

MOSEY'S RANGERS:
THE 43RD VIRGINIA CAVALRY BATTALION, C. S. A.

by
George E. Hicks

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APPROVED:

Ⓜ I. Robertson, Jr., Chairman

G. W. Berkley

G. G. Shackelford

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FOREWORD

In early 1863, John Singleton Mosby began his military career as a partisan ranger and scout. He led cavalry raids against Union supply lines, destroyed convoys of covered wagons and interrupted enemy communications. Just as importantly, he provided accurate and timely information to the commander of the Army of Northern Virginia on Federal troop movements and encampments. In the spring of 1863, the first of his eight companies of Partisan Rangers was officially organized. During the months that followed, the 43rd Virginia Cavalry Battalion served as an independent partisan command. It played havoc behind the enemy's front lines and threatened the Federal capital. As a duly organized partisan unit, it also supported the Army of Northern Virginia and the Confederate cavalry of Major General J. E. B. Stuart.

The subject of unorthodox, guerrilla or partisan warfare has generated serious study since the Civil War. Most especially, the examination of the subject has expanded since World War II. More recently, the study has concentrated on the troubles of the 1960's and 1970's. Subsequent interpretations have made the study of "guerrilla" warfare synonymous with the writings of Communist China's Mao Tse-tung, Cuba's Che Guevara and Indonesia's Abdul Haris Nasution. These men have written of the success of guerrilla warfare based on their own experiences.

Inherent in these writings are the all-important subjects of armed revolt, propaganda and the teachings of political doctrine. These modern-day ingredients are as vital as the weapons by which the guerrilla leaders secure their teachings. "Without a political goal, guerrilla warfare must fail, as it must if its political objectives do not coincide with the aspirations of the people."¹

Just as the writings and theories of guerrilla warfare differ, so too do the definitions of the word and all that it encompasses. Webster's Seventh New

¹Mao Tse-tung, Mao Tse-tung on Guerrilla Warfare (New York, 1961), 43.

Collegiate Dictionary defines a guerrilla as "one who engages in irregular warfare especially as a member of an independent unit carrying out harassment and sabotage." Lieutenant Colonel Joseph P. Kutger, in "Irregular Warfare in Transition," attributed the origin of the word to the small, independent Spanish actions against Napoleon's army in 1808. "As a consequence, the Spanish diminutive suffix was added to their word for war--guerra--the resultant, guerrilla."²

The common denominators of guerrilla strategy and philosophy are numerous. Basically, guerrilla forces are numerically inferior to their main adversary--an organized, orthodox military force which has subjected itself on the masses by military conquest or as an extension of a political revolution. The tactics employed by guerrillas against this organized force are offensive thrusts, surprise attacks, harassing raids, terrorism and sabotage. Typically, guerrilla tactics are never defensive in nature. These operations reflect the initiative of the commander, capitalize on the mobility of a given force and embody the unexpected. "In guerrilla strategy, the enemy's rear, flanks and other vulnerable spots are his vital points, and there he must be harassed, attacked, dispersed, exhausted and annihilated."³

The object is always the same: the eventual defeat of a military or political adversary. In the years following the opening of the 20th Century, guerrilla actions have embroiled the peoples of South Africa, Algeria, Indonesia, Cyprus, Cuba and China, to name but a few. Each of these actions has been instigated, fueled or driven by a difference in political ideology between a segment of the populace and the governing hierarchy. Resultant conflicts were different in their scope, their success and in the loss of human blood. Typically, each discontent society waged war on governmental symbols and extensions of that control. Communications and power sources were sabotaged and destroyed. When embroiled

²Franklin Mark Osanka (ed.), Modern Guerrilla Warfare, Fighting Communist Guerrilla Movements, 1941-1961 (New York, 1962), 40.

³Mao, Guerrilla Warfare, 46.

in combat with an orthodox armed force, guerrillas pursued a relentless form of attack.

Cuban revolutionary Che Guevara stressed the need to "hit and run, wait, stalk the enemy, hit him again and run, do it all again and again giving no rest to the enemy. . . . The enemy soldier caught in this operation is not allowed to sleep, his posts are attacked and systematically liquidated." Guevara quoted Mao, who "likens guerrillas to 'innumerable gnats which by biting a giant both in front and in rear, ultimately exhaust him.'"⁴

Partisan warfare is somewhat different, albeit there is a fine line of distinction. Webster's Seventh New Collegiate Dictionary defines a partisan as "one that takes the part of another;" or, "a member of a body of detached light troops making forays and harassing an enemy." In his introduction to Mao Tse-tung on Guerrilla Warfare, Brigadier General Samuel B. Griffith wrote: "The fundamental difference between patriotic partisan resistance and revolutionary guerrilla movements is that the first usually lacks the ideological content that always distinguishes the second."⁵

The differences seem to revolve around the use of bonafide, professional "detached light troops" which engage military targets. Overall, there is an absence of "political ideology," "terrorism" and "sabotage." Lewis H. Gann, in his Guerrillas in History, offered a similar distinction: "Guerrilla warfare . . . entails personal violence. Partisan operations usually entail reprisals; reprisals lead to counter-reprisals."⁶

⁴Che Guevara, Che Guevara on Guerrilla Warfare (New York, 1961), xviii, 9, 11.

⁵Mao, Guerrilla Warfare, 27.

⁶Lewis H. Gann, Guerrillas in History (Stanford, Cal., 1971), 79. There are also those who use the words "guerrilla" and "partisan" interchangeably. Lenin, for one, mixed the two "advocating an alliance between revolution and crime." See Osanka, Modern Guerrilla Warfare, 66n.

In any event, each such unconventional war must be examined in the context of the times, the terrain of the theatre of operations and the technology of the age. Viewing these tangible factors will render every conflict unique in its own right. As Mao emphasized: "If we do not fit guerrilla operations into their proper niche, we cannot promote them realistically."⁷ Therefore, we should be wary of applying today's connotations through common usage to yesterday's application of the word. However, this is not a study in the semantics of partisan versus guerrilla warfare.

The following pages offer an insight into the character of the 43rd Battalion, Virginia Partisan Rangers. This is not an examination of that unit's famous commander, John Singleton Mosby. For those who draw the comparisons to our modern-day unconventional warfare, the men in this unit should be accorded the stature they deserve. They were not "guerrillas" as we know the word today. Their tactics and their heroics largely demonstrated the effective use of the cavalry as an offensive tool of war, as a means to gain intelligence and as a method to erode the war effort of an orthodox military force. They were, in fact, a legally organized and recognized instrumentality of the Army of Northern Virginia--a battalion of partisan rangers. Their targets were military in nature. Although they were involved in reprisals and counter-reprisals, each action was initiated in accordance with the law and military regulations of the day.

The reader must also take into consideration several sets of wide-ranging facts. Partisan leaders in the American Revolution and the American Civil War typically operated in support of a larger organized army. During the American Revolution, Francis Marion, the "Swamp Fox," operated in support of Major General Nathaniel Greene's army in the Carolinas in what has been called a "strategy of attrition." Or, as Russell F. Weigley has written: "Perhaps the phrase 'strategy of erosion' would be more accurate; to wear away the resolution of the British by gradual, persistent action against the periphery of their armies."

⁷Mao, Guerrilla Warfare, 55.

Greene himself espoused: "I have been obliged to practice that by finesse which I dared not attempt by force. . . . There are few generals that has run [sic] oftener, or more lustily than I have done. . . . But I have taken care not to run too far, and commonly have run as fast forward as backward." Then too, Mao has written: "The ability to run away is the very characteristic of the guerilla [or partisan]." The use of this strategy and the "hit-and-run" tactic enabled Greene and Marion to control and conquer their theatre or base of operations in the Carolinas.⁸

In addition, the reader must remember that during the American Civil War the Union and Confederate armies still employed the militia system of volunteer troops with short-term enlistments. One of the most astute students of American military history observed that the two warring governments "seemed incapable of profiting either by history or their own experience. Trust in the militia and a persistent adherence to short enlistments had bankrupted the [American] Government in the struggle for independence; had led to Harmar's and St. Clair's defeats in the Indian Wars of 1791; and more humiliating still, had led to the burning of Buffalo and the destruction of the [nation's] capital in the War of 1812."⁹

Nevertheless, the Union and Confederate armies adhered to these conventional solutions and proven inadequacies of the times. Even worse, the Southern states in rebellion clung to a defensive strategy. They invited war on their soil. To compound that mistake, their lines were manned by units organized around localities and families. This system fostered desertions as local emergencies arose "back home."

With this in mind, the reader may share the experiences of the men of the

⁸ Russell F. Weigley, The American Way of War: A History of the United States Military Strategy and Policy (New York, 1973), 15, 36.

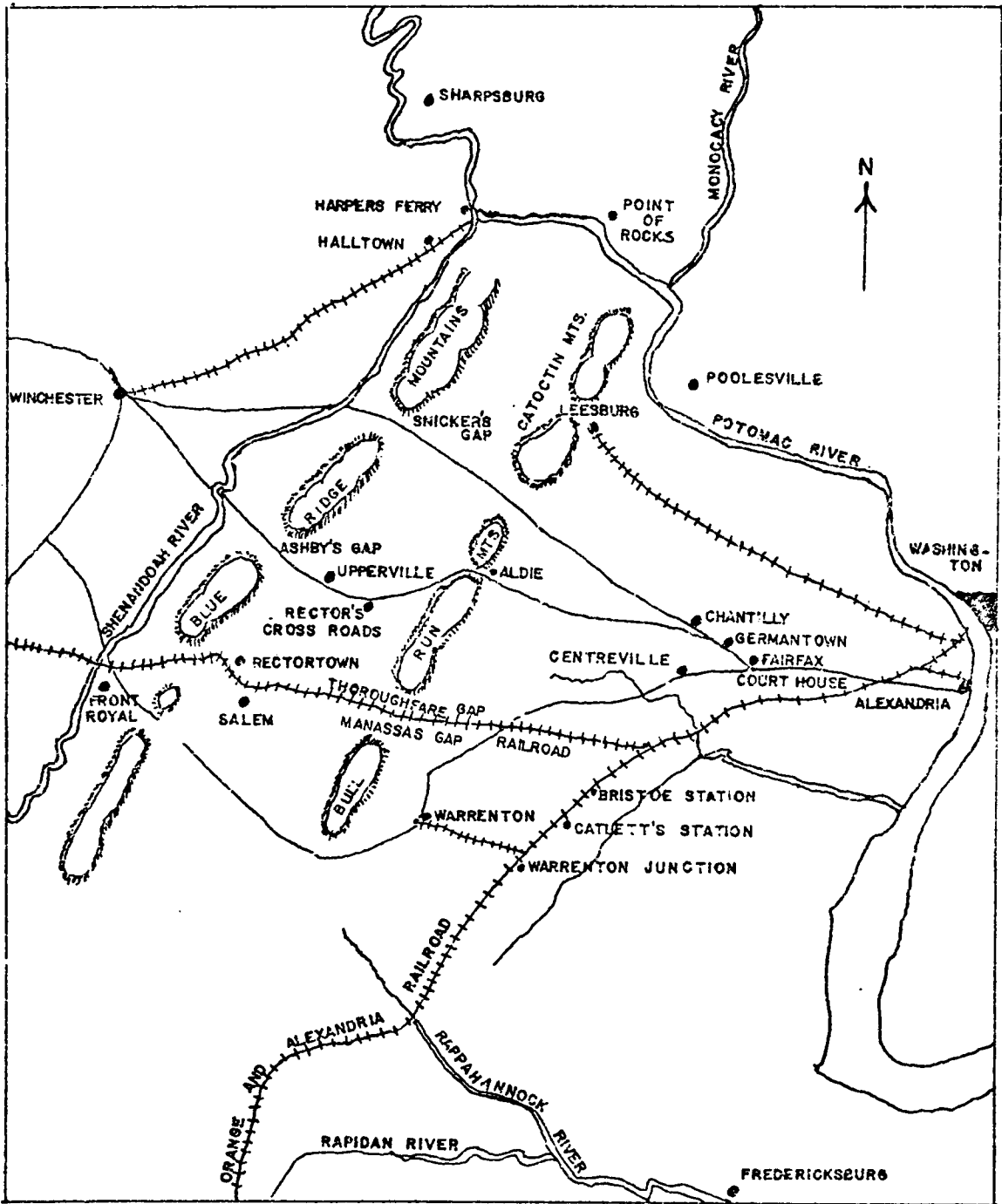
⁹ Emory Upton, The Military Policy of the United States (Washington, 1917), 434.

43rd Virginia Partisan Rangers. This is an attempt to provide an insight into their lives, a portrayal of their sacrifices in the service of the Confederacy, an outline of the contributions to the partisan system of warfare and their admiration for Colonel John Singleton Mosby. For the reader who is more interested in the partisan chief, he should read Virgil Carrington Jones' Ranger Mosby. The following study concerns itself with the members of the 43rd Virginia Cavalry Battalion who served in the shadow of the "Gray Ghost." This is their story.

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Chapter I

THE BEGINNING

The last months of 1860 reverberated with the passions of sectional strife in a once-united America. The emotional issues of the day dominated conversation, editorials and the Christmas season. Indeed, shortly after noon on December 20, 1860, the state of South Carolina repealed its ratification of the American Constitution and withdrew from the United States. In the two months that followed, five other Southern states seceded from the Union. Their several ordinances of secession gave vent to the righteous indignation of the individual states.¹

On February 4, 1861, delegates from the disaffected states met in Montgomery, Ala., to construct the framework for a new government. Two weeks later they elected Jefferson Davis as the chief executive of the Confederate States of America. In his inaugural address, President Davis asserted that his Southern brethren were prepared to defend their collective independence "by the final arbitrament of the sword." To the north, three weeks later, Abraham Lincoln repeated the oath of office for the President of the United States. His own inaugural professed that secession was an illegal act which posed "the momentous issue of civil war."²

In April, 1861, the calm resolve of the two leaders was shattered. On the twelfth day of the month, the Union garrison at Fort Sumter, in the harbor of Charleston, S. C., felt the concussion of Confederate mortar shells. The two-day bombardment culminated in the surrender of the American fort. Mr. Lin-

¹New York Herald, Jan. 1, 1861. See also New York Illustrated News, Dec. 29, 1860.

²New York Herald, Feb. 5, 1861; James D. Richardson, Messages and Papers of the Confederacy (Nashville, 1906), I, 32-34; New York Herald, Mar. 5, 1861.

coln's response was swift and far-reaching. On Monday, April 15, a presidential message was telegraphed to the remaining loyal governors:

. . . to call forth . . . the militia of the several states of the Union, to the aggregate number of seventy-five thousand, in order to suppress said combinations and to cause the laws to be duly executed.³

On April 17, 1861, Virginia formally passed an ordinance of secession. In the following weeks three other Southern states followed a similar commitment. Prompted largely by the thought of 75,000 Federal troops marching across their native soil, Southerners were quick to react. This was especially true of the citizens of Virginia because of their juxtaposition to the seat of Mr. Lincoln's government.⁴

Communities, large and small, were alive with talk of war. Localities made independent preparations to protect their homelands and their collective sovereignty. The area around Bristol, Va., was no exception. There, Captain William E. Jones sought to organize a company of cavalry. Although his efforts preceded that state's ordinance of secession, his fledgling unit was somewhat organized when Virginia cast her lot with the South.⁵

Captain Jones' cavalry company was hastily gathered. Members of the command came from a diversity of backgrounds. Most were farmers or students. The most educated perhaps were William E. Peters and John S. Mosby. The former was a professor at Emory and Henry College, and the latter was a lawyer. As for Jones, he was a veteran of the Mexican War. He was also a stern disciplinarian who drilled his company with relish and a love for regimentation.⁶

³Ibid., Apr. 12-15, 1861.

⁴Ibid., Apr. 20, 1861; E. Merton Coulter, The Confederate States of America, 1861-1865 (Baton Rouge, 1950), 39.

⁵Charles Wells Russell (ed.), The Memoirs of Colonel John S. Mosby (Boston, 1917), 11. Cited hereafter as Mosby Memoirs.

⁶Ibid., 23-24.

In June, 1861, Captain Jones' riders became a company in the 1st Virginia Cavalry, commanded by Colonel J. E. B. Stuart. The larger command was infested with a spirit to do battle. As for the men in Jones's company, they were equipped with sabres and the new Sharp's carbine. Repeated drill and practice brought the unit to some semblance of preparedness. By mid-July, some of the men had even gone on a scouting expedition toward Martinsburg. For his conduct on that exercise the former attorney, John S. Mosby, was presented with a Colt pistol. It was a reward and a distinct recognition of his performance of duty.⁷

On July 21, 1861, Mosby witnessed the Southern victory at Manassas. The Union Army of General Irvin McDowell met the Confederate forces of Generals Joseph E. Johnston and P. G. T. Beauregard. Jones's company was taken to the fringes of the foray as a reserve force with Colonel Stuart's 1st Virginia Cavalry. In a letter to his wife, Private Mosby commented: "We were placed in the most trying position in which troops can be placed, to be exposed to a fire which you cannot return." From that vantage point, the novice soldier gave thought to his wife and infant daughter as he watched the field of battle. His introspective thoughts "almost unfitted [him] for the stern duties of a soldier."⁸

In the six months that followed, President Lincoln elevated General George B. McClellan to command of the Army of the Potomac. This officer was well-known as an organizer with the ability to supervise an army. In the winter months that followed the Union debacle at Manassas, a substantial Federal task force was put into operation. By May 1, 1862, the new Union general had assembled more than 112,000 troops on the tip of Virginia's peninsula near Fort Monroe. His objective was an advance on the Confederate capital at Rich-

⁷Ibid., 30, 48.

⁸Ibid., 53.

mond.⁹

To counter this threat, the Southern troops had stretched their lines across the finger of land in opposition to McClellan's advance. General Johnston's troops were making every effort to hold as reinforcements were ordered from the northern and western regions of the state. General J. E. B. Stuart commanded the cavalry that supported the Confederate defenders. By June, the Union advance had slowed even as their over-taxed supply lines were bolstered to meet the demands of a large force in battle.

John S. Mosby was then serving as a lieutenant and aide to Stuart. In that capacity he enjoyed the confidence and exposure to the emerging cavalry genius. The two men also shared a mutual respect for one another's abilities and intelligence. During a lull in the peninsula campaign, Stuart indicated that he needed to know if McClellan's forces were fortifying the area around the Totopotomoy Creek. His aide volunteered to find the answer to this question. Taking three men, the young lieutenant had no difficulty in penetrating the lines of the Union army. In a word, the enemy's security was lacking. Mosby returned to his superior and related that "for several miles his [McClellan's] right flank had only cavalry pickets to guard his line of communication with his depot at the White House on the Pamunkey." On June 12, Stuart acted on that intelligence. Stuart led 1,200 men on a ride through and around McClellan's army of more than 112,000 men. The instigator of the plan, Lieutenant Mosby, rode either beside the General or ahead of the column. On June 16, the young officer wrote his wife about "the grandest scout of the war." In fact, he reflected, "I never enjoyed myself so much in my life." It was the first hint of the young officer's desire to work as an independent scout.¹⁰

By the end of July the accomplishment was one of the few bright spots in

⁹R. U. Johnson and C. C. Buel (eds.), Battles and Leaders of the Civil War (New York, 1884-1887), II, 112-22. Cited hereafter as B & L.

¹⁰Russell, Mosby Memoirs, 110-12, 119-20.

Mosby's remembrances of the war. Recently promoted to the rank of captain, the former aide was captured while carrying a dispatch from Stuart to General T. J. Jackson. Fortunately, Mosby's incarceration lasted less than a month. Exchanged at Fort Monroe on August 3, the young captain rushed to Confederate headquarters and reported troop movements of a Union army under the command of General A. E. Burnside. Bolstered by this report of activity behind the enemy lines, General Robert E. Lee's Confederate troops struck the Union army of General John Pope at Cedar Mountain before he could be reinforced by Burnside.¹¹

By August 17, Mosby had reestablished contact with Stuart. Throughout the autumn of 1862, he performed a number of duties. Until the colder winter months those responsibilities included the chores of an aide and trusted scout. However, the lack of a specific assignment, and the winter chill in the Confederate camp, stirred Mosby's imagination and his desire for action. The cavalry encampment in Fredericksburg was cold, damp and boring. The chill compounded the boredom. The foul weather gave the men too much time to think about their lonely lot. That was one reason Stuart let Mosby stir things up a bit.

Major General James Ewell Brown Stuart, commander of Confederate cavalry in the East, and Captain John Singleton Mosby were two of a kind: adventurers unafraid of war. Late in November, 1862, Stuart sent the captain and nine men to reconnoiter the Manassas area of northern Virginia. On that scouting expedition the little group charged a force of ten Federal cavalrymen. The "blue-bellies" ran. With spirits bolstered and courage renewed, the Virginians returned to Manassas. Their actions created a concern within the Federal capital. It did not matter that the Richmond papers gave all the credit for the raid to General Thomas L. Rosser. The troopers know who the heroes were. They were the most recognizable origins of the 43rd Battalion, Virginia Partisan Rangers.¹²

¹¹Ibid., 127-35.

¹²Ibid., 146-47.

Those small raids proved to Stuart that the Federal picket line was weak and untested. Coupled with reports that informal picket truces were held nightly --in order to trade coffee and tobacco, the time seemed right for an expedition. It occurred at Christmastime, and by current standards, it was not a very gentlemanly thing to do.¹³ Yet the exercise kept their minds off celebrations and warm fires at home. In any event, Stuart attacked General Burnside's supply train at Dumfries. It was a complete surprise and proved to be a veritable rout. As in Mosby's attacks, the Union troops ran and left packed supply wagons in the hands of the hungry Confederates. Stuart's force returned to their Fredericksburg camp that much happier and better-equipped.¹⁴

Mosby and nine volunteers remained behind. They secured permission to work independently in the area around Washington and in Fauquier and Loudoun counties. The young captain fully intended to capitalize on the unpreparedness of the Union encampments. In the wake of the November and Christmas successes, the idea seemed like a good one. Moreover, since Stuart needed regular reports of Federal operations in those areas, he granted permission for such an independent operation.¹⁵

The Loudoun County-Fauquier County area was an unlikely setting for war. The countryside contained rolling green pastures and clusters of woodlands. Yet it was ideal for cavalry operations, particularly surprise attacks and cavalry raids. Those same rolling hills masked the raiders from travelers on the roads which wound along the floor of the Valley of Virginia. There, in

¹³ Ibid., 148. The raid occurred in spite of the plans of Heros von Borcke. The young trooper had made the best of his bivouac in Fredericksburg. He had ". . . rounded up turkeys, hams, eggs, a quantity of apple brandy. . . ." Virgil Carrington Jones, Ranger Mosby (Chapel Hill, 1944), 68.

¹⁴ Russell, Mosby Memoirs, 148.

¹⁵ John S. Mosby, Mosby's War Reminiscences and Stuart's Cavalry Campaigns (New York, 1898), 29. See also Russell, Mosby Memoirs, 148.

1862, forage and fodder were plentiful.

Fifteen men followed Captain John S. Mosby north from Fredericksburg. Typically, they were from the Fairfax, Loudoun and Fauquier counties. Such duty had several advantages: partisan service in this area placed them nearer their homes and away from the rigors of camp life. This first contingent was a mixture of volunteers and troopers detailed from the 1st Virginia Cavalry. Most notable among them was Fountain Beattie. He and Mosby had been together since leaving Abingdon in 1861. They were messmates and best friends; they knew each other's concerns and abilities. Fountain Beattie was totally loyal to his friend and captain.¹⁶

The other fourteen troopers were: Charles Buchanan, Christopher Gaul, William L. Hunter, Edward S. Hurst, Jasper Jones, William Jones, William Keys, Benjamin Morgan, George Serbert, George M. Slater, Daniel L. Thomas, Thomas Turner, Charles Wheatly and John Wild. Of the group, William L. Hunter was probably the most impressive. He was six feet, one inch tall and, astride a horse, resembled a giant. George Slater was probably the oldest, next to Mosby. Slater was twenty-four, while Mosby had just celebrated his twenty-ninth birthday.¹⁷

As for Mosby, he was physically unimpressive. A lawyer-turned-soldier, he was dwarfed by his own reputation. Recruits had heard of his exploits; yet on seeing the leader with whom they had volunteered to serve, the typical exclamation was: "That's Mosby?" Stoop-shouldered and thin, he was anything

¹⁶Mosby, Reminiscences, 30-32.

¹⁷James J. Williamson, Mosby's Rangers: A Record of the Operations of the Forty-Third Battalion of Virginia Cavalry from its Organization to the Surrender (New York, 1909), 18; U. S. National Archives (comp.), "Compiled Service Records of Confederate Soldiers Who Served in Organizations From the State of Virginia," Microfilm Rolls 207-9. Cited hereafter as CSR.

but a picture of military bearing. At five feet, eight inches tall, his 125 pounds were spread sparingly over a bony frame. His face was handsome enough: clean-shaven, with a nose that possessed the subtle lines of an eagle's beak, and blue eyes that possessed the vigilance of the warrior. They fairly punctuated his sentences and underscored their meaning. One might say that they were ice blue and equally as cold. They personified shrewdness and a calculated military mind. It was the kind of mind needed to formulate the partisan tactic. Mosby himself once reasoned that "a line was only as strong as its weakest point. It was necessary for it to be stronger than I was at every point in order to resist my attacks. . . . To destroy supply trains, to break up the means of conveying intelligence and thus isolating an army from its base, as well as its different corps from each other, to confuse plans by capturing dispatches, are the objects of partisan warfare."¹⁸

Such was the logic that led the column northward. Its destination was the already-tried Potomac picket line from Harper's Ferry to Washington. It was a weak line. Ideally, repeated surprise attacks at unknown points would require larger Union garrisons--thus denying support to the front lines. Those troops were scared. In two months they had come to fear Mosby's little band of partisans. Attacks by this roving force brought visions of death and imprisonment. The uncertainty of it all compelled Chaplain Louis N. Boudrye of the 5th New York Cavalry to confide in his diary:

The Guerillas are very active. The utmost vigilance on our part cannot secure us perfectly from their depra-dations. The only way to rid ourselves of this plague would be to scour the entire country with a large force, arrest every inhabitant able to carry a musket, and burn to the ground every building, including houses, where these bushwhackers reside or find refuge. . . . If the war is to continue long, this would prove to be

¹⁸ John W. Munson, Reminiscences of a Mosby Guerrilla (New York, 1906), 17; Jones, Mosby's Rangers, 25. See also Mosby, Reminiscences, 44.

true policy, saving the lives of many of our
brave boys.¹⁹

On January 18, 1863, John S. Mosby led his band of men toward those front lines north and east of Fredericksburg. They crossed the Rappahannock River at Fox's Mill. They stopped to rest their horses and to enjoy the warmth of the fire at the Warren-Green Hotel in Warrenton. An hour later, clothes a bit drier, stomachs full and saddle-bags replenished, they proceeded northward. It soon began to rain. Roads already muddy became quagmires of chilled ooze. At that moment, the Captain raised his head from the warmth of his huge collar: "You men scatter to friendly homes in this neighborhood. Go in pairs if you must, but no more." Mosby added: "On the 28th--that's ten days from now, you will rendezvous at Mount Zion Church, on the Little River turnpike, a mile and a half east of Aldie. That's all until then."²⁰

The men exchanged curious glances. They left a perfectly good hotel fire to be abandoned with vague orders, in the midst of a winter rainstorm. This captain was strange! Gradually, the group separated, each in search of a roaring fire and a bed.

The 27th brought snow--and curses.

A man had to be crazy to fight in weather like this, one thought. The men wondered if they were supposed to meet if it kept on snowing; surely the Yankees would not fight in this weather! Nevertheless, they all united on the appointed day. Eight inches of wet snow tested their mettle along the way. A few of the men had done some exploring in the ten-day interval, for no one likes fighting on unfamiliar ground. Each man was ready. Excitement and uncertainty reigned supreme over the mud-like slush.

It was their first outing together. Each scanned the occasional woods

¹⁹ Louis N. Boudrye, Historic Records of the Fifth New York Cavalry (Albany, N. Y., 1868), 48.

²⁰ Jones, Ranger Mosby, 73. See also Mosby, Reminiscences, 41.

and the horizon for signs of danger. As they did so, no one noticed John Underwood emerge from the pines to meet the group. This was a lesson to remember. It is virtually impossible to gauge the distance or the origin of a sound in the woods, whether the leaves were dry or covered with snow. It is harder yet to distinguish a footstep from melting snow falling from a tree branch. The men became more cautious.²¹

John Underwood never officially joined the unit. He did not live long enough. On January 28, however, he was readily accepted. It was obvious that this man knew the woods. All of his thirty years had been spent there. Short and stocky, he had a thick frame twice the size of the Captain's. Quietly they approached a nine-man picket post near Old Chantilly Church. With horses secured, the raiders spread out, concealed only by the lengthening shadows of the pine thicket. Fount Beattie and the Captain headed for the front of the Church, while the remainder of the party moved toward the rear of the building.

Mosby fired first, triggering the charge and the capture. Only one man was wounded as he tried to escape. All of the prisoners were from the 18th Pennsylvania Cavalry. None of the group had expected an attack, least of all in broad daylight by sixteen men armed only with pistols.²²

When the guard relief appeared at the Church, there was only a smattering of blood on the snow. A ransacked camp and many hoofprints told the tale. After the attack, the spoils of battle were divided among the victors. Mosby took nothing. Such was the law, and the leader's custom. The practice was in keeping with the Partisan Ranger Law of 1862.²³

²¹John Scott, Partisan Life With Colonel John S. Mosby (New York, 1867), 22. See also Jones, Ranger Mosby, 75.

²²CSR, Roll 209. See also Appendix A; Jones, Ranger Mosby, 75.

²³U. S. War Department (comp.), War of the Rebellion: A Compilation of the Official Records of the Union and Confederate Armies (Washington, 1880-1901), Ser. IV, Vol. II, 498-99. Cited hereafter as OR; unless otherwise stated

The booty divided, the prisoners were escorted a safe distance from their former encampment. At a randomly-selected spot, the men were individually interrogated. Information on other guard posts and the overall Federal picket line was obtained and verified by this method. After questioning, each prisoner was paroled. For them, the war was over. They would return to families and friends.²⁴

The enemy's reaction to this, the third raid, was swift. A large cavalry force under the command of Colonel Percy Wyndham began a search for the raiders. Under a cloud-covered moon on the 29th, the search party went into camp outside Middleburg. The next morning, the Federals rode through the town in search of their elusive foe. As their column cleared the town, Mosby and seven of his hastily-gathered clan charged the rear eschelon.

Alerted by gun-fire, Wyndham wheeled his force about and launched a furious pursuit. Three Confederates fell. The remaining four, with three captured horses, scattered and eluded capture. Yet the loss to Mosby was a personal one: his ever-faithful Fount Beattie was now destined for a Federal prison.²⁵

all references will be to Ser. I. The Partisan Ranger Law, cited here, and announced in General Orders No. 47, on Apr. 21, 1863, specified in part that, first "for any arms and munitions of war captured from the enemy by partisan rangers, . . . the rangers shall be paid their full value." Secondly, "the terms 'arms and munitions of war' will include all small arms and artillery, ammunition, infantry accouterments, and cavalry equipment, and also cavalry and artillery horses. The animals referred to . . . will be paid for when delivered up." Yet the law was vague. It referred to such booty "delivered up at such place as may be designated by the commanding general." Thus, to the victor go the spoils. The law permitted it, and set up provisional accounting for captured equipment.

²⁴ B & L, III, 149.

²⁵ Scott, Partisan Life, 26-28. See also John S. Mosby to Pauline, Feb. 4, 1863, John S. Mosby Papers, Virginia State Library. Cited hereafter as Mosby Papers (VSL).

That night a raging snowstorm deposited an additional foot of snow that was topped, the next morning, by freezing rain. Travel was treacherous. The deafening noise of panting horses as they penetrated the crystalline crust eliminated any chance of surprise attack. A blinding reflection from the white glaze affected both man and beast. Then too, the depth of the snow endangered any chances for rapid attack and subsequent escape. In spite of it all, Mosby's tiny group moved for yet another raid.

Near Tyler Davis' house, on the Lawyer's Road, a not-so-old adversary was on picket duty. Colonel Wyndham had stationed several twelve-man picket posts half a mile apart. Every hour a two-man patrol passed between the several posts to insure the Yankee colonel a good night's sleep.²⁶

The two-man patrol was captured without a shot. Gradually, the Confederates spread out, and advanced toward the warming fires of the twelve men of the 18th Pennsylvania Cavalry. The surprise was complete; there was no resistance.

To the rear of the camp, however, two cavalymen in blue attempted to escape. "But Hurst and Keys, mounted each on a captured horse, followed close upon them, killing one and taking the other prisoner." The pistol shots, though, sprung the trap that lay near the picket post.²⁷

Colonel Wyndham had stationed larger forces near each of his several picket posts. The outlying vedettes were mere bait-in-a-trap meant for marauding raiders who preyed on isolated picket posts. Panting horses and the loud crunch of the snow preceded their advance. With prisoners mounted and with Army Colts leveled at their heads, Mosby's group slithered into a nearby pine thicket. The thundering herd rode by.

Just as methodically, Mosby led his men to the very tracks, and broken

²⁶Scott, Partisan Life, 28-29. See also Jones, Ranger Mosby, 78-79.

²⁷Scott, Partisan Life, 28.

snow, of his pursuers. They headed away from the squadron of Union cavalry. The trap was cleaned of bait. The raiders remained the hunted.²⁸

The dawn of 1863 brought a new dimension to the war in northern Virginia. A group of volunteer partisans created a substantial amount of havoc along the Union picket lines in Loudoun, Fauquier and Fairfax counties. Mosby established this tri-county area as a base of operations and a sanctuary for his men. In those early months of 1863, John S. Mosby gave the first hints of his war of harassment and attrition on the Federal forces. The volunteers who followed his lead, by the very nature of their enlistment, demonstrated the serious nature of their duty and devotion to the Confederate cause.

²⁸Ibid.; Jones, Ranger Mosby, 78.

Chapter II

MARCH, 1863: THE FIRST TEN DAYS

Wyndham was furious. He had been humiliated twice in one week. The English adventurer's pride was severely wounded. The next day, the citizens of Middleburg felt the wrath of his damaged self-esteem. He threatened to burn their town. He was convinced that the populace was hiding the Confederate partisans.

Furthermore, there was evidence that Wyndham's captured vedettes had been held overnight within the very hotel that was supposedly frequented by the upstart Mosby. After Wyndham's second threat to destroy the village, the townspeople reacted. They petitioned Captain Mosby to cease his raids on the nearby Union encampments. They were further angered by his use of their town as a temporary holding-area for Union prisoners. They believed in his cause, but not at the expense of their homes, farms and businesses.¹

The Captain's response was tactful, stern and unyielding:

I have just received your petition requesting me to discontinue my warfare on the Yankees. . . . Not being yet prepared for any such degrading compromises with the Yankees I unhesitatingly refuse to comply. My attacks on scouts, patrols, and pickets which have provoked this [Yankee] threat are sanctioned by both the customs of war and the practice of the enemy; and you are at liberty to inform them that no such clamor shall deter me from employing whatever legitimate weapon I can most efficiently use for their annoyance. I will say this much to you, however, it was through a misunderstanding of my orders that the prisoners were brought through your town to be paroled. . . . [Furthermore] as my men have never occupied your town I cannot see what possible complicity there can be between my acts and you.²

¹Scott, Partisan Life, 27.

²Mosby Papers (VSL).

That was direct enough. Although the young Confederate leader was sympathetic, he was committed. There was no turning back.

February 4 was a day of relative inactivity. Mosby drafted the response to the citizens of Middleburg, wrote his wife Pauline and prepared a report for General Stuart. In consequence of the snow, there was little else to do. His little band of partisans had boarded with sympathetic families in the two-county area. Roads were impassable. Yankee garrisons at Fairfax and Dranesville were equally as encumbered by the weather. For the moment, all was quiet.

The report to the Chief of Confederate Cavalry listed five or six cavalry regiments at Fairfax and 300 more horsemen at Dranesville. Of the latter Mosby wrote that "they are so isolated from the rest of the command that nothing would be easier than to capture the whole force."³

On February 7, he rendezvoused with the remnants of his detachment. Three were lost in Middleburg and six others had been captured while attending a party. On hearing of it, the Captain's 5' 7" frame erupted. His eyes flashed in a rare display of temper. The five remaining members endured the display and held an awkward silence. Never had they seen such furor! However, it was worth remembering. Disobedience to orders might mean capture or exposure to the temper of their leader. Neither was worth the risk.⁴

A long silence ensued before the Captain mounted his horse. Then the band rode in silence toward Dranesville. Five apprehensive riders followed the little man in front, not knowing the object of their mission, each more afraid of another tirade than of meeting the enemy. Each had come to accept the silence when they suddenly encountered one of the area's country doctors. The elderly Dr. Drake was afoot and knee-deep in snow and mud.

The old doctor explained that he had been robbed by a group of Union cavalrymen. The Federal soldiers took his horse, saddlebags and pouches of valu-

³ Ibid.; OR, XXV, Pt. 1, 5.

⁴ Scott, Partisan Life, 30.

able medicines. Mosby refocused his attention and spurred his horse. All six rode after the plunderers.

It was only a matter of minutes before the raiders overtook the men in blue. It was evident that the Yankees did not want to fight. They were more interested in saving their booty. Spurs dug into the horses of the hunter and of the hunted. A lone Union rider led the way and he was the first to arrive at Horsepen Run. Rain and melting snow had turned the stream into a river that almost consumed horse and rider.

Quickly they looked over their shoulders to consider another avenue of escape. It was too late. Six riders in gray approached with drawn revolvers and surrounded the entire party. Minutes later, the captive troopers pulled their near-drowned compatriot from the unlikely clutches of Horsepen Run. Not a shot had been fired.

The Confederate captain was now in better spirits, for the recaptured medicine was a significant prize in these hinterlands of the blockaded Confederacy. After the prisoners had been separated and interrogated, they were herded together and sent to Richmond under guard. With morale renewed, the partisan group returned toward Middleburg. Along the way the recaptured property was distributed to the rightful owners. Dr. Drake was most grateful, especially when he discovered that his saddlebags had not been opened. Many people would unknowingly benefit from the successes of the partisans--including ironically enough, some of those who had protested the earlier operations.⁵

On February 11, four new volunteers made the rendezvous at Rector's Crossroads. Two were well-mounted, two were afoot. These were the first four "pure" volunteers to follow the Captain's lead. Frank Williams, Joseph Nelson, George Whitescarver and Walter Frankland listened intently as the Cap-

⁵ Mosby, Reminiscences, 64; Russell, Mosby Memoirs, 169-71. A rigid blockade of the Southern states had been in force since Apr. 19, 1861. Items such as coffee, iron, weapons and medicine were hard to procure and expensive when available.

tain described the limited number of conditions of "enlistment" with the provisional command. First, they had to be well-mounted. The rest they would learn later.

Williams and Nelson rode off as new members with the fledgling detachment. Whitescarver and Frankland were promised horses based on the success of the raid. The two prospects eagerly waited for the group's return, and their new mounts. The wait was for naught; no extra horses were captured. However, George Whitescarver borrowed a horse prior to the next rendezvous.⁶

On February 25, the group again rendezvoused at Rector's Crossroads. Waiting there was an unlikely recruit--a Yankee sergeant in full uniform. He identified himself as James F. Ames, a recent member of the 5th New York Cavalry. He, like Frankland, was afoot. The pair were promised horses, if there were any extras. Even though no extra mounts materialized for the two would-be cavalymen, they were not to be denied. On February 28, Ames and Frankland began a thirty-mile trek to the camp of the 5th New York Cavalry. There they proposed to walk into camp, select the best two mounts and ride out in time for the next raid. The proposition bordered on insanity, but Mosby approved of the expedition.

In spite of a chilling downpour and several inches of new-fallen snow, the two recruits began their hike. The first day they covered fifteen miles and begged for a bed at a home near the shores of raging Cub Run. Chilled and damp to the marrow, the two had no difficulty in finding sleep. The next morning, fortified with a warm breakfast and near-dry clothes, the pair resumed their journey. That morning (March 1) they crossed the angry currents of Cub Run on a makeshift raft. The improvised vessel fairly disintegrated as they disembarked. By sundown, they were near their objective and the small hamlet of Germantown. Citizens from that northern Virginia community provided every detail of the Yankee bivouac. They also told of an expedition, scheduled for that

⁶Williamson, Mosby's Rangers, 28.

evening, to capture Mosby and his men. This information added a new dimension and a fresh importance to their expedition.

Ames carefully led the way to the rear of the camp where the two would have ready access to the stable. However, a bright moon and pre-raid excitement within the camp kept the garrison in a semi-restless state. Quietly the two partisans huddled together in the cold of the pine thicket overlooking the warm campfires of the 5th New York Cavalry.

Shortly after midnight, approximately 400 cavalrymen from the 5th New York and 18th Pennsylvania mounted horses and followed the lead of Major Joseph Gilmer. Gradually the sounds of the column were swallowed by the darkness. Shielded by the elements and the unlikely nature of their mission, Ames and Frankland strolled to the edge of the camp. After chatting briefly with an unsuspecting guard, the two men walked directly to the stables. There they selected and saddled two horses, then rode out of camp. Once out of musket range, the two smiled broadly at the absurdity of their success. Out-of-sight and out-of-range, they spurred their horses from the cautious walk in an effort to warn Mosby of Gilmer's "hunting party."⁷

Shortly before dawn, the joint cavalry expedition surrounded Middleburg and began contracting their circle. Each house was searched. Every adult male, regardless of health or age, was taken prisoner. In the center of town, Gilmer led a small force to the hotel, in quest of the "renegade" Mosby. He was not there.

The Union major awaited the fruits of the search in the tavern room of the hotel. Now warmed and fortified with potable courage, Gilmer directed the amassing of the lame and elderly prisoners. All were ill-dressed for the elements, and all were made to march in a sort of close-order drill to stay warm. It all quite amused the Major.

⁷ Ibid., 28, 30-32; Russell, Mosby Memoirs, 171; OR, XXV, Pt. 1, 1121. The incident described is related in the referenced volume in a narrative supplied to James J. Williamson by Walter E. Frankland. See also Scott, Partisan Life, 38-40.

Shortly after dawn, surrounded by a mounted guard, the prisoners began the trek to the camp of the 5th New York. Meanwhile, Mosby's partisans--until then ignorant of the night's events--were assembling four miles north of Middleburg at Rector's Crossroads. The news of the depravations met the men at their rendezvous. Following the Captain's lead, they all headed for the victimized hamlet, where distraught women related the trauma of the evening past.⁸

A mere eighteen Confederates promptly began pursuit of 200 Yankee cavalrymen and their prizes. Encumbered by their captives and the mud, the going was slow for the Federal column. Just how slow it was became apparent when the column was assaulted by a lone figure astride a bay-colored horse.

The trooper was none other than Mosby himself. His runaway horse was uncontrollable, but it afforded the surprise needed.

In the center of the road was a large body of cavalry proceeding toward Germantown. To the left of the Little River Turnpike another body of troops had dismounted and unsaddled their horses in anticipation of an uninterrupted break in the march. Both groups dispersed wildly as each thought a more superior Confederate force close at hand. Survival was the most important motivating factor. Indeed, it spurred both man and horse toward Germantown or the nearby Bull Run Mountains. Some Federals sought sanctuary in a nearby mill.

Those in the mill attempted to conceal themselves in wheat stalls, flour bins and beneath empty grain sacks. Members of Mosby's band were able to ferret out the frightened enemy without much difficulty. The miller was only too eager to assist by prodding wheat bins and pointing to the most ingenious of hiding places.

Outside the scene was humorous as the flour-covered, ghost-like enemy cavalrymen emerged. The gallant Mosby, unable to control his mount, jumped from his horse to prevent his being carried into the midst of the retreating Yan-

⁸Mosby, Reminiscences, 47-48; Russell, Mosby Memoirs, 158; Scott, Partisan Life, 40.

kees. Bruised and a bit embarrassed, the Captain rejoined his command and their prisoners. Fortunately, the "floured" and "breaded" appearance of the captives bore the brunt of the joking and teasing. No one--openly--commented on the horseless rider that walked into their midst.

On close examination of the captives, the Captain learned that most were from the 1st Vermont Cavalry. The fleeing column was Mosby's own nemesis, the detachment of the 5th New York and 18th Pennsylvania Cavalry commanded by Major Gilmer. On seeing the pandemonium in their rear, Gilmer's men immediately imagined that a large force was attempting to surround them. They unceremoniously cast off their prisoners and raced to the safety of their camp. Little did they know that the forces behind them were their allies and Mosby's small contingent. Evidently they had not known of the 1st Vermont's presence in the area. The debacle and subsequent embarrassment was compounded by the absence of any conflict from the rear. In fact, the 1st Vermont never fired a shot! Even Gilmer's detachment could only claim a half dozen or so shots fired during their hasty retreat.

With the enemy out of range and out-of-mind, Mosby dispatched his column of captives under the guard of fourteen men. As for his own losses, young Tom Turner was severely wounded in a duel with a Captain Worthington of the 1st Vermont. Worthington was paroled on the spot after his horse fell upon him and Turner was befriended by local citizens. Mosby and another raider escorted other captives toward Middleburg. The partisans' total loss was two wounded, who were placed in friendly homes for mending.⁹

⁹Russell, Mosby Memoirs, 158-62; Mosby, Reminiscences, 50-61; Scott, Partisan Life, 40-42; OR, XXV, Pt. 1, 1121. The two bodies of Federal troops, Gilmer's command and the 1st Vermont Cavalry, were operating independently of each other. Neither commander knew of the other's mission or proximity. Gilmer, contrary to his orders, had not sent regular couriers to give information on enemy movements, as he had been ordered to do. There is evidence to suggest that the 1st Vermont was sent to look for the errant Gilmer. However, Major Gilmer mistook the 1st Vermont and Mosby's force for a single enemy force destined to surround his two-unit column. Those two separate forces did not equal

In contrast, the booming voice of Dick Moran fairly broadcast the success to the citizens of Middleburg. The forty-two-year-old partisan, who was 6' 1" tall, bellowed the good news and accentuated it with laughter. Close behind him, a nondescript group of prisoners demonstrated the reason for the big man's morale. The townspeople were elated at what they saw. Friends and relatives were among those returning. It was, indeed, a festive occasion. The captured locals were returned to their families and the appearance of the prisoners provoked an outpouring of jeers. Most impressive of all was the makeup of the group. Captives outnumbered the captors! The former group consisted of Captain Huntoon, 19 men and 23 horses.

The tiny command had every reason to be jubilant. Wyndham's erstwhile cavaliers were again the laughing-stock of the Potomac, thanks to the cowardice of Gilmer. On the local front, the bulk of the once-tempestuous citizenry of Middleburg had been won over to the partisan cause. Within the group, the accomplishments of the newest recruits also gave rise to a feeling of new confidence and camaraderie.

However, there were still unanswered questions--about the big Union deserter. True enough, he had penetrated the Yankee encampment; and everything he had said was true. Walter Frankland was convinced of the man's sense of purpose. So was Mosby. Nevertheless, the others had strong doubts. Some felt that Ames' goal was to entrap the entire command. He must be tested again.¹⁰

Midway through the first week of March the command met for another raid. Again the conditions for an attack approached the impossible. The night before it had snowed. All that day it had rained. The roads were quagmires,

Gilmer's own strength, which has been estimated at 200-400 men. In any event, the results were a rout and Gilmer's subsequent court martial.

¹⁰ Mosby, Reminiscences, 53-54; OR, XXV, Pt. 1, 1121; Russell, Mosby Memoirs, 170.

causing horses to stumble and sympathetic riders to issue curses and doubts as to the legal parentage of the entire Yankee nation.

Their guide, the ever-faithful John Underwood, led the way through "his" woods. He was followed closely by Captain Mosby and unarmed Yankee Sergeant Ames. Frank Williams and Joe Nelson followed closely behind. Everyone was miserable in waterlogged felt hats that were inadequate to the task and the elements. However, these were the circumstances which generated surprise attacks on unsuspecting pickets.

The column halted briefly at the home of Miss Laura Ratcliffe. She cautioned their leader that a force of 100 men was encamped at Thompson's Corner. This evidently served to confirm some unknown prior scout or report.

Underwood moved off at the directive from the smaller man in charge. For little more than a half-hour, twenty-nine men kept in a tight column. Gradually the pace slowed and then stopped. Williams and Nelson moved forward, received whispered instructions from Mosby and eased off into the gloom of a fading winter's night. Though the men in the rear could not see the two riding point, they heard the picket shout: "Halt! Who goes there?"

Williams--or Joe Nelson--answered: "Friends."

The lone sentry again called out: "Advance, friends."

Upon hearing two horses start forward, the remainder of Mosby's men coaxed their own mounts in an attempt to cover the sounds of the advance. Each member of the advancing party clutched Army revolvers. Uncertainty gnawed in the pit of each stomach as reins were gripped between clenched teeth. Suddenly, the frightened picket fired his carbine.

Mosby immediately shouted: "Charge!"

Heels were applied to the Confederate mounts as the unit lunged forward in support of the two point men. As they did so, the roar and flash of enemy carbines erupted from a nearby house. The troopers balked, only to be bolstered by Mosby's shrill command: "Close on them, men!" The partisans did so, and blue uniforms scattered from the house into the surrounding pines.

Ames was in the forefront. The big man rushed an enemy trooper, jerked him backward by the scruff of the collar and demanded his surrender. The captive apparently handed over his weapons and uttered an epithet to the Yankee deserter-turned-partisan. Ames struck the man with a sweeping motion from the stock of the carbine. The unconscious man fell into the ooze of the picket line, horse dung, mud and pine needles. Now armed, Ames joined the others in searching the woods. Captives and horses were soon rounded up.

There was no time to waste. Mosby blew a shrill whistle to recall his charges before enemy reinforcements arrived. Hastily, the men reported in: 1 Yankee lieutenant and 3 men killed, a number of others wounded, 5 prisoners and 39 fully-equipped horses. Not a single Confederate was lost.

With all men accounted for, the column again followed the lead of John Underwood and headed for home. Somewhere, within the column, a voice raised the question: "Did you see the Big Yankee?"

Ames beamed. The name stuck: "Big Yankee" Ames was now a partisan. No further doubts existed as to the man's purpose.¹¹

Several days later, thirty men rendezvoused at Rector's Crossroads and proceeded to Aldie, nestled in a gap at the base of the Bull Run and Catoclin mountains. There they dispersed for the night with orders to meet at 3 p. m. the next day.¹²

March 8, 1863, proved to be identical to the conditions of the first day of

¹¹The actual date for what was to be the test of James Ames is lost. However, logic permits us to estimate that it followed the success of March 1 and preceded the capture of Brig. Gen. E. H. Stoughton. Scott, Partisan Life, 34-36; Russell, Mosby Memoirs, 171. Scott listed the date as Feb. 26.

¹²Scott, Partisan Life, 43. The actual rendezvous point is uncertain. In his memoirs, Mosby cited the meeting place as Dover. In an article written for the Belford Magazine (and quoted in Williamson, Mosby's Rangers), in 1892, Mosby had the column meeting at Aldie. The version adopted was published in 1867 and more likely to be correct.

the month. Melting snow lay in patches near muddy roads. A heavy drizzle soon began.

No soldier likes to be cold, much less cold and wet. The horses stink, the odor of leather saddles and harnesses permeates the night and powder has a tendency to become wet. That affects the chances of survival. With those thoughts in mind, the men formed a column of twos and rode eastward. There was a bit of apprehension in the air.

This time Mosby led the way. "Big Yankee" Ames and Sergeant Hunter rode at the Captain's side. Occasionally, there were signs of a hushed dialogue between them, but nothing could be heard over the plodding and huffing of the horses. The Little River Turnpike was approaching an impassable condition. Shortly after passing Elklick Run, the Captain led the column off the road and into dense pine thickets.¹³

Then the adventure acquired an uncertain flavor. The pace became stop-and-go in the pitch-black forest. A man could hardly see the rider in front of him. Furthermore, to keep from being slapped by frozen pine boughs, the men inadvertently created dangerous gaps between themselves. Suddenly their combined plight reached critical proportions.

To the north at Chantilly and to the south at Centreville were two major Union cavalry encampments. Between them were as yet unencountered pickets. The rear echelon was without a leader. Some men wanted to retrace their steps and go home; others thought it best to stand in place; while still others wanted to proceed in hopes of linking up with their indefatigable leader. Behind an unknown point man they proceeded. More than half an hour later, they spied a light. Carefully men and beasts picked their way through the maze of pines to the edge of the clearing in which was a single cabin. Within the area ahead the

¹³Williamson, Mosby's Rangers, 34; Munson, Mosby Guerrilla, 48; Russell, Mosby Memoirs, 173. "Ames knew where there was a break in the picket lines between Chantilly and Centreville, and he led us through this without a vedette seeing us." Ibid.

lithic figure of Mosby was clearly distinguishable in the glow of the woodsman's lantern. The men entered the clearing, somewhat fearful that they would be mistaken for a Union patrol. Yet all was well, and everyone shared in the relief of being a reunited force--in spite of the hour-long delay.

