conversation with him. The first words were spoken in such low tones that, though sitting near them, I did not hear what they said.

While we were engaged in this interesting interview within doors, some excitement was going on outside. The irrepressible Hern had accompanied us without any special invitation. He was a rough diamond in his own way, and did not recognize the difference between a diplomatic military mission and a regular raid. Hern had formed some acquaintance with the Yankee soldiers immediately on his arrival, and his ruling passion for the turf prompted him at once to propose a horse race with his new made acquaintance. The challenged Yank accepted, and a spirited race was the immediate result. Hern had a vague suspicion that the Yankees had planned this meeting for the purpose of capturing Mosby and his officers. He had never mentioned his suspicions to any one; but in the race with his Yankee competitor an event occurred that ripened his suspicion into a certainty true as "proof of holy writ." Hern and his rival turfman, after testing the speed of their horses nearly a mile,

ran into the solid ranks of a Federal brigade. No sooner did this faithful and zealous soldier discover the hostile array of blue uniforms than his suspicion of foul play became a fixed conviction. He abandoned the race and returned with an earnestness and speed that would have reflected some credit upon the Knight of De La Mancha in his memorable charge upon the insolent wind-mill. Hern was a rough but ready partisan. Like many other people, he was not handsome, neither did he dress well. No careful observer would ever discover any very striking resemblance between Solomon in all his glory and my fellow-soldier Hern. Yet he was faithful, reliable, and earnest; determined, daring, and brave. When he rode into a strong body of Yankee cavalry just beyond the limits of Millwood he felt sure he had made a far more wonderful and important discovery than Christopher Columbus or Isaac Newton ever did. He came back breathless, excited, and alarmed for the safety of his admired and beloved leader. Just as Mosby and the Yankee General had entered upon the most interesting and important phase of their mission, with the strained attention of thirty or forty officers bearing upon them, eagerly catching every word that escaped their lips; just as the potent and grave representative of Yankee authority announced to Mosby the fiat of his omnipotent judgment; just as he announced the imperative decree (looking the subtle and active guerrilla chief full in the face), "The truce has ended; we can have no fur-

ther intercourse under its terms"—at this moment Hern rushed into the room. With frantic gestures and hasty speech he reported the important result of his personal observations. "Colonel, Colonel," he exclaimed, "the infernal devils have sot a trap for you; I jist now run out about a mile and I found a thousand uv um a hidin' in the bushes! They're in ambush! Less fight um, Colonel; darn um! It's a trick; it's a trick to capture us, by G—d, it is."

Taken altogether, the several incidents of this remarkable interview in the parlor at Millwood were well calculated to test the moral courage, determined pluck, or military skill of any leader. With the significant voice of the great mouth-piece of Federal power imparting the irritable intelligence that we were no longer protected by the flag of truce, simultaneously with this bad news came the startling apparition of the rough and clumsy Hern announcing the clustering outside perils of our alarming situation. With a look that I shall never forget Mosby sprang to his feet, instantly grasping one of the murderous weapons in his belt, and glaring upon the Yankee officers with an expression that reminded me more of a tiger crouching to spring upon his prey than anything I have ever seen appertaining to the human race, he said, in a loud and sharp voice, "Sir, if we are no longer under the protection of our truce we are of course at the mercy of your men. We shall protect ourselves." With that inimitable sign and gesture that so often had sent his gallant followers like a thunderbolt into

the serried ranks of the foe, he led the way with long and rapid strides to the door, closely followed by twenty silent but as determined officers as ever bore a military commission. It was a scene difficult to describe but never to be forgotten. Every partisan was well prepared for instant death and more than ready for a desperate fight. Had a single pistol been discharged by accident, or had Mosby given the word, not one Yankee officer in the room would have lived a minute. With Hern's warning voice ringing in our ears we mounted our horses in silence and Mosby led the way. His only word of command was, "Mount and follow me." We galloped rapidly from Millwood to the Shenandoah river, closely followed by a cloud of Yankee cavalry.

This was the final interview of Mosby's command with the Yankees. Thus closed the last scene of this remarkable drama on the guerrilla stage. The day following, the battalion was summoned for the last time by command of Colonel Mosby. It met at Salem, in Fauquier county, to hear the farewell address of its brave and beloved commander:

"Soldiers: I have summoned you together for the last time. The vision we cherished of a free and independent country has vanished, and that country is now the spoil of a conqueror. I disband your organization in preference to surrendering to our enemies. I am no longer your commander. After an association of more than two eventful years I part from you with a just pride in the fame of your achievements,

and grateful recollections of your generous kindness to myself. And now, at this moment of bidding you a final adieu, accept the assurance of my unchanging confidence and regard. Farewell!"

This address was delivered in a voice tremulous with emotions of grief to eight hundred brave partisans, who listened with bowed heads and moist eyes to the sad words that dissolved and severed forever the strong bonds that bound them to their gallant chief.

Thus the curtain fell, the footlights were extinguished, and the actors in this exciting drama moved slowly from the stage!

SKETCHES OF PRISON LIFE.

BY A GUERRILLA.

CHAPTER XXIII.

On the 14th inst. Col. Mosby struck the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad, at Duffield station, and destroyed a U. S. mail train, consisting of a locomotive and ten cars, securing twenty prisoners and fifteen horses. Among the prisoners were two paymasters with \$168,000 in Government bonds.

