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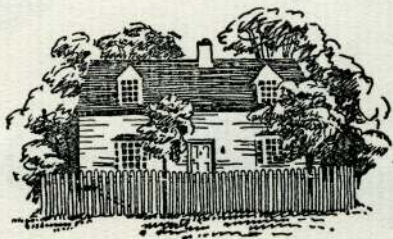
CAPTAIN BEIRNE CHAPMAN
AND CHAPMAN'S BATTERY

AN HISTORICAL SKETCH

BY A. S. JOHNSTON

UNION, W. VA., 1903

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Captain Beirne Chapman

AND CHAPMAN'S BATTERY.

AN HISTORICAL SKETCH

*Prepared in response to the following resolution adopted by
Camp Beirne Chapman No. 148,
United Sons of Confederate Veterans:*

"Resolved, That Comrade A. S. Johnston be and he is hereby requested to prepare a history of the career of Captain Beirne Chapman for the benefit of this Camp, to the end that our information may be enlarged and the truth preserved."

In making report of the honorable task assigned me by the Camp, I wish to say that I recognize fully the inadequacy with which it has been performed. The preparation of a sketch of Capt. Beirne-Chapman and, conjointly, the Battery which he commanded, is an undertaking which, for the honor of our country and her noblest memories and traditions, deserves the best talent and the largest knowledge. When entrusted to one who never had an opportunity for even the slightest personal acquaintance with that gallant young officer and who was equally without the smallest participation in the tumultuous scenes he

is called upon to describe, it is inevitable that the result must be incomplete, insufficient and unsatisfactory. Many of those who best knew the young soldier whose name this Camp has chosen for its own and whose military career we wish to preserve from oblivion have passed into the Land of the Hereafter. Of his valiant soldier-comrades I have been able to inquire of but a very few and only at such fleeting opportunities as could be made. The Muse of History has no more valuable auxiliaries than the men who made history, and the true story of a war can perhaps best be told by the soldiers who fought it; but my opportunities to consult those of whose achievements I have been charged to write have been so limited that my poor chronicle must necessarily be defective and unrounded.

Much has, I am sure, been left unnoted that ought to be recorded, and it may seem that some names have been unduly mentioned to the exclusion of others. But if such appearances there be, I state in all candor that it has been solely because of my lack of information. And, in a record of this kind, hurriedly put together and gathered by the ear from the lip, there must be many, many omissions of much that is important and full of interest, and perhaps inaccuracies as well. And so in advance I beg that you will remember the infelicitous circumstances which embarrass the unworthy historian and grant me that your charity shall temper your judgment.

It will be seen at a glance that a history of Beirne Chapman involves of necessity a partial history, at least, of the Battery which he commanded; and so you will not be surprised that I make no attempt, in my narrative, to divorce the dead officer from his comrades, the patriot soldiers who so bravely served in Chapman's Battery.

And at the very outset I want to say that we do not turn to this thrilling chapter of the past to stir again the ashes of old animosities. Such is not the purpose for which the order of the Sons of Confederate Veterans was organized. We come not to disparage by so much as a word the adversaries of the South who were sincere and valiant men and who honored the blue uniform they wore. The great War between the States ended 38 years ago,—its issues are made up and closed and left to the judgment of the ages. In our day

"No visions of the morrow's strife
The warrior's dream alarms.
No braying horn nor screaming life
At dawn shall call to arms.
The neighing troop, the flashing blade,
The bugle's stirring blast,
The charge, the dreadful cannonade,
The din and shout are past."

But while this is so, it is meet and right that the son should

correctly understand the motives which actuated his sire lest, being unprepared with the truth, evil speakers bring to his cheek the blush of shame. God forbid that any son of a faithful Confederate soldier should ever be ashamed of his father! It is meet and right that we should revere the memories and keep sacred the graves of our soldier kindred,

————— “embalmed and sainted dead,
Dear as the blood they gave.”

And finally, it is meet and right that we should refresh our souls with the lessons of heroic patriotism and self-sacrifice which they bequeathed us, that we, amid more peaceful scenes, may be inspired to high ideals, right thinking and right living. Love of home and of self government, unfaltering obedience to conscience and to duty, and the readiness to dare and endure all things in defense of correct principles—these are the qualities which will make us as truly heroes of peace as they made our fathers heroes of war, the one as honorable as the other. This is why we should harbor in our hearts the lesson of their lives. And this is why we do well to cherish the example and the fame of the noble young soldier for whom this Camp is named, who sank to sleep in a soldier's grave almost a boy—unmarried—leaving no child to bear and reverence his name—but who died for what he believed with a good conscience to be right, grandly giving up his young life for his country, like the patriot and knightly gentleman that he was.

George Beirne Chapman was the fourth child of General A. A. and Mrs. Mary R. Chapman, and was named after his maternal grandfather, George Beirne. He was born in the town of Union, Va., on the 23rd day of June, 1841, and was the second son, Henley Chapman being the oldest son of his parents, both of whom have long since passed to their final reward. Indeed, it is a mournful reflection that not a single member of this distinguished family now remains alive in the county of Monroe where the name was once so prominent. All are either asleep in quiet graves or dwell in the uttermost parts of this great country, remote from the scenes amid which their loved and hospitable home was once made. As a boy Beirne Chapman was of a blithe and joyous disposition, but as he grew older he became more reserved, apparently communing deeply with his own thoughts. From a child he was always popular, for few could resist the movings of his kindly, generous nature. He was one of the pupils of the lamented Rev. Dr. S. R. Houston who taught in Union a half-century ago, in the old Academy building, (now owned by Mr. N. B. Campbell and converted into a handsome residence.) He was endowed with a bright mind, and it is said was an apt and diligent student. Later, he attended the school taught

here by Capt. Gray, who having graduated as a State Cadet from the Virginia Military Institute, was required, under the law as it then existed, to teach for a certain term of years, and came to Union for that purpose. Having obtained from these capable instructors the foundation for a thorough and liberal education, Beirne Chapman was sent by his father to Washington College at Lexington (now known as Washington and Lee University) where he entered upon the academical course, intending to later take up the study of law and identify himself with the profession which his talented father adorned. He was fond of public debate, inheriting in large measure the gifts of the orator. In person he was counted a handsome young man, not tall but well proportioned, with broad shoulders and easy, graceful carriage. His countenance showed strength and resolution, candor and kindness. It is said that he was a man of impulsive temper, but that he usually kept it well under rein. He was high-spirited, ambitious and sensitive to dispraise, and withal endued with an abiding sense of justice and fair play.

This, then, is the portrait of Beirne Chapman, when, in his 20th year, he was called from his studies, like thousands of other young men of the South, by the swelling tocsin of war. Having not yet attained his majority, he had taken no public part in the politics of the period, but there is not a doubt that he shared the sentiments of his father, who was a stalwart Democrat and an advocate of secession.

I need not here re-tell in detail the story of that stormy epoch. Prior to the civil war the feeling between Democrats and Whigs was more intense than we of the younger generation can well realize. Political differences were accentuated into personal quarrels, the fiercest feuds arose, and in many instances neighbors and kinsmen were so estranged that they refused to mingle socially or even to speak to one another. There was some amelioration here of this situation, in the years following the birth and rapid growth in the North of the Republican party with its abolition proclivities and especially after the incendiary attempt of John Brown to arouse a servile insurrection in the South; but even after the election of President Lincoln the chasm between the secessionists and the friends of the Union was a wide one. The one faction pointed to the constant aggressions of the abolitionists, the nullification laws enacted by the Northern States which set at naught the compact between the members of the Union with regard to slavery, and the final fact that the Federal government had passed into the hands of those who habitually denounced the Constitution as "a league with death and a covenant with hell." Even secession, it was urged, did not necessarily mean a permanent separation, but a Southern Confederacy

would be in a position to secure better and surer guarantees for the rights of the South, by negotiation, as the terms for a reunion with the Northern States. These were the considerations pleaded as justifying a peaceful withdrawal from a Union in which the contract rights of the South were no longer respected. Virginia had specifically stipulated in the very act accepting the Constitution as the bond of union 73 years before that she reserved the right to withdraw at her sovereign pleasure, and she of all others, it was argued, was free to secede.

On the other hand the great body of the conservative people of the Old Dominion reasoned for "the Union of our fathers" and for peace. They implored forbearance, patience and negotiation. Secession in the existing national temper implied war. Let us contend for our rights, they urged, within the Union, cemented with the blood of our ancestors, rather than seek them in a fratricidal strife outside of the Union. Virginia should be the mediator between her sisters of the North and the South, contended they, and wisely reconcile them.

But when the Washington Administration declared for coercion, there came a revulsion of feeling as instantaneous as it was tremendous. With President Lincoln's call for troops to invade the South and the soil of Virginia herself, all differences between her people were wiped out, all local strifes forgotten, and Virginia, under the impulse of a united people, drew her sword and threw up her mighty shield against the frowning storm. She did not secede for the sake of slavery—nor until there was more than slavery at stake—many of her most eminent citizens had already voluntarily given freedom to their slaves, and it is instructive to recall that Gen. Robert E. Lee, the great Confederate leader, had freed his slaves before the war, while Gen. Grant, the commander-in-chief of the Federal armies, held on to his until they were freed by Lincoln's Emancipation Proclamation. It was the denial of the inestimable right of self-government and the imminent invasion of her territory that drove our Mother State to secession and to war. She had done what she could to accomplish a peaceful settlement of the great controversy. For weeks, for months she had held out the olive-branch to her Northern sisters; but her overtures had been rejected, and her able and distinguished Peace Commission played with and deceived by the representatives of the incoming Administration, and finally dismissed abruptly by Salmon P. Chase with the declaration delivered with the greatest emphasis that Mr. Lincoln's government would not recognize the Constitution nor obey the decision of the U. S. Supreme Court, and had no concession to make. And when, after this final repulse, she saw the armed hosts of the North gathering upon her borders,—nay, threatening her own soil,—and the mailed

hand of coercion uplifted to strike, all the forces of her resistance sprang instantly into the most intense activity. Because no other course was left her which did not require a base surrender of her most sacred rights and the sacrifice of her self-respect, Virginia followed her sister States of the South into the Confederacy, no longer counting the cost and solemnly electing to cast into the fiery crucible of battle her dearest treasures.

And so, when the young student came home from Washington College in that fateful spring of '61, "the Sun of the Confederacy was rising in blood," and the people of the South were rushing to arms not only without dismay at the tremendous odds confronting them, but with that stern joy of battle which is the heritage of their race. The Monroe Guards were marching to the Valley of Virginia where, in the 27th Virginia Infantry, they were destined to link their fame to the deathless name of Stonewall Jackson. Other companies were being organized in the old county, then thrilling with the war excitement. Beirne's Sharpshooters (afterwards a corporate part of the 6th Va. Infantry) was among the first companies organized in the county; and it is related that when the beautiful silk flag made by the ladies of Union was presented to them, Beirne Chapman made the presentation address in a speech of inspiring eloquence and ringing with patriotism.

Volunteers for the first battery of artillery were being enrolled, the devoted women of Monroe county sending forth to battle their sons, and husbands, and brothers with that supreme self-abnegation which was characteristic of the South and one of the crowning glories of the Confederacy. Beirne Chapman enlisted in this company which, commanded by Capt. Lowry, was afterwards known as Lowry's Battery. The organization was perfected at Centreville (now Greenville), and Chapman was elected 1st Lieutenant. In a few days it was attached to the command of Gen. Henry A. Wise, ex-Governor of Virginia, and accompanied him in his movement upon Charleston, from which the Yankees were driven with little difficulty. Wise's small army, including Lowry's Battery, was encamped near Charleston for several weeks; then the Battery took part in a brief engagement with the enemy at Scary, and then returned to Charleston, where subsequently it was ordered back to Monroe county.

After some months, during which he earned the reputation of an efficient officer and excellent disciplinarian, Lieut. Chapman resigned from Lowry's Battery, and at his request was detailed by the Confederate authorities to organize another Battery from Monroe and neighboring counties. Assigned to act with him in the same service was A. A. P. Neel, who had been orderly sergeant of Lowry's Battery, now a minister of the Balti-

more Conference, M. E. Church, South.

The two men began their undertaking at Camp Buckner, an instruction camp for volunteers which had been established at Greenbrier bridge between Caldwell and Lewisburg. Chapman soon returned to Monroe and prosecuted the work of recruitment: and upon the steps of the old Court-house in Union he made an address in the interest of his undertaking. This gallant youth of 21, speaking in his country's cause, disclosed his inheritance of all the impassioned eloquence of his distinguished father and made a profound impression upon his audience, as is well attested by a number yet living. Notwithstanding that the old county had already stripped herself of her priceless jewels, her sons, to fill the ranks of earlier Confederate organizations, yet Chapman and Neel succeeded to the measure of their expectations. Many volunteers were speedily secured, the most of them utter strangers to military training and discipline. Some enlisted who, because of wounds or the expiration of their terms of service, had been discharged from the infantry; and still others there were, who, pleased with Chapman, obtained transfers from other organizations to his.

The Battery was formally organized and sworn in at Lewisburg in the last week of April, 1862. Beirne Chapman of Monroe county, was elected Captain; A. A. P. Neel of Monroe, 1st Lieutenant; Henderson Reed of Monroe, 2nd Lieutenant; Dr. Robert Campbell of Monroe, 3rd Lieutenant; and Prof. Joseph Smith of Alleghany county, 4th Lieutenant. The roll of the Battery when it was mustered in, comprised about 150 men, some 35 of whom were from Alleghany county, a lesser number from Greenbrier, and about 15 from Roanoke county. The rest were nearly all from Monroe. John Campbell of Monroe county, now living in Missouri, was chosen Orderly Sergeant. On Nov. 25, 1862, Lieut. Neel resigned to become Chaplain of an infantry regiment, and Fred Thrasher succeeded him. At the death of Lieut. Robert Campbell, which took place a few months after the Battery was organized, Smith was advanced by the law of promotions to 3rd Lieutenant, and the Orderly Sergeant, John Campbell, was elected 4th Lieutenant. A careful comparison of the records and memories of several of the best informed survivors has produced the following roll, which includes of course the names of a number who joined the Battery from time to time after its organization, and is approximately correct:

ROLL OF CHAPMAN'S BATTERY.

Captain, Chapman, Geo. Beirne.
 First Lieutenant, Thrasher, Fred (Neel, A. A. P., transferred).
 Second Lieutenant, Reed, Henderson
 Third Lieutenant, Smith, Joseph (Campbell, Robert, died.)
 Fourth Lieutenant, Campbell, John

Orderly Sergeant, Black, Cephalus
 First Sergeant, Patton, Wm. T.
 Second Sergeant, Ballentine, M. M.
 Third Sergeant, Davidson, Rell.
 Fourth Sergeant, Dickson, Wm.
 Fifth Sergeant, Stevens, John G.
 Sixth Sergeant, Heeney, Charles
 Surgeon, Raymond, Dr. E. F.