From the cabin Ames led the way between the Union outposts. Only Hunter, Ames and Mosby were aware of their exact location. Deliberately but silently, "Big Yankee" took a line of march that was diagonal to the one they had taken through the woods. Emerging on the Little River Turnpike, equidistant from Centreville and Fairfax Court House, Mosby called a momentary halt. A lone figure climbed a telegraph pole. When the wire had been cut, Mosby quietly said: "Gentlemen, we are going after Sir Percy Wyndham." Silence and astonishment enveloped the twenty-nine raiders. Even the horses seemed to skip a breath. Yet it was this tactic that would make the group famous as the 43rd Battalion, Virginia Partisan Rangers.

Without waiting for comment, Mosby wheeled his horse. He and Ames again assumed the lead. Gradually each man became aware of his own fears. A gnawing in the stomach overcame the discomfort caused by the drizzle. In seemingly no time at all, they were on the outskirts of Fairfax Court House.¹⁴

At two o'clock on a rainy winter's night, virtually every member of the 5th New York Cavalry had succumbed to the warmth of their beds. Only two guards could be seen walking any semblance of a post of duty. From a vantage point in the shadows on Court House Square, the Captain gave clear, concise orders.

Ames and Frankland were directed to silence the guard in front of the hospital. Joe Nelson was assigned to neutralize the telegraph operator. Sliding off his horse, the young Nelson kept to the shadows and moved to the telegraph

¹⁴Scott, Partisan Life, 43-44; Williamson, Mosby's Rangers, 34-35; Russell, Mosby Memoirs, 173. Williamson estimated that "there was a brigade of infantry with artillery and cavalry [at Centreville] . . . and there was a strong cavalry out-post [at Chantilly]."

operator's tent. Simultaneously, Ames' and Frankland's steady movements down the street caught a guard's attention. His gaze was rivetted on the two horsemen.

"Halt! Who goes there?" was the challenge.

The Yankee deserter-turned-Confederate answered in a barely audible voice: "Fifth New York Cavalry, waiting for Major White." The guard seemed satisfied as he shouldered his musket. Slowly and evenly, the Confederate pair approached the unsuspecting sentinel. A whisper and a six-shooter were enough to convince the lone vedette that he was a prisoner.

Ames, Frankland and Nelson all returned at about the same time. Joe Nelson brought along the telegraph operator and a bonus: the guard from Brigadier General E. H. Stoughton's quarters. Mosby was delighted. His even, white teeth fairly brightened the shadows of the Square.

With methodical efficiency, the Captain gave his orders. A single partisan remained with the three captives. Twenty-one men were then divided into marauding squads. The chief targets were the stables and the officers' quarters. Each party was ordered to strike swiftly and silently and then to rendezvous at the Square as swiftly as possible with their captives.

Again Ames and Frankland were paired as partners. Two or three others joined them. The group proceeded to a Mr. Murray's house in quest of the English cavalryman. He was not there; but the occupants provided directions to the home of Judge Thomas. There Big Yankee's shoulder forced the lock on the back door. Although Wyndham was not there, two staff officers were captured. Also taken were military clothing and footwear. Horses in the nearby stable were saddled and led to the Square.

In the meantime, Captain Mosby led Joe Nelson, Sergeant Hunter, George Whitescarver, Welt Hatcher and Frank Williams to the headquarters of Brigadier General Stoughton. Four men dismounted and advanced up the porch while Hatcher and Whitescarver guarded the horses.

Mosby's pounding on the door awakened an aide from the general's staff.

The young officer, annoyed at the interruption of sleep, challenged the visitor. Mosby answered: 'Fifth New York Cavalry with a dispatch for General Stoughton.'

The young man threw the door wide open in a gesture of unabashed annoyance. With pistol drawn, Mosby grabbed the scantily-clad lieutenant by the collar of his shirt. A big Army Colt flattened the youthful nose of the officer. Through gritted teeth, Mosby whispered: "Take me to General Stoughton." Without a whimper of protest, the lieutenant led the way up the creaking staircase.

Inside the general's bed-chamber, Mosby lit a candle to reveal the room's furnishings. "There were signs in the room of having been revelry in the house that night. Some uncorked champagne bottles furnished an explanation of the general's deep sleep." Neither the light nor the invader's noise awakened the officer.

With a grin, Mosby tossed back the bedclothes. The only response was a snort. The general rolled on his side, presenting his derriere for the group's perusal. The response was predictable. Mosby pulled up the man's nightshirt and gave the buttocks an electrifying swat with a cold cavalryman's gauntlet. Stoughton awoke with a start and an epithet.

"General, did you ever hear of Mosby?"

"Yes," he quickly answered, "have you caught him?"

"No, I am Mosby--he has caught you."

The befuddled general quickly came to his senses. Looking at the smiling faces around him, he realized that all was lost. Some dialogue passed between the two leaders indicating that the entire town was under the control of General Stuart's cavalry. Stoughton then asked to be taken to General Fitzhugh Lee, who was a classmate at West Point. Mosby agreed, but told Stoughton: "I am in a hurry--dress quickly." Stoughton dressed carefully in front of a huge mirror. His concern seemed more for his appearance than for the danger of the situation. Clearly the man's vanity dominated his every action.

Outside, Hatcher and Whitescarver had also been busy. The occupants of the several courier tents had been emptied. Furthermore, each man led a captive horse. The total of their "labors" were 7 prisoners from the 1st Vermont Cavalry and 14 horses.

When Stoughton and his staff members emerged into the street, they were aghast. At other key positions, small bands had clustered or were moving toward the Square. The silent destruction that took place was unconscionable in a military camp. The general fully realized that it was a classic debacle. Only then did he also realize that he had been duped by Mosby's words and the sheer insanity of the exercise. Stuart's cavalry were not in command of the town. Stoughton's incredulous look was met with a flash of a grin from the wiry partisan.¹⁵

Leaving the Federal headquarters, the group returned to the rendezvous. There the results were equally as satisfying. "Big Yankee" Ames, bursting with pride, introduced Captain A. Barker, his former commanding officer of the 5th New York Cavalry. For the new partisan the Yankee captain was a suitable substitute for the errant Colonel Wyndham, who had gone to Washington. In addition, Lieutenant Colonel Robert Johnstone of the 5th New York Cavalry made good his escape. Yet his wardrobe was confiscated, including his splendid cavalry boots. The sum total captured was 1 brigadier general, 2 captains, 30 soldiers and 58 horses from the officers' stables.

Every partisan was fairly bursting with pride in the endeavor. However, the Virginians fully realized that their escape might well be treacherous. It was now 3:30 a. m. With less than four hours until daylight, Mosby issued rapid orders. Sergeant Hunter was directed to lead Stoughton's horse and to stay with the general at all costs. The preservation of that single prisoner was critical. Confederates encircled the other prisoners and horses, and the group then proceeded out of town.

The escape was carefully planned. Instead of returning directly to Loudoun, the group proceeded northeastward toward Fairfax Station. The unlikely escape route was designed to deceive any force that might pursue the raiders. The group followed the pike for half a mile, then turned right toward Centreville.

¹⁵OR, XXV, Pt. 1, 1122; Munson, Mosby Guerrilla, 48; Russell, Mosby Memoirs, 174-76; Scott, Partisan Life, 45-48; Williamson, Mosby's Rangers, 37-40.

This route, and the brazen use of the main thoroughfare, was in complete consonance with the unlikely nature of the operation. Each move was bold, unprecedented and successful.

Less than a mile and a half from Centreville, the entourage again turned right and passed "so close to the fortifications there that the sentinels on the redoubts hailed us, while we could distinctly see the bristling cannon through the embrasures. We [then] passed within a hundred yards of their infantry pickets without molestation. . . ."

It was at that point that Captain Barker made his bid for freedom. The Federal set heels to the horse's flanks and headed for the sentinel's outpost. A pistol shot from a rebel revolver grazed his head as the fleeing animal stumbled and fell. A guard challenged the disturbance. There was only silence. All was quiet as the would-be escapee was led back to the group.

The last obstacle to freedom was the icy current of Cub Run. Mosby led the way. The horses plunged into the chilling torrent. Heretofore quiet, the Yankee general turned to Mosby and stated: "Well, Captain, this is the first outrage I have to complain of." With all accounted for, the party continued on to Sudley Mills and Groveton. The command continued forward under the leadership of Sergeant Hunter as Mosby and George Slater rode to the crest of a nearby hill. A careful survey of the countryside revealed no pursuing force. The two men then rode at an easy gallop to rejoin the command, now heading for Warrenton. Walter Frankland rode the point while Mosby and Slater acted as the rear guard.¹⁶

Walter Frankland was elated. He not only was honored to ride in the lead, but he served as the herald of the command. Preceding the command into Warrenton, he awakened every citizen with news of their accomplishments. Quickly, cookstoves were fired and the aroma of breakfast foods permeated the early dawn

¹⁶Ibid., 39-46; OR, XXV, Pt. 1, 1121-22; Scott, Partisan Life, 49-50; Russell, Mosby Memoirs, 179-81.

hours.

It was indeed an occasion in which the townspeople rejoiced. They talked about it and laughed about the general as they fed hungry and saddle-sore troops. However, it was a short-lived rest. Mosby soon ordered men and captives to "mount up." After crossing the Rappahannock, Dick Moran was "tapped" with the command of the group. His orders were to lead the column of prisoners to Culpeper Court House for an early-morning rendezvous. Mosby and Hunter escorted the three captured officers to Brandy Station for supper and a dry bed. All were tired and drenched. Most of the Confederates had been in the saddle for thirty-six hours. Men and beasts were close to a state of exhaustion when they retired that evening.

The rain continued. Nevertheless, on the morning of March 9, 1863, Captain John S. Mosby ushered his distinguished captives into the headquarters of the 1st Virginia Cavalry. In his office, Brigadier General Fitzhugh Lee was seated "at a writing desk" beside "a big blazing fire." As the senior Confederate officer looked up from his papers, the rain-soaked Mosby introduced his three captives. Lee hardly uttered a syllable, nor did he ask the future partisan chief to warm himself by the fire. Captain Mosby felt that "it was plain that he was sorry for what I had done." Consequently, with hat in hand the little cavalry leader "shook hands with the prisoners" and offered a deep bow to his superior. He then stepped back and left the foursome by the fire.¹⁷

In the critical first three months of his independent command, Mosby asserted himself with a sense of purpose. After rejecting the citizens' plea to halt his operations, the tiny partisan band proved their worth by hunting down a group of plundering Union troops. Dr. Drake's recaptured medicines were no small

¹⁷ Scott, Partisan Life, 50; Russell, Mosby Memoirs, 182-83; Papers of Joseph R. Bryan, Virginia Historical Society, Richmond, Va., letter from Mosby dated Jan. 30, 1904, cited hereafter as Bryan Papers (VHS). This event was one of several in which Lee showed disdain for Capt. Mosby and his partisan tactics.

prize. Then too, if there were any lingering doubts in Loudoun and Fauquier counties, the capture of Brig. Gen. E. H. Stoughton removed any misgivings in the hearts of true Confederates. By mid-March, 1863, John S. Mosby's band of partisans had earned the affection and the support of the two-county populace.

Chapter III

MOSBY'S REGULARS AND MISKEL FARM

The irony of the Fairfax Court House raid lay in Stoughton and his recent court martial of Major Gilmer. Both were victims of partisan warfare and an enigma called John S. Mosby.

Within days, both North and South learned of the daring escapade at Fairfax Court House. In fact, General Stuart issued a General Order, proclaiming the feat for all to share:

Captain John S. Mosby has for a long time attracted the attention of his generals by his boldness, skill and success, so signally displayed in his numerous forays. . . . His late brilliant exploit . . . justifies this recognition in General Orders. This feat, almost unparalleled in the war, was performed in the midst of the enemy's troops at Fairfax Court House, without loss or injury. The gallant band of Captain Mosby share the glory, as they did the danger of this enterprise and are worthy of such a leader.

Such a raid served notice that no Union soldier within reach was exempt from these forays. A New York cavalry captain observed: "The success with which Mosby carried on his operations made him a sort of terror to our pickets, while it attracted to him from all quarters of Rebeldom a larger and more enthusiastic command."

The exaggerations which spread from one Federal picket post to another compounded the scope and focus of the attacks. To the south, Confederates received the news with laughter and amazement; to the north, the New York Herald quoted "military authorities" who described the capture of General Stoughton as "deeply mortifying and disgraceful." General Robert E. Lee, in a dispatch to General Stuart, commented with customary brevity: "Mosby has covered himself with honors."¹

¹Williamson, Mosby's Rangers, 47; Willard Glazier, Three Years in the

The success of the operation must be attributed to Mosby. He alone motivated and led his men on what could have been a suicide mission. The endeavor was well-planned and critically timed to build confidence among the citizens of Loudoun and Fauquier counties, as well as inside the Confederate government. Writing to Stuart from somewhere near Middleburg, Mosby commented: "Public sentiment seems now entirely changed, and I think it is the universal desire here for me to remain."

The young captain was justifiably proud of the command's accomplishments. On March 16, 1863, he wrote to his wife Pauline:

I send you two newspapers containing accounts of my late affairs. . . . I enclose you \$50.00--come on immediately--buy me up some Richmond papers containing Gen'l Stuart's order and any that with reference to my recent foray.²

Later that same day, forty members of Mosby's band met at Rector's Crossroads. Once again the informally-organized command, now numbering almost fifty men, headed in the direction of Fairfax County. John Underwood led the growing command "by all sorts of crooked paths through the dense forests until we got in . . . [the] rear. . . ." of a Union outpost at ". . . Herndon Station on the Loudoun and Hampshire Railroad." There thirty enemy cavalrymen were on patrol. Cautiously Mosby dispatched two men to capture the lone sentinel. The only sound was a ruffling of the guard's newspaper which he was reading. Only too eager to save himself, the prisoner divulged the information that he had mistaken the group for the next relief of the guard post. That meant Union reinforcements were on the way.

Mosby's force pushed forward at a gallop. Their advance coincided closely with that of the anticipated relief. Within the attacking group, each man's attention was focused on a sawmill that was apparently the guard's base

Federal Cavalry (New York, 1873), 149; New York Herald, Mar. 10, 1863; OR, XXV, Pt. 2, 664.

²Ibid., 667; Mosby Papers (VSL).

of operations. The Confederates were less than 100 yards away from their objective when the first suspicious vedette took more than a passing look at the column. Then Mosby ordered the charge.

The Yankee detachment was momentarily paralyzed with fright. In that brief interlude, not a single enemy soldier drew a weapon. Some sought asylum in the sawmill; others ran for the woods or their horses.

Acting more like veterans, the pursuing Confederates spread out to capture the fleeing Yankees. John DeButts and Mosby rode directly to the sawmill and dismounted on the run. Mosby barked out: "Set fire to the mill!" Entering the structure, both men realized that they must capture the force there, before the Federals could organize. Mosby called for their surrender. In a matter of moments revolvers dropped to the floor as defeated Yankee cavalrymen emerged from hiding. Nearly a dozen men stepped forward, but not a single officer had been captured.

A more thorough search then began. Nearby someone saw four saddled horses tied to the hitching post in front of Nat Hanna's house. Mosby, Ames and several others approached the home of the Northern sympathizer. They demanded the surrender of the occupants. Receiving no response, they initiated a search of the house.

A dining room table was neatly arranged with six place settings for luncheon. When queried, Mrs. Hanna refused to identify her guests or reveal their whereabouts. Upstairs, "Big Yankee" Ames led the search through the rooms to no avail. He then peered into the attic and twice demanded the surrender of the errant officers. Getting no response, Ames fired a shot into the dark void. First came whispers, then surrender. Carefully Captain Robert Schofield lowered himself from the space above. Major William Wells took an ill-placed step and "made a more direct and precipitous descent into the room below by treading on the lathing of the ceiling . . . and landed . . . among the partisans." Two lieutenants also appeared, though somewhat more gracefully, through the ceiling's trapdoor. As the group departed, Ames's immense hand

swooped down on the culinary delicacies on the dining room table. In a moment, the serving dishes were empty.

The prisoners were quickly placed under guard. John Underwood and several flankers led the entourage through the woods. Dick Moran and a dozen men followed behind. Mosby and an additional twelve others comprised the rear guard. In that formation, the column crossed Horsepen Run. Just as the rear guard emerged from the water, fifty Yankee cavalymen appeared. In a show of force, the partisans spread out in a linear formation, fairly daring the enemy to cross the high water. Only a few carbine shots fell harmlessly at the hooves of the Confederate mounts. Recognizing that the ruse would not work, the enemy withdrew. The partisans rode on unmolested.

The next day, twenty-one Federal privates took paroles near Piedmont and started for Harper's Ferry. The four officers were placed under the care of "Jake the Hungarian," a soldier-of-fortune from Europe who escorted his charges toward Culpeper and the 1st Virginia Cavalry. Stopping for the night of the 18th, he made the Yankee foursome pledge not to attempt escape. He even offered to black the gentlemen's boots before sunrise. In recounting the episode, with thick Hungarian accent, he commented that "surely, no officer would make his escape barefooted through the spring snow." The next day Major Wells and his three subordinates went into the custody of the 1st Virginia Cavalry.

The total number of captured forwarded to General Stuart listed: "25 prisoners, a Major (Wells), 1 captain, 2 lieutenants, and 21 men, all their arms, 26 horses, and equipments." "Fitz" Lee's endorsement was characteristically haughty: "Such performances need no comment. The soldiers were paroled. The officers will be sent to Richmond."³

In the succeeding days, John Underwood took Mosby on a grand tour of the woods in Fairfax County. Underwood had grown up there and he knew every

³Scott, Partisan Life, 54-58; Williamson, Mosby's Rangers, 48; Mosby, Reminiscences, 69-75; OR, XXV, Pt. 1, 65-66; Mosby Papers (VSL).

bridle path and hollow. He also knew the exact whereabouts of virtually every Union encampment and picket-post in the two-county area. The woodsman shared the wealth of information in several days before the third week in March.⁴

On the 23rd of the month, Mosby called another meeting of his command. The men gathered as usual at Rector's Crossroads. When the last rider arrived, Mosby explained that he intended to create more havoc along the enemy's picket lines. He announced that the next goal was two separate picket posts, each numbering approximately sixty men. However, newspaper accounts of their recent successes in the area, plus official orders and guard-house rumors had made the enemy vedettes more cautious. Every post was alert. Only four or five stragglers were captured during the day's activity.

That evening, as the sun approached the crest of the Blue Ridge, the captain announced his intentions to bivouack for the night. Within moments of that proclamation, the rear guard of the tiny column brought word that a force of some 100 Federal cavalrymen were approaching. The captain spurred his horse to a full gallop, while every member of the command contemplated his fate. Their horses were close to being winded. Both men and beast had endured a long day, and everyone was tired.

Mosby led them farther south on the Little River Turnpike to an area blockaded by fallen trees. The lengthening shadows and the toppled timbers concealed the partisans as they turned to receive their pursuers. Hurriedly, each man examined the two Army Colts strapped to his side. Some checked saddle holsters for extra pistols carried for just such an occasion. In front, Mosby's horse fairly pranced at an anticipated charge. Everyone in the group squirmed nervously as the sound of 100 horsemen approaching reverberated through the woods. A hundred yards away, the Yankees emerged from around a bend. It seemed like an eternity passed before the Confederate captain called for the charge.

⁴Scott, Partisan Life, 59.

Fifty screaming Confederates gave their own version of the "Rebel Yell." The blood-curdling call was a terrifying thing, especially in the close quarters of a barricaded wooden lane. The human roar and a hail of .44 caliber pistol shots evoked the desired response. The Union cavalymen wheeled in their tracks. Struggling with their reins and unable to draw their weapons, they began to withdraw; and then they ran. It was indeed "more of a chase than a fight for 4 or 5 miles." All fifty members of the Confederate command coaxed their horses, deterred only by the difficulty of loading a pistol at a full gallop. A few minutes later, Mosby called off the chase.

When the enemy casualties were counted the toll reflected five killed, several wounded, plus "1 lieutenant and 35 men prisoners." Each captive was from the all-too-victimized 5th New York Cavalry. Further pursuit was not possible by either force as a result of the enveloping darkness. The 5th New York returned to lick its wounds and report to its commander, Lieutenant Colonel Robert Johnstone. Only recently recovered from the embarrassment of his captured general, Johnstone was at a loss for words. The 5th New York Cavalry had been humiliated once again. Johnstone's report reflected excuses and genuine embarrassment: "Night coming on, and the enemy being more numerous than we were, and our horses exhausted, the column halted and returned to Chantilly."⁵

Morale along the Potomac picket line was at a low ebb. The partisan warfare and the tactics of the men under Mosby had a worrisome effect on the Union encampments. In fact, three days before the shameful chase in the Chantilly woods, Lieutenant Colonel Johnstone wrote of his command: "I feel apprehensive. The men are utterly discouraged with their army, and in several instances the men . . . have deserted to the enemy. One company [of the 18th Pennsylvania Cavalry] mutinied rather than go on picket." In Richmond, the

⁵Williamson, Mosby's Rangers, 50; OR, XXV, Pt. 1, 70-72; Mosby, Reminiscences, 89-90. The actual strength of the enemy force was seventy men. Mosby's report and that of the 5th New York Cavalry reveal the circumstances of the "chase."

successes of the partisans were favorably received as a boost for the war effort. Recognition was forthcoming.

In fact, it was overdue. The "captain" was actually not a captain at all. Although he had once held the rank, he had lost it--and the responsibilities as adjutant--in the reorganization of the 1st Virginia Cavalry. However, on March 23, 1863, Special Orders Number 82 from the Department of Northern Virginia, corrected the deficiency. The order cited the "good services and many daring exploits of the gallant J. S. Mosby, by promoting . . . [him] to a captaincy in the Provisional Army of the Confederacy."

A letter of instruction was also transmitted. It indicated that "the President has appointed you a Captain of Partisan Rangers." The directive continued:

. . . you [will] proceed at once to organize your company, with the understanding that it is to be placed on a footing with all troops of the line and be mustered unconditionally in the Confederate service for and during the war. Though you are to be the Captain; the men will have the privilege of electing the lieutenants as soon as its numbers reach the legal standard. . . .

Two days later, Mosby's mentor and friend, General J. E. B. Stuart, issued more advice:

. . . you will be continued in your present sphere of conduct and enterprise, . . . you will proceed to organize a band of permanent followers for the war--but by all means ignore the term "Partisan Ranger" it is in bad repute, call your command "Mosby's Regulars" Be . . . on your guard against incorporating in your command deserters from the other branches of the service. . . . Non-conscripts under and over age will be very advantageous. . . . You ought to be very fastidious in choosing your men to make them always stand the test of battle. . . .

The words were well-chosen and carefully written. They were also true; deserters were plentiful and opportunistic. Characteristically, discipline in Confederate units was lax. The absence of regimentation in those units, coupled with the ideal life of the "partisan ranger," gave rise to independent bands which fairly roamed the "rear areas" of the war-torn border states. Owing to

the loosely written "Partisan Ranger Law," units and individuals were legally entitled to "booty" captured on a raid. Even worse, the Confederate government also paid for captured horses and "contraband"--however loosely interpreted. Unfortunately, the law, and its loose interpretation, provided many opportunities. Worse still, the Confederate government had no way of knowing if horses were captured prizes or stolen from Southern families. However, Mosby was an attorney. He well recognized the best and worst talents in people. His discerning eye also made him aware of the truthful nature of the warning about deserters. In addition, he was ever-mindful of the fact that Ames--the Yankee deserter--was a rare find. The man was loyal, scrupulous and every inch a soldier.

Such men were exceptions to the everyday rule. Further, when the captain announced the next rendezvous and date, he expected as always to encounter some new faces. His philosophy was essentially "When a man volunteered to go into a fight with me I did not consider it to be any more a duty of mine to investigate his military record than his pedigree." In fact, he felt the Richmond government was inundated with an inordinate amount of "red-tape" and administered by "martinets." He evaluated his men, placed trust in them and tested them. In the same breath, though, he did not countenance malingering or Confederate deserters in his command.⁶

On March 31, 1863, sixty-nine men answered the captain's summons. The total was the largest number of men ever to answer Mosby's call to arms. Most of them were newcomers who were home on winter leave, or "french leave," during the inactive winter months. Two of the new volunteers were Samuel F. and William H. Chapman. Well-mounted and completely armed with re-

⁶OR, XXV, Pt. 2, 149-50, 856-57; Mosby Papers (VSL): Mosby, Reminiscences, 99-100. Also included in Stuart's letter were several personal notes. Stuart thanked Mosby for the gift of Gen. Stoughton's saddle and requested a statement to clear Miss Antonio Ford of charges of complicity in the capture of Stoughton. Federal authorities had unjustly imprisoned the lady. She had not contributed to Mosby's enterprise.

volvers and sabres, the two brothers caught the captain's eye immediately. Although not in the habit of questioning each new volunteer, for there was no time at the rendezvous site, Mosby did talk at length with Sam Chapman. The young soldier was twenty-two years old and a former divinity student. Home on leave for the winter, he had heard of Mosby's exploits and pined for a little excitement after the long winter of inactivity. As a soldier he was well-qualified. Since June, 1861, he had served with the artillery in Pickett's division and had endured a stint on conscript duty. His educated manner was pleasant. Sitting erect in the saddle, he looked every inch the soldier. Mosby welcomed him.⁷

Before embarking on a new mission, the captain took time to warn his men. Although it was meant for the new "recruits," he did say that he expected the Yankees to be on the alert as a result of the command's recent successes. He ordered everyone to stay in tight formation and to be prepared for a running fight. With that understanding, the group moved off toward Dranesville. In the front of the column were the veterans: Big Yankee, Dick Moran and John Underwood.

The day's objective was revealed seven weeks before when Mosby had sent to Stuart a dispatch which told of an enemy cavalry post at Dranesville. Starting out in mid-afternoon, the captain hoped to descend upon the camp at sunset when the garrison was relaxing after the evening meal.

The afternoon air was crisp but not unpleasant. The last vestiges of the hard winter were all around. Fields and meadows were covered with a melting snow. The roads were muddy. However, on this day none of these factors had an impact on the travel or the group's objective.

The partisans rode up the Little River Turnpike. When they arrived at Herndon Station, the captain made some inquiries and learned that the Union cavalry had moved from their Dranesville encampment. Mosby decided to check this report personally.

⁷Scott, Partisan Life, 62; Mosby, Reminiscences, 100; Williamson, Mosby's Rangers, 55. See also Munson, Mosby Guerrilla, 58-59.

Riding on, the column still maintained its vigilance. As the Virginians neared the town, the reasons for the Yankee withdrawal were readily apparent. There was no grass or forage left to support grazing horses. Fields were bare and barns were empty of any kind of fodder. It was for that reason that General Julius Stahel had withdrawn his command beyond the Difficult Run.

Mosby decided that it was better not to attempt to attack the new encampment. The intervening stream was too treacherous to consider fording. Mosby also believed that any of the shallower areas would be closely watched. Since all of his plans had been complicated by the unexpected move of the Yankees, the captain began to take notice of the hour. He consequently left Dranesville and headed up the Leesburg Turnpike.

Six miles up the Pike was Miskel's farm. Adjoining the Potomac, and amid the forks of Goose Creek, the farm was the only place as yet encountered where forage could be procured. Mosby's band arrived near midnight. Horses were fed before the men claimed their respective "beds." The captain retired on the wooden floor in the parlor and used his saddle as a pillow. Men lay throughout the home, on the porch and in the barn's hayloft some 100 yards from the house.

Miskel's farm was one of the largest in the area. The entire outer rim of the farm was fenced. Both house and barnyard were located within yet another, higher fence separating crops and pastureland from the farmhouse area. From the porch the view was impressive. The highlands across the nearby Potomac were clearly visible, and the front porch provided a vantage point from which the Miskel family could look out over their acreage and a portion of the Leesburg Turnpike.⁸

⁸ Mosby, Reminiscences, 102-4; OR, XXV, Pt. 1, 5, 77-78; Scott, Partisan Life, 63. ". . . there are about 300 [cavalry] at Dranesville. They are so isolated from the rest of the command that nothing would be easier than their capture. I have harassed them so much that they do not keep their pickets over half a mile from camp. There is no artillery there." OR, XXV, Pt. 1, 5. In Scott's report Goose Creek is referred to as Broad Run.

At dawn on April 1, 1863, Mosby began awakening his men. He pulled on his thigh-high cavalry boots and reached for his gun belt. It was then that he heard a lone rider crossing the fields and the booming voice of Dick Moran: "The Yankees are coming." Looking down the lane, Mosby saw a Union officer ride through the outer gate. One of the new recruits fired a carbine. Nearly 200 men filed through the opening before the last member closed the gate.

Running off the porch, Mosby yelled: "Hold your fire! Mount your horses!" Although most of the horses were as yet unsaddled, men worked feverishly to saddle and bridle their mounts. The plumed figure of Mosby stood alone in the yard and encouraged his men to hurry, as the Federal column covered the intervening 200 yards. At seventy-five yards, the Federal commander divided his force in an attempt to envelope the barnyard. Mosby ran to the gate, waving his men forward. As the Federals reached fifty yards, the Confederate captain began to fire as he opened the gate. Harry Hatcher reached his commander first, dismounted and gave Mosby his horse.

Even as Mosby swung his leg over the saddle he ordered the charge. By then, virtually every man was in the saddle. At that command, sixty-nine voices gave the hair-raising yell that had become the Southern hallmark of battle. It stunned the advancing Federals.

The counter-charge was totally unexpected. However, it was the command's only means to survive. At the order, the grayclad troopers lashed out at their attackers. Thrown off balance, the divided Union column balked. Their captain was the first to fall, his body riddled with half a dozen bullets. No one else took charge. For a moment the Federals stood frozen with fright.

Every Union soldier had drawn his sabre to combat the yelling horde of Rebels. Mosby's troopers dealt death and destruction from their twin revolvers. In the lead, Mosby was in the thick of the fight. Sam Chapman, having expended all of his ammunition, was flailing away with his sabre. His 5' 11" frame "was standing straight up in his stirrups . . . to give more vigor to his blows." Harry Hatcher, remounted on a captured horse, was methodically firing into the

Yankee column. For a long moment, the Federals balked in fatal consternation. Then they wheeled about, heading down the lane toward the closed gate and the Leesburg Pike. William H. Chapman, brother of Sam, was also in the thick of the fight. According to one source, "he fired six shots and emptied five saddles."

At the edge of the farm, the Federals were massed at the closed gate, presenting themselves as defenseless targets. The gate ultimately gave way from the weight of the horses. The rout continued and precipitated into a chase as the bluecoats ran for their lives. Dick Moran charged into the nearby woods and became locked in a battle that relegated itself to "hand-to-hand" combat. As the outcome was in doubt, Harry Hatcher arrived to seal the fate of the Yankee trooper. Similarly, the over-zealous Sam Chapman singlehandedly took on a squad of Vermont cavalymen. He received a serious sabre cut and was only saved from further injury by the timely arrival of the veteran Sergeant Hunter.

The chase continued for several miles down the pike. Indeed, the road was fairly littered with dead and wounded Federal soldiers. Captain Flint, who had led the charge of the 1st Vermont Cavalry, and a lieutenant were among nine Union troopers killed. Fifteen to twenty-five more were wounded and left on the field and along the road. Eighty-two prisoners and ninety-five horses were brought off the field. Within Mosby's command, "Privates R. A. Hart, Ned Hurst, Keyes, and Davis . . ." were wounded. Davis ultimately died.

With the command reassembled, Mosby led his band back toward Dranesville. There the partisans took possession of two sutler's stores that had not been moved with Stahel's forces. Much-needed supplies were carried away, together with some spirits. That night the woods of Fauquier fairly howled with merriment. Few of Mosby's men had expected such excitement, and all had earned their celebration. Yet the Confederate captain would have none of the booty or the revelry. Instead, he rode off to Fauquier County on another preparatory scout.⁹

⁹Mosby, Reminiscences, 104-9; Scott, Partisan Life, 65-68; Munson,

After the partisans' resounding victory at Miskel's farm, the morale along the Union picket line in northern Virginia was at one of its lowest points. Lieutenant Colonel Johnstone's 5th New York Cavalry was exasperated and psychologically beaten. The Partisan Rangers' surprise attacks on the Federal outposts had worn away any sense of purpose that might have motivated the Union cavalymen. Furthermore, the scene at Miskel's farm, when Mosby stood in the center of the barnyard rallying his troopers, gave credibility to the myth that this Confederate was indestructible. His unflappable courage and brazen form of leadership rendered him the model soldier for the rangers to emulate.

Mosby Guerrilla, 56-59; Williamson, Mosby's Rangers, 54; OR, XXV, Pt. 1, 72. The estimates of wounded vary in the official reports, reminiscences and other writings.

Chapter IV

THE FIRST HOWITZER

The near-disaster at Miskei's farm had taught everyone a few lessons. Pickets were essential to the security of any bivouac. Furthermore, encampments of the entire command were conspicuous targets for the enemy. Most importantly, though, the captain had inspired the men by the example of his own daring. The scene at the gate where Mosby had stood on foot as a single obstacle to the Yankee charge had created an impression: it bred confidence. In fact, it might well have been the very reason that the initially surprised Confederates charged. To the men, Mosby was asking them to follow his lead, to execute his order based upon his example. Such leadership removed doubts.

The campfire discussions on that night of April 1, 1863, included the rehashing of the day's experiences. Even as the captain rode out on another scout, the men discussed him, his quiet mannerisms and the nature of the command. They all agreed they were better off than in the regular army.

Indeed they were. Seldom did they have a "camp" of any sort. Characteristically, they spent their time at home or rooming with friends. There was no camp life, no drill and no boredom. Best of all, their lives were rewarding and exciting. "Booty" or "plunder" from any operation was divided equally among the participants on that particular raid. The individual ranger, his family or his friends benefitted from their prowess. While each had a private reason, these men were "warmly attached to . . . their leader, while the gain they made by their plunder greatly increased their zeal."¹

Their several successes had prompted some strong responses from the Federals. Several days after the fight on April Fool's day, Major General Julius Stahel dispatched a brigade to search for Mosby's partisan rangers. Led by Brigadier General J. F. Copeland, the force consisted of detachments from the

¹Glazier, Three Years in the Federal Cavalry, 153.

5th, 6th and 7th Michigan Cavalry and from the 2nd and 18th Pennsylvania Cavalry--in all, some 3,000 troopers.²

News of Copeland's advance spread quickly throughout the northern Virginia area. Several rangers acted individually to counter the threat. Harry Hatcher and his brother Dan left their home on the Little River Turnpike to investigate the rumored advance. Dan was on leave from the 7th Virginia Cavalry, where he served as a captain. The brothers were soon joined by "Big Yankee" Ames. Riding eastward they encountered a five-man advance party under the command of a Federal sergeant.

Captain Hatcher immediately feigned a retreat as he sought a more favorable position. They were successful in drawing the five-man party away from the larger Union column that followed. The two Hatchers and their compatriot waited at the stone bridge over Cromwell's Run on the Little River Turnpike. There the three launched their charge on the five blueclad riders. Ames fired once before he was struck by a Yankee bullet. Reining-in, he turned his horse and rode away from the melee. Harry Hatcher's horse was killed instantly as a ball split its forehead. The horse's head dropped between his forehooves, catapulting the rider onto the bridge. The animal's carcass plummeted to the stream below. The two brothers kept fighting, killing one of the enemy and wounding each of the other members of the advancing party. Riding double, the two then escaped.³

The column continued through the area in search of Mosby's band. Virtually every male who could shoulder a musket was brought into Stahel's headquarters. On April 10, 1863, the New York Herald reported: "Some sixty prisoners were brought in--soldiers, citizens and bushwackers. The last are a class much hated by our pickets. They are farmers by day, but at night they

²New York Herald, Apr. 10, 1863.

³Scott, Partisan Life, 70-71.

prowl about and shoot videttes [sic] from behind trees. . . . Only seventeen of the captured party would own any connection with Mosby's gang of guerillas."⁴

During the middle of the second week, a Union patrol descended upon the house of a Mr. Utterback near Warrenton. Tom Turner, W. L. Hunter and Walter Frankland were enjoying the hospitality of their host when the house was surrounded. Each ranger attempted to fight his way out. Tom Turner led the way but was cut down in a hail of gunfire outside the front door. Frankland and Hunter surrendered after emptying their revolvers. Turner, mortally wounded, was paroled where he lay. He was moved to his father's home and died several days later.

For the Captain, it was a month of frustration. He called for meetings of the command on April 6, 11 and 17, only to have their outings thwarted by unfordable rivers. On the last such excursion, 100 men formed behind Mosby. It was the largest number ever to claim allegiance to his command.⁵

During the end of the first week in April, General Robert E. Lee dispatched a special courier to tell Mosby that he had been promoted to the rank of "Major of Partisan Rangers." By the end of the month, other good tidings came in the person of Fountain Beattie. Although gaunt and haggard from his prison experience, his presence lifted the new Major's spirits.⁶

Late April marked the renewal of hostilities for the two armies. General Stuart's adjutant wrote to Mosby: "The Major General commanding directs me to say that your expedition into Fairfax is exactly what he wishes. He is extremely anxious to know what is going on behind Centreville, and whether Hooker is

⁴Mosby, Reminiscences, 128. General Stahel's official report stated: "During the expedition there were captured and arrested 61 prisoners, citizens and soldiers, 53 horses, 2 mules, a quantity of wheat, 3 wagons, saddles, bridles, guns, sabres, etc." OR, XXV, Pt. 1, 80.

⁵Scott, Partisan Life, 72-74.

⁶OR, XXV, Pt. 1, 79-80; Mosby, Reminiscences, 119. See also Jones, Ranger Mosby, 116.

moving any troops up in that vicinity." Indeed, each field commander was now eager for more up-to-date information on the enemy's disposition. This signaled a new mission for the partisan rangers. Information on troop movements was as important as harassing the Union garrison and picket lines.

On April 26, 1863, Stuart reiterated the significance of the two-fold mission:

There is now a splendid opportunity to strike the enemy in [the] rear of Warrenton Junction. The trains are running regularly to that point. . . . Capture a train, and interrupt the operation of the railroad. . . . Information of the movements of large bodies [of troops] is of the greatest importance to us just now. The marching or transportation of divisions will often indicate the plan of a campaign. Be sure to give dates and numbers and names as far as possible.⁷

Accordingly, on May 2, 1863, ninety-eight men assembled around the newly-promoted major. Riding into Warrenton, the partisans were besieged with well-wishes. Townspeople were agog at the figure of Mosby and were inspired by the size of the group and the warm spring day. Everyone was in high spirits. For a few hours the Confederate horsemen were allowed to partake of the town's hospitality. Each man was treated as though he were a conquering hero. Just before dusk the men mounted horses to bivouack on the outskirts of town.

At sunrise on May 3, the command headed for Warrenton Junction on the Orange and Alexandria Railroad. The men rode along the lowlands following the rail spur that paralleled Turkey Run and Owl Run. No one minded the ride, for it was a beautiful day in northern Virginia.

At Warrenton Junction the men of the 1st West Virginia Cavalry had similar thoughts. Three hundred Union troopers enjoyed the mild temperatures of an early spring day. Horses were grazing in a dew-coated pastureland. Most of the

⁷OR, XXV, Pt. 2, 860.

Federals were outside the two-story house that served as station and depot. Still others were standing in line at the outhouse or on the porch of a nearby residence. Several of them noticed an advancing column about a quarter of a mile away. They were obviously expecting a relief, for no one moved for the several stacks of carbines, and no guards were on the outer fringes of the camp.⁸

At some 300 yards away Mosby ordered the charge. His column broke and swooped down on the three buildings like a huge pincer. Unsaddled horses scurried for the open fields. The surprised Federal garrison sought safety in the three buildings that served as Warrenton Junction.

The surprise was complete. However, the muddy ground on either side of Owl Run slowed the rangers' attack. By the time their line of advance reached the various structures, the Federals had initiated a galling fire from pistols and carbines. Several of Mosby's men were wounded in the early stages of the attack. Nevertheless, because the occupants of the outbuildings had limited ammunition, they soon surrendered.

The main station-house proved more difficult. Most of the 300 Union troops there maintained a steady fire that kept the attackers pinned down in the surrounding yard. Gunfire persisted for the better part of a half-hour. Recognizing that enemy reinforcements were close at hand, Mosby ordered Alfred Glascock to start a fire to "smoke-out" the barricaded soldiers. Even as Glascock moved to comply, the irrepressible quartet of Sam Chapman, Richard Montjoy, Harry Sweeting and John DeButts forced open the rear door and demanded the surrender of the occupants. Sam Chapman went to the foot of the stairs and

⁸Scott, Partisan Life, 84-85; Mosby, Reminiscences, 130-32; Williamson, Mosby's Rangers, 56; OR, XXV, Pt. 1, 1106. In his account Brig. Gen. J. J. Abercombie quoted information "obtained from Colonel Blunt, Twelfth Vermont" which reported that Mosby's "front rank was dressed in the uniform of United States soldiers." This is the only reference to such a disguise. However, this is one of many subsequent allegations of Mosby disguising his men. Mosby categorically denied the charge in all of his post-war writings. See author's note in Mosby, Reminiscences, 140.

made similar demands to the troopers on the upper floor. John DeButts, a veteran of a similar siege at Herndon Station, called for the surrender of the men in yet another room. The occupants refused. DeButts fired through the wooden door, killing the trooper who held it shut. The Federals then capitulated. The occupants in a single upstairs room resisted until they realized that the torch was to be applied to the building.

Outside, some 300 officers and men were herded together as prisoners. Major Steel, commanding the 1st West Virginia Cavalry, was near death. Two Federal privates were killed and ten others were wounded. Five officers were also wounded. As the casualties were being tabulated, Mosby's men collected the horses that had scattered when the gunfire began.

At precisely the worst moment for the rangers, Federal reinforcements came into view some 300 yards away. They were riding at a full gallop and closing fast. Mosby blew his whistle and attempted to amass his men. They were too spread out, too disorganized. Suddenly the Confederate conquest degenerated into "every man for himself."

Prisoners were forgotten. A defense, much less a counter-charge, was out of the question. Only the men guarding the prisoners possessed any sort of unity. They followed Mosby in a hasty retreat through the pines. Half of the Federal column pursued them. The other contingent of Yankees chased individuals and squads of Confederates. In the woods, "Willie Jones fell from his horse badly wounded, and his brother Jasper roused by the spectacle, turned fiercely upon the pursuers. . . . Sabred and shot, the revengeful soldier reeled and fell to the ground." Yet, his single delaying action provided the necessary time for the others to escape.

The fight continued for several miles in many different actions. In a sense it demonstrated the value of an informal partisan force. The rangers fairly disappeared into the hinterlands around the junction. However, the sudden rout was a resounding defeat for them. General T. J. Jackson's scout, Templeton, was killed; nearly twenty more rangers were wounded or captured.

Among them were the valuable Dick Moran, scout Sam Underwood, Capt. Sam Ducheane, T. W. T. Richards and T. M. Grigsby.⁹

The entire ordeal was an expensive lesson. Most important of all, though, the Major recognized his mistake. He was too intent on the objective. He had not performed a thorough scout, and he literally "had no idea whether [he] was attacking a hundred or a thousand men." The seriousness of the defeat became apparent a few days later.

On Saturday, May 9, a mere thirty-seven men kept the rendezvous at Upperville. The group had suffered from attrition encouraged by the defeat at Warrenton Junction, and some men had returned to their original units. Nevertheless, the three dozen riders followed the somber major as he struck out to implement Stuart's earlier orders. Forsaking the Sabbath, on May 10, the group proceeded to the unguarded railroad bridges at Broad Run and at Kettle Run. The group then cut telegraph wires, removed railroad tracks from their ties and burned the bridges. One locomotive later ran off the tracks and interrupted travel for two days. During the following week, the group's reduced numbers were actually a blessing.¹⁰

For a week the thirty-eight men remained behind the Union lines. On Sunday, the 17th, the horses began to enjoy a rare cache of corn. The scarce grain was a donation of a Mr. Lynn, who entertained the men that balmy afternoon. Soldier and steed enjoyed the repast for some time before their guard gave the

⁹Scott, Partisan Life, 85-88; Williamson, Mosby's Rangers, 57-58; Munson, Mosby Guerrilla, 64-65; Mosby, Reminiscences, 133-34; OR, XXV, Pt. 1 1105-6; Pt. 2, 862. The Federal reinforcements consisted of men from the 1st Vermont and 5th New York Cavalry. The division was made according to units. Mosby stated of his unorganized command: "There was nothing to do but for every man to take care of himself . . . the kind of command . . . [was] a mere aggregation of men casually gathered." Official reports give varying numbers of casualties from those believed lost by Mosby ["between 15 and 20"] and those listed by Stahel ["over 30 prisoners"] and Brig. Gen. J. J. Abercrombie ["23 prisoners"].

¹⁰Mosby, Reminiscences, 135-37; Scott, Partisan Life, 88; OR, XXV, Pt. 2, 861.

alarm: "The Yankees are coming!"

The rangers quickly rebridled their horses, tightened the cinches on the saddles and mounted up. Mosby ordered the charge. Every rider drew a pistol to meet the advance of the Union horsemen. The Federals charged with drawn sabres in the fashion of old-world cavalry. Mosby's men poured a deadly fire into the Union ranks as a testimonial to the relative worth of the revolver versus the blade. The leading horseman, a young Federal lieutenant, reeled in the saddle as his right arm fell lifeless to his side. Fighting was fierce for no longer than a moment. The pistols took their toll. Two Union troopers were killed, 5 were too badly wounded to be moved, and 4 others were captured.¹¹

Mosby did not linger. Hastily securing the seven captured horses and four prisoners, the rangers rode back toward Fauquier County. That evening Mosby prepared a report of the month's operations.

This dispatch was hand-carried by Mosby's friend Fountain Beattie. The next day the weary Beattie provided General Stuart with a report on the number and disposition of enemy troops. He also stressed the importance of the closing remarks in the report. In essence the partisans were facing an ever-increasing number of guards along and on the railroads. They had no carbine ammunition and no artillery. Mosby beseeched the Cavalry leader: "If you would let me have a mountain howitzer, I think I could use it with great effect especially on the railroad trains."¹²

During the following week the Federals rearranged their picket lines. The subsequent placement of their troops and picket posts were designed to protect the line of the Orange and Alexandria Railroad. Parallel to and west of the tracks vedettes were systematically placed between large infantry and cavalry detachments. Scouting reports indicated there was "a brigade of cavalry and one

¹¹ Mosby, Reminiscences, 137-38; OR, XXV, Pt. 2, 861; Scott, Partisan Life, 90.

¹² OR, XXV, Pt. 2, 862.

of infantry between Manassas and Catlett's Station." Fickett outposts were placed at "intervals of one or two miles, with patrols continually passing [between them]."

The Federals had also initiated a more aggressive effort to destroy the little Confederate command. Quartered in the homes of friends, several members of Mosby's command heard reports of, witnessed, or fell victim to a bevy of Union searches. Each such effort was undertaken systematically and by a large force. Columns of 200 to 400 men from the 1st and 5th New York Cavalry and the 1st and 7th Michigan Cavalry scoured the areas of Fairfax, Loudoun and Fauquier counties. They were somewhat successful. Mosby's command lost 2 killed, 3 wounded and 2 captured.¹³

During the last days of May, Fountain Beattie appeared in Upper Fauquier with a 12-pounder howitzer, limber chest and artillery team. The Major eyed it with anticipation of the havoc it would raise. Anything he may have said, however, was drowned out by the excitement of Sam Chapman. The veteran artilleryman was simply delighted after he inspected the weapon and its implements.

On May 29, forty-eight partisan rangers filtered into the yard at Mr. Patterson's farm in Fauquier. The howitzer was the center of attention. Sam Chapman displayed it as though it were his own offspring. Early that afternoon he assembled a crew of four to man the gun. No one in the quartet had had any artillery experience. Chapman reviewed the critical facets of crew drill in very basic terms. The men went through the drill time after time. To the right front of the piece, Fountain Beattie handled the six-foot rammer staff made of oak. He used one end to ram the projectile into the tube. The other was furnished with a fleece cover and used as a sponge to swab the gun after each shot. To the left, the number four gunner, Richard P. Montjoy, was responsible for inserting powder bag and ball. The men reviewed each of their duties and each implement.

¹³ Mosby, Reminiscences, 142-43; OR, XXV, Pt. 1, 1108. See also Ibid., Pt. 2, 492, 502, 519, 528, 566; LI, Pt. 1, 1041-42.

Chapman demonstrated the use of the worm, a stave with two counter-spiralling cork-screws, and how it would clear debris from the tube of the weapon. After an hour of repetitive instruction, Chapman pronounced the crew ready and fit.¹⁴

At mid-afternoon the forty-eight men embarked in an easterly direction. They halted near Greenwich, where everyone enjoyed a hearty supper. Back in the saddle, they picked their way carefully between the enemy guard posts as sun fell behind the Blue Ridge Mountains. That night guards were placed around the pine thicket near a Mr. Marstella's house. Although their mattresses of pine needles provided a soft bed, the group slept fitfully, for a Union cavalry encampment was only a mile away.

The nearby sound of reveille awakened the rangers in the morning. It was sobering enough to bring them to their senses in rapid realization of their plight. Not bothering with breakfast, the rangers moved to a carefully picked spot near Catlett's Station. Chapman placed his 12-pounder on a slight rise overlooking the track. Although partially concealed by the pines, it had a clear line of fire. Someone cut the telegraph wires, and another group loosened a single rail from the track. Along the tree-line, Willie Foster held the men in readiness. Their preparations only lasted a matter of minutes.

Montjoy inserted powder and a round of grape-shot. Beattie rammed it home with a vehemence cultivated by months of being in prison. Chapman aimed the tube and turned the elevating screw to what he supposed to be the proper elevation.

Within an hour the rumble of an on-coming locomotive was clearly audible. Each man checked his pair of revolvers. Chapman lit the slow-match. To the north a locomotive appeared, belching smoke from its massive stack as it pulled twelve cars. The engineer had his train at full steam. Suddenly he saw the missing rail from the track ahead. He leaned on the brakes and slowed the

¹⁴Scott, Partisan Life, 92; Williamson, Mosby's Rangers, 63; U. S. War Department (comp.), Instruction for Field Artillery (Philadelphia, 1861), 107-26. See also Munson, Mosby Guerrilla, 63.

train before it derailed. The 200-man guard on board fired into the woods at the surrounding group of partisan rangers. A horse shrieked in dying agony even as Chapman applied the match to the howitzer. Grape-shot raked the cars as the Union escort fled to the woods.

Chapman's next shot was a solid 12-pounder ball that penetrated the locomotive. A virtual explosion of steam engulfed the engine. Willie Foster then led the rangers in a charge that swept the remaining guards from the crippled train. The men hurried about their work, casting sidelong glances in anticipation of Yankee reinforcements.

Bales of hay, formerly used by the train guard, served as kindling for the several cars. The torch was applied immediately. All but two cars were quickly engulfed in flames. Rangers hastily examined the contents of the last two vehicles. Each contained sutlers' goods and bags of mail. The satchels of mail were tossed to a waiting ranger and tied to the carriage of the howitzer. Three dozen or more men dipped into a multitude of items that struck their individual fancies. Leather goods and smoked shad went first. Oranges, lemons, candy and stationery were hastily stuffed into pockets and saddle bags. In moments the train was stripped and burning.¹⁵

Willie Foster led the withdrawal, followed closely by Chapman and the howitzer. George Turberville rode the lead horse of the artillery team. Mosby lingered for a moment to insure that everyone was safe and then rejoined Foster in the lead. They struck the Burwell Road between the enemy encampments and headed in the direction of Haymarket. The feeling of success had almost engulfed the rangers when they encountered a detachment of the 5th New York Cavalry, drawn up in line of battle.

¹⁵Scott, Partisan Life, 92; Mosby, Reminiscences, 143-44; Williamson, Mosby's Rangers, 64-65. The incident is variously recorded in several writings after the war. Some writers recalled eleven cars, others twelve. Similarly, while some recollections state that the train was derailed, others indicate that the engineer stopped in time.

Turberville wheeled the lead horse and brought the gun and limber into action. Chapman and Montjoy accomplished the loading and ramming. Chapman then refined his target and sent a ball into the enemy ranks. The Federals promptly withdrew. Before advancing, the Major detailed Willie Foster to take charge of the rear-guard.

Shortly, gunfire was heard in the rear. Foster struck the pursuing elements of Colonel W. D. Mann's 7th Michigan Cavalry. Firing at the Federals from ambush had the desired effect: Mann assumed a more cautious advance. However, he soon learned that he was pursuing a mere forty-eight men. Foster became hard pressed as the Yankees again closed on the fleeing rangers.

Chapman, Beattie and Montjoy rode in advance of their comrades. They stopped, unlimbered and loaded on the Burwell Road near the house of a Warren Fitzhugh. Ideally placed, the gun commanded the up-hill approach of the Burwell Road. The avenue itself was flanked by high fences. Chapman was literally shooting into a barrel. As Mosby rode up, Montjoy and Beattie stood at either hub of the carriage. "Their faces beamed . . . and . . . they had never looked so happy in their lives," the Major commented.

The Federals continued to advance in a column of fours. Mosby's rangers stood behind and flanked the single piece of artillery. Chapman let the bluecoats approach to within eighty yards before the howitzer fired its grape shot. The rangers charged after the stunned column as Beattie and Montjoy swabbed and loaded the piece and rammed home another round of grape. Overcome by numbers, the charging Confederates again withdrew behind the gun. Twice more it raked the advancing Yankee column, and twice more the rangers charged.

