

William Lyne Wilson War Diaries Transcription

**1. Diary entitled "Notes of the War"**

Notes of the War

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-May 22, 1862-

Newmarket Va Thursday May 22<sup>d</sup>, That portion of Ashby's Cavalry which has been camped for the last three or four weeks at Mt Crawford – Lacey Spring's and this place[,] together with the ten companies which have just returned from accompanying Jackson on his expedition to Mc Dowell received marching orders. Every thing is excitement. Jackson's army[,] increased by a brigade from the North West[,] reached here early this morning and after marching several miles below New Market returned and started up the mountain at the Luray Gap. Ewell's Division is already on the other side. Really this looks like going down the Valley! We move too about dinner time and across the mountain[,] several companies of cavalry are on picket at or below Woodstock[,] mine among the no 1 as I have no horse to ride- my mare

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May 23-

will have to carry me now-sore-back or not. We camped at night in a beautiful meadow near Luray[,] the infantry marching out on the Front Royal Road.

May 23. Early this morning the Cavalry started on the road to Front-Royal. I accepted Capt Richardson's invitation to accompany and mess with him during my absence from my company. During the course of the day we overtook and passed Jackson's Division – Ewell still ahead[,] Our Cavalry turned off on the road to Buckton Station where there were reported to be several hundred Yankees. We surprised them[,] capturing about a dozen prisoners[,] But they formed in the woods and our cavalry had quite a severe fight with them. We were but poorly armed with long-range guns. In this skirmish Capt Sheetz whom we all

May 23-24

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regarded as next to Ashby was killed[,] Capt John Fletcher[,] a very brave and determined young officer was also killed. Our loss besides was one man killed and six or eight wounded. We captured some fine Belgian muskets here, their Flag Leut[']s baggage and everything[,] which we burnt[,] The Cavalry went on to Front Royal[,] Capt R and I staid within ten miles of Buckton Station.

May 24 By dawn we were in the saddle for Front-Royal. Found the place occupied by our troops, Jackson's Division quietly eating their breakfast. On going to the Depot found the yard filled with about 400 Yankee prisoners of 1<sup>st</sup> Md Reg. We got their field officers and

the whole regmt with the exception of about a dozen who escaped – the story of their capture is thus related: Gen Ewell's division approached the town early in the afternoon. When near enough the column was halted

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– May 24 –

and the first Md regmt ordered to the front. Our advance was commanded by Brig Geo H. Steuart of Md. The town of Front-Royal was garrisoned by the 1<sup>st</sup> Md (Federal) Reg. a section of Artillery and several squadrons of cavalry. Gen Steuart with a squad of Cavalry went in advance[,] completely surprising and capturing the infantry picket stationed within a mile of town. Our advance was almost in Front-Royal before the enemy was aware of our approach. They hastily form back of their encampment but do not stand long[,] They retreated across the bridge trying to burn it behind them, but we followed so closely they were foiled in their attempt[,] Here they make their final and determined stand. Our 1<sup>st</sup> Md is ordered to advance[,] Maryland against Maryland. the contest waxes hot. Stoutly they contest the field. At last however the Federals wavers, our Cavalry charges – but most too soon – one company (the Rappahannock Cavalry) is almost annihilated – nine of its men are killed – fifteen or eighteen wounded. the prize however is secure. The 1<sup>st</sup> MD USA is captured – so is all their artillery and some of their cavalry. Gen Ewell has marched on the Winchester road[,] Jackson's Division is following. The am't of quartermaster stores captured here including grain is prodigious – everything a person could imagine – on the other hand there are little if any commisary supplies. There are several sutler stores however and Capt R has our respects to them. We got as many

– May 24 – 1862

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oysters – spiced and pickled – sardines[,] oranges[,] lemons and all sorts of confectionary as we could eat all day long[,] they are bringing in fresh prisoners. The no[,] must be rapidly increasing – the 2<sup>d</sup> Cav charged into Newtown this morning[,] taking about 200 prisoners and some very valuable wagons. Our Regm't which late in the morning was ordered to Middletown there encountered a reg't of Yankee Cavalry[,] capturing nearly the whole of it[,] horses[,] equipments and every thing complete. Our army strikes the turnpike at Middletown just as Banks rear guard had passed through. Gen Jackson presses them closely nearly to Winchester when the men rest on their arms. I now left Capt R determined to press on towards Winchester. Slept in the woods near Middletown.

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– May 25 1862 –

Sunday May 25. At sunrise started for Winchester. So soon as I struck the turnpike I began to see evidences of the enemy's retreat. Nine dead horses in field near Middletown all branded US showed the shot of the spot of the previous days skirmish. In nearly every fence-corner for several miles were wagons of the heavy army style. apparently driven

there in the greatest confusion the horses cut loose and the wagons abandoned. They were mostly filled with sutler stores – some with ammunition and clothing – Here then again was a profusion of everything to tempt the palate – luxuries which the poor Confederate soldier had not thought of since the war began – and all put up in the most approved New-York styles. The Cannonading is becoming lively in the direction of Winchester so[,] leaving all the good things for others[,] I hastened on in that direction. I was now in a quandary[.]