Alderson, J. W.
 Argabrite, J. L.
 Armstrong, Henry
 Andrews, Charles
 Andrews, H. M.
 Andrews, Wm.
 Archer, Wm.
 Arnott, Jesse R
 Ballentine, Andrew
 Ballentine, John
 Banks, Clem
 Beamer, Byrd
 Beamer, Mat.
 Barnett, J. W.
 Biggs, Miles
 Bostick, James
 Boyd, Mathew
 Brand, Robert
 Bradley, Geo.
 Bridgett, Jacob
 Burdette, James
 Burke, Wm.
 Burns, Mat.
 Clark, Aaron
 Charlton, G. W.
 Coiner, John
 Christie, Allen
 Christie, Newton
 Cummings, Bob.
 Daugherty, John
 Daugherty, Wm.
 Davidson, Ferdinand
 Dickason, Charles
 Dickson, Bob.
 Duncan, John
 Dungan, Bob.
 Ellis, W. H.
 Ellison, Charles
 Ford, James
 Foster, Jacob
 Gray, Alex.
 Gray, John W.
 Ellis, Jacob
 Ellis, John
 Griffey, Bob.
 Groves, Alex. H.
 Halstead, Allen
 Halstead, Henry
 Hamilton, Houston
 Hansbarger, Amos

Mann, John
 Mann, Kenley
 Mann, Thomas
 Matheny, George
 Matheny, Peach
 Mays, Robert
 McCray, Wm
 McDowell, Andrew
 McGhan, Mack
 McGhee, John G.
 McNeer, W. R.
 Meeks, A. J.
 Meeks, Harrison
 Miller, Wilson
 Minner, Dick
 Moran, James
 Morgan, John
 Morris, John
 Noel, Henry
 Parker, J. N.
 Peck, Jacob
 Pharr, Dion C.
 Pitzer, Henry
 Pitzer, W. D.
 Pyles, Henry M.
 Pyles, John
 Reed, Beniah
 Reed, Joseph
 Riffe, John
 Riffe, Samuel
 Robison, Dick
 Robison, James
 Robinson, Samuel
 Robinson, Wm.
 Ruddell, Stephen
 Sams, Andrew
 Sams, Dock
 Sams, Hugh
 Saunders, Wm.
 Sawyers, Jesse
 Selvey, Wm.
 Shaver, Wm. C.
 Shumate, Harry
 Shumate, Wm.
 Simpson, Jacob
 Siveley, Charles
 Smith, Josiah
 Smith, Lorenzo P.
 Smith, Wash.
 Spangler, John

Hicks, Samuel	Steel, DeWitt
Hill, A. J.	Stevens, J. A.
Hines, James	Strickler, John
Hines, J. W.	Stull, Dan
Hogsett, B. F.	Stuart, James
Hogsett, H. M.	Swope, Wm. L.
Hogsett, Wm. H.	Teays, Thomas
Hogsett, Wash.,	Teays, Wm.
Hoke, J. H.	Tracy, J. J. H.
Holderlee, W. H.	Upton, J. H.
Honaker, Isaac	Vance, Adam
Hoylman, Francis M.	Vance, Caperton
Hoylman, Wm.	Vance, Davin
Huffman, George	Vance, Henry
Humphreys, Berry	Vance, John
Hurt, Garland	Vance, Rice
Johnson, J. M.	Vance, Wm.
Keaton, Coleman	Vanstavern, Hudson
Kirby, James	Vaught, Miles
Kiser, Beale	Vine, George
Layton, Frank	Walker, Charles
Lee, Mason	Walker, Newton
Lemon, Frank	Walters, J. W.
Lewis, Thomas	Wiseman, Jarrett
Loudermilk, Jas. E.	Wiseman, _____
Lynch, Hugh	Young, J. C.
Lowe, John	Young, Geo. G.
Lynch, W. H.	Young, Wm.
Mann, Clark	

This roll, when it was called from day to day under the Southern Cross in the history-making Sixties, comprised the names of a band of young men, of goodly courage, strong to do, dare and endure for the cause which they had volunteered to defend. Now but a remnant remain in the land of the living. The most of them long ago passed over to the Silent Majority. Many slumber in soldier's graves, and very many more suffered wounds received upon the battle-field. The writer laments that he is unable to make a record of these, or even to supply a complete list of those who died in battle. But among the latter were Miles Biggs, killed at Cold Harbor; Byrd Beamer, killed at Winchester; Robert Brand, killed at Winchester; Wm. Daugherty, killed at Winchester; Berry Humphreys, killed at Cedar Creek; John Morgan, killed at Fayetteville; John Duncan, killed at Kernstown; Dick Minner, killed at Dry Creek; Wash Smith, killed at Winchester; Jos. Reed, killed at New Market; John Riffe, killed at Winchester; Cape Vance, killed at Cedar Creek and others whose names remain to be added to the roll of "dead on the field of glory."

Immediately after it was mustered in and its organization perfected, the Battery marched first to Jackson's River Depot, then the terminus of the Virginia Central Railroad, now the C. & O. Ry., and received its artillery. This consisted of one 24-

pound howitzer, two 12-pound brass howitzers, and two 6-pound rifle guns. From Jackson's River they marched to Bonsack's, from Bonsack's to Dublin, and thence to the Narrows, in Giles county.

Chapman kept his men constantly at work, perfecting them in the drill, strengthening them in discipline, and meanwhile establishing himself in their confidence both as a man and an officer. It was his ambition to create and fix in the breasts of his men a high *esprit de corps*—and well did he succeed, not instantly, but by patient, persevering work and wholesome influence. Upon these lines he built, inciting his men to growth in efficiency and steadfast courage, as they went from engagement to engagement, and reminding them of their successes and the good reputation they had achieved and must maintain. By these methods he transformed a company of raw country boys, animated, it is true, by the noble spirit of patriotism and the resolution to excel, into one of the best batteries in the Confederate army. Often he told his men in stirring language never to give up their guns—to stand by them to the last, come what might, and if need be, to die by them.

His moral influence was also excellent. He advised his soldiers strongly against all dishonorable conduct, frowned upon instances of dissolute behavior which came to his notice, and strictly forbade all wanton pillaging. His men found in him a faithful friend. He often told them to come to him when in need of anything, and if he could possibly satisfy their wants without violating his duty he always did so. The sweetness of his heart was disclosed, too, in the consideration which he required should be shown the horses of the Battery. No matter how long or fatiguing the march, the horses must first be fed before the wearied men were permitted to refresh themselves. He loved the teams which dragged his artillery over many a hundred miles from battle-field to battle-field, and no sergeant who ever permitted the faithful animals to be neglected could ever find excuse sufficient to escape his Captain's displeasure.

Chapman's Battery received its baptism of fire at Pearisburg, Va., on May 10, 1862. The Yankees, under Col. Janifer, had advanced from Princeton, which they partially burned, and had progressed as far as Pearisburg. There they were met by the Confederates, and after a sharp fight were driven back, Janifer burning the bridge across Walker's Creek as he retreated. The Confederates pursued vigorously, and at the mouth of East River the next day, May 11, another short engagement took place in which Chapman's Battery shared. The enemy were soon put to flight and retreated in hot haste westward.

Then came news of the Yankee invasion of the Greenbrier Valley, and Chapman was ordered to send his 24-pounder to the

little army of Gen. Heth which had been directed to meet the enemy. Chapman went himself with the gun (W. R. McNeer's piece), leaving Lieut. Neel in command of the Battery at New River.

BATTLE OF LEWISBURG.

The battle of Lewisburg took place on May 23, 1862. Colonel Lightburn was in command of the Yankees, who were in superior force. Chapman's gun was posted on the right of the road entering Lewisburg from the south, while Bryan's Battery was on the left; but so unfortunately was the battle planned by Gen. Heth that the artillery had almost no opportunity to effectively participate. As is well known, the engagement resulted, after sharp fighting, in a Federal victory, and the Confederates retreated into Monroe county. Capt. Chapman then returned to his Battery on New River, and ordered Lieut. Neel to take charge of the 24-pound howitzer still attached to Heth's force. Neel remained here until August, when he was ordered to return with the gun to the Battery.

FAYETTEVILLE AND CHARLESTON.

In September, Chapman's Battery was attached to the brigade of Gen. Loring which had been ordered to drive the Yankees out of the New River and Kanawha region. The command left the Narrows and marched to Princeton, the Yankees falling back to Fayetteville. There they made a stand and a brisk engagement took place which resulted in the defeat of the Federals, and they retreated in the direction of Charleston. Chapman had but one of his pieces engaged in this fight, the 24-pounder, but it did effective service. Its gunner, John Morgan, was killed. He was a splendid soldier and a popular man, and his death was a severe loss to the Battery.

Bryan's and Lowry's Batteries joined Gen. Loring's command at Fayetteville, and all marched west together. Frequent shots were exchanged with the retreating enemy, but not until Charleston was reached was there anything approaching the importance of a general engagement. The Yankees made but half-hearted resistance there, but after they had crossed Elk river an artillery duel took place which lasted for some time, the enemy finally being beaten off and retreating toward the Ohio river. An incident of the closing moments of the fight was the scattering of a group of Yankee officers and soldiers who had taken shelter behind a barn. One of the guns of Chapman's Battery was ordered to disperse them, and at the second fire sent a shell through the centre of the building, scattering the logs and timbers in every direction, knocking over a dozen or so of the enemy and sending the rest to the rear in wild confusion as fast as their legs could carry them. For several weeks following this en-

gagement a part of Chapman's Battery was stationed at Kanawha Falls.

After the flight of the enemy from Charleston, Gen. Loring was ordered to march to the Valley of Virginia and follow General Lee in his invasion of Maryland and Pennsylvania which culminated in the bloody battle of Antietam or Sharpsburg. But Loring, for some reason, disregarded his orders and remained in camp about two weeks near Charleston. Then came an order commanding him to report to the War Department at Richmond to answer for disobedience of orders. In response to this he incoherently brought his command back with him as far as Jumping Branch before he was made to understand that he alone was wanted and not his brigade. At that point Loring was superseded by Gen. John Echols and himself went on to Richmond. This was early in October, 1862. Gen. Echols faced the brigade about and again advanced it to Charleston. Chapman's Battery of course participated in these movements.

In a few weeks the news came that the Yankees were advancing across the mountains to cut Echols off at Gauley Bridge and he moved speedily to that point, only to find the information false. Late in the autumn the brigade was marched to Princeton where a detachment, including one section of Chapman's Battery, was left under command of Gen. McCauseland, then Colonel of the 36th Virginia Infantry, while Gen. Echols led the main force to the Narrows and went into winter quarters. The Yankees followed as far as Fayetteville where they also established winter quarters.

In the depths of the winter McCauseland planned a surprise of the enemy in their encampment at Fayette Court-house, and Chapman and four picked men of his Battery were ordered to Princeton to reinforce the section of artillery there which was to take part in the contemplated attack. Chapman obeyed promptly, but his little party were overtaken by an appalling storm of sleet and cold and suffered dreadfully on the march, though eventually reaching Princeton alive. The designed surprise of the enemy was never carried into effect, the heavy snow-fall and the exceeding bitterness of the weather rendering the movement of troops impossible.

Early in the spring of 1863, Capt. Chapman was ordered to bring his battery to Lewisburg, to guard the Kanawha turnpike and protect the Greenbrier Valley (one of the granaries of the Confederacy) from Yankee raiders. While there Colonel (afterwards General) Wm. L. Jackson, commanding the Confederate forces in Randolph county, ordered one section of the Battery to Beverly to aid him in a prospective attack upon the Federals occupying that town. The guns of Sergeants Patton and Dickson were sent, Lieutenant Thrasher, who was a brave and effi-

cient officer, being in command. The detachment was met on the way by Col. Jackson who returned toward Beverly with the artillermen. (It is a pleasant recollection of the survivors of this expedition that when the top of Droop Mountain was reached a harvest of wild strawberries was found and the ever-hungry soldier boys "filled up" on the ripe and luscious fruit.)

On the march to Beverly an incident occurred which brought out in sharp relief the hideous conditions which prevailed in those troublous times. This was the attempted assassination of Jackson. That officer had previously arrested and sent to Richmond a mountaineer who had made himself dangerous to the Confederate cause by persistently giving aid and information to the Federal troops. A party of Union bushwhackers thereupon resolved to kill Jackson from ambush, but having no knowledge of his personal appearance they arranged to have a young girl who knew him step out into the road from a near-by house as the Confederate column was passing and hand Jackson a letter. This indicated their target to the assassins, and the moment the girl had retreated to the house, a volley rang out from the brush on the hills and the bushwhackers' bullets hailed around Jackson and his followers. Strange to say not a man was hurt. The Confederates in return sent a storm of lead into the thickets, killing one bushwhacker and driving the rest of the would-be assassins out in headlong flight. Jackson instantly had the girl arrested, but after detaining her in custody for some weeks, finally set her at liberty.

The attack on Beverly failed, owing to bad feeling between Colonel Jackson and Colonel Swann, the latter refusing to cooperate at the critical moment. Jackson had his plans well laid for a surprise—Thrasher's guns were in position and Swann was to attack from the rear about day-break at the firing of the signal gun. But instead of doing so Swann retreated, and a delay ensued which enabled the Yankee reinforcements to get up. It was then too late to attack successfully and the Confederates retired. On the return march to Lewisburg heavy weather and rain prevailed and the bushwhackers were particularly annoying. In one of their attacks one of Thrasher's men was wounded.

The Battery then remained in camp at Lewisburg for about about two months.

THE BATTLE OF DRY CREEK.

The next engagement in which Chapman's Battery took part was the battle of White Sulphur or Dry Creek, which occurred on Aug. 26, 1863. Gen. Averell commanded the Federal army, while the Confederate forces, consisting of the 22nd and 45th Va Regiments, the 23d (Derrick's) and the 26th Va. (Edgar's)

Battalions of Infantry, and Chapman's Battery, were under the command of Col. Geo. S. Patton of the 22nd Regiment. Two of Chapman's guns under command of Lieut. Campbell had been left near Lewisburg to guard the Kanawha pike. The remaining four pieces, commanded by Capt. Chapman, took part in the battle, which was fiercely fought from start to finish. The Battery had been stationed with the rest of the brigade, on the Anthony's Creek road, but upon receipt of news of the Federal advance, was ordered to Dry Creek. Before they reached the forks of the highways, the men heard the Yankees coming on the Alleghany road, and dashing forward, took position near the forks. The Yankees were equally rapid in their movements and the firing commenced almost simultaneously. All day long the battle raged. The Yankees frequently charged the Confederate line, but were invariably repulsed, leaving the field strewn with their dead and wounded. Chapman's guns did splendid service, although his men suffered severely, quite a number being wounded, and one, Dick Minner, being killed. Chapman had ordered his men to lie down for a few moments to avoid the tremendous fire which had been concentrated upon that part of the Confederate line. Minner was lying with his head behind a pine stump when a piece of a shell struck his leg near the thigh, horribly shattering the limb. The poor fellow lay weltering in his blood in full view of his comrades, but so terrible was the enemy's fire that it seemed certain death to attempt to carry him to the rear where the surgeons were operating. But presently Sergt. John G. Stevens (now living near Alderson, this State), than whom it is said a better soldier never smelt the smoke of battle, went forward to where the wounded man lay, and carried him out on his back through the hell-storm of death, escaping himself by what seemed almost a miracle. But the surgeons could do no more for poor Minner than to lighten the suffering of his dying moments, and he soon passed to the bivouac of the dead. His aged mother, who lived near Red Sulphur Springs, this county, never forgot the brave endeavor of Sergt. Stevens to succor her dying boy, and as long as she lived she let never a year pass without sending him some token, the work of her own hands, of a mother's gratitude. So love and grief make all humanity akin.

The battle lasted until night-fall, Chapman's guns speaking in tongues of flame and tones of thunder in the gathering darkness. The enemy's battery had also been served with skill and courage; but its commander, Captain Ewing, lost one of his guns and was himself wounded and also captured by the Confederates. Indeed, not until the next day did the battle actually cease, the cannonading lasting until late on the 27th. Strange to relate, the piece of artillery captured from the Yankees, it was found, had been struck squarely in the muzzle by a solid shot from one

of Chapman's guns, the projectile, it is said, lodging in the very throat of the Yankee cannon.

The battle of Dry Creek was one of the hottest, for the numbers engaged, of the war. It was claimed at the time by the Federals to be a drawn battle, but its effect was to turn back Averell's army and preserve for many months a large scope of valuable territory from the devastations of Yankee invasion. After the Federals had retired, Chapman's Battery returned to Camp Sam Jones at Lewisburg.

DROOP MOUNTAIN.