Signed,

R. E. LEE, General.

While Mosby was engaged in the raid referred to by the above report of Gen. Lee, Col. Gansevoort, commanding two regiments of cavalry and the first regiment of Pennsylvania infantry, guided by a traitor to our cause and a deserter from Mosby's command, named John Lunsford, made a raid on Emory's, on the Cobbler mountain, and captured four pieces of artillery. This was the only battery of artillery attached to Mosby's command. The guns were in charge of Capt. A. G. Babcock, one of the most able, trusted, and faithful officers of our command. A few days before this event, Capt. Babcock, with his artillery and only one-hundred and fifty men, defeated and put to flight a large force of the enemy at Salem, in

Fauquier county, killing a considerable number and capturing two hundred prisoners. Captain Babcock informed me that the Yankee force defeated in this engagement consisted chiefly of Pennsylvanian ninety-day soldiers, and that they were splendidly equipped, "many of them having both hands full of gold watches and other jewelry and fine things in proportion." One hundred and fifty partisans, with two pieces of artillery, captured two hundred prisoners and much valuable property. The artillery ammunition being exhausted in this fight, Col. Mosby ordered Capt. Babcock to remove his battery to Emory's, in the Cobbler mountain, to conceal his guns and replenish his caissons. The roads were in such bad condition that the battery had to be moved across fields and through that region of the world known as the Free State. Not being familiar with the route and topography of this region, one John Lunsford was detailed to act as guide. Two days after the pieces were concealed in the ivy bushes of Cobbler mountain, the gallant Capt. Babcock, Nathaniel Pontier, A. G. Wharton, D. S. Smith, E. M. Jones, and John Ayler were basely betrayed by John Lunsford, and captured by Col. Gansevoort. An extract from a Washington paper not many days after this capture, under the head of "Guerrillas Sent In," says: "Six guerrillas, all of Mosby's light-horse artillery captured near Rectorstown about a week ago, were sent in last night and committed to the old capitol. Babcock claims to be a private, but he is a captain, and the commander of the battery of Mosby's artillery, which was captured by our troops some time ago."

When Capt. Babcock was captured in the Cobbler mountain, the first question asked him after his name was ascertained by the Yankee officer making the capture: "You are the very man I am looking for where are your guns and ammunition?" proved beyond all doubt that the deserter Lunsford was the traitor. The Captain refused to tell him where the guns were concealed. But the desired information was extorted from one of the drivers, who readily pointed the way, under the promise of being liberated and paroled. This creature was released, as the price of his perfidy. He was a weak and recreant recruit from the county of Fairfax. Capt. Babcock and his gallant comrades were sent from Emory's to Piedmont station, thence by train to Alexandria, and there lodged in the Slave Pen, a prison established for Yankee criminals and bounty jumpers. This place is described by the gallant Captain as being as unlike paradise as its uncomfortable occupants could possibly imagine. It was a huge pen, with a brick floor, and rough planks as beds for prisoners to repose on. After spending one night in this purgatorial retreat, they were carried before that distinguished individual, Military Governor H. H. Wells, for investigation. A close and interesting interrogation of Capt. Babcock ensued. The *brave* Wells expressed great anxiety and much curiosity to discover the exact number of guns and guerrillas yet extant in Mosby's "Confederacy." His many questions were all answered after a manner not perfectly satisfactory to this *great* man. The Captain, with eminent gravity and as much deliberation and exactness of language as

he could well command, instructed Gen. Wells carefully as to the most reliable methods of acquiring exact military information regarding any really important business, and cautioned this excellent though inexperienced officer against placing too much reliance upon any intelligence received through the instrumentality of hostile informers. The Captian expressed to the General the belief that he would be enabled to get the desired knowledge in no better or more trustworthy manner than by going down to Mosby's command in person and thus make the necessary inquiries; that if it was not too unpleasant or disagreeable he could count Mosby's guerrillas and guns himself.

A few days before Capt. Babcock and his brave comrades were captured, a squad of guerrillas had attacked a train on the Manassas Gap Railroad at White Plains, destroyed two locomotives and a large number of cars, killed the superintendent of the Orange and Alexandria Railroad, captured a number of Yankees, and recaptured a few of Mosby's men that were prisoners on the train. Gov. Gen. Wells ordered Capt. Babcock and his fellow prisoners to be recommitted to the Slave Pen and kept as hostages; and as an additional security for the good behavior of Mosby and his command, Gen. Wells notified Col. Mosby that he should place some of his prisoners on all the trains leaving or returning to Alexandria; that if he did not behave better in future than he had done in the past, the next time he tried any of his foolishness in throwing trains off the track he would kill some of his own men—to all of which Mosby replied that he should continue the even tenor

of his way, and that if his own wife and child were on the train and it was necessary to attack it, that simple fact should not deter him from fulfilling his duty. Wells thereupon issued a brutal and cowardly order that several prominent southern sympathizing citizens and Mosby's prisoners should be placed upon all the trains. Dr. Robinson, and Messrs. Snowden and Dangerfield, with Capt. Babcock and his comrades were crowded into a box-car next to the locomotive and sent up and down the Railroad from Rectorstown to Alexandria for five weeks. The unjust and brutal malice of Wells was visited upon these innocent and unoffending citizens because their wives were kind to the hungry prisoners and sent them food and clothing. The traitor Lunsford was frequently seen at Gen. Auger's headquarters at Rectorstown by our prisoners. Pontier, one of the prisoners, would never forget to say ugly things to the traitor wherever seen. Two trains were run daily from Alexandria to Rectorstown, with citizens and prisoners as a safe-guard. The only safety and rest the prisoners and unfortunate citizen hostages enjoyed was on the Sabbath day. No trains were run on Sunday. The creatures that could play heathen or savage in their unprecedented cruelty and barbarity to innocent men and helpless women were far too pious to allow the steam horse to labor on the Lord's Day.