May 25 1862

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I had loaned out both pistol and sabre to members of the company on picket– In vain I tried to get a gun. Fortunately I met an acquaintance who had captured an officer[']s sword on the previous day and this he loaned me. Hurrying on toward Winchester I saw on either side of the road the charred remains of wagons burnt by the enemy the evening previous[.] Some of these wagons had contained bacon – others salt etc. I reached Winchester soon after the rout began. Halting but a few moments to view the large lot of prisoner[s] collected in the C. H yard I hurried on to join in the pursuit. Bull Run could have been but little worse – Scattered along the road were knapsacks[,] canteens and articles of clothing of every description – and this continued throughout the chase. Constantly you met troopers marching back with prisoners, some with two or three[,] sometimes with dozens[.]

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May 25 1862

many negroes were also taken while attempting to escape with the Yankees. occasionally we would come upon the remains smoking of wagons[,] many of them laden with salt. At Bucklestown diverging to the right I took a Yankee with my sword in the old ruins of a church. His name was Jno Stephenson Co K 46 Pa. From him I got an excellent minie Musket and a box full of cartridges. We followed the Yankees as far as Martinsburg with our small force of Cavalry and Artillery. Here they halted for an hour or two and we were too weak to attack them, as all the infantry had halted and gone into camp near Winchester to rest. Gen Banks could not trust himself in Martinsburg long so he soon takes up the line of march for Williamsport nor halted until every man was safe on the Maryland shire. What a remarkable set of legs these men must have[;] eighteen miles the day before and thirty four and a half to day – besides a fight and a rout! Truly long-winded people is that part of the Yankee nation comprising Bank's Division Army of Shenandoah. Our cavalry camped for the night near Martinsburg and I started towards home but hearing that Charlestown was still occupied by Yankees staid all night at Bunker Hill –

– May 26-27 – 1862 –

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Monday May 26. Gen Jackson issued a congratulatory address to his troops allowing them to rest to day. There are now several thousand Yankee prisoners in Winchester[.] Finding it

again impossible to get home I turned toward Martinsburg[.] I found the place occupied by Gen – no longer Col – Ashby – We captured considerable stores here also and the cavalry are bringing in prisoners, and several droves of cattle from the direction of Williamsport. In the evening I started home so soon as I got to Jefferson everybody wanted me to go home with them and by yielding too much to their requests I became so belated as to fail of reaching Charles town.

May 27. Reached home early this morning and to my great joy found all well[.]

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–May 27-28 – 1862 –

Everybody is overjoyed to see us. Remained at home all day. The town is occupied by about 100 cavalry under Maj Green – There is still a considerable force of Yankees at Harper’s Ferry – Our company arrived in the evening – It reports the Yankees who were cut off at Strasburg several hundred in no retreated on N. W. grade. Immense amount of stores were captured there and wagons without number. Slept in the country

May 28. Early in the morning reports of cannon over heard in the direction of Harper’s Ferry, gradually approaching. Our small force of cavalry was drawn up but after throwing out skirmishers and finding that their force included infantry in abundance and also artillery it was concluded best to retire[,] which we did slowly and in good order, After having several skirmishes with their cavalry and driving them back every time. We are over-

– May 28-29, 1862 –

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joyed by the timely arrival of Gen Winder with the 1<sup>st</sup> or “Stone wall” brigade and Mc Glauchlin[']s Battery. Our pieces could not get into position however or our skirmishers be thrown out before the Yankees took up their march at quick-step for Harper’s Ferry. We managed however to capture eight or nine of their cavalry among the number a Captain. Our forces pursued them several miles below Charlestown but they had the start and it was no use to follow. During their brief stay in Charlestown they exhibited their vandalism by burning the Market House a spacious and valuable building. The Infantry and Artillery encamped below Charlestown and I slept at home in security. The Yankee force at Harper’s Ferry is said to be receiving additions.

May 29. Early in the morning the army

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– May 29, 1862 –

marching through Charlestown towards Harper’s Ferry all nearly all day the tramp of feet or the rumbling of artillery and wagons is heard in the streets. We are soon ordered to fall in but did not receive marching orders until near noon, when we too proceeded in the

direction of Harper's Ferry. We were drawn up in time for several hours near Halltown when we were ordered with another company to report at the Brick-Mill ford. Arrived there we found our task to be the transporting of the 2 Va Reg across the river behind us, as they were going over to occupy the Loudon heights. This was rather hard work on our horses but we got through with it in an hour or two better than we had expected[.] We now proceeded back to the Turnpike and were marched back to Charlestown. After getting our suppers there we went to a farmer[']s about a mile distant – where there was plenty of corn – and camped for the night.

– May 30-31 1862 –

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May 30<sup>th</sup> 1862. Gen Jackson's Army still camped near Harper's Ferry – Gen Ashby with his cavalry ordered to Winchester as we supposed to go into camp and organize. What was our surprise on reaching Winchester to learn that the Yankees had driven our forces (the 12 Ga, a battery, and squadron of cavalry) out of Front Royal that morning[.] taking some 100 or 150 prisoners! This looked like trying to cut Jackson off.

May 31, 1862. Gen Ashby with about 500 Cavalry and Chew's battery took a scout on Front Royal road. Found that the enemy were making no demonstrations of an advance on Winchester, skirmished with them in about two miles of Front Royal, capturing seven prisoners and eliciting from them the information that the place was occupied by Shield's Division just returned from Fredericksburg. Jackson retreating up Valley in earnest now.