The next fight in which Chapman and his men participated was the battle of Droop Mountain, which took place late in October, 1863. But four guns were engaged, Sergt. Patton having been sent a short while before with two damaged pieces to the ordnance depot at Dublin, Va., where he exchanged them for two new guns—12-lb. howitzers. The Yankees, under Gen. Averell, had again advanced from northern West Virginia, and Gen. Echols was ordered with his brigade to meet them. He did so on the northern slope of Droop Mountain, having passed over the summit and taken position on the mountain's lower plateau. The artillery operations were confined principally to shelling the enemy in the valley below. The Yankees flanked the Confederate line and delivered their attack unexpectedly, the peculiar formation of the ground protecting them from view until they appeared within a few yards of the Confederate battery. There was then but little chance to use artillery, and the Confederates were ordered to retreat, a hot infantry fight being kept up meanwhile. Chapman lost none of his men, but the axle of one of his guns broke, and the enemy pressing forward closely the men were forced to abandon the gun which was thrown down the mountain and covered with leaves. It was, however, subsequently found by the Federals.

Gen. Echols retreated through Greenbrier county into Monroe, and later moved to Sinking Creek, Giles county. Soon afterward, he brought his command back to Lewisburg. There, in the course of a few weeks, he received news of Averell's raid in the upper Valley of Virginia along the line of the Virginia & Tennessee Railroad (now the Norfolk & Western), and his hurried retreat thence to escape the Confederate forces swiftly gathering to destroy him. Echols' Brigade, consisting of the 22nd and 45th Virginia Infantry, Edgar's and Derrick's Battalions and Chapman's Battery, was hurriedly marched by way of Monroe Draft and Second Creek to Sweet Springs to cut off Averell and his cavalry. They took position on top of Sweet Springs Mountain, commanding the roads for which the fleeing Federals were believed to be making and which it was known were the

only highways which afforded them an outlet northward. It was thought by the Confederates that Averell was trapped and his capture was confidently expected; but Dr. Wylie of Newcastle, Va., guided him through the mountain passes, avoiding the roads, and penetrating the almost pathless forests to Covington—a feat Averell could never have accomplished without Wylie's aid—and so piloted him and his bold raiders out of the snare to new avenues of retreat. The Confederates upon the summit of Sweet Springs Mountain, watching with eager gaze the roads in the valley below, at last had their attention attracted by the smoke from the bridge across Jackson's River at Covington which Averell burned behind him, and then knew that their prey had escaped them. Supposing that Averell would retreat westward from Covington by way of White Sulphur, they made a forced march thither, but found that the Federal General had taken the other route and continued his retreat through Bath county. His command suffered severely from exposure and fatigue, but he succeeded in bringing his men through the wilderness of mountains into the Federal lines.

AVERELL'S OWN STATEMENT.

Here let us suspend our legitimate narrative for a moment to make room for a statement concerning Dr. Wylie's connection with Averell's escape which may not be without interest. Wylie, it is well known, was regarded afterwards by the Confederates as a traitor, and never returned to dwell among the people whom he had once claimed as his own. But, without attempting any studied exoneration of Dr. Wylie, who appears to have been forced in a measure at least by the hand of fate to play what was at best an inglorious part, it seems that he should have, in simple justice, the benefit of Gen. Averell's own statement made years after the war had closed. To lead up to it, it is necessary to relate the following incidents: Averell passed through Monroe county the following year, namely 1864. He had been defeated and himself wounded by the Confederate General Morgan near the Tennessee border and was again retreating northward. His command camped near Union, and among the cows which his troopers stole was the entire herd of the late Senator Allen T. Caperton, then a member of the Confederate Senate and absent in Richmond. Mrs. Dr. Braxton, Senator Caperton's daughter, was at the time making her home at "Elmwood;" and when the cows were taken she visited Gen. Averell in his tent, and asked the return of one cow, for the use of the family. Averell, who was suffering from his wound and lying upon a couch, received her very politely, granted her request, and also sent a guard to protect "Elmwood" from further incursions of his soldiery. Mrs. Braxton never saw Averell again until

a few years ago, when he visited Staunton a short time before his death. While there her son, Hon. A. C. Braxton, meeting the Federal veteran, invited him to his home to meet his mother, mentioning the incident that happened here at Union 35 years before. Gen. Averell accepted the invitation and made a very pleasant call at the Braxton residence, during which he spoke at length of his escape, by Dr. Wylie's help, through these mountains to Covington in the winter of 1863.

He said that when he reached Newcastle, in Craig county, with the Confederates closing in upon him on every side, he felt that there was little hope that he could escape capture. Sitting at night before the fire in the little hotel at Newcastle, the thought occurred to him that if any one could pilot him safely through the mountain fastnesses, it would be a country doctor. He then asked if there was a physician in the village, and upon being told that Dr. Wylie resided and practised there, he sent for him. Dr. Wylie came, evidently under the impression that his professional services were wanted. Averell made him sit down, and shrewdly veiling his real purpose, commenced to ask him questions about his experience, his practise, how long he had been there, &c. He supposed, he said, that the Doctor had a good deal of riding to do, to which the Doctor assented

"You know most of the roads through these mountains, I guess?" "Yes," Wylie answered; "I know every road and path for many miles around."

"Then," said Averell, suddenly breaking into the imperative mood, "you must guide me and my men out of here." "Oh, said Wylie, "I cannot do that."

"But you must and shall," replied Averell; and thereupon he offered Wylie \$500 in gold for his services and an ambulance to convey himself and family, convoyed by the Federal troops, out of the Confederacy into Federal territory, if he would safely guide him to Covington. Wylie, apparently balancing the probabilities of Averell's ultimate capture by the Confederates, still refused.

Averell then told him he would have him shot unless his (Averell's) demand was complied with. Wylie doubted whether the Federal officer would carry into effect his threat of so monstrous a deed, but Averell sternly gave him to understand that he would consider it a necessity of war and a lesson which would wring immediate consent from the next citizen he called upon for guidance.

Even then Wylie did not yield, whereupon Averell ordered in a file of armed soldiers, and pulling out his watch, told Wylie he would give him five minutes in which to choose between life and death. One minute, two minutes, three minutes passed, the silence disturbed only by the ticking of the watch. When the

third minute had elapsed, Wylie could stand the strain no longer, and he signified to Averell his consent. Quickly the necessary dispositions were made and the hard-beset Federals started, Wylie acting as guide and under threat of instant death if he mislead or betrayed them. When Covington was reached Wylie was given the money and the conveyance which had been promised him.

This is substantially General Averell's statement of the means he employed to gain Dr. Wylie's services and make his escape from the net the Confederates had drawn about him in that memorable campaign. Upon being asked by Mrs. Braxton if he would really have shot Wylie had the latter persisted in his refusal to serve as his pilot, Averell answered with emphasis, "Indeed I would, madam."

Now, to resume our narrative proper: Averell's escape took place in the early winter of 1863. Echols' Brigade then went into winter quarters, Chapman's Battery encamping on Second Creek, Monroe county, near Curry's Mill, and the infantry at Monroe Draft.

The operations of Chapman's Battery had been confined hitherto mainly to territory within what is now the State of West Virginia; and while the mountainous nature of the greater part of this region rendered impracticable the deployment of large bodies of troops for either attack or defense, and the battles fought here were overshadowed at the time by those sublimely stupendous conflicts upon broader fields further east, of which Fredericksburg, Chancellorsville, Second Manassas and Gettysburg were examples (names which speak like a trumpet-call of the most gigantic and bloody struggles in the annals of modern war), yet let none imagine that the services performed by the Confederate troops in the Alleghanies were unimportant. To them was entrusted the duty of guarding the great left flank of the Confederacy, so to speak, from attacking columns of Federals who were continually endeavoring to penetrate the mountains from the west and north and carry havoc to the fertile valleys and fields which furnished the supplies that fed the Confederate armies. The vigilant watch and ward kept upon these mountain outposts, the hurried marching from point to point to meet new dangers as they threatened and the fierce combats fought wherever the Federals showed themselves were the means which protected from the enemy's occupation a vast area of invaluable territory and strategic positions the loss of which would have been a staggering blow to the Confederate cause. Having for two years engaged in service of this important character, Chapman and his men were now to be transferred to the scene of wider conflict upon the blood-stained fields of eastern Virginia where the battle-flame of War's mighty conflagration

blazed unceasingly and riveted the gaze of the world.

On May 6, 1864, Echols' Brigade broke camp and marched to Jackson's River. There Major-General John C. Breckinridge, to whose Division the Brigade was assigned, met the troops and took command.

NEW MARKET.

From Jackson's River they marched to Staunton where the news was received that General Sigel was advancing up the Valley at the head of a Federal army of from 15,000 to 20,000. The awful death-grapple in the Wilderness between Lee's 60,000 men and Grant's 120,000 was then in furious progress. The seizure of the great Valley of Virginia by the Federals meant not only the capture of the store-house and larder of the Confederacy but an attack upon Lee's left flank and rear with probably ruinous consequences. Breckinridge's Division comprised the only Confederate troops available to withstand the invasion of the Valley, and it was promptly ordered to meet Sigel's vastly superior force. The little Confederate army, consisting of Echols' and Wharton's Brigades and Imboden's Cavalry, and the Cadet Battalion from the Virginia Military Institute, advanced at the utmost speed and met Sigel near New Market on Sunday, May 15, imbued with the determination to defeat him or die in the attempt. The Confederate battle-line was formed early in the forenoon and no time was lost in attacking. The Southerners were met with a vigorous resistance, the Federal artillery and infantry pouring in a heavy fire; but nothing seemed to check the Confederate assault. The Yankee lines were pushed back, at first slowly, then as the Confederate fire grew hotter and more deadly, with a stronger propulsion, until the whole Division was sweeping steadily forward, driving the Federals before them like leaves before the autumn wind. Chapman's, McClanahan's and Jackson's Batteries, commanded by Major McLaughlin, comprised the only artillery in Breckinridge's Division, except two small pieces manned by the V. M. I. Cadets. The bronzed and bearded vets. smiled at the dapper little fellows in their spotless gray uniforms and facetiously called them "the new issue," and one veteran regiment in good humored jest sang "Rock-a-bye Baby," as the Cadets marched by on their way to the battlefield; but there was no discount on the fighting qualities of the boys, and the story of the Cadets' gallantry that day fills one of the brightest pages in the war's history. Their two guns were attached to Chapman's Battery and were served bravely and well.

When the Federal retreat commenced, Chapman's artillery, which had been delivering a plunging fire into their ranks, limbered up and was moving forward in alignment with the rest of the Confederate advance. Suddenly General Breckinridge dash-

ed up and brusquely ordered Chapman to "move his guns to the front where they could kill somebody." The words stung the sensitive young soldier, and he brought his battery to the front at a sweeping gallop, leading the whole Confederate line. Rushing into position, he unlimbered, poured a scorching fire into the retreating enemy, and after a few shots, limbered up and was racing again to the front. Selecting a suitable eminence the battery would again halt, go into position, deliver its fire, and was soon galloping once more to the front. Certainly Gen. Breckinridge found no occasion to repeat the command.

The Federal retreat became a rout. Several of their regiments were composed of raw Dutch recruits, and the frenzy of their panic when shells were screaming around them knew no bounds. The Confederate pursuit was continued as far as Woodstock, a distance of some 8 miles, where the Yankees burnt the Shenandoah river bridge after rushing panic-stricken across it. Their loss was 700 men killed and wounded, many hundreds of prisoners, and 9 pieces of artillery. And a mighty comforting piece of news was flashed that night to Gen. Lee and his thin grey line of heroes whose dauntless breasts were holding back Grant's hosts from Richmond.

THE WILDERNESS AND COLD HARBOR.

Chapman's Battery and indeed the most of Breckinridge's Division were then marched back to Staunton where they were transported by the railroad to Hanover Junction to reinforce Gen. Lee's army. The great Wilderness battles were still raging and Breckinridge's men disembarked from the cars under fire. Both the Federal and Confederate armies were gradually edging their way toward Richmond, Lee by his right and Grant by his left flank. Chapman was ordered to Hanover C. H., then back to Hanover Junction on May 24, then to the line of battle on Potatomy creek where the guns were put in position behind a hurriedly built fortification. Every day fighting was going on, the Yankee sharpshooters too frequently paying their unwelcome attentions to the Confederate artillerymen. On their part the Battery would often deliver its fire at an unseen enemy the command being to "shell the woods," which were exceedingly thick and tangled with undergrowth and which to a great extent concealed as well as retarded the movements of both armies. They were also much annoyed by the fire of the Yankee mortars which threw their immense shells to a considerable height, dropping them into the Confederate lines. The Yankee lines were directly across the creek opposite Chapman's position, and at night the Confederate videttes could over-hear the Yankee officers haranguing their troops trying to get them to make an attack, but in vain. Neither appeals or threat could induce the

Federal soldiers to cross the creek in the face of the Southern batteries. The next day the army moved to the right to a new position.

On the night of May 28 Chapman's Battery was withdrawn from its position and marched for hours in the darkness toward Richmond. Lee was again moving his army by the right flank to head off Grant and keep between the Capital of the Confederacy and the prodigious Federal host, which was moving by the left flank. We have alluded to this as the Wilderness campaign, although the battles of the Wilderness proper were fought on May 6—8 some distance further north, and these were succeeded by the tremendous battles of Spottsylvania May 8—18; but the topography of the country and its densely wooded state were very similar and may justify the general application of the term. After these sanguinary and appalling struggles lasting over three weeks, during which the roar of battle was scarcely ever hushed, 200,000 men were now silently, swiftly marching, in parallel lines, through the shadows of the night, to renew the dreadful conflict upon the bloody fields of Cold Harbor.

For several days the manœuvre was repeated, heavy fighting taking place daily, and Grant steadily striving meanwhile to out-flank Lee and get between him and Richmond which both armies were approaching. But the Federal commander was never able to either out-fight or out-march his great adversary, and at every dawn he found his path barred by the gray line of indomitable Confederates.

In this desperate fashion the two armies fought and struggled on. Passing through the Chickahominy swamps, moving at times by night as well as by day, lulled to sleep by the scream of the mortar-shell and aroused from slumber by the song of the minnie-ball, Chapman and his men at last emerged from forest and morass and reached Gaines' farm, camping one evening in the very yard of the Gaines' house. The weary soldiers flung themselves upon the ground to snatch a brief repose, but were aroused in the semi-darkness of early dawn and moved to the firing line. Yankee bullets and shells were crooning their uncanny chorus in the air above them as the men advanced. Fitz Lee and a force of Confederate cavalry were seen fighting furiously with a division of Federal infantry about a quarter of a mile to the right. A little later orders came to Chapman's and several other Batteries, aggregating some 30 pieces of artillery, to dislodge the Yankees from a near-by hill (said to be within 7 miles of Richmond), which the enemy had occupied in force. The response was a terrific cannonade, ten rounds being fired. When the smoke lifted none but dead and wounded Yankees could be seen on the knoll and the Confederate infantry instantly occupied and held the position. The artillery was kept busy nearly all

day; and early the next morning, June 2, Chapman was again ordered to the line of battle and his men came up to it, as usual, under a hot fire, which continued practically all day, during which several Federal attacks were repelled.

These engagements took place in the vicinity of Cold Harbor and culminated in the awe-inspiring conflict of the next day. On that morning the ammunition chests and artillery horses were sent to the rear and every preparation made for the titanic struggle which all felt to be impending. Very early three grand assaults, delivered with desperate courage, were ordered by Gen. Grant, and three times his best troops were driven back from the Confederate defenses with frightful slaughter. The incessant thunder of the artillery, the crash upon crash of musketry, the clouds of smoke, above all the tumult ringing the shouts of the charging Federals answered by the famous "rebel yell"—

"The voice that rang through Shiloh's woods,
And Spottsylvania's solitudes,
The fierce South cheering on her sons"—

these were the scenes and sounds which presented the drama of War in dreadful and supreme majesty. After the staggering repulse of the main assault, there was a lull in the storm of battle, and though Grant ordered another attack the Federal troops refused to go forward again to what seemed certain disaster and death; but later fighting continued at other portions of the opposing lines. The enemy was often concealed in the woods but the Confederate artillery searched for and found them with its iron hail with direful effect. In advance of their line the Yanks had dug rifle-pits and from those positions their sharpshooters gave much annoyance to the Confederates. Several times the Southerners charged and captured many prisoners. Edgar's Battalion, which was temporarily broken by one of the Yankee charges, was to the left of Chapman and his men could hear the noise of conflict there though they could not see it. The battle closed with the complete repulse of the Federal assaults. After dark the Confederate line, which had become bent forward where Chapman was stationed, was ordered to be straightened. The Yankees, hearing the movement and thinking a night attack was about to be made, opened a furious artillery fire but with small results.