About this period of their prison life our friends were frequently visited by the curious old maids and schoolmarms of the North. These primed up female oddities, would come to the Slave Pen every Sunday. The New England schoolmarm is a peculiar animal. She is

as trim as a starved race horse, with a waist like a con-sumptive wasp, and she is always anxious to see a rebel prisoner, particularly a caged guerrilla. These attenuated specimens of New England female humanity were escorted by officious and foppish Yankee officers to the portion of the slave pen occupied by Capt. Babcock and his partisan comrades, called in the affected nomenclature of the school marm dialect the "Guerrilla Corner." One of the most curious and inquisitive of these female nondescripts advanced to the front, raised her glasses, and stared the Captain full in the face for sometime and exclaimed, with an air of great surprise, "Good gracious! they look just like our people." The spinster had evidently made as important a discovery as the great philosopher of England when he found the paving-stone with "Bill Stump his mark" engraved upon it. Capt. Babcock, one of the largest and most conspicuous of the prisoners, enjoying upwards of six feet of altitude and one hundred and eighty avoirdupois—feeling to a remarkable degree a just sense of disgust at being exhibited and glared at like some recently captured wild beast—arose to walk away from the uncomfortable gaze of the ugly basilisk. As he put his huge anatomy in motion he seemed to alarm his unwelcome visitors still more. As, if by a given signal, the old schoolmarms all at once raised their shrivelled arms before their elongated withered, and homely faces, and with a shrill voice that passed rapidly into a gentle and excited scream, cried out "Good gracious! what a big guerrilla." Ever since that memorable scream of the schoolmarms Capt. Babcock was known by his Yankee

keepers as the "Big Guerrilla." From the Alexandria slave pen the prisoners were removed to the old Capitol prison in Washington. At this prison all the guerrillas were kept together and separated from other prisoners. Rations here were much better than at the "slave pen." Every prisoner had his due allowance of boiled beans, though no man was allowed, under the pain of severe punishment or certain death, to carry any beans out of the mess room. Among the prisoners was a man named Prosser, who hailed from the same State that furnished a president to the Confederacy. This prisoner, to use the unembellished Saxon of his own comrades, was a "great hog" and exhibited a most extraordinary proclivity for "boiled beans," and, in short, for any alimentary article that could by any possibility be digested. Beans were good, and Prosser, like Oliver Twist, wanted more. But the men were not permitted to carry any beans out of the mess-room. So Prosser armed himself with a quart bottle, and the bottle had a mouth nearly as large as his own. He emptied his first cup of beans into his bottle and like little Oliver, passed his cup for more. The greedy fellow had played his trick successfully for some time without being discovered. Old Rickett, the steward of the prison, was very suspicious regarding the disposition of Confederate soldiers in his charge to take beans that did not belong to them. He was exceedingly watchful and one day he arrested Prosser on his way out of the mess-room with his bottle of hot beans under his jacket. "What have you got there?" asked the lynx-eyed Rickett. Prosser, who was as much ad-

dicted to lying as stealing or devouring beans, promptly and positively declared that he had nothing whatever on the outside of him. Rickett was not so easily satisfied of the soundness of his veracity. Some time was lost in the interview. The bottle that concealed the beans was a large bottle used for preserving pickle. The beans had been hurriedly emptied into it while yet steaming hot, and had no time to cool. While the medacious glutton was using his best efforts of reason, logic, and sophistry to convince old Rickett that he had no extra beans about him, the bottle exploded by the moist heat and expansion of the beans, and a full stream of hot boiled beans came pouring down on the floor in the very presence of the watchful Rickett. Much to the surprise of the lying Prosser, the Cerberus of the mess-room laughed heartily at the ludicrous accident, and considered it so good a joke that he permitted the Mississippi glutton to depart in peace.

Not long after this event, Prosser made a descent upon the provisions of an officer. Old Clark, one of the rulers of the prison and consequently a very prominent and much respected officer, enjoyed great authority and many privileges. Among others, he kept his own private mess-room. This distinguished patriot lived much better than the prisoners—as of right he should have done, being a much better man, no doubt in many respects. The prisoners, on leaving their *bean* room, had to pass directly by the door of old Clark's mess-room. Prosser, in passing the old man's door, like any other dog, could smell something very savory on the old man's table. He slyly entered the room,

and without difficulty captured a nice, fat, well cooked ham and a pot of fresh butter. Prosser wore an old and somewhat dilapidated Confederate jacket, yet this garment was stangely elastic and could be made to cover any reasonable amount of provisions at a moment's notice. On this occasion Prosser retired in good order, with a large ham and a pot of butter well covered by his short though serviceable uniform. The hungry thief made good his retreat and concealed his stolen provisions safely under his bunk. When old Clark returned to his room—hungry no doubt, as all good patriotic officers are expected to be when arduously engaged in defending their country against the fierce attacks of incarcerated rebels--the heroic old warrior missed his provisions and made a great "fuss." The entire prison was carefully searched, and the prisoners punished by a special order depriving them of supper. Yet the old man could not recover his bacon and butter. The prisoners were too true to turn State's evidence, even against such a despicable fraud as the gluttonous and dishonest Prosser.