Their third withdrawal was the last. Out of ammunition, the howitzer could do no more damage. The fighting then became a hand-to-hand struggle in the close confines of the lane. The fiercest fight took place around the gun. Fount Beattie, his revolvers empty, mounted a horse in the waning moments of the fight and made his escape. Montjoy had seized the wormer and applied the barbed tool with violent lunges against man and beast. As Sam Chapman fell

with a thigh wound, Mosby called off the action.

As before, it was every man for himself. The rangers merged with their native woodlands, effecting their escape. Two of the artilleryists were captured with their howitzer. Sam Chapman was paroled on the spot with what was believed to be a mortal wound. Six rangers had been killed and twenty wounded in the hand-to-hand fighting.

Mosby was among the last to withdraw. The very appearance of the man personified the savage nature of the fight. His plumed hat was gone, his right arm had been cut by an enemy sabre and his face was splattered with blood. Half of his rangers were wounded or dead. Nevertheless, the Yankees had no doubt as to the serious intentions of the band of partisan rangers. The informal command was a force which the Union commanders were going to have to combat.¹⁶

The opening of the spring campaign brought the Partisan Rangers closer to the realm of respectability in Confederate military circles. Fitz Lee's disdain for the partisan tactic would probably never disappear. However, Mosby and his growing command had again proven their worth. The intelligence data Fount Beattie delivered to Stuart was invaluable. The ashen ruins of railway cars, the punctured hulk of an iron horse and severed telegraph lines underscored the military nature of these partisan rangers. Genuine military targets, contraband goods and supplies were the fruits of their labors.

¹⁶Scott, Partisan Life, 92-95; Mosby, Reminiscences, 146-51; Williamson, Mosby's Rangers, 65; OR, XXV, Pt. 1, 1117-18; Mosby Papers (VSL). In his report, Colonel Mann listed 4 men killed and 15 wounded. Eleven horses were also killed by the grape-shot. He estimated Mosby's force at 200 men.

Chapter V

THE ORGANIZATION OF COMPANY A

On June 1, a glorious sunrise did little to lift the gloom that hung over the Confederacy. The war effort was not going well. The untimely death of General T. J. "Stonewall" Jackson at Chancellorsville on May 10 proved to be a bad omen. Vicksburg, Miss., was under siege by a Union army commanded by General U. S. Grant. General William S. Rosecrans had also renewed his operations in Tennessee, and an increasing number of Federal garrisons held key areas in Virginia.

In consequence of the victory at Chancellorsville, General Robert E. Lee shifted his headquarters northward to the Fredericksburg area. Opposite Lee, General Joe Hooker's Union forces were in three separate encampments on Stafford Heights. Another large Union garrison, commanded by General Robert H. Milroy, was at Winchester. General J. E. B. Stuart's Confederate cavalry force was then rehearsing for a grand cavalry review between Culpeper Court House and Brandy Station.¹

General Lee faced two critical problems: he needed a commander to replace the martyred Jackson, and the beleaguered Confederacy was in dire need of relief from the warring armies that trod over its once-cultivated soil. To make matters worse, equipment and sturdy horses were in short supply for the Southern cavalry. Morale was indeed low, and the concerns of the field commanders were increasing.

The partisan rangers had also endured their share of difficulties. The return of warm weather signaled the departure of some of its veterans to their respective units for the spring campaign. Legally the authorized number to

¹B & L, III, 244-51. As for the position of the Confederate cavalry, see Henry B. McClellan, I Rode With J. E. B. Stuart (Bloomington, Ind., 1958), 259-64.

muster a company into service was sixty. Although the muster roll contained approximately that number, key figures in the unit were wounded; and a third of the company was in Union prisoner-of-war camps. Among the principal members absent were "Big Yankee" Ames, Harry Hatcher, Sam Chapman and Richard P. Montjoy. Each was recovering from wounds, but their absence was significant.

On June 10, 1863, the partisan rangers rendezvoused at Rector's Crossroads. The subject of concern was the official organization of the men as an official Confederate cavalry unit. Major Mosby held elections as required by the Army regulations. In fact, he read off the slate of officers: James W. Foster as captain, Thomas Turner of Maryland as first lieutenant, William L. Hunter as second lieutenant and George Whitescarver as third lieutenant. The Major explained that these men were nominated on the basis of performance in battle. There was no discussion, and no alternate choices. No one contested the elections. The resulting unit was officially mustered into the service as Company A, 43rd Battalion, Virginia Partisan Rangers.²

That afternoon the newly organized command rode northeastward toward the Potomac River. Bolstered by the arrival of the Prince William Cavalry, commanded by Captain W. G. Brawner, they rode in a formation of 100 strong. At 10 p. m., the Major called a halt while he negotiated a retainer fee for a local guide. Hampered by the extreme darkness of the night, their escort was slow in finding a ford in the river. When a suitable crossing was located, the water proved to be too deep. The shallows were not located until sunrise the following morning.

Shortly after dawn on June 11, the 100 members of the 43rd Virginia Cavalry emerged on the Maryland side of the Potomac. Their objective was a Federal encampment near the Chesapeake and Ohio Canal. Mosby dispatched Joe

²Mosby, Reminiscences, 157. Mosby stated: "I really appointed the officers, and told the men to vote for them. This was my rule as long as I had a command. . . ."

Nelson, Alfred Glascock, William Trunnel and three others to capture the outlying picket post on the canal road. The six men methodically moved up the tow path. Five mules were quietly captured and taken back to the crossing. In the meantime, the rangers' advance-squad pushed forward. The men emerged near a drawbridge over the canal. Four Union cavalymen on guard fired at the rangers and then beat a hasty retreat across the bridge.

The make-shift crossing was drawn open behind the retreating pickets. To their rear a company of the 6th Michigan Cavalry prepared to receive the rangers. As soon as the bridge was drawn back in place, Mosby ordered a charge. A hundred screaming rangers lunged across the oak planks, ignoring the steady carbine fire of the Michigan cavalry. The Federals broke and ran. Once in the Union encampment, Mosby's rangers scrounged through the deserted accouterments for usable equipment. The remainder was burned.

It was at that point that Captain Foster evidently misunderstood his commander. Foster, his three lieutenants and a handful of others galloped off toward Seneca Creek in pursuit of the Federals. Several rangers looked about in confusion, trying to find their commander. Suddenly, Mosby also noticed the division in his command and ordered the men off in a hastily-conceived formation.

Near the Seneca Creek bridge, Foster's men became locked in another duel. One man had already fallen and Brawner slumped from the saddle as the main body of rangers entered the foray. Once again the Federals buckled under the pressure and withdrew. This time there was no pursuit because of the unfamiliar country and the unknown disposition of troops in and around Poolesville.

The battlefield casualties included seven Federals and two Confederate officers. Captain Brawner and Lieutenant Whitescarver were dead; Alfred Glascock was severely wounded. Seventeen Union prisoners and more than twenty horses and mules were herded back across the Potomac. The animals were badly needed. They were sent to Stuart the next day, along with the captured colorbearer from the 6th Michigan Cavalry.

The rangers assessed their damage as they fell in line for the return to

Fauquier. Their little invasion of the North was hardly more than a skirmish. However, it did generate a wealth of concern in Union camps. Mosby's rangers were reported to be in many different places at the same time. In the week that followed, their reported strength was variously estimated at 150 to 450 men.³

The raid on the company of the 6th Michigan Cavalry was taken solely on the initiative of Major Mosby. However, it preceded a massive northern movement of Confederate troops. It further coincided with the recent reorganization of the Army of Northern Virginia. General Robert E. Lee realigned the Army into three separate corps--commanded by Generals James Longstreet, Richard Ewell and A. P. Hill. In mid-June, 1863, Lee ordered each of his three corps to move in a northerly direction. Ewell's Second Corps marched down the Shenandoah Valley toward Winchester. Longstreet's First Corps advanced toward the Potomac on the eastern side of the Blue Ridge. Stuart's cavalry guarded Longstreet's eastern flank and protected the several gaps that might provide any Federals with access to the column of the First Corps. Federal intelligence provided information on these movements to the War Department. Acting accordingly, Hooker's army withdrew from Stafford Heights to protect Washington. When word of Hooker's withdrawal reached the Army of Northern Virginia, Lee ordered Hill and his Third Corps to follow Ewell's northerly advance.⁴

On June 17, Mosby halted his thirty-five men near the home of Miss Kitty Shacklett. The men waited there in the relative comfort provided by the shade trees near the headquarters of the Confederate cavalry. After the Major talked to Stuart, he led his command northeastward. Rumor had it that Mosby intended to pay Seneca Creek another visit. As they rode, men and beasts acquired a thick coat of dust which clung to sweating bodies. The heat was almost unbearable.

³OR, XXV, Pt. 2, 738; XXVII, Pt. 2, 787. Brawner's unit was ordered to Stuart and subsequently to Mosby on Apr. 20, 1863. Portrayals of the actual events are related in Scott, Partisan Life, 97-100 and Mosby, Reminiscences, 160. See also OR, XXVII, Pt. 2, 160; Pt. 3, 50, 64-66, 72-75, 121, 194, 202.

⁴B & L, III, 249.

Careful not to tire the horses, the men loped along at an easy gallop. Three miles north of Aldie the column turned toward Seneca Creek and halted at the home of a friend. The men downed cool buttermilk beneath rather large shade trees. It was a welcome respite from miles of dust that they had inhaled.

As the men began to relax and enjoy the intermission in their march, they heard cannon fire coming from the Aldie area. "In an instant every man was mounted," Mosby stated. The Major led the rangers up a peak of the Catoctin Mountains to a more advantageous observation post. Dust clouds were visible along every major road in the valley. Both warring armies were on the move. Near Aldie, Union and Confederate cavalry forces had become locked in battle. To the north, Hooker's army marched toward Washington.

Mosby's command was compelled to move rapidly to meet its objective. Consequently the Major led the group to a spot near the Little River Turnpike to the rear of Union cavalry commanded by General Judson Kilpatrick. It became evident that the raid on Seneca Creek would have to be postponed, for every road was filled with Hooker's retreating army.⁵

That night Mosby and three raiders moved southward toward Aldie. Each member of the party was careful to keep to the tree-line so as not to provide a silhouette in the light provided by a half-moon. Near the Little River Turnpike Joe Nelson pointed to a house where three horses were tied to a railing. Flanked by Charlie Hall and Norman Smith, Mosby eased his mount forward at a leisurely walk. On the porch, a Federal orderly stood to meet the foursome. There was ample reason for him to feel secure: nearby, Hooker's columns continued their march toward the capital. Nevertheless, Mosby dismounted, introduced himself and took the man's revolver. Just as Charlie Hall approached the porch, a Major Sterling and a Captain Fisher emerged from the lighted interior of the home. The Confederate major exchanged courtesies with the senior Union officer as though nothing was wrong. Charlie Hall and Joe Nelson held out their hands to the two

⁵ Mosby, Reminiscences, 163-64; Scott, Partisan Life, 101.

Federal officers. In the darkness, the Federals' eyes had not adjusted to the lack of light on the porch. Apparently they mistook the outstretched hands as a friendly gesture. A reflection of lantern light on Norman Smith's revolver brought abrupt reality.

Mosby, his three comrades and their three prisoners entered the tiny dwelling. A delighted Mosby read a dispatch that Sterling had been carrying. The document informed General Alfred Pleasanton of Hooker's plans to move to the capital and defend that city. Hooker's dispatch also included a breakdown of his strength, his route of march and a time-table of operations. Fortified with this information, Mosby sent the prisoners under guard to the rear while Norman Smith transported the dispatches to Stuart. Meanwhile, the partisan rangers melted into the woods.⁶

In the several days remaining in June, the rangers operated chiefly at night. Seemingly every major road in northern Virginia was alive with columns of Federals. The 43rd Partisan Rangers were all but isolated in an area overrun with blueclad soldiers. Their limited travels were accomplished after sundown. The few dispatches and reports sent to Stuart's headquarters were taken by lone riders. Each one traveled by game trails and bridle paths through the back woods of Fauquier and Loudoun counties.

One midnight maneuver was accomplished, although with near-disastrous results. Mosby led a column of forty or fifty men across the Bull Run Mountains toward Fairfax. The single file of riders was interrupted when one of the men lost a hat. Stopping to search for the lost chapeau created a substantial gap in the column. Unaware of the break, the men in front continued riding. Rather than generate unwanted noise by searching through the woods for one another, Mosby proceeded toward Fairfax. Early the next morning the remaining group of thirty halted on the fringes of a thicket near Ewell's Chapel. From the rear,

⁶OR, XXVII, Pt. 2, 689. The details of the captured dispatches are discussed in varying detail in Mosby, Reminiscences, 165-67, and Scott, Partisan Life, 102-3.

Mosby rode to the front of the column to ascertain the reason for the halt. In front of the rangers, a group of fifty Union cavalrymen were apparently enjoying a respite in their own march.

The Major quietly passed the order to prepare for an attack. When the order to charge was given, the command let loose with the now-customary yell and a hail of revolver fire. Without so much as forming to receive the attackers, the Federals ran to the church. The rangers closed to within fifty feet of the chapel when the building erupted with carbine fire. It was a trap--a neatly-baited trap.

Mosby quickly called for a retreat. However, before they could turn their horses, the recently-recovered Montjoy and Charlie Hall received serious wounds. In the withdrawal, Ballard was also struck by a bullet. Each man clung to the reins as their wounds burned and bled. This brought on nausea and a scared, sickly feeling to the three riders. Montjoy knew what was happening; to the other two, all of this was a new experience.⁷

The ambush at Ewell's Chapel reinforced one point: the partisan rangers were indeed cut off. Company A was an isolated band between Yankee army locations. The rangers were unable to join the Confederate march to the north. Subsequent duty was therefore confined to scouting reports compiled by individual riders concealed in woodlands that bordered the valley thoroughfares. Occasional dispatches were sent through the lines at night by lone riders.

Relegated to such minor duties, the 43rd Partisan Rangers proceeded to engage in a series of cavalry raids that were a menace to the Union army. Each operation was a quick and decisive thrust into an enemy encampment or wagon train. Those outings helped to relieve the frustration in the absence of their commander; for Mosby was apparently performing solitary scout and reconnaissance duties with a handful of the command.⁸

⁷Williamson, Mosby's Rangers, 77-79; Mosby, Reminiscences, 169; Scott, Partisan Life, 104.

⁸Russell, Mosby Memoirs, 216. See also Scott, Partisan Life, 108. In

It was not until Sunday, June 28, that the rangers were summoned by their commander. Fifty men answered his call for a rendezvous near Middleburg. Shortly after noon the men struck out to the north in an effort to join the Confederate forces operating in Pennsylvania. Yet, once across the Potomac, Mosby was unable to find any Southern troops. He led his command as far as Mercersburg, Pa., before deciding to return to Virginia. On July 1, the men began their return march. Proceeding back toward the Potomac the command confiscated more than 200 cattle and fifteen horses from various Northern pastures. The cattle were taken to Winchester, where they were welcome additions to a sadly-depleted Confederate commissary.⁹

In the succeeding weeks, Lee's Confederate army recuperated from stunning defeat incurred at Gettysburg. Drawing back inside their Virginia boundaries, the Confederate leaders sought new methods and materials to fight the well-supplied troops from the North. In the area of Fauquier and Loudoun counties, Union troops once again roamed over the plantings of corn and wheat. With the bulk of the Southern army south of Culpeper Court House, the only organized force left there to counter the Yankee presence was the 43rd Battalion of Partisan Rangers.

General George G. Meade's Union forces filled the void and occupied the two-county area west of Fairfax Court House. His various encampments were the targets of the partisan cavalry raids. Straying officers, solitary vedettes and unguarded wagon trains all fell victim to the cavalry raids of Mosby's rangers.

his Memoirs, Mosby referred to frequent reports to Stuart and was apparently in contact with his superior until June 27, 1863. His subsequent discussion of Stuart is a defense of the General's conduct and operations. Scott, in Partisan Life, indicated that Mosby kept eight rangers with him until late in the month. As for the scouting reports, Stuart commented in his official report that "the fearless and indefatigable Major Mosby was particularly active and efficient. His information was always accurate and reliable." OR, XXVII, Pt. 2, 632.

⁹Williamson, Mosby's Rangers, 79-80.

By the end of July, the occupation troops felt the sting of the Confederate sorties for which Mosby's unit had become famous. The command's success was singularly demonstrated by Sergeant Fountain Beattie. On July 28, Beattie led a guard detail south to Culpeper Court House. The ten-man detachment served as escort for 141 Union prisoners. Earlier in the month the command had sent another forty-five prisoners to the detention center at Culpeper. As for the rangers, they had enjoyed captured booty from sutlers' wagons. Several of the men now had extra horses, while still others had sold their captured prizes. In all, General Meade's army had "donated" more than 120 horses and mules.¹⁰

Two days later, the command journeyed to Fairfax Court House. The twenty-seven rangers surprised a sutler's wagon en route with valuable leather goods. That same night the men stole into a wagon camp and surprised the sleeping drivers of another thirty wagons. The rangers quietly ordered the horses hitched and directed their prisoners to board the wagons. In a matter of minutes the wagon train was underway on the road to Aldie. As the wagons started westward, the Major dispatched Joe Calvert and Bush Underwood to ride forward with a half-dozen men as an advance guard. Mosby reserved another half-dozen men to accompany him in the rear of the slow-moving caravan. As the horizon began to give evidence of the coming dawn, the men were beginning to relax for the first time that night. Their raid had been an exhausting, nerve-racking experience and had taken them near the camp of the 2nd Massachusetts Cavalry.

Any easy breaths, however, were short-lived. Just as dawn was breaking, Calvert and Underwood came riding back as fast as their mounts could carry them. Bush Underwood was slumped over, clinging to the horn of his saddle. A nasty gash from a Yankee sabre was evidence enough of the difficulty ahead. Calvert reported an ambulance train with three wagons and an escort of twenty-five Federal cavalymen to their front. Mosby decided to attack.

¹⁰ OR, XXVII, Pt. 2, 991-92.

Little more than half a dozen rangers galloped off. As they approached the Federals, they unleashed a fusillade of fire from their revolvers. The sabre-wielding force in front took flight. The rangers pursued to Mount Zion Church, where 150 men of Colonel C. R. Lowell's 2nd Massachusetts Cavalry were formed to receive the small band of Confederates. Mosby called off the attack before the Federal troops could close their trap. In an attempt to deceive his adversary, Mosby dispatched a messenger to the wagon train while his own force fled. Consequently, the rangers handling the train were given the chance to escape with fifteen prisoners and a goodly number of horses. As for the men with Mosby, they all scattered into the forests which they knew so well. Only one ranger was captured by Lowell's cavalry.¹¹

In the weeks that followed, similar raids were conducted with varying degrees of success. The command usually numbered less than three dozen on each outing. The harassment to the Yankees was constant and keenly felt. Any wagon train that ventured forth became fair game for Mosby's men. Each such convoy required an increasing number of men to guard the supply vehicles and maintain lines of communication. To the Federal commanders there never seemed to be enough manpower. Their exasperation was typified by Brigadier General Henry H. Lockwood at Harper's Ferry. In a dispatch to his superior at Chambersburg he gave vent to this frustration: "There seems to be a want of co-operation on our part, which enables this contemptible body of irregulars to exist, notwithstanding the presence on our part of four times their force."¹²

At General Lee's headquarters was another kind of concern. The commander was troubled over the 43rd Battalion's infatuation with wagon trains and the spoils of partisan warfare. He was also disturbed over the number of men engaged on any given raid. In a dispatch on August 18, 1863, Lee made his con-

¹¹Ibid., 988, 990-91. See also Scott, Partisan Life, 115-16; Williamson, Mosby's Rangers, 85-86.

¹²OR, XXVII, Pt. 3, 827.

cerns known to Stuart. The cavalry leader was also concerned and evidently discussed the matter with Mosby. Stuart recalled his earlier message and the warnings that partisan groups were falling into bad repute. Consequently, Stuart encouraged Mosby to concentrate on the railroad lines that were not the foundation of the Union supply system.¹³

However, partisan warfare--or guerilla tactics, as the Federals called it--was frequently waged on targets of opportunity. There had to be cold, calculated planning and fixed targets. Nevertheless, the spoils of war had a way of presenting themselves in unscheduled fashion. They could not be disdained; rather, they were seized.

Such was the case on August 24, 1863, when Mosby led thirty-five men toward Alexandria. Their intention was to determine the number of unguarded bridges on the Orange and Alexandria Railroad. Lieutenant Thomas Turner was riding near the front in the position once occupied by the recently-captured Captain Foster when Mosby suddenly called a halt. On the Little River Turnpike ahead a group of Union cavalymen had stopped with a herd of horses at Billy Gooding's Tavern. Mosby motioned for half of his group to follow him. Dr. William Dunn and Joe Calvert rode with him as they maneuvered into position for an attack on the enemy's rear. When all was ready, Mosby and Turner converged on the front and rear of the unsuspecting detachment. A Maryland ranger, seventeen-year-old Charles Shriver, rode beside Lieutenant Norman Smith and vehemently began discharging his revolver. He did not live long enough to fire the full chamber; a fatal bullet from a Federal carbine toppled the youngster from his horse.

Joe Calvert was also wounded in the ankle from a stray bullet as the blue-coats sought safety in the Tavern. The small band fired at the circling rangers until their ammunition was spent. One of those final rounds hit the Major in the right side and another penetrated his thigh, causing him to slump in the saddle.

¹³Ibid., Pt. 2, 652.

Instantly, all eyes were turned toward that plumed figure as he rode toward the nearby woods. Never having dealt with a situation in which their leader was wounded, the rangers broke off the engagement to help their commander. When he realized what they were doing, Mosby motioned Lieutenant Turner back to the Tavern. The men rounded up more than 100 horses and a dozen men from the 13th New York Cavalry.

After the action, the bodies of Lieutenant Smith and Charles Shriver were tied to their saddles and removed from the area. In the woods, Will Dunn attended to the ailing Mosby and to Joe Calvert's shattered ankle. That evening Mosby was carried south to safety; but not before he gave Lieutenant Turner some strong guidance. In essence, the Major must have repeated the exhortations of Lee and Stuart. That night Turner's first accomplishment was to burn one of three unguarded bridges on the Orange and Alexandria Railroad. A week later, at Gaskin's Mill near Waterloo, he and the unit's guide stole through the underbrush to examine the placement of troops at the Union outpost. He returned, briefed his men and led them to the fringes of the encampment in virtually absolute silence. When the young officer spurred his horse forward, the woods resounded with the chilling Rebel yell. Unsuspecting Yankees swung into action in a feeble attempt to thwart the attack. However, resistance was useless. Turner's men were in among the encampment in less than a minute. Two Federal soldiers were killed, even more were wounded and four were taken prisoner. Best of all, 27 horses and 3 mules were captured.

Ten days later, the Lieutenant proved that his success had been no fluke. On the evening of September 16, Turner led the men to four sutlers' wagons that had stopped for the night at Fayetteville. Each of the rangers loaded his horse with an assortment of luxury items before setting fire to the vehicles. The net worth of their attack was reflected in the twelve horses and three mules taken to the rear. Most important, though, was the esteem earned by the young lieutenant. The men followed him willingly and eagerly. Now there was an heir-appar-

ent to the imprisoned Captain Foster.¹⁴

The summer months of 1863 brought more recognition to the 43rd Virginia Cavalry. The Partisan Rangers' midnight raids and surprise attacks were an almost intangible source of concern for Union commanders. Their lines of communication and supply were in shambles. Each and every pursuit of their partisan foes produced little if any results. Mosby's Confederates seemingly melted into the forests of Fauquier and Loudoun counties. They had no camp that the Union commanders could raid. Their superior knowledge of the terrain and their unorthodox methods of warfare conferred upon them the status of enigmas.

¹⁴Williamson, Mosby's Rangers, 87-92; Scott, Partisan Life, 120-22; OR, XXIX, Pt. 1, 80. Williamson, who was on the raid at Gaskin's Mill, listed the casualties as 3 killed and 7 captured, along with 25 horses and 3 mules.

Chapter VI

AUTUMN, 1863

On September 21, 1863, Major Mosby met his command at Rector's Crossroads. Everyone was glad to see him. He was somewhat thinner than when last they met, but was nevertheless eager to get back to the business at hand. In fact, he spent very little time in the amenities of the returning hero except for the briefing he received from Lieutenant Turner. He was anxious to get back to work.

That afternoon the Major led thirty-five rangers toward Warrenton Junction and the Orange and Alexandria Railroad. The group camped in the woods that night. The following morning Company A of the 43rd Battalion of Partisan Rangers moved to a wooded vantage point above Bealeton Station. Below them a train carried a countless number of pontoon floats toward the Rappahannock and General George Meade's Union army.

Attacking the train was out of the question. Tight columns of enemy cavalry and infantry escorted the pontoons that were an obvious indicator of Meade's intentions. Sergeant Horace Johnson was chosen to carry the report of the movement to General Lee. Even though the rangers could not attack the train their reconnaissance and subsequent report to the Army of Northern Virginia was priceless intelligence data.¹

Since the rail line was so heavily guarded, Mosby decided to make the enemy divert more men away from the forward area. He ordered two-thirds of his band back to the forests of Fauquier. As that group rode out of sight, he waved his own contingent forward toward Fairfax. Their route of travel paralleled the main road from Warrenton to Centreville. Along the way the men enjoyed a

¹OR, XXIX, Pt. 1, 80. See also J. Marshall Crawford, Mosby and His Men: A Record of the Adventures of that Renowned Partisan Ranger, John S. Mosby (New York, 1867), 105-7; Williamson, Mosby's Rangers, 92-93. Mosby's report was confirmed and reiterated to Gen. Lee by Gen. Stuart: OR, LI, Pt. 2, 769.

brief intermission at the hamlet of Buckland. The warmth of the citizens was in direct contrast to their next interlude on the banks of Bull Run Creek. At that point the rangers rode quietly over what had been the Manassas battlefield. "On either side of the turnpike were the graves of the dead who fell in this sanguinary battle; some of the bones were exposed to the rays of the burning sun--tops of trees shot off." It was a silent, poignant reminder to the new recruits.

The sobering thoughts of the moment were lost when some thirty Federal horsemen appeared on the Thornton Road to Centreville. In atypical fashion, Mosby withdrew until his rangers were hidden by an intervening hill and its foliage. He directed the men to wait and prepare themselves while he went back to evaluate their predicament.

That much caution was not like the Major. The veterans exchanged quiet, curious looks as their commander rode back a short distance. On returning he said with a lurid smile: "Boys, I want you to go right through them." When the Federals were within 500 yards, the rangers charged. The surprised bluecoats halted and began to unstrap their carbines. They were apparently sufficiently discouraged by the pistol shots from the charging Confederates, for they scarcely fired a shot. They dropped the reins of the additional horses they were leading and took flight. The rangers, especially the new recruits, became separated in the pursuit of captives and extra mounts. Nine Union cavalymen and twelve newly-branded saddle horses were herded together. Some overzealous recruits took too long in their pursuit of their prey. Mosby could not jeopardize the rest of the command by waiting. Consequently, he placed the captives under guard and ordered the men to return to Fauquier County. Later that afternoon, eight more mules were captured.²

A week later, a half-dozen rangers accompanied Mosby in the direction of Alexandria. They rode quietly, encouraging their mounts in a business-like

²Crawford, Mosby and His Men, 107-9; OR, XXIX, Pt. 1, 80. See also Williamson, Mosby's Rangers, 93.

fashion. The damp autumn chill of the air was not unpleasant but a mere reminder of approaching winter. One of the newest recruits rode beside the Major in quiet confidence. Evidently Daniel F. "French" Dulaney had made quite an impression on Mosby. At least he had talked with his leader sometime earlier and he now shared the lead with the man in the plumed hat. The tiny column rode in that manner for the better part of the afternoon. The party then bivouacked for the night in woods near Fairfax.

The next day the men watched the roads. Federal troops in formation were counted and artillery pieces were carefully scrutinized. In each case, straggling Union soldiers were captured and interrogated. Placement of troops and the strength and movements of the garrisons were all subjects of concern. Most importantly, though, the Major pressed for more details on pontoon bridges and Meade's intentions.

On the night of the 28th, prisoners were ushered off to the Loudoun County area. Although reduced in numbers to five, the rangers continued their trek toward Alexandria. Each member of the group possessed an inner excitement. Mosby had told them that they were going to capture the bogus governor of the state, Francis H. Pierpont. The chief executive for the loyal faction in the western region of the state was the subject of some controversy in Virginia. Mosby was intent on resolving the issue. As fate would have it, the object of the maneuver had vanished in a fashion similar to Sir Percy Wyndham's flight in March. Governor Pierpont had traveled to Washington the very evening Mosby had intended to capture him.

The irony of the episode was not lost. Despite the frustration, the ranger chieftan determined to salvage the expedition. He, therefore, ordered French Dulaney to lead the group to Chestnut Hill. At that residence the five men dismounted at the front porch and stood behind their leader as he rapped on the front door. A second-story window opened and an occupant inquired as to the identity of the visitors. The Major indicated he had just come from Alexandria with dispatches from Governor Pierpont for Colonel Dulaney.

Such an occurrence was not unusual, since the Colonel was Pierpont's aide. An affirmative answer to Mosby's question was given, with an indication that the Colonel would be right down. Mosby's group was invited inside. French opened the door and stepped into the parlor. Mosby and his four rangers stood in the foyer at the foot of the stairs. After a few nervous moments for the partisans, the officer's footsteps were heard coming down the steps. On the landing the Colonel asked the cloaked figure of the Confederate Major if he had something from the Governor. From the parlor French Dulaney introduced his father to Major Mosby. All except one smiled broadly as the Major executed his best bow. He politely informed the senior Dulaney that he would be traveling to the capital of the Confederacy and was Mosby's prisoner. Not knowing what to say, neither Dulaney spoke. The elder Dulaney was in shock; for the moment, the younger Dulaney held an awkward silence in appraisal of his own action.

When the senior Dulaney finished dressing for his ride, he had regained his senses. He turned to his son and offered a sarcastic suggestion that "Daniel" should retrieve the colonel's old shoes, since shoes were so scarce in the Confederacy. Fairly beaming, the younger man held up his right boot and commented that perhaps his father was overcome by envy for the success of the partisans and by French's new boots. He assured his father that the Union supply trains kept the partisans amply supplied. Everyone erupted with laughter at the expense of the parent.

On the ride west, the Yankee colonel was given yet another lesson in partisan warfare. Mosby set fire to the railroad bridge across Cameron Run. Several horses also came into the group's possession. The captured dignitary uttered his disgust at these deeds. The Major volunteered that the charred bridge would keep ammunition from the front and blueclad soldiers from becoming Confederate cannon fodder. No other conversation took place. The next morning Colonel Dulaney left for a Confederate prison in Richmond.³

³OR, XXIX, Pt. 1, 80-81. Additional versions of the incident are avail-

On October 1, 1863, the residents of Scuffleburg witnessed the formation of Company B of the 43rd Virginia Partisan Rangers. The occupants of both of the town's buildings stepped forth to hear Major Mosby read the slate of officers. William R. Smith was tapped as captain; Franklin Williams, Albert Wrenn and Robert Gray were the choices for lieutenants. Joseph Nelson replaced the slain Lieutenant George Whitescarver in Company A. Once again, there was not a single dissenting voice; the officers were promoted by acclamation. After their commander announced the next rendezvous, the rangers took turns congratulating their new officers.⁴

On Friday, October 9, Major Mosby, Captain Smith and forty men rode east from their Rector's Crossroads rendezvous. Near Frying Pan Church they encamped for the night and remained there for the daylight hours. They left that camp Saturday night and traveled to Guilford, where they camped late the same night. On Sunday the command poised for any opportunity in woods adjoining the Little River Turnpike, some five miles west of Alexandria. Walter Whaley and Mosby observed travelers from a vantage point in the underbrush near the road. Captain Smith and John Munson were hidden in a similar spot a quarter of a mile to the east.

Shortly after the noon hour, a strong enemy column approached from the direction of the city. Both sets of scouts later agreed that it numbered 250 men. Half an hour later, a substantial wagon train rolled into view. Mosby made no move to strike. He waited instead in hopes that the 250-man escort would widen the distance between themselves. He also observed the worsening condition of the roads at that point. Each wagon in the progression had been compelled to slow down to miss a deep hole. Some teamsters were unable to dodge it and

able in Williamson, Mosby's Rangers, 93-94; Scott, Partisan Life, 144-45. The description in the Dulaney residence was outlined by Mosby in a letter to Pauline dated Oct. 1, 1863. See Russell, Mosby Memoirs, 263-64.

⁴Williamson, Mosby's Rangers, 94.

eased their vehicles through it to avoid a broken spoke or axle. Such was the case for the third team from the rear. The driver, less experienced than his predecessors, allowed caution to overcome his actions. Consequently, the front wheel became stuck.

The young man was reluctant to call for help and lashed at his mules in frustration. As the gap in front of his wagon became wider, the vehicles behind him closed up. All in all, it was a tidy target for the rangers. Without a yell and without fanfare, the partisans swooped down to surround the occupants of the three supply vehicles. To the rear, Captain Smith and John Munson brought in a fourth wagon that had straggled from the train. Not a shot was fired.

Bob Lake was the first to tear into the wagon. He was followed closely by forty hungry rangers. Smoked oysters, sardines, meat, cheese, sugar and real coffee were the rewards for their vigilance. After stomachs had been pacified, the men filled their saddle bags. Each man then followed Smith's example and searched for cavalry boots. Wool shirts were seized in anticipation of cold nights ahead.

Mosby watched with silent amusement. He also searched the western approach for signs of returning guards or possible attack. Marshall Crawford, the partisan flanker from the east, soon rode back and informed the Major of another wagon approaching from Alexandria. The two men rode out to meet the travelers in what appeared to be a civilian wagon. The occupants were a depressed couple by the name of Dunham who were returning to Loudoun County from Alexandria. Mr. Dunham explained that they had been denied the opportunity to purchase supplies in the city because of their Virginia residency. No amount of his wife's pleading had been able to sway the obstinance of the Federal officials.

Mosby voiced his sympathy and understanding; young Marshall Crawford was more graphic in his comments. The Major simply remarked that the Dunhams were nevertheless the better off for their trip. Not bothering to explain, the rangers escorted the couple to the site of the four Yankee supply vehicles. Mrs. Dunham was overcome with emotion; tears of happiness rolled down her

cheeks as the forty rangers filled the Dunham's wagon. Mr. Dunham could not find the right words to say when the rangers were finished. The Major simply held up his hand and indicated that the wagons were going to be burned and the Dunhams were fortunate to have come by when they did. Mosby then ordered a return to Fauquier. Each ranger waved to his new friends as they rode toward the Blue Ridge. Each possessed a full stomach, full saddle bags and a sense of self-satisfaction at their good deed.⁵

During the third week of the month, Captain Smith was given the opportunity to command Company B. He sent a rider to inform his rangers of a meeting at the home of a Mr. Cross, some six miles outside Warrenton. At 4 p. m. on the appointed afternoon, forty men assembled at the Cross homestead. The young commander drew the terrain features of their objective in the muddy barnyard with a stick to outline the layout of an enemy encampment. The target was a bivouac of 125 enemy troopers. When the light of day began to fade, Smith gave the order to mount up. He ordered Montjoy to ride as the last man in the column and to keep the column closed up. There was to be no straggling; each man was warned about the dangers of breaks in the formation. William Smith took every possible precaution that night. The knowledge of his objective had been supplied by a reputable scout. The formation remained closed up all the way to the outskirts of Warrenton. Each man maintained silence. Best of all, apparent divine intervention had kept the moon concealed. Every conceivable variable pointed to success.

Caution was a byword to Captain Smith. He called a halt in the formation in a grove of trees near a marker that indicated they were two miles from the sleeping camp. Ordering the company to wait for his return, Smith called Richard Montjoy and William Chapman forward and explained that they were going to make a thorough reconnaissance of the encampment below.

⁵Crawford, Mosby and His Men, 113-15; Williamson, Mosby's Rangers, 94-96.

The men lost track of the three riders in the pitch-black of the night as they watched from a wooded hillcrest. It was a little after 1 a. m. when the three departed. In the hours that followed, nervousness gave way to imagined sounds and an occasional picket shot. A few men openly doubted if the party would ever return. Some of the veterans slept fitfully. At 4 in the morning, the trio finally returned.

Captain Smith was honest. He stated that there were 250 men--twice the rumored number of Federals--in the camp. However, he proposed to ride as close to the camp as possible before launching the attack. Montjoy indicated that the Yankee soldiers would probably withdraw up a horseshoe-shaped hill behind the camp to form their resistance. Smith warned the rangers not to be deceived by the enemy's formation; he again cautioned the men that there were 250 Federals in camp. "But, if you all will go in, there will be a horse for each of you," he promised.

If the rangers had any doubts, no one voiced them. The spirit of youth and adventure seemed to overcome the fear and uncertainty. Quiet confidence never relieved the empty nervousness in the stomach. The internal void seemed to grow as the troopers approached the enemy campfires. What had looked like a small encampment suddenly grew before their eyes. The shadows seemed to roll back and reveal more tents as though some mystical shroud enveloped the naturally defensible enemy camp. Concern turned to worry as each step brought Company B closer to the enemy bivouac.

Whether or not the sentinel heard the group is unclear; in any event, he did not challenge the group until it was a mere thirty feet away. Yet even as the soldier began to unshoulder his musket, the ranger captain ordered the charge. Forty partisans yelled loudly and galloped forward.

Within the tents of the camp sleepy soldiers reached for carbines, muskets or sabres as their senses returned. A number of Federals never made it out of their tents alive. Smith's rangers charged through the columns of canvas with each man firing at will. Bluecoats who evaded the rangers withdrew to one

of the hills that flanked the rear of the encampment. There the enemy organized quickly and began a counterattack. Smith then recognized that the issue was near a critical point. Turning, he shouted: "Bring up the other squadron!" This ploy evidently was enough to deter the enemy charge. The partially-clad figures on the hill relegated their activity to a sporadic sniper fire.

Rather than wait for the enemy to reorganize further, Smith ordered his men to secure the garrison's horses and to burn the tents. Some 27 horses, 6 prisoners and a single Negro were rounded up for the return to Fauquier. A dozen enemy soldiers lay dead outside their tents, and several more were too badly wounded for travel. Not a man in Company B had been hurt.⁶

In the early hours of November 1, 1863, while returning from a reconnaissance, Mosby and several members of Company A stopped at the home of a Mr. McCormick near Auburn. Inside the home, two weary correspondents from the New York Herald had just fallen asleep. Their rest was interrupted by the loud knock at the front door. Reporters L. A. Hendricks and George A. Hart were rudely awakened by the pounding and the accompanying screams of the McCormick ladies. Once inside, Mosby listened quietly to the pleadings of the bereaved ladies on behalf of the civilian writers. Their pleading attempts were futile; Mosby ordered them outside and on their mounts.

For the reporters, their ride was a cold one. The chill of the air and the uncertainty of the future did little to lift their spirits. However, the partisan chief engaged in a friendly conversation as he led them across the fields and meadows of northern Virginia. The eighteen-mile ride to White Plains was not altogether unpleasant. In fact, the men's spirits were significantly bolstered by a tasty breakfast in a home that was decidedly friendly to the visiting partisans. In the warmth of that southern household, the Major allowed the two correspondents enough time to write two letters. George A. Hart filed a lengthy report of his capture and subsequent treatment by the "guerilla chief Mosby." Hart wrote:

⁶Crawford, Mosby and His Men, 122-26; OR, XXIX, Pt. 1, 552.

We soon discovered that the Major was a very different personage from what he is described. In his address and demeanor he is a perfect gentleman, and his relations with ourselves was highly courteous. He is about twenty-eight years of age, of prepossessing appearance and certainly the reverse of the picture drawn of him in the newspapers generally. Mosby's men, such as I have seen, are intelligent beyond the average, and seem to revere their leader, who, to use their own words, can wear out any four of them by his labors.

Mosby then shook hands with the correspondents and bade them farewell. The two men thereupon departed for Richmond and Libby Prison.⁷

In the days that followed, the command continued to apply pressure to the Yankee garrisons. Raids were made by companies or by the command as a whole. Every supply convoy of wagons seemingly fell victim to the 43rd Partisan Rangers. Sutlers called for more protection, and Union troops complained of the lack of supplies. A conservative tally of the damage inflicted on Union garrisons illustrates the success of the command. In four reports Major Mosby filed between October 19 and November 21, a partial listing of the Federal losses included 278 horses and mules, 150 prisoners, 9 officers and an untold number of sutlers' wagons. The sutlers' wagons were highly treasured prizes. They frequently possessed supplies, material and clothing for the oncoming winter. Wool shirts, buckskin gloves and bolts of material were welcome additions to the households of the rangers and their families.

The late fall of 1863 was an exasperating time for Federal commanders in northern Virginia. Supply trains, railroad bridges and outlying camps lay in a state of ruin. They were veritable testimonials to the success of partisan warfare and to the two companies that comprised the 43rd Virginia Battalion. The Union commanders were hobbled by their own inability to eradicate the problem. Informally they dubbed the Loudoun-Fauquier-Fairfax area as 'Mosby's Confed-

⁷New York Herald, Nov. 27, 1863. See also Williamson, Mosby's Rangers, 104, 443-46; Crawford, Mosby and His Men, 127-28.

eracy." They also recognized that the residents of the area were peaceful by day but partisans by night. Indeed, General H. W. Halleck characterized the citizenry of the area in a report:

Most of the difficulties are caused by the conduct of the pretended non-combatants of the country. They pretend to act the part of neutrals, but do not. They give aid, shelter, and concealment to guerilla and robber bands like that of Mosby, who are continually destroying our roads, burning our bridges, and capturing wagon trains. If these men carried on a legitimate warfare no complaint would be made. On the contrary, they fight in citizens' dress and are aided in all their rascalities by the people of the county.⁸

The 43rd Virginia's reputation fell victim also to the indiscretions of Confederate deserters who traveled the area. Those unscrupulous individuals all too frequently were the perpetrators of crimes on fellow Confederates and the area's populace. Mosby was frequently called upon to identify or disclaim captured men who wore Confederate gray. As a counter-measure, he issued signed certificates to his rangers as proof of their affiliation with the unit. Those who did not possess the document were not partisan rangers by nature of their exclusion.

These circumstances placed new pressures on Mosby, his officers and men. Newcomers to the command were questioned closely about prior military service. Those who were actually members of other units were sent back to their commands. Furthermore, those rangers who exceeded the boundaries of good conduct answered to the Major. He gave no countenance for the ill-behaved. Individuals who did not adhere to expected standards received harsh treatment.

Charles Binns was such a man. On one of the autumn raids Binns had been drunk, disorderly and abusive. The Major expelled him from the ranks of

⁸OR, XXIX, Pt. 1, 492, 495, 550, 552; Pt. 2, 397; Williamson, Mosby's Rangers, 94-109; Scott, Partisan Life, 144-46; History of the Third Pennsylvania Cavalry (Philadelphia, 1905), 387-88.

the battalion as an example for every ranger. Mosby's purpose was to prevent such behavior by any other member of the command. However, Binns was a vindictive man. He would not be the spectacle without compelling some compensation for his ouster.

Accordingly, Charlie Binns entered the Federal lines and sought out Colonel Charles R. Lowell, Jr., commander of the 2nd Massachusetts Cavalry. Essentially, Binns sought a chance for revenge on Mosby. He volunteered to guide a Union column into the secret hiding places of the 43rd Virginia. The first such search was performed by more than 400 men of the 2nd Massachusetts Cavalry and the 16th New York Cavalry. The column diligently searched the areas of Frying Pan, Gum Springs, Middleburg and Rector's Crossroads. They were able to capture eighteen Confederate soldiers, twice that quantity of horses and two dozen assorted revolvers. A similar search was conducted by the 13th New York Cavalry. The latter probe occurred on Christmas night, 1863, and accounted for the disappearance of three rangers: Joe White, Abram Beavers and G. W. Bridges.⁹

The dawn of 1864 signaled the maturation of the 43rd Virginia Cavalry as a bonafide partisan force. In the first year of their existence Mosby's rangers had developed a style of fighting that was distinctly theirs. They actually became the force to contend with in northern Virginia. The summer and fall months demonstrated their versatile nature. Colonel Dulaney's capture, intelligence gathered at Bealeton Station, burned railroad bridges, severed communications and victimized wagon trains attested to the 43rd Battalion's success. As for the people of Loudoun and Fauquier counties, they were, for the most part, supporters of Mosby. They further provided the partisan chief with a knowledge of the terrain and invaluable intelligence data in his base of operations. Mosby's surprise attacks and offensive thrusts severely hampered the Union war effort. Federal

⁹Williamson, Mosby's Rangers, 106, 110-17; OR, XXIX, Pt. 1, 658, 992.

soldiers were withheld from the front to protect the northern capital. In that alone, Maj. Mosby achieved his objective. As for the men in the ranks of the 43rd Virginia Cavalry, a northern correspondent wrote that they were "intelligent beyond the average and seemed to revere their leader." Indeed, the dawn of 1864 signaled the full-fledged arrival of Mosby's Rangers.¹⁰

¹⁰New York Herald, Nov. 27, 1863.

Chapter VII

WINTER, 1864

New Year's Day, 1864, was bitterly cold. The rangers of the 43rd Battalion, Virginia Cavalry were not overjoyed about a scheduled meeting at Rectortown. According to legal standard, the command itself equalled 180 men for the three companies; the latest was but two weeks old. Organized December 15, 1863, Company C had elected its officers in the tradition of the unit. William H. Chapman was chosen captain, Adolphus E. "Dolly" Richards served as executive officer and Frank Fox and Frank Yeager were promoted to lieutenants.¹

Complicating the New Year's rendezvous was the presence of a detachment of enemy horsemen from Major Henry A. Cole's 2nd Battalion, Maryland Cavalry. The Federals had occupied the village before Mosby's men arrived. Encircling the town at a safe distance, single rangers waited for the enemy detachment to leave. Major Mosby gradually assembled fifteen men and began to patrol the outskirts of town. In another grove of trees, Company B's commander, Captain William B. Smith, gathered thirty-two men for the intended rendezvous. When the Union cavalry finally rode off toward Middleburg, Smith's men dashed into town. Several quick inquiries revealed that the Federal cavalry numbered only eighty men. Armed with this information Captain Smith ordered the men forward at a gallop.

Unencumbered by booty, the rangers overtook their prey by cutting across frozen pasturelands. Captain A. N. Hunter, commanding the Federal detachment, did not notice the Confederates on his flank until it was too late. Any one of the trio of John Edmonds, Henry Ashby or Richard Montjoy might have fired the first shot; they were leading the charge of the rangers. The Confederates then opened with a salvo of pistol fire. The Union captain's horse was killed in that first hail of bullets.

¹Williamson, Mosby's Rangers, 115.

On seeing their commander fall, the enemy cavalry abandoned all thought of a fight. Each one of the Yankees discarded recently-acquired plunder to facilitate their return to camp. Unwanted weight and equipment fell by the roadside. From the rear of the column, Major Mosby and his squad joined in the pursuit. The chase continued for several miles. Along the route soon lay several dead or wounded Federal soldiers. By the time the chase ended, a substantial number of the Federals were Confederate prisoners. Of the eighty enemy cavalymen originally encountered, fifty-seven were killed, wounded or captured. The rangers' losses were slight: only two men wounded.

The Yankee soldiers who did escape were hard pressed. The path of their retreat took them through Goose Creek near Leesburg. It was at that point that the Confederates terminated the pursuit. Several paused long enough to observe the pitiful sight of blueclad troopers swimming horses through the icy waters.²

Toward the end of the first week of the new year, one of Stuart's scouts approached Mosby with a daring plan. Captain Frank Stringfellow methodically described virtually every detail of the encampment of Major Cole's Maryland cavalry. He professed to know the number of troops in the bivouac and a secret route of travel. It must have been a well-prepared plan, for Mosby fairly snapped at the opportunity for a night attack.

Saturday afternoon, January 9, was a splendid winter's day in Upperville, Va. A deep snow covered the hills and valleys surrounding the little community. Beautiful though it was, the weather was cold. Severe temperatures had transformed the snow into a white coverlet of fine powder. Fortunately, it cushioned

²OR, XXXIII, 9; Williamson, Mosby's Rangers, 118-19; Scott, Partisan Life, 177-78; C. Armour Newcomer, Cole's Cavalry; or, Three Years in the Saddle in the Shenandoah Valley (Freeport, N. Y., 1970), 90-91. Newcomer's list of casualties is decidedly different from the official report cited above. He stated: "The command had lost a number of their best men in killed and wounded, and five or six taken prisoners in this raid."

the ride and absorbed the noise of hoofbeats as the 100 rangers rode north toward Harper's Ferry. After sundown the 43rd Battalion stopped at the home of Mr. Henry Heaton near Woodgrove. Inside the home the men clustered together to enjoy the warmth of a fire and a hearty supper. Shortly after 9 p. m., the rangers once again resumed the ride. At the base of Short Hill Mountain the column came to a halt. Within moments the rangers were met by Captain Stringfellow and ten of his followers. While the two senior officers conferred, the men fed their horses and took further steps to protect themselves from the frigid weather. Several troopers cut holes in their horseblankets in order to place their hands on the animal's warm hide during the march. Others removed extra blankets from behind their saddles, sliced a twelve-inch cut in the center and then placed the garment over their heads for another layer of clothing. Every modification, though, was inadequate.

The ride seemed to take forever. Very little conversation took place as the men huddled beneath their makeshift hoods. Captain Smith did find occasion to show Captain William Chapman a new gold watch his wife had recently given him. Such warm thoughts were hardly prevalent. Quietly the rangers coaxed their animals forward in mutual commiseration.

One and one-half miles below Harper's Ferry, the group turned northwest and crossed the Shenandoah River. In the clear, pitch-black of the early morning hours, the enemy campfires almost looked inviting. The glow of warming fires on the cliffs of Loudoun Heights above marked the object of their midnight ride. Cautiously the men dismounted and led their horses up the frozen path that traversed the cliff. On a plateau above the river, Mosby gave final orders. Private Montjoy was sent back with a half-dozen men to guard the bridge across the Potomac. Captain Stringfellow was dispatched with his ten men to capture Major Cole and his staff at a nearby house. Captain Smith was detailed to capture some of the enemy's horses near their hospital. Captain Chapman rode with him.

The men moved off into the night. Mosby then ordered the remaining

troops to spread out, dismount and to attack the rows of tents. All were told to await the order to charge. Before the last group was placed, something went wrong. Premature firing came from the area where Stringfellow was supposed to be moving. It no longer mattered who fired first; Mosby called for the charge and 100 voices united in the shriek of the Rebel yell.

Although the Union encampment was totally surprised, confusion also reigned in the ranks of the Confederates. Somehow, Mosby's men began to fire at one another in the darkness. A Federal captain took advantage of the chaos and began to rally his men. In an effort to reclaim the initiative, Captain Smith shouted: "Fire the tents! Shoot by the light!" Lieutenant Fountain Beattie cursed as an enemy bullet pierced his thigh.

In the next few moments the action degenerated into hand-to-hand combat. All too quickly the rangers emptied their revolvers. It was too dark and fingers were too cold to reload pistols. Colt's best firearm then became clubs of tempered steel. Fortunately, the Union signal gun at Harper's Ferry encouraged Mosby to call off the attack. No one wanted to wait for enemy reinforcements to arrive, yet the Major lingered until the last of his men withdrew.

On the fringes of the melee, Captain Smith once more met with Captain Chapman. Smith was then helping the wounded Henry Edmonds to safety and inquired after Mosby. Chapman thought that he was still in the camp, wounded and afoot. Both officers turned to go back in search of their commander. John T. Grayson joined the effort. On seeing the wounded Charlie Paxson, Smith ordered Grayson to get the man to the rear. No sooner had the pair departed than a volley of carbine fire erupted in front of the two remaining officers. Chapman was momentarily blinded by the flash. Smith lunged backward and over the right side of his mount. Both of his feet were hung in the stirrups. Chapman dismounted and called to his comrade. Receiving no response, he tried to boost the wounded man back into the saddle. That was when he noticed the solitary red spot on Smith's forehead. Not waiting any longer, Chapman freed Smith's boots from the stirrups and led the horse to the rear.

When Chapman finally found Mosby, virtually everyone who was able had made good their escape. Once across the Potomac bridge, Chapman hurriedly reported the death of Captain Smith. Mosby ordered Chapman and Private Montjoy back to the camp under a flag of truce to make arrangements for the exchange of prisoners and wounded. Along the way the two rangers stopped at the home of Mr. Levi Waters, who had taken in the wounded Lieutenant Tom Turner. Inside the house the young lieutenant lay facing the door. "The pallor of death was upon his face." Although he was besieged by pain, Turner managed to smile at his two comrades. The three soldiers spoke only briefly, for Chapman did not dare to linger. The pair made final goodbyes and rode off toward the fringes of Cole's camp. There a Federal officer rebuked the rangers and their mission. There was to be no exchange and no removal of Confederate bodies. On their return to Fauquier, both men noticed the blood-stained trail that served as an ominous reminder of the night's raid. Each man wondered how long the twenty-five-year-old Turner would live. The big lieutenant had been a popular officer and conspicuous on the field of battle. However, the lead ball that penetrated his large frame had done untold damage. Tom Turner died the next day.³

The rangers' failure to destroy Cole's camp was a morale-shattering setback. Four rangers were dead: Captain Smith, Lieutenant Turner, Charlie Paxson and twenty-four-year-old Lieutenant William E. Colston. Paxson was a mere twenty years old when a Federal bullet pierced his neck. He lay in the snow for hours before being found by one of Cole's men. The crimson snow served as a testimonial that death was near. Charlie Paxson died in a winter field hospital less than three months before his twenty-first birthday.