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– June 1 1862 –

I verily believe Ewell's Division marched from near Harper's Ferry to Strasburg with scarcely a halt. Jackson's Division is close on its heels. The men are beginning to straggle however and some of them – not a few- will thus be cut off.

June 1. Morning opened with heavy cannonading to the right of Strasburg. between Ewell and Fremont who is coming in from the N. W. with an army variously estimated at from 20000 to 30000. The Cannonading continues very heavily for several hours[.] both sides avoiding an engagement. By this time all of Jackson's Baggage trains had safely passed Strasburg and his own Division having arrived[.] Ewell[']s forces are recalled and the retreat begins in good earnest up the Valley Turnpike. Jackson has an immense baggage. and artillery train with him. We camped for the night about 8 south of Strasburg[.] The poor infantry are very tired. The enemy charged into the 6 Reg Cav near Strasburg to night doing little damage but creating

– June 2-3 – 1862

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a great panic. My mare is fast becoming too lame to travel. A rainy night.

June 2<sup>d</sup>. Retreat continued – enemy pressing closely. Somehow or other the Yankees are so afraid of Jackson that even when they have them “on the run” they are afraid to follow too closely[.] He is an admirable retreator – because such a deliberate one. Tis on these retreats that he sometimes inflicts the heaviest blows on the enemy – and they know it and take warning by it. My mare has at last become so lame that I shall have to leave her to the tender mercies of the Yankees. I leave her with a farmer two miles NW of Mt Jackson[,] an excellent place if the enemy don’t take her. Camped near Mt Jackson –

June 3. Retreated only so far as New Market to day[,] burning the bridge at Mt Jackson behind us. Rainy night. Shield’s Division is said to be in motion in Page Valley – but if they catch Jackson it will be when he is napping –

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– June 4-5-6 1862 –

June 4, 1862. We had a quiet day in camp, though a very rainy one – as the enemy are detained by the high waters at Mt Jackson. In the evening we were ordered to draw and prepare two days rations – what it means no body knows –

June 5, 1862 Continued our retreat as far as Harrisonburg – the enemy following on and Shield’s marching behind the mountain. We succeeded in burning the bridge at Conrad’s store – after the Yankees had been there to see whether it was safe or not. This will be a great “stumbling block” in Gen Shield’s way and caused Gen Carroll to swear most roundly.

June 6, 1862. Army turned off on the Port Republic road and such a road! How our wagons are to get over it I scarcely know. Gen Ashby[,] to whom had been assigned the most difficult task of covering the retreat[,] had a severe skirmish with the enemy in the evening about two miles S.E. of Harrisonburg and in sight of our baggage train stuck in the mud!

June 6 – Gen Ashby –

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He first engaged their cavalry, and without the loss of a man or horse, routed them, capturing their col – commanding brigade – a major – four or five captains and some forty or fifty privates and subalterns. His success was complete. He received the hearty congratulations of Gen Ewell, who was an eye-witness , and oh! if he had only been satisfied with this degree of success! but no, he is fired to other achievements – He conceives the idea of driving back their advance guard of infantry also. He asks for two regiments to accomplish this purpose – his request is granted – Holding one in reserve he leads the other to the charge – At the first fire his horse is shot from under him. He leads them on foot. The fight is severe – but finally the enemy waver and run like sheep – the battle

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June 6, Gen Ashby

is won – the shout of victory fills the air – But where is the form of the General for whose brow awaits fresher laurels? There is a breathless silence! A lifeless corpse with a beautiful placid smile of triumph is lifted from the ground – Tis the mortal remains of Turner Ashby! In the excitement of the moment – regardless – as he always was – of his own safety, he had advanced too far in front of his regiment. There exposed to the fire of both friend and foe he is struck by a minie ball and instantly killed. Thus he died as he had wished – should it be his fate to fall in this war – “on the field of battle,” leading on to victory. We camped for the night near Cross Keys. There is a gloom throughout the whole camp and an awful stillness “that can be almost heard.” All night long the Chieftain of the Valley Armies – the silent[,] indomitable Jackson – paces the floor of his

Gen Ashby –

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chamber in meditation and in sorrow. Few men like Turner Ashby have graced the annals of any people – Ages will roll away and another Turner Ashby will not be. At the time of his death he was, apparently, about thirty-five years of age – ~~He was~~ By no means what the world would call a handsome man; yet in any assembly he would have attracted attention as not <sup>more than</sup> an ordinary person. His hair[,] habitually worn short, was very thick extending far own over his forehead. His beard, which he never trimmed, his heavy eyebrows and lashes – all raven black left but little of his face uncovered ~~with hair~~. His eyes had a quiet dreamy look except when lit up by momentary excitement on the field or in animated conversation. In height he did not exceed five feet eight or ten inches, his limbs were

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– Gen: Ashby –

small but wiry and active. As a horseman he could not be surpassed and surely there never was a more indefatigable rider. ~~He was~~ Fond of five horses[,] ~~and~~ he kept none others. In dress he was plain – very plain – For about two weeks before his death he wore a confederate uniform – One thing to be ~~marked~~ noted about him was the patience and seeming pleasure with which he bore all the hardships of a soldiers life. He, seldom, during active operations, had his headquarters in a house. He Much preferred ~~selecting~~ some secluded spot, just off from the encampment, where often in the open air, sometimes under a rude shelter of boughs and twigs and straw he braved the inclemencies of the weather and spent those moments he was not engaged in the field. Here in his ~~homely~~ rustic headquarters, whether as Lieutenant Colonel, Colonel or Brigadier General he was always accessible

– Gen Ashby –

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to any and every member of his command and the humblest never could complain of the treatment he received there. He was proud of his men. Certainly men never gazed with fonder pride on a leader than his soldiers did on Gen Ashby. “Whatever of reputations I

have gained in this war” said he “is due solely to the good behaviour of my men[.]” But his men well knew and felt that whatever of fame attached to the “Ashby Cavalry” was the result of the courage and skillful handling of their modest leader.