By the Federal reports Grant lost in the battle of Cold Harbor 10,921 men killed and wounded and 2,000 captured. The Confederate loss was far less. The Federal commander, after losing 60,000 men in a month's time from the Wilderness to Cold Harbor, a loss equal in numbers to Lee's whole army, surrendered the hope of breaking the Confederate lines which defended Richmond and moved across James River to the investment of Petersburg.

Meanwhile the news came that Hunter was raiding the Valley of Virginia with a heavy corps of Federals, and Early's Division was detached from Gen. Lee's army and ordered to unite with the small Confederate force in the Valley and drive Hunter out. Chapman's Battery, together with other Confederate troops, was marched on June 7 by a circuitous route to the Virginia Central Railroad, reaching it at a point above Hanover Junction and there took the cars for Charlottesville. From Charlottesville they were hurried on to Waynesboro'. There it was discovered that Hunter had already reached Lexington, where, following his incendiary custom, he had burned the home of Mrs. Governor Letcher and other residences, and was evidently making for Lynchburg.

THE DEFEAT OF HUNTER AT LYNCHBURG.

Breckinridge's Division and Jones' Cavalry brigade rendezvoused at Rockfish Gap on the Blue Ridge above Waynesboro', and under command of Gen. Wharton started for Lynchburg, moving by forced marches through Nelson and Amherst counties, the purpose of the movement being to head Hunter off and save Lynchburg. The Divisions of Hunter's army under Averell, Crook, Sullivan and Duffie, advanced rather tardily by way of Lexington, Buchanan and Liberty, approaching Lynchburg from the west. Gen. McCauseland's brigade of cavalry alone opposed their progress; and while a battle was of course out of the question, (so great was the disparity in numbers) yet McCauseland's men contested every mile of the distance to Lynchburg, forcing the Yankees again and again to halt and form a line of battle, seriously impeding their advance, and giving the Confederate forces time to rally upon Lynchburg for its defense. To McCauseland's masterly tactics and stubborn valor the preservation of the city was largely due.

Breckinridge's Division, under Wharton, marching by way of Amherst Court-house, reached Lynchburg barely 24 hours ahead of Hunter. Breckinridge had gone on ahead and was already there. The troops were hurried forward and put into position a mile or two to the west of the city. Facing them the Federal army extended its lines several miles and both sides made preparations for the next day's struggle.

On June 18, 1864, was fought the battle of Lynchburg, which resulted in the complete defeat of Hunter, who was sent reeling back from the city's defenses. Gen. Early was in command of the Confederate forces, but only a part of the reinforcements he brought got up before the engagement had begun, a large part of his infantry not reaching the field until the afternoon of the 18th, when Hunter had already been checked and the salvation of Lynchburg practically assured.

Chapman's Battery occupied a position near the Confederate centre and played an important part in repulsing the Federal charges which were delivered with much resolution and courage. Almost the first objective point of the Federal assault was Lowry's Battery which they attempted to capture, but they were met with such a storm of cannister and grape from Lowry's, Chapman's and Lurty's Batteries that the charge completely failed and the Federals were driven back with loss. In another part of the field, opposing the Federal right, Bryan's Battery played a gallant part silencing in an artillery duel more than twice their number of Federal guns. It will be observed that in this battle all three of the batteries from Monroe county—Chapman's, Lowry's and Bryan's—participated, and history records that their guns were served with the utmost spirit and effect. These three Batteries, together with Jackson's Battery, had been organized into King's Battalion of Artillery, commanded in this and many other engagements in the Valley by Major McLaughlin. It was this battalion which Gen. Long, Lee's chief of artillery, pronounced the best equipped in Early's army. On the day after the battle of Lynchburg, says Prof. M. W. Humphreys of the University of Virginia, "the accuracy of the artillery was the talk of the army." To none is it due that Lynchburg was saved from pillage, rapine and the torch more than to the men of Monroe county, and to this day the city of Lynchburg owes in large measure the preservation of her wealth and financial stability to the brave men in these batteries who defended her on that fateful day.

The Yankee infantry charged the Confederate centre almost to the very guns, their advance being partly concealed by brush and small trees, but their ranks were torn by the artillery fire and they at no time made any serious impression upon the Confederate line.

Hunter's army in this battle numbered about 19,000 men, the Confederate a little the less of 11,000. Hunter was crushingly defeated and a measure of retribution inflicted upon him for the fiendishness which had left a trail of burned residences and barns and multitudes of shelterless and homeless women and children in the wake of his army as it had advanced up the Valley. Night put an end to the conflict, Early intending to renew the battle next day. But when dawn came it was found that Hunter had fled in the night. The Confederates pursued, came within range of the blue-coats at Bonsacks, at Salem, at Hanging Rock and other points, driving them wherever found, and capturing cannon, wagon-trains, horses and hundreds of prisoners. In this pursuit the artillery vied with the cavalry in harassing and destroying the retreating enemy. At Hanging Rock, where McCausland struck the main column of fleeing Yanks,

the Confederates captured nine pieces of artillery. Hunter and his men continued their flight north-westward, seeking shelter in the mountains. They entered Monroe county at Sweet Springs, made their way through this and Greenbrier counties and thence back to Clarksburg and to Yankeedom.

Chapman's Battery, after the Lynchburg campaign, marched with the main body of Early's army down the Valley of Virginia to Staunton. There a rest of a day or two was taken and a portion of the artillery partially reorganized, guns of uniform type and pattern being given to each battery. Chapman's new guns were all 12-pound Napoleons—excellent pieces which had been captured from the enemy. The efficiency of the Battery was thus increased, although the men parted reluctantly with their old guns for which they had conceived the peculiar attachment which only an old artilleryman can appreciate.

DOWN THE VALLEY INTO MARYLAND.

Early's army, about 18,000 strong, then marched down the Valley of Virginia, encountering the Yankees in several minor engagements, and driving them before its advance. His troops reached Martinsburg on the 3rd of July. The town was in possession of a force of Federals under Gen. Sigel; but they were quickly driven out by Early's veterans, who captured large quantities of commissary and ordnance stores. The advance of the Confederates was so rapid that the Yankees were taken by surprise and decamped in a great hurry. Huge preparations had been made by the "truly loyal" Unionists at Martinsburg to celebrate the "Glorious Fourth;" and they were vastly astonished and not a little outraged when the Southerners swooped down on the town and smashed their calculations. The elaborate dinner, consisting of both eatables and "drinkables," fell into the hands of the unbidden guests and the hungry Confederates helped themselves with the greatest gusto—to the infinite disgust of those who had prepared the viands for their own enjoyment, and who were compelled so unceremoniously to leave the feast and make tracks out of town, their coat-tails flapping in the breeze and their speed augmented by the bursting of Confederate shells around them.

From Martinsburg Early marched to the Potomac, his army crossing the river into Maryland. The artillery crossed at Shepherdstown, and on July 5 all the country between Williamsport and Winchester was in the hands of the Confederates. Early advanced through Maryland, taking possession of Hagerstown and threatening Washington and Baltimore cities. This was a flank move made for the purpose of forcing the Federal authorities at Washington to withdraw troops for the defense of the National Capital from Grant's great army, and so lighten

the strain upon Lee and the slender gray line, now growing thinner as the weeks went by, who yet were holding the far-flung Confederate entrenchments about Petersburg with undimmed courage against Grant's assaults.

While marching through Maryland Early's officers ordered a raid upon the outlying territory to press horses and flour, the army being in need of both. From the companies of each regiment or battalion a detail was sent out instructed to seize horses wherever found and pay for them in Confederate money, provided the owners would accept it; but if they refused the orders were to take the horses anyhow. This was a measure which both armies frequently resorted to and justified as a necessity of war, the Confederate people of Virginia suffering far more than the citizens of other sections. In such raids many incidents, pathetic and otherwise, often occurred; and in this connection we will, in order to give an illustration exemplary of that turbulent epoch, refer to the experience of Gunner George G. Young (now an honored resident of this county) who was selected by Chapman for this unpleasant service while in Maryland.

The men were sent out by twos; and Young's companion was a rough, loud-mouthed man with the reputation of a bully whom we shall call X—. After tramping some miles they came to a handsome brick homestead with a large brick stable near by. The latter the two men entered without the least hesitation or inquiry and found in the stalls a big strong bay horse and a pony. They bridled them and were leading them out, Young having hold of the pony, when from the dwelling emerged an old gentleman and a lady, both grey-haired, accompanied by a very pretty young girl. The three walked rapidly toward the stable yard, and Young, feeling like a sheep killing dog caught in the very midst of the flock, expected to get a terrible tongue-lashing, but to his surprise they spoke quite politely as the two Confederates, leading the horses, came nigh. The young lady walked directly to the pony and, taking hold of the bridle, said to Young in a singularly sweet and touching voice, "You really don't intend to take my little pony, do you?"

This bothered the soft-hearted young soldier mightily, but he managed to say that he was "very sorry but had to obey orders."

"Why," continued the girl, meanwhile caressing the pony with her little white hand—"Why, there's not another horse now left on the place. We had ten, but all have been taken from us by the armies except these two. My pony is very dear to me, and he is too small for army service. He can do you no good. Won't you leave me my little riding-horse?"

This was too much for the young artilleryman, and he made up his mind then and there to surrender. But just at that instant X—, who had gotten on the big bay, called out: "Come

on, Young. Don't stand there talking. Get on that pony and come on."

"No," said Young; "the pony is too small for the army and I am not going to take him."

"Well, I'll take him," harshly responded X—.

"No you won't," was the prompt reply. "Don't you dare to touch him." His "dander" was up and he says he would have put a bullet through X— as sure as he had laid a hand on the pony's rein. But X— merely scowled, and gruffly telling Young he intended to report him, galloped off.

Young put the pony back into the stable and was repaid by the gracious and oft-repeated thanks of the young lady. The two old folks also expressed their deep gratitude and besought him to come to the house and get something to eat. He accepted their invitation and they set before him a meal which to the lank, lean Confederate seemed fit for a king. They urged him not to go back to the army—surely he had had enough of fighting—but when he firmly negatived this, they told him if he was ever wounded or fell sick where they could reach him they would esteem it a privilege to come and minister to him if he would let them know. When he left they pressed upon the young soldier a flask of noble old brandy, and gave him their blessing. He never saw them again. In the confusion of war he forgot their very names. But he well remembers that he went back to camp with a very shame-faced mien, rather expecting to be put under arrest for disobeying orders. X—, in the meanness of his heart, had reported him as he had threatened; but the chivalric Chapman was quick to sympathize with the sentiments and behavior of his soldier. He met the returning and empty-handed scout with a quizzical smile on his face, and all that his Captain said to him was, "Young, you make a mighty poor horse-thief."

MONOCACY.

Early advanced to Frederick City, of whose citizens, it is said, he demanded and received a ransom for their town of \$200,000. Three miles away was Monocacy Junction where a Federal army under General Lew Wallace had been posted to drive Early back. There was tremendous excitement throughout the Northern States. Early's invasion, President Lincoln feared, would result in the capture of Washington by "Jeff's ragged rebels." "Save the National Capital!" was the cry which rang from end to end of the North. Grant, who was hammering away with his huge army on Lee at Petersburg, was compelled to pause, detach a heavy force of his best troops, including the Sixth Army Corps, and hurry them to Washington,—the which was precisely in line with the results Lee and Early had planned.

Meanwhile Gen. Wallace and his hurriedly collected army of

Federals had reached Monocacy Junction and taken a carefully chosen position. There was fought the battle of Monocacy, as it is called, on July 9, 1864. Early promptly attacked with Gordon's Division. A savage infantry fight ensued before Gordon succeeded in pressing the enemy back. The passage of the stream was forced, Rickett's Corps being driven across it, and the Confederates got in the rear of the Federal right, capturing a number of prisoners. Still the enemy were slow to give ground and the fighting on both sides was obstinate. So prompt had been the attack of the Confederate infantry that the artillery had not been able to get up in time to participate in its beginning. When Chapman's Battery dashed into view upon the field, Gordon's hard-fought Division was occupying a ridge from which the Yankees had just been expelled while the latter were in the hollow and on the ridge opposite, the intervening space being strewn with the dead and wounded. As the guns came up at a gallop they were welcomed with lusty cheers by Gordon's men. The pieces were rushed to a spur of the ridge and, taking position, poured in a fire of cannister and grape upon the Federal mass scarcely 500 yards distant. No fairer mark could be desired and the execution of the guns was desolating. The Yankees soon gave way and broke into a hasty retreat. The Confederates followed, and Major McLaughlin ordered two of Chapman's guns to take part in the pursuit of the enemy. So thick were the Federal dead upon the field that the artillery was halted for a moment until the bodies could be moved out of the way. One of the guns pursued the enemy for over two miles, it being taken at a gallop from position to position and pouring in a destructive fire upon Wallace's panic-stricken blue-coats.

BEFORE WASHINGTON.

The result of this battle thrilled the North with increased alarm. There was almost a stampede from Washington. The Confederates, the terrible Confederates were coming, and the city was about to be taken by storm, sacked and burned. Such were the alarming statements and prophecies telegraphed from Washington throughout the Union. The frenzy was magnified by the return of Wallace's defeated troops who poured into Washington and took refuge behind the great fortifications. Orders for more troops for the defense of the National Capital were wired in every direction and they came as fast as steam could bring them.

But it was not possible for Early's small army of scarcely 18,000 men (which the Yankee fears had multiplied to 50,000) to take and hold Washington, and it was not so planned by the Confederate leaders. Their purpose had already been partially accomplished in the deflecting of heavy forces of Federals from other fields of conflict to Washington. Early's infantry pursued the

Yankees to the very city limits and took the first line of defenses. The city's fortifications and its public edifices were in plain view of the Confederate out-posts.

Early's troops took possession, among other buildings, of the residence of the Federal Postmaster-General Montgomery Blair, from which he had fled in haste at their approach. It is related by one of Chapman's men that in Mr. Blair's house were discovered large quantities of unsigned greenbacks, freshly printed. The Confederates brought these out in armfuls, destroying and wasting them, until some shrewd fellow conceived the idea of signing the U. S. Treasurer's name to them. This done, the greenbacks were found to pass current almost as readily as gold, the Marylanders not suspecting the forgery, and the holders of this bogus money lived on the fat of the land during their stay north of the Potomac.

One day in front of the defenses of Washington was enough for Early, and he retired unmolested. It was high time for celerity, if he was to escape the overwhelming forces the Federals were gathering and for two days and nights his men marched almost continuously. The army was in high spirits and retreated without demoralization or disorder, beating out time with veteran feet hour after hour and bringing to naught the Federal boasts that their capture was certain. On July 14 the artillery re-crossed the Potomac near Leesburg. Early then withdrew more leisurely, showing his teeth to his pursuers; and crossing the Shenandoah, left Breckinridge at the ford to hold the Yankees in check. The latter followed rather gingerly, and when they reached the river were quickly repelled by a few shots from the Confederate artillery.