In the remaining days of January, the Confederate command was spread out over the two-county area of "Mosby's Confederacy." The weather was cold,

³OR, XXXIII, 15-18; Williamson, Mosby's Rangers, 124-30, 485-87; Scott, Partisan Life, 178-82; Crawford, Mosby and His Men, 155-65; Newcomer, Cole's Cavalry, 93-96; R. S. Brown, Stringfellow of the Fourth (New York, 1960), 239-40.

forage was scarce and morale was low. Mosby went to Richmond on business, and Captain William H. Chapman assumed command of the battalion. One of his innovations was a system of pickets to warn against Federal raiding parties. A detail from Company A watched the roads below Middleburg.. Riders from Company B maintained surveillance over the avenues between Bloomfield and Upperville, while Company C patrolled the area from Salem to the Plains. These actions were the closest the command approached to formal military regimentation. Even then, these outriders alerted off-duty rangers in Paul Revere fashion.⁴

During the relative inactivity that followed the disaster in Cole's camp on the Loudoun Heights, a controversy re-developed over the partisan system of warfare. It was prompted for the most part by a letter to General Lee from the newly-promoted Brigadier General T. L. Rosser. In complete candor Rosser described "partisans" as "a nuisance and an evil to the service. Without discipline, order, or organization, they roam broadcast over the country, a band of thieves, stealing, pillaging, plundering doing every manner of mischief and crime." More importantly, the General added, "they cause great dissatisfaction in the ranks from the fact that these irregular troops are allowed so much latitude, so many privileges." Further concern was voiced about the number of able men kept out of bonafide service and hence involved in the more lucrative profession of partisan warfare.

The letter stopped short of condemning the 43rd Battalion, Virginia Partisan Rangers. Yet it did contain a barbed compliment for the unit's commander:

Major Mosby is of inestimable service to the Yankee army in keeping their men from straggling. He is a gallant officer and is one that I have great respect for; yet the interest I feel in my own command and the good of the service coerces me to bring this matter before you, in order that this partisan system which I think is a bad one, may be corrected.

⁴Williamson, Mosby's Rangers, 127-33.

On January 18, General Stuart endorsed the letter to General Lee. The cavalry leader penned a note of less than fifty words. He substantially agreed with Rosser's grievance, calling the self-proclaimed partisans "detrimental." However, he was quite emphatic in proclaiming that "Major Mosby's command is the only efficient band of rangers I know of." Accordingly, General Lee asked for the repeal of the Partisan Ranger Law, but not before he recommended a promotion for Mosby. By February 14, 1864, both of his desires were granted.⁵

On February 17, the Union command initiated a concerted effort to eliminate the 43rd Virginia. Aided by a former ranger, the Yankees were advised of, or led to, the various meeting places of Mosby's battalion. Consequently, two columns of Yankee cavalymen totaling 400 men ransacked homes in Warrenton, through the Piedmont Valley and on the road to Paris. The Union officers went so far as to adopt the partisan tactic of raiding at night. Their invasion of Warrenton occurred at 10:30 p. m. By dawn they had netted twenty-eight men.

On February 18, sixty members of the 43rd Battalion met at Piedmont. Lieutenant Colonel John S. Mosby was conspicuously present in his new uniform replete with the two gold stars of his rank. He looked somewhat dashing in his gray uniform with the unconventional red trim. However, red seemed to be his favorite color and it was much more handsome than the yellow which depicted the cavalry branch of service. Mosby was also a bit of a maverick. The artillery color and the gold braid--not to mention the scarlet-lined cape--were impressive, to say the least. The entire wardrobe was topped off by a plumed hat. In that garb Mosby led his five dozen warriors on a pursuit of the raiding Federals. Unfortunately, their ride was fruitless. They broke off the chase near Warrenton.⁶

⁵OR, XXXIII, 1081-83, 1113. On Feb. 11, 1864, Stuart penned a short note to "Mrs. Lt. Col. Mosby" and enclosed his commission. Mosby Papers (VSL).

⁶OR, XXXIII, 156, 570; Williamson, Mosby's Rangers, 136-37; Scott, Partisan Life, 184-85. Portraits and photographs alike substantiate Mosby's apparent preference for red. This was especially true of his great flowing cape.

The following Saturday, an estimated 250 men from Cole's Maryland cavalry scoured Loudoun and Fauquier counties in search of Mosby and his command. Four of the rangers were captured before the Yankees started their return near Piedmont. During Cole's trek back to camp, four other rangers began a harassing sniper fire that delayed the column's advance. The foursome consisted of John Edmonds, John Munson, Jake Lavender and Mosby. Each man took turns firing a carbine into the enemy's column. Mosby, who usually refrained from the use of the rifle and abhorred the sabre, was satisfied with the delaying tactic and the success of the weapons. At least it slowed Cole's march until his own rangers arrived.

At Blakeley's Grove School House, Cole decided to make a stand. The Union officer placed his troopers and snipers behind a stone fence and awaited the arrival of the 43rd Battalion. When Mosby brought his fifty or sixty men into view, it was as though the single thought on his mind was to charge. The rangers did so with a yell and a vengeance that would have evoked a smile from William Smith and Tom Turner. On the second and third charges, Mosby ordered his raiders to attack from the flanks along the walls. The final effect was a running enemy retreat toward Harper's Ferry. On the field, Cole left Captain William L. Morgan and five other men dead, plus seven prisoners. In addition to the four men Cole had originally seized, two others were wounded in the engagement. A fallen ranger remembered only as "McCobb of Baltimore" was the sole partisan killed. He perished attempting to flee from capture.⁷

On Sunday, February 21, the rangers assembled to pay their last respects to McCobb. Attendance for the Christian service approached 175 men. In the midst of the eulogizing, one of the scouts came galloping with a warning. Some 200 Federals were on the turnpike. It took less than a minute for the rang-

⁷OR, XXXIII, 157. In this report Mosby cited several of his men for gallantry: Capt. and Lt. Chapman, Lts. Fox and Richards, Sgts. Palmer and Lavender and Pvts. Munson, Edmonds, Montjoy, Starke and Cunningham. Williamson, Mosby's Rangers, 137-40; Munson, Mosby Guerrilla, 80-83.

ers to swing into their saddles. Sam Underwood and one other man were sent ahead to report on the movement of the enemy column.

The enemy force consisted of 125 men from the 2nd Massachusetts Cavalry and 25 troopers from the 6th New York Cavalry. Commanded by Captain J. S. Reed, a Massachusetts officer, the column was in search of Mosby's rangers. However, the young Federal captain was apparently inexperienced in such hunting expeditions. There is no mention of the column having stationed outriders, flankers or even a rear guard. A tight column seemed to be security enough. In that manner the Federals searched for Mosby. However, Mosby was literally "looking after" them.

Sam Underwood remained in the wake of the Yankees' march. Colonel Mosby led his own force in a parallel path to that of the Union commander. When the Federal troops encamped for the evening, the 43rd Virginia also stopped. During the night the enemy bivouac was bolstered by a detachment from the 16th New York Cavalry. However, early the next morning the 16th New York went on its own way.

That morning Mosby ordered his men in the direction of Dranesville. Two miles below the town, at Anker's Shop, the command halted. By this time, Captain Reed had altered his formation. Three troopers rode ahead of his column in point position. Following them were a group of twenty-five more cavalrymen and then the main body. Captain Reed rode with the larger segment; by his side was the infamous partisan deserter, Charlie Binns.

While waiting for the Federals, Mosby called his officers together for a council of war. Half of Company B and all of Company A were to stand fast and charge the enemy in a frontal assault. Captain Chapman was detailed farther up the road with the other half of Company B and all of Company C. He was to lead a charge on the Union rear. Meanwhile, Private Montjoy was given fifteen sharpshooters and placed in a concealed position in the midst of the intended battlefield. Lieutenant Frank H. Rahm and two other rangers were employed as bait.

Mosby's plan was simple: draw the Yankee column into a trap and close it

shut. He issued his orders accordingly. He would signal the attack when the main enemy column was in front of Montjoy's sharpshooters. No one was to move or shoot until Mosby gave the signal. Each group of rangers then moved off and awaited the enemy troopers. When everyone was in position, Frank Rahm and his two comrades rode up the pike in a nonchalant manner.

The enemy's advance guard soon came into view. They challenged the trio of rangers. Rahm's intention was to delay as long as possible in order to allow the two enemy groups the chance to close up. It did not take much time before the three rangers were put to flight. As the trio turned to ride away, the twenty-five Yankees gave pursuit. They rapidly approached Montjoy's snipers.

Waiting in the nearby woods, Mosby's rangers squirmed in their saddles. "There was an unnatural, an unearthly stillness around us at that moment--a stillness which seemed to creep over our flesh like a chill . . . when suddenly out of this ghostly silence there came that shrill, warning signal." Evidently the Colonel made a mistake by firing too early; the signal triggered the premature staccato of carbine fire. However, the signal was supposed to have been delivered into the main column. In two separate locations, Mosby and Chapman each ordered the charge.

To the front Mosby's column swooped down and through the Federals' advance guard. The twenty-five enemy troopers, outnumbered three to one, fired a few fruitless shots before wheeling their mounts to the rear. Chapman's broadside attack on the main column was a complete surprise. However, he was in a similar position to his enemy's advance guard. For a moment his own troopers were outnumbered by more than three to one. It took what seemed an eternity before ranger reinforcements arrived. Led by the plumed figure of Mosby, Company A and half of Company B assailed the besieged flank of the Yankee column. Moments later, the Federal cavalymen sought individual safety in retreat.

Baron von Massow, a Prussian officer with the 43rd Virginia Battalion, was wounded in the departure of the Federals. His own pistol empty, he had

drawn a sabre when the Union commander, Captain Reed, fired point-blank at the foreign soldier. Massow fell to the road severely wounded. On seeing his companion fall, Captain Chapman rode forward and delivered a single .44 caliber projectile which punctured the chest of Captain Reed. Seconds later, an enemy bullet hit John Munson near the spine. The young trooper was immediately struck by fear and "a numbness coming over my legs first and then my body." Munson clung to his saddle and rode off the field as the fight drew to a close.

In the moments that followed the clash of arms prisoners, dead and wounded were taken into custody. The Union loss was substantial: 15 killed (including Captain Reed), 25 wounded, 70 taken prisoner and 90 horses captured. In the 43rd Battalion, J. Pendleton Chappellear was dead. Baron von Massow, John Munson, Thomas Burke and John Edmonds sustained wounds of varying degrees. Two days later Colonel Mosby filed his report on the second battle at Dranesville. He closed the dispatch with the following statement: "My thanks are due Captain Chapman and Lieutenants Williams and Hunter and Adjutant Chapman for their fidelity in executing every order."⁸

February was a month-long exercise in avoiding Union patrols. Throughout the month Federal search parties hunted the infamous Mosby and members of the 43rd Battalion, Virginia Partisan Rangers. A number of the partisans were seized, while others were casualties in the resulting skirmishes. Mosby then adopted new measures to billet the members of his 43rd Battalion. The rangers were encouraged to sleep in the hills after taking their meals with sympathetic friends. Their accommodations were as varied as they were modest. Caves, lean-tos and elaborate mountain huts all served the purpose. Some men frequently slept in a residence and resorted to a hidden wall compartment or escape tunnel when the need arose. Every ranger was more cautious as the Union

⁸Williamson, Mosby's Rangers, 141-48; OR, XXXIII, 159-60; Crawford, Mosby and His Men, 181-82; Scott, Partisan Life, 199-203; Munson, Mosby Guerrilla, 83-91; Russell, Mosby Memoirs, 270-71.

army began its spring campaign. In northern Virginia, John S. Mosby's 43rd Battalion of Partisan Rangers became a primary objective for the Yankees.⁹

In early March, 1864, Lieutenant "Dolly" Richards secured the Colonel's approval to go on a raid. On March 9, forty-five members of Company C answered their lieutenant's call. Riding from the tiny community of Paris, the men bivouacked for the night near Kabletown. Private John Chew, a native of the area, guided Richards to the fringes of a picket outpost of the 1st New York Veteran Cavalry. The pair had no trouble in surveying the unsuspecting camp.

Before daybreak the next morning, Richards led Company C to the rear of the New York encampment. The rangers approached the enemy bivouac from the direction of Charlestown. Riding at a leisurely gallop, Richards entered the camp as if his men were a scheduled Federal relief. Only one enemy soldier recognized the threat. When he leveled his carbine, Lieutenant Richards fired one pistol shot. That was the only casualty.

Richards made hurried arrangements for the organization of his prizes. The vedette's officer-in-charge, a Lieutenant Bryandt, 21 men and 25 fully-equipped horses were placed under guard. Richards then ordered his company to the safety of Fauquier County. The column of rangers and captured cavalrymen crossed the Shenandoah River at Sampson's Ford and hurried homeward. A half-dozen members of the command brought up the rear of the column.

At Kabletown Robert Walker, Fountain Beattie, Dr. Sowers, John Hearn, Ben Edmonds and Private Rucker were overtaken by a pursuing group of twenty-five Union cavalrymen. Whether the rangers had lingered behind or were detailed as the rear guard to the column of captives is not known. One of the rangers--probably Fount Beattie--decided that their fate lie in adhering to the Mosby principles of war. Consequently, the troopers wheeled and charged the enemy detachment. In the rangers' attack, the Federal commander, Major Jerry A.

⁹Crawford, Mosby and His Men, 179; Williamson, Mosby's Rangers, 272. The two authors disagree on the period when more humble accommodations were forced upon the men.

Sullivan, was one of the first to perish. Two junior officers and a number of privates were also killed or wounded. The enemy troopers apparently felt no commitment to the action without their leader, for they soon fled in all directions. Six of their number were placed under guard and escorted back to "Mosby's Confederacy." Not one of the rangers was lost. In fact, the company's own Willie Martin was recaptured from Sullivan's force.

Shortly after its return to Fauquier, Company C held a small ceremony to commemorate its success. More importantly, the men paid tribute to their colonel. Lieutenant Dolly Richards presented a sword with silver scabbard to Mosby. On one side of the sheath were the words: "Captured March 9, 1864, and presented to Lieut. Col. John Singleton Mosby, by Lieut. A. E. Richards." On the reverse side was the inscription: "Presented to 1st Lieut. Bryandt as a mark of esteem, by Co. L, 1st New York Veterans." The memento was a fitting remembrance of the success of Company C.¹⁰

In the ensuing weeks, Mosby detailed his companies to concentrate on securing forage for the command's growing herd of mounts. Small detachments spread over the Loudoun and Fauquier area to impress wagons, mules and drivers into the unit's service. Grain was collected from virtually every farm and corncrib. Home-brew distilleries were targets of conquest as well. The manufacture of liquor required an inordinate amount of grain. Mosby labeled these activities as bonafide targets for destruction. Several distilleries were destroyed, but canteens were filled with the illicit liquid first.

The informal taxation or impressment of forage for the command was an on-going task. It was complicated by heavy demands already placed on the farmers of the Shenandoah Valley. That corps of farms supplied a substantial portion of the grain for Lee's Confederate army. Civilians who retained the meager subsistence for themselves were severely drained of staple items for their own fami-

¹⁰ Scott, Partisan Rangers, 205-6; OR, XXXIII, 247-49; Williamson, Mosby's Rangers, 150-52.

lies. Even worse was the plight of those Loudoun and Fauquier residents who also provided room and meals for the members of the 43rd Battalion of Partisan Rangers. Conversely, though, those same landlords benefited from the spoils of successful partisan raids. The overall conditions within the Confederacy were not pleasant. One Federal officer reported: "Rebel rations are 1 pound to 8 men; forage mostly gone; cattle, what they are, in very bad condition--meat fairly blue after being killed." Another report offered a similar evaluation of the conditions within Mosby's Confederacy: ". . . numerous guerillas in the region about Upperville and Paris; . . . the poverty of the inhabitants on either side of the ridge as to cattle and the necessaries of life, with the exception of corn-meal and bacon, of which they appear to have an abundance; . . . the thoroughly rebel character of nine tenths of such inhabitants." Such reports were characteristic of the burden placed upon the Virginia families. They also indicate an increased surveillance throughout Loudoun and Fauquier counties. On a daily basis, large Federal patrols were not uncommon. The 2nd Brigade of the 2nd U. S. Cavalry Division was matter-of-factly ordered to "send to-day, and each day hereafter until further orders, a scouting party to Warrenton." It therefore required a constant awareness on the part of Mosby's command and the individual rangers. All signs pointed to hard times for the rangers of the 43rd Battalion. The sorties led by Binns and Cornwell suggested that the Yankees were eager to exterminate both Mosby and his men. More than a few Union commands were in a vengeful mood as a result of the harassment endured during the previous winter months.¹¹

¹¹OR, XXXIII, 221, 240-41, 252, 259, 305, 308, 697, 874, 942; Pt. 2, 856, 878, 880; Scott, Partisan Life, 204; Williamson, Mosby's Rangers, 148-49, 205-6. The official report of Col. A. H. Grimshaw referred to the capture of one ranger who possessed a "canteen of turpentine on his person." This either testified to some bridge-burning activity at the time or to the Colonel's inability to recognize homemade corn liquor. The Federal units most often detailed for the sorties were the 2nd Mass. Cavalry, 13th Penn. Cavalry and the 5th Penn. Reserve Cavalry. The scouting reports are dated Mar. 26, Apr. 11, Apr. 28 and Apr. 29, 1864.

Consequently, Mosby spent a great portion of March and April keeping watch on the Yankee garrisons that surrounded his sphere of influence. He also looked for, and submitted regular reports on, the movements of the Union army. He evaluated each piece of data and every scouting report for possible clues as to the nature of the coming Federal campaigns.

By mid-April, spring had arrived in northern Virginia. The roads were muddy and the rivers were swollen with the seasonal thaw. In spite of the conditions, the Federals applied steady pressure. Numbering four companies since March 28, 1864, the 43rd Virginia Battalion, Partisan Rangers was also ready for action. The recently organized Company D brought the strength of Mosby's command to more than 200 men. As in the birth of the previous companies, the officers were duly elected by the members. The single slate of officers was composed of four men who were tried and tested. Richard P. Montjoy was selected as captain, Alfred Glascock served as the executive officer and Charles E. Grogan and William Trundle were commissioned as lieutenants.

This combined force of four companies was the rumored target of a large Federal raid. That rumor somehow reached the rangers. Every member was eager for the confrontation that was ostensibly scheduled for the area around Miss Kitty Shacklett's house. Accordingly, 180 men answered the call from Colonel Mosby. On April 19, 1864, the troopers met at Somerset Mills between Piedmont and Paris. A short time later, the Colonel directed the placement of his men along the treeline near Miss Shacklett's house. Outriders were placed on the approaches to provide advance warning. Wire was drawn taut across the road as a measure to rake a charging cavalryman from his horse.

In the woods the eager Confederate cavalymen waited for their prey. "Every description of old firearms--shot guns and muskets, were brought out and heavily loaded with shot and slugs. Each man then had his revolver to finish up the work of destruction." Their wait was in vain. By daylight on the 20th, the trap was still empty. They re-baited the snare again that night and again the next. By morning on April 22, Mosby called off the exercise. The rumor had

been just that. However, there would be other opportunities.¹²

¹²Williamson, Mosby's Rangers, 154-57; Scott, Partisan Life, 209-11.

Chapter VIII

CONTROVERSY, SUCCESSES AND "POOR JOE"

The spring of 1864 brought warm weather and a bevy of problems. The wretched winter had illuminated more controversy on the use of partisan soldiers operating on behalf of the Confederacy. On April 1, 1864, Gen. Robert E. Lee filed a report with Confederate Secretary of War James A. Seddon. The document listed seven partisan units operating within the South. Lee expressed his desires to have the several units duly mustered into the regular Army of the Confederate States.

Experience has convinced me that it is almost impossible, under the best officers even, to have discipline in these bands of partisan rangers . . . and even when this [creditable service] is accomplished the system gives license to many deserters and marauders who . . . commit depredations on friend and foe alike. With the single exception mentioned, I hope the order will be issued at once disbanding the companies and battalions.

The single exception cited was the 43rd Battalion, Virginia Partisan Rangers. Although Secretary Seddon allowed one other exception, Mosby's rangers were highly regarded; their reputation was well-earned and hard-won. In his endorsement of Mosby's report covering the early spring campaign, General Lee commented: "He has killed, wounded and captured during the period embraced [March 9-May 1] in the report about 1200 of the enemy, and taken more than 1600 horses and mules, 230 beef-cattle, and 85 wagons and ambulances without counting many smaller operations." In short, the battalion led by Colonel Mosby was a significant force in a theatre of operations, and in a period of time when partisan warfare was wholly misunderstood.

Recruitment officers were part of the problems inbred in the Confederate war effort. These individuals were permanently removed from the violence of the battlefield. More importantly, though, they were unfamiliar with the problems of commanders in the field. They were content to conscript and enlist individuals

as "cannon fodder," thereby preserving their own job security. Independent units of partisan rangers were attractions which unscrupulous recruiters used to entice unsuspecting youths to enlist. These inexperienced and ill-equipped boys searched out their new units fully expecting to begin a romanticized life among the raiders. By the end of March, Mosby's patience with this practice was exhausted. In a scouting report to Gen. J. E. B. Stuart, the Colonel indicated his displeasure with the recruiting office in Richmond:

Please grant no papers to any man coming to join my command unless he can furnish evidence of having been recruited by an agent of mine. The enrolling officer in Richmond has assumed to enlist men for me, and I have had the trouble of sending them back. . . . You can very readily understand how necessary it is for success in my operations to have none but first-rate men.¹

Such problems of a states'-right philosophy severely handicapped the Confederacy. Locally administered recruiting officers, locally organized units and indecision eroded the Richmond-based government from within. These were but a few of the problems. Nevertheless, the Confederate government faced the opening of a third year of defensive war within its own boundaries. By the end of April, 1864, the military situation had reached serious proportions. Federal troops controlled the Mississippi River from St. Louis to the Gulf of Mexico. Most of Tennessee and all of West Virginia were under Union control. Atlanta

¹OR, XXXIII, 1240-41, 1252-53. "The organizations of partisan rangers serving with this army are the Fourth and Fifth North Carolina Cavalry (59th and 63d Regiments), now absent in North Carolina; Lieutenant Colonel Mosby's battalion, serving in Fauquier; Captain Kincheloe's company, serving in Prince William; Captain McNeill's company and Major Gilmor's battalion and Major O'Ferrall's battalion serving in the Valley Department." *Ibid.*, 248-49. On May 16, 1864, the Confederate Commissary General requested Mosby's aid in an attempt to stop the illegal trade of cotton and tobacco for beef cattle. The illegal trade depressed the price of beef for law-abiding farmers and deprived the Confederate government of badly-needed meat for the Army of Northern Virginia. See *Ibid.*, LI, Pt. 2, 936.

was soon to be a target of Gen. William T. Sherman's Army. Significant coastal fortifications had fallen to Yankee pressure. Housewives, farmers and soldiers alike felt the stranglehold of an extensive Federal blockade.

Then, in March, 1864, Lt. Gen. Ulysses S. Grant assumed the duties as Commander-in-Chief of the Union Armies. On April 4, 1864, he wrote to Sherman, commanding the Military Division of the Mississippi: "It is my design, if the enemy keep quiet and allow me to take the initiative in the spring campaign, to work all parts of the army together, and somewhat towards a common centre."

Eleven days later, Grant informed Maj. Gen. Franz Sigel, commanding the Department of West Virginia: "From the extended line you have to guard, no troops can be taken from you except to act directly from your line toward the enemy. In this way you must occupy the attention of a large force, and thereby hold them from re-enforcing themselves, or [you] must inflict a blow upon the enemy's resources, which will materially aid us."

The physical objective was Richmond. However, Lee's Army of Northern Virginia protected the bulk of the state from a position along the southern bank of the Rapidan River. General P. G. T. Beauregard protected the capital and nearby Petersburg. The key to the fall of the Confederacy was in defeating Lee's force. Grant preferred to do this in open country and not through siege warfare. He wrote: "Richmond was fortified and intrenched so perfectly that one man inside to defend was more than equal to five outside besieging or assaulting. To get possession of Lee's army was the first great object. With the capture of his army Richmond would necessarily follow. It was better to fight him outside of his stronghold than in it."

The development of this strategy included the basic principles of warfare. Conquer and hold the enemy's territory, "inflict a blow upon the enemy's resources," and strike at the heart of the people--their capital city. To accomplish it all, Grant secured the services of Gen. Philip H. Sheridan to command his cavalry. When all was ready, he ordered a simultaneous attack that he felt

would culminate in victory around Richmond.²

At midnight, May 3-4, 1864, Gen. George G. Meade advanced his Army of the Potomac across the Rapidan River. That movement initiated the concerted Union campaign of 1864. At that time, Mosby was in Martinsburg with a detachment of twenty men. The news of Grant's presence in Virginia and the movement of Meade's army called for immediate action by the 43rd Battalion.

Shortly before noon on Sunday, May 8, an estimated 100 of Mosby's rangers met at Rectortown. Fresh from a scouting expedition to Brandy Station, Mosby explained the nature of their mission. Grant, as Commander-in-Chief, had ordered the Federal movement across the Rapidan. The responsibility of the 43rd Battalion was to attack and harass the rear of Grant's army, its supply trains and its line of communications. The overall objective was to compel the Union commander to divert a substantial force to guard these lines. Such a tactic was designed to divert as many enemy troops as possible from the front lines, thereby weakening the attack force.³

Mosby accordingly issued his orders. The recently-promoted Captain A. E. Richards was ordered to the Shenandoah Valley with some twenty men to operate on the flanks of the enemy's supply train. Captain William H. Chapman was dispatched on a similar mission with an identical force. Lieutenant Harry Hatcher took a small squad toward Fairfax and William "Major" Hibbs was detailed to amass more forage for the command. Mosby himself took some forty men and headed for the rear echelon of Grant's army.

"Dolly" Richards led his detachment across the Shenandoah River at Berry's Ferry. On Monday morning, the group entered the woods near the village of Newtown and watched the road for signs of troop movements or supply trains.

²U. S. Grant, Personal Memoirs of U. S. Grant (New York, 1885), II, 130; 140-41; OR, XXXIII, 874.

³Douglas Southall Freeman, Lee's Lieutenants, A Study in Command (New York, 1942), III, 344; OR, XXXVII, Pt. 1, 2-3, 394-95.

Shortly after noon, Charles H. Dear, Eoyd Smith and Charles L. Hall went with Richards to capture a group of four Union horsemen just as they entered the village. The four Federals were placed under guard and sent to Fauquier.

That evening, steady rain began to fall. Now with only twelve men, Richards led them in the direction of Winchester in hopes of more quarry. Each ranger wore an oilskin that protected him from the rain. Shortly after dark the men heard horses approaching from their front. Within seconds came the challenge: "Who comes there?"

"First New York Cavalry," replied Richards.

"All right, First New York," said the Federal officer, "we are the advance guard of a wagon train."

When Richards motioned his men forward, each ranger carefully drew his pistol. With weapons and uniforms concealed beneath the oilcloth cape, the men advanced so that the two commanders could talk. Without tarrying too long, Richards motioned his dozen riders forward in a single file. The men pulled abreast of the advance guard of Federals. When Richards' twelfth man stood opposite the Union commander, the rangers wheeled on their counterparts with cocked revolvers. As the Federals were being disarmed, someone fired a revolver, thus catapulting the silent capture into a general fusillade of gunfire. Federal reinforcements arrived within moments, compelling the rangers to retire without their captives. Charles H. Dear was the only ranger wounded in the final exchange.

That same day, Mosby's force was in operation north of Fredericksburg. His intention was to exploit openings in Grant's line of supplies and communication. Near Belle Plain, the rangers spotted an ambulance train of twenty wagons. The Colonel divided his force, sending half with Lt. Charles E. Grogan and the other half with Sgt. W. Ben Palmer. Lieutenant Grogan was ordered to count off to the tenth wagon from the rear and inform the driver that he was on the wrong road. With the train thus split, the two ranger detachments were then supposed to strip the convoy of horses. Prior to Ben Palmer's reaching the lead vehicle, the train's commanding officer rode to the rear to inquire into the division in the column.

"Who in the hell has stopped these wagons and turned them off the road?"

"Colonel Mosby," answered Palmer, covering him with his pistol.

Once halted, the two groups of wagons were unhitched from their teams. Although a few of the drivers resisted capture, none of the rangers was wounded. A total of seventy-five horses and mules were taken and some forty prisoners started for Fauquier. Mosby tried the same tactic the following day, but the Federals had learned their lesson. The area was heavily patrolled.⁴

That spring, seventeen-year-old John H. Alexander experienced his first partisan raid. He was apprehensive and afraid. He was also in awe of the reckless abandon with which the men around him prepared for battle. They seemed to pay more attention to making fun of the new recruit. Everyone had a joke, a prank or a personal experience to share with the youngster. He was a likely target for their jokes. His youth was conspicuously present in his slight, 5' 4" frame. To him they were a motley crew. He sized them up simply and for what they were: "There rode a boy whose pink and white cheeks were guiltless of down, and beside him an aged sire whose reverend gray locks, straggling from beneath his cocked hat, Side by side rode the planter's son and the overseer's boy. . . . One spirit of devil-may-care hilarity seemed to possess them all."⁵

The early spring months marked a renewal in the ravages of war. Once again the soil of the Shenandoah Valley became a fertile pavement for caisson and cavalymen. The once-cultivated fields then provided little more than a hand-to-mouth existence for Confederates in the war-torn state of Virginia. Within Mosby's 43rd Battalion, Lt. William L. Hunter was now a prisoner of war, as was William E. Moore of Company B. On a happier note, forty-two-year-old Dick Moran had returned to the command. Captured on May 3, 1863,

⁴ Williamson, Mosby's Rangers, 162-67; OR, XXXVII, Pt. 1, 2-5; Scott, Partisan Life, 219-20, 222.

⁵ CSR, Roll 207; John H. Alexander, Mosby's Men (Washington, D. C., 1907), 43-44.

he had withstood incarceration at Old Capital Prison in Washington, D. C., and Point Lookout, Md. The loss of Hunter and Moore was counted as the fortunes of war--as was the return of Moran.⁶

Mosby made every attempt to keep the pressure on supply trains and picket posts alike. He wanted every Yankee to feel as subjected to the command's harassment as did Col. Henry Gansevoort's 13th New York Cavalry. Early in May, 1864, the Union colonel wrote his father: "We have our hands full, too, guarding a line nearly fifty miles long against all the rebel cavalry and the informal and formidable guerillas."⁷

By May, 1864, Colonel Mosby was seeking other means to inconvenience the Federal movements. On May 7, the command met at Paris. Numbering slightly more than 100 men, the battalion rode to Mount Carmel Church and bivouacked for the night. As the men slept, the Colonel and a handful of rangers crossed the rain-swollen Shenandoah River. Once on the other side, Mosby surveyed the chances for an attack on a Federal encampment in the area of Winchester. The following morning, additional boats were used to ferry the command across the raging stream. The horses caused some trouble when they balked at the strong currents. By noon the command had breeched the 200-yard span and had moved off toward Cedarville. The men again waited for their colonel to return from a reconnaissance.

Near 4 p. m., a messenger arrived with instructions for Capt. Richards. The Captain ordered the command toward Front Royal. Shortly after dark, the 100 men emerged from a wooded lane and met Mosby at the base of Guard Hill. This landform provided a commanding view of Crooked Run and the turnpike that linked Winchester, Cedarville and Front Royal.

In the clearing at the base of the eminence, Mosby conferred with Richards,

⁶CSR, Roll 208.

⁷J. C. Hoadley (ed.), Memorial of Henry Sanford Gansevoort (Boston, 1895), 160.

Sam Chapman and Joe Nelson. The four officers advanced under cover of darkness to reconnoitre the Union encampment. Upon their return and shortly before dawn, Chapman advanced toward the enemy bivouac with fifteen sharpshooters. Captain Richards' Company B rode a short distance behind Chapman's riflemen. Mosby then followed with the balance of the command. In the darkness ahead, a lone sentry called out: "Halt!" Rather than wait for a further challenge, Chapman ordered his men to fire, after which his riflemen scurried into the brush, as Captain Richards' horsemen charged into the Federal campsite.

The appearance of Company B and its single volley was enough to put the Federals to flight. Mosby's reserve force arrived moments later. By that time, Richards' troopers were rounding up prisoners, horses and booty. The prisoners included a Union captain, 15 men and 75 horses. The lone sentry was killed. As for the booty, the rangers made the best of their search. Boots were of primary concern to most of the men, while others searched for accouterments and shelter-halves. Once reassembled, the Colonel smiled approvingly: not a ranger had been lost.⁸

By mid-May, 1864, there was not very much else to smile about. General J. E. B. Stuart was wounded on May 11 and died the following day in Richmond. The cavalry leader's death acutely affected Mosby. In his loss the Colonel--indeed, the command--had lost both mentor and friend. On Saturday, May 28, Mosby and 144 partisan rangers rode to a bivouac site near Front Royal. The next day the command maintained surveillance over the Strasburg-Front Royal road. A wagon train with a heavy guard passed. Another column of 100 Federals also passed unchallenged. Since there was no other target of opportunity, the command rode toward Middletown. From that point the command was disbanded, subject to Mosby's recall.⁹

⁸Williamson, Mosby's Rangers, 168-70; Scott, Partisan Life, 216-18; Alexander, Mosby's Men, 56-62; OR, XXXVII, Pt. 1, 3.

⁹Freeman, Lee's Lieutenants, III, 424-34; Williamson, Mosby's Rangers, 171-75.

In the weeks that followed were few encounters with the Federals. Union supplies routed through Fauquier and Loudoun counties were consigned to Gen. David Hunter's forces around Lynchburg. Hunter, who had replaced Sigel after the latter's defeat at New Market, had launched an aggressive campaign in the Shenandoah Valley. The supply trains destined for his troops were accordingly well-protected by strong guards of infantry and cavalry. However, the several company commanders within the 43rd Battalion conducted individual scouting exercises, thus maintaining a conspicuous presence on the fringes of the Union encampments. The 13th New York Cavalry was one of the favorite targets of the partisans' harassment. That unit's commander felt the intimidation more than most and admitted in a letter to his father: "We have a wary, crafty foe, setting the laws of civilized warfare at defiance. We are thus kept continually awake."¹⁰

Toward the end of June, Colonel Mosby again resorted to the atypical and took his command out of their customary haunts. As a prelude, Mosby called for a meeting of the command at Rectortown. On Wednesday, June 22, 200 partisan rangers were placed in some semblance of a formation. General orders were read aloud which specifically delineated the territorial boundaries of what had come to be known as "Mosby's Confederacy." The men were collectively told to remain inside these boundaries and to be subject to recall when not on duty. The localities which defined the sphere of Mosby's mandate were: "From Snickersville, along the Blue Ridge Mountains to Linden; thence to Salem (now called Marshall); to the Plains; thence along the Bull Run Mountains to Aldie, and from thence along the turnpike to . . . Snickersville." Furthermore, the rangers were told that anyone who missed two consecutive outings without a bonafide excuse would be sent back to the regular army.

When the formal business was concluded, Mosby led the command eastward. Shortly after sundown, the four companies halted after crossing the re-

¹⁰OR, XXXVII, Pt. 1, 3, 593, 622, 659; Hoadley, Gansevoort Memorial, 162.

cently-proclaimed boundary at Thoroughfare Gap. The following day, the men endured the unbearable heat as well as unquenchable thirst. The roads were sun-baked and both men and beast were covered with an uncomfortable layer of dust. Late in the day, the group crossed over the fields which flanked Bull Run Creek. Battlefield rubble from the previous engagements of 1861 and 1862 were sobering reminders of the grim reaper that rode on the fringes of every wartime command. The weary battalion halted near Union Mills close to midnight.

On the morning of June 24, Walter Whaley rode as an advance scout for the battalion. Several miles from Centreville, Whaley returned to tell his commander of some fifty enemy cavalrymen in town. Company A, commanded by Lt. Joe Nelson, was detailed to capture the lot. However, the company of rangers arrived in the village only to learn that the enemy column had gone on to Chantilly. Hastily, the band of rangers rode across the open fields in an attempt to reach the town before the Yankees.

Even as Nelson's company of partisans galloped toward Chantilly, Mosby led the remaining three companies in the wake of the Federals' march. As Mosby's column advanced, several of the men broke from the formation to take advantage of the fruit on a nearby cherry tree. From that vantage point the errant rangers spied the elusive Federals in an adjoining pasture. A detachment of the 2nd Massachusetts Cavalry had paused there to allow their horses to enjoy fresh-cut hay. Some of the Union mounts grazed without bridle and bit while their riders napped in the fragrant grass. The scene was indeed a peaceful one.

The onslaught of Mosby's rangers shattered the serenity. A pistol shot felled the lone vedette. The resulting Rebel yell and gunfire precipitated the enemy into chaos and confusion. It was anything but a fight. Of the forty or fifty Federals, a half-dozen were killed and thirty-one were taken prisoner. Even before the engagement ended, Mosby dispatched a courier in quest of Company A. When order returned to the pastureland, the rangers found the 43rd Virginia

unharmmed and free of casualties.¹¹

Four days later, the rangers gathered at Upperville. The names of 250 partisans were read from the muster roll. The battalion formed shortly thereafter in column of fours for the march up the Berryville Turnpike toward the Shenandoah River. Company A crossed the river on that Tuesday at Shepherd's Mill and proceeded through Charlestown the next day. On the outskirts of town, Lt. Nelson placed the men in a position to maintain surveillance over the road leading to Harper's Ferry. As Nelson positioned his two dozen troops, friendly townspeople--mostly women--brought cool milk and refreshments to the Confederates. James J. Williamson and William Walston were about to partake of the repast when Nelson assigned them to guard duty. The hungry duo rode down the Harper's Ferry road to an elevated observation post. Begrudgingly they watched the road as they yearned for the home-cooked delicacies shared by their comrades.

Shortly after taking their station, the two rangers observed a cloud of dust rising on the horizon toward Harper's Ferry. They watched anxiously as the outline of a Federal column took shape. Within a few moments the men counted sixty cavalymen. Williamson rushed to apprise his lieutenant of the approaching enemy. Even as the young private told his commander, the other rangers reached for the reins of their horses and moved to hear the news. The lieutenant was in the saddle before Williamson had finished talking.

Joe Nelson rode out with Williamson to verify the report. He also counted five dozen riders in the enemy formation. By the time he returned to his company, the men had tightened the cinches on their saddles and rebridled their horses. Someone asked the obvious question: "How many are there?"

"There are about 60, but we can whip them, I know. Two of you men ride out there and draw them up the pike."

While the pair of rangers rode out at a casual trot, Nelson organized his company in column of twos. The men were widely spaced to give the impression

¹¹Williamson, Mosby's Rangers, 175-77; OR, XXXVII, Pt. 1, 3, 168-69; Crawford, Mosby and His Men, 203.

that they were a much larger force. Following Nelson, the group moved along the treeline behind an intervening hill in hopes of surprising the enemy. Within minutes the thunder of pursuing horses and the shouts of the Federals grew distinctly louder. Once the bluecoats had started their descent of the hill, Nelson's rangers emerged from the forest. The Union cavalymen brought their mounts to a halt. A moment of indecision was followed by a volley of fire from the Federal carbines.

"Now, boys, charge them!" shouted Nelson. Even before the last word was uttered, the customary Rebel yell signaled the attack. The enemy column, caught in the act of returning carbines to saddle scabbards, was defenseless. Only a few loaded weapons were in hand. The most natural action was to turn, and turn they did in head-long retreat.

Several Federals were killed or wounded in the chase that followed. One unfortunate soul was struck by a bullet from a partisan ranger. The man lurched backward from the saddle. One foot was unmercifully hung in the stirrup. The man reached up but once to free himself before his head dropped back and struck the Harper's Ferry pike. His comrades were more intent on their own safety. The Federal trooper died hideously from the ricochet action of road and hoof.

Company A returned to Charlestown at the conclusion of the chase. None of Nelson's men were killed or wounded. Three members of the Yankee column were killed and the rangers of Company A seized 25 prisoners and 28 horses.

Several miles away, Mosby led his remaining three companies toward Duffield Station. Their target was the 1 p. m. train. Telegraph wires on either side of the depot were cut. The fifty-man Federal outpost was therefore without communications and oblivious to their danger. Within 400 yards of the station, Col. Mosby gave the orders to surround the depot area. The battalion's recently-acquired artillery piece was set up and aimed at the building and the unsuspecting detachment inside.

When all of his troopers were satisfactorily placed, Mosby gave Capt. Dolly Richards the honor of demanding the surrender of the enemy force. In obedience to orders, A. E. Richards and Walter Whaley rode forward with a flag

of truce. When challenged by the heretofore-unobservant vedette, Richards asked to speak to the commanding officer. A young lieutenant appeared and asked the meaning of the white flag. Richards unceremoniously told the young officer that the depot was surrounded by Colonel Mosby's 43rd Battalion, Virginia Partisan Rangers. The Captain then demanded the unconditional surrender of the force within the depot. When the lieutenant's attention was called to the muzzle of the artillery piece, the man relented. The garrison surrendered without a shot.

As the captives emerged from the structure, the partisan rangers converged on Duffield's Depot. Mosby directed Capt. Montjoy and his company to a new position to govern the route of approach for the scheduled train. Companies B and C then made fast work of assembling prisoners, booty and horses. When it became evident that the train would not appear, the torch was applied to the stationhouse and the outbuildings. As it burned, the caisson and limber chest of Montjoy's cannon were loaded with plunder. Bolts of calico and bags of coffee were the most treasured prizes.

Mosby then started the column toward Charlestown. The three companies and fifty prisoners rode to join Company A on the Harper's Ferry road. An hour or so later, Nelson and Mosby shared hasty accounts of their respective successes. Then the command moved toward the Shenandoah River and the sanctuary of Fauquier County. Even though the partisan rangers were pursued, the threat was never serious. They returned to their northern Virginia homelands unscathed by Federal bullets.¹²

On July 2, on the first anniversary of the holocaust at Gettysburg, Fount Beattie and Mosby were relaxing in Rectortown when the pair encountered a member of Gen. Jubal A. Early's commissary department. The Confederate officer, Hugh Schwartz, had just left the General's column near Strasburg and was on his

¹²Williamson, Mosby's Rangers, 178-83; Crawford, Mosby and His Men, 207-9; OR, XXXVII, Pt. 1, 2, 357-58, 692, 694; Scott, Partisan Life, 234-37.

way to pay a quick visit to his family at Middleburg. Schwartz told Mosby that Early's army was marching toward the Potomac. Mosby was clearly surprised; he had no prior knowledge of Early's move or of the General's intentions to march toward the Federal homeland. Mosby felt "the thing for me to do was to keep between Early and the troops in Fairfax and Washington and to break communication between Harper's Ferry and Washington."¹³

After Schwartz's departure, Mosby conferred briefly with Fount Beattie and then ordered an immediate meeting of the 43rd Battalion. On Sunday, July 3, the partisan rangers gathered at Upperville. A total of 250 men answered the urgent summons of their chief. Among the faces was Pvt. John Munson, only recently recovered from the wounds that had come close to paralyzing him in February. Shortly after noon, the Confederates moved north toward Early's army. The men rode with a quiet confidence, prompted by their recently acquired 12-pounder howitzer, and bivouacked for the night near Wheatland.

On July 4, Mosby led his command along the Potomac River toward the town of Point of Rocks, Md. The area was named appropriately enough. It seemed as if man had been intent on capitalizing on the solid rock landform to crowd in every means of communication known at the time. Along the river's Maryland edge were the locks of the Chesapeake and Ohio Canal, a station for the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad and the town itself--complete with telegraph. The area also marked one of the better locations at which to ford the Potomac. It was the ideal military target.

During the early days of July, the Potomac was at a low ebb. Even though more than a quarter of a mile wide, the shallow depths near Point of

¹³Frederic Fillison Bowen Papers, Manuscripts Division, Virginia Historical Society, Richmond, Va. In two letters to "Dear Bowen," dated June 12, 18[95?] and July 25, 1895, Mosby related his surprise at Early's move north. "I never at anytime, directly or indirectly, received any message from him, oral or written. On the contrary it was always my complaint, and the only one I ever made against him, that he never communicated with me. . . . When Early first moved down the Valley (June '64) he did not notify me."

Rocks were also bisected by a small narrow island. When the command approached the ford, Mosby held his hand high, signaling a halt. Beyond the trees the ford seemed as though it were placed for the rangers' convenience. Mosby and a squad of men rode on in the usual preliminary scout. They no sooner reached the edge of the river when a Union sentinel fired on them. The handful of Confederates withdrew to the safety of the brush. Mosby ordered Lt. Ab Wrenn and a group of partisan sharpshooters to eliminate the Federal pestilence at midstream. A group of rangers who carried the supplementary carbine in a saddle scabbard then advanced through the scrub brush at river's edge. As the men crept forward, Lt. Sam Chapman unlimbered the 12-pounder Napoleon. Numerous shots from Wrenn's snipers failed to drive the enemy from the island. A roar from Chapman's piece had a discernible effect. The second shot was more encouraging--at least to Ab Wrenn. The young lieutenant ran into the river, ordering his troopers forward. John Alexander hesitated and looked on in disbelief. However, he followed and joined in the advance.

The sight of the men in the water gave the Federals renewed faith and easy targets. Even as the wading rangers spread out, the "zip" of bullets ripping the water's surface gave evidence of the insanity of their venture. One Federal sniper was a little too accurate for his own good. Mosby turned to Emory Pitts:

"Pitts, can you stop that Yankee over there?"

"I'll try," was the only answer.

A single shot later and the enemy sniper fell.

Chapman also maintained his cannon fire with increasing accuracy. As the wading partisans neared the shore, the Federal troopers fled. Dolly Richards then led Company A in a charge across the shallows. Companies B and D followed on the heels of their fellow rangers. Company C remained in support of the artillery piece. When the Confederate horsemen entered the water, the Union defenders retreated up the canal's tow path. The fleeing soldiers passed by an anchored boat, the scene of an Independence Day party, and ran across the canal

bridge. As they crossed the wooden structure, they ripped up the floor planks. Richards' chargers reached the span and were once again exposed to a harassing sniper.

Confederate rifle fire countered the hail of carbine bullets. More southern rifles were brought into action with the arrival of Companies B and D. The exchange of shots continued as rangers ripped boards from a nearby building to replace the bridge flooring. Lieutenant Harry Hatcher chose not to wait. Instead, he dashed across the gaps in the beams in a one-man charge to the enemy flag pole. Behind him, Richards' men ignored the falling pellets and restructured the oaken roadway. Hatcher ran an erratic path back to his comrades with the rumples Stars and Stripes.

Following Hatcher's example, Richards ordered more men forward in a charge on foot. Moments later, with planks in place, the remaining two companies flooded into the Union camp. The defenders ran for their lives. The invading partisans raided the several stores and supply buildings around the depot.

Back at the river, John Alexander and his fellow rangers were annoyed at being left without horses. Worse than that, they were absent when the choice dry goods were confiscated by their fellow rangers. They soon overcame their dismay when they discovered the party boat. Fine Yankee liquor, cigars and sweet foods held their attention. Immediate consumption was interrupted by the arrival of a Baltimore and Ohio train. Troopers were quickly dispatched as Chapman's Napoleon fired at the iron horse. The engineer quickly reversed his locomotive and escaped destruction by Mosby's rangers. When young John Alexander returned to the canal boat, only a few handfuls of candy were remaining.

As the command destroyed the Point of Rocks encampment, Mosby penned a hurried dispatch to Gen. Early. Harry Heaton and Fount Beattie carried the message which told what the rangers had done with Mosby offering "to obey any order." Even as the pair rode out, their comrades were at work cutting telegraph poles, destroying boats and burning the enemy's military equipment. Yankee communications and supply traffic by rail and water were effectively stopped

for two days following the attack.¹⁴

Mosby's battalion remained close to the river for two days. On the morning of July 6, a scout reported that a force of Yankee cavalry was at Leesburg. The order to "mount up" was issued to the 150 members of the command that had remained in the Potomac bivouac. When the troopers arrived at Leesburg, the citizenry poured out of the buildings to greet the partisans. Many of the people issued invitations for the noon meal. However, the Colonel waved his men forward at a gallop.

The townspeople had reported 150 horsemen from the 2nd Massachusetts and the 13th New York Cavalry en route to Fairfax via Aldie. Mosby's men tried in vain to beat the enemy column to the ford at Ball's Mill. The partisans then spurred their horses in a straight path toward Mount Zion in another attempt to cut off the Federals. Riding over meadows and pasturelands, the 43rd Virginia arrived in advance of their prey. Near Mount Zion Church, Mosby deployed his troopers in hopes of delivering a surprise attack. Yet the Federal commander, Maj. William H. Forbes, learned of the presence of Mosby's men.

He organized his own troops and prepared for the Confederates' attack rather than ride into a trap. The ever-confident Mosby obliged and assumed the offensive. Gradually, Mosby's rangers rode toward the brick mansion of Samuel Skinner. On the grounds adjoining the big house, Forbes' cavalrymen stood in two equal lines. The Federals waited with carbines cocked or sabres drawn.

Young John Alexander noted that it was indeed "a grand sight." Mosby was unimpressed by the spectacle. In business-like manner he directed the placement of the howitzer, detailed Glascock's Company D in support of the gun

¹⁴Freeman, Lee's Lieutenants, III, 559-67; Williamson, Mosby's Rangers, 184-86; Alexander, Mosby's Men, 76-84; Munson, Mosby Guerrilla, 93-95; Scott, Partisan Life, 238-42; OR, XXXVII, Pt. 1, 2-4; Pt. 2, 43, 55, 64, 72, 219; Bowen Papers (VHS), letters dated July 25, 1898 and June 12, 18[95?]. In the former, Mosby wrote: "But they [Heaton and Beattie] came back bringing no orders--Early was dead drunk. . . . Beattie and Heaton overtook Early (dead drunk) at Sharpsburg, Md."

crew and ordered Harry Hatcher's sharpshooters forward to the enemy's right flank. The marksmen opened fire first. The Napoleon then roared into life; and even though the projectile fell short, it had a psychological effect on the two lines poised on the nearby hill. Chaplain Charles A. Humphreys of the 2nd Massachusetts Cavalry wrote: "It was the first time any of us had been treated with shells of that kind for supper, and both horses and men were very much demoralized, and the solid formation of the line was completely broken."

The blast and concussion of the cannon ball signaled the onslaught of partisans. Hatcher's snipers fired as rapidly as the men could manipulate the breech mechanism of their carbines. Several men from Company B ignored the Union rifle fire and removed a few rails from Skinner's fence. Ab Wrenn's men were the first through the gap in the fence. The Rebel yell preceded the three-pronged advance on the front and both flanks. Chaplain Humphreys reported that: "Mosby and his rangers were upon us, swooping down like Indians, yelling like fiends, discharging their pistols with fearful rapidity, and threatening to completely envelop our little band."

Within minutes, the spectacle that once appeared as a "grand sight" of militarism had become a melee. Surging horses and soldiers waged individual duels in close combat. The partisans fired freely with each of their revolvers. Gunfire frequently flashed, burned and penetrated sabre-wielding Union cavalrymen. It clearly, albeit tragically, demonstrated the superiority of the revolver in close quarters. Even the carbine was unwieldy in such circumstances. Evidently the Federal troopers were afraid of firing that weapon for fear of hitting one of their comrades. Grasping the metal barrel, the enemy troopers used rifles as clubs. Ranger Willie Martin was bludgeoned "into insensibility" by several of the besieged Federals.

It seemed like an eternity. Horses screamed from being repeatedly spurred or when wounded by an errant ball or sabre. Young John Alexander buried his spurs into the sides of his mount, but no amount of coaxing could make his stallion accelerate. Elsewhere in the din of battle, Union Maj. Forbes

was locked in combat with Captain T. W. T. Richards. The Yankee major swung and lunged with his long sabre. Richards pointed a revolver into the man's face and squeezed the trigger. The weapon failed to discharge. Even as the hammer snapped, Forbes' sabre pierced Richards' left shoulder. Young Richards was instantly swept with nausea and a fear of death as he slumped in the saddle. However, Forbes also fell as his horse collapsed from a fatal bullet. The Union commander became pinned beneath the carcass.

That signaled the end of the engagement. Upon seeing their leader fall, Federal soldiers broke into a head-long retreat. The hot pursuit led by Mosby and Edmonds went for a full ten miles. By the time the rangers reassembled on the field, it was near dark. The road to Fairfax and the Skinner's pasture was littered with wounded, dead or dying men and horses. It was a tragic scene, set with a twinge of irony in the scenic summer countryside of northern Virginia.