Gen Ashby was at no time a drill-master or a disciplinarian. He never drilled his men when he had only a regiment. He had no roll-calls and reveille’s and retreats or camp guards or guard-houses. ~~And as to “guards at head-quarters” such a thing was never heard~~

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– Gen Ashby –

of. The discipline of the men he left entirely to their captains, and as a matter of course it was lenient. The men went out of camp almost at pleasure and travelled about the country in every direction, ~~but somehow~~ yet strange to say when a company was called ~~out~~ upon[,] it turned out as many men as under the strict and merciless discipline of later officers. He always marched “by twos” and had no such thing as a rear guard; consequently about meal time there was considerable straggling. His men were volunteers – many of them men of social position and wealth at home, and he knew that they could better be ruled by their own sense of honor and their fervent attachment for their leader than by any rod of iron which he could wield. Under any other leader such a perfect absence of discipline

– Gen Ashby –

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would have been subversive of all efficiency. Under General Ashby it was not only ~~was devoid~~ free of any such damaging effect, but, strange as it may seem, often culminated in goo results and added to the terror which the name of “Ashby’s Cavalry” had inspired with the enemy. His command was almost exclusively comprised of men whose homes were in the Valley counties of Virginia – the very stage of all his operations – the theatre of his exploits, the field of his fame. Nothing was more natural then that the men should linger around their homes or seek them even after the federal lines had closed around them. They always went armed sometimes in squads of three or four, while their thorough acquaintance with the country and the friendly warning of the inhabitants were sure proofs against their capture. In this way they would occasionally pick up

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– Gen Ashby –

a prisoner or two and bring them into camp. Many a straggling Yankee, whom had been lured away from camp by visions of warm breakfasts or feather beds has had his meal cut short or his dreams suddenly interrupted by the sudden appearance of some of the dreaded horsemen bringing a pressing invitation to accompany them ~~home~~ to camp. It is true this was stragglers capturing stragglers – but the effect was twofold: it originated in the minds of the enemy that fearful idea of “ubiquity” which they attributed to General Ashby and his cavalry and it made them keep closer in camp and prey less upon the country.



One of the noblest traits of character of this great man was the regard he always had for the lives and comforts of his men. As far as self was concerned, all idea of danger

– Gen Ashby –

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seemed ever absent from his mind. He could brave any death in any shape; he could undergo hunger and fatigue and privation; but it was too much to expose his men to them. Throughout the whole course of his career as a military leader he never lost more than two or three men killed (under him) and few men fought more or more successfully. Three times did he cover the retreat of Jackson's Army up the valley turnpike; after the evacuation of Winchester when Shields pursued as far as Woodstock – After the battle of Kernstown when Bank's whole Army followed as far as Harrisonburg, and lastly when Fremont and Shields laid their famous trap for old Stonewall. With his cavalry and little battery – to which he and his whole command were so much attached – he would blockade their way

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Gen Ashby

and delay the progress of their whole armies for half-days at a time. His system of tactics was simple and effective. Getting his battery in position and drawing his cavalry up as a support, he would quietly await the approach of the enemy's advance. As soon as they came within shelling distance he would open on them with great spirit and oftentimes great effect. Before they enemy could recover from their confusion and get their pieces into position he would withdraw his artillery and its support, order them to a new position and remain, with only a few friends or pickets, to watch the movements of the enemy and this he would repeat wherever the country permitted.

I have said Gen Ashby was an indefatigable horseman – I might also have applied the term to him as a man. He was scarcely ever content to send

Gen Ashby

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scouts or reconnaissances when near the enemy; he generally went himself. I well remember about the 1<sup>st</sup> of April 1862 when Gen Banks army had halted in its advance at Edenburg Shenandoah Co: Va. that we camped only about four miles apart, divided by Stoney Creek which empties into the Shenandoah at that place. There we lay in camp for twelve or fifteen days[,] the enemy seeming indisposed to advance. The picketing was of course heavy, but required not more than half the Cavalry at a time; The infantry regiments and sections of artillery who came to support us were relieved every three days. But day after day, in sunshine, rain, and through a very heavy storm of snow and sleet – from early morning till late in the evening – Col Ashby was on the field watching the enemy and

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Gen Ashby –

giving them the compliment of a shell or two whenever an opportunity offered. Other men tired even under half the labor. He was ever tireless and ever vigilant.