In the thirty days' campaign, from Rockfish Gap near Waynesboro' to Lynchburg, thence in pursuit of Hunter to Salem, thence down the Valley to Martinsburg, thence into Maryland to the sanguinary field of Monocacy, thence to the very defenses of Washington city, and finally back to Virginia on July 14, Chapman's Battery had marched a distance of 450 miles—an exploit which ranks with the greatest feats of endurance in the annals of modern war. Indeed, a similar tribute may justly be paid to the whole of Early's army—which, by-the-way, though reinforced after Lynchburg by Gen. Bradley T. Johnson's force and other smaller bodies of troops, never, during this month of marching and fighting, exceeded 18,000 men at high water mark. Some authorities make the figures considerably smaller. After driving out of the field Hunter and his army of 19,000, Early and his men had scaled up at Harper's Ferry and neutralized Sigel and his division of 6,000 Federals; then leaving them behind had defeated Wallace at Monocacy, and by menacing the National Capital, diverted from Grant's army the 6th and 19th Corps, and

transferred the seat of war from central Virginia to the Potomac river region. It is estimated that when Early was thundering at the gates of Washington he had scarcely 12,000 men back of him; and yet, with his comparatively small force, he had occupied fully 60,000 Federals in this remarkable campaign of a single month, at the end of which he got back to Virginia soil without the loss of a gun.

After the Confederates had crossed the Shenandoah and repelled the further advance of their pursuers at Snicker's Ford, Gen. Wright returned to Washington with the 6th and 19th Federal Corps, leaving Gen. Crook, who had brought the remnant of Hunter's army to Harper's Ferry, there united it with Sigel's force and moved into Loudoun county, to follow Early. The latter retired up the Valley, successfully skirmishing with the Yankees at Berryville and other points, passing through Winchester and halting in the vicinity of Strasburg. In the meantime Ramseur had been beaten in an affair with Averell at Stephen's Depot on the 20th; and this was soon followed by the junction of Averell's force with Crook's.

KERNSTOWN.

Seizing quickly what he rightly conceived to be an opportunity, Early advanced to Kernstown and on July 24 struck Crook and Averell a stunning blow, completely defeating their army, capturing several hundred prisoners, 12 caissons and nearly a hundred wagons. Col. Mulligan, a noted Federal officer, was among the killed. The discomfited Yankees fled down the Valley, and into Maryland, not resting until they had again put the Potomac river between themselves and the Confederates.

This battle of Kernstown (fought upon the scene of so many conflicts) was no picnic, however, but a stiffly contested field. Chapman's Battery was hotly engaged. Two of its members were wounded and one, John Duncan, was killed. Duncan was a driver for Sergt. Davidson's piece and was a good soldier. In his team were two fine grey horses which he thought the world of. Soon after the battle had commenced Duncan was struck and killed by a shell, a fragment of the same projectile also killing one of the horses of which the poor fellow had been so proud and fond. Sergt. Patton recalls that it was in this battle he served his piece under the personal direction of Gen. Breckinridge. A force of Federal cavalry was menacing the Confederate flank, appearing upon a hill. Breckinridge ordered Chapman to advance one of his guns and disperse them, and the task was assigned to Patton. Breckinridge sat on his horse while Patton sighted and fired the piece. At his second shot the shell burst in the very midst of the cavalry, knocking over men and horses and sending the rest pell-mell from the hill and to the rear. "Ah," said Breckinridge, with a sigh of satisfaction, "those Napoleons

are the guns!" The ambitious young artilleryman made no response in words, but he says the thought occurred to him very strongly that the man behind the Napoleon might have something to do with the gun's fine shooting.

Early advanced again to the Potomac, across which the Yankees had hurriedly retreated. Under his orders Gen. McCausland made the famous raid into Pennsylvania which culminated in the burning on July 30 of Chambersburg, done in default of the payment by its citizens of a ransom of \$100,000 and in retaliation for Hunter's wholesale house-burnings in Virginia. On Aug. 5 Early again crossed the Potomac river near Shepherdstown and advanced to Sharpsburg where his men camped for the night. Instantly the effect of this second invasion of Maryland was felt at Petersburg; for Grant immediately detached a corps of infantry and two divisions of cavalry from his army, embarked them on transports and sent them to Washington city. Gen. Sheridan went with them and Grant himself rushed off to Washington and thence to Monocacy, where he found Hunter in helpless bewilderment and alarm. The entire Federal plan of campaign was deranged by Early's movements. Grant deposed Hunter and placed Sheridan in command against Early, pledging him every resource the U. S. Government could bring to bear. From Sharpsburg Early made a short detour through Maryland and returning, recrossed the Potomac at Williamsport. In these movements Chapman's Battery participated.

"MARCH AND FIGHT."

Then ensued six weeks of manoeuvring between Early and his new antagonist, during which "march and fight" was the daily watch-word. The War Department at Washington kept faith with Sheridan, steadily augmenting his army and strengthening him in every possible way; but the bold Confederates constantly "kept Maryland and Pennsylvania quaking with apprehension," says the Federal historian Pond, Early persistently maintaining his grip on the B & O. R. R., and Chesapeake & Ohio Canal. The old veterans declare they almost wore out the turnpikes from Berryville to Winchester, from Winchester to Charlestown, from Charlestown to Shepherdstown and points intermediate, back and forth, marching and fighting week after week. Almost daily there was skirmishing with the enemy and sharp combats were frequent. There were fights near Strasburg, fights near Fisher's Hill and around Winchester, fights at Smithfield, Charlestown, Shepherdstown, Leetown, Berryville, and many other places. Early, who had slowly retired before Sheridan's superior force to Fisher's Hill, was reinforced on Aug. 17 by Anderson's and Kershaw's Divisions and Cutshaw's artillery, and in turn forced Sheridan back, the Confederate advance again reaching the Potomac river

at Shepherdstown, where on Aug. 25, a heavy force of Sheridan's cavalry was defeated in a brisk encounter. So constantly were the troops engaged that if peradventure a day passed without a conflict, Early's soldiers were wont to exclaim, "What! No fighting today? Why, what's the matter?"

It is the testimony of all, friend and foe alike, that Chapman's Battery acquitted itself well, marching and fighting with vim and steadfastness, and winning the genuine respect of both armies. The Yankee prisoners frequently said that their troops hated to meet Chapman's Battery because it always stood to them so manfully. The attachment of his men for Captain Chapman grew as their mutually shared days of danger and death went by. It is to be said of him that he was not a man of imperturbable coolness. He occasionally grew excited amid the tense tumults of war, but his indomitable spirit reigned supreme over his emotions, and no man ever saw him blench from the helm in the blast of battle.

"The brave man is not he who knows no fear,
For that were stupid or irrational;
But he whose noble soul the peril knows
And bravely dares the danger Nature shrinks from."

This fine definition of the poet correctly describes the character of Chapman's courage. His old soldier's recall many instances of his daring. On one occasion he and another officer were ordered to develop the strength and position of the enemy, and for that purpose Chapman ordered one of his guns to a very advanced point. He accompanied it. The moment the gun opened fire it drew a tremendous return fire from the Federal army. Sitting on his horse Chapman afforded an attractive target to the enemy, yet he remained erect as a statue in his saddle, the bullets hailing around him, he taking observations and directing his men until their perilous mission was thoroughly accomplished. It was a striking illustration of the highest type of courage in a man who well knew the deadly danger to which he was exposed.

Six weeks of marching and fighting went by, six weeks of steady growth for Sheridan's army, yet he had never been able to gain a single important advantage over Early whose force he outnumbered three to one. The Confederate troops had never failed to give a good account of themselves whether in attack or retreat, and they had the confidence which high achievement brings to veterans whose qualities have been well tested. On Sept. 14, at the request of Gen. Lee, Early detached Anderson's Division with its artillery and sent it to Petersburg. Sheridan heard of this two days later and Gen. Grant came swiftly again to confer with him at Charlestown, with the result that Sheridan prepared to attack Early with all his force and at once. Gen.

~~a deed which speaks eloquently of the heart of oak fibre of the~~
 Early divined the purpose of his adversary and hurriedly concentrated his troops at Winchester. Early states that his infantry present for duty at this time did not exceed 8,500 men. It consisted of the attenuated divisions of Rodes, Gordon, Ramseur and Breckinridge. His cavalry was composed of Fitz Lee's and Lomax's divisions (the latter commanded by Gen. Payne), aggregating but a little more than 3,000. Braxton's, Breathed's and Nelson's artillery under Col. Carter, and King's Battalion of Bryan's, Chapman's and Lowry's Batteries under Major McLaughlin comprised the Confederate artillery. Senator Daniel's careful estimates show that Early's entire army did not exceed 14,000 men. On the other hand the U. S. War Records disclose that Sheridan reported in August 57,177 men present for duty, while his September report shows that he had with him confronting Early and present for duty, 45,487 men, of whom 14,734 were comprised in Averell's and Torbert's Cavalry Corps, and the remainder in the infantry of Crook, and the 6th and 19th Army Corps. (This did not include the forces under Sheridan's command at Chambersburg, Baltimore, Washington, Harper's Ferry and other points which, according to his report for August, 1864, gave him a grand total of 94,026 men present for duty. See Serial 90 of the U. S. War Records, page 974.) It will be seen that Sheridan's cavalry alone outnumbered Early's entire army, and that each of the three Federal infantry corps exceeded on the average the whole of Early's infantry.

These were the astonishing contrasts in numerical strength presented by the two armies when they confronted one another on the historic field of Winchester, Sept. 19, 1864.

WINCHESTER.

The Confederate army was stationed across the Berryville road on an elevated stretch of land between Abraham's Creek and Redbud Run about $1\frac{1}{2}$ miles east of Winchester. Lomax's three cavalry brigades covered the right and Fitz Lee with a force of cavalry the left and the Valley pike. Almost at dawn Ramseur was attacked on the right and centre by the 6th and 19th Federal corps, covered by Wilson's cavalry. They were pressing Ramseur back when Early charged them with the Divisions of Gordon and Rodes, and with such spirit was the attack delivered, supported by Carter's artillery, that the ponderous Federal array was broken and driven back in disorder. Lomax's cavalry, too, not only succeeded in holding Wilson in check, but charged the masses of Federal infantry, contributing gallantly to the repulse of the Federal assault. At noon it seemed that Early, though out-numbered three times over, was about to win a brilliant victory over his adversary. But the fighting had been terrific and the Confederate losses great. Major-Gen-

eral Rodes, one of the bravest and best officers in the Army of Northern Virginia, had been killed; Gen. Godwin of Ramseur's Division, Gen. York of Gordon's Division, and hundreds of other gallant men had fallen. On the left Breckinridge's Division and McLaughlin's artillery had held their ground against the swarming Federal attack at heavy cost. It was then that Sheridan, failing in his attack upon the Confederate right, determined to concentrate his infantry upon their left and turn Early's left flank with the great cavalry divisions of Averell and Merritt.

The battle had hardly commenced in the early morning and was raging along the Confederate right, when Chapman received orders to go to the support of Gordon. The Battery started with a rush but had not proceeded far before a courier came up, his horse at full speed, and gave Chapman an order to move to the left to the support of Breckinridge's Division. Chapman was riding a very handsome bay horse which he had gotten two years before near Charleston; but the animal was prodigiously excited and he asked Sergt. Patton to change horses with him. They made the exchange while the Battery was wheeling to the left and so hurriedly that there was no time to even lengthen and shorten the stirrups. Chapman galloped off on Patton's horse and upon him that day received his death wound.

As the Battery got into position three heavy lines of Yankee infantry comprising Crook's Corps, were moving forward to the assault. So close was the enemy that the artillery opened with cannister the first round. Here Chapman's, Bryan's and Lowry's Batteries, supported by Wharton's infantry of Breckinridge's command, withstood for hours the attacks of Crook's Corps supported by a heavy force of Federal cavalry. Early endeavored to withdraw Wharton and bring him into co-operation with Gordon, Ramseur and Rodes for the purpose of following up his success on the right with a crushing assault, but the Federal cavalry pressed the Confederate line whenever Wharton attempted to retire, and it was after the middle of the day before a part of his Division succeeded in moving to the right. Echols' brigade commanded by Col. Geo. S. Patton of the 22d Virginia Infantry, remained. Soon after this movement, Crook succeeded in turning the Confederate left and the massive cavalry Divisions of Averell and Merritt, nearly 10,000 strong, came thundering down the pike, driving off Fitz Lee's cavalry, that officer himself falling wounded while bravely striving against the overwhelming Federal onset. Major McLaughlin then ordered Chapman's guns and two of Bryan's to a new position to face the flank attack of the Federals. The pieces were accordingly withdrawn and taken at a gallop to the rear and wheeled to the left, some of Chapman's guns being placed in an old redoubt which had been constructed two years before by Gen. Milroy in his operations against Stonewall Jackson.

Lowry's Battery fought the enemy until the last ounce of its ammunition was exhausted and it was then withdrawn, except the piece of that unconquerable soldier, Sergt. A. J. Keadle, who held on grimly to the last.

Belching cannister and grape from their new position at right angles to the Confederate main line and supported for a time by Patton's infantry, the guns of Chapman and Bryan for hours held at bay the tremendous flank attack of the Federals, the Confederate artillerymen being themselves exposed the while to a concentrated fire from the enemy in their front and on their right. The gallant Patton was at last slain, many of his men killed and wounded and his decimated brigade finally ordered to withdraw. With practically no infantry support, the men of Chapman and Bryan still stuck to their guns, again and again repelling the Federal assaults.

It was at this juncture that Capt. Chapman fell mortally wounded. He was turning to ride toward one of his guns in the old breast work, when he was struck near the left shoulder-blade by an iron ball from shrapnel. The missile pierced his body, making a great hole, carrying with it shreds of clothing, and lodging beyond the reach of the surgeons' probes. As Chapman was falling from his horse, D. C. Pharr, (now a highly esteemed physician of this county, residing at Gap Mills) caught the wounded officer in his arms, lifted him to the ground, and with the help of others, carried him to the rear and placed him in an ambulance. Lieut. F. G. Thrasher then took command of the Battery, doing his duty with the utmost gallantry until he himself was wounded and had to be taken also to the rear.

Sheridan was now pressing home his second grand assault, and it came down with all the force of thirty thousand infantry. The thin lines of Confederate infantry were compelled to give way. Amid the thunder of their own guns Chapman's men could hear the noise of the battle on the right where Gordon's Division, under the leadership of that dauntless soldier, was making a heroic struggle against overpowering odds. Meanwhile the great flank attack of the Federal cavalry had swung far around the Confederate left, completely encompassing it and threatening the capture of the Confederate guns, whose furious fire still kept in check the assaulting Federal lines in their front. At last came the order to retire. It was high time, for the Federal cavalry was almost in their immediate rear and to limber up and get out without capture seemed a desperate chance indeed. Even then Major McLaughlin turned to Sergt. W. T. Patton and said, "Sergeant, you stay here with your piece and hold those people back." Many of the Battery had been killed and wounded, but Francis M. Hoylman, A. A. Sams, W. H. Hogshhead and Davin Vance were still with Patton, who continued to

serve his gun with such rapidity and deadly accuracy that the serried Yankee lines were again checked. It was one gun against an army. Patton's fire was directed at the apex of the assaulting lines which diverged thence in either direction, and at every discharge of the piece he could see the Federal soldiers falling on either side. Before the ranks could close up, he had another double-shotted round ready, not even waiting to sponge the piece, and as the enemy moved forward, the lone Confederate gun would tear their lines open again. But presently Sams was wounded, and the others, believing they were powerless to do more, left to overtake the retreating Confederate army. Patton was left alone. Just then Orderly Sergeant "Fal" Black, who a few minutes later was captured, ran up and with his help Patton fired the gun for the last time. The wood-work of the piece was stuck full of Federal bullets, but the daring gunner seemed to bear a charmed life. At last a team came up at a run, sent back to pull the piece out; but the horses were shot in quick succession, the drivers wounded, and the gun had to be left to the enemy. Major McLaughlin galloped to the rear. Sergt. Patton, who had been hurt by the recoil of the piece, limped along on foot, but almost by a miracle he passed unscathed through the storm of bullets and, escaping the Federal cavalry, reached the Confederate lines.