Shortly after dark, most of the wounded were assembled in the Skinner mansion. Dr. Will Dunn tended to the wounded as the Skinner family assisted him. Outside, prisoners and horses were placed under guard. Weary rangers unsaddled their mounts and fell asleep beneath a blanket of stars. John Alexander sat astride "Joe," his battle-weary stallion and stood watch over the approach to the farmhouse. Occasionally, a wounded animal shrieked in pain. Somewhere a fallen soldier moaned for water. Young Alexander stood his post. Inside the house, a group of his best friends wrestled with death. Four of the eight wounded rangers--Henry Smallwood, Hugh Waters, Tom Lake and Frank Woolf--were special to the young vedette.

When he was relieved from duty, Alexander found a bed among the thick meadow grass. He unharnessed Joe and fell asleep with the saddle as his pillow. On awakening the next morning, Alexander saw Joe standing above him with his head lowered. Only then did the young ranger discover the bullet wounds in the horse's chest and leg. Guilt swept over the soldier as he recalled the incessant spurring he had issued the day before. The horse had withstood the battle and endured the long watch. All the while the animal's young master was oblivious

to his suffering. A flood of grief and emotion overwhelmed the man. He threw his arms around the horse's neck and wept. Years later the man wrote: "Poor Joe, that was our last ride to battle together."¹⁵

¹⁵Munson, Mosby Guerrilla, 95-101; Williamson, Mosby's Rangers, 187-91; Alexander, Mosby's Men, 87-96; Charles A. Humphreys, Field, Camp, Hospital and Prison in the Civil War, 1863-1865 (Boston, 1918), 96-98; Scott, Partisan Life, 245-49; Crawford, Mosby and His Men, 225-29; OR, XXXVII, Pt. 1, 4-5, 301, 358-61; Hoadley, Gansevoort Memorial, 162.

Chapter IX

HOLOCAUST IN THE VALLEY

On July 28, 1864, Col. Mosby addressed the members of his battalion at Upperville. He read the list of the newly "elected" officers of his fifth company, Company E. Samuel F. Chapman was chosen as the commander and the veteran Fountain Beattie became the unit's executive officer. The second and third lieutenants were the battle-tested William Martin and W. Ben Palmer.

Chapman had heretofore served as the chief of the battalion's informally-conceived artillery. His promotion was an indication of the value Mosby placed on his services. Shortly thereafter, the artillery was formally organized around the battalion's four-gun battery. Peter A. Franklin became its captain. The new lieutenants--John J. Fray, John P. Page and Frank H. Rahm--were selected and promoted as an indication of their bravery and reliability.

During the latter part of July, a see-saw battle raged in the northern region of the Shenandoah Valley. In the opening days of July, General Jubal A. Early had taken his Confederate forces to the outskirts of the Union capital. By mid-July, his troops were back in Virginia. On July 16, Mosby and Capt. Dolly Richards rode to Snicker's Gap to confer with Early. That night the partisan chief offered to cooperate with Early, even though Mosby was not organized under the senior officer's command.

Before the end of the month, Early again crossed the Potomac and threatened the seat of the Union government. Once again, the Confederate commander did not alert or inform Mosby of his intentions or his objectives. Nevertheless, Mosby ordered the 43rd Battalion, Virginia Partisan Rangers into action. His plan was to place the command along Early's flanks, between the two opposing forces. From that initial position Mosby's rangers moved to assail the flanks of General P. H. Sheridan's army. To provide that support, the Colonel divided his command along company lines. Individual unit commanders were dispatched in a number of directions. Mosby felt that "it was my business to be

on the flanks of the enemy or in their rear-- This was the best protection I could give Early--to keep the enemy so busy . . . guarding their own rear and flanks that they never had time to attack Early's."

Consequently, bridges were burned, telegraph lines cut and enemy supply lines subjected to morale-shattering raids. Even as the horsemen of the 43rd Virginia raided along the enemy's flank's, Franklin's artillerymen stood watch over Cheek's and Noland's Fords across the Potomac. The incessant Confederate attacks had a devastating effect. The 13th New York Cavalry, a repeated victim of Mosby's rangers, was largely demoralized by the loss at Mount Zion Church. Soldiers within that command frequently lost "five out of seven nights sleep." Their commander, Col. Henry Gansevoort, complained that his men were "worked to death." He felt that the "formidable guerillas" of Mosby's command kept his men on "watch," working "harder than slaves ever were on plantations."

The only other Union force of any consequence was the 16th New York Cavalry. Colonel H. M. Lazelle, commanding that unit, shared Gansevoort's frustration in fighting the partisans. Common sense, he stated, dictated that one of the only ways to defeat the "almost intangible enemy" was "occupation of his whole country." In any event, the New York commander felt that "nothing but an overwhelming force of 500 or more men can march with impunity in his [Mosby's] country."

The Federal officer's words were more evidence that the 43rd Virginia Partisan Rangers had accomplished one of its objectives. If indeed General Grant wanted his supply channels and lines of communications to Washington efficiently protected, something had to be done. Colonel Gansevoort was "entirely disgusted." His men were known to "sleep on post," or else they connived "to get into the guard-house to escape the excess of duty." As for Mosby, he had no intention of relieving the pressure on his adversary.¹

¹Williamson, Mosby's Rangers, 197; Crawford, Mosby and His Men, 234;

On Tuesday, August 2, 1864, Colonel Mosby and Dolly Richards again rode to see Early. Just as on July 16, the partisan chief "complained to Early of his not having [been] notified of his intentions to attack [toward the north]." After venting his frustrations, Mosby reiterated his desire to cooperate with Early's army in the Valley. The Colonel then returned to his friends in Fauquier. The following Saturday afternoon, August 6, some 250 partisan rangers moved toward the Potomac River and the Federal encampments to the north. Led by the slight man in the plumed hat, the command rode with a confidence that came with experience. The presence of four pieces of artillery gave them extra cause for assurances.

However, when the column reached the river, the men found that each of the shallow crossings was heavily guarded. For the moment at least, the men were denied entrance into the north. On Sunday morning, Mosby ordered the artillery back toward Upperville. Walter Whaley and seven men rode toward Annandale, and Mosby led thirty-eight men from Company A toward Fairfax. The balance of the battalion impressed forage and grain from residents in the area and then returned to Fauquier County to await the summons of their commander.

The separate forces of Whaley and Mosby gave further credence to the complaints of Lazelle and Gansevoort. On Sunday evening, Whaley's detachment captured three men and four mounts in the area around Burke's Station. On Monday morning, Mosby's men, reinforced by Whaley's group, rode toward the Federal encampments at Fairfax. That afternoon, Walter Whaley and George Slater rode as the advance party. Several miles from Fairfax Station a group of troopers from the 13th New York Cavalry who had learned of Mosby's advance were hidden along the road in an ambush. When the pair of Confederate

Scott, Partisan Life, 271; OR, XXXVII, Pt. 1, 4-5, 330, 337, 362; Pt. 2, 353-54, 362, 364, 388-90, 492, 496-97, 513, 527, 529, 540, 571, 575; Bowen Papers (VHS), letters dated June 12, 18[95?], Apr. 29, 1895, July 25, 1898; Hoadley, Gansevoort Memorial, 160, 165-70.

outriders came into range, the Federals fired a volley from their carbines. Both Slater and his mount were wounded, although neither seriously. After the single barrage, the Union cavalrymen started toward their camp. Somewhere along the road, reinforcements arrived from the 16th New York Cavalry. Captain J. H. Fleming took command of the two-company task force, which numbered about seventy-eight men.

Mosby's pursuit of the 13th New York Cavalry took his three dozen troopers even closer to the large enemy encampments around Falls Church and Fairfax Station. Around 4 p. m., near the depot area, the partisans encountered the larger Yankee column. Someone heard Capt. Fleming order a salvo of carbine fire and then a sabre charge. Mosby did not wait for the enemy soldiers to execute the order. Instead, he ordered an attack. The partisans responded with the Rebel yell and a steady, rapid staccato of pistol fire.

One volley was all the Federals delivered. Few even bothered to draw their sabres. Indeed, Capt. Fleming was among the first to fall. A half-dozen enlisted men also toppled from their saddles. In the rout that followed, barely half of the Union cavalrymen escaped. Twenty-one men were ultimately captured. Among them was a captain and a lieutenant, both of whom were wounded in the brief but decisive encounter. Thirty-four fully-equipped Yankee cavalry mounts were also led back toward Fauquier. Once again Col. H. M. Lazelle voiced disgust in what he called a "disgraceful mismanagement" and "complete rout of our men."

Colonel Mosby, however, was not finished with the New Yorkers. In the engagement of August 8, the rangers suffered only slight wounds. Frank Turner and George Slater had both been wounded, but not seriously enough to discourage the partisan leader.²

Mosby then decided to press the issue. He had received a report that a

²Bowen Papers (VHS), letter dated June 12, 18[95?]; Williamson, Mosby's Rangers, 202-6; Crawford, Mosby and His Men, 236; OR, XLIII, Pt. 1, 634, 722, 724, 742-43.

substantial supply train was en route to Winchester. The wagons were intended for the new Federal commander in the northern Virginia area, Maj. Gen. Philip H. Sheridan. This officer was the third in a succession of Union commanders in the Valley. Mosby planned a partisan reception for his new adversary.

On August 12, 330 men answered the call for a rendezvous at Rectortown. The outing was the first such operation for several of the men, but few were more excited than Pvt. Frederic F. Bowen. The day was the culmination of his many youthful dreams--to fight for "our beloved and suffering south." The column moved toward the Valley through Snicker's Gap and halted near Berryville. Near midnight, the men unsaddled horses and looked for comfortable sleeping accommodations. Saddle blankets and leaves comprised mattresses. Regardless of how hard the ground was, the rangers had no trouble finding sleep.

That is, most of them found a means to sleep. Mosby, John Russell and John Munson rode down the Valley Turnpike in the early morning hours in search of the Federal wagon train. Riding through the fog that clung to the Valley floor, the men heard the advancing supply vehicles before they actually saw any Federals. Going to the side of the road, the Confederate party moved freely as the Union column traveled toward Winchester. Occasionally the three partisans mingled with various portions of the escort. John Munson even had the audacity to ask one Federal soldier for a match with which to light his pipe. The flickering match cast an orange glow over the faces of both men. Nevertheless, the Federal had no idea that the request came from one of the dreaded "guerrillas" of the region.

Before Mosby gave the order to return to the battalion's bivouac site, he gained a wealth of information. The wagon train was a substantial logistical effort under the command of Brig. Gen. John R. Kenly. A total of 150 wagons, 1,000 horses and cattle and at least two regiments comprised the enemy column. The most valuable piece of information obtained was an evaluation of the rather substantial guard. Mosby's inquiries confirmed his most ambitious aspirations. The awesome guard that flanked the elongated convoy was a mere assemblage of

100-day men--raw recruits. One by one, Russell, Munson and Mosby broke away from the convoy. They met in a field on the fringes of the lumbering column. Mosby ordered Munson back to the camp of the 43rd Virginia. He was to guide the rangers to a pre-arranged spot for the planned attack.

After Munson's return, Capt. Peter Franklin organized his artillerymen and supervised the harnessing of the two teams for the unit's pair of 12-pounder howitzers. Dolly Richards encouraged Companies A and B, comprising the 1st Squadron, to accelerate their preparations. Captain William Chapman's 2nd Squadron went about its duties amidst the fog and darkness and organized itself into some semblance of order. Sam Chapman's Company E made ready to support Franklin's battery.

Gradually the battalion began to move along the edge of the darkened forest. In the darkness one of the howitzers fell into a deep rut and suffered a damaged wheel. By first light the Virginians could barely distinguish the outline of the Valley Turnpike below them. The command finally met its anxious colonel as the first red-orange hues illuminated the Blue Ridge.

The objective became clearer. Barely 400 yards away, a huge serpent of canvas-covered wagons crept along the floor of the Shenandoah Valley. Hurriedly Mosby gave his commanders their orders. Richards' 1st Squadron was to assail the head of the convoy. William Chapman's 2nd Squadron would strike to the right of the center. Sam Chapman's Company E was held in reserve to protect Franklin's two dozen artillerymen. The attack was to begin after the third salvo from the Napoleon. Mosby stressed that point: wait until the third shot.

Franklin acted quickly to bring his field piece into action. Everyone was afraid that the Federals would spot their party and take away the element of surprise. Officers urged their men to be "steady." Just as the howitzer was unhitched, a group of yellow-jackets beneath the carriage swarmed into vengeance. The gunners momentarily retreated from their piece. Finally cooler heads prevailed and the weapon was moved to a new position.

The momentary chaos of the partisans went unobserved. As dawn finally broke, the entire wagon train was clearly distinguishable. The haze of the early morning fog clung to the floor of the Valley, creating a spectacle that approached the supernatural. Wagons, horses, cavalry and infantry plodded through the haze as if they were an army of ghost riders, untouchable by shot or shell.

The roar of the little Napoleon field piece brought a sobering reality to all concerned. The first shot ripped off the head of a mule in the very middle of the train. Bewildered Federals searched through the haze for the origin of the shot. Another mule, wounded by the first shot, shrieked in pain. Pandemonium prevailed as a teamster struggled for control of the terrified beasts. A second shot landed among the wagons. The third shot fell among the panic-stricken guard.

With all the vengeance they could then muster, the men of the 43rd Virginia now roared down upon the convoy. The savage shriek of the Rebel yell, the thunder of hooves and the roar of revolvers catapulted the 100-day men into a panic. Charging down the hill, the partisans spread out and advanced like a tidal wave. Everywhere the Federals looked, there was a horde of Confederate cavalry. Very few of the part-time soldiers even bothered to shoulder their weapons. A handful of veterans in the Federal ranks stood their ground and a few of the partisans fell. Someone finally brought order to the Ohio troops behind the safety of a stone fence.

On seeing the organized defense, Peter Franklin re-aimed his howitzer. Ben Thrift rammed home powder and ball. Frank "Zoo" Geschky inserted the friction primer into the vent. Franklin then sighted the weapon, turned the elevating screw and gave the order to fire. Seconds after "Zoo" jerked the lanyard a twelve-pound ball landed atop the stone fence. A second round was on its way in less than a moment. The devastating accuracy of the artillery fire and the pressure applied by the mounted rangers completely demoralized the new army inductees. They ran in every direction--away from the wagons.

Chaos prevailed in the mile-long convoy. Teams of horses pulled driverless wagons across open fields in frenzied attempts at escape. Confederate sol-

diers bent on destruction applied the torch to the canvas of the runaway wagons. When Mosby was satisfied that the enemy troops no longer posed a threat, he called off the attack. Hastily his rangers went to work at unharnessing mules and horses. As that work progressed, the beef cattle were started on a drive south toward Rectortown. Consequently, some of the wagons were left alone. Plunder, equipment and barrels littered the turnpike. The men did not linger among the booty. Hastily they grabbed new uniforms, boots and musical instruments. The Colonel encouraged them to hurry before Federal reinforcements arrived from Winchester.

By 8 a. m., the fighting had ended. A huge herd was organized for the trek to Rectortown. A major portion of the 330 rangers formed a ring around the prizes: 500 mules, 36 horses, 200 head of cattle and more than 200 prisoners. In their wake only fifty wagons were left unscathed by the attack. Unfortunately, the rangers overlooked a payroll safe which contained a substantial sum of money destined for Sheridan's men in the field.

The trip south was a lark. Yankee uniform coats were worn "inside out so as to display the fine linings. From one of the wagons we had resurrected a lot of musical instruments and the leaders of the mounted vanguard made the morning hideous with attempts to play plantation melodies on tuneless fiddles." Late that afternoon, the entourage reached Rectortown. There the command divided the horses as rewards of the conquest.

By suppertime the cattle and mules were organized for the trip to Lee's hungry army at Petersburg. Mosby then approached nineteen-year-old John Munson and asked: "Munson, don't you want to see your sweetheart?" There was not a hint of hesitation in the young man's voice as he seized the opportunity. Shortly afterward the two men rode toward the 43rd Virginia's informal headquarters at the home of Joe Blackwell.

Bathed, fed and refreshed, John Munson rode to Warrenton to visit his special young lady. The next morning the couple went to the Sunday services. In the afternoon the partisan went to Culpeper for the train ride to General Lee's

headquarters. There the teenage veteran presented an image of the warrior as he hand-carried dispatches to the Confederate commander. Munson remembered the incident clearly: "I had on my best, . . . My boots came half way up my thighs, and my spurs were hand-made with silver rowels. My entire suit was gray corduroy trimmed with buff and gold lace, my hat had a double gold cord and an ostrich plume on it, and I carried a pair of high gauntlets carelessly in one hand, while with the other I toyed with a handsome enamelled belt and a pair of Colt's revolvers." Munson's appearance was as impressive as the herd of cattle that went to General Lee's commissary. The results in the Valley were also noticeable. For the moment Sheridan was stymied.³

News of the attack on the supply train infuriated Grant. At 1:30 p. m. on August 16, 1864, he wrote a hasty dispatch to Major General Philip Sheridan: "The families of Mosby's men . . . can be collected. I think they should be taken and kept at Fort McHenry . . . as hostages for the good conduct of Mosby and his men. When any of Mosby's men are caught hang them without trial."

Evidently the 43rd Virginia Partisan Rangers plagued the thoughts of the Union commander. Two hours later, he wrote another message which left no doubt as to the scope and intent of his previous instructions: "If you can possibly spare a division of cavalry, send them through Loudoun County, to destroy and carry off the crops, animals, negroes, and all men under fifty years of age capable of bearing arms."

The following evening General Sheridan replied to his commander's message: "Mosby has annoyed me and captured a few wagons. We hung one and shot six of his men yesterday. I have burned all wheat and hay, and brought off all

³Williamson, Mosby's Rangers, 206-10; Munson, Mosby Guerrilla, 102-11; Bowen Papers (VHS), letter dated Oct. 15, 1864; Russell, Mosby Memoirs, 290-94; Scott, Partisan Life, 275-79; Crawford, Mosby and His Men, 234-42; Frederic Denison, Sabres and Spurs: The First Rhode Island Cavalry in the Civil War, 1861-65 (Central Falls, R. I., 1876), 375-76; OR, XLIII, Pt. 1, 484, 623, 633, 722, 742, 777, 783-86, 1000.

stock, sheep, cattle, horses, etc., south of Winchester."

The tone of the Union campaign was now clearly established. Sheridan now began a destruction of the Shenandoah Valley in the tradition of Generals Hunter and Sigel. On August 19, in a late-evening dispatch to his commander, Sheridan wrote: "I destroyed everything that was eatable south of Winchester. . . . Guerillas give me great annoyance, but I am quietly disposing of numbers of them."⁴

The 43rd Battalion carried out a methodical harassment of Union camps throughout the area known as "Mosby's Confederacy." Brigadier Gen. John D. Stevenson, from headquarters at Harper's Ferry, recommended that Charlestown be occupied with "1,000 men and one section of artillery." Even as Stevenson conveyed his concern in writing, Mosby deployed his rangers for more action along the flanks of Sheridan's supply lines.

On August 20, Sheridan employed yet another tactic against Mosby's Battalion. The General retained an independent scout, Captain Richard Blazer, to seek out and destroy the 43rd Battalion. That same day, Mosby divided his command to operate in three areas. Captain Dolly Richards led Company B toward Charlestown; Mosby deployed Company A along the Harper's Ferry-Charlestown Road; and Capt. William Chapman took the remaining three companies toward Berryville. Ideally, the Colonel wanted to hold the attention of Union raiding parties and patrols, thus preventing further destruction of the Valley.

During that rainy day, someone in Chapman's column noticed thick smoke on the horizon. The three-company force moved off to determine the origin of

⁴Ibid., 811, 822, 841. There is no mention of these executions in any of Mosby's records. Whether Sheridan was testing the intentions of his commander or whether he did pass sentence on seven men is not known. The victims may well have been "independent" scouts or "bushwhackers." Mosby also commented: "If he ever hung anybody he kept it a secret. I never heard of it until I read it in the war records. I am sure nobody else ever did; the war correspondents never mentioned it. . . . If he hung any citizen of the Valley . . . we would have heard of it. . . ." Southern Historical Society Papers, XXVII (1899), 269-70. Cited hereafter as SHSP.

the billows. The rangers soon arrived at the burning home of Province McCormick. The entire family had been huddled together to protect themselves from the rain and the fire. On talking with the family, Chapman learned that the Federals intended to burn the homes of five Southern families. These acts were in retaliation for the death of a Union picket killed the previous night by one of Mosby's men. Chapman's men moved off to challenge the Federal force. Along the route of pursuit the rangers discovered that the Sowers and Ware families had suffered a similar fate.

With each passing scene of destruction emotions among the rangers approached unquenchable hatred. Chapman's men spurred their horses toward the Yankee raiders. Near the home of a Colonel Morgan, the rangers saw enemy troopers applying the torch to the buildings. Chapman's men rode down the Shepherd's Mill road and approached the farm through a ravine. Three companies of partisan rangers shrieked as they descended upon the Federals. The yell probably was more venomous than at any time during the war.

James Williamson recalled "the general order to all Confederate soldiers, that soldiers found burning houses were not to be taken prisoner, and no quarter was to be given." John Munson simply recalled the "helpless non-combatants crouching in the rain, weeping over their burning homes." John Scott was also infuriated by the actions of the enemy. He wrote that "the Partisans pursued them for a mile, and then returned to put to death all the prisoners who had been taken, and all the wounded who had fallen by the way. Twenty-nine Federal soldiers thus perished, victims of the bloody code of retaliation." Another ranger, a big Irishman remembered only as "Larry," fairly cried as he drew a revolver: "Jasus, if that wouldn't make a man fight, I don't know what would." As for Mosby, he reported the incident simply and matter-of-factly: "Such was the indignation of our men . . . that no quarter was shown, and about 25 of them were shot to death for their villainy, about 30 horses were brought off, but no prisoners."⁵

⁵OR, XLIII, Pt. 1, 634, 826; Williamson, Mosby's Rangers, 213-16;

The pace for the month of August was every bit as furious as had been the action around the home of Colonel Morgan. Mosby again divided his command by companies to provide a multi-faceted harassment of Sheridan's forces in the Valley. On August 23, Mosby's 300 rangers laid siege to the Union garrison at Annandale. Captain Franklin's two artillery pieces fired solid shot and grape shot in an attempt to force the surrender of the Federal troops. Although the garrison did not capitulate, the cannon fire and the brazen attack so close to the Federal capital created ample concern among authorities.⁶

Sheridan then resolved to send one of his best cavalry units into action against the 43rd Battalion. On August 29, the 8th Illinois Cavalry was ordered into "Mosby's Confederacy." Directives to the unit commander, Maj. John M. Waite, were as clear as they were ominous. At midnight, Waite's force was to initiate a move through Aldie, Upperville and Middleburg. Sheridan then became specific:

The special object of your scout is to destroy, as far as practicable, the sources from which Mosby draws men, horses and support. To this end you will arrest and bring in all males capable of bearing arms or conveying information, between the ages of eighteen and fifty . . . impress all wagons, and bring them in loaded with forage: destroy all crops of hay, oats, corn and wheat which you cannot bring in. . . . Mosby's headquarters are reported as alternating between the houses of Mr. Blackwell and Mr. Turner, near Upperville. . . . After the rations you carry for men and animals are exhausted, live on the country.

In spite of the surprise achieved by Waite's column, there were but few losses to Mosby's battalion. Mosby's rangers had, for the most part, learned

Scott, Partisan Life, 279-82; Munson, Mosby Guerrilla, 146-47; New York Times, Aug. 25, 1864.

⁶Williamson, Mosby's Rangers, 216-21; Crawford, Mosby and His Men, 243-45; OR, XLIII, Pt. 1, 637-38, 897-99, 901-2.

the perils of residing in towns and villages. Major Gen. C. C. Augur, commanding the Department of Washington, filed a report to Sheridan which was lacklustre at best: "No rebel forces in that vicinity except Mosby's. He [Waite] brought in 30 men and 30 horses. . . . No wagons can be found to bring off supplies in any quantity."⁷

The pressures, however, continued on both sides. On September 3, Mosby took a half-dozen men and attacked the enemy's vedettes west of Fairfax. The following day, a group of ninety partisans encamped near Myer's Ford on the Shenandoah River. Leaving the bulk of the 1st Squadron there to guard the crossing, Mosby rode to the eastern shore to reconnoitre Federal positions. Later that day, word arrived that Blazer's scouts were searching for the 43rd Battalion in an attempt to fulfill their contract with Sheridan. Dolly Richards took a detachment from the squadron and searched in vain for the Union patrol. Failing to find his quarry, and virtually certain that Blazer had returned to Maryland, Richards ordered the largest portion of the 1st Squadron back to their homes.

That night James Williamson stood picket alone at Myer's Ford. When relieved late that night, the young soldier returned to camp. He fed his mount before seeking sleep in a bed of autumn leaves. Williamson was unsure of just how long he had been sleeping when he was rudely awakened by a barrage of gunfire. When fully conscious he was able to distinguish Lt. Joe Nelson and Sgt. Horace Johnson standing in the glow of the campfire and trying to rally the totally-surprised camp. Momentarily frozen with fright, Williamson reached for his horse's bridle instead of the Army Colt at his side. After bridling the stallion and tightening the cinch, the youngster mounted to participate in the retreat taking place around him. The rangers sought safety in the darkness of the woods rather than fight as distinguishable targets in the glow of the campfire. Even as Williamson's right foot found the stirrup, the trooper "felt a crushing blow in [his] right side." The lead ball hit with enough velocity to knock the wind from his

⁷Ibid., 909, 942-43; Williamson, Mosby's Rangers, 223.

lungs. He immediately doubled over in pain, fearing the worst. William Walston was close by. Seeing his comrade lurch at the impact and sudden pain, the man called out above the din which enveloped them: "Are you hurt bad?"

Williamson could barely answer from the shortness of breath. Rather than wait for an answer, Walston shouted: "Hold on to old Bob and we will bring you out all right."

With that encouragement, the wounded ranger clutched the horn of the saddle. The other hand gripped the reins while pressing his forearm across the wound in his side. Williamson's legs squeezed "Bob's" ribs with all of the strength he possessed. The horse seemed to sense the plight of his young master and the urgency of the retreat. The fleeing duo safely maneuvered through the woods and cleared two fences before finally evading the attackers. Only later did they discover that the surprise attack had been launched by Blazer's scouts. Nevertheless, the two men were safe. Several other rangers were not as fortunate. Lieutenant Nelson and five other partisans were wounded. Five additional rangers fought until out of ammunition. Dick Moran was among those taken prisoner. His capture marked the end of his less than five months of freedom since his first release from Point Lookout Prison.⁸

On Tuesday, September 13, 1864, the 43rd Battalion's sixth company was organized. Walter E. Frankland was selected as captain. Veterans Walter Bowie, James F. "Big Yankee" Ames and Frank Turner served as lieutenants. John S. Russell was promoted from scout to lieutenant, filling a vacancy in Company C. The formation of the new unit provided Mosby with more flexibility and the opportunity to attack the Union forces with yet another organized element of his command.⁹

⁸OR, XLIII, Pt. 1, 615, 634; Pt. 2, 28, 34; Williamson, Mosby's Rangers, 226-28; CSR, Roll 208. Mosby made no reference to Blazer's surprise attack in his report.

⁹Williamson, Mosby's Rangers, 231; Scott, Partisan Life, 305.

The traumatic pace of August continued through September. By mid-month, autumn rains were falling at a steady, unrelenting pace. The gloom of the overcast weather added to the discomforts encountered in camp and on horseback. Colonel H. S. Gansevoort of the 13th New York Cavalry wrote that there was a "rapid decline in [the] health and spirits" of his own men. However, on September 15, a group of Union cavalrymen turned the tables on the Virginians.

On that day, a group of five bluecoats from the 13th New York Cavalry rode "to within a few yards" of Colonel Mosby, Guy Broadwater and Thomas Love. In the exchange of shots that followed, two of the Federal troopers tumbled from their saddles. Among the Confederate party, Mosby was the principal target. His plumed hat and scarlet-lined cape presented an unmistakable target. Two bullets struck the Colonel. "One ball shattered the handle of Mosby's pistol and another entered his groin." The sting of the pellets caused Mosby to throw up his hands and reel in the saddle. The unmistakable gesture of pain quickened the hearts of soldiers in both blue and butternut gray. Broadwater and Love moved to the aid of their commander. The three Federal soldiers beat a hasty retreat with the news. Once at their headquarters, it was determined that Pvt. Henry Smith of Company H, 13th New York Cavalry, had inflicted the wounds. "It was a bold deed and Smith deserves credit for it," an official report stated.

Colonel Mosby, grimacing with pain, was led from the field by his two subordinates. Shortly thereafter, the Colonel went to his father's home near Lynchburg to convalesce. Captain William H. Chapman assumed command of the battalion in Mosby's absence.¹⁰

The autumn of 1864 was grueling. Splendid fall foliage in the Blue Ridge formed a myriad of tints around the war-torn Shenandoah Valley. At that time, Amanda Virginia Edmonds was living alone in her Fauquier County home. At

¹⁰Hoadley, Gansevoort Memorial, 170; Williamson, Mosby's Rangers, 233; OR, XLIII, Pt. 2, 112, 145-46; Pt. 1, 617; Russell, Mosby Memoirs, 298.

sunset on September 23, 1864, she made a lengthy entry in her diary that expressed the sentiments of the Valley residents during those troubled times:

I have wondered with a sort of pensive happiness leading almost to loneliness--hoping the beautiful autumn scenery of declining summer would dispose the dreariness of my spirits. . . . Over all nature hangs a dark and mournful cloud, throwing a deep contrast . . . [over] the scene. . . . The picture has a flaw in it, for just as my winged feelings were becoming subdued . . . a Rebel soldier friend appeared just before me. . . . ¹¹

Such introspective thoughts were characteristic of many family members. Residents of Loudoun and Fauquier counties who were sympathetic to "the cause" provided food and shelter to members of the 43rd Battalion. Southern households without family members in the command usually knew individuals who were. Frequently, too, they were "guilty" by association with the partisans whom the Federals called "bushwhackers" and "guerrillas." As a result, Union forces burned their homes, outbuildings and crops. The same Federal commanders sought to subjugate and conquer the people of the area for their actions and sympathies.

Throughout the campaign of 1864, Mosby's rangers worked feverishly to harass the flanks of the enemy. Primarily the command made every effort to attack and interrupt the flow of supplies, troops and communications of the Union army. Sheridan's presence in the Valley, and his tactics against the partisan force in the area, called for more action by the 43rd Battalion. Essentially, the command was kept in constant motion to protect the land, its crops and the livestock it sustained. Furthermore, the grain, the beef and the orchards of the Shenandoah Valley were the primary means of support for Lee's army, which was then under siege around Richmond. Mosby's forces operated on the flanks

¹¹Diary of Amanda Virginia (Edmonds) Chappellear, Virginia Historical Society, Richmond, 94-95. Cited hereafter as Chappellear Diary.

of major troop columns or directly against the enemy forces to "restrain the enemy from devastating the country."¹²

During the third week of September, Capt. William Chapman granted authorization to his brother Sam to lead a column against a Federal outpost. On September 22, 120 men rendezvoused at the small community of Piedmont. Most of the remaining rangers were visiting their homes in the absence of Col. Mosby. Before riding out, Capt. Chapman informed his men that their goal was a cavalry outpost of the 6th New York Cavalry. When the column reached the Front Royal area, a scout reported to Chapman that there was no longer any cavalry encampment at Chester Gap. That evening the rangers bivouacked near Front Royal.

At dawn on Friday morning, Capt. Chapman, John Gray and Willie Mosby left on a reconnaissance. From a vantage point "on the Gooney Manor Grade," the trio observed the Union camp near Milford. An hour or so after the sun cleared the peaks of the Blue Ridge, the men observed an ambulance train start away from the town. A guard of 175 men escorted the wagons. Without waiting for the entire convoy to form, the three partisans galloped back to their own encampment to organize for a raid.

In a matter of minutes the rangers of the 43rd Battalion were in the saddle. Chapman led the force to within striking distance of the target. Pausing near his objective, Chapman dispatched Capt. Frankland with four dozen men to attack the head of the train. He intended to lead the remaining members on an assault into the closer, rear element. Frankland moved out with all due haste. As the smaller detachment neared the front of the train, Chapman began his own approach. Drawing closer, he noticed that the rear echelon was significantly stronger than when he had seen it earlier. The force appeared to be a full brigade.

Chapman acted rapidly to recover his forces from sure disaster. He

¹²OR, XLIII, Pt. 1, 634.

turned to Lt. Harry Hatcher and ordered his own men back to the safety of Chester Gap. Fearing the worst, he explained: "I will get to Frankland if possible and call him off before he makes an attack."

Sam Chapman did not reach the rangers in time. Frankland's forty-five rangers assaulted the convoy before Chapman arrived. Riding into the foray, Sam said: "Call off your men; you are attacking a brigade!"

However, Frankland's face assumed an incredulous look. "Why, Sam, we've whipped them."

Chapman repeated the order with a fervor that left little to the imagination. Nevertheless, Frankland hesitated--wasting precious seconds. Finally, the forty-five rangers began to withdraw along the road to Chester Gap.

The moments of Frankland's indecision provided ample time for Federal cavalymen virtually to envelope the area. Bluecoats seemed to be everywhere. In front of the retreating partisans, a young Federal lieutenant drew a sabre and encouraged his men toward the fleeing rangers. At that moment the partisans were subjected to enemy soldiers closing in on all sides. In Mosby tradition, the four dozen rangers pressed their horses forward. Their pistol fire hit several Federal troopers and killed both the sabre-wielding Yankee lieutenant and his horse. The partisans closed in on the force that blocked the escape route and rode over the corpses of the officer and his mount. Miraculously, none of the rangers were killed, although two were wounded and six others were captured.¹³

Those rangers who escaped felt lucky to be alive. However, in Front Royal the six captured members of Mosby's battalion were assembled in response to General Grant's order of August 16. On the outskirts of town three of the rangers--Thomas E. Anderson, Lucien Love and David L. Jones--were sum-

¹³Williamson, Mosby's Rangers, 239-42; Crawford, Mosby and His Men, 260-61; Scott, Partisan Life, 317-21; Munson, Mosby Guerrilla, 148-49; Russell, Mosby Memoirs, 300-3. The sequence of events leading to the Federal lieutenant's death differ. The most prevalent version is given here.

marily executed. Reportedly, several others were tied to stakes and shot through the skull. Thomas Overby and a man remembered only as "Carter," were hanged on the outskirts of town. Affixed to the suspended rangers was a note which read: "Such is the fate of all of Mosby's gang."¹⁴

"Witnesses" to the scene of the sixth crime painted a pitiful portrait of man's inhumanity to fellow man: "The sixth and last victim was Henry C. Rhodes, a boy of 17 years of age. He was dragged through the streets of Front Royal between two cavalymen, tied to the rear straps of their saddles. A witness of the scene said the horses were walking fast and the boy could scarcely keep up; he was almost unconscious; his head fell limp to one side and his mouth was open."

To make matters worse, the entire episode was allegedly seen by the youngster's mother and in the presence of Generals Torbert, Merritt and Custer. Mrs. Rhodes' mournful pleading fell on deaf ears. Henry Rhodes was taken to the edge of town and executed. Townspeople brought the body back in a wheelbarrow thoughtfully covered with a sheet.¹⁵

¹⁴Williamson, Mosby's Rangers, 240-42; Russell, Mosby Memoirs, 300-3; Scott, Partisan Life, 320-21; Munson, Mosby Guerrilla, 148-49; SHSP, XXVII (1899), 251-54. Most accounts of the incidents agree and all include a man named "Carter" as one of the men hanged outside Front Royal. However, Williamson quoted a letter from Thomas W. Carter, dated Oct. 20, 1908, which indicated that the man survived the war. The victim's identity remains a mystery.

¹⁵Williamson, Mosby's Rangers, 241; Russell, Mosby Memoirs, 301; SHSP, XXVII (1899), 254; Confederate Veteran, VII (1899), 510-13. For years Mosby's veterans accused Custer of permitting the atrocities in Front Royal. At the dedication of a monument there on Sept. 23, 1899, A. E. "Dolly" Richards placed the blame on Gen. U. S. Grant, and on Col. C. R. Lowell, Jr., who commanded the element of Federal troops in the engagement. Mosby was only known to comment once on the matter: "I dissent from some historical statements in Major Richards' address. I do not agree with him that our men were hung in compliance with General Grant's order to Sheridan. They were not hung in obedience to the orders of a superior, but from revenge." SHSP, XXVII (1899), 233. The Mosby Memoirs, published years later, did not offer any discussion of the matter other than reports and newspaper articles. Mosby avoided the subject.

The news of the executions spread quickly through Mosby's Confederacy. The rangers still with Chapman varied in their reaction. Many wanted prompt retaliation. Fortunately, cooler heads prevailed and the officers decided to await the return and guidance of Col. Mosby.

On September 24, Thomas Anderson's body was returned to his family. He was buried the following day. On September 25, Amanda Virginia Edmonds may well have echoed the sentiments of every ranger's family when she wrote that "he leaves a dear, poor wife and two little children. Oh! will the grief and mourning of our poor land ever be subdued. Certainly our affairs now are in a much more critical state than they have ever been."¹⁶

If there was to be any relief, it was not going to come as an order from Maj. Gen. Philip Sheridan. Indeed, on September 26, Col. H. S. Gansevoort led a force of 500 Union cavalymen through Mosby's Confederacy. The column stopped at the home of Joe Blackwell, near Piedmont, and burned the structure to the ground. A search of the house and outbuildings confirmed the Union Colonel's suspicions that the home served as a supply depot and headquarters for Mosby. Weapons, harnesses and ammunition were all consumed in the fire or were returned to the possession of the Union troops. Gansevoort also retained a personal memento from the excursion: "I captured Mosby's sabre and equipments. It is an ornate one, scabbard of silver plate engraved with an inscription stating it had been presented to him by a Lieutenant Richards, who had captured it from Captain Bryandt, First Veteran Cavalry."¹⁷

The end of September marked yet another effort to snuff out the life of the Confederacy and squelch the 43rd Battalion. General U. S. Grant ordered the divisions of Custer and Merritt to "do all the damage you can to the railroads and crops. Carry off stock of all descriptions and negroes so as to prevent fur-

¹⁶Chappelear Diary, 96.

¹⁷OR, XLIII, Pt. 1, 618; Pt. 2, 198; Williamson, Mosby's Rangers, 245; Hoadley, Gansevoort Memorial, 182.

ther planting. If the war is to last another year, let the Shenandoah Valley remain a barren waste."

The Union commanders did not hesitate in implementing their instructions. From a vantage point in the Blue Ridge, a saddened Dolly Richards looked over his beloved Valley. "As far as the eye could see the whole country east of the mountains was lit up by the destroying flames."¹⁸

¹⁸New York Herald, Oct. 5, 1864; SHSP, XXVII (1899), 280.

Chapter X

MAN PROPOSES--GOD DISPOSES

A mood of depression settled into the area known as Mosby's Confederacy. The ominous nature of the times affected soldier and household alike. In early October, a rumor that seemed too good to be true momentarily lifted the Southern spirits. Somehow the story that "18 or 20 thousand [Confederate] prisoners at Camp Chase [Ohio] had battled the guard and made their escape" ran rampant through the besieged people in the Shenandoah Valley. The populace clung to any shred of favorable news that might indicate a reversal in the Yankee cause. Even Mosby's return to duty provided some hope of renewed success.¹

That first week of October was an uncomfortable one for John S. Mosby. He was able to hobble around with the aid of crutches, but he still had to be hoisted into the saddle. The sight of the ailing officer executing his duties was indeed an inspiration to the more healthy members of the command.

Mosby's return was prompted by the Federal army's efforts to rebuild the Manassas Railroad. On October 3, the 43rd Battalion, Virginia Partisan Rangers, rendezvoused at Piedmont. A total of 300 men and two howitzers left that hamlet en route to the railroad work parties in the Thoroughfare Gap area. On Monday and Tuesday, the rangers made several appearances around the rail crews. A substantial Federal guard of infantrymen and cavalry troopers kept the rangers at bay. However, the presence of the grayclad horsemen haunted laborers and new Union recruits. On Wednesday, October 5, Mosby led his battalion toward Salem. The partisans' howitzers opened fire on the Union encampment. The unit's sharpshooters began a sniping gunfire that helped to demoralize the Federal garrison. The security force abandoned its bivouac site and retreated toward Rectortown.

¹Chappelear Diary, 98.

Encouraged by their immediate success, the rangers swept down on the town and picked over discarded equipment and supplies. The 1st Squadron kept up a hot pursuit of the enemy and returned with forty prisoners, two of whom were officers. That night Lt. Charles Grogan rode toward the Federal position in Rectortown. Being well-acquainted with what was once the rangers' favorite rendezvous point, the lieutenant approached quietly through the woods. There he dismounted and advanced on foot. The slight rain that fell silenced the blanket of leaves and Grogan was able to approach to within a few feet of the solitary picket on duty at the railroad station.

"Is that you, Captain?" a guard asked.

Grogan responded with a challenge: "Yes. Why are you not walking your beat?"

Before the sentinel could present an excuse for leaning against a tree, Grogan demanded the man's surrender. Without so much as a raised voice, the pair withdrew through the woods to the camp of the 43rd Battalion. There the Union guard was questioned by the partisan chief. The next morning the rangers returned to Salem and began to destroy railroad tracks and the rail bed. Federal reinforcements arrived by rail, but the Confederates' artillery pieces discouraged Federal efforts to reclaim the town. About midday, Mosby led his men toward Rectortown and began to shell the Federal entrenchments. The barrage lasted until sundown, when the Colonel dismissed the command.

On October 7, another meeting was held at the ruins of Joe Blackwell's home. The command then moved toward Salem, tore up tracks and chased work parties from their labors. After rails were ripped loose from their bed, the ties were stacked and burned. The rails were placed atop the mound of burning wood and heated until they were red hot, then bent from supporting their own weight. After five continuous days of rangers raiding the work parties, Federal reinforcements arrived.²

²Scott, Partisan Life, 321; Williamson, Mosby's Rangers, 250-56; Chap-

Each day of October was a day of action. Federal supply trains were fewer in number as the Union army concentrated its resources on repairing the railroad tracks which led toward Richmond. Consequently, the rail line, Federal work parties and depots became the chief targets of the partisan rangers. Residents of the Valley provided shelter and information for the "Mosbyites." Each evening families threw their homes open for the men to share a meager meal and have shelter from the chill of the approaching winter. The frequent comings and goings also generated concern for the members of the unit and presented "opportunities" for young boys to "tag along" on raids. A war-weary Amanda Edmonds confided in her diary in her own private way: "The soldiers meet daily and return at night and how glad we are always to give them a welcome home. Bud and Cap went out and spent the day [October 7, 1864] with them today, to see how they liked Mosby's way of doing things. I have spent a wretched, wretched, restless day, nothing can satisfy."

The pressure applied along the Union lines was not without penalties. On October 9, one of the rangers came upon an enemy trooper robbing a dead Confederate soldier. He shot the Federal, then checked the identity of the grayclad corpse. It was Lt. James F. "Big Yankee" Ames from Company F.

That same day, Lt. Walter Bowie, also of Company F, led a nine-man expedition to the area around Annapolis, Md. They intended to capture that state's governor. Unionist citizens, however, spied the detachment and reported its presence. Near Rockville the impetuous young Bowie was mortally wounded while on an advance scout for his party. One of two bullets passed through the man's skull. Mercifully, he died the following day.⁴

Harry Heaton provided the impetus for the next raid. On October 12, the

pelear Diary, 98; Russell, Mosby Memoirs, 307-11; OR, XLIII, Pt. 1, 633; Pt. 2, 292, 301, 310, 314-15, 319, 322, 326.

³Chappelear Diary, 99.

⁴Williamson, Mosby's Rangers, 255-58.

young ranger advised Col. Mosby that there was a sizable unguarded gap along the railroad. Mosby called for an immediate outing. That same evening, eighty-four exhausted rangers met for another raid on the Manassas Railroad. The next day the troopers scouted the area and maintained surveillance over the network of roads.

At 10 p. m. on October 13, Mosby's partisans rode to a "deep cut in the road near Brown's Crossing" some two miles east of Kearneysville. There the Colonel ordered Lt. Harry Hatcher and a group of fifteen rangers forward to dislodge the rails from the bed. The men pried loose two rails and returned to the overlook just above the tracks to await the arrival of a train.

Every member of the raiding party was exhausted. They had been in the saddle raiding and fighting for more than fourteen consecutive days. While they waited for the Union train, most--if not all--of the men went to sleep. Mosby wrapped himself in a blanket and lay his head in the lap of Curg Hutchinson. Neither man had trouble finding sleep. Hutchinson later recalled that he was dreaming that he was standing at the gates of Hell.

Shortly after 2 a. m., the men were awakened by a deafening roar. A locomotive had skidded off the tracks and ricocheted along the ravine before coming to a stop. The ruptured boiler, spewing steam and a shower of sparks, convinced the stunned Curg Hutchinson that he had indeed entered the halls of Hades. Mosby shoved him down the embankment and into the foray, which brought the bewildered man to his senses.

Once the hiss of escaping steam subsided, the screams of horrified female passengers and a lot of gibberish that the rangers would not decipher fairly filled the night. Passengers, mostly women, were ushered out of the derailed cars. One group of either Dutch or German immigrants refused to disembark. John Puryear convinced them that their best interests would be served if they left the cars. Setting fire to a stack of newspapers served as a means of communicating his message, for the young ranger did not understand their foreign tongue.

Mosby rode along the line of inconvenienced passengers as the rangers went about their work. While riding along the rail bed, the Colonel explained to the irate travelers: "General Stevenson will not guard the railroad, and I am determined to make him perform his duty." Along the line Mosby encountered a foreign soldier of fortune.

"Why did you come to fight us?" the Colonel inquired.

"Only to learn your tactics," the man replied.

A short time later, the young foreign soldier appeared in his stocking feet before the partisan chief. It seemed that one of the rangers had confiscated the man's boots. The lieutenant complained to the Colonel, but Mosby just laughed and commented: "Oh, that is only an elementary lesson in our tactics." A pistol shot from somewhere along the trail of cars brought an end to the discussion. An investigation revealed that a Federal officer had attempted to escape and was shot by John Hearn.

Excitement prevailed during those early morning hours. Some passengers complained that they had been robbed. "One southerner was put through the mill by being relieved of a fine watch, which Mosby found out, and made the fellow return it." Another man, "a hog drover," had just sold a substantial herd of porkers to the U. S. Government. He was relieved of \$5,000. As each car was being subjected to the torch, Charlie Dear and West Aldridge brought Mosby a "tin box and a satchel" of greenbacks. The substantial amount of cash was given to a guard detail and taken to the rear under the scrutiny of Lt. Charlie Grogan. The eighty-four rangers left the train engulfed in flames. Five Federal officers were escorted away as prisoners.

The next day the eighty-four participants gathered at Bloomfield. Lieutenants Hall, Montjoy and Beattie examined the contents of the tin box and the satchel. The three men, surrounded by eighty-one eager rangers, counted \$168,000 in U. S. currency. To the joy of ail, Mosby ordered the greenbacks to be distributed in equal shares, with no distinction as to rank. A short time later, he ordered his own name struck from the list of recipients. No amount of persuasion would change the Colonel's mind. However, the men silently re-

fused to accept their commander's share of the money. Instead, they used the money to buy "Croquette," a "thoroughbred he had spied in a pasture at Oatland." The horse was always one of the Colonel's favorites.

That same day, Mosby informed Gen. Lee of the raid and the greenbacks. Dispatches among the Union commanders were understandably somewhat less enthusiastic. Their concerted effort to rebuild the railroad was now a shambles. The U. S. Army's Chief of Staff, Maj. Gen. Henry W. Halleck, was incensed by the raids of the previous two weeks. He directed his commanders:

You proceed to destroy every house within five miles of the road which is not required for our own purposes, or which is not occupied by persons known to be friendly. . . . Forage, animals, and grain will be taken for the use of the United States. All timber and brush within musketry fire of the road will be cut down and destroyed. . . . The inhabitants of the country will be notified that for any further hostilities committed on this road or its employees an additional strip of ten miles on each side will be laid waste, and that section entirely depopulated.

Even as the "Greenback Raid" (as it came to be called) drew to a close, Capt. William Chapman's men created havoc along the Potomac and Monocacy Rivers. Canal boats, bridges and warehouses were relegated to ashes, casualties of the partisans' torch.⁵

Unfortunately, these successes were rapidly followed by several setbacks. During the time that the several columns of the Partisan Rangers were making rapid thrusts, the command's four artillery pieces were concealed in the Cobbler Mountains. At 9 p. m. on October 14, Col. Henry S. Gansevoort led two squadrons of New York cavalry in an attack against the bivouac site of Mosby's artillerymen. Guided by John H. Lunceforde, a deserter from the par-

⁵ Crawford, Mosby and His Men, 270-72; Scott, Partisan Life, 334-39; Williamson, Mosby's Rangers, 260-65; Russell, Mosby Memoirs, 312-19, 324-26; Alexander, Mosby's Men, 104-15; Jones, Ranger Mosby, 219; OR, XLIII, Pt. 1, 633; Pt. 2, 348, 360, 368-69, 372; John S. Mosby Papers, The Museum of the Confederacy, Richmond, Va. Cited hereafter as Mosby Papers (MOC).

tisans, the Federal cavalrymen achieved complete surprise of the encampment. The four artillery pieces and the nine gunners were escorted to Federal headquarters. Gansevoort was justifiably proud of his conquest. In a letter to his father he commented: "We were fortunate enough to surprise the artillery camp of Mosby. This artillery has been the secret of Mosby's success. In the valley, and in this country, it has been dreaded. With it Mosby, has since spring, done at least a million dollars of damage to us."⁶

On October 19, Mosby took stock of his command. The numbers within the battalion had grown appreciably. Unfortunately, the quality of the enlistments did not match the quantity. Many of the soldiers were believed to be deserters or stragglers from Early's tattered Confederate Army. Characteristically, the bulk of those men simply wanted to be near their families. More importantly, though, was the question of purging the command of inefficient and ineffective members. On Wednesday, October 20, a list of those troopers was read to the entire command. Henceforth, their names were to be struck from the rolls. Each man's service record was annotated: "Dropped from the rolls for inefficiency." Most of those removed from the rolls were recruits enlisted by Captain Walter E. Frankland.⁷

Four days later, 400 partisan rangers convened at Bloomfield. The column crossed the Shenandoah River and bivouacked six miles northwest of Winchester. The next morning, after ordering the command to remain concealed in the woods, Mosby led ten men on a scouting expedition toward Martinsburg. Shortly after sunrise, the group observed "a two-horse ambulance with an escort of 12 or 15 cavalrymen coming from the direction of Winchester." Mosby promptly ordered the charge. The wagon and its escort broke into a rapid gallop in an ef-

⁶Williamson, Mosby's Rangers, 266; Scott, Partisan Life, 339; OR, XLIII, Pt. 1, 618-19, 635; Pt. 2, 635; Hoaldley, Gansevoort Memorial, 186-87.

⁷Jones, Ranger Mosby, 220-21; Joseph R. Bryan Papers, Virginia Historical Society, Richmond, typescript: "Joseph Bryan," 123, cited hereafter as Bryan Papers (VHS); CSR as annotated at Appendix A.

fort to escape. Nevertheless, the rangers overtook the vehicle. The escort party did not attempt to perform its duty. In fact, the Federals hardly cast a backward glance.

Confederates Boyd Smith and John Dickson were on the fastest horses. As the two rangers overtook the ambulance, the driver refused to halt. At that moment, Smith saw a large enemy force several hundred yards away. Rather than wait for the enemy's reinforcements, he shot one of the fleeing horses, which brought the wagon to an abrupt halt. Once the dust settled, the occupants emerged from their conveyance. A Federal general and several members of his staff were a bit frazzled, but none was injured. It was the second Federal general that the command had captured. When Mosby arrived, he asked in a terse, business-like manner: "Who are you?"

"General Duffié," the man replied.

With an eye on the advancing Federal column, Mosby then ordered his distinguished prisoner taken to the rear.

Then with his total command, the partisan chief made plans to receive the column of enemy troops. Although he did not know the total strength of his adversary, Mosby decided to employ the tactics that had served him well in the past. Mosby dispatched Chapman and Montjoy with the 2nd Squadron to attack the rear of the column while the 1st Squadron followed Mosby's lead against the front echelon.

The partisan attack went well at first. The enemy cavalry paused and then withdrew behind a substantial force of Zouaves. The nattily-attired troops held firm against the rangers' attack. Just as Mosby was considering a second charge, one of fourteen enemy artillery pieces sent a shell toward the 43rd Battalion. The single shot was enough to convince Mosby to preserve his captive dignitary and the command. The rangers judiciously withdrew toward Fauquier.⁸

⁸Williamson, Mosby's Rangers, 280-84; Crawford, Mosby and His Men, 278-80; Jones, Ranger Mosby, 281; OR, XLIII, Pt. 2, 466, 475; Pt. 1, 35, 853;

On October 28, Amanda Edmonds bade farewell to eighteen-year-old Syd Ferguson, a private in the 43rd Battalion, Virginia Partisan Rangers. On that particular day, the big six-footer did not want to return to camp. Miss Edmonds noted the boy's mood: "I don't believe he ever left as reluctantly before. Oh God may he be spared to return to us again."