Although the country was filled with his name and the the fame of his exploits, and even Northern papers contributed – and not sparingly – their meed of praise, although he had risen with all the difficulties that gathered around his path and proved himself more than equal for every emergency, he was a modest diffident man – diffident of his own abilities. His fame had risen almost like a meteor, his name was on every lips – his passage through ~~every~~ a town was almost a triumphal procession – and the troops had begun to cheer him whenever he appeared. His captain's ~~shoulder straps~~ Bars with which he entered the army had given way to the ~~star~~ wreath of the Brigadiers.

– Gen Ashby –

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and all this instead of ministering to his ~~arrogance~~ pride or feeding his self-esteem, rather sobered and mellowed his naturally ~~wild~~ untamed character. ~~He reflected that~~ He had received no military education, ~~that~~ he knew nothing of the minutiae or even the common practices of military life – and this made him so diffident and distrustful of his own abilities – ~~and so~~ that he was always ready to receive suggestions from any one no matter how humble ~~his station~~ the source – As a captain he was a wild, fearless, dashing fellow – As colonel ~~he was~~ or General he was quiet, thoughtful and; except when occasion demanded, a prudent – cautious commander – All in all the Fauquier farmer was a truly remarkable character. Few men received more general praise – few men were less understood. The papers were

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Gen Ashby

~~fraught~~ replete with anecdotes concerning him and tales of his exploits; few of them ever had any foundation in ~~truth~~ fact. Especially was he misunderstood by Northern papers, ~~who lavished compliments upon him and often professed to give his deeds of daring as they had seen them~~ ~~per~~ and Northern chronicles of the war who sometimes filled whole columns with descriptions of his personal appearance and anecdotes of his personal daring[,] some of which they professed to have witnessed, sometimes these anecdotes would be distorted accounts of ~~an events which really did happen~~ actual occurrences – at others – and generally- they were the wondrous tales of the country people – the fruits of some one's futile imagination[.] They generally presented him to their readers, as riding a trained horse ~~who was~~ perfectly obedient to his master's voice, who could run with the speed

of the wind, leap any obstacle, swim any river or climb any mountain. This “swarthy-visaged” rider had been trained to all deeds of daring horsemanship from earliest youth. He was represented as performing all manner of daring feats right under their noses, in their faces – of watching them at all points with catlike wakefulness, pouncing upon them when least expected, of challenging their officers to single combat – In glowing terms they spoke of his generosity and kindness of heart ~~—of as displayed in his treatment of prisoners and~~[.] In fine the picture they drew of him, was a beautifully ~~wild~~ fancy sketch, partaking far more of the ideal than the real[,] of the fabulous than the human – True they saw him nearly every day – sometimes so closely that they might distinguish every feature of his ~~countenance~~ face. They had seen him in every

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– Gen Ashby –

conceivable position of peril, yet the never could ~~mark~~ detect any change in that quiet thoughtful countenance, they never could discover even when death seemed inevitable any ~~change~~ alteration in his features ~~and~~ or any excitement in his motions which betrayed a consciousness of his personal peril. He had been a famous mark for their artillerists, their sharpshooters had ~~always failed in their attempts on his life~~ tried their skill in vain on him and at least – and naturally – they began to consider his, a “Charmed life,” and to view him with awe not unmingled with admiration. Time and again had their papers recorded his death, repeatedly had their “reliable men” sworn to have seen him fall from his horse – more than once had Yankee Doodledom been thrown into raptures over the capture of his horse or his cap or his sword – but the succeeding day would bring to view the same

– Gen. Ashby –

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dauntless rider, with the same magnificent charger, the same Cap and sword, that had been ~~quietly~~ haunting their vision by day and their visions by night in every advance[,] in every retreat.

The character of Turner Ashby was equally misunderstood by the Southern people. He had first attracted their attention by his reckless daring and personal ~~feats~~ achievements on Kelly’s Island where he went beyond his real character in avenging the death of his equally courageous brother Captain Richard Ashby. Some of his achievements along the border were lighted up by exhibitions of heroism and personal recklessness, ~~that laid~~ and these laid the foundations of his fame in the hearts and minds of the people. They looked upon him as a wild[,] daring[,] impetuous[,] and almost reckless leader, dashing hither and thither,

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– Gen Ashby –

striking here and there, killing so many in one place, wounding so many in another, capturing so many elsewhere. True this their first impression was gradually giving way and they were beginning to have a higher conception of his character, realising that besides the flashy and insubstantial there was also the solid and material – yet even at the period of his death the public idea of his character and services sadly diverged from the true one. His own soldiers knew him – at least such of them as formed their estimate of character by their own observation rather than by hearsay – but the people just outside of camp, who saw him every day would beguile you with wondrous tales of his exploits and the old grandfathers would

Gen Ashby

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~~make~~ seek out all the ~~stories~~ tales stored away in their memories since their own youthful days – tales of the miraculous performances of ancient heroes and demigods – and repeat them with various emendations to their grand-children and visitors, making them all circle around the name of Ashby.