One other gun of the Battery, that of Sergt. Wm. Dickson, could not be brought out because the horses were killed and was also captured. The men who manned Chapman's guns at Winchester deserve the laurel wreath of Fame, and among the many thrilling incidents in which they figured on that fatal field we shall endeavor to recall a few.

Probably no gun ever more narrowly escaped capture than that of Sergeant M. M. Ballentine, brought out of the very storm-centre of the battle's fury by Jas. E. Loudermilk, another valuable citizen of this county. So tenaciously did the Confederate artillery hold to its position that when the final order came to withdraw the guns they were well nigh surrounded by the overlapping Federal lines. Just as Ballentine's gun was turned, three of the horses hitched to it were shot down. While Loudermilk was cutting the dead horses out, the cannoneers were all captured and he was left alone with the piece. The enemy were then swarming around the gun, shooting and cursing and shouting to Loudermilk to surrender. But he heeded them not. Evading the closest of his pursuers he stepped upon one of the dead horses and thence sprang upon his off horse. Only three horses were left in the team, but with these Loudermilk started the gun so promptly and drove so shrewdly in the mad race that ensued that he succeeded in bringing the gun out from the very grip of the enemy and in the midst of a shower of shot and shell

—a deed which speaks eloquently of the heart-of-oak fibre of the men of Chapman's Battery.

Rice Vance, another good soldier now living near Alleghany Station, Va., was horribly burned in the early part of the day. So hurriedly were the guns rushed into position and so urgent was the necessity for quick action that the firing commenced before all the men could get to their stations. The cannoneer whose duty it was to stop the vent had not yet gotten up and Vance was ramming the second cartridge into Patton's gun without waiting to sponge the piece when the charge prematurely exploded with a deafening report, driving the rammer far afield and felling Vance to the ground with great force. Fortunately he had been warned by Patton and was doing his work guardedly, else he would inevitably have been killed. As it was the powder-flame set his clothing afire and Vance was terribly burned. Patton ran to his assistance, tore his burning clothes from his body, and started him toward the rear, where he received further aid. After months of suffering he ultimately recovered.

Sergeant John G. Stevens was in charge of Sergeant Charles Heeney's piece at the battle of Winchester. Heeney had been wounded by a fragment of shell in a fight near Bunker Hill about a month before. The Battery had become so diminished in men and horses in the hard campaigns of the year that Stevens' piece was turned in to the Ordnance Department and he assigned to the command of Heeney's gun during the latter's enforced absence. It was served at Winchester with all the valor and resolution which distinguished sergeant and men, among whom were several from Roanoke county—Mason Lee, James Barnett, Thomas Lewis, Robert Brand and others—and Mr. Stevens says there were no better soldiers in the Army of Northern Virginia. Brand was a bright, intelligent youth about 19 years of age, and was mortally wounded while doing the work of three men, the others having been disabled. In a recent letter Sergt. Stevens says: "Brand was No. 6 and was shot through both thighs while close by me. Barnett, Lewis, Sawyers and myself spread his blanket, put him on it and carried him into a trench for safety. When we got the orders to retreat I found that so many horses had been killed we only had enough to move the gun and had to leave the caisson. I remember seeing W. T. Patton and "Fal" Black loading and firing Patton's gun by themselves. Just as I was about to mount my horse which had remained unhurt, I heard some one say, 'Is nobody going to help me?' Looking around I found the voice was that of Wm. Daugherty, who had been shot through the bowels, I think." (Daugherty had been shot from his horse a few minutes before and was caught in the arms of F. M. Hoylman, six horses being killed about the same time. Hoylman carried the mortally wounded man a few steps and laid him

down beneath a little bush, the nearest approach to shelter he could find.) "I helped Daugherty on my horse and started for the rear, leading for him. After going about 150 yards the off-wheel horse to our gun was killed and I found the boys were almost ready to abandon the gun. I stopped to help cut the dead horse out and told Daugherty to ride on and I would overtake him. We succeeded in bringing the gun out, but I never saw my horse or poor Daugherty again. At the last glimpse I caught just as we were leaving our position for the rear I saw Patton still firing his gun when every other man of the Battery, so far as I could see, was gone."

Byrd Beamer, another brave soldier and a man to whom many were attached, was killed at Winchester. Wash Smith, another splendid man as brave as a lion, and Joseph Riffe, a modest, true-hearted and gallant soldier, were numbered among the dead, both being killed instantly. Every one of the men who manned Ballentine's piece were killed, wounded or captured except Geo. G. Young and J. J. H. Tracy, and their escape was due to no lack of exposure, for both were courageous and faithful soldiers who did their whole duty to the last. Two others, G. W. Charlton and James Martin, were foully murdered after they had yielded themselves prisoners. They were surrounded by the Yankees, who seemed to be infuriated, and though crying out repeatedly that they had surrendered, both young men were cruelly shot to death by their savage captors. Andrew McDowell was mortally wounded and was found by Sergt. Patton after the battle lying on the pavement in the streets of Winchester in an almost dying condition. The army was passing in full retreat, but Patton carried him into a door-way and getting the help of a surgeon, made him as comfortable as possible. The approach of the enemy, however, soon forced Patton to leave, and that was the last ever seen of poor McDowell.

No complete or adequate list of the wounded can be procured, but it is certain that Chapman's Battery lost nearly one-half of its members on the red field of Winchester. Indeed, only 28 answered roll-call the next morning, though others came in during the ensuing few days. This tells the story of that fearful struggle. The Confederate army retired rapidly through Winchester. Though defeated by a force more than three times its numbers, it was not routed; and it is note-worthy that Early lost in all only three pieces of artillery which could not be brought out because the horses were killed.

Among the remembrances silhouetted upon the minds of many old soldiers in that dark hour is that of Mrs. Gordon, wife of the heroic Georgian. She was then a bride and had followed her husband to the camp and the field. As the Confederates retreated through the streets of Winchester, Mrs. Gordon ran out

into the ebbing stream of men and besought them, with all the eloquence and passion of a high-spirited and loving woman, to go back and stand by Gen. Gordon, who was still far at the backward-drifting front, striving with all the ardor of his soul to check the onset of the enemy. Even in that tumult of disaster her womanly appeal was partly successful, and a line facing the foe was once more formed and helped to keep back the Federal advance.

The losses at the battle of Winchester as compiled by Col. Fox of the U. S. Army, in his "War Statistics," pages 547-551, were: Confederate—226 killed, 1,567 wounded, and 1,818 captured or missing; aggregate, 3,611. Federal—697 killed, 3,983 wounded, and 338 captured or missing; aggregate 5,018. According to the figures of this Federal officer, Early's army of 14,000 put out of action 1,407 men more than were put out of action by Sheridan's army of 45,000. But Early's loss was over 25 per cent. of his entire force, while Sheridan's was only about 11 per cent. of the army he led to the battle-field.

At Winchester, says General Early in his Memoirs, "Our artillery did wonders;" and Senator Daniel adds that though Sheridan had 100 guns and Early never had 50, they were never over-matched on any field.

The night after the battle Sergeant Patton found Captain Chapman as the latter was being taken to the rear in an ambulance. To Patton's inquiries the wounded officer replied that he hoped he was not mortally hurt, and eagerly asked Patton how he came to lose his gun. But when told it was the last gun on the field and fought until there were no men left to man it and the horses were killed, he said he had no blame to impose—it was all right and he was entirely satisfied. The next morning Chapman was visited by Wm. C. Shaver, D. C. Pharr, Jas. E. Loudermilk and Sergeant Stevens of his own Battery, J. D. McCartney, M. W. Humphreys, and Daniel Devine of Bryan's, and others who were anxious for his welfare. He evidently appreciated their interest, but attempted little conversation, merely saying that he was resting as comfortably as he could expect. The shot which wounded him had made a gaping hole in his body. The surgeons' probes would not take hold of the ball and it was then found to be an iron bullet from shrapnel.

FISHER'S HILL, CEDAR CREEK, AND THE END.

This narrative will not attempt to follow save in out-line the movements and history of Chapman's Battery after it was parted from its Captain. At Fisher's Hill, to which it had withdrawn, Early's army was flanked, Sheridan sending Crook's corps around the left. Crook succeeded in getting in the very rear of the Confederates, who retired in confusion, though the artillery made itself memorable by its stubborn resistance. Ear-

ly retreated up the Valley by way of Mt. Jackson, heavy skirmishing going on nearly all day on both Sept. 23 and 24. He then moved to Port Republic and on the 28th to Waynesboro'. In October he boldly advanced down the Valley again, reaching Fisher's Hill on the 13th, and fighting a minor engagement the same day with Sheridan, whose army was posted on Cedar Creek.

Being without provisions Early felt that he must either fight or run. He chose the former, and before day-light on the morning of the 19th of October, he attacked Sheridan's army on the left flank and in front, while Gordon assailed them from the rear. The result was a brilliant success, the Yankees being taken completely by surprise. Forty guns, thousands of small arms, camp equipage and immense stores and 1,600 prisoners were captured. The Sixth Federal Corps, however, succeeded in retreating in order. Flushed with their victory, Early's half-starving men became scattered in the pillaging of the Federal camps; and when later in the day Sheridan arrived with reinforcements from Winchester, rallied his army and knowing their weakness in numbers, attacked the Confederates, the latter were in a too demoralized condition to offer effectual resistance. Early, Gordon, Ramseur, Wharton and others vainly endeavored to stem the tide. The heroic Ramseur was mortally wounded, disorder spread as the Confederates were swept back, and finally the army broke into a general rout. Lieut. Henderson Reed, who was a generous, warm-hearted man and popular officer, commanded Chapman's Battery at Cedar Creek and did all that was possible for him to do. Two men of the Battery, Caperton Vance and Berry Humphreys, valiant soldiers both, were killed. A number of others were wounded, among them Sergeant M. M. Ballentine. Many were made prisoners, Sergeant Chas. Heency being of the number. Every gun of the Battery was captured except Stevens' piece, which was brought out and saved by the grit and adroitness of Wm. L. Swope.

The bloody tide of war now swiftly ebbed to sorrow-crowned Appomattox, six months later. After the fall of Chapman at Winchester his Battery was still known as Chapman's Battery. Lieut. Reed continued in command until Lieut. Thrasher's recovery from his wound was accomplished. New guns were provided by the Confederate government, and the Battery continued to serve under the banners of Early, who again advanced to Cedar Creek in November and once more confronted Sheridan, who seemed unable to make much use of his successes except to lay waste the country. The Battery's last fight was on Nov. 22 when it helped to whip a force of Yankee cavalry in a minor engagement. The terrible year of '64 ended with the opposing armies in the Valley of Virginia holding almost precisely the same positions they occupied when the campaign be-

gun in the Spring.

On January 9, 1865, Chapman's Battery was ordered to go into winter quarters at the Narrows, in Giles county. Leaving their pieces at Waynesboro', they arrived at the Narrows Jan. 14, with the rest of King's Battalion.

In the first week of April, 1865, the Battery, with the rest of the Battalion, was ordered to join General Lee, but had marched only as far as Christiansburg when the news came that the remnant of the heroic Army of Northern Virginia had surrendered at Appomattox. At Christiansburg on April 9 the Battery was disbanded, General Echols advising the men to return to their homes and prepare for the worst. With inexpressible sadness and eyes bedimmed with tears they at last dispersed and took up the weary march homeward, having "kept a steadfast, faithful guard about the Stars and Bars," now furled forever. The shadows of ruined hopes and a dark future hung heavy upon their hearts. Many were without even a shelter they could call their own. But the women and little ones whose love had sustained them in every danger and adversity beckoned them again to the place they had once called home. And so the war-worn soldier returned to his war-wasted fields to take up the strange, sad burdens of life anew, under ominous and untried conditions.

Captain Chapman, after receiving the desperate wound at Winchester, was taken to Charlottesville in an ambulance. Why he was subjected to that painful and protracted ordeal and one for which it would seem no real necessity existed has never been satisfactorily explained, though Dr. E. F. Raymond, the devoted and able surgeon of the Battery, has the information that Chapman was taken thither at his own request. He was placed in a private house, the residence of a Mr. Strange, at the University of Virginia; and there, after lingering a few days, he died. The news of his death brought a pang of profound sorrow to his men across the Blue Ridge in the beloved Valley of Virginia which his guns had so heroically defended. His grave was made not in the Soldiers' Cemetery but in that of the University of Virginia itself. Near him sleeps a young officer from South Carolina,—the two being the only Confederate soldiers who slumber in that city of the dead.

As a soldier Beirne Chapman's record is without a stain. If, as a man, he had faults (and who has them not?) they were those of a high spirited and manly nature. But that he was brave, honorable and true, tempering the requirements of good discipline with the thoughtful considerations of a generous heart, loving his country well and faithful to her unto death, none will dispute.

And now, since in these days "our Mighty Mother"—the

dear Motherland of the South,

“—Turns, in tears,
The pages of her battle years,”

Lamenting all her glorious dead, may she, in the Book of her Remembrance, give at least one line to her loving, loyal and lion-hearted son, George Beirne Chapman.

[THE END]

ERRATA.

Page 9: The name in the Battery's Roll of W. H. Holderlee should be W. H. Holderby. He was from Kanawha county. The names of Thomas and Wm. Teays should be spelled Teass.

Page 10: Col. Jenifer not only did not command the Federal force in the fight at Pearisburg, but he was a zealous Confederate officer. Col. Jenifer was in command of a Confederate detachment which manned the outposts at Princeton when the Yankee expedition of about 5,000 men advanced thither from the Kanawha Valley under General Cox. Jenifer was forced to retire, and it was he and not the Federals who partially burned the village of Princeton—a deed probably due to a mistaken sense of duty and for which he was much criticized. Gen. Cox sent 1,500 Federals under Col. R. B. Hayes to Pearisburg, and it was this force which the Confederates, under Gen. Heth, attacked and defeated on May 10, 1862. Col. Hayes, as is of course well known, was afterwards President of the United States, and it was in the engagement with his men that Chapman's Battery received its baptism of fire. The Confederate attack was most spirited, and so hurried was Col. Hayes' enforced departure that he left Mrs. Woodrum's hotel in Pearisburg without paying his bill—an omission, however, for which he was held excusable under the circumstances that morning.

Page 11: It was not Col. Lightburn who commanded the Yankees at the battle of Lewisburg May 23, 1862, but Col. George Crook, afterwards a Major-General.

Pages 11—12: No part of Chapman's Battery was stationed on Gauley near Kanawha Falls in September, 1862, but instead the Battery was encamped further down the Kanawha Valley near Charleston.

Page 15: The battle of Droop Mountain was fought on November 6, 1863, and not late in October of that year, as stated.

Page 20: The Confederate pursuit of the Federals after the

battle of Newmarket, May 15, 1864, was continued as far as Mt. Jackson, not Woodstock.

Page 41: After receiving his mortal wound at Winchester Sept. 19, 1864, Capt. Chapman was not taken all the way to Charlottesville in an ambulance, as stated, but came directly up the Valley to Staunton, accompanied, it appears, by Dr. Raymond. The gallant Lieutenant F. G. Thrasher, who was also wounded at Winchester and has an intimate knowledge of the facts, writes under date of June 20, 1903, as follows:

"I was looking at Captain Chapman when the ball struck him, and seeing him reel in his saddle I directed those standing near to take him off his horse and carry him to the rear which was done. The next I saw of him was at Mount Jackson on the retreat. I had gone up on one of the Hospital ambulances and he on the Battery ambulance. At that place I got in the ambulance with him at his request and we came together to Newmarket. I stopped in town and he in the country. In the confusion of the retreat we again got separated, and the next I saw of him was at Staunton. I had just taken my seat in the railway coach when Dr. Raymond rode up with Captain Chapman in the Battery ambulance. The Doctor put the Captain in one of the forward coaches, and in a few minutes came to me and said the Captain wanted me to go into his coach, which I did, and travelled with him to Charlottesville, where Chapman got off the train, he being too ill to go further. I told him I would gladly stay with him; but, being wounded myself, he advised me to go on to Lynchburg, as there was no knowing how far General Early would have to continue his retreat. I went to Lynchburg, and he was removed to the home of Wm. C. Rives about a mile south of Charlottesville, where he died. On my arrival at Lynchburg General A. A. Chapman came to see me to inquire about his son, the Captain. I told him that I had left him a few hours before at Charlottesville in a very dangerous condition. The General and Mrs. Chapman went on the next train to Charlottesville, arriving there a short time before their son's death."