CHAPTER XXIV.

It was amusing to notice with what rare success Prosser would raid upon the sutler's store. He regarded the art of stealing as a virtuous and reputable accomplishment, and exhibited the same regard for tobacco, apples, cakes, and other contraband commodities, that a cat has for valerian. Indeed, every article of food seemed marvelously adapted to Prosser's digestive machinery, while the fact of stealing his food seemed to add a powerful incentive to his otherwise excellent appetite. Beans, apples, raw potatoes, and ginger-bread would vanish before his wonderful voracity like snow flakes before the scorching rays of a tropical sun.

If every man could be made to comprehend, and was prepared to appreciate, the facility with which people through habit can adapt themselves to the most painful circumstances and associations, even the threatened torments of hell would be divested of half their terrors. Mosby's men in the old Capitol prison, as I have before stated, were not in a condition either physically or mentally to enable them to enjoy perfect happiness; yet they were kept so constantly occupied in the arduous effort to preserve their cleanliness and remove the various causes of filth and disease, that they were

too busy to regret their misfortunes or lament their sad condition. To such readers as have been deprived of the pleasures of incarceration, it may not be totally uninteresting to review the habits and rules of guerilla life in the old Capitol prison. Mosby's prisoners had accumulated from time to time for many months, until the old Capitol had received nearly one full company of these daring and resolute *Rebels*. Forty men occupied one large room, and were arranged in bunks one above another. They divided themselves out into committees of various kinds; there were scrubbing committees, sweeping committees, committees of vigilance, and washing committees.

Dennis Darden, of Washington city, was elected by the prisoners as prison seargent and *ex-officio* judge of this oppressed commonwealth. His decrees were like the laws of the Medes and Persians, irrevocable and without appeal. Any delinquencies on the part of a prisoner, or the slightest violation of prison rules, would be summarily punished by a process quite disagreeable to the offender but very amusing to spectators. The bastinado of the East or the Russian *knout* was not more feared than the dreadful cobb. The peculiar process of inflicting the penalty for the most trivial infringement of prison rules was called cobbing, and as the unsophisticated reader may be ignorant of the *modus operandi* of this highly civilized method of enforcing obedience, it may be interesting to describe it. The victim or prisoner when convicted was led out of his bunk by three or more strong men, and carefully stretched across a table or bench, then one of the most muscular

members of the *committee of retribution*, armed with a lath, a narrow plank or the stave of a barrel, would proceed deliberately but forcibly to execute the decree of Judge Darden's court by inflicting the prescribed number of blows set forth in the sentence, upon the prostrate form of the offender. Should any prisoner make resistance to the just execution of the sentence, he was entitled by the *common law* which was the custom of the prison to an additional number of from three to six blows without extra costs to the prosecution. For the same reason, possibly, that some men are more fortunate than others, some of the prisoners were more prone to the cobbing process than their less enterprising comrades. Old Prosser was one of the most popular candidates for *cobbing* honors. Whenever it was rumored that cobbing was about to commence every eye was turned to Prosser's bunk, with the full expectation of seeing him laid upon the table.

I have mentioned before, some of the peculiar characteristics of Prosser besides his remarkable propensity for boiled beans and indiscriminate lying. With a robust disposition to steal, he was like the fat boy described in *Pickwick*—always asleep when not engaged in stealing. Prosser was captured while asleep. He had been ordered by Mosby to guard several Yankee prisoners, and of course became drowsy. While asleep, the prisoners disarmed him and he became their prisoner. Mosby at the time was so disgusted and incensed at Prosser's want of vigilance, he declared he would be glad if they would hang him. So strict was the discipline and so evenly balanced the scales of justice in the

prison that any man who carelessly spit on the floor, or in any other way intentionally or otherwise soiled or defiled the room, would be guilty of conduct unworthy of a partisan and gentlemen, whereupon three cobbs would be his portion, with the unerring certainty of fate.

Each man had to wash his own clothes, or if he was fortunate enough to have money, he could hire some one poorer than himself to do it for him. If any one became unclean from indolence or choice, and failed to immediately purge himself of the implied contempt of Judge Darden's court, he could rely on the certainty of at least three cobbs. When the scrubbing committee held its meeting, (and the floor was thoroughly scrubbed twice every week,) all the prisoners had to ascend to their bunks, and there remain until the floor was dry again. In those days, and in the old Capitol prison, there were men called *oath-taker's*, and there was a room separate and distinct from the other apartments of the prison, called the *oath-taker's room*; and it came to pass that several Confederate prisoners, who had become weary of prison life, determined, without the fear of the Lord before their eyes, and possibly by the instigation of the devil, straight way made application to take the oath. And it came to pass that when these *weak* and *weary* Confederates made their application to the good and great Yankee authorities, for the rare privilege of once more swearing to be good boys and wipe their weeping eyes with the old flag again, they were at once separated from the old offenders, those impenitent sinners, that stood more in need of a