From the traits of character we have hitherto attributed to him it will be seen how erroneous were all ~~these~~ estimates of ~~his character~~ both friend and foe. His innate modesty ~~always~~ ever led him to avoid rather than seek public applause, and if at any time either in sight of the enemy or elsewhere he acted a conspicuous part – twas due wholly to his conception of his duties as a military chieftain or to that perfect carelessness of personal danger which made him now to turn his

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– Gen Ashby –

back upon an enemy. A stranger might have accompanied him for days and even weeks, without perceiving anything else but a silent, courteous Virginia gentleman, the idolized head of a well mounted, well dressed, careless jovial and undisciplined set of troopers, when all at once the genius of a great leader would flash forth, and the hero be placed before his eyes – yet all this would be so sudden – if I may so express myself – so quiet even in its ~~aeme~~ outburst that he would look back on it rather as a dream than an actual occurrence. Gen Ashby was plain in his diet – a very temperate man, indeed a man so temperate in his views and language could not have been else in his habits also – He never spoke of his exploits

or anything he had done in this war, and his countenance betrayed his inward misery and confusion when the voice of flattery attempted to ~~beguile him~~ please him by reference to them. He had mounted his charger and drawn his sword at the earliest dawn of hostilities and for near fourteen months that he was in the service of his country and throughout that whole period, he was absent from his post only for about ten days when prostrated by a severe spell of sickness. Do the annals of the Confederate States present such another example of devotion to duty and perseverance and the conscientious performance of it? There was not an officer or a soldier in the service of the confederacy who served with more hearty good will and more earnestness in her cause

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Gen Ashby

than General Ashby. He was no fanatic; yet he believed himself engaged in the holiest of causes fighting for liberty – and in that cause he held himself a ready sacrifice – if need be – Polite and generous to a conquered foe he always fought with hearty good will and terrible earnestness.

Such – in uncouth and disjointed language – were some of the characteristics of the great cavalry chieftain of the Valley of Virginia – He was a type of manhood such as is rarely met with – and whose characters it is always refreshing to contemplate bent down – to mortal eyes – at the very period when he had attained a position where he might reap a rich harvest of glory – with an increased command, and the un-

Gen Ashby –

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bounded affection and confidence of the army and of his General. yet the universal outburst of sorrow throughout the whole country testified how deeply he had won upon the affections of the masses and that his fame was not of the temporary and ~~mortal~~ perishable character which pertains to mere position alone. Lamented General – rather let me address ~~thee~~ you by the old familiar name of “Colonel” – in the University graveyard of thy beloved state wast thy cold form laid by sorrowing friends and that company ~~then brought into~~ as whose captain thou entered service; there neath the shadows of the lofty pines in the silent companionship of the youthful literatus, and the giant professor – of the great and the good, thou shalt rest in peace. Stranger hands may erect thy monument, and deck thy grave

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–Gen Ashby –

with flower of choicest culling – Year after year will the youthful student at the mighty school of science visit thy grave and there in silent communings ~~drink in~~ with his own heart learn lessons of patriotism and manhood. But greener – far greener than any the turf above thee – will be thy remembrance in the hearts of the people. When “grim-visaged war shall

smooth his wrinkled front" and once more we hail the "meek piping times of peace" ~~When~~  
Then the old soldier shall gather at eve the family circle around the blaring fireside and  
fight over again his battles his voice will grow tremulous and the fountains of tears "long  
dried up" be ~~again~~ reopened when he speaks of the deeds of him who fell a glorious  
chieftain on the fields of Rockin[g]ham. Around thy name the future poet ~~shall~~ will weave  
his richest gems ~~and~~

Gen Ashby -

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and the romancer invest thee with all thy ~~qualities~~ elements of Heroism. Nor shalt thou  
pass unnoticed when the impartial historian makes up his chronicles of the present age.  
There on his pages thy deeds shall live, and there in the hearts of his readers thou shalt live  
not as Turner Ashby the military leader or the General - but as Turner Ashby the Man - the  
honor of his native Virginia - and his beloved confederacy - ~~but~~ yea more than all and  
above all as, Turner Ashby ~~the~~ an ornament of Humanity.

June 7. This is probably the most quiet day we have had since our retreat began. Scouts  
sent out report no signs of Yankee advance, and the troops remain resting in their camps.  
How our wagon trains ever got over the road between here and Harrisonburg

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is more than I can imagine, yet they are all up; and this warm summer sun will soon dry off  
the roads. Indeed this road seems to be the only one that Jackson could creep out by - as it  
was impossible for him to continue his retreat up the turnpike owing to the impassibility of  
crossing the river at Mt. Crawford.

June 8<sup>th</sup> 1862. A pretty Sabbath morning. - About eight o'clock its quiet was disturbed by  
the repeated and lively cannonading in our rear at Port Republic bridges!

**2. Several leafs of note paper detailing Marches and a journal from 20 Dec 1862 to 28 May 1863.**

Marches

Tuesday 20<sup>th</sup>1. Harrisonburg to Brocks Gap 15<sup>ms</sup>

Wednes 22 Brocks G to 6 m N of Mathier's 20<sup>ms</sup>

Thurs. 23. thence over mountain to Moorefield 25<sup>ms</sup>

~~Thurs~~ Friday 24. Moorefield to Petersburg<sup>14ms</sup>. thence to Moorefield 25<sup>ms</sup>

Fri Satday 25-26. Moorefield to W.port then to Bunland – then across Alleghany (all night) by Fort Pendleton into Maryland – Oakland – burnt bridge – 64 prisoners.....

.....  
.....  
.....