On October 29, Syd Ferguson and the partisan rangers were on patrol in the area between Rectortown and Upperville. Mosby called his column to a halt at Goose Creek Bridge. At that point Mosby placed Capt. Walter E. Frankland in command of the group. Mosby sent the Captain "up the creek to get on the road leading from Upperville to Rectortown so as to surprise and intercept the enemy returning to camp." With those instructions, Mosby rode to the home of Dolly Richards and secured an additional thirty men for the anticipated fight. However, before Mosby's reinforcements reached Frankland's column, they heard heavy gunfire ahead of them. Captain Frankland had evidently felt that this was the opportunity "to win his spurs." The young company commander divided his force of 107 men in typical partisan fashion. To their front, 200 horsemen from the 8th Illinois Cavalry had drawn up on the farm of Henry Dulaney, behind "a ditch four feet wide, with a six-rail fence over that." One hundred Yankees formed the center, occupying the ditch. On either end and perpendicular to the rear were columns of fifty men, protecting either flank. Their position was a naturally defensible one.

The 1st Squadron was placed under the command of Lt. Albert Wrenn. The 2nd Squadron was led by Lt. Charlie Grogan. Frankland ordered his two columns to strike the enemy's flanks simultaneously. Unfortunately, the plan was not executed as it had been intended. The separate squadrons did not attack simultaneously. Wrenn's squadron attacked first and tried to hold on until Grogan's force arrived. The 2nd Squadron's movements were hampered by a

narrow gate in the high fence. The Federals made maximum use of Spencer carbines. The seven-shot, lever-action weapon generated a hail of lead from the entrenched position. The Illinois cavalrymen poured a murderous fire into Wrenn's group of Confederates and then into Grogan's 2nd Squadron as they passed through the narrow gate. Mercifully, someone called off the attack.

At that time, John Munson was riding in the front of the 2nd Squadron. The little cavalryman made a headlong charge toward the ditch. By the time he realized that he was a solitary target only yards from the fence, it was too late to turn his mare. He decided to jump the fence and ride through the enemy. As they reached the obstacle, the young filly hesitated in a moment of indecision and then "fell back on her haunches." Munson was all but thrown from his mount, but he successfully scrambled over the fence. Without hesitating, the partisan scurried toward the woods. For a moment it looked as if he were going to make it. In that moment he was confident of "breaking the world's record in a fine two hundred yard dash for some timber." Before he reached the trees, the Confederate's frightened mare overtook him and disappeared into the brush. Then a swarm of bluecoats descended upon the youngster. In the moments that followed, the captive was "gone through" in the most expeditious manner. His fine cavalry boots, the enameled belt and the Colt pistols once proudly on display in Gen. Lee's headquarters were claimed by new owners.

Mosby arrived too late for the attack he did not order. Nevertheless, his thirty reinforcements would have made no difference. The damage had been done. John Munson, J. J. Williamson, C. H. McIntosh and Dennis Darden were taken prisoners. Luther Carrington, John Atkins, George Gulick and Edgar Davis all perished in the debacle.

The command had scattered in all directions. That same evening, a badly-shaken George Chapman led a riderless horse into the yard of Amanda Edmonds. He was admitted to the fireside and informed the ladies of the "dreadful news, that Mosby had been whipped at Upperville." Gently he told of the mortal wound received by John Atkins.

The ranger's funeral was held on Monday, October 31. Sixteen partisans attended the services in the little cemetery in Paris, Va. It was an emotional time with an open coffin. The fallen ranger's face held the cold "stamp of death--pale, stern and rigid." Amanda Edmonds was particularly stricken with grief because the Atkins family was to have spent the previous day with her. "We will see him at Belle Grove no more . . . but alas, where man proposes--God disposes."

The disaster at Dulaney's farm rivaled the debacle on Loudoun Heights. Harry Hatcher, seeing the disposition of troops and knowing of Mosby's instructions to keep the 8th Illinois Cavalry under surveillance, had refused to participate in the attack. Mosby was incensed at the "perfect massacre." The next morning, the partisan chief placed Capt. Frankland "under arrest" for "disobeying my orders." Some time later, Frankland was released but was told to submit his resignation. Mosby was extremely upset: "I can never forgive him. Some of my best men were killed."⁹

October was indeed a month fraught with death, danger and disaster. The setback at Dulaney's farm seemed to punctuate the entire sequence of events that began with the executions in Front Royal. During the weeks which followed that hateful event, Mosby had carefully held thirteen prisoners from Custer's command in the mountains of northern Virginia. On October 29, the partisan chief composed a dispatch to Gen. Robert E. Lee. The communique outlined the "brutal conduct manifested toward citizens" living in the area known as Mosby's Confederacy. A substantial number of private citizens had been arrested in retaliation for the partisans' raids on the railroad. Even worse, these people were

⁹Chappelear Diary, 102-3; Bowen Papers (VHS), letter dated June 15, 18[95?]; Munson, Mosby Guerrilla, 167-72; Crawford, Mosby and His Men, 281-83; Williamson, Mosby's Rangers, 284-87; Scott, Partisan Life, 351-54; OR, XLIII, Pt. 2, 488, 494. The incident at Dulaney's farm was a controversial one charged with emotion. Williamson and Scott both recalled that Mosby told Frankland to attack, saying: "I want you to make it a second Dranesville." The account related above is from Mosby and Crawford.

placed under guard on the railroad cars as hostages. Union authorities hoped these acts would deter the 43rd Virginia's attacks on the railroad. Yet, stated Mosby, "I did not allow the conduct of the enemy toward citizens to deter me from the use of any legitimate weapon against them." As for the deprivations endured in Front Royal, the partisan commander asserted: "It is my purpose to hang an equal number of Custer's men whenever I capture them."

On Saturday, November 5, 1864, Dolly Richards returned from a patrol with fourteen more prisoners from Custer's Union cavalry. The total number of captives from that unit was now twenty-seven. On Sunday, the twenty-seven soldiers formed a line in front of the partisan chief. The Colonel's brother and battalion adjutant read an order which conveyed the purpose for the formation. Mosby cited the facts of the deaths in Front Royal. He also told of the more recent hanging of Pvt. A. C. Willis by Col. William H. Powell of the Army of West Virginia. Such barbaric acts were beyond the scope of hostilities. They were not to be tolerated.

It was Mosby's intention to preserve his command. More importantly, even though the 43rd Battalion, Virginia Partisan Rangers was known in the north as "guerillas," their conduct and tactics had not been "contrary to the wages of war." The adjutant explained that since all of the prisoners assembled were from Custer's cavalry, they would pay the debt owed. Each prisoner was to draw a single piece of paper from a hat held aloft. A blank piece of paper meant prison in Richmond. The seven numbered pieces indicated the hangman's noose.

Federals and Confederates alike tried to brave the scene. Few kept up appearances. Mosby, the inimitable partisan chief, walked away. At the sight of the hat claiming the seven designated victims, Harry Hatcher "wept like a child." One of the numbered papers was plucked out of the hat by a young drummer boy. Upon opening the scrap and seeing the number, the lad "fell to the ground in a heap as if a bullet had gone to his vitals." Mosby ordered another drawing among the twenty survivors to determine who would hang in place of the

boy. Hence, an artillery lieutenant became the seventh victim.

That evening Mosby ordered Lt. Edward F. Thomson to take charge of the seven prisoners. His instructions were to hang them on the edge of the Valley Turnpike. After sundown the group began its trek and attempted to get close to Sheridan's headquarters. During the ride, one of the prisoners escaped into the night. Shortly thereafter, Capt. R. P. Montjoy met the group with a more recently-acquired group of prisoners from Custer's unit. Upon learning that one of the doomed men was a Mason, Montjoy--also a Mason--released the man and substituted one of his just-acquired prisoners. The lieutenant of artillery was also released after a similar substitute was chosen.

Montjoy assumed the responsibilities for these substitutions since he was the senior officer present. He then returned to the battalion, leaving Thomson to perform his odious task. The ranger lieutenant rode closer to Berryville, but became concerned about losing another prisoner in the darkness. Finding a suitable tree, the rangers then hanged five men. Since all of the rope was in use, Thomson ordered the last man shot. The man prayed long and loud. Before ending his supplication, the condemned Federal freed his hands, knocked Thomson down and made good his escape. Searching in the darkness was fruitless. Before leaving, Thomson pinned a note to one of the suspended corpses: "These men have been hung in retaliation for an equal number of Colonel Mosby's men hung by order of General Custer at Front Royal. Measure for measure."

In the ranger camp the next morning, Mosby sent John Russell under a flag of truce with a personal message for Gen. Sheridan. The wording matter-of-factly listed the actions committed against the partisan rangers. Therefore, Mosby wrote: "On the 6th instant seven of your men were by my order executed on the Valley Turnpike, your highway of travel."

At that time, Mosby had not heard of the substitutions made by Montjoy or of the two escapees. Concerning the former, Mosby was irate. He reprimanded Captain Montjoy and told his friend, "remember in [the] future that [this] command was not a masonic lodge." When Mosby learned of the two Federals

lost in the night, he reflected: "I was really glad to hear it, for it increased the moral effect of the act. They [the escapees] could relate in Sheridan's camps the experience they had with Mosby's men."¹⁰

In the period following the hangings of Custer's men, two insignificant Confederate soldiers were captured. The incident would not have even been noticed but for the fact that the two men carried a flag of black cloth with a single white star. Inscribed on the black field were the words: "Winchester--No Quarter." In effect, the standard said that the unit owning the flag gave no quarter and therefore took no prisoners. Initially, the flag was attributed to the 43rd Battalion, Virginia Partisan Rangers. Further investigation revealed that the flagbearers were from Gen. Jubal A. Early's command.¹¹

Even as the Black Flag controversy stirred emotions in the North, Capt. R. H. Blazer's Independent Scouts were performing their chores as bounty-hunters in the South. On November 16, Richard Montjoy's Company D suffered at the hands of Blazer's Scouts. Several rangers were wounded, Edward Bredell was killed and William A. Braxton was mortally wounded.

The following day, Capt. Dolly Richards led the 1st Squadron in an expedition to rid the countryside of Blazer and his scouts. A total of 110 men rode behind the battle-tested Richards. They descended upon Snickersville only to discover that their quarry had disappeared. The rangers then moved to the Shenandoah River and bivouacked for the night. The next morning, a damp fog enveloped the entire area. The moisture and the chill were uncomfortable. Nevertheless, Richards rode out with five scouts in search of the elusive Blazer. John Puryear and Charles McDonough were riding together in the fog when they

¹⁰OR, XLIII, Pt. 2, 508-9, 909-10, 920; Williamson, Mosby's Rangers, 288-96; Alexander, Mosby's Men, 140-48; Crawford, Mosby and His Men, 287-90; Scott, Partisan Life, 355-61; SHSP, XXVII (1899), 319; Jones, Ranger Mosby, 227. Gen. Lee and Secretary of War Seddon authorized the retaliatory hangings. Lee's directive was verbally given to Adj. Willie Mosby. It was also endorsed by the Secretary of War on Nov. 3.

¹¹Williamson, Mosby's Rangers, 295-97; Jones, Ranger Mosby, 229.

were halted by a group of men dressed in butternut-gray. The grayclad troopers were disguised members of Blazer's command. Puryear was immediately captured. McDonough lay low in his saddle and escaped into the fog. Riding hard, the youngster overtook Richards and informed him that their prey was in Kabletown. In the meantime, John Puryear endured rough treatment. Blazer's executive officer placed a hangman's noose on Puryear and attempted to extract the location of Mosby's command from the youth. Puryear would not tell.

Richards soon discovered that Blazer's Scouts were on his trail. The partisan captain ordered his men to halt and prepared for an open, running fight. The group did not have long to wait. Blazer's men emerged from a grove of trees and began to remove several rails from a nearby fence. Recalling the fight at Dulaney's farm, Richards had no desire to charge into a wall of fire issued from long-range carbines. The Captain called to Lt. Hatcher: "Harry, they are dismounting."

Observing the events in front, Hatcher led a few men to dismantle a fence to their rear. To Blazer it must have appeared as though the rangers were preparing to retreat. The Federals remounted their horses and started after Richards' men. On the other hand, Richards waited for the proper moment and then ordered a charge. The 43rd Battalion's Company B struck Blazer's Scouts first. Harry Hatcher took Company A and assailed Blazer's right flank. As in many previous skirmishes, the partisans' deadly use of the pistol clearly overpowered the Federal cavalymen who tried to maneuver, reload and fire their carbines.

Richards' men quickly demoralized the Union scouts. Blazer's men broke and ran. Even though the Yankee commander tried to rally his troops, the Confederates had the momentum. The fight then gravitated to a running cavalry chase. Cab Maddux, Syd Ferguson and Sam Alexander rode after the elusive Blazer. Ferguson's mare, "Fashion," soon led the chase as her rider emptied both pistols in the general direction of the fleeing Yankee captain. Gradually Ferguson overtook the officer. Blazer refused to surrender. Ferguson then

guided fashion into the Yankee's horse and clubbed his foe to the ground. When he regained his breath, Blazer reluctantly commented: "Boys, you have whipped us fairly. All I ask is that you treat us well."

In another quarter of the field, the now-liberated John Puryear spurred his horse with a vengeance. Ahead of him, John Alexander had just halted Puryear's nemesis from that morning. The Federal executive officer's hands were raised in a gesture of surrender. At that moment, Alexander reached over to unbuckle his captive's gun belt. Puryear's face was then "distorted with anger or excitement" as he rode up pointing a cocked pistol at the officer's head. Alexander shouted: "Don't shoot this man, he has surrendered."

Puryear would have none of it. He cursed the man and answered through gritted teeth: "The rascal tried to hang me this morning." A second later, a pistol ball shattered the Federal's skull. The officer fell back against Alexander. The young partisan long remembered the incident: "As I moved away he rolled his dying eyes toward me with a look I shall never forget."

Returning to the Valley, the 2nd Squadron felt better about the command's earlier loss to Blazer at Myer's Ford. With the rangers now were Capt. Blazer, 62 prisoners and 50 horses. In Loudoun County the news was received with relief and joy. "The Rebels return from a raid in the Valley with the honor of having captured Capt. Blazer . . . one of our men killed, 4 wounded . . . hurrah for the 2d Squadron."¹²

The successes of mid-November were followed by a meager Thanksgiving holiday. The hard times were reflected in the sparse meals consumed in the Valley. Indeed, the residents of Mosby's Confederacy were thankful for their lives and little else. That fall the Federal forces had devastated their crops, their horses, their barns and their herds. A partial listing of the destroyed

¹²Williamson, Mosby's Rangers, 299-209; Scott, Partisan Life, 362-71; Alexander, Mosby's Men, 116-28; Crawford, Mosby and His Men, 299-301; OR, XLIII, Pt. 2, 648, 654; Chapplelear Diary, 104.

property presents some idea of the remorseful mood that clouded the Fauquier-Loudoun County area in the late Fall, 1864: barns--780; cattle--1,447; sheep--1,631; swine--725; hay--4,955 tons; wheat--420,742 bushels; flour--560 barrels; corn--515 acres; flour mills--57; and saw mills--4.¹³

The end of November brought more depression. One of Mosby's favorite officers, Capt. Richard P. Montjoy died November 27 from a chance pistol shot fired by a fleeing Federal cavalryman. The death of Montjoy was a personal loss for Mosby. Montjoy had been a loyal friend and a faithful officer. His death was mourned "with emotions of deep sorrow." In a general order published for the battalion, Mosby eulogized Montjoy as an "immortal example of daring and valor."

Alfred Glascock was promoted to Montjoy's old position. In addition, a new company was organized from the members of the artillery company victimized by Gansevoort's raid the previous month. Thomas W. T. Richards, Dolly's brother, was appointed unit commander.¹⁴

In late November, the chill of winter was readily apparent. So was the Union desire to eradicate the persistent threat of Lt. Col. John S. Mosby and the 43rd Battalion, Virginia Partisan Rangers. On November 28, Brig. Gen. J. D. Stevenson, commanding the Military District of Harper's Ferry, ordered a combined movement to catch Mosby's men. General Orders 103 deployed troops along mountain trails and thoroughfares through the Blue Ridge Mountains. Every Union soldier participating in the exercise was ordered to have forty to sixty rounds of ammunition. The movement was intended as a "grand drive for Mosby on the east side of the ridge." The following day, Gen. Sheridan ordered Gen. Wesley Merritt and two brigades into Mosby's Confederacy. Merritt's orders amounted to a license for wholesale destruction: "Clear the country of these parties that are bringing destruction upon the innocent as well as their guilty sup-

¹³ OR, XLIII, Pt. 1, 436.

¹⁴ Williamson, Mosby's Rangers, 311-15; OR, XLIII, Pt. 1, 670; Scott, Partisan Life, 374; Crawford, Mosby and His Men, 306.

porters by their cowardly acts, you will consume and destroy all forage and subsistence, burn all barns and mills and their contents, and drive off all stock in the region. . . . This destruction may as well commence at once, and the destruction of it must rest upon the authorities at Richmond, who have acknowledged the legitimacy of guerilla bands."

The destruction had, in fact, begun without hesitation. The farms of Up-
perville were among the first consumed by flames. On November 29, more
Federals entered the Valley through Snicker's Gap. They immediately set to
work performing their devilish duties. "As the fires became more numerous,
the heavy mass of smoke spread out and settled over the Valley like a thick fog."
The areas around Bloomfield, Piedmont, Rectortown, Salem and Middleburg
were similarly destroyed. On November 31, Amanda Edmonds' barn also fell
victim to the Federal torch.

The twofold object was to destroy the partisans' base of operations and to
catch Col. Mosby. The Federals succeeded in the accomplishment of their first
mission, although it was not their first priority. Mosby did not call his com-
mand together as Sheridan had desired. The residents of the Valley may have
felt that Mosby was depriving them of organized resistance because he did not
assemble his troops. More importantly, though, the Colonel did not present
Sheridan's men with one single target of massed men. Instead, the Federals'
actions were confined to the pyromania that engulfed the Valley. Mosby's men
were allowed to remain at home or with sympathetic friends. In most cases they
drove cattle and loaded wagons to sanctuary in the mountains. Essentially,
"Mosby's Confederacy [was] in ashes." The populace of the area "stood ap-
palled at the sight." One Federal chaplain listed the plunder confiscated as "388
horses, 8 mules, 5520 cattle, 5837 sheep, 1141 swine, and property destroyed
to the amount of \$2,508,756."¹⁵

¹⁵ OR, XLIII, Pt. 2, 679, 689; Williamson, Mosby's Rangers, 317-24; Chappellear Diary, 104; Scott, Partisan Life, 374-81; Crawford, Mosby and His Men, 307-9; James H. Stevenson, Boots and Saddles: A History of the First

More ominous news preceded the Christmas holiday. In mid-December, Mosby returned to Fauquier with permission to organize the command into two bonafide battalions. Promoted to full colonel, Mosby had also secured promotions to the rank of major for William H. Chapman and Dolly Richards.

On December 21, resplendent in a new uniform, Mosby stopped at the home of Joe Blackwell to attend the wedding of his ordnance sergeant, Jake Lavender. In the midst of the service, word arrived that the Federals were setting more fires near Rectortown. Without interrupting the nuptials, the Colonel rode out with Thomas Love and several other rangers to check the validity of the report. On seeing the Federals with their torches, Mosby dispatched men to order Chapman and Richards into action. In the meantime, "Lavender and Mosby halted for dinner at the home of Ludwell Lake."

In the midst of dinner, the family heard horses outside the house. Mosby, in full uniform, opened the back door and saw a large group of Federal cavalrymen in the back yard. As he closed the back door, the front door opened and a group of Federal officers and soldiers entered the residence. Prompted by some unknown force of survival, Mosby placed his hands over his collar and concealed his rank. In a matter of seconds shots rang out. Window panes were shattered. Mosby shouted: "I am shot!" The Union soldiers in the house beat a hasty retreat to escape the fire of their own men. In the moments that elapsed before the Federals returned, Mosby removed his coat and stuffed it under the bureau in an adjoining room.

When the gunfire subsided, the enemy soldiers returned to question any survivors. The house was a shambles. The supper table had been knocked over and food and dishes lay on the floor. In the adjoining room, Federals saw a Confederate soldier lying in a large pool of blood. The interrogators approached one

Volunteer Cavalry of the War, Known as the First New York (Lincoln) Cavalry, and also as the Sabre Regiment (Harrisburg, Pa., 1879), 324; Denison, Sabres and Spurs, 426. The 2nd Mass. Cavalry's Lt. Col. Cooper Crowninshield estimated the damage inflicted by his unit at \$411,620. OR, XLIII, Pt. 1, 671-73.

of the dinner guests, a Mrs. Skinner, but the woman did not betray her friend. Mosby identified himself as "Lieutenant Johnson, Sixteenth Virginia Cavalry." A Union doctor examined the blood-soaked man in the blue flannel shirt. The surgeon certified the wound as mortal. The Federals then removed Mosby's boots, seized his hat and cape and withdrew from the house.

The hours that followed were anxious ones indeed. The wounded partisan chief was successfully removed from the home before the Yankees learned his identity. One concerned Confederate sought a doctor and an oxcart. Gradually the rumbling cart ambled its way through "a howling storm of snow, rain and sleet." The next morning, a doctor administered chloroform and extracted the bullet.

The news of Mosby's wounding spread like a range-fire. Various reports listed the colonel as dead or near death. In consideration for his wife Pauline, Mosby sent a rider to Richmond. At the time Mrs. Mosby was visiting her husband's cousin, Alice Jane Gardner. In a letter written on December 27, Mrs. Gardner told of the messenger's arrival. "Jack sent one of his men up with a letter telling his wife of his wound which is a deep and painful flesh wound but he expects to be brought home in a few days." Evidently the messenger then went into detail as to the circumstances which befell the partisan chief.

In northern Virginia, Amanda Edmonds was similarly concerned. She made a lengthy entry in her journal which also described the disaster at the home of Ludwell Lake. Her entry reflected her depression and her anguish: "Our Mosby, our dear brave, gallant Mosby, the chivalrous Mosby, the far famed loved Mosby. His wound is very serious and is feared will prove mortal. Oh! will an all wise power restore him to health, his command and to his Country again."

Four days after Mosby's wounding, Nature placed a blanket of deep snow on the scorched earth of Mosby's Confederacy. On Christmas Day, 1864, Valley

residents were left to themselves. There was no fighting.¹⁶

¹⁶Williamson, Mosby's Rangers, 324-35; Russell, Mosby Memoirs, 336-52; Scott, Partisan Life, 387-90; OR, XLIII, Pt. 2, 831-32, 838-39, 843-44; Alice Jane Gardner to Evelyn Carter Byrd Robinson, Dec. 27, 1864, Virginia Historical Society, Richmond, Va.; Chappellear Diary, 104-5.

Chapter XI

DEATH WARRANT

New Year's Day, 1865, was not a festive occasion in Richmond and Petersburg. The area around the Confederate capital struggled under the grip of an ever-tightening siege by Gen. U. S. Grant's Union army. Food supplies for the Southern soldiers had dwindled to a few palatable scraps of subsistence per person. War-weary Confederate forces huddled in shell holes and dug trenches for warmth. The few oilcloths and gumcloths that served as protection from the rain were as valuable as rifles. Being warm and dry in the shell-shocked city was indeed a luxury. Firewood, food and clean clothes were all but unheard of in those last days of the Confederacy.

In northern Virginia, the people were not as concentrated but the difficulties were as insurmountable. The scorched earth of the Shenandoah Valley and Mosby's Confederacy made life difficult. There were few men left to cut firewood for the women and elderly. Where men were available, few trees remained to be cut. General P. H. Sheridan's torch had consumed woods, orchards, barns and fence rails. There were indeed few comforts at home or in camp. The unmerciful winter of 1864-1865 kept snow on the ground and a freezing chill in the air. However, the snow and the freeze offered one small consolation: at least the frozen crystals eliminated the wet stench of the charred earth.¹

By January, 1865, Mosby's Confederacy was barely able to support, feed and house the residents of the area. Partisan rangers were a severe drain on the household economies of beleaguered citizens. Food, when available, consisted of items buried or hidden in root cellars. Any meat on the table was a testament to the hunter, for there was little livestock left on the hoof. Venison and wild turkey had both been driven deep into the forests. They too were rarely seen and more rarely consumed by the private citizen.

¹Williamson, Mosby's Rangers, 490; Chappellear Diary, 105-92.

To alleviate the drain on the residents of Loudoun-Fauquier counties, Col. Mosby sent special instructions to his recently-promoted executive officer and chief of staff. Lieutenant Col. William H. Chapman accordingly organized Companies C, E, F and G for a move to the peninsula formed by the Potomac and Rappahannock rivers and known as the Northern Neck area. Another concern of the time was a continuous increase in the smuggling of goods across the Potomac. These illicit goods were sold at high prices for substantial profit to the carrier. More importantly, though, these actions deprived the Confederacy of much-needed revenue in the form of duties on imports.

During these idle winter months, many of the rangers spent time at home or with friends. A substantial number of the rangers were incarcerated in Yankee prisons. In fact, more than one-third of those men officially mustered into the unit were imprisoned during their service. Some of those rangers had been seized during the enemy's raids into Mosby's Confederacy. Others were captured during cavalry raids. Individual tales of wounds and Yankee hospitals, escape, exchange of prisoners and repeated transfers were not uncommon.²

John Munson, captured at Dulaney's farm, went to Old Capital Prison in Washington, D. C. Most of the partisans captured in northern Virginia were initially received in that prison complex. However, Munson was not a typical prisoner. The young man more than hated his confinement and ached to be free. In spite of the penalty of death or confinement in irons, the young partisan decided that freedom was worth the chance of escape.

Munson did not make just one attempt to escape--he made three. On one occasion, after studying the routine in the main yard, he decided to make his bid for freedom disguised as a laborer. It seems as though a team of three or four Negroes entered the complex each night to shovel garbage and distribute new

²Williamson, Mosby's Rangers, 339, 489-90; Scott, Partisan Life, 390; OR, XL, Pt. 2, 689; LI, Pt. 2, 936; XLIII, Pt. 1, 990-91; XLVI, Pt. 2, 1282-83; CSR, Rolls 207-9.

straw in the cell areas. On one particular night Munson made his preparations before the crew arrived. He traded his overcoat and hat for more shabby clothes akin to those worn by the workers. Then, using burnt cork, the ranger blackened his face, neck and hands.

When the work crew arrived, Munson approached the Negroes working in the shadows. He was successful in convincing them of his scheme. Not to be outdone by the youngster's shrewdness, the eldest worker handed the would-be escapee a shovel and put him to work. When the chores were completed, the team boarded the wagon and began their exit. Munson's heart quickened in fright and anticipation as they passed several sentinels. At the final obstacle, the outer gate, the guard noticed the increased work party. Fruitless in their efforts to persuade the sentry of their related ancestry, Munson was evicted. Fortunately, he was neither injured nor placed in irons. A week later, the ranger attempted to escape beneath loaves of bread on the baker's wagon. Severely reprimanded, the boy was warned about future attempts at escape.

Nevertheless, John Munson detested confinement and longed to return to Fauquier County. Several weeks later, he conceived another scheme. Through a careful observance of the comings and goings of the garrison, Munson noticed that the hospital steward was one of the few individuals who arrived and departed without presenting his credentials. Apparently the distinctive green and gold arm-band denoting the man's position was proof enough. Through an assortment of devious tricks, Munson acquired dark trousers and the blue four-button fatigue shirt of the Union army.

Attempts to reproduce the distinctive badge of rank met with repeated frustration. As his fellow prisoners slept, Munson searched for green cloth. He cautiously examined coat pockets and overcoat linings in the night--all for naught. One day, quite by accident, he spied a pasteboard box on the shelves of the sutler's store. Conjuring up a story of need, he convinced the clerk to give him the box. The color was perfect. Even better, though, the underlaying pieces of paper approached the desired yellow-gold color he required. Munson

carefully cut the material. The insignia in the middle of the armband was scratched into the green, revealing the gold beneath. The circumstances and the ultimate reproduction were uncanny.

Munson could barely contain himself. The following morning, he confided in his cellmate, Dennis Darden. Beseeking the man not to tell his secret, Munson outlined his plan for escape. Darden, a former resident of Washington, gave the partisan directions and the names of several sympathetic Southerners still in residence in the city. That evening, in the semi-darkened cell, Munson slipped into his disguise and quickly concealed it under a shabby overcoat. He and Darden then stepped out for the evening's exercise. In the shadows Munson gave his overcoat to his companion of several months. Neither man spoke as excitement, fear and emotion dominated their every move. On emerging from the shadows, the young ranger all but waved good night to sentry after sentry. The last guard held the door for the persistent partisan. From an upper window, Dennis Darden watched his friend walk out to freedom, friends and Fauquier.³

Munson's experiences were not uncommon. Robert M. Harrover was captured on October 21, 1864, while on a raid near Fairfax Court House. The dark-haired, twenty-two-year-old partisan was taken to Old Capital Prison where his captives meant for him to stay. However, Harrover had other plans. He endured the stench of male prisoners and tiers of bunks until he could effect his escape. A Mississippian known only as "Harrison" and Harrover connived to obtain a Case knife of hardened steel. Each night, under cover of darkness, the two men filed away at a pair of iron bars on the cell window. Gradually, each obstacle was within a shred of being severed. Succeeding nights were spent in tying together shreds of blankets and cloth for a rope to permit the descent to freedom.

Finally, at 9 p. m. one evening, the lights went out on schedule. A more-tired-than-usual group of sentinels routinely performed bedcheck. When their

³Munson, Mosby Guerrilla, 167-97; Scott, Partisan Life, 424-29.

fellow inmates were asleep, the two Confederates moved to their window to wait for signs of sleeping guards. Gradually the objects of their watch became more sluggish. The time was right. Quietly, the two pushed out on the fragile bars. After tying their makeshift rope to a bunk, they descended to the ground. Harrison was the first to land, and he sprinted to the woods. Harrover struck the pavement and started off just as the sentinel turned. The guard lowered his musket and pulled the trigger. The weapon never fired. Whether the cap was defective or wet will never be known. Harrover did not bother to inquire. Instead, he completed his escape by traveling by night and eating in the homes of Southern sympathizers.⁴

Charles Grogan reportedly had a similar experience. Immediately prior to his service with the 43rd Virginia Partisan Rangers, Grogan was incarcerated in the infamous prison at Johnson's Island, Ohio. His escape was effected along the same lines as John Munson's first attempt. Grogan observed a party of prisoners escorted outside the gates to secure straw for the cells. Seeing the squad prepare for its daily duty, Grogan went to his own cell and secured bed-ticking for exchange. Hurriedly he joined the group en route to the storage facility outside the walls. Once inside the stable, Grogan scurried under the pile of straw. The inattentive guard apparently did not notice Grogan's absence. After locking the door, the sentinel marched his detail back to the prison complex.

When darkness came, Grogan pried loose a sufficient number of boards to serve as an escape hatch. Once outside, after eluding the guard, the partisan hurried along the shore of the Ohio River. He located a narrow point in the river and then assembled a makeshift raft. The conveyance fairly disintegrated en route across the river. By 7:00 the following morning, Grogan had decided on a more brazen escape plan. When the 8 p. m. supply boat arrived, the Confederate simply walked aboard and took a seat near the stove. The ensuing minutes seemed like days; yet before noon Grogan was walking the streets of Sandusky,

⁴Williamson, Mosby's Rangers, 477-82; CSR, Roll 208.

Ohio, a free man. He made his way to Baltimore and then into Loudoun County, where he joined Mosby's battalion.⁵

These incidents are but isolated examples of the prison escape attempts made by partisan rangers. Once captured, the incarcerated members of the 43rd Battalion searched for comrades at each new prison site. There is circumstantial evidence to suggest that the members of Mosby's command were treated differently than were other Confederates. Typically, they were shuttled about from one prison to another. Company A's William L. Hunter, for example, was a lieutenant in Mosby's unit when he was captured near Aldie, Va. Fifty-three weeks of imprisonment followed. Before Hunter's parole in May, 1865, he had served time at Old Capital Prison, D. C., Fort Delaware, Del., Fort Pulaski, Ga., Hilton Head, S. C. and again at Fort Delaware.

Seventeen-year-old Rinaldo Hunt shared a similar fate. Captured near Snickersville on May 6, 1863, the diminutive farmer saw the inside of five prison camps. His junket began in Winchester, Va., and took him to Athenium Prison, W. Va., Camp Chase, Ohio, Johnson's Island, Ohio, and Point Lookout, Md. Forty-five-year-old Thomas L. Green of Company A shared similar trials. However, his experiences began in late November, 1863, and took him to Old Capital Prison, Point Lookout, back to the Washington, D. C. prison and then back to Point Lookout. When paroled in May, 1864, he was afforded the inimitable honor of a hospital bed in Richmond's Chimborazo Hospital because of debilitas. However, he survived his hospital experiences.

George W. Mathews, captured twice during 1863, was not as fortunate. He died of scurvy in the military hospital at Point Lookout. Private David D. Lane was captured near Middleburg by the 2nd Massachusetts Cavalry. He entered Old Capital Prison on November 24, 1863; six weeks later, he was placed in the hospital by an attack of "chronic rheumatism." Exchanged in October, 1864, the partisan returned to fight again with Company A. However, on Decem-

⁵Williamson, Mosby's Rangers, 482-85.

ber 22, 1864, little more than two months after parole, he was captured again near Gum Springs, Va.⁶

Circumstantial evidence indicates that there was a stigma attached to those imprisoned members of Mosby's command. They suffered through an average of three movements or relocations to other prisons. One can only speculate that Federal authorities wanted to keep these "guerillas" on the move. Secondly, Assistant Agent for Exchange John E. Mulford questioned why several of Mosby's men were held apart and treated differently at Boston's Fort Warren Prison. A number of Mosby's men were taken there in handcuffs. Apparently they were the only captives so treated. Complaints were also lodged with exchange authorities that Mosby's men were not considered for exchange as were other Confederates. Indeed, some of the rangers lingered inside Union prison cells for two or three months after Lee's surrender at Appomattox in April, 1865:

<u>Name</u>	<u>Parole Date</u>
John Hassett	May 13, 1865
Nathaniel A. Coleman	May 31, 1865
W. W. Faulkner	June 9, 1865
John N. Coiner	June 10, 1865
William E. Moore	June 12, 1865
John H. Lunceforde	June 15, 1865
John McCue	July 16, 1865

Several ironies exist in this representative list. First, John Hassett wrote an emotional appeal to Brig. Gen. W. Hoffman, the Commissary General in Washington, D. C. Claiming that he was conscripted into Mosby's battalion (a near-impossibility in an all-volunteer unit), the man requested his release on account of his status as an immigrant. He wanted to go to Reading County, Pa., and live with a brother and sister. The general did not act on the prisoner's request.

⁶CSR, Roll 208. Information on the fate of prisoners of war from Mosby's command can be found in Appendices A and E.

John Lunceforde was the same individual who deserted from the 43rd Battalion and led Col. H. S. Gansevoort's cavalrymen to the encampment of Mosby's artillerymen. Obviously, Gansevoort had no further use for the informant.

William E. Moore was listed as "one of Mosby's personal favorites," and John McCue was held on charges of "murder, robbery and malicious wounding." The individuals' immediate ties to Mosby or the 43rd Battalion are in relation to their imprisonment. Apparently, too, some of these men were kept secure until the fate of Mosby's command was ascertained.⁷

Prisoners heard irregular reports about their Confederacy, then experiencing the final throes of death. The siege around Richmond had all but brought Lee's confined army to its knees. Union supplies, ammunition and manpower arrived continuously. It seemed as if Lee was waiting for some miracle to enable his army to break out of the siege lines of Grant's army.

In January, 1865, Col. William H. Chapman visited Petersburg to confer with Lee. Even as he did so, his brother, Capt. Sam Chapman, carried out Mosby's instructions by leading the four-company contingent to the Northern Neck. As the senior Chapman moved among the Confederate positions in Petersburg, he discovered "portions of regiments camped, not in tents but in holes or burrows the soldiers had dug in the ground to find shelter from the cold weather. On that day I experienced my first depression and doubt of the success of our cause."

In the ensuing interview with Gen. Lee, Chapman found the general-in-chief to be unfamiliar with the practices that Mosby employed. The General cautioned Chapman "to move . . . camp frequently," a chore the rangers never performed since they resided in the comfort of private homes or in mountain hideaways. Chapman decided not "to enlighten him for fear he might interfere with the methods we had found most expedient for effective service and for keeping the command together."

⁷Ibid., Rolls 207-9; OR, Ser. II, VIII, 93, 432. For an itemized list of the rangers and their parole dates, see Appendix A.

On rejoining his troops in the Northern Neck, Col. Chapman discovered that the majority of his men had already found quarters with sympathetic civilians. For the most part, these individuals were the same people who had sought Mosby's protection from smugglers and renegade soldiers earlier in the war. However, during the remaining winter months there was little for these rangers to accomplish. Most of their idle hours in January were consumed in watching river traffic and in cavalry drill. Their position was an unpleasant one. On clear days they were faced with the outline on the horizon of Point Lookout Prison, which caused them to "grieve over the condition of our soldiers imprisoned there." There was even some talk of raiding the Union bastille. For the most part, though, the men longed for home or to be in action with their comrades in "Mosby's Confederacy."⁸

In Loudoun and Fauquier counties the Federals kept up their search for Mosby. The frequent travels and patrols of the enemy kept the near-idle partisans on guard for raiders dressed in Union blue. Some small benefit was gained by the proximity and availability of Union supplies. Late on the night of January 19, 1865, Amanda Edmonds confided in her diary the mixed emotions within her. Earlier that evening, a group of partisan rangers arrived to partake of the warmth of the fire in her living room. The men stoked the fire with rare logs to relieve frozen feet. As feeling returned to their aching extremities, they all consumed bountiful amounts of "good rio coffee and oysters--the latter one of the greatest treats I have had since the war." The occasional treat of captured foodstuffs and winter sleigh rides provided the few recreational outlets for the populace in Mosby's Confederacy.

Militarily there was little action in January and early February. Any activity was confined to raids by small detachments of rangers in the Valley or in response to Federal search parties. One such search gravitated into a large

⁸Williamson, Mosby's Rangers, 489-90; OR, XLIII, Pt. 1, 990-91; XLVI, Pt. 2, 1282-83; XL, Pt. 2, 689, 936.

engagement with the Federals near Mount Carmel Church. The night of Sunday, February 19, 1865, was particularly cold. Several rangers huddled together in homemade huts or lean-tos ("shebangs"), while others took the chance of sleeping in the homes of sympathetic residents. That night 250 members of the 14th Pennsylvania and the 21st New York Cavalry engaged in a foray for "guerrillas." The units divided their force and began house-to-house searches. One of the first targets was the home of Jesse Richards, father of Maj. Dolly Richards. Some 100 members of the 21st New York Cavalry surrounded the Richards household. Major Richards, Capt. R. S. Walker and Pvt. John Hipkins were enjoying a night's rest in the warmth of the home. A knock on the door aroused the occupants. Within seconds the knock was followed by the thud of a rifle butt against the door. The three partisans took to hiding places in the wall panels or beneath the floor.irate Federals found nothing except Maj. Richards' new dress uniform. Several other souvenirs were taken as well.

Meanwhile, near the home of Amanda Edmonds, Sam Alexander, George Triplett and Clem Edmonds all tried to find comfort in their mountain shebang. At 2 a. m., a party from Company G, 14th New York Cavalry surrounded the Edmonds' home and knocked unceremoniously on the door. The arrival of the 150 riders awakened both partisans and residents alike. Federal cavalrymen pounded on the door and ordered the occupants of the house to open up. The three ladies inside exhorted the Union troopers to be patient. The "rap at the door . . . was more violently repeated . . . [as the ladies] insisted on them waiting until . . . [they] were dressed."

The elder Mrs. Edmonds remained in her bed as young Betsie and Amanda "drew the bolt" admitting the search party. In the interim before the New Yorkers were admitted, a "citizen" was concealed inside the house. The Federal captain threatened the trio of women with a "violent penalty" for hiding suspected guerrillas. Recalling the heated exchange, Amanda wrote in her diary: "I positively denied their [sic] being another man in the house, and told the Devil Captain I couldn't help what he or his men did, I couldn't give him any information relative

to the person missing. And Oh! wasn't I lying all the time! Just as hard as I could"

The noise of the Federal party spurred the trio of partisans into action. Riding toward Upperville, the men gave the alarm until they had assembled more than a dozen rangers. At Upperville, their group joined Dolly Richards' hastily-gathered force. Richards, in his father's civilian clothes, then led forty-three men toward Ashby's Gap.

Near Mount Carmel Church, Richards' partisans overtook the returning Union column. The Federals attempted to work their carbine rifles while holding firm to their booty. Several rifle-wielding troopers were under the influence of a two-barrel cache of Applejack. Reportedly they "were so stupidly drunk that they could not get away." As Richards' men charged the encumbered bluecoats, captured loot was lost and trophies dropped to the snow. The Union column galloped in headlong retreat. A total of 13 Federals were killed, 63 were taken prisoner and 90 horses were captured. A number of rangers captured by the late-night raids of the Yankees were released. John Iden was the only Confederate seriously wounded. Later that same night, Syd Ferguson, Sam Alexander, George Triplett and Clem Edmonds returned to the Edmonds home. Each man was in a jovial mood, "bearing fine trophies" just taken from the Federals near Mount Carmel Church.⁹

The good news of that day was not typical for the entire South. Four days later, another Valley resident brought ill tidings. Federal forces had captured Charleston and Columbia, S. C. More bad news followed. Just before dark on February 27, a lone rider approached the Edmonds house. The man told the ladies that he was escorting a wounded Confederate soldier to his home. Overtaken by darkness, the escort party needed a warm place for their suffering comrade. A horse-drawn litter arrived as the women prepared a bed and sent

⁹Chappelear Diary, 187-91; Williamson, Mosby's Rangers, 342-51; Crawford, Mosby and His Men, 333-43; Scott, Partisan Life, 342-52.

for the local physician, Dr. Gunnells. Shortly thereafter, a group of partisans entered the home bearing Johnny Iden. The women of the house took pains to tend to the wounded soldier. Before retiring, Amanda Edmonds recorded: "We get him comfortably fixed and he is quite cheerful and talkative, much more so than any of us expected to see him. Poor fellow is paralyzed below his wound, which makes it doubtful about his recovery." Bad weather continued for several days, delaying the departure of the escort. On Sunday, March 5, Iden was moved from the Edmonds house and carried by horse-drawn litter to his own home. A week later, surrounded by his own family, Johnny Iden "breathed his last."¹⁰

Toward the end of February, Col. Mosby returned to the command. During his absence he was under the care of Dr. Will Dunn and Dr. Aristides Monteiro. The latter was an old University of Virginia classmate of the Colonel's and answered the command's need for a bonafide doctor. Mosby was not dissatisfied with Will Dunn's medical abilities, he simply wanted a surgeon who thrived on helping his soldiers. Dunn liked to fight too much. Mosby could ill-afford to be without a surgeon.

The remaining winter days were filled with pathos. The previous year had ended on a sour note. Mosby's uncertain future--for his wounds were not healed--affected the command and literally every household of Southern sympathizers in northern Virginia. This one man embodied an intangible, unconquerable force whom the Yankees were unable to eradicate. As for the command, they were molded around Mosby's strict, taciturn nature as a commander. In his presence they dared not step out of bounds. During his absence some of the rangers apparently took liberties that went as undisciplined offenses. In fact, his return to the unit the previous September had been prompted by a chance encounter with three of his officers in Gordonsville while he was en route to see

¹⁰ Chappellear Diary, 191-94.

Gen. Lee.¹¹

During the early days of March, 1865, Mosby ordered his four companies in the Loudoun-Fauquier region to collect forage for the anticipated campaign. Try as they might, though, neither rangers nor residents were able to supply fodder in any quantity. The destruction of the Valley was of such proportions that food for man and beast were all but non-existent, especially after the severe winter. Recognizing that fact, foraging expeditions and the impressment of supplies ceased.

On Tuesday, March 21, a total of 128 partisan rangers met at Harmony, Va. The area was a Quaker community and hence an unlikely meeting place. Seemingly within minutes after leaving the tiny hamlet, word reached the column of partisans that Federals had just occupied the town. The rangers then rode into the wooded fringe along the roadway and halted. Captain Alfred Glascock and Mosby conferred before the junior officer ordered the placement of his troopers. The officers decided to lure the Federals into a trap.

Six Confederates on the strongest horses rode toward Harmony at a leisurely pace. Gradually they converged within recognition distance of Col. Marcus Reno's 12th Pennsylvania Cavalry. On seeing the half-dozen Rebels, the Union troopers launched an immediate chase. As if on cue, the half-dozen partisans, led by Charlie Wiltshire, fired a volley from their pistols and fled southward. The Union cavalry closed the gap and approached the 43rd Battalion secreted in the woods. To the rear of the charging enemy, a substantial force of blue-clad infantrymen marched at double-time to support their mounted comrades.

As Reno's horsemen drew opposite the hidden rangers, Wiltshire pulled on the reins of his horse and wheeled about. With reins held in clenched teeth, the six rangers fired their twelve revolvers with deadly accuracy. On the flank

¹¹Russell, Mosby Memoirs, 334; Scott, Partisan Life, 321. At about this same time, Federal authorities were receiving an inordinate amount of complaints from people "in and about Warrenton in regard to the beating of women and pillaging and robbing houses." OR, XLVI, Pt. 2, 911.

and from out of the trees, Glascock led 120 yelling troopers in a charge on the bewildered enemy. Reno's men did not know where to turn. They faltered, balked and then dashed northward into their own advancing infantrymen. The resulting bottleneck in the narrow lane brought more stationary targets for the Confederates and a high number of Yankee casualties. When the foot soldiers appeared to have gained some semblance of organization, Mosby, watching from the treeline, called off the attack.

The command withdrew to a hill in a nearby field. "The men cheered, waved their hats, and used every means to draw the [enemy] cavalry away from the infantry." However, the battalion's heckling was unproductive. The men were forced to be satisfied with the casualties they had inflicted. An estimated 15 Union soldiers were killed, 13 were captured and 15 horses were taken from the field.¹²

On March 29, John W. McCue and five members of the 43rd Virginia Partisan Rangers crossed the Potomac River and rode northward. The party's objective was to determine the size and type of enemy force in Leonardstown, Md. After executing that duty, the six partisans attempted to capture the post office in the town of Croom. A brief fight ensued, and McCue's less-hardy cohorts fled across the Potomac. Acting on his own, the young ranger attempted to overcome five men inside the building. Neither audacity, bravery nor fool-hardiness would work. In the end, John W. McCue was captured and imprisoned for "murder, robbery and malicious wounding."¹³

At North Fork, in Loudoun County, on April 6, 1865, Company H organized for the oncoming spring campaign. Young George Baylor became captain,

¹²Williamson, Mosby's Rangers, 355-58; Scott, Partisan Life, 457-58; Confederate Veteran, VII (1899), 74; OR, XLVI, Pt. 3, 82, 84-85; Aristides Monteiro, War Reminiscences by the Surgeon of Mosby's Command (Richmond, 1890), 115-23; Alexander, Mosby's Men, 154-62.

¹³Scott, Partisan Life, 468-69; CSR, Roll 208.

with Edward F. Thomas as executive officer. The other two officers were James G. Wiltshire and B. Frank Carter, Jr. The new commander took his fifty-two rangers to Harper's Ferry to weigh the possibilities of attacking Capt. Daniel M. Keyes' Loudoun Rangers. Baylor launched a vicious attack which claimed 6 Federals killed, 45 taken prisoner and 70 horses captured.

Mosby was elated at the news of Baylor's success. The new battalion surgeon, Dr. Aristides Monteiro, commented: "Mosby was in the best humor I had seen him." When the full battalion joined Baylor's company, the new heroes were besieged by questions and well-wishers. Amid the celebration, Dr. Monteiro went to the group of prisoners and confiscated a sheaf of newspapers. Moving to an isolated log, the surgeon opened a copy of the Baltimore American. "Double headed columns told of the fall of Richmond and the surrender of General Lee. In the midst of our triumph over the capture of Keyes' Battalion, I read the death warrant of the Confederacy." It took moments for the shock to subside. Gradually the befuddled doctor gained his composure. He called Mosby to his side and asked: "Is that true?"

Mosby did not answer. "Tears gathered in his eyes" as other officers assembled. "The great leader of the valiant clan was dumb with grief."¹⁴

Amanda Virginia Edmonds did not believe the initial reports. However, the inevitable fall of Richmond was ultimately recorded in her journal. On Friday, April 7, 1865, she wrote: ". . . the horrid reports which we have received through the Yankee press--now confirmed by Southern information--that our dear Confederate Capital was surrendered to General Grant on last Sunday, the 2nd of April. . . . General Lee said it best to evacuate the place without further destruction of life and property." It took Miss Edmonds some time before she could put the words on paper. The thought, the admission, the humility of the loss was more than her young spirit could fathom. She did annotate the April

¹⁴OR, XLVI, Pt. 3, 617; Williamson, Mosby's Rangers, 364-65; Monteiro, War Reminiscences, 126-29.

7 entry accordingly: "I am writing now later than that date but I cannot forbear recording it here as one of the saddest of the war--General Robert E. Lee surrendered his Army--the great and heretofore formidable Army of Northern Virginia at Appomattox C. H." Two days later, on April 9, 1865, the rumor of Lee's capitulation reached northern Virginia. The fate of Mosby's command was therefore uncertain. Miss Edmonds described their tenuous plight as a "critical situation. Truly the soldiers are more low spirited than ever before."

Colonel Mosby and his rangers were now men without a country. However, since the command had no official communiqué of the action at Appomattox Court House, the Colonel decided to continue operations. Accordingly, on April 8, 1865, the 43rd Battalion met at Upperville. Companies D and H were sent to raid around Fairfax as Companies A and B went into operation near Berryville.

That afternoon, Lt. John Russell led a squad of partisans toward a Union encampment. Two enemy soldiers were killed, 3 wounded and 3 captured. Seven fully-equipped cavalry horses were claimed as the spoils of war. On April 9, Companies D and H moved toward the enemy-controlled railroad around Fairfax. Somehow Federal authorities learned of Captain Baylor's two-company force and dispatched the 8th Illinois Cavalry to counter the Confederate advance. At Arundel's farm, near Burke's Station, Union horsemen surprised Baylor's men and threw the partisans into disorder. A few of the most valiant ranger veterans tried to rally their bewildered comrades. Failing to reorganize the rangers, they formed a determined rear guard which allowed the other Confederates to escape. "The few determined men were composed of Lieutenants B. Frank Carter and James G. Wiltshire, Sergeant Theodore Mohler, Joseph Bryan, Thomas Kidd, B. B. Ransom, H. C. Dear and a few others."

In the foray that followed, Mohler was thrown from his dying horse. Spying Mohler on foot, Bryan and Wiltshire rode to his aid. Holstering their revolvers, the two men rode along either side of the fleeing Confederate. Each partisan held firmly to Mohler's arms and carried him to safety suspended between the two horses. However, he was captured as he attempted to mount a

riderless horse. The heroic act of the two partisans was for naught. The subsequent chase continued for ten miles or more. Five rangers were killed and two were captured. After the fight, Joseph Bryan wrote of the "unexpected" attack and the ten-mile chase, and he commented that some of the rangers were caught because their "horses broke down." However, young Bryan's mare was more stalwart: "Ruby brought me out splendidly."¹⁵

On April 12, Lt. Col. Chapman reported to the partisan chief with his four companies. The men were tired after a three-day ride from the Northern Neck, but they were relieved to be back in Mosby's Confederacy. During that same day, Mosby received a special dispatch from Union Maj. Gen. Winfield S. Hancock. It was addressed to "Colonel John S. Mosby, Commanding Partisans." The letter transmitted copies of letters which conveyed the surrender of Confederate forces at Appomattox Court House. The more important portion of the document stipulated: "Major General Hancock is authorized to receive the surrender of the forces under your command on the same conditions offered to General Lee." The actual letter was a direct result of Lt. Gen. Ulysses S. Grant's desire to bring the war to a complete end. In a letter written to the U. S. Secretary of War Edwin M. Stanton, Grant expressed his belief that "there will be no difficulty now in bringing in on the terms voluntarily given to General Lee all the fragments of the Army of Northern Virginia, . . . I wish Hancock would try it with Mosby."¹⁶

The best of intentions were clouded with confusion. Even as Mosby received Hancock's letter of April 12, "a circular addressed to the citizens" of Mosby's Confederacy indicated that "the guerilla chief Mosby is not included in the parole." The confusion arose as a result of the two untimely messages from

¹⁵ Chappellear Diary, 197; Williamson, Mosby's Rangers, 367-72; OR, XLVI, Pt. 3, 701; Bryan Papers (VHS), letter to J. R. Bryan dated April 6, 1865, with postscript dated April 12, 1865.

¹⁶ Williamson, Mosby's Rangers, 493; OR, XLVI, Pt. 3, 684-685, 697, 714.

Hancock's headquarters. The first, dated "April 10, 1865--3 p. m.," was addressed to Hancock from Gen. H. W. Halleck, the army chief of staff. The message closed with the sentence: "The guerilla chief Mosby will not be paroled." The second message--written by Grant at 9:05 p. m. the same day--indicated the senior commander's desire to extend the olive branch of peace to Mosby. This sequence of events placed the partisan chief in a tenuous position. More importantly, Mosby had received no official communication from his commander or from the Confederate government.