good square meal than all the oaths in Judge Jeffrey's court. When once the young convert advanced to the anxious bench and expressed a willingness to "jine," he was sent to the oath-taker's room and not permitted again to associate with the hardened and impenitent sinners that were yet lost in their sins, and like Ephraim, were wedded to the idols of the land of Dixie. The saints were permitted to mingle with the sinners only in the mess-room. As it has always been when the ungodly are permitted to have intercourse with such sanctified, meek and submissive spirits as the lamb-like oath-takers, many disagreeable incidents marred the pleasures that should naturally spring from a free and friendly association of soldiers, fighting under the same flag, for the same cause, and caught in the same trap. Whenever the lambs came forth from the oath-taker's room to get their boiled beans, the hardened scoffers at the shrine of Yankee Doodle, would invariably say ugly things to them. Then the sensitive and repentent children, whose tender consciences could allow them to swear allegiance to two hostile governments with the same breath, would often lose their patience, ruffle their gentle tempers, and say many things back at the rough old veterans, that manifested no especial meekness on their part, yet were unmannerly enough to show the badness of their morals. On one occasion an oath-taker, while eating his boiled beans, was so keenly insulted by young Monroe Heiskell, (a kinsmen of President Monroe) that though a man of small stature, the oath-taker unhesitatingly proposed to fight the little fellow. At this Capt. Babcock, o e

of the coolest men that every handled ice, quietly asked the belligerent oath-taker if he would fight a man of his own size who would not take an oath. The oath-taker said he would. At once Capt. Babcock offered his services, when the fellow declined the honor because the Captain was too large. He was probably correct in his view of the case, as the Captain had already been dubbed by a delegation of New England schoolmarms the "Big Guerrilla."

As the man who had sworn to support the United States Government seemed to be in earnest, Capt. Babcock nominated his young friend Sclater, of Baltimore, who was of marvelous proper size and a clever representative of the Confederate Government in general and Mosby's command in particular, who would be pleased no doubt to decide by a fair fight the merits of hard swearing or no swearing at all. The fellow asked young Sclater if he would fight, and Sclater replied by a blow in the face that sent the penitent rolling over the prison floor.

This adventure caused some excitement among the Yankee authorities; to see one of their young converts punished and belabored by an unredeemed Rebel, and guerrilla at that, was more than Yankee patriotism was prepared to tolerate. Capt. Babcock, Monroe, Heiskell, and Henry Sclater were at once arrested and put into a dungeon.

Babcock, Sclater, and Hieskell were probably the most perverse, obstinate, and incorrigible Rebels in all the old Capitol Prison. What would have been intolerable punishment to weaker minds or more unstable

souls was a luxury to those hardened reprobates. Even Lafayette, the great friend of human liberty, did not enjoy his dungeon life during the long five years of incarceration at Almutz more than our desperate partizans enjoyed the old Capitol dungeon during their brief imprisonment. These brave and resolute fellows were no sooner separated from their comrades and environed by the dark, damp walls of the gloomy dungeon, than they immediately cast about for some method of escape. The body of a partizan may be confined by chains and prison walls, but his brave soul cannot be cribbed, cabined, or confined, by all the chains of slavery yet forged by the genius of tyranny. Weaker souls yield a ready obedience to the dictates of diabolical despotism; but such spirits as Babcock, Selater, and young Hieskell, cannot be tamed by brute force or arbitrary power. No sooner were the ponderous doors closed upon them than they began, in activity and earnest, to cut their way out by burrowing under the floor of their cell. Never did men work with more energy. Surrounded by foul air and damp, dark walls, they tunnelled under the earth a great distance until their progress was obstructed by the solid masonry and frame work of the outer wall of the dungeon. During the twelve hours of their close confinement within the dungeon walls, they had worked with great activity. They were greatly disappointed when relieved from their intended punishment and returned to the more comfortable precincts of the common prison. In justice to old Clark, the Pluto of this modern Hades, he was kind to the prisoners, in his own peculiar modes of kindness. He

avored them in their prison rules and discipline, and furnished every facility at his command to keep themselves, their clothing, and their rooms in cleanly and decent order. Among the various agencies and instrumentalities of regimen and police, one man was appointed—or to use the army vernacular, “detailed”—for the special though onerous function of “bug hunting,” as it was called in the prison. Each man assigned to this unfashionable though necessary duty had to ascend to his bunk and pursue his calling as best he could. But if he failed or was declared a delinquent in this purifying process, nothing could be more certain than that the “cobbing” apparatus would surely await his return.

Cobbing always took place after roll call. One of the most original and interesting organizations of the prison was known as the “Owl Club.” This club consisted of forty members. Each member was selected because of his supposed merits. There were several rooms in the prison, besides the “oath-takers’” room, and the “Owl Club” was formed of the best material of the several rooms. The habits of this club, as its name implies, were not unlike those of the nocturnal bird that bequeathed a name to this lively organization. The several members of the Owl Club would sleep occasionally in their bunks by day and sit up before the fire all night. Their every hour was occupied in laying plans and devising ways and means of escape from the strong walls and vigilant guards of the prison. The ever watchful members of the “owl” fraternity had over-heard certain conversations between the officers of the prison and messengers of the government.

They had been able to ascertain the probable removal of the prisoners from the old Capitol to Fort Warren, in Boston Harbor; their vigilance had discovered the intention of the authorities, and this wide-awake club had laid its plans accordingly. Many of the owls were well informed as to the topography of the country through which they would pass on their way to Boston. Their well digested scheme was to escape from the train when near the Relay House, between Washington and Baltimore. The plan was for the Owl Club to get into the rear car of the train, and when the train approached the Relay House, at a given signal to seize and disarm the guard, cut loose the rear car from the train by removing the coupling pin, make prisoners of the guard, cross the Potomac on the ice, and return to Mosby's command.