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1862

Dec. 20 Taken prisoner in a skirmish near Harper's Ferry Va by Capt Vernon's Co. Cole's Md Cav: Carried into H. F. before Col Howard military Governor and then before Col Wm L. Sc[h]ley 5 Md Provost Marshall. Dr Goldsborough Ass. Surg 5. Md. took me in charge dressing my face which had been considerably bruised by my horse falling on me. Heard that Capt Baylor had been captured the same morning near Charlestown, did not see him however. Dined with Dr G. and about sunset was committed to the guard house a miserable filthy place where I spend the night as comfortably as possible.

Dec 21. Remained in the guard house until midday when I was taken out and Capt B and I escorted to the Provost Marshals' office to be sent around, as \_\_\_\_ informed us for exchange, Capt

[15]

Boyd 4<sup>th</sup> Md took us in charge and we started for Balto in the train about 1 P.M. My valise and blanket were left behind here – When we reached Baltimore, which was about seven o'clock we were lodged for the night in the Middle District Station House, where accommodations were filthy in the extreme. These Balto police were the meanest men in their department, and the most ~~inhuman~~ insulting in their treatment we yet met. About 9

P.M. we were visited by May: Constable military Provost Marshal of Balto. who informed Capt B. that he would not be exchanged or paroled but tried under charge of having killed a man under a Flag of Truce. Me he promised to send south in a few days –  
Dec 22. Remained in the Station house locked up without fire or other comfort

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under the frowning attentions of these miserable policemen, until about three o'clock when two Federal Lts – one a Lt Galt appeared with a carryal and escorted Capt B and myself to Fort McHenry. On arriving at the Provost Marshall's office, Capt Baylor was again informed that he was under charges and our names were sent up to the Officer of the guard. Soon he sent for us both and we were marched into the interior of the fort where the Officer, Capt Diffendorf Co B 6 N.Y. Heavy Artillery, ordered us both into close confinement, and upon my demanding why I was thus treated replied "For Killing a man under a Flag of Truce." But" I replied "if you will examine your orders Capt you will find

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there are no charges against me" "I have nothing to say to you sir[.] Sergt take him to his cell" and without further opportunity for remonstrance I was marched off and confined in a dungeon about ten feet by four with a little window nailed over with a board in which were several augur holes to allow light to enter. In this cheerless place with no fire to warm by and no blanket to cover with, I thus found myself thrust by a mistake on the part of some one, I knew not who, under a loathsome charge knowing not when they might choose to find out or correct their mistake[.] Well I soon set to work to make myself as comfortable as possible, and as far as the cold would permit me

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spent a comfortable night. I would lay down in one corner of the cell and over my head with my overcoat cape and thus secure a few minutes sleep when I would wake up so benumbed that I would have to walk up and down the cell for half an hour to warm up again, and thus I spent my first ~~the~~ night in the Felon's cell –

Dec 23. Still confined in my comely compartment. About nine o'clock it became sufficiently light to read. My meals were handed to me through the grating. Other prisoners were allowed to come out into the guard room but I being looked upon as a culprit of the deepest dye was not allowed this privilege. Stated my case at guard mounting to the

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new officer of the Guard Capt and Col 6 NY H A. who promised to see the General – Morris – and inquire into my case. A fellow prisoner Haworth of the 1<sup>st</sup> Md Federal Regmt gave me the materials and I wrote a letter to Jno A Conkling telling him of my situation and asking



him to bring me a blanket. The day wore slowly away; indeed if the weather were not so favorable I should freeze in this comfortless place. The Yankee soldiers on guard peep at me thro the iron door and "Murderer" "Pirate" "Privateer" "When will he be hung" and like pleasant observations meet my ear. I am assured I shall have a trial before long and then my innocence can be established. Pretty comfort! To be incarcerated in this foul dungeon under

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a criminal charge and then assured that one day or other before many locals I will have my trial. Every moment spent here is a violation of the Cartel and an outrage of my personal rights. I spent the night in the same way as before.

Dec 24. Christmas Eve: What a gloomy prospect for a happy Christmas. Allowed to come out to Breakfast this morning. At guard-mounting asked the officer of the old guard Capt Co J 6 N.Y H.A. if he had spoken to Gen Morris as he had promised in reference to my case.

"Well my time was never so occupied as it was yesterday and the General – I never [saw] him in such a naughty humor before – that you see I really thought it best not to say any-

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thing to him concerning it" and so it goes. I could not get an opportunity to communicate with the new officer of the guard so I concluded to address Gen Morris Commandant of the Fort in reference to ~~th~~ my imprisonment. I accordingly detailed the circumstances of my incarceration and demanded to be treated as a prisoner of war. When the officer of the day came around I gave the letter to the officer of the guard who promised to read and deliver it. In a few minutes he returned and asked on what charge I had been incarcerated. After telling him, "My" replied he ["]There is no charge against you on my book[." "]I'm well aware of that sir[.]" replied [I,]

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["]and there is where the mistake lies." Oh he rejoined there may possibly be some charges against you on Capt Barbour's book, the provost Marshall – "Why he was the very man who told me there were no charges against me except that I was a rebel soldier." Oh well no doubt you will have justice." "But sir that justice may be too long coming" "Well" he promised, "you have stated yr case in this letter and I will hand it to the General." After a few more remarks he retired and I paced my cell with a lighter heart. I forgot to mention that to-day a fellow prisoner is brought in and thrust into my cell, because he refused

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to work. and such a disagreeable partner makes me crave that solitude before enjoyed. He was a most filthy, lousy dog more offensive in smell than ~~the unwashed~~ negro.