As a result, he appointed four members of his staff to carry a dispatch to General Hancock under a flag of truce. Colonel Chapman, Dr. Monteiro, Capt. Mosby and Capt. Frankland formed the party. In the dispatch Mosby outlined his predicament and the absence of instructions from Richmond. "With no disposition however, to cause the useless effusion of blood, or to inflict on a war-torn population any unnecessary distress, I am ready to agree to a suspension of hostilities for a short time."

The four rangers left for Winchester in gray, cloudy weather. The rain and overcast set the mood for the day. After crossing the rain-swollen Shenandoah River, the Confederate emissaries halted for the night four miles outside Winchester. At 10 p. m. the four rangers obtained sleeping quarters from a sympathetic resident. Before retiring for the night the owner of the household approached the tired partisans. "Bad news gentlemen," he stated. "The President of the United States has been assassinated and Colnel Mosby is charged with the horrible crime."

The rangers passed a sleepless night. Each one knew of his commander's innocence, but they feared for their chief. The following morning, the party rode toward the Union lines. The four officers debated over who was to have the ignoble task of carrying the white flag. Dr. Monteiro volunteered and held a white handkerchief aloft as the men entered the lines. As the rangers approached the headquarters, groups of Federal soldiers asked Monteiro: "What command, Major?"

Monteiro answered, "Mosby's."

A shout went up all along the line as the import of Monteiro's one-word answer spread through the troops. An old Union soldier stepped forward and extended his hand. "Thank God! The war is over. I know the end has come when Mosby's men surrender."

This single humble statement struck Monteiro. Each one of his traveling companions "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."

The recently-promoted Brig. Gen. Marcus Reno received the partisans with an air of sincere hospitality. Fine liquor and "the best Havana cigars" were all placed before Chapman's group. In the ensuing conversation Reno expressed a strong desire to know more of Mosby's tactics. He was also quite surprised to learn that Mosby had only employed 128 men in routing the two regiments Reno had commanded at Harmony. A short time thereafter, the four partisans went to confer with Gen. Hancock. When the General appeared before them, he extended his hand. In a firm and earnest voice, the General stated: "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."

Hancock then drafted a letter which outlined the arrangements for an April 18 meeting at Millwood. On Monday, April 17, the 43rd Virginia Partisan Rangers met with Col. Mosby at Salem. With the companies drawn up in line, the partisan chief explained that a truce was in effect between his unit and Federal forces. He expected every member to respect the agreement. The next morning, as Mosby's men prepared for their departure, a Union cavalry force approached Millwood. Colonel J. H. Kidd of the 6th Michigan Cavalry led the Fed-

eral column to receive the anticipated surrender. Men and horses were uneasy. Things were too quiet. It was an eerie feeling to ride through "Mosby's Confederacy" and not see grayclad scouts or the silhouette of a horseman on a distant hilltop. Union troopers had misgivings and kept searching for lurking partisans. "The country might have been deserted, . . . The environment seemed funereal and the ride could hardly be described as a cheerful one."

The partisans who rode toward Millwood shared the misgivings of their Federal opponents. Several of the rangers speculated that it was all a trap. However, the negative pronouncements did not materialize. The two senior officers, Mosby and Union Brig. Gen. George H. Chapman, met as agreed. Flanked by their respective subordinates, the two officers discussed the fate of the 43rd Battalion, Virginia Partisan Rangers. At that time, Mosby stressed his desire to await word on "the fate of Johnston's army." Mosby further indicated that he would not "surrender them [his battalion] as an organization for parole, but [would] . . . disband the battalion."

Colonel Mosby asked no special consideration for his men or for himself. Chapman reported the partisan chief as "being quite willing to stand by his acts, all of which he believed to be justifiable." The two officers then agreed "for a suspension of hostilities for forty-eight hours longer, expiring at noon on the 20th, and a conditional agreement for a further suspension for ten days."

On the evening of April 19, Gen. Grant seemed out of patience. He wired Chapman: "If Mosby does not avail himself of the present truce, end it and hunt him and his men down. Guerillas, after beating the armies of the enemy, will not be entitled to quarter."

That same day, Federal Gens. W. H. Emory and J. D. Stevenson received telegrams that stated there was "evidence that Mosby knew of Booth's plan to assassinate the President, and was at Washington with him." Even Hancock began to be nervous about Mosby's delaying tactics. Accordingly, he sent word to his field commanders: "Look out for your lines after 12 o'clock tomorrow. Mosby will either surrender or the truce with him will end at that hour."

Shortly after noon on April 20, 1865, Col. John S. Mosby entered the lobby of the only hotel in the little village of Millwood. Twenty Confederate officers flanked their commander and faced their fifteen counterparts. For those inside, it was indeed a nervous time. Outside, several partisans swapped lies with their former foes. John Hearn became involved in an argument about the merits of Confederate horse flesh. The debate catapulted into a wager and a horserace. The two would-be jockeys launched their race amidst the cheers of their respective comrades. Approximately a mile away, Hearn saw a Federal brigade. He immediately wheeled his horse and raced back toward the supposed peace conference.

In the hotel parlor, the two commanders were trying to come to terms. Mosby was attempting to convey his predicament as a military commander. He needed to hear from his superior, since his own command was as yet not threatened. Both officers suffered under the anxiety and frustration of the moment. General Chapman then stated: "The truce has ended; we can have no further intercourse under its terms."

At that precise moment John Hearn burst through the doorway and into the lobby. "Colonel, Colonel," he shouted, "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 God, it is!"

With catlike agility Mosby sprang to his feet, drawing a revolver as he rose. In a loud, high-pitched voice the partisan chief proclaimed: "Sir, if we are no longer under the protection of your truce, we are of course at the mercy of your men. We shall protect ourselves."

The twenty grayclad soldiers parted to allow their commander an open path to the door. Some of the rangers backed toward the door; others turned their backs to the Yankee officers. Outside Mosby and his men mounted their horses and wasted no time in leaving Millwood.

The next day, 200 partisan rangers assembled in Salem. Each man was

fully armed and attired in his finest uniform. Gray clouds and dismal rain gave an ominous taint to the occasion. Mosby kept to himself, conversing with but few of his men. Clean-shaven for the first time in months, the Colonel chewed a toothpick into countless splinters and paced about the town. At noon, the command gathered in company formation on the green north of the town. In customary military fashion, Mosby inspected his command. Not a word was spoken. In a matter of minutes the partisan chief rode to his place centered on the formation between his two senior commanders. William H. Chapman was to Mosby's right rear. The faithful Dolly Richards was opposite. William H. Mosby, the adjutant, then read Mosby's final military communiqué:

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! John S. Mosby, Colonel

It seemed like an eternity before the first man broke formation. Boys older than their years walked, then rushed forward to share their emotions with their colonel. They wept with grief; their bodies shook with emotion. They loved him.¹⁷

¹⁷Williamson, Mosby's Rangers, 376-82; OR, XLVI, Pt. 3, 685, 699, 765-66, 799, 800, 804, 817, 830-31, 838-41, 868-70, 1396; Monteiro, War Reminiscences, 149-55, 157-60, 203-7; Scott, Partisan Life, 470-73; James H. Kidd, Personal Recollections of A Cavalryman (Grand Rapids, Mich., 1969), 445.

Chapter XII

NEW BEGINNINGS

On the morning of April 22, 1865, Lt. Col. William H. Chapman led 200 partisan rangers of the 43rd Battalion toward Winchester. A flag of truce, the white emblem of surrender, was conspicuous in the forefront of the column of pacified Confederate raiders. James J. Williamson, John Puryear, Alfred Glascock, Sam Chapman and their comrades had all decided to submit to a quiet parole to the Union authorities in Winchester. Many of the men rode broken-down and aged horses for fear their mounts would be confiscated by a vengeful victor. Still others speculated about the impending confrontation with their former adversaries.

Earlier that day, as on the day before, Col. Mosby had declined to lead an organized unit in further combat. Instead, the vanquished partisan chief, who had disbanded his command the day before, rode with a half-dozen rangers toward the ruins that had once been the Capital of the Confederacy. John Munson, Coley Jordan and W. Ben Palmer were among the group. They halted on the outskirts of Richmond. Two of the rangers entered the city in search of definite information concerning Confederate forces still in combat. The balance of the detachment encamped for the remainder of the day.

John Munson ventured into the city and engaged in a final scouting expedition. "I went to the old Jeff Davis mansion, which was then occupied by Federal officers, and ascertained that we could raid them successfully at night, capture the whole crowd, . . . take every horse in the stable and the few guards who were on duty."

However, Munson took too much time in acquiring this information. Mosby felt that the young partisan might have stopped for a visit with his parents and succumbed to their entreaties to surrender. As a result, Ben Palmer was ordered forward on a similar mission. Not wishing to lose Palmer's services to pleading parents, Mosby told the man: "Don't go near your father."

Palmer's task was simply to bring news. Leaving his revolvers concealed, he rode to the waterfront and secured a newspaper from a canal boat. Bold headlines told of General Joe Johnston's surrender to Union forces at Durham Station, N. C. Any aspirations of joining Johnston's forces were forever lost. The news of Johnston's April 26 capitulation marked the end for Mosby's half-dozen followers.

When John Munson rejoined his comrades the next morning, they were contemplating their individual and collective fates. Unaware of Johnston's defeat, Munson launched into a scheme to capture the occupants of the Jeff Davis mansion. Colonel Mosby would have none of it. His solemn words spoke of the end: "Too late! It would be murder and highway robbery now. We are soldiers, not highwaymen." The half-dozen rangers, the final remnants of the 43rd Battalion, Virginia Partisan Rangers, parted company with Colonel John Singleton Mosby.

In Winchester, William Chapman's column was received graciously. James Williamson was pleasantly surprised at the reception they received. There was no vindictive spirit in evidence among the Union garrison. "We were received without any manifestations of exultation; their manner toward us was gentlemanly and courteous."

Two days later, three partisans who were regular visitors to the Edmonds household reported to Amanda that "they were treated with great respect and kindness." Taking pen in hand, the partisan hostess reflected a sense of relief and hope when she wrote: "That is something strange--why they treat the Southerners so differently from what we expected. I hope it may be lasting."

Upon affirming their allegiance and swearing not to "take up arms," the proud survivors of Mosby's rangers rode toward their homes, peace and new beginnings.

Visions of home and remembrances of peacetime filled the hearts and minds of the victor and the vanquished. Those waiting at home spent anxious days for the approach of loved ones. Roads throughout the south were cluttered

with tattered soldiers and discarded equipment of war.

The Saturday after Mosby's farewell to his troops in Salem, Amanda Edmonds watched "gangs of dear Rebels going up all day to take the parole." On Sunday, April 30, Miss Edmonds attended worship services in Paris. That evening the benefactor to many a partisan ranger reflected on the events of the day: "Something unusual to see so many Rebels at church--feeling a little of the air of freedom again."

Now alone, John S. Mosby rode toward Charlottesville and his family home in McIvor. The long ride home was clouded by the gray, ghost-like images of "Big Yankee" Ames, Richard Montjoy, J. E. B. Stuart and countless number of rangers consumed by the ravages of war. The thoughts of Stuart as being "the best friend [he] ever had," and the loss of the others clouded Mosby's vision and dominated his thoughts.

Even as the thoughts and ravages of war lingered, so too did Mosby's fate. Bounties of \$2,000 and \$5,000 were offered for the capture of the former partisan chief. Largely a result of the groundless charges of complicity in Lincoln's assassination, these rewards were dropped. The confusion, though, continued for months.

Paroled in late June, the partisan enigma was all but persecuted as a subject of curiosity. Even after signing the Oath of Allegiance, John S. Mosby was arrested and held three times. He endured this treatment as late as January 8, 1866, when he was arrested for the third time in Leesburg. Writing to his wife Pauline, he commented: "I was just in the act of starting home this morning when an order came for my arrest . . . don't be uneasy." He closed the brief note with his customary request to "kiss the children for me."

Finally, on February 2, 1866, General U. S. Grant issued a statement which forever clarified the fate of the former commander of the 43rd Battalion, Virginia Partisan Rangers. "John S. Mosby, lately of the Southern Army, will, hereafter, be exempt from arrest by military authorities, except for the violation of his parole, unless directed by the President of the United States, Secretary of

War or from these headquarters." The war was finally over.¹

¹Williamson, Mosby's Rangers, 394-400; Munson, Mosby Guerrilla, 271-73; Chappellear Diary, 201-2; Russell, Mosby Memoirs, 361; Jones, Ranger Mosby, 274-79; Mosby letter to Monteiro, dated January 22, 1895, The Museum of the Confederacy, Richmond, Va.

EPILOGUE

The 43rd Battalion, Virginia Partisan Rangers was a major source of irritation to Union commanders operating in northern Virginia. During little more than two years of service, this group of rangers encountered elements of fifty-six color-bearing Federal units. The record amassed against these troops was impressive. Conservatively estimated, the unit captured 2 generals, 1 colonel, 1 major, 32 captains and 36 lieutenants. It killed 32 officers and wounded 36. It captured 2,102 Federal soldiers, 2,300 horses and 1,068 mules. The total value of enemy property destroyed was \$1,406,300. This does not include \$168,000 seized during the "Greenback Raid," or countless damage to railroad property or telegraph lines.¹

However, the contributions of Mosby's men cannot be accurately evaluated by a statistical analysis. Nor can any successful "partisan warfare . . . be assessed merely in terms of limbs shattered and lives lost. But its moral and psychological effects are likely to be greater." A New York Cavalry captain wrote that Mosby's men were a "terror to our pickets." Chaplain Louis N. Boudrye labeled the rangers as "guerrillas and bushwhackers" who "commit their depredations on our lines." In short, Mosby's men were feared and dreaded. Attacks by the grayclad partisans were preceded by the Rebel yell which signaled the ferocity of the attack that followed. In July, 1864, the 43rd Cavalry Battalion subjected the 2nd Massachusetts Cavalry to the wrath of their Colt six-shooters. "Mosby and his rangers were upon us, swooping down like Indians, yelling like fiends, discharging their pistols with fearful rapidity."²

¹Confederate Veteran, XXXI (1923), 356. Comparing these statistics with those tabulated from Mosby's official reports verifies the numbers to within twenty per cent. For instance, this writer estimates that the 43rd Battalion captured 1,670 privates, not 2,102. Conversely, this writer estimates that the partisan rangers captured 2,621 horses instead of 2,300.

²Gann, Guerrillas in History, 79; Glazier, Three Years in the Federal

In every instance, all attempts to capture Colonel Mosby were frustrated. In fact, he was the key to the unit's success. His trained legal mind assisted him in the formulation of his shrewd strategy of the partisan. Operations were characterized by sudden attacks, offensive maneuvers and, most importantly, success. New York cavalryman Willard Glazier characterized his adversary this way: "Mosby's plans were certainly made with great wisdom and forethought, and executed with a dash and will which were at times very astonishing. His men must have been warmly attached to him as their leader. . . . The command was truly unique in its leader, its composition, and its modus operandi, while its results, assisted as they were by the topography of the country, and the Rebel sympathizers within and just without our lines, attracted no little attention."³

Militarily, the service of the 43rd Virginia Battalion created an awareness in the use of the cavalry as an offensive force. Until that time horsemen were employed as support troops. However, Mosby's command demonstrated its value as reconnaissance and intelligence gathering forces. They performed independently and offensively in support of the Army of Northern Virginia. Operating chiefly in the enemy's rear, the partisan rangers engaged in harassment of the enemy's lines of supply and communications. Entire picket posts were captured. There were also reprisal actions for actions against Valley residents. Mosby's men engaged military targets, military supplies or contractors and sutlers working on behalf of the Union army. Typically, the 43rd Battalion, Virginia Cavalry did not wage war on civilians.

The Partisan Rangers were a viable asset to the Confederate war effort. They compelled a disproportionate number of Federal units to watch and secure the rear areas of General U. S. Grant's army. In short, "Mosby's men" depleted the Union war effort of troops and supplies badly needed around Richmond. One

Cavalry, 149; Boudrye, Fifth New York Cavalry, 46-47; Humphreys, Field, Camp, Hospital and Prison, 96.

³ Glazier, Three Years in the Federal Cavalry, 153.

writer has written that the battalion "neutralized 50,000 of the enemy."⁴ The estimate is no doubt high. However, it imparts credibility to the success of the tiny battalion.

⁴Otto Heilbrunn, Warfare in the Enemy's Rear (New York, 1963), 29.

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APPENDIX A

THE TROOPERS

This, and the following Appendices, is an assemblage of the facts surrounding the individual members of the 43rd Battalion, Virginia Partisan Rangers. There are no references to companies; there are no references or comparisons to officers versus enlisted men. The troopers represented here are stripped to the lowest common denominator--the man.

Each entry and subsequent tabulation is the result of an examination of the muster rolls of the unit. Records have been carefully examined to eliminate every possible duplication. Nevertheless, the list is by no means complete.

The following muster roll reflects the basic data for interpretation in subsequent Appendices. Abbreviations have been used, as sparingly as possible, to record the significant events in a soldier's career as a partisan ranger. Most frequently missing are references to "killed in action" or "wounded in action." That in itself testifies to the imperfect nature of the muster roll--a document compiled by young common soldiers.

Key to Abbreviations

- A - Amputee
- AWOL - Absent Without Leave
- C - Captured (one C for each capture)
- D - Deserted
- DFR - Dropped From Rolls (inefficiency)
- DIP - Died In Prison
- DOW - Died Of Wounds
- E - Escaped
- Ex - Exchanged
- H - Hospitalized:
 - (CF) - Camp Fever
 - (DD) - Died
 - (DE) - Debilitas
 - (Di) - Diarrhea
 - (Dp) - Diphtheria
 - (Dy) - Dysentery

(F) - Febris (fever)
 (G) - Gonorrhoea
 (P) - Pneumonia
 (R) - Rheumatism
 (S) - Scabies
 (Sc) - Scrofula
 (Sy) - Syphilis
 (To) - Tonsillitis
 (Tf) - Typhoid Fever
 (U) - Unknown
 (V) - Variola (smallpox)

Hu - Hung
 I - Returned to Infantry
 KIA - Killed In Action
 RE - Returned to Unit
 REA - Reassigned
 U - Unfit
 US - Joined U. S. Forces
 USN - Joined U. S. Navy
 WIA - Wounded In Action
 * - Recruited by Frankland

<u>Name</u>	<u>Date of Parole</u>	<u>Age at Parole</u>	<u>Height</u>	<u>Rank</u>	<u>Occupation</u>	<u>Disposition</u>
Abraham, Jacob				Pvt		C
Adams, H. C.				Pvt		
Adams, John M.						C
Adams, Joseph A.	4/22/65	18	6'			C
Adams, T. W.	5/8/65	29	5' 9"	Pvt		C, H(Dp)
Adrian, John M.				Pvt		C
Aldridge, J. W.	5/4/65	18	5' 10"			
Alexander, David	4/22/65			Pvt		C
Alexander, J.		28		Pvt		
Alexander, J. H.	4/22/65	18	5' 4"			
Alexander, Lawrence				Pvt		C
Alexander, Lawrence				Surgeon		
Alexander, Samuel				Pvt		
Allen, Tiphon W.		31	5' 9"	Pvt	Farmer	C, H(DE)
Allison, William				Pvt		C
Almond, James W.				Pvt		*DFR
Ames, James F.	10/9/64			Pvt-Lt		KIA
Amiss, John F.	4/29/65	36	5' 10"			
Anderson, A. M.				Pvt		
Anderson, G. W.				Pvt		

<u>Name</u>	<u>Date of Parole</u>	<u>Age at Parole</u>	<u>Height</u>	<u>Rank</u>	<u>Occupation</u>	<u>Disposition</u>
Anderson, P.		27		Pvt		
Anderson, Samuel	6/9/64			Pvt		C, US
Anderson, William A.	5/3/64 & 6/16/65		5' 9"	Pvt		C, C
Anderson, William E.	4/22/65	18	5' 6"			
Angelo, Frank M.	4/20/65	24	5' 5"	Pvt-Lt		C
Archer, David		21	5' 7"	Pvt	Farmer	C
Armstrong, Joseph A.	4/30/65	18	5' 10"			
Armstrong, S.				Pvt		
Ash, James W.	4/24/65	31	5' 7"	Pvt		
Ash, Joseph A.	4/24/65	25	5' 8"	Pvt		
Ashby, Henry S.	4/22/65	19	5' 10"	Pvt		
Ashby, John	6/7/65	21	5' 6"	Pvt		
Ashby, Nimrod						C
Atwell, Ewell		26	5' 10"	Pvt		C, E
Atwill, W. H.	5/5/65			Pvt		
Aud, Fenton	5/1/65			Pvt		
Ayers, George				Pvt		C
Aylor, John L.	6/13/65		5' 7"	Pvt		C
Aylor, John M.	6/10/65		5' 8"	Pvt		C
Aylor, T. F.				Pvt		
Ayre, George H.	6/10/65		6' 1"	Pvt		C
Bailey, John						
Bailey, S. J.	4/22/65	22	5' 9"	Pvt		C
Bainbridge, A. R.						
Baker, Thomas R.	6/10/65		5' 9"	Pvt		C
Baldwin, J. A.				Pvt		
Ball, A.	4/22/65	18	5' 9"			
Ball, Benjamin F.	4/22/65	26	5' 6"	Corp		C
Ballard, J. A.	10/6/63			Pvt		H, A
Ballard, J. N.	10/19/63	21	5' 8"	Pvt	Farmer	H, A
Balthorpe, G. W.	4/22/65	24	6'	Pvt		
Bannon, E. O.						C
Barbee, James M.	4/21/65	37	5' 5"			
Barbee, Samuel A.	4/24/65	38	5' 6"	Pvt	Farmer	C
Barber, William T.	4/25/65	33	5' 9"			
Barbour, Henry S.	4/22/65	30	5' 9"	Pvt		
Barker, John E.				Pvt		*DFR
Barnes, John H.				Pvt		C
Barrett, Phillip						C
Bartenstein, A. R.		18	5' 10"			
Barton, Benjamin				Pvt		

<u>Name</u>	<u>Date of Parole</u>	<u>Age at Parole</u>	<u>Height</u>	<u>Rank</u>	<u>Occupation</u>	<u>Disposition</u>
Bates, Roslin				Pvt		C
Bayler, R. M.	5/9/65			Pvt		
Bayley, J. P.	4/21/65	33	5' 9"			
Baylor, George	5/8/65		5' 7"	Capt		
Bayne, Henry T.	5/5/65			Pvt		
Bayne, John C.	4/22/65	17	5' 6"			
Bayne, R. B.	4/22/65	21	5' 7"	Pvt		
Bea, Charles A.				Pvt		
Beal, J. R.				Pvt		
Beal, J. T.				Pvt		
Beall, Brooke				Pvt		C
Beattie, Fountain				1Lt		
Beavers, Abram				Pvt		D
Beavers, Felton				Pvt		C, Hu
Beckham, John G.						
Beckham, William L.		25	6' 1"	Pvt	Farmer	DFR
Bell, John W.		21	5' 11"	Pvt		
Belt, Thomas	4/22/65	21	6'			
Belvin, John A., Jr.	5/13/65	25	5' 9"	Capt		C
Belvin, W.	4/22/65	18	5' 8"	Pvt		
Benedict, Lewis				Pvt		C
Benjamin, Franklin	4/23/65	21	5' 9"	Pvt		
Benton, Theodore S.	3/22/65	20	5' 8"	Pvt	Farmer	C
Bern, C. N.				Pvt		
Berryman, M.	4/23/65	20	6'			
Betts, R.	9/64					C, H(Di)
Bibbs, Richard H.	5/15/65			Pvt		
Bickers, J. M.	5/15/65			Pvt		
Biedler, Andrew	5/4/65	21	5' 7"	Pvt		
Biedler, William	5/4/65	29	6'	Pvt-Sgt		
Bims, Charles				Pvt		C, D
Binford, B. W.						
Binford, W. M.						
Binns, John						C
Birthing, S.	4/22/65	18	5' 8"			
Bishop, John H.	5/13/65	31	5' 10"	Pvt		
Bishop, Stephen	6/10/65		5' 7"	Pvt		C
Bivins, John T.	5/11/65		5' 10"	Pvt		C
Blackman, Thomas		16	5' 9"	Pvt	Farmer	
Blackwell, J. H.	4/23/65	35	6' 1"	Pvt		
Blanchard, H. C.	5/6/65			Pvt		
Boarman, Richard T.	6/10/65		5' 7"	Pvt		C
Bohrer, C.				Pvt		

<u>Name</u>	<u>Date of Parole</u>	<u>Age at Parole</u>	<u>Height</u>	<u>Rank</u>	<u>Occupation</u>	<u>Disposition</u>
Boling, Bartlett	9/14/64 & 4/24/65	20	5' 11"	Pvt	Farmer	C
Boling, John M.	9/28/64 & 5/31/65	30	5' 9"	Pvt	Attorney	C, C
Bolling, S. M.	4/22/65	18	5' 6"	Pvt		
Bolling, W. A.	4/22/65	40	5' 9"	Pvt		
Bolton, James M.				Pvt		
Booker, Thomas	4/22/65	21	6'			
Botts, J. T.	4/27/65	20	5' 8"	Pvt		
Bowen, A. J.	6/6/65	30	6'	Pvt	Farmer	C
Bowen, Charles O.	4/26/65	17	5' 8"			
Bowen, F. F.	5/4/65	19	5' 10"			
Bowen, James	4/22/65	33	5' 10"			
Bowen, John W.				Pvt		
Bowen, J. P.	6/6/65	20	5' 8"	Pvt		C
Bowen, W. B.	4/22/65	19	5' 10"			
Bowie, B. W.	4/21/65	18	5' 6"			
Bowie, J.		40		Pvt		
Bowie, Walter	10/5/64			Pvt-1Lt		C, E, KIA
Bowlin, D. R.				Pvt		
Boyd, H. P.	5/18/65	35	6'	Pvt		
Braden, G. V.	5/2/65					
Brady, William B.				Pvt		H(Di)
Bragg, Charles P.	6/19/65		5' 8"	Pvt		C
Bragg, William M.				Pvt-Sgt		C, H(Di), DIP
Brander, W. H.	4/22/65	26	5' 10"			
Braun, Abram						
Braxton, William Z.				Pvt		KIA
Breathed, Isaac	6/10/65		5' 8"	Pvt		C
Brent, James A.	5/17/65	18	5' 6"	Pvt		
Brewer, Charles W.	1/22/64	17		Pvt		C, H(V), DIP
Bridges, G. W.	4/21/65	17	5' 6"			
Brinn, James	5/20/65	19		Pvt		
Briscoe, D. S.	4/22/65	24	5' 7"	Lt		
Broadus, William S.		40		Pvt		
Broadwater, Guy	4/22/65	20	5' 8"	Sgt Maj		
Broadwater, R. F.	4/22/65	19	5' 10"			
Brock, E. W.						
Brock, Henry						
Brock, Jacob H.	6/10/65		5' 7"	Corp		C
Bronner, H. A.	4/21/65	16	5' 7"	Pvt		
Bronner, William A.	6/19/65	19	5' 7"	Pvt	Farmer	C
Brook, Beal				Pvt		

<u>Name</u>	<u>Date of Parole</u>	<u>Age at Parole</u>	<u>Height</u>	<u>Rank</u>	<u>Occupation</u>	<u>Disposition</u>
Brooke, William	4/22/65	18	5' 9"			
Brooks, Charles				Pvt		
Brown, A. J.	12/17/63			Asst Surg		C
Brown, Daniel F.				Pvt		
Brown, F.				Pvt		
Brown, J. P.		19	5' 7"	Pvt	Farmer	C
Brown, L. B.	5/16/65	18	6'	Pvt		
Brown, Leonard	5/20/65	33	5' 9"	Pvt	Miller	C
Brown, R.				Pvt		
Brown, R. H.	4/26/65	37	6'			
Brown, T. S.	4/25/65			Pvt		
Brown, Thomas R.	5/24/65			Pvt		
Brown, W. D.	6/15/65		6'	Pvt		C
Browner, James						
Browning, Lafayette			5' 10"	Pvt		
Browning, Thomas E.						
Brumbuck, E. S.	5/6/65			Pvt		
Bryan, Joseph				Pvt		
Buchanan, C.				Pvt		D
Buckner, Richard P.	6/13/65		6' 3"	Pvt-Sgt		C
Bunnell, D.	4/22/65	18	5' 5"			
Burgess, Moses	4/23/65	20	5' 11"			
Burke, Edward A.	1/18/65			Pvt		D
Burke, Thomas T.	6/12/65		5' 7"	Pvt		
Burks, John		17	5' 8"	Pvt		
Burnley, James N.	5/18/65			Pvt		
Burns, J. H.				Pvt		C
Burns, John M.				Pvt		C
Burr, Charles	6/13/65		5' 3"	Pvt		C
Burton, Harrison	4/22/65	24	5' 8"	Pvt		
Butler, C. E.	4/26/65	29	5' 9"			
Butler, J. F.				Pvt		
Butler, O. L.	4/21/65	18	5' 6"	Pvt		
Butler, Samuel						
Butler, William B.			5' 11"	Pvt		C
Cahill, John E.				Pvt		
Calvert, J. C.	5/8/65	43	5' 6"	Pvt		
Campbell, C. B.	5/2/65			Pvt		*DFR
Campbell, John W.	11/1/64 & 6/15/65		5' 4"	Pvt		C, C, H
Campbell, John W.		20	5' 9"			

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Campbell, W. S.	4/22/65	17	5' 11"	Pvt		
Cannon, Ciras	4/29/65	26	5' 10"	Pvt		
Cannon, George W.	5/18/65	24	5' 10"	Pvt		
Carey, A. G.	4/22/65	22	5' 6"			
Carey, Alex	4/25/65	27	5' 11"	Pvt		
Carey, H. E.	4/22/65	32	5' 9"			
Carlisle, David G.	11/3/64 & 5/5/65			Pvt		C, C
Carpenter, F. A.				Pvt		
Carr, Lawrence	4/3/65			Pvt		
Carr, Richard				Pvt		
Carter, B. F.	5/4/65	19	5' 8"	Lt		
Carter, Charles P.				Pvt		*C, H(Di), DIP
Carter, Eli				Pvt		C, H, DIP
Carter, Isaiah		18		Pvt		
Carter, J. M.	4/21/65	18	5' 11"			
Carter, Thomas W.	4/23/65	19	5' 10"			
Caruth, James T.	4/23/65	17	5' 9"			
Castleman, John	4/18/65	19	5' 10"	Pvt		
Cells, Jefferson	5/11/65			Pvt		C
Chamberlain, H. H.	6/10/65		5' 9"	Pvt		C
Chancellor, George W.				Pvt		C
Chancellor, James M.	6/13/65		6' 1"	Pvt		C
Chancellor, L.						C
Chandler, Henry H.	5/13/65			Pvt		
Chandler, P. K.	5/5/65			Pvt		
Chapman, Samuel F.	4/22/65	26	5' 11"	Capt	Minister	
Chapman, William G.	6/14/65	20	6' 2"	Pvt		C
Chapman, William H.	4/22/65	25	5' 10"	Capt-LtCol		
Chappelear, P. A.				Pvt		KIA
Chase, J. K.	4/22/65	21	6'			
Cheff, Charles F.	5/9/65	36	5' 7"	Pvt		
Chew, J.		26		Pvt		
Chew, Robert	4/24/65	19	5' 10"	Pvt		
Chewning, B. F.	9/14/64	40	5' 10"	Pvt		C, H(R)
Chewning, W. S.	5/17/65			Pvt		
Childs, F. M.				Pvt		C, H(DE)
Chilton, G. P.	4/16/65			Pvt		C
Chilton, James V.	6/9/65			Pvt		C
Chinn, R. S.						C
Christian, J. H.	5/4/65					

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Christian, S. W.	4/21/65	18	5' 8"	Pvt		
Church, J.				Pvt		C, D
Claggett, Johnson	6/13/65	17	5' 10"	Pvt		C
Clark, John J.	4/22/65	18	5' 10"	Pvt		
Clark, Joseph B.	5/2/65			Pvt		
Clark, William				Pvt		D, R
Clarkson, J.		17		Pvt		
Clarkson, John H.	5/18/65					C
Coakley, James F.	5/9/65			Pvt		C
Cochran, J. F.	4/23/65			Pvt		C
Cochrel, John				Pvt		H(Di)
Cochrel, William	4/22/65	30	5' 7"	Pvt		
Cock, William T.	6/13/65		5' 8"	Pvt		C
Cockerill, George H.	10/31/64			Pvt		C
Cockrel, John H.	5/3/64			Pvt		C
Cockrell, William						
Coffman, Edw. M.	5/30/65	22	5' 8"	Pvt	Clerk-Merchant	
Coghill, J. O.	4/25/65			Pvt		
Coiner, Cornelius G.	5/12/65	17	5' 9"	Pvt		
Coiner, John N.	6/10/65	19	5' 10"	Pvt	Farmer	C
Cole, E. D.	4/22/65	21	6'			
Coleman, C.	4/26/65			Pvt		
Coleman, Nath. A.	5/31/65	22	5' 8"	Pvt		C
Colston				Pvt		
Colvin, J. B.	4/22/65	19	6'	Pvt		
Compton, Lawson				Pvt		
Compton, Z. T.	4/25/65	19	5' 10"			
Connell, Elisha				Pvt		C
Conner, F. M.	4/15/65			Pvt		
Conrad, Charles E.	4/22/65	14	5' 8"			
Conrad, George W.	4/22/65	16	5' 8"			
Coode, Demetrius				Pvt		D[?]
Cook, Enoch	11/1/64			Pvt		C
Cook, William				Pvt		
Cook, William				Pvt		
Coons, Frank A.	6/13/65		5' 8"	Pvt		C
Coons, John W.						
Coons, W. C.						
Cooper, Robert				Pvt		
Copenhaver, G. W.	4/21/65	19	5' 9"	Pvt		
Corbin, John W.	10/30/64	29	5' 8"	1Sgt-Sgt	Merchant	C, H
Corbin, L. W.						

<u>Name</u>	<u>Date of Parole</u>	<u>Age at Parole</u>	<u>Height</u>	<u>Rank</u>	<u>Occupation</u>	<u>Disposition</u>
Corder, Butler	4/29/65	47	5' 7"	Pvt		
Core, John H.	5/6/65					
Corner, C.		18		Pvt		
Cornick, John		23	5' 8"			
Cornwell, E.				Pvt		
Cornwell, Geo.						
Cornwell, J.				Pvt		H(Di)
Cornwell, R. H.	5/24/65	22	5' 8"	Pvt		
Cowherd, Benjamin R.	5/15/65					
Cowling, Charles	5/27/65		5' 11"	Pvt		C
Cowling, Richard	5/23/65		5' 10"	Pvt		C
Cox, John W.				Pvt		C
Crabb, George	5/6/65			Pvt		
Crabil, Milton				Pvt		C
Craig, Francis T.	6/15/65		5' 9"	Pvt		C
Crauth, James K.	4/23/65					
Crawford, George W.	5/19/65			Pvt		
Crawford, James				Pvt		C, D
Crawford, John M.	5/16/65			Pvt-Sgt		H(Dy)
Crawford, John T.	6/13/65			Pvt		C
Crawford, R. J.	4/18/65			Sgt		
Crell, E. H.	4/22/65	19	6'			
Crigler, W. G.						
Cromwell, William	6/25/63 & 6/10/65		5' 9"	Pvt		C, C
Crook, Oliver T.	4/22/65	19	5' 5"			
Crook, R. N.	4/20/65	21	5' 10"	Pvt		
Cropp, John E.						*DFR
Crouch, Elias	4/25/65	29	5' 9"			
Crouch, Joseph	4/27/65	33	5' 11"	Pvt		
Crow, T. W.		28		Pvt		
Crowley, Barney	6/10/65		6'	Pvt		C
Crowsin, Samuel E.				Pvt		
Crutchfield, E. M.	4/22/65	26	5' 9"	Pvt		
Culbreth, John		25		Pvt		
Cummings, James H.				Pvt		C
Cummings, Martin S.				Pvt		
Cunningham, G.				Pvt		
Dame, John W.	6/22/65		6'	Pvt		C, H
Daniel, John				Pvt		C, H(DE)
Daniel, P. M.	5/15/65	37		Pvt		
Danne, Charles				Pvt		

<u>Name</u>	<u>Date of Parole</u>	<u>Age at Parole</u>	<u>Height</u>	<u>Rank</u>	<u>Occupation</u>	<u>Disposition</u>
Darden, Dennis D.	6/13/65		5' 6"	Pvt		C
Darden, Frank W.	6/13/65		5' 5"	Pvt		C
Davis, Alexander				Pvt		*DFR
Davis, Americus	5/31/65			Pvt		C
Davis, Charles	6/10/65		5' 7"	Corp-Pvt		C
Davis, Ed.				Sgt		
Davis, Francis C.	6/15/65		5' 6"	Pvt		C
Davis, G. W.	4/22/65	23	5' 11"			
Davis, George C.	6/9/65			Pvt		C
Davis, Gipson C.	6/13/65		6' 2"			C
Davis, H.	4/22/65	21	5' 6"			
Davis, H. C.	4/24/65	20	5' 9"	Pvt		
Davis, J. C.	4/22/65	43	5' 10"			
Davis, John B.	4/22/65	26	5' 6"			
Davis, John W.	2/17/64	28				C, H(V), DIP
Davis, Littleton M.	5/31/65	21	5' 11"	Pvt	Carpenter	C
Davis, Philip A.	6/18/65		5' 7"	Pvt-Corp		C
Davis, T.	4/22/65	20	5'			
Davis, W. D.	4/22/65	34	5' 8"			
Davis, William	4/22/65	25	5' 9"	Corp		
Dawson, Reuben				Pvt		
Day, Alex P.	3/17/64					C
Dear, Charles H.	4/22/65	19	5' 11"	Pvt		
Dear, Henry C.	4/27/65					
Dear, T. W.	5/6/65		5' 9"			C
Dearmont, W.	4/22/65	36	5' 10"			
Deatherage, R.	4/22/65	33	5' 11"	Pvt		
DeButts, John P.				Pvt		C, WIA, H
DeButts, R. E.	4/21/65	45	5' 11"			
Deilman, A. A.		29		Pvt		
Deianey, French						
Delaplane, Jacob H.	6/13/65		5' 5"	Pvt		C
Denning, J.	4/21/65	27	5' 10"			
Dennis, C. H.				Pvt		
Dennis, W. F.	4/22/65	20	5' 6"	Pvt		
Dent, George		22	6'	Pvt	Farmer	
DeRosane, S. L.	4/22/65	19	6' 1"			
DeWitt, William						
Dickel, Charles	4/26/65	25	5' 6"			
Dickey, E. S.	3/9/64					C
Dickinson, Thaddeus C.				Pvt		*DFR
Dickson, John T.	4/22/65	25	5' 5"	Pvt		

<u>Name</u>	<u>Date of Parole</u>	<u>Age at Parole</u>	<u>Height</u>	<u>Rank</u>	<u>Occupation</u>	<u>Disposition</u>
Diggs, Ludwell				Pvt		*DFR
Divine, William	4/24/65					
Donohoo, B. F.				Pvt		*DFR
Donohoo, Charles	3/22/65			Pvt		C
Dority, J. W.	4/22/65	19	5' 6"			
Dorsey, P.						
Douglas, S. P.						
Dowell, Peter G.	6/16/65		5' 7"			C
Downing, J. A.	4/22/65	18	5' 7"			
Downing, W. H.		17	5' 8"	Pvt		
Drummond, C. O.				Pvt		
Dulaney, Daniel F.				Pvt		
Duly, Robert	6/25/63			Pvt		C
Duncan, W. D.				Pvt		
Dunn, William L.	11/63			Asst Surg		C
Dutertre, Arthur				Sgt		
Eastham, W. B.	5/1/65	18	6' 3"			
Eastham, W. B.	5/1/65	41	5' 11"			
Eastham, Woodford				Pvt		
Easton, Sidney				Pvt		
Edmonds, C. W.	4/22/65	19	5' 9"			
Edmonds, Philip M.				Pvt		
Edmunds, John C.				Pvt		
Edmunds, Philip M.	4/24/65	24	5'	Pvt		
Edwards, Joseph				Pvt		
Edwards, W. M.						
Edwards, William H.	4/22/65	18	5' 6"	Pvt		
Eliason, Falcott	4/21/65	38	6' 1"	Surgeon	Surgeon	
Elkins, J. S.	4/24/65	20	5' 7"			
Ellis, James W.	5/1/65	38	6'			
Elmore, J. R.	Deserted 2/29/64					D
Elsea, Robert T.	6/13/65		5' 6"	Pvt		C
Elsey, Robert T.				Pvt		
Elzey, William	3/3/64			Pvt		C, Ex
Embry, William A.				Pvt		
Estham, P. B.	5/1/65	19	6'			
Estham, Willington	3/17/65	24	5' 9"	Pvt		
Estham, Woodford	5/10/65	26	6' 2"	Pvt		
Eubank, Frederick				Pvt		
Evans, John				Pvt		D, C

<u>Name</u>	<u>Date of Parole</u>	<u>Age at Parole</u>	<u>Height</u>	<u>Rank</u>	<u>Occupation</u>	<u>Disposition</u>
Faberville, George				Pvt		
Fairfax, A. W.	4/22/65	19	5' 6"	Pvt		
Fairfax, Thomas M.	4/27/65	23	5' 11"			
Fairfax, W.	4/22/65	20	5' 11"			
Falkner, James F.				Pvt		
Farr, Rezin S.	6/13/65		5' 8"	Corp-Pvt		C
Farr, Richard R.	4/20/65	18	5' 11"	Pvt		
Farrell, Charles				Pvt		
Faulkner, J. F.	4/21/65	21	5' 7"	Pvt		
Faulkner, W. W.	6/9/65		5' 8"	Pvt		C
Feagans, Alfred				Pvt		*DFR
Feres, Charles				Pvt		
Ferguson, Sydner G.	4/22/65	19	6'	Pvt		
Ferres, Charles	5/11/65		5' 9"	Pvt		D, C
Finks, James R.				Pvt		*DFR
Finks, W. P.				Pvt-Corp		
Finley, George S.	5/16/65	17	5' 8"	Pvt		
Finns, William P.				Pvt-Corp		*DFR
Fish, Charles W.	5/18/65	20	5' 10"	Pvt		
Fitzhugh, Champ S.	6/12/65		5' 7"	Pvt		C
Fleming, O. J.				Sgt		
Flenery, M. W.				Pvt		
Fletcher, B. L.	4/22/65	17	5' 6"	Pvt		
Fletcher, Benton	6/13/65	21	5' 8"	Pvt		C
Fletcher, Robert W.				Pvt-Sgt		*DFR
Fletcher, William H.						
Flinn, J. N.	4/21/65	24	6'	Pvt		
Flinn, P. R.	4/22/65	18	5' 7"	Pvt		
Flinn, Williams				Pvt		
Flint, James A.						
Flippo, A. C.	4/26/65			Pvt		
Florence, Mark A.	7/22/62 & 4/29/65			Pvt		C, Ex
Flowerence, S. C.	4/22/65	19	5' 11"	Pvt		
Flynn, A. E.	4/21/65	17	5' 4"			
Flynn, John				Pvt		
Flynn, R. N.				Pvt		
Flynn, Williams	6/13/65	18	5' 4"	Pvt		C
Fogg, Joseph R.	5/1/65	19	5' 9"	Pvt		
Ford, J., Sr.		47		Pvt		
Foreman, P. G.				Pvt		
Forrer, Judah				Pvt		

<u>Name</u>	<u>Date of Parole</u>	<u>Age at Parole</u>	<u>Height</u>	<u>Rank</u>	<u>Occupation</u>	<u>Disposition</u>
Forrest, James J.	6/20/65			Pvt		
Foster, James William	5/17/65	21	6' 2"	Capt		
Foster, John H.	5/17/65	16	6' 2"	Pvt		
Fox, A. J.				Pvt		
Fox, Albert		21	5' 10"	Pvt		C
Fox, Frank G.				Sgt-1Lt		WIA, C
Frammell, L. B.						
Frankland, Walter E.	4/22/65	26	5' 7"	Pvt-Capt		
Franklin, Benjamin		25		Pvt		
Franklin, Isaac Newton	6/12/65		5' 11"	Pvt		C
Franklin, Peter A.	2/12/65			Pvt		C, H(Sc)
Fray, J. J.				Pvt		
French, John J.	4/29/65			Pvt		C
Frere, George						
Friends	11/3/63			Pvt		C, DOW
Fulton, Joseph				Pvt		
Fun, Thompson				Pvt		C, H(Tf)
Furley, Rich A.				Pvt		C
Furr, Dallas	4/22/65	20	5' 11"			
Gains, David	2/24/65			Pvt		C, Ex
Galt, Herbert T.				Pvt		C
Ganicell, George W.				Pvt		
Gardner, L. M.	10/20/64			Pvt		D
Garrich, N.						
Garrison, Washington	4/27/65	19	5' 8"			C, Ex
Garrison, Washington H.						
Garth, Jas. H.						
Garth, John W.				Pvt		H(P)
Gayle, Isiah				Pvt		
Gayle, Josiah P.		27		Pvt		
Gayle, Mordecai J.		46		Pvt		
Gayle, Thomas B.		21		Pvt		
Gentry, B. F.	*10/19/64					*DFR
Gentry, J. A. or J. E.	4/22/65	17	5' 8"	Pvt		H(S)
George, B.	4/22/65	18	5' 4"			
Geschky, Frank	4/22/65	34	5'			
Gessell, Adolphus				Pvt		C
Gibson, A. L.	4/22/65	34	5' 8"	Pvt		
Gibson, Edwin						
Gibson, H. C.	4/21/65	22	5' 9"	Pvt		
Gibson, H. J.	4/22/65	27	5' 10"			
Gibson, J. T.	4/22/65	17	5' 2"			

<u>Name</u>	<u>Date of Parole</u>	<u>Age at Parole</u>	<u>Height</u>	<u>Rank</u>	<u>Occupation</u>	<u>Disposition</u>
Gibson, John E.	10/5/63			Pvt		D
Gibson, Moses M.				Pvt		
Gibson, S.				Pvt		
Gilhespie, John	4/21/65	32	5' 7"	Pvt		
Gilliland, John W.	6/27/65		5' 10"	Pvt		C
Gladding, William H.	5/11/65			Pvt		C
Glascoock, Alfred	4/22/65			1Lt-Capt		
Glascoock, Aquila	5/6/65			Pvt		C, WIA, DIP
Glass, S. O.						
Goddin, James H.				Pvt		
Goff, J. H.	6/30/65		5' 6"	Pvt		C
Goff, J. K.				Pvt		
Goff, J. L.	6/30/65		5' 9"	Pvt		C
Goff, Joseph				Pvt		
Golding, W. N.	5/20/65	25		Pvt		H(G)
Gooch, James J.	5/15/65			Pvt		
Goodall, Abner		30		Pvt		
Gooding, G. W.	5/20/65			Pvt		H(DE)
Gooding, Lewis E.				Pvt		
Goodwin, James B.				Pvt		
Goodwin, Joseph B.	5/20/65	28	5' 11"	Pvt	Farmer	C
Gordon, Manley	4/22/65	18	5' 6"			
Gore, Jesse P.	5/5/65	24	5' 11"	Pvt-Lt		
Gough, James K.	6/12/65		5' 7"	Pvt		C
Gouldin, William M.				Pvt		
Gray, Albert	6/13/65		5' 11"	Pvt		
Gray, Charles W.	5/18/65	21	5' 6"			
Gray, J. A.	4/25/65	19	5' 11"			
Gray, John	4/20/65	19	6'			
Gray, Robert F.	10/23/64			Pvt-2Lt		WIA
Gray, Thos.						
Grayson, J. T.				Pvt		
Grayson, R. C.				Pvt		
Grayson, Robert D.	6/12/65		5' 7"	Pvt		C, H(Di)
Grayson, T. F.	4/22/65	25	5' 7"			
Green, John W.						
Green, Mathew	4/22/65	29	5' 9"			
Green, Thomas L.	5/19/63 & 4/22/65	45	5' 11"	Pvt		C, H(DE)
Gregg, Henry H.	4/24/65	19	5' 10"	Pvt(Courier)		
Gregg, Henry W.	4/22/65	18	5' 9"			
Grey, H. W.	4/22/65					

<u>Name</u>	<u>Date of Parole</u>	<u>Age at Parole</u>	<u>Height</u>	<u>Rank</u>	<u>Occupation</u>	<u>Disposition</u>
Grey, William	4/22/65	50	5' 10"			
Griffin, John	5/20/65	19	5' 3"	3Corp-Sgt		
Grogan, Charles E.				2Lt		
Grogen				Pvt		
Grook, R. W.				Pvt		
Grove, Benjamin F.	6/15/65		5' 10"	Sgt		C
Gulick, George M.				Pvt		C
Gulick, James F.	5/20/63			Pvt		C
Gulick, John T.	6/15/65		5' 9"	Corp-Pvt		C
Gunnel, George West			5' 10"	Pvt		C
Gunnel, James D.	6/12/65		5' 8"	Pvt		C
Guthrie, S. C.	5/22/65	18	5' 6"	Pvt		
Hackley, George L.	5/18/65	17	5' 5"	Pvt		
Hackley, Lewis A.						
Hackley, Samuel						
Hackley, Thomas B.	5/18/65	20	5' 7"	Pvt		
Hall, Charles L.				Pvt-1Sgt		
Hall, J. P.						
Hall, J. W.				Pvt		H(CF)
Hall, Richard N.						
Hamel, J. C.	4/22/65					
Hamilton, Alex C.				Pvt		C
Hammond, James W.	2/6/65			Pvt		C
Hammond, Thomas						C
Hamner, John A.	4/22/65	29	5' 10"	Corp		
Hamrick, Gilbert	5/9/65	18	5' 6"	Pvt		
Haner, J. H.				Pvt		*DFR
Haney, James				Pvt		
Haney, W. J.				Pvt		*DFR
Hansford, C. C.				Sgt		
Hanson, George		21	5' 8"		Farmer	D
Harden, F. M.				Pvt		
Harn, C. Tyler				Pvt-1Sgt		C
Harold, John C.		20	5' 10"	Pvt		
Harrell, M. D.	4/22/63	21	5' 4"	Pvt		
Harris, Charles W.	4/22/65	17	5' 9"	Corp		
Harris, D. S.	5/12/65	18	5' 10"	Pvt		
Harris, Henry G.	6/13/65		5' 7"	Pvt		C
Harris, John W.	4/22/65			Capt		
Harrison, Jous	2/24/65			Pvt		C, Ex
Harrison, W. H.	1/6/64					C, DIP

<u>Name</u>	<u>Date of Parole</u>	<u>Age at Parole</u>	<u>Height</u>	<u>Rank</u>	<u>Occupation</u>	<u>Disposition</u>
Harrover, R. M.	4/25/65	22	5' 9"	Pvt		C, E
Harvey, William	5/18/65	18	5' 4"	Pvt		
Hassett, John	5/13/65			Pvt		C, H(Dy)
Hatchel, Richard W.				Pvt		
Hatcher, Harry	6/16/65		5' 7"	1Lt		C
Hatcher, Richard W.	4/22/65	19	5' 4"	Pvt		
Hawling, Charles	4/25/65	18	6'	Pvt		C
Hayes, T. M.				Pvt		
Hazlett, M.				Pvt		
Hearn, John W.				Pvt		
Heaton, H.	5/11/65	31	5' 8"			
Heaton, Lownie						
Heflin, H.	4/24/65	18	5' 6"	Pvt		
Heflin, J. W.						H(To)
Heflin, John W.	6/22/65		5' 8"	Pvt		C
Heflin, L. R.						*DFR
Heflin, Robert F.	10/31/64 & 20 4/22/65		5' 8"	Pvt		C, Ex
Heflin, William H.				Pvt		
Heiskell, J. Monroe			5' 9"	Pvt		
Helm, Frank M.	6/7/65	17	5' 8"	Pvt		
Henderson, John		25	5' 9"	Pvt	Shoemaker	C, D
Henderson, U. B.		24		Pvt		
Henning, C. M.		24	5' 7"	Pvt		
Hennington, G. W.				Pvt		
Henson, James F.		16		Pvt		
Henson, Samuel B.				Pvt		
Herdwick, G. B.	5/5/65			Pvt		
Herrington, G. W.						
Herter, P. M.	4/27/65	20	5' 5"			
Hewson, James J.	5/15/65					
Hibbs, H. C.	4/22/65	20	5' 6"			
Hibbs, William	6/10/63 & 6/9/65			Pvt		C, C
Hicks, Samuel B.	1/29/65	20	5' 9"	Pvt	Student	C, DIP(P)
Hickson, G. W.	4/29/65	28	5' 7"	Pvt		C
Hickson, R. W.	4/29/65	22	5' 9"	Pvt		
Hill, Clarendon D.	5/7/65	21	5' 10"	Pvt-Sgt		H(F)
Hill, Francis L.	4/30/65	19	5' 6"	Pvt		
Hipkins, Frederick	4/22/65	20	5' 8"	Sgt-Pvt	Cadet/Student	
Hobson, A. J.	5/18/65	23	6'	Capt		
Hobson, H. A.				Corp		
Hockman, Noah	4/24/65	17	5' 6"	Pvt		