CHAPTER XXV

There were spies and traitors in those days. And it came to pass that some of the "oath-takers" had been eaves-dropping and discovered the plans of the "Owl Club." And it came to pass that when the time was ripe for the prisoners to be removed to Fort Warren, the guard came into the prison, armed with a huge supply of improved handcuffs in addition to their other accoutrements. The irons were strong and so was the guard. The guard was more numerous than the prisoners, and carried a pair of handcuffs for each rebel. This new feature of well-considered safety extinguished alike the hopes and plans of the organization. "The best laid plans of men and mice aft gang alee," thus was "the winter of our discontent" made anything but glorious summer by this untoward event. It was a sorry sight to see seventy-five daring and dauntless men heavily ironed and guarded by nearly one hundred guards, marched through the streets of Washington *en route* to the city of Boston—to them, the most detested spot on the earth, under the earth, or above the earth.

The Guerrilla prisoners enjoyed a highly cultivated contempt and well considered detestation for everything in or about the hated "Hub." There was at that time as much congeniality of feeling between

the Boston and Mosby's men, as was supposed to exist between St. Paul and the devil, and for that reason alone, they believed the malignity of the Federal authorities sent them there. Notwithstanding their hopeless chance for escape when placed upon the train, several of the most desperate prisoners managed to slip their handcuffs and prepare for certain death or a speedy deliverance. The few that had removed their irons gathered in one corner of the car and held themselves in readiness to receive the signal for a general conflict with the guard. As only a few of them had shaken off their fetters, the signal was never given. Passing through the city of New York, from the foot of Courtland street to 4th avenue the guard was frequently taunted for their seeming cowardice by all manner of people from stage drivers to pedestrians. They were frequently insulted for using so strong a force to guard a small number of prisoners heavily manacled with chains and irons. At Fourth avenue the prisoners, with their strong guard and large throng of street-followers, encountered old Horace Greeley. Many of them recognized him by the well known historic white hat. The kind-hearted apostle of negro liberty stood on the curb-stone and gazed at the throng of manacled prisoners. When the old man recognized Capt. Babcock in the unhappy group, the Captain raised his clanking chains and iron bracelets, and shaking them significantly in the old man's face, said; "Good morning, Horace, how is this for a prisoner of war?" The old man moved not a step and said not a word, but gazed earnestly through his good old emancipation

spectacles, that saw the handcuffs slough off from the dusky limbs of the docile African slave.

The prisoners were embarked at the New Haven Railroad Depot and conveyed direct to the Hub of the universe. Arriving in Boston at night, they were confined in a warehouse until the next morning. They had been well prepared to expect a hospitable reception in this great centre of Puritan civilization and they were not at all disappointed in their anticipations. In passing through the streets they were insulted on every side, and assailed with extreme barbarity and brutality by the cowardly denizens of this ancient town. In their transit through the market-place at Faneuil Hall, the butchers and their ragged, blood-stained apprentices headed a large mob of the basest and most brutal looking inhabitants even of Boston, and cried out, not as their progenitors did of old, "crucify him!" but in savage tones and shrill, croaking voices they shouted, "drown the d—d Guerrilla Rebels! kill um' hang um! cut their d—d livers and lights out, d—n um." And many other unmelodious expressions that displayed with great clearness the average obliquity of Boston morals.

Fort Warren is a much worse place, and very much more uncomfortable for Rebel prisoners, than the Old Capitol prison even claimed to be. If the malice and ingenuity of all the speculative devils, that contract for the combustible materials of the infernal regions, had conspired in their fiendish malignity, they could not have succeeded better in administering the penalties of the damned than did the authorities of Fort

Warren, in torturing both mind and body of the unhappy guerrilla prisoners. A creature curiously shaped and cruelly stamped, with a rare expression of unmixed brutality, one Lieutenant Woodward, had sole and unrestricted control of the prison, which he succeeded in converting into a modern hell. This military Pluto was the officer in charge. Woodward was an ex-shoemaker of Boston, and may have owed his plutonic promotion to his extreme cruelty to the prisoners. He was a low born, cruel cowardly and despotic wretch. This unclean and heartless creature, increased, by every means in his power, the pain and privations of prison life, under the pretence that Northern soldiers were maltreated in Southern prisons; this fiendish military cobbler, with uncontrolled power, starved many brave and gallant men to death. The prisoners were closely confined in damp and dark casemates, so foul that every material exposed to its poisonous atmosphere would mould, rot, or rust, in a few hours. When on rare occasions the prisoners were permitted to breathe a less deadly air, they were allowed to gather in a circumscribed area, of thirty by one hundred feet of ground, and stagger about for exercise as best they could. A dead-line was drawn close about this limited space, and no prisoner dared to pass, by accident or otherwise, beyond the confines of this fatal circle. Any man that passed beyond this line, even if he was delirious from starvation or disease was shot down like a dog.