About 3 P.M. the corporal of the guard comes to the cell door and calls. "Wilson." "Wilson" – "here" I quickly and joyously responded for I felt that my liberation was at hand. On entering reaching the light I was at once turned over to the custody of Capt. Barbour Prov. Mar. who informed me my incarceration had been due to the verdancy of Capt Diffendorf Co B 10 NY And to the officer of the guard who ordered me into the cell. On emerging into the fort grounds I was immediately encountered by three ladies who greeted me with the utmost cordiality

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inquiring whether I stood in need of any clothing and informing me they had left some articles at the barracks as also some luxuries for a Christmas dinner. After further conversation in which they expressed the warmest sympathy for the confederate cause and their readiness to contribute to the comfort of Confederate soldiers I left them and was conducted to the barracks generally assigned political prisoners where I was placed in a comfortable room where I had two agreeable companions – SH Magee 1 Tex. wounded at Antietam – and JF Alexander C 6 Miss – also captured there. This evening I was paroled and now have the liberty of the fort grounds which I can readily appreciate after close confinement. Viewed Dress Parade this evening.

25

Dec 25. Day opened with a firing of small arms in the city which continued until night – Grand parade at fort to day troops inspected by Maj. Gen. Schenck the new commander of Department. visited by Jno Conkling and Uncle to day who brought me some nice Christmas luxuries. The good things brought by the ladies – mince pies – fruit cake, pound cake – almonds raisins – oysters – turkey – Ham – sausage – figs etc – are amply sufficient to last a week – The names of these ladies are Ms Col Polk, Mrs Richardson – Miss –.

De 26. Day passed without note except the visit of some agreeable ladies – Miss SeEVERS, Miss Sanders, Miss Moore – Miss Edgerton and several others whose names I do not recall – we get the daily

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papers and are under no restraint except that we are confined to the limits of the Fort grounds – The Fort is garrisoned by the 6 N.Y. Heavy Artillery – 14 Company and a company [of] Regulars – These troops do duty as infantry and have regular dress parades. Saturday 27. We had the kind attentions of the ladies again to day – Indeed their devotion to Southern rights and hatred of Federal oppression would put to shame the loyalty of many residents of the Confederate States. This evening a Sergt Fulford of NC. who was wounded at Williamsburg and has been residing for the last half mo in Balto was put in our

room – Later mess by five more prisoners wounded and captured at South Mountain and Antietam are brought to the fort, and placed in the stable – the usual barracks of

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prisoners of war –

Sunday 28. Quick day. Soldier buried this evening.

Monday 29 – Today Jno Conkling and uncle visited me again – also a Mr Pollins nephew of Com JI. Mrs Baylor came on today to see her husband but he had been sent on to Fort Delaware. brought me news from home – My valise containing my clothes and my blanket were bought out to me from Balto to day by Jno C. where they had been forwarded rom H. Ferry. We were crowded with lady visitors this evening – About five were notified to get ready to leave – and at six we got on board Adelaide and started for Fort Monroe –. Our hearts are lighter – for though the fir ladies of Balto have alleviated our imprisonment by every possible attention we long once more to put our feet on [ground] of the Confederacy.

–

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Dec 30. Arrived at Fort Monroe about eight o clock. Soon transferred to tug boat which carried us out to the Metamora laying in Hampton Roads – where we found Capt H W Gilmore of 12 V.C. and some twenty Confederate prisoners. We were sadly disappointed in not being sent on immediately. ~~Things are~~ Appearances are very discouraging here – The officers o the boat are abolitionists of the purest water, and a negro is just a degree above a Yankee here. Our fare is very rough – contrasting with the “good things” we enjoyed at Fort McHenry –

Dec 31-Jan 1-2-3 – Coiled up at the wharf this evening (3<sup>d</sup>) and will start up for City Pt Tomorrow. We have had a tedious stay here – out in a steamboat – with only an occasional paper – harsh treatment [and] sour looks – To day Capt Gilmore

29

and Lt Mann were taken back to the Fort as the Yankees are going to hold them in retaliation to Pres Davis’ proclamation. There has been considerable stir in the naval circles here – the Passaic – an ironclad monitor left today in tow of a tug boat. The British Consul at Richmond came aboard to day – We are all cheerful at the prospect of liberation

Jan 4. About 9 we steamed up and started for City Point – Passing Newport Navy I saw the wrecks of the Congress and Cumberland and the Galena severely disabled – a very grateful sight. Reached City Pt about 7 ½ P M and cast anchor for the night – passed Jamestown and Harrison landing on way up –

Jan 5. Landed this morning and proceeded to Petersburg where we were put in parole camp –

Jan 6. Started off this evening for Richmond we having been immediately exchanged spent night at

30

Soldier Home

Jan 7-8. Staid in Richmond.

Jan 9 – Started for Camp – staid all night in Staunton.

Jan 10. Reached New Market about 1 P M where found Regmt in camp –

Jan 14. Col Harmon with 12 Reg and 17 Bath started on scout within enemy lines – camped at near Milford on Front Royal and Luray Road –

Jan 15 – Camped on River 10 or 15 ms below Royal –

Jan 16. Started at 3 AM. crossed river near Berry's Ferry – Proceeded