ADDENDA.

From letters received from Lieut. Thrasher, Dr. D. C. Pharr, J. C. Mann, J. H. Upton and other survivors of Chapman's Battery it appears that a number of names should be added to the Roll as it appears on Pages 7, 8 and 9. These are:

Ballentine, C. R.

Bennett, James (from Hampshire county).

Bradley, Sylvester.

Clark, George.

Dressler, Harrison.

Ellis, Alexander.

Ellis, Henry.

Early, A. J.

Higginbotham, Wm.
 Honaker, Morgan.
 Houchins, Harvey G.
 Kirby, Edmund.
 Kirby, John.
 Lemons, James.
 Lee, John (from Roanoke county).
 Mann, Marshall.
 Mann, Allen.
 Mann, Newton.
 Martin, James.
 Miller, Isaac.
 Miller, Irvine.
 McDowell, Overton.
 Richardson, George (from Roanoke county).
 Robertson, George (from Roanoke county).
 Smith, L. H.
 Stull, George.
 Stone, Rufus.
 Walker, Wade (from Alleghany county).

There were two John Manns in the Battery—the late J. A. Mann whose death took place some two years ago at Ronceverte W. Va., and J. C. Mann, who now resides at Talcott, W. Va.

In emendation of the narrative Prof. M. W. Humphreys of the University of Virginia, who served with gallantry as a Sergeant in Bryan's Battery, has supplied brief statements touching upon several incidents of interest and importance, and the writer supplements the sketch with his letter in its entirety, as follows:

"I find no mention of a Federal Col. Janifer at Pearisburg on May 10, 1862. One of the *Confederate* brigades was commanded by Col. Walter H. Jenifer, of the 8th Va. cavalry. It was he, and not the Federals, who burned Princeton.

"2. Col. Lightburn had been, and may still have been, in command of the department; but he did not command the Federals at Lewisburg, May 23, 1862. They were commanded by George Crook, Colonel of the 36th Ohio, afterward Major-General. He was a Colonel only of Volunteers at the time, being a Captain in the 'Regular Army', and was promoted to Major for the victory.

"3. It is stated that Loring, in 1862, brought his command from Charleston as far as 'Jumping Branch.' I do not know where that is; but I do know that the head of Loring's column counter-marched on Main street in Lewisburg, Oct. 16. If I remember correctly, the 22nd Va. was at the head of the column; *but I know* the general fact.

"4. On one not acquainted with the roads approaching the White Sulphur, the account makes the impression that the 'battle of Dry Creek' (not fought on Dry Creek, but in the hollow known as New Richmond, on the road to Covington) was fought to prevent Averell from penetrating to the interior; but in fact he had been east of the mountain and was trying to escape westward. He was forced to go back across the mountain and finally escaped by coming over to Anthony's creek.

"5. A recent account, which I corrected, places the battle of Droop Mountain in December. Your account puts it 'late in October.' The battle was fought on Friday, November 6, 1863.

6. While McCausland commanded the cavalry that impeded Hunter's approach to Lynchburg, he had much more than in his own brigade (formerly Jenkin's brigade). The brigades of Jackson and Jones were with him, and Imboden reinforced him between Liberty (now Bedford City) and Lynchburg.

"7. I do not know whether it is worth relating; but on July 2, 1864, Capt. Chapman was placed in command of Bryan's Battery and one section of his own battery, and marched 32 miles to a point one mile above Winchester, and on July 3rd marched to Martinsburg, which we entered long before sunset. As we approached this place, Chapman took his own section ahead, and it was engaged in shelling Siegel out of town; at least I was so informed, and put it down in my diary that night.

"8. It is stated that on August 17 Anderson's and Kershaw's divisions, with Cutshaw's artillery, reinforced Early. Anderson, who, by the way, out-ranked Early, did come; but he brought only Kershaw's division and Cutshaw's artillery battalion.

"9. At Winchester, September 19, when Chapman's 4 guns and 2 of Bryan's changed front to repel the attack on the left, they galloped to the rear and wheeled to the *right* i. e., *their* right as they faced to the rear. Of course they were wheeling towards the Confederate *left*, and the statement that they wheeled to the left may not mislead.

"10. Col. Carter was Chief of Artillery for Early's army and was over McLaughlin, as well as Nelson, Braxton, &c. When my gun immediately on Chapman's left, got choked, it was Col. Carter who ordered me *not* to fire it, lest it should burst, and *not* to withdraw it, since that would encourage the enemy. This was at the time and place of Chapman's fatal wounding.

"11. It is stated that a team came up and attempted to bring off one of Chapman's guns. The horses of this gun had been killed, and possibly the limber destroyed. An extract from my diary will explain the mystery as to where the team mentioned came from: 'Mason Rusk once more met me and went on into the town in search of the caissons. I was still ramming the choked shell, when all the artillery that could be withdrawn passed into the town. I limbered up and followed. Rusk, it seems, found the caissons, and supposing the gun to be still waiting for ammunition, proceeded in the direction of the gun's original position with the caisson limber; but finding the gun gone, *he attempted to bring off one of Chapman's guns which had lost its limber*; and in this attempt two of the drivers, T. B. Crosier and Wm. A. King, were wounded, most of the horses killed or wounded, and the whole limber destroyed. So the gun, and another of Chapman's were lost.'

"Of course the fact that it was one of Bryan's limbers that made this effort does not in the least reflect on Chapman's Battery. Chapman's caissons, like Bryan's, had been forced to retire by the Federal cavalry sweeping around, and Rusk and myself, after all our ammunition had been expended by his gun (mine being choked), had searched in vain for the caissons for a long time, at the point where the above quotation begins.

"Rusk (Mason M. Rusk) was the Sergeant of the gun on the extreme left when Chapman's 4 and Bryan's 2 had wheeled into line on the Confederate left. I should like, some day, to publish a little paragraph on Mason Rusk. There is not one man in a thousand that would have made the attempt under that terrible

fire to rescue the gun of another battery.

'12. It is immaterial, but I am pretty sure the guns were not left at Waynesboro', but were sent to Lynchburg, when the battalion left for the Narrows of New River to winter.

"MILTON W. HUMPHREYS."

The daring endeavor of Sergeant Rusk of Bryan's Battery, to rescue Patton's gun of Chapman's Battery at Winchester, to which Prof. Humphreys alludes, was participated in by another Monroe county soldier besides those he mentions. John J. Fisher, now living on the Knobs 4 miles west of Union, was a member of Bryan's Battery and went in with Rusk, Crosier and King. He did a brave man's part in that gallant rush into the jaws of death to bring out the gun. His horses were killed, his comrades shot or captured, but Fisher escaped, going back to the Confederate lines on foot, like Sergeant Patton, and reaching them about the same time.

A. H. Hamilton and Alexander Gray were among the men who stayed by Sergeant W. T. Patton and helped him serve his gun in the last position it occupied at Winchester. Both were splendid soldiers. Gray was but little more than a boy, and it is worthy of note that he and his father, John W. Gray, who still resides near Sinks Grove, Monroe county, were members of the same company, fighting the war through side by side. In the terrific tempest of battle at Winchester, their gun then being the last maintaining its fire from the Confederate line. Alexander Gray was wounded, and Houston Hamilton carried him to the rear, leaving with Patton only A. A. Sams and F. M. Hoylman, besides the driver, Davin Vance, who stayed until his horses were killed and he himself wounded. Mr. Hamilton after the war entered the Presbyterian ministry, became a Doctor of Divinity and is now in charge of a Presbyterian church in Rockbridge Co., Va. Gray recovered from his wound and is now a prominent and honored citizen of Waxahatchie, Texas.

In the furious and successful dash across that battle-stricken field of Jas. E. Loudermilk with Ballentine's gun, he was stopped after going some distance by John C. Mann for the purpose of saving Alex. Gray. The wounded soldier-boy had gotten that far and was in imminent danger of being captured. Mann put Gray on the limber chest, bidding him hold fast, and himself leaping upon one of the team, the mad gallop was continued until the Confederate lines were reached. Mann was a driver, and it is said of him, as of many other true men in Chapman's Battery that he did his duty from the beginning to the end of the war.

Memoranda of the Campaign of 1864.

Brief memoranda of the movements, marches and battles of

Chapman's Battery in the year 1864 were made by Messrs. John G. Stevens and F. M. Holyman. These were jotted down in their respective note-books from day to day at the time, and have been kindly placed at the disposal of the writer of this sketch. While not complete records, we believe the dates they supply and a comparison of the information they furnish will be useful and interesting. They are therefore printed side by side below :

JOHN G. STEVENS' NOTES.

MAY

6 Broke camp at Second Creek, crossed Alleghany by way of White Sulphur; day's march, 24 miles.

7 To Jackson's River Depot 24 miles

8 To Cowpasture bridge, 11 miles.

9 To Goshen Depot, 22 miles.

10 To near Buffalo Gap, 21 miles.

11 To Staunton, 15 miles.

12 Stationary.

13 To Mt. Crawford, 18 miles.

14 To Harrisonburg, 7 miles

15 To Newmarket and 4 miles

beyond 22 miles. Battle of New-

market. Whipped the Yanks.

Fired 67 rounds from my gun

Fought 11 hours; had one man

killed and 3 or 4 wounded.

16 Back to Newmarket, 4 mi.

17 Near Harrisonburg, 20 mi.

18 To Staunton, 25 miles.

19 Stationary.

20 Crossed Blue Ridge, 19 mi.

21 To Charlottesville, 19 mi.

22 On railroad to Hanover

Junction, 61 miles.

23 To Hanover C. H., 14 mi.

24 Back to Hanover Junction,

14 miles.

25 On line of battle, 2½ miles.

26 Stationary.

27 Towards Richmond, 15

miles.

28 By way of Chickahominy

Swamps, 12 miles.

29 Fortified 8 miles below

Richmond on C. river.

30 Heavy skirmishing and

position moved to rear, 1½ mi.

31 Heavy skirmishing.

JUNE.

1 Skirmishing all day. At

F. M. HOLYMAN'S NOTES.

MAY.

Left our winter quarters *en route* for Jackson's River Depot, march 23 miles.

7 Resumed march, arrived at Jackson's River Depot in evening, 24 miles.

8 To Cowpasture bridge, 11 mi.

9 To Goshen Depot, 22 miles.

10 Near Buffalo Gap, 21 miles.

11 Near Staunton, 15 miles.

12 Stationary at Staunton.

13 Down Valley to Mt. Crawford,

18 miles.

14 Near Harrisonburg, 16 mi.

15 Fought at Newmarket. De-

feated the Federals badly: 1

man killed in Battery and 1 se-

verely wounded

16 Camped at Newmarket.

17 Back near Harrisonburg,

20 miles.

18 Near Staunton, 21 miles.

19 To Staunton, 4 miles.

20 East of Blue Ridge, 19 mi.

21 To Charlottesville, 19 mi.

22 On cars to Hanover Junction,

61 miles.

23 To Hanover C. H., 14 miles.

24 Back to H. Junction, 14 mi.

25 Toward Hanover C. H.

26 Stationary.

27 In direction of Richmond,

16 miles.

28 In direction of Chickahominy

River, 12 miles.

29 Fortified 8 miles below

Richmond on C. River.

30 Considerable skirmishing

all day.

31 Heavy skirmishing all day

long.

JUNE.

1 Still fighting at same place.

Stevens' Notes Continued.

- night moved 5 miles.
 2 Battle of Gaines' Farm.
 3 General attack by Grant.
 4 Battle continued. Lee holds his position, Federals repulsed.
 5 Battle continues.
 6 Battle continues.
 7 Battery moves toward Hanover Junction, 30 miles.
 8 To Beaver Dam, 18 miles.
 9 Towards Charlottesville, 35 miles.
 10 To Charlottesville, 25 mi.
 11 To Waynesboro, 28 miles.
 12 Towards Lexington, 15 mi.
 13 Crossed the Blue Ridge, 25 miles.
 14 Towards Amherst C. H., 20 miles.
 15 To Amherst C. H., 16 mi.
 16 To Lynchburg, 13 miles.
 17 West of Lynchburg, 2 mi.
 18 Battle of Lynchburg began at 9 o'clock a. m., lasted till night when Hunter retreated in the direction of Salem.
 19 Pursued Hunter, 22 miles.
 20 Pursued Hunter, 18 miles.
 21 Battle at Salem depot, resulting in defeat of the Yanks with the loss of several pieces of artillery, wagons, &c.; day's march, 22 miles.
 22 To or near Buchanan, 18 miles.
 23 Towards Lexington, 15 mi.
 24 Towards Lexington, 15 mi.
 25 Encamped near Lexington.
 26 Crossed James River.
 27 Towards Staunton, 15 mi.
 28 To Staunton, 8 miles.
 29 Toward Harrisonburg, 20 miles.
 30 Toward Newmarket, 15 miles

JULY.

- 1 Near Woodstock, 21 miles.
 2 Below Middletown, 22 mi.
 3 To Martinsburg, 31 miles;

Hoylman's Notes Continued.

- 2 Heavy lighting at Gaines' Mill.
 3 General engagement, terrible fire of artillery
 4 Battle still raging but in our favor.
 5 Still fighting.
 6 Fight continuing.
 7 Abandoned front, withdrew in direction of Hanover Junction, 30 miles.
 8 To Beaver Dam Station, 18 miles.
 9 Back toward Charlottesville, 35 miles.
 10 Arrived at Charlottesville, 25 miles.
 11 To Waynesboro, 28 miles.
 12 Towards Lexington, foot of Blue Ridge, 15 miles.
 13 Crossed Blue Ridge, 25 mi.
 14 *Enroute* for Amherst C. H., 20 miles.
 15 Near Amherst C. H., 16 mi.
 16 To Lynchburg, 13 miles.
 17 Made preparations for a fight but no fight to-day.
 18 Moved to a new position; attacked the Yankees at 4 o'clock, whipped them badly.
 19 Pursued enemy closely, front of our column fighting their rear all day, 22 miles.
 20 Still pursuing Yankees closely, 18 miles.
 21 The Federals made a faint stand at Salem but were soon routed, 22 miles.
 22 Near Buchanan, 18 mi.
 23 Towards Lexington, 15 mi.
 24 Resumed march towards Lexington, 16 miles.
 25 Crossed James River and went into camp near Lexington, 25 miles.
 26 Took up line of march in direction of Staunton, 15 miles.
 27 On beyond Staunton, 10 mi.
 28 Stationary at Staunton.
 29 From Staunton to beyond Harrisonburg, 20 miles.
 30 To beyond Newmarket, 15 miles.

JULY.

- 1 Marched to 5 miles beyond Edinburg, 21 miles.
 2 Down the Valley, 22 miles.

Stevens' Notes Continued.

had brief skirmish, capturing the town.

4 Towards Harpers Ferry, 15 miles.

5 By way of Shepherdstown, where we crossed the Potomac.

6 Moved nearer Harpers Ferry and engaged the Yankees.

7 In line of battle; Gen. Early finds the capture of Harpers Ferry impossible; retired that night.

8 Moved eastward, 12 miles.

9 To Frederick City, 8 miles. Had a fierce battle same day, very stubbornly contested, resulting in defeat of Yankees.

10 Toward Washington, 19 miles.

11 Towards Washington; skirmishing in front; firing from Arlington Heights and from gunboats at night. Early commenced retreat to Virginia, supposed to have marched 25 miles.