Bread was exceedingly scarce in Fort Warren prison. Often by the strict ruling, of the merciless Lieutenant in what he called "retaliative measures" there was a

total suspension of bread, and the prisoners were not permitted to buy salt from the sutlers. The food of the suffering prisoners consisted of a small loaf of musty bread, for each days allowance, a small piece of salt beef was given each man for his dinner, with a small tin-cup of dirty water, in which the poor stringy beef had been boiled. No coffee or tea was given under any circumstances. On Wednesday's and Sunday's, they were given a tin-cup of boiled beans in addition to their sumptuous and extravagant bill of fare. These rigid rules of certain death by starvation, filth, foul air and fouler water, were scrupulously enforced, for many long and weary months, until the capitulation of the Confederate Capitol, and the surrender of the army of Northern Virginia. The starving prisoners ate all the rats they could catch. When compared with prison fare, a fat rat was considered a great luxury, and when skillfully prepared a dainty dish indeed. After the fall of Richmond, and the surrender of Lee, such fortunate prisoners, as had money or friends that could extend them credit, were permitted to purchase food from the sutler, at the most extraordinary price that a soulless extortioner could possibly demand. Under the harsh and cruel treatment, by enforced starvation and irremediable filth several of our bravest and best men perished in this dreadful place. Young Glasscock, a near relative of Captain Alfred Glasscock, one of Mosby's most knightly and dashing officers, was deliberately starved to death, by the willful malice of the prison authorities.

Unlike old Clark at the Capitol prison, in Washing-

ton, the ex-shoemaker in charge at Fort Warren, labored to augment the hardships of prison life, and his success was marked by loathsome methods of deliberate murder. After the capture of Richmond several distinguished prisoners were sent to Fort Warren; Regan of Texas, and late of the Confederate Cabinet, with Vice-President Stevens, and many other high officers of the ill-fated Southern Confederacy; were received within the foul embrace, and putrid atmosphere of Fort Warren. About this time the cruelty, severity and barbarity visited upon the prisoners seemed to relax. As an interesting feature of the late civil war, the future historian should not ignore such startling events as transpired within the sickening precincts of Northern prisons.

The reading portion of the world has been surfeited with repeated misrepresentations, and slanders, of the prolific political press. That huge engine of falsehood and perversion, groaned under its dreadful burden of slander. The charge of Southern cruelty to Northern prisoners; was invented for a malicious purpose. The thought was hatched, from the egg of envy, hatred and malice. By raising the cry, against the unfortunate South, it tended to obscure the fact of dreadful cruelty visited by the authorities of Northern prisons, upon the unhappy Southern victims under their care. When the emotional public insanity engendered by the war subsides, it will be right and proper, to turn the clear and unbiased lens of history upon the uncouth features, of Northern cruelty to Southern prisoners. In justice to both parties, be it said, that neither were as merci-

ful to prisoners of war, as the christian pretensions or professions of both parties would persuade the outside barbarians to beleive. Now that the hot blood, and the ulcerated consciences of North and South, have had time to cool and heal, and the soothing influence of reason can be felt, what rational candid man, will dare risk his reputation, by the doubt, that Northern prisoners were treated with more humanity in Southern prisons, than Southern prisoners were in Northern dungeons? The false plea of retaliation on the part of the rulers of Northern dungeons, is the veriest consumation of genuine hypocrisy. During the earlier periods of the war, no complaint was heard of cruelty to Northern prisoners. But when the fair Southern lands were encircled with fire and famine, when the countless legions of foreigners, swept over the Southern States, like the locust, the vermin, and the plagues of Egypt, when the brave Confederate soldier, stood naked and starved on picket, when his costume consisted of a cartridge box and musket; when he could not even procure raw corn and bean soup, to quench the raging fires of maddening hunger, when his own commissary had stolen his scanty rations, and his aristocratic quarter master had purloined his raiment to invest in whiskey or eight per cent. Confederate bonds, then and under these flattering conditions, the devastated South was called on to feast the Northern prisoners on dainty viands that were totally inaccessible even to the President and Cabinet of the Confederate government. The Southern soldier was starving in the rifle pits. His perishing government had, levied

with its skeleton fingers, upon the last bushel of grain, or pound of meat, that the public enemy had failed to destroy or appropriate to his own use. Writhing within the gaunt embrace of famine, the torch of the military incendiary, casting its lucid glare of desolation over our hopeless and starving people, we were called on to furnish rare luxuries to prisoners of war, when we could obtain only crusts of bread, or husks of corn, to feed the, brave defenders of the South. The civilized and decent inhabitants of the earth, will not forget the fact, that the Southern government urged the Federal authorities, to exchange prisoners, because the government could not provide them proper food and medical supplies. This was a very humiliating confession, and a great military blunder on the part of the Confederate authorities, as it exposed our helplessness and encouraged the perseverance of the enemy, yet with cruel contumacy, and murderous barbarity, Northern despots refused to save the lives of their own soldiers, from the dreadful death that awaited them, through unavoidable want and privation. Merciless and emotionless rulers of the North, had waged a relentless war, against, the lives, the property and the liberties, of our people. Military murder struck down the tottering aged sire, and the smiling toddling babe with the same demoniac blow. Hundreds of thousands, of hirelings from the crime stained and pauper crowded, shores of the old world, came torch in hand to burn the dwellings, barns and provisions of the people, and when they had performed their devils task of death and desolation so well, how can even the un-