<u>Name</u>	<u>Date of Parole</u>	<u>Age at Parole</u>	<u>Height</u>	<u>Rank</u>	<u>Occupation</u>	<u>Disposition</u>
Hodges, James M.	6/7/65		5' 10"	Pvt		C
Hoffman, H. H.	4/22/65					
Hoggs, Byron M.	5/19/65					
Holmes, John H.				Sgt		C, WIA
Homer, Gustavus B.	4/22/65	23	5' 8"			
Homer, R. C.	4/23/65	18	5' 6"			
Hooe, Robert M.	6/12/65	25	5' 9"	Pvt		C
Hopkins, H. H.	4/22/65	24	5' 10"	Pvt		
Hopkins, John E.	6/13/65	24	5' 10"	Pvt		C
Hopkins, Richard						
Horseley, John						
Hough, Gresham	4/25/65	21	5' 10"	Pvt		
Howard, James H.	3/14/65			Pvt		C, Ex
Howard, Reuben T.	5/4/65			Pvt		
Howard, T. W.	5/19/65			Pvt		C
Howard, William B.				Pvt		C, Ex
Hondershall						
or						
Howdershall	6/13/65		5' 7"	Pvt		C
Howison, L.				Pvt		
Hudgins, John W.	3/27/64			Pvt		C, DIP(Tf)
Huff, Thomas H.				Pvt		*DFR
Huffman, G. W.				Pvt		*DFR
Huffman, J. M.				Pvt		*DFR
Huffman, W. H.				Pvt		*DFR
Hughes, John				Pvt		C, D
Hughlett, George W.	4/23/65	20	5' 8"	Pvt		
Hull, H. M.	2/18/65	17	5' 5"	Pvt	Farmer	C
Hunter, William L.	5/8/65	22	6' 1"	2Lt-1Lt		C
Hunton, E. C.	5/6/65	18	5' 8"			
Hunton, Isaiah				Pvt		
Hunton, John W.	6/13/65			Pvt		C
Huntt, Silas W.	6/13/65		5' 9"	Pvt		C
Hutchinson, Beverley						C
Hutchinson, H. B.						C
Hutchinson, Joshua M.	4/25/65	23	5' 7"	Pvt		C
Hutchinson, Lewis	5/2/65					
Hutchinson, Lycurgus	4/22/65	30	5' 10"	Pvt		
Hutchinson, Philip				Pvt		
Hutchinson, S. F.						
Hutt, H. M.	5/6/65					
Humphreys, E. P.				Pvt		*DFR
Hunt, George W.	6/20/65		5' 7"	Pvt-Sgt		C, H

<u>Name</u>	<u>Date of Parole</u>	<u>Age at Parole</u>	<u>Height</u>	<u>Rank</u>	<u>Occupation</u>	<u>Disposition</u>
Hunt, Lewis	6/13/65		5' 10"	Pvt		C
Imboden, J.	5/20/65	18	6' 1"	Pvt		
Inloes, A.				Pvt		
Jackson, E. M.	4/21/65	16	5' 3"			
Jackson, N. H.	5/17/65			2Lt		
Jackson, R. A.				Pvt		C, H(Dp), Ex
Jackson, William E.	4/22/65	20	5' 6"	Corp	Student	
James, J. Wright	4/8/65			Capt & A.Q.M.		C
James, Meredith Clay	11/3/64		5' 7"			C
Jarboe, William A.	9/20/64			Corp-Pvt		
Jarman, Henry				Pvt		
Jarman, R. H.				Pvt		
Jenkins, Nimrod						*DFR
Jennings, Mathew				Pvt		*AWOL
Jett, L. L.	5/3/65	22		Pvt		
Johns, William P.						C
Johnson, Charles W.				Pvt		
Johnson, Frank				Pvt		
Johnson, G. W.				Pvt		
Johnson, Horace	4/22/65	43	5' 11"	1Sgt		
Johnson, J. D.				Pvt		D
Johnson, James W.	6/13/65	37	5' 10"	Pvt		C
Johnson, Smith						
Johnson, Thadeus H.						
Johnson, W. P.				2Lt		
Johnston, Charles J.	5/24/65			Pvt		
Johnston, G. A.		32		Pvt		
Johnston, John	5/3/65			2Lt		
Johnston, Thomas	5/8/65	34	5' 10"	Pvt		
Johnston, Wm. A.						
Jones, C. S.	5/22/65			Capt		
Jones, Christopher C.				Pvt		
Jones, D.	6/4/64					H(DD)
Jones, David L.				Pvt		C
Jones, E. M.	6/13/65		5' 5"	Pvt		C
Jones, J. W.				Pvt-Capt		
Jones, L. T.				Pvt		
Jones, Montgomery				Sgt		
Jones, N. J.				Pvt		C
Jones, Philip						

<u>Name</u>	<u>Date of Parole</u>	<u>Age at Parole</u>	<u>Height</u>	<u>Rank</u>	<u>Occupation</u>	<u>Disposition</u>
Jones, Robert	12/25/63			Pvt		C, Ex
Jones, Thomas T.						
Jones, W. H.						
Jones, William				Pvt		
Jones, William D.				Pvt		*DFR
Jones, Z. T.						
Jordan, H. C.		17	5' 9"		Student	
Judd, James H.						
Kally, John C.				Pvt		
Kane, J. C.	6/2/65	23		Pvt		C
Kaufman, W. S.	6/10/65		5' 7"	Pvt		C
Kearnes, Vinson						
Keblinger, C. M.	4/22/65	14	5' 8"			
Keen, Samuel W.	4/29/65	17	6'			
Keeseear, L. T.				Pvt		*DFR
Keith, J. W.	4/23/65	30	5' 9"	Pvt		
Kemper, James F.	5/16/65	18	6'	Pvt		
Kemper, Joseph H.				Pvt		
Kendell, John						
Kenin, John	4/21/65	18	5' 6"			
Kennedy, Thomas	6/15/65			Pvt		
Kennerly, J. F.	5/1/65	18	6'			
Kennin, John						
Kennon, William	3/17/64			Pvt-Capt		C, Ex
Kenny, William D.	4/25/65	22	5' 8"			
Kephart, Clinton	6/10/63			Pvt		C
Kerfoot, F. H.	4/24/65	17	5' 9"			
Kerner, John N.		19	5' 7"			C
Kerrick, John R.	4/24/65	17	5' 11"			
Key, Phillip		21	5' 10"		Farmer	
Keyes, Joseph G.						
Keys, William A.	8/2/65					
Keysuar, Hugh P.				Pvt		
Kilpatrick, E.				Pvt		
Kincheloe, J. C.	4/26/65	31	5' 10"			
Kincheloe, R. S.	4/25/65	20	5' 8"			
Kincheloe, W. S.	4/22/65	27	5' 5"			
Kincheloe, W. W.	4/22/65	25	5' 5"			
Kines, James W.	5/8/65	20	6'	Pvt		
King, John T.	5/3/65					
Kinsey, G. T.	5/18/65	18	5' 9"	Pvt		
Kirby, James R.	4/22/65	33	5' 9"	Pvt		

<u>Name</u>	<u>Date of Parole</u>	<u>Age at Parole</u>	<u>Height</u>	<u>Rank</u>	<u>Occupation</u>	<u>Disposition</u>
Kirby, Joseph H.	4/25/65	44	5' 10"		Blacksmith	
Kirkpatrick, E.	4/25/65	19	5' 7"			
Kirkpatrick, M.				Pvt		D, RE
Kirkpatrick, W. S.	4/22/65	21	5' 8"			
Kirwin, John				Pvt		
Kite, Charles						
Kite, James P.				Pvt		
Kloman, E.	4/21/65	26	5' 7"			
Knapp, Ludwell L.				Pvt		
Knott, Richard		16		Pvt		
Kupferschmidt, Otto	7/30/65		5' 8"	Pvt-Sgt		C, H
Lacy, M. P.		16		Pvt		
Lake, James R.				Pvt		
Lake, Ludwell	4/22/65	19	5' 8"	Pvt		C, E
Lake, Thomas W.	6/15/65		5' 5"	Pvt		C, E, C
Lambert, Charles				Pvt		H(DE)
Lambert, Maurice W.	6/12/63		5' 5"	Pvt		C
Lambert, W. M.				Pvt		
Lamenwell, S. P.						C
Landing, Thomas W.	5/2/65					
Landrum, W. J.				Pvt		*DFR
Lane, David D.	10/11/64 & 6/15/65		5' 8"	Pvt		C, H(R), Ex, C
Lane, David F.	6/10/63 & 9/18/64			Pvt		C, C, Ex
Lane, Francis				Pvt		
Lane, Mortimer	4/22/65	21	5' 6"	Pvt		
Lansdall, Thomas	4/21/65	21	5' 7"			
Lansford, J. R.	4/21/65					
Larrabee, H. C.	4/22/65	24	6'			
Latham, F.				Pvt		
Latham, Thomas R.						
Lavender, Jacob	4/22/65	33	6'	Pvt		
Law, D.				Pvt		
Lawrence, J.	4/22/65	19	5' 8"	Pvt		
Laws, John L.	4/22/65	19	6'	Pvt		
Leach, Thornton B.	4/22/65	17	5' 4"	Pvt		
Leache, N.	4/28/65	16	5' 9"			
Lee, Clifton		16				
Lee, Philip	4/22/65	29	5' 11"	Pvt		
Legg, Joseph E.	5/5/65			Pvt		
Leonard, D. E.	5/16/65	21	5' 9"	Pvt		

<u>Name</u>	<u>Date of Parole</u>	<u>Age at Parole</u>	<u>Height</u>	<u>Rank</u>	<u>Occupation</u>	<u>Disposition</u>
Marselas, J. H.	4/21/65	19	5'			
Marshal, J. P.	4/21/65	31	5' 7"	Pvt		
Marshal, James Edward	4/22/65	34	6'			
Marshall, J. R.	4/21/65	22	5' 4"	Pvt		
Marshall, P. H.				Pvt		C, H(R)
Martin, C. S.				Pvt		
Martin, T. E.	4/22/65	19	6'	Pvt		
Martin, William						
Mason, Charles	10/24/63			Pvt		KIA
Mason, D. N.	4/22/65	22	5' 9"	Pvt		
Mason, J. S.				Pvt		
Mason, J. T.	6/15/65		5' 4"	Pvt		C
Mason, John T.				Pvt		
Mason, Landon R.	6/16/65		5' 5"	Pvt		
Massie, George W.	5/15/65			Pvt		
Massie, Henry L.				Courier		
Massie, John R.	6/10/65		5' 7"	Pvt		C
Mathews, George W.	5/20/63 & 9/12/64			Pvt		C, C, H, DIP
Mattock, L. F.	4/22/65	20	5' 6"			
Mattocks, Robert W.				Pvt		
Mayhugh, Joseph	4/26/65	24	5' 8"			
McBlair, Charles R.	4/21/65	17	5' 7"			
McCarty, J. W.	4/27/65	22	5' 11"	Pvt		
McCourt, C. A.	4/22/65	31	5' 8"	Pvt		
McCue, John	"Political Prisoner: Guerilla and Murderer"					
McDaniel, Mahlon T.	1/12/65			Pvt		C
McDonald, Charles		19	5' 11"	Pvt	Laborer	C
McDonald, James	6/15/65		5' 9"	Pvt		C
McDonald, John F.				Pvt		
McDonough, Charles T.				Pvt		C
McGinnis, Frank	4/23/65			Pvt		
McIlhany, Hugh M.	6/15/65		5' 11"	1Sgt-Sgt		C
McIlhany, J. H.	4/23/65	29	6' 2"	Pvt		
McIntosh, C. R.	4/22/65	20	5' 10"			
McIntosh, James		39	5' 6"	Pvt	Laborer	C, DIP(Di)
McIntosh, James L.	6/15/65		5' 7"	Pvt		C
McKay, Thomas B.	5/6/65	32	6' 1"			
McKem, Charles L.	6/12/65		5' 2"	Pvt		
McLane, F.				Pvt		
McQueen, William A.						
McVeigh, Newton						

<u>Name</u>	<u>Date of Parole</u>	<u>Age at Parole</u>	<u>Height</u>	<u>Rank</u>	<u>Occupation</u>	<u>Disposition</u>
McVeigh, R. N.				Pvt		
McVeign, N.		18	6'			
Mead, E. S.	4/20/65	19	5' 8"			
Melton, James M.	5/15/65			Pvt		
Mercer, Corbin W.	6/14/65		5' 4"	Pvt		C
Meredith, L. E.	5/11/65			Pvt	Farmer	
Metcalfe, S. G.	4/22/65	21	5' 9"	Pvt		
Milholland, A. V.		20	5' 10"	Pvt	Student	C
Millan, Jos.	6/17/65	18	5' 6"	Pvt		
Miller, George H.	5/17/65	19	6'	Pvt		
Miller, James N.						
Miller, John	3/27/64			Pvt		C
Miller, John	2/18/65			Pvt		C, Ex
Miller, John P.						
Miller, Oscar D.		17		Pvt		
Miller, T. A.				Pvt		
Miller, Thomas J.	4/22/65	20	6'	Pvt		
Mills, William M.				Pvt		
Milton, J.				Pvt		
Milton, Theo. D.	4/24/65	17	5' 9"	Pvt		
Minor, Albert	5/16/65			Pvt		
Mitchell, A. B.	4/22/65	24	5' 9"	Pvt		
Mitchell, B. B.	4/22/65	40	6'			
Mitchell, P.		40		Pvt		
Moclay, Thos.	4/21/65	35	5' 10"	Pvt		
Moffitt, Daniel J.	4/22/65	19	5' 8"	Pvt		
Mohler, David G.				1Sgt		
Mohler, Theodore	4/23/65	20	5' 7"	Pvt		
Moler, Lee H.						
Monroe, L. S.				Pvt		
Monroe, S. F.						C
Montjoy, Richard Paul		22	5' 7"	Pvt-Capt		C, KIA
Moon, Jacob L.	5/24/65			Pvt		
Moore, H.	4/22/65	43	5' 10"	Corp-Pvt		
Moore, J. H.	4/22/65	17	5' 4"	Pvt		
Moore, James B.	6/12/65	22	5' 10"	Lt-2Lt		C
Moore, William E.	6/12/65		5' 6"	Pvt		C
Moran, Richard Y.	4/27/64 & 6/15/65	42	6' 1"	Pvt		C, Ex, C
Morecock, William H. E.				Sgt		WIA
Morgan, Thomas						C
Morse, Thomas						C
Morton, W. T.				Pvt		*DFR

<u>Name</u>	<u>Date of Parole</u>	<u>Age at Parole</u>	<u>Height</u>	<u>Rank</u>	<u>Occupation</u>	<u>Disposition</u>
Mosby, John S.		29	5' 8"	Capt-Col	Attorney	
Mosby, William H.	5/17/65	20	5' 10"	Pvt-1Lt	Gentleman	
Moss, Thomas	4/27/65	18	5' 4"			
Munroe, C. W.	6/12/65		5' 7"			C
Munson, John W.						C, E
Murkland, A. W.				Pvt		*DFR
Murphy, R.		37				
Murphy, Thomas L.	4/27/65	34	5' 10"			
Murray, Reuben						D
Musser, William H.	5/31/65			Pvt		C
Mussey, William A.				Pvt		
Myers, Alamander				Pvt		I
Myers, Elemander	5/17/65	20	5' 5"	Pvt		
Myers, S. S.	4/22/65	18	5' 6"	Pvt		
Nalls, B. F.	4/26/65	17	5' 8"	Pvt		
Nalls, E.	4/26/65	19	5' 9"	Pvt		
Nalls, S. P.	4/22/65	20	5' 10"	Pvt		
Naylor, G. W.				Pvt		DFR
Nelson, John		24	6' 1"	Pvt		C
Nelson, Joseph H.	5/16/63 & 4/22/65	26	5' 9"	2Lt-1Lt		C
Nelson, Lucian M.	6/15/65		5' 5"	Pvt		C
Nelson, R. E.	5/4/65			Pvt		
Newby, L. W.	4/23/65	40	6' 1"			
Newcomb, John	4/22/65	21	5' 10"			
Newcome, D. S.				Pvt		
Newland, Bushrod	3/17/65 & 4/22/65	20	5' 9"	Pvt		C
Newman, Sylvester				Pvt		D
Nicholas, Charles E.			5' 6"	Pvt		C
Norfolk, G. S.	4/22/65			Pvt		
Nott, A. H.	4/22/65	19	5' 9"		Cadet	
Nottingham, J. J.	5/17/65					
Nuckolls, William S.	6/20/65		5' 9"	Pvt		C
Nume, J. B.				Lt-Lt		C
Nunn, J. W.	4/27/65	25	6' 1"			
O'Bannon, G.	5/17/65	19	5' 6"	Pvt		
O'Brien, E. H.	5/6/65	22	5' 9"	Pvt		
O'Brien, John						
Oden, Archibald	6/15/65		5' 7"	Pvt		C

<u>Name</u>	<u>Date of Parole</u>	<u>Age at Parole</u>	<u>Height</u>	<u>Rank</u>	<u>Occupation</u>	<u>Disposition</u>
Ogg, Thomas J.				Pvt		
Omeear, Washington	4/26/65			Pvt		C
O'Meara, Thomas R.	2/20/65					C
Omegar, Thomas						
Oneil, John	5/16/65	26	5' 10"			
Orrick, J. C.						
Orrison, Robert H.	6/15/65		5' 11"	Pvt		C
Ould, Robert	4/22/65	17	5' 7"	Pvt		
Overfield, Marshall	6/10/65	20	5' 7"	Pvt		C
Owens, Joseph W.	4/22/65	28	5' 10"	Pvt		
Owens, Morris B.	2/18/65			Pvt		C
Page, Mortimore W.	5/20/63, 10/31/64 & 4/22/65	19	5' 9"	Pvt		C, C
Paige, J. R.	4/24/65	26	6'	2Lt		
Palmer, William B.	5/17/65	20	5' 11"	Agt-2Lt		
Parker, James H.	5/5/65			Pvt		
Parker, Joseph	6/20/65		5' 8"	Pvt		C
Parker, Presly L.				Pvt		C
Parrott, Robert B.	6/15/65		5' 8"	Sgt		C
Parson, Charles E.				Corp		
Patten, John W.				Pvt		C
Patterson, W. W.						
Pattie, O. H.	4/22/65	20	5' 7"			
Pavoe, Thomas	5/13/65					
Payne, G. W.	4/27/65	19	5' 8"	Pvt		
Payne, John A.						
Payne, W. W.	4/23/65	29	5' 10"			
Pearson, Craven	4/24/65	19	6'			
Pearson, John W.	4/22/65	22	6' 2"			
Pearson, T.	4/25/65	18	5' 8"			
Peebles, J. S.	5/8/65			Adj		
Pendleton, C. H.				Pvt		
Pendleton, Palmer	3/22/64		5' 10"	Pvt		C
Percival, Rupert R.	5/9/65			Pvt	Farmer	
Perry, J. T.	4/22/65	19	5' 8"			
Perry, P. M.				Pvt		D
Petty, W. Q.						
Phelps, Jeff						
Phillips, E. S.	5/1/65					
Phillips, John	4/27/65	28	5' 8"			
Phillips, Walter S.		38				

<u>Name</u>	<u>Date of Parole</u>	<u>Age at Parole</u>	<u>Height</u>	<u>Rank</u>	<u>Occupation</u>	<u>Disposition</u>
Phillips, William H.	4/21/65	19	5' 10"	Pvt		
Picket, J. E.	4/21/65	19	5' 6"	Pvt		
Pierson, H. C.	4/22/65	20	5' 11"	Pvt		
Pitts, J. E.	5/8/65	25	5' 11"	Pvt		
Pixley, Thomas E.	4/27/65					
Pollard, George W.	5/1/65					
Pomeroy, Johnson	6/12/65		5' 11"	Pvt		C
Pontier, Nathaniel	6/15/65		5' 11"	Sgt		C
Pool, Joshua	6/3/63	15	5' 10"	Pvt		C, DIP
Poole, John						C
Porter, Edward		35		Pvt		
Porter, John A.						
Porter, John J.	4/22/65	38	5' 10"	Pvt		
Porter, Lack				Pvt		D
Poston, H.				Pvt		
Powell				Pvt		
Powell, Homer	5/15/65					
Powell, S. T.						
Printz, A. F.				Pvt		
Printz, Isateus		24		Pvt		C, DIP
Pritchard, John T.	5/2/65			Pvt		
Prosser, Ralph H.	6/15/65		5' 11"	Pvt		DFR
Prout, John	3/11/64			Sgt-Pvt		C
Purcell, Michael						C
Puryear, John	5/2/63,	23	6'	Pvt-Lt		C, C.
	5/3/64 & 4/22/65					
Pussgraves, Richard				Pvt		C, US
Putnam, S. W.	4/25/65	18	6' 1"			
Quarles, C. H.	4/21/65	17	5' 3"			
Quarles, Henry W.	5/22/65			Pvt		
Rahm, Frank H.	5/18/65					C, E
Ralls, A. T.	4/24/65	19	5' 10"	Pvt		
Ramey, Ashton	4/30/65	19	5' 9"			
Ramey, D. W.	4/30/65	19	5' 9"	Pvt		
Ramey, M.						
Ramsey		20		Pvt		
Ranck, Joseph	5/16/65	27	5' 5"	Pvt		
Randolph, John	5/17/65	21	6' 3"	Pvt		
Randolph, Norman V.	5/10/65			Pvt	Student	
Raney, William A.	4/27/65			Pvt		
Ratcliffe, George E.	4/22/65	23	5' 10"	Pvt		

<u>Name</u>	<u>Date of Parole</u>	<u>Age at Parole</u>	<u>Height</u>	<u>Rank</u>	<u>Occupation</u>	<u>Disposition</u>
Raymond, W. T.	4/29/65	21	5' 9"			
Reardon, L. M.	4/22/65	19	5' 8"			
Reardon, P. V.	4/22/65	19	5' 5"	Pvt		
Rector, Edward W.	4/22/65	27	5' 10"	Pvt		
Redd, Polk D.	5/2/65	20	6'	Pvt		
Redmond, J. T.				Pvt		DFR
Reed, J. H.		40		Pvt		
Reed, James		26	5' 5"		Blacksmith	D, C
Reed, John W.	5/10/65	17	5' 9"	Pvt		
Reen, S. W.	4/29/65					
Reeves, David		40		Pvt		
Reid, John R.			5' 10"	Pvt		
Reynolds, S. H.						
Reynolds, William L.	5/16/65			Pvt		
Rice, Thomas B.	6/21/65		5' 6"			C
Richards, Adolphus	5/17/65	21	5' 10"	Pvt-Maj		
Richards, Dulaney M.	6/12/65		5' 2"			C
Richards, Henry	6/10/65		5' 6"			C
Richards, J. M.	4/22/65	30				
Richards, T. W.				Pvt		C
Richardson, Andrew						
Richardson, G. H.	4/22/65	25	5' 9"			
Richardson, John A.	4/21/65	23	5' 6"	Pvt		
Richardson, M. L.	6/19/65		5' 10"			C
Richardson, W. A.	4/27/65	29	5' 10"			
Ricketts, E.	5/2/65	28	5' 8"			
Riddick, Charles						
Ridgely, Samuel	4/22/65	25	5' 7"	Pvt		
Ridgway, J. T.	4/22/65	18	5' 9"			
Riggs, J. W.	4/21/65	22	5' 10"			
Riley, Thomas H.	4/22/65	25	5' 7"			
Rinker, Noble B.	4/17/65					C
Ritter, David H.						
Robbins, W.	4/22/65					
Roberts, Ed						
Roberts, Franklin		45	5' 8"	Pvt	Caulker	C
Robertson, George A.				Pvt		
Robertson, W. G.	4/21/65	21	6'			
Robertson, W. H.	4/22/65	21	5' 6"	Pvt		
Robey, Francis E.	4/22/65	21	5' 5"	Pvt		
Robey, John W.	10/3/64					C
Robinson, D. F.						
Robinson, Henry	5/1/65			Pvt		

<u>Name</u>	<u>Date of Parole</u>	<u>Age at Parole</u>	<u>Height</u>	<u>Rank</u>	<u>Occupation</u>	<u>Disposition</u>
Robinson, John				Pvt		
Robinson, John D.				Pvt		
Robinson, Julius C.		20	5' 10"	Pvt-Sgt	Farmer	C
Robinson, M.	4/22/65	23	6'			
Robson, D.						
Roby, J.						
Rodes, Fayette				Pvt		
Rogers, James	6/15/65		5' 8"			C
Rogers, Samuel E.	7/7/65		6'	Pvt		C
Rogers, Samuel S.	4/24/65			Pvt		
Rolla, Addison				Pvt		
Roller, M. H.	4/22/65	18	5' 4"	Pvt		
Rollins, L. R.		26		Pvt		
Rosern, S. T.	4/22/65					
Rosson, John A.	4/22/65	36	5' 9"	Pvt		
Rowzee, George A.	4/22/65	24	5' 10"	Pvt		
Rowzee, J. W.				Sgt		
Rowzee, John E.	6/12/65		5' 9"	Pvt		C
Royster, Lawrence	5/16/65			Pvt		
Royston, James W.		30		Pvt		
Royston, John W.	4/22/65	34	5' 9"	Pvt		
Rucker, W. J.						
Rudasill, J. A.	4/26/65	37	5' 9"			
Rudd, Royal S.				Pvt		
Runkle, Noble				Pvt		C
Russell, H. C.	4/21/65	19	5' 6"			
Russell, Henry				Pvt		C
Russell, James B.						C
Russell, John S.	4/23/65	22	5' 7"	Pvt-Lt		
Russell, Thomas A.	6/15/65		5' 10"	Pvt-Sgt		
Rust, Thomas						C
Rutledge, W. H.						C
Rutter, H.				Pvt		
Rutter, James W.						
Ryan, Albert	3/22/64			Pvt		C
Ryan, G. W.	12/27/64			Pvt		
Ryan, Lawrence						
Sanders, Frank				Pvt		
Sanders, J. W. S.						
Sanders, John A.	4/22/65	20	5' 8"			
Sanders, John H.	4/22/65	26	6'	Pvt		
Sanders, W. E.	4/22/65	18	5' 5"			

<u>Name</u>	<u>Date of Parole</u>	<u>Age at Parole</u>	<u>Height</u>	<u>Rank</u>	<u>Occupation</u>	<u>Disposition</u>
Scott, James W.		28	5' 11"	Pvt	Farmer	
Scott, Robert	4/27/65	41	5' 10"	Pvt		
Scott, W.	4/22/65	27	5' 11"			
Scurry, M. V.						
Sealock, J. T.				Pvt		
Seaton, J. J.	4/22/65	20	6' 1"	Pvt	Student	
Seay, A. B.				Lt		
Settle, A.	4/22/65	17	5' 4"			
Shackleford, Durand	5/8/65					
Shackleford, E. D.	4/22/65	19	5' 10"			
Shackleford, G. W.				Pvt		U
Shackleford, John L.				Pvt		
Shacklett, E.	4/22/65	19	5' 6"			
Shamblin, J. M.	4/22/65	17	5' 8"			
Shaw, Christopher	6/25/63 & 4/22/65	20	5' 9"	Pvt		C
Shaw, Henry	5/18/65	23	5' 6"	Pvt		C
Shearer, George				Pvt		
Sheldon, Jerome A.	6/19/65			Corp		
Shepherd, J. B.	4/27/65	26	5' 8"			
Sherman, R. S.		24				
Sherre, William						C
Shields, James J.	6/15/65		5' 4"	Pvt		C
Shipley, W. B.	5/9/65	27	6'	Sgt-Pvt		
Shumate, Zack						
Shyeck, J. M.						
Silcott, T. B.	4/22/65	20	6'			
Silman, James	4/22/65	20	6'			
Silman, John A.						
Simons, John W.	4/22/65	28	5' 11"	Pvt		
Simpers, H.	4/24/65	33	5' 7"			
Simoson, Benjamin	4/22/65	20	6'	Pvt		
Simpson, J.	4/24/65	19	5' 9"			
Simpson, N. V.	4/23/65	23	5' 10"			
Sims, M. A.	5/16/65	23	5' 6"			
Sinclair, Charles	12/25/63			Pvt		C
Sinclair, George A.						
Sinclair, J. W.	5/3/64 & 4/22/65	24	5' 9"	Pvt		C
Sinclair, James						
Sinclair, John C.	5/3/64 & 4/22/65	18	5' 6"	Pvt		C
Sinclair, John M.	4/22/65	19	6'			

<u>Name</u>	<u>Date of Parole</u>	<u>Age at Parole</u>	<u>Height</u>	<u>Rank</u>	<u>Occupation</u>	<u>Disposition</u>
Sinclair, Joseph	11/1/64					C
Sinnott, H. Y.	9/28/64 & 5/12/65			Pvt		C
Sisk, Andrew J.						DFR
Sisk, James H.						DFR
Skelton, Nicholas B.	6/16/65		5' 4"	Pvt		C
Skillman, Lemuel T.	5/3/64 & 6/15/65		5' 8"	Pvt		C, C
Skinner, J. M.				Pvt		
Skinner, George M. D.	6/15/65	18	5' 9"	Corp-Pvt		C
Skinner, H. W.		35		Pvt		
Skinner, Samuel						C
Skinner, Williamson	4/17/65	35	6' 1"			
Slack, John						
Sladd, A. A.						C
Slater, George	4/22/65	24	5' 8"	Pvt-Lt		
Slater, Henry B.			5' 8"	Pvt		
Slaughter, Daniel F.				Pvt-Corp		REA
Smallwood, Henry				Pvt		
Smallwood, John				Pvt		
Smallwood, John L.	6/16/65		5' 6"	Pvt		C
Smallwood, John M.						
Smallwood, W.						
Smith, Boyd M.				1Sgt		
Smith, Channing M.		22		Pvt-Lt		
Smith, Charles E.				Pvt		C
Smith, David L.	6/2/65			Pvt		C
Smith, George A.	5/11/65		5' 9"	Pvt		C
Smith, George W.	6/10/65					C
Smith, H. H.	4/22/65	30	5' 5"	Pvt		
Smith, Henry	3/12/64	21	6'	Pvt	Seaman	C
Smith, Henry C.	6/16/65		5' 3"	Pvt		DFR, C
Smith, J. B.	4/22/65	18	5' 10"	Pvt		
Smith, J. Henley	4/22/65	22	5' 10"	Pvt	Student	
Smith, J. M.	4/22/65	20	5' 8"			
Smith, John	4/11-21/65			Pvt		
Smith, R. C.	2/18/65 & 4/22/65	19	5' 9"	Pvt		C
Smith, R. F.	5/4/65	18	5' 8"	Pvt		
Smith, S. H.						
Smith, William R.						KIA
Smoot, J. G.				Pvt		
Smoot, Joseph K.						C

<u>Name</u>	<u>Date of Parole</u>	<u>Age at Parole</u>	<u>Height</u>	<u>Rank</u>	<u>Occupation</u>	<u>Disposition</u>
Smoot, W. F.				Pvt		
Smoot, W. F.	4/21/65	29	5' 9"			
Snead, Edwin B.	5/8/65	21	6' 2"	Pvt	Merchant	C
Snead, William J.	4/22/65	27	5' 5"	Pvt		
Snyder, Alonzo B.	6/10/63		5' 3"			C
Sowers, John F.	5/1/65	19	6' 1"			
Sowers, J. W.	4/22/65	27	5' 6"	Lt		
Sowers, William D.	4/21/65	21	5' 11"			
Sowers, Z. T.	4/22/65	18	5' 11"			
Spalding, John C.	4/24/65					
Spence, J. H.	6/12/65			Pvt		C
Spencer, J. M.				Pvt		C, DIP
Spencer, John M.	6/12/65		5' 9"	Pvt		C
Spicer, Charles H.						D
Spindle, Benjamin T.	6/16/65		5' 6"	Pvt		C
Spindle, Robert L.	6/10/65	24	5' 7"	Pvt	Farmer	C
Spinks, Alexander	6/19/65		5' 8"	Pvt		
Spittle, Lewis C.	4/27/65	25	5' 9"	Pvt		
Spittle, W. R.	4/27/65	20	5' 9"	Pvt		
Spotswood, P. A.		33		Pvt		
Stanley, H.						
Stark, J. T.						
Stark, Jas. A.						
Steele, Bilings	6/9/65			Pvt		C
Stephenson, David				Pvt		
Stettler, Charles				Pvt		D
Stewart, John C.						DFR
Stone, Thomas	4/27/65	18	5' 4"	Pvt		
Storke, J. E.	5/6/65	17	5' 9"	Pvt	Student	
Stowe, J. E.	4/27/65	20	5' 7"			
Stratton, Thomas E.	5/1/65					C
Strother, Alfred				Pvt		
Strother, F. A.	5/6/65	17	5' 11"			
Strother, James	4/22/65	28	5' 9"			
Strother, James W.	4/22/65	48	5' 11"	Pvt		
Summers, George W.	6/16/65	36	5' 6"	Pvt		C
Summers, Jerome				Pvt		D from US, C
Summers, William	7/30/63			Pvt		C
Suttle, William		24	5' 10"	Capt		C, USN
Sutton, William	4/22/65	18	5' 7"	Pvt		
Swann, Benjamin R.				Pvt		
Swart, H. W.	4/22/65	34	6'	Pvt		
Sweeney, James	12/20/63					

<u>Name</u>	<u>Date of Parole</u>	<u>Age at Parole</u>	<u>Height</u>	<u>Rank</u>	<u>Occupation</u>	<u>Disposition</u>
Sydnor, G. R.	5/6/65					
Taber, H. H.				Pvt		
Taliaferro, John						
Talley, William H.				Pvt		
Tally, S. C.						DFR
Tansell, W. N.	4/22/65	20	5' 8"	Pvt		
Tauney, Gustave				Pvt		
Tayloe, John, Jr.	4/27/65		5' 6"	Pvt		
Taylor, Alfred				Pvt		
Taylor, George W.	4/21/65	22	5' 8"	Pvt		
Taylor, William H.	4/21/65	20	5' 7"			C
Taylor, William P.		24		Pvt		
Terry, S.	5/22/65			Pvt		
Thomas, D.	4/22/65	22	5' 9"			
Thomas, Daniel L.				Pvt		
Thomas, John H.	4/21/65	21	6'	Pvt		
Thomas, John H.	5/1/65					
Thomas, William P.	4/22/65	19	5' 10"			
Thompson, Alfred	4/22/65	18	5' 11"	Pvt		
Thompson, C.	5/10/65	28	6'	Lt		
Thompson, E. F.						
Thompson, F. D.	4/22/65					
Thompson, George W.	4/22/65	18	5' 4"			
Thompson, Gilbert	4/25/65	27	5' 10"			
Thompson, J. D.	4/22/65	18	5' 7"			
Thompson, John		30		Pvt		C
Thompson, Thomas	6/12/65		5' 5"			C
Thorne, D.				Pvt		
Thorp, Arthur						
Thrift, Benjamin	4/24/65					
Throop, Tho.						
Tillett, James				Pvt		C
Tillett, John R.	4/27/65	21		Pvt		
Timberville, George R.	3/3/64 & 5/21/65	19	5' 8"	Pvt		C
Tompson, Edward						DOW
Tompson, William B.				Pvt		C, DIP
Tongue, Thomas W.	6/15/65		5' 10"	Pvt		C
Toomey, Lalley P.	5/20/65					
Tramell, Philip				Pvt		C
Trammel, L. B.	4/22/65	19	5' 6"	Pvt		
Trammel, William	4/22/65	18	5' 8"	Pvt		

<u>Name</u>	<u>Date of Parole</u>	<u>Age at Parole</u>	<u>Height</u>	<u>Rank</u>	<u>Occupation</u>	<u>Disposition</u>
Trapp, Michael				Pvt		
Trayhon, James T.				Pvt		
Trenary, J. S.	4/22/65	22	5' 10"			
Trice, B. F.				Pvt		DFR
Trimnell, S.		25		Pvt		
Triplett, B. A.	4/22/65	25	5' 9"	Pvt		
Triplett, George	4/22/65	19	5' 10"	Pvt		
Triplett, James P.	4/22/65	18	5' 11"	Pvt		
Triplett, Marshall	2/12/65	50	6' 1"	Maj	Farmer	C
Triplett, Reuben	5/8/65	40	5' 11"	Pvt		
Triplett, Richard C.	6/9/65		6'	Sgt-Pvt		C
Triplett, S. B.	4/25/65	45	5' 10"	Corp		
Trowers, Alonzo	4/22/65	33	5' 11"	Pvt		
Trundle, Samuel H.	5/2/65					
Trunnel, William				2Lt		
Tucker, R. B.						
Tunndle, William H.	4/22/65			Pvt		C
Turley, Richard A.	6/16/65		5' 9"	Pvt		C
Turner, James F.				1Lt		
Turner, W. B.						
Turner, William H.				Pvt		
Turner, William T.				1Lt		
Turner, William W.	4/24/65					
Tyler, Charles E.						
Underwood, Bushrod				Pvt		
Underwood, Samuel L.	6/12/65		5' 9"			C
Underwood, U.	4/22/65	21	5' 6"			
Utterback, B. D.	4/23/65	15	5'			
Utz, A. S.	6/21/65		5' 9"	Pvt		C
Utz, J. C.				Pvt		
Vandervanter, D. H.	4/20/65					
Vandervanter, L. C.	4/20/65					
Vandervanter, T. H.						
Vandervanter, William	4/24/65	18	5' 7"	Pvt		
Van Devender, Charles						DFR
Van Deventer, Joe	5/12/65					
Vanhorn, Edward C.				Pvt		
Vaughn, F.		19	5' 10"	Pvt		
Vaughn, James						DFR
Vaughn, P. D.	4/29/65					
Vernon, W. H.	3/13/65					

<u>Name</u>	<u>Date of Parole</u>	<u>Age at Parole</u>	<u>Height.</u>	<u>Rank</u>	<u>Occu- pation</u>	<u>Dispo- sition</u>
Vest, Charles B.	5/15/65			Pvt		
Vest, Thomas A.	5/18/65			Pvt		
Viers, Charles O.				Pvt		C
Vorhees, J.	4/24/65	18	5' 7"	Pvt		
Voyce, Frederick				Pvt		
Waddle, James W.						
Waddy, W.	5/4/65			Pvt		
Wade, W. E.		27	6'	Pvt		C, DIP
Waggerman, Samuel	6/15/65	21	5' 11"			C
Waits, Denis C.	5/23/65		5' 10"			
Walden, William D.						
Walker, Arthur			5' 5"	Pvt		C
Walker, C. H.	5/16/65					
Walker, George C.	5/3/64 & 4/21/65	24	5' 8"	Pvt		C
Walker, George R.				Pvt		C
Walker, J. M.	5/16/65	24	5' 8"	Pvt		
Walker, John P.	4/22/65	18	5' 6"	Pvt		C
Walker, L. F.	4/22/65	18	5' 4"	Pvt		
Walker, Robert				Capt		
Walls, William A.	3/9/65			Pvt		
Walston, William B.				Pvt		
Walters, Henry				Pvt		
Ward, Jeremiah	6/13/65		5' 9"	Pvt		C
Warfield, Richard D.	10/30/64 & 4/21/65	35	5' 11"	Pvt-Sgt		C
Waring, T. F.	5/3/65				Farmer	
Washington, George	4/28/65		5' 11"	Pvt		C
Washington, John						C
Washington, Lloyd	5/3/65			Pvt		
Watkins, John C.	4/22/65	17	5' 7"			
Watkins, John R.	6/15/65		5' 6"	Pvt		
Watt, John	4/27/65	19	6'	Pvt		
Wayman, Edward	5/6/65	18	5' 11"	Pvt		
Weaver, J. W.	4/24/65	18	5' 7"			
Weaver, M.				Pvt		C
Weaver, Taylor Z.	4/22/65	18	5' 6"	Pvt		
Weems, G. W.	5/9/65	31	6'	Pvt		DFR
Weir, F. H.				Pvt		
Weir, W. B.	4/22/65	19	5' 8"	Pvt		
Welch, W. R.	4/22/65	32	5' 9"			
Welch, William	4/22/65	19	5' 6"	Pvt		

<u>Name</u>	<u>Date of Parole</u>	<u>Age at Parole</u>	<u>Height</u>	<u>Rank</u>	<u>Occupation</u>	<u>Disposition</u>
Weldon, Charles						C
Wells, Zero	5/17/65	17	5' 11"			
Wenn, A.	4/22/65			Lt		
Wentzell, Frank A	4/18/65			Pvt		
Whaley, Walter S.	4/22/65	22	5' 10"	Corp		
Wharton, Henry A.	6/15/65		5' 6"			C
Wheatley, John W.				Pvt		
Wheelwright, W. L.	5/3/65			Pvt		
Whelt, C. D.	6/13/65			Pvt		
White, Hugh W.	6/13/65		5' 6"	Pvt		
White, John M.	4/21/65	18	6'			
White, Meade F.	4/28/65	18	5' 2"			
White, W. B.						
Whitescarver, George A.				2Lt		
Whitescarver, William R.				Pvt		DD(Tf)
Whitescarver, B. F.				Pvt		
Whiting, Charles	4/22/65	18	5' 8"	Corp-Sgt		
Whitlow, A. J.						
Whittley, Charles H.				Pvt		
Wight, Jeremiah		26	5' 8"	Pvt	Laborer	
Wilburn, Henry	4/24/65	21	6'	Pvt		
Wilcher, J.				Pvt		
Wild, John				Pvt		
Wilkes, John				Pvt		
Williams, A.	4/22/65	46	5' 8"	Pvt		
Williams, Adolphus				1Lt		
Williams, David	5/30/65					C
Williams, Edwin						
Williams, Francis	4/21/65	24	5' 4"	Pvt-1Lt		
Williams, J. T.	4/22/65	18	5' 11"			
Williams, John J.	5/11/65	30	5' 8"	Pvt-Sgt		C
Williams, Sewell T.						
Williamson, James J.	4/22/65		5' 8"	Pvt		
Willingham, John	4/24/65	37	5' 8"	Pvt		
Willis, A. D.				Pvt		
Wilson, J. W.						DFR
Wilson, Jeremiah	4/22/65	36	6' 2"	Pvt		
Wilson, John T.						C, DIP
Wilson, M.	9/3/64			Corp		C
Wilson, Stephen H.	6/12/65		5' 7"	Pvt		
Wilson, W. C.	6/21/65		5' 9"	Pvt		
Wilson, William H.	6/2/65		5' 7"	Pvt		
Wiltshire, J. G.	5/17/65	21	6'	2Lt		

<u>Name</u>	<u>Date of Parole</u>	<u>Age at Parole</u>	<u>Height</u>	<u>Rank</u>	<u>Occupation</u>	<u>Disposition</u>
Wimsatt, J. S.				Pvt		
Wine, Armsted L.	6/16/65			Pvt		C
Wine, George S.	4/22/65	18	5' 9"			
Winzelle, A. F.				Pvt		
Withers, Henry	5/8/65	20	5' 10"	Pvt		
Withers, John B.	6/8/65			Lt-Capt		
Wolf, Francis	4/22/65	20	5' 9"	Pvt		
Wolfe, R. T.						
Wood, G. G.						
Wood, H. K.	4/21/65	19	6'	Pvt		
Wood, W. S.	5/18/65	20	5' 9"	Pvt		
Woodhouse, William W.	6/12/65		5' 7"			C
Woodward, L. E.				Pvt		
Woodward, W. S.	4/22/65	18	5' 10"			
Woodyard, Louis	4/22/65	25	6'			
Woollard, Charles F.	3/27/65		5' 8"			C
Wrenn, Albert	4/22/65	27	5' 8"	Pvt-2Lt		
Wrenn, James		27	5' 7"	Pvt-Sgt		
Wright, Daniel G.	6/12/65					C
Wright, S. B.				Pvt		
Wyne, Thomas S.	1/5/64			Pvt		C
Yager, Chas. N.						
Yager, Frank W.	5/4/65	28	5' 8"	3Lt		
Yates, F. M.						
Yellett, George	4/26/65	19	5' 8"	Pvt		C
Yerby, T.		17				
Young, Jacob				Pvt		
Young, Lewis	4/22/65	19	5' 4"			
Yowell, Charles				Pvt		DFR
Yowell, James W.						

APPENDIX B

AGE OF THE RANGER

Brashness in a guerrilla was an invaluable, incalculable, undocumented trait. It is, though, an adjective that suitably describes the tactics of the 43rd Battalion, Virginia Partisan Rangers. Furthermore, it is a characteristic that is indicative of the impetuous nature of youth.

In part, the youthful nature of the command insured the success of the organization. The spirit of adventure spurred these cavalrymen on from encounter to encounter.

The tabulated data below reflects a listing of a soldier's age at the time of parole. Only 576 parole documents of the 1,408-member roster included this information.

The average age of the soldier is twenty-three years and three months. However, this is only part of the story. Closer examination of the ages listed reveals that eighty-three per cent of the soldiers in the command had not celebrated their 30th birthday. More than sixty per cent had not reached their 23rd birthday; thirty-seven per cent were below the age of twenty.

<u>Age</u>	<u>Number</u>	<u>Age</u>	<u>Number</u>	<u>Age</u>	<u>Number</u>
14	1	26	19	38	5
15	2	27	16	39	1
16	11	28	14	40	10
17	43	29	14	41	2
18	79	30	12	42	-
19	80	31	8	43	4
20	60	32	5	44	1
21	47	33	11	45	4
22	27	34	8	46	2
23	14	35	7	47	2
24	27	36	6	48	1
25	24	37	7	49	-
				50	2

APPENDIX C

OCCUPATIONAL BACKGROUND

The official muster rolls provided little insight into the civilian occupations of Mosby's rangers. Barely four per cent of the names listed provided references to the individual soldier's pre-war occupation. No doubt this was due in part to the youthful nature of the command. Coupled with the agrarian nature of the Loudoun County-Fauquier County area, it is not surprising to find farmers and students at the head of the list. Ironically, there were two entries that truly contradicted the times, the theatre of operations and the nature of guerrilla warfare: gentleman and seaman.

Although the compilation below is limited, it is nevertheless representative of the average soldier of the Confederacy.

Muster Roll Listings: 1,408

Number of Occupational Listings: 57

<u>Occupation</u>	<u>Number</u>	<u>Occupation</u>	<u>Number</u>
Attorney	2	Laborer	3
Blacksmith	2	Miller	1
Carpenter	1	Minister	1
Caulker	1	Seaman	1
Clerk/Merchant	4	Shoemaker	1
Farmer	25	Student	10
Gentleman	1	Surgeon	4

APPENDIX D

HEIGHT

The official muster rolls are a conglomeration of reports over a four-year period. Most information was gleaned from the actual parole documents. However, there was no one standard form used and no uniformity in completeness of the document. Names typically and frequently endured several misspellings in a single soldier's file.

Some of the most glaring inconsistencies occurred in the tabulation of hair color, color of eyes and height of the soldier. In the latter category, some prisoners-of-war actually grew while incarcerated in the notorious cells of the era.

A total of 661 files, or 46.9% of the total muster roll, included the height of the individual soldier. Characteristically, this data was reflected on the parole documents, thus providing a description of the parolee en route to his home. Of all the statistics below, the compiled average indicates that the average trooper of Mosby's 43rd Battalion was 5' 9" in stature.

<u>Height</u>	<u>Number</u>	<u>Height</u>	<u>Number</u>
5'	5	5' 8"	95
5' 1"	-	5' 9"	104
5' 2"	4	5' 10"	98
5' 3"	6	5' 11"	60
5' 4"	25	6'	65
5' 5"	27	6' 1"	17
5' 6"	68	6' 2"	10
5' 7"	74	6' 3"	3

APPENDIX E
UNIT EFFECTIVES

The hit-and-run tactics employed by the 43rd Virginia were particularly successful. However, these tactics were necessitated by the repeated circumstance of attacking a numerically-superior force. Less often, but just as dangerous, were the attacks near a major outpost where the enemy's reinforcements were close at hand. This method of warfare increased the chances for a successful operation. Each such operation required skilled horsemen, more daring than reckless, and total dedication to their leader.

The frequency of these raids increased the chances of death or capture. In the event of capture, most of the men were initially sent to Old Capital Prison in Washington, D. C. An examination of the rolls indicated that 346 members of the command, or 24.5% of the total mustered force, were imprisoned at one time or another during the war. Frequently, these men were forwarded further north to other prisons. Some individuals saw the inside of three, and as many as five, prisons during the remaining months of the war. Seven men who were captured did manage to escape. This was perhaps directly related to the number of transfers from one prison to another the men experienced.

Then too, during the early phases of the war there was a liberal exchange of prisoners from both sides. As originally intended, a prisoner could be paroled and exchanged, bound only by his signature and his honor to sit out the remainder of the war at home. Of the thirty-five members who were captured and exchanged, twenty-five of them, or seventy-one per cent, returned to the command to fight again. A total of thirteen men were captured twice.

Sadly, all of those imprisoned did not necessarily return to their homes. Many did not survive the ordeal of confinement. Indeed, seventeen of Mosby's rangers died while in captivity. This number, or 4.9%, is relatively low when

compared to the total percentages of all Confederate prison fatalities.¹ However, one must remember that Mosby's men lived at or near home. Meals were more regular than for the infantryman. Consequently, they fared better at mealtime, even in the scorched Valley of Virginia. At least they ate more often. It must also be observed that the men of the 43rd Virginia were carefully watched as a result of their notoreity. Their resultant transfers from prison to prison actually helped the soldier. Sanitary conditions "on the road" were better. Changing scenery broke the monotony, helped the morale and fostered a will to live. Of those who were listed as dying in prison, few listed specific diseases. However, of those that were hospitalized, and some who did not survive that experience, a number of diseases were prevalent:

<u>Ailment</u>	<u>Cases</u>	<u>Ailment</u>	<u>Cases</u>
Amputee	2	Pneumonia	2
Camp Fever	1	Rheumatism	3
Debilitas	5	Scabies	1
Diarrhea	9	Syphilis	1
Diphtheria	1	Tonsilitis	1
Dysentery	2	Typhoid Fever	3
Febris (fever)	1	Unknown	5
Gonorrhea	1	Variola (smallpox)	2

¹This statistic does not reflect a high mortality rate. William B. Hesseltine, Civil War Prisons: A Study in War Psychology, on page 256, footnote 71, commented:

"The entire problem of numbers of deaths is difficult to solve. According to a letter of Adjutant General F. C. Ainsworth to Mr. James Ford Rhodes, July 29, 1903 . . . General Ainsworth declared that 'according to the best information now obtainable, from both Union and Confederate records, it appears that 211,411 Union soldiers were captured during the Civil War, of which number 16,668 were paroled on the field and 30,218 died while in captivity; and that 462,634 Confederate soldiers were captured during the war, of which number 247,769 were paroled on the field and 25,976 died while in captivity. Thus the mortality was a little over twelve per cent at the north and 15.5 at the south.'"

There were other factors which had an adverse effect on the 43rd Virginia. Typically, Confederate units were organized as a result of the manpower mustered from a given locale. This accounts for a large number of enlistments with the same family name. It also was a contributing factor to a high desertion rate in units that fought near their family homes.

The 43rd Virginia was certainly no different. The one exception is that the home for this command was, for the most part, within the territory "controlled" by the Union forces. Malingering by Confederate conscripts was typical because they were out-of-reach of the Rebel authorities. Those who deserted the Confederate ranks had only a short flight to the protection of the loyal Union states and the Federal forces.

The muster rolls showed, though, a mere five per cent of Mosby's command as unfit. Specifically, twenty-eight men deserted from the unit to go home or to join the United States Army. More significant were the forty-two men who were "dropped from the rolls for inefficiency." The bulk of these individuals were released on October 19, 1864, by order of Colonel Mosby. Most, if not all, of the latter group released were originally recruited by Captain Walter E. Frankland. Although the young captain was a distinguished officer, he evidently was a poor judge of people.

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MOSBY'S RANGERS

THE 43RD VIRGINIA CAVALRY BATTALION, C. S. A.

by

George E. Hicks

(ABSTRACT)

This narrative is an attempt to record the service of the 43rd Battalion, Virginia Partisan Rangers, C. S. A. Initially, the unit was composed of nine volunteers from Gen. J. E. B. Stuart's 1st Regiment Virginia Cavalry. By March, 1863, Mosby's rangers had won the hearts of the Confederacy in the daring capture of Union Brig. Gen. E. H. Stoughton.

During June, 1863, the first of eight companies was formally organized under the authority of the Partisan Ranger Law. In the ensuing months, the unit concentrated their operations in the Loudoun and Fauquier county areas of northern Virginia. By 1864, the term "Mosby's Confederacy" connotated the influence and span of control tendered by the partisan chief and his command.

Federal troops characterized the partisans as "guerrillas" and "bush-whackers." Mosby did not disdain the term "guerrilla," although he defended the ambush tactic. The Partisan Ranger Law authorized plunder as the spoils of war.

The battalion had no formal camp. Rangers boarded in the homes of Southern sympathizers or in crude lean-tos. They performed scout and reconnaissance duties in the enemy's rear. Mosby's men harassed the Federal lines of communication and supply, thereby diverting Union reinforcements from the front lines.

John S. Mosby was methodical, taciturn, decisive and efficient. Typically, the rangers were twenty-three-year-old farmers who revered their leader and befuddled the enemy.