12-Day's march, 15 miles.

13 Marched all night, 15 mi.

14 Recrossed the Potomac, 18 miles.

15 Marched 3 miles.

16 Marched 14 miles; cavalry skirmishing, Confederates losing their wagon train and recapturing a portion of it.

17 Marched 7 miles.

18 Fight at Snicker's Ford.

19 Drove the Yankees back.

20, 21 and 22 Crossed the river (Shenandoah) marched in direction of Front Royal and to Strasburg, distance during the 3 days, 30 miles.

23 Near Strasburg in line of battle.

24 Down the Valley 15 miles to Kernstown; fought battle of Kernstown; had 2 men badly wounded.

25 Marched 10 miles.

26 Beyond Martinsburg, 15 miles.

27 Stationary.

28 Stationary.

29 Stationary.

30 Stationary.

31 Up to Darksville, 15 miles.

Hoylman's Notes Continued.

3 Passed through Winchester and still moving down the Valley, 31 miles.

4 Captured Martinsburg and commissary stores of all descriptions.

5 Marched to Shepherdstown, and crossed the Potomac at 2:30 p. m., and into Maryland, 16 mi.

6 Moved slowly down toward Harpers Ferry. Found the Yankees thick there. Sharp firing all day; heavy artillery fire.

7 Shifting position all day under fire of artillery; left Harpers Ferry at dark, marched 10 miles and cooked rations for next day.

8 Considerable excitement while we were lying in camp waiting for orders; an ordnance wagon caught fire blowing a man to pieces; Yankees alarmed us also. We move on 15 miles.

9 Marched in the direction of Baltimore; found the Yankees at Frederick City, attacked them immediately, driving them from their works with heavy loss.

10 Marched towards Washington 15 miles; one section went on picket that night.

11 *En route* for Washington, our brigade in the rear; considerable firing about the city; great excitement concerning its safety. We turned back 15 mi.

12 Marched steadily, on way out of Maryland, 15 miles.

13 Marched all day and very nearly all night; halted on banks of Potomac River, 15 mi.

14 Crossed the river back into Virginia; cavalry skirmishing in our rear, 18 miles.

15 Marched a few miles further down and halted for the day and night.

16 Marched 14 miles; Yankees attacked our trains capturing 40 wagons, but we recaptured them.

17 Marched 10 miles.

18 Stopped to give the Federals a fight, whipping them

Stevens' Notes Continued.

AUGUST.

- 1 In Camp at Darksville.
- 2 Same place.
- 3 Same place.
- 4 To Shepherdstown, 15 mi.
- 5 Crossed the Potomac and moved to Sharpsburg, 6 miles.
- 6 By way of Tillington to Williamsport, recrossing the Potomac, 15 miles.
- 7 By Martinsburg back to Darksville, 20 miles.
- 8 Stationary.
- 9 To Bunker's Hill, 4 miles.
- 10 Up the Valley, 8 miles.
- 11 Up the Valley moving in parallel line with the Yankees, skirmishing nearly all the time, 10 miles.
- 12 Up the Valley 10 miles, skirmishing sharply all day.
- 13 Manoeuvred around Strasburg, skirmishing at intervals.
- 14 To Fisher's Hill in line of battle 2 miles.
- 15 At Fisher's Hill fortifying. One section of the Battery went out beyond town on a reconnoitering expedition firing several rounds and returning without loss.
- 16 In line of battle at Fisher's Hill.
- 17 Yankees fell back, Early pursuing. Breckinridge and Gordon attacked the enemy near Winchester and drove them away, taking 350 prisoners—20 miles.
- 18 In camp at Winchester.
- 19 To Bunker's Hill, 12 miles.
- 20 In camp at Bunker's Hill.
- 21 To Smithfield; battle of Smithfield same day, 7 miles.
- 22 Yankees, fell back beyond Charles Town, we following,—battle of Charles Town—5 mi.
- 23 at Charles Town.
- 24 Moved on picket, 2 miles.
- 25 To Shepherdstown 14 mi. Had a sharp, brief battle near Shepherdstown.
- 26 Up the Valley 10 miles. Had a battle near Leetown.
- 27 By Smithfield up the Valley to Bunker's Hill, 15 miles.
- 28 In camp at Bunker's Hill

Hoyleman's Notes Continued.

quickly and driving them across the river.

- 19 Toward Front Royal, 10 mi.
 - 20 Up the Valley, 15 miles.
 - 21 Up the Valley, 15 miles.
 - 22 Reached Strasburg and went into line of battle.
 - 23 Still in line of battle. At evening got orders to cook 2 days' rations and move early in the morning.
 - 24 Started from Strasburg, went back down the valley; attacked the Yankees at Kerntown, whipping them quickly; 2 of our battery boys wounded.
 - 25 Heard cannon firing in direction of Winchester; weather terribly rainy and cold; marched down the Valley at night, 10 mi.
 - 26 Marched until 4 p. m., 15 miles.
 - 27 All quiet this morning: expect to remain in camp.
 - 28 Cooking and eating and destroying the railroad.
 - 29 Stationary.
 - 30 Stationary.
 - 31 Toward Winchester, 12 mi.
- AUGUST.
- 1 Stationary.
 - 2 Stationary.
 - 3 Stationary.
 - 4 Marched to Shepherdstown, 15 miles.
 - 5 Crossed again into Maryland at 9 o'clock and marched to Sharpsburg, 8 miles.
 - 6 From Sharpsburg to Williamsport and back into Virginia, 15 miles.
 - 7 From Williamsport to Darksville, 18 miles.
 - 8 Stationary.
 - 9 In direction of Bunker Hill, 8 miles.
 - 10 Toward Winchester, 8 mi.
 - 11 Marched slowly toward Winchester, keen skirmishing going on; marched to vicinity of Newtown, 10 miles.
 - 12 Moved slowly up the Valley, fighting all day, 10 miles.
 - 13 In vicinity of Strasburg, expecting to fight; heavy firing on our left; whipped them

Stevens' Notes Continued.

29 To Smithfield, and returned 5 miles. Battle of Smithfield same day principally with artillery, the fire of which was terrific for about two hours.

30 In camp at Bunker's Hill.

31 Same place.

SEPTEMBER.

1 In camp at Bunker's Hill.

2 Moved to near Smithfield, 7 miles.

3 Near Berryville, 9 miles.

4 Battle of Berryville.

5 Back by Winchester, 18 mi., and down the Valley 7 miles—heavy cavalry fight same day.

6 Encamped 7 miles below Winchester.

7 On picket 3 miles.

8 Same place.

9 Same place.

10 Same place.

11 Same place.

12 Same place.

13 Same place—hitched up ready to move; Yankee artillery firing all day.

14 Same place.

15 Same place.

16 Moved camp 1½ miles.

17 Same place.

18 On picket.

19 Great battle of Winchester—fought 11 hours. Early retreated with heavy loss in killed, wounded and captured. My gun expended 96 rounds of ammunition. Captain Chapman mortally wounded; 3 others of the Battery killed, 11 wounded (2 mortally), 15 captured, 34 horses killed, wounded and captured. Lost 2 of our guns and 3 caissons.

20 Retreated to Fisher's Hill, pursued 13 miles by the Yankee army; heavy skirmishing in the afternoon. Early makes a stand at Fisher's Hill.

21 At Fisher's Hill in line of battle; skirmishing nearly all day.

22 General engagement at Fisher's Hill; Early flanked and routed in confusion with loss. Retreated 22 miles.

Hoytman's Notes Continued.

nicely.

14 In line of battle at Strasburg.

15 Went out on picket duty with 2 pieces to feel enemy's strength; found them strongly fortified; retired safely.

16 In line of battle waiting for Federals to come on us.

17 Expecting a general move forward.

18 Encamped near Winchester.

19 Moved down to Bunker Hill.

20 Stationary.

21 Moved down to right of Bunker Hill on Smithfield road; heavy fighting at Charles Town, Yanks falling back.

22 Yankees falling back.

23 Stationary.

24 Reveille at 4 o'clock; moved a mile toward the river.

25 Started at 7 a. m.; met the Yankees at 10 o'clock, whipped them away fast across the river.

26 Started back up the Valley, attacked the Yankees between Leetown and Shepherdstown and drove them back to the river.

27 Up the Valley, 15 miles.

28 Laid by on Bunker Hill.

29 Moved down the Valley, met the Yankees near Smithfield, routing them after a heavy fight.

30 In camp at Bunker Hill. Inspection of Battery. News of the fall of Atlanta.

31 Stationary. Third section arrived from Lynchburg.

SEPTEMBER.

1 Stationary.

2 Reveille at daylight, went squarely off to left of the pike to near Smithfield.

3 Reveille at 5 o'clock, cooked rations and manoeuvred in direction of Berryville, and Charles Town; heavy firing at Berryville on our left.

4 In the vicinity of Berryville; skirmishing all day, principally infantry.

Stevens' Notes Continued.

- 23 Battle of Mt. Jackson.
 24 Retreated in line of battle nearly all day, fighting all the time—never wanted to see night come so bad in my life. At night we turned to the left, going towards Port Republic—day's march 18 miles.
 25 To Port Republic 15 miles.
 26 Battle near Port Republic in the afternoon.
 27 In camp at Port Republic.
 28 To Waynesboro 20 miles. Battle at Waynesboro same day.
 29 In camp at Waynesboro.
 30 Same place, ready to move; horses hitched to guns.

OCTOBER.

- 1 To Mt. Sidney, 14 miles.
 2 In camp.
 3, 4 and 5 In same place
 6 Near Harrisonburg, 12 mi.
 7 To Newmarket, 21 miles.
 8 In camp at Newmarket.
 9 Moved to check the Yankees 8 miles.
 10 In camp.
 11 Same place.
 12 To Woodstock, 15 miles.
 13 To Fisher's Hill, 14 miles. Battle near Strasburg same day, neither side retreating.
 14 At Fisher's Hill in line of battle; slight skirmishing
 15 In line of battle at Fisher's Hill in sight of the Yankee camp.
 16 In same place. Both armies confronting each other.
 17 In line of battle, same place.
 18 Same place.
 19 Battle of CedarCreek. Began to advance a great while before day, and fought from day light until dark. We drove the Yankees below Middletown when they were reinforced and drove us back in confusion, capturing nearly all of our cannon, wagons, ambulances and quite a number of our men. Several of our Battery boys were wounded, two mortally—Cape Vance and Berry Hump-

Hoylman's Notes Continued.

- 5 Still skirmishing; retired from their front towards Winchester on the Berryville road; heavy rains.
 6 In camp between Winchester and Bunker's Hill.
 7 Advanced in the evening with Echols' and Wharton's brigades to Brucetown expecting to fight, but returned to camp.
 8 In camp; very rainy day.
 9 Under orders to be ready at a minute's warning.
 10 Stationary. Terrible rains.
 11 Stationary; more rains.
 12 Still in camp; very windy and rainy.
 13 Stationary; heavy firing at Brucetown.
 14 Still stationary.
 15 Still in same camp.
 16 Moved camp $1\frac{1}{2}$ miles.
 17 Stationary.
 18 Stationary.
 19 Terrible battle in vicinity of Winchester; Confederates defeated. Chapman's Battery cut all to pieces; the Captain mortally wounded.
 20 Retreated to Fisher's Hill; skirmishing in fortifications
 21 Late in the evening the Yankees broke through our line on our left, completely routing the whole line and capturing a quantity of artillery
 22 On Rude's Hill in line of battle 28 miles further up the Valley; cavalry skirmishing.
 23 Retreated on up the Valey, the Yankees pursuing closely.
 24 Fell back in the direction of Howard's Gap, 12 miles.
 25 Arrived at Brown's Gap, 15 miles.
 26 In camp at Brown's Gap; skirmishing in the evening.
 27 In evening moved to Weyer's cave, 6 miles.
 28 Moved to another camp.
 29 Moved to Waynesboro.
 30 Moved out a short distance and returned to camp.

OCTOBER.

- 1 Marched from Waynesboro

Stevens' Notes Continued.

hveys. Retreated to near Newmarket: distance in advancing and retreating, 41 miles.

20 to 24, In camp at Newmarket.

25 Moved camp $\frac{1}{2}$ mile.

26 to 31, at same place.

NOVEMBER.

1 to 3, In same place.

4 Moved camp 3 miles.

5 In same place. I started for Monroe county on detached service, taking Captain Chapman's horse with me.

Hoylman's Notes Continued.

to Mt. Sidney, 15 miles.

2, 3, 4 and 5, in camp at Mt. Sidney.

6 Moved down the Valley 10 miles.

7 Moved down the Valley 20 miles.

8 Encamped at Newmarket. Very cold.

9 The cavalry being defeated in front we were ordered to their relief but did not get into action.

10 Still camped at Newmarket. Freezing.

11 Ordered to cook 2 days' rations.

12 From Newmarket in direction of Strasburg, 15 miles.

13 Moved to Fisher's Hill. Kershaw's Division advanced and engaged the Yankees at Cedar creek, inflicting heavy losses.

14 In line of battle. Yankee skirmishers advanced very boldly but retired in the evening.

15 In line of battle.

16 Still in line of battle.

17 Expecting to move. C. Black returned from prison.

18 Still in line of battle.

19 Great Fight at Cedar creek. Surprised the Yankees in the morning but they rallied about 2 o'clock repelling the Confederates with heavy loss.

20 Yankees driving us on up the Valley.

21 In camp at Newmarket.

22, 23, 24, 25, 26, 27, 28, 29, 30, and 31, Stationary.

NOVEMBER.

1 to 8, Stationary.

9 Ordered to cook 2 days' rations and move at daylight.

10 Marched from Zirkle's Mill up to Woodstock, 20 miles.

11 Moved on down the Valley 24 miles.

12 Expecting to fight; fell back to Fisher's Hill after dark 20 miles.

13 Marched on up the Valley 15 miles.

14 Moved 15 miles further and went into camp.



Hoylman's Notes Continued.

- 15 to 21, Stationary.
 22 Marched 14 miles down the Valley, whipped a squad of Yankees and came back to camp.
 23 In camp. Freezing cold.
 24 Stationary.
 25 Moved camp
 26 to 29, Stationary.
 30 Moved camp 12 miles up the Valley to Harrisonburg.

DECEMBER.

- 1 to 8, Stationary.
 9 Moved camp 7 miles.
 10, 11 and 12, Stationary; heavy now and very cold.
 13 Moved near to Staunton, 20 miles.
 14 Moved to Fishersville, 10 miles.
 15 Put up winter quarters.
 16 to 31, Stationary. On Christmas day drew 5 days' rations, sugar, coffee and molasses.
 So endeth the campaign of 1864.

1865.

Ordered to Western Virginia January 9, 1865. Left the guns at Waynesboro. Arrived at the Narrows January 14, 1865: distance, 210 miles.

April 9, 1865, Lee surrendered. Broke camp at Christiansburg, and now back to West Virginia once more.

The names of J. C. Wylie and Wash Burns should be added to the Roll of Chapman's Battery recorded elsewhere in these pages.

We can scarcely bid farewell to our subject with better grace than by quoting this tribute to the Confederate soldier from the pen of that dauntless old warrior, General Jubal A. Early:

"I believe that the world never produced a body of men superior in courage, patriotism and endurance to the private soldiers of the Confederate armies. I have repeatedly seen these soldiers submit with cheerfulness to privations and hardships which would appear to be almost incredible; and the wild cheers of our brave men (which were so different from the studied huzzahs of the Yankees) when their lines sent back opposing hosts of Federal troops staggering, reeling and flying, have often thrilled every fibre of my heart. I have seen with my own eyes ragged, barefooted and hungry Confederate soldiers perform deeds which if performed in days of yore by mailed warriors in glittering armor, would have inspired the harp of the minstrel and the pen of the poet."