thinking Northern hypocrites, with brain of lead and brow of brass, expect the absurdity they demanded, that their prisoners should revel in luxury while the captors starved to death. The meanness is incalculable that prompts human creatures, clothed with arbitrary power to commit foul murder upon helpless prisoners of war, by torture and starvation. Falsehood added to murder only aggravates the crime. The plea of retaliation, is infamously false. This is the point where history should turn its light upon demons in the shape of men. It is well known, that the South, was unable to supply healthy food and raiment, for its own soldiers in the field, yet with unparalleled generosity divided its last crust, its bean meal bread and Nassau bacon with its unfortunate prisoners. While the rich North with its ports open to all the markets of the world, starved its prisoners to death by thousands, with the infamous, pretence of retaliation. The world may roll on through all the ages of time, and move on through the endless cycles of eternity, yet it will not bear on its broad surface a baser record of cowardice, cruelty and crime, than were the foul murders by starvation, inflicted upon Southern prisoners of war in the military dungeons of the North, "Killing by poison" or "killing by lying in wait" fills the laws definition of murder in the first degree. This sort of killing implies premeditation and malice. How much more cruel and cowardly is the killing by starvation and enforced filth? Legions of brave men—of gallant soldiers, that offered up their lives on the battle field in defence of what they beleived to be the right, have perished by

the slow torture of starvation, and the poisoned atmosphere of military prisons, their last hours were tortured by the pangs of hunger from within, and crawling vermin from without, and all this in the name of patriotism and christian charity. The Northern press with its six thousand tongues, has labored in season and out of season, to

“Distort the truth, accumulate the lie,
And pile up the pyramid of calumny.”

But prejudice can disarm history, only for a season,
“murder will out,”

“Truth crushed to earth will rise again,
The eternal years of God are hers.
While falsehood wounded writhes in pain,
And dies amid her worshippers.”

ERRATA.

The following errors were discovered in the first edition after the plates were made, therefore they remain unchanged in the second edition.

In index, first word in chapter XIII, should read *different*.

Second chapter, 19th page, 8th line, should read *battle*.

Second chapter, 26th page, 13th line, should read *Sangrado*.

Twelfth chapter, 117th page, 12th line, omit *of*.

Nineteenth chapter, 181st page, 8th line from bottom, should read *men*.

LITERARY NOTICES.

MOSBY'S SURGEON RECALLS SOME OLD TIMES.—The author of this book is Dr. A. Monteiro and he has written an extremely vivacious story. He was with Mosby only during the last year of the war, but like all the other followers of the famous guerilla chief he soon became a red hot partisan. His descriptions are full of life and his reflections and opinions are so intense as to be eminently readable, no matter if the reader disagrees with all of them. He is as honest as earnest.—*N. Y. Herald.*

This attractive and interesting book is written in a graceful, easy style. The descriptive faculty of the writer is remarkable. Scenes and persons described stand out from the canvas of thought in bold relief. Humor and pathos are mingled in a most fascinating manner. The attention of the reader is never fatigued, but pleasingly attracted from the first chapter to the last. The Confederate soldier will find himself once more in the midst of his warlike environment. He is once more sitting by his camp fire listening to stories of bivouac, march and battle. Sorghum, hard tack and Nassau pork regale his hungry imagination as of yore. The life of hardship and stoic philosophy of the Confederate soldier is drawn with a pencil of light.

We offer this excellent and entertaining book as a premium for one new subscriber to the *Religious Herald*. It contains 236 pages, printed in clear type on good paper, and is neatly bound in cloth.—*Religious Herald.*

WAR REMINISCENCES OF THE SURGEON OF MOSBY'S COMMAND.—By Dr. A. Monteiro. This is an admirably written and graphically described record of the experiences of the writer while engaged, during the late war between the States, as Surgeon of that unique and gallant command, Mosby's partizan rangers. The story is told in the peculiarly humorous style characteristic of the writer, and details many interesting and exciting scenes in a manner to excite the risibilities throughout the narrative. In fact, it tells of numerous hair-breadth escapes through which Mosby's men passed, and which, though they may be laughed at now, were anything but laughable then.

The book has proven very popular, the first edition being exhausted, and a second is now being issued.—*Richmond Times.*

We are indebted to the author for a copy of this very interesting sketch of scenes in the war. The narrative is vivid and presents leading characters in the great struggle with accurate and striking descriptive power. A keen humor brightens the history of those times and gives a peculiar charm to the book. The book contains a life-like portrait of the author, who will be recognized as Dr. A. Monteiro, the valued surgeon of Mosby's gallant command.—*Richmond State.*

SENATOR JOHN W. DANIEL.

My Dear Doctor:—Before breakfast, I feasted on the dinner you took with Gen. Torbert, and laughed myself into an appetite for plainer fare. I am indeed indebted for your book. I would not take a crisp \$20 bill for my copy; nay, nor \$50, unless times were awful hard. Thanks, Doctor thanks.

EX-SENATOR THURMAN.

I have read your book twice, and unhesitatingly pronounce it the most interesting war literature that I have seen. *Eloquent in style, intensely interesting in substance*, and with nothing that I see to offend the most fastidious. Your book will be certain to take, and I hope will prove a financial success.

COL. JOHN S. MOSBY, SAN FRANCISCO, CALIFORNIA.

My Dear Doctor:—I received some days ago from a friend in Virginia a copy of your "Reminiscences," which I have read with great pleasure. I only regret that there is not more of them, for yours is the most picturesque and interesting book that has been written about my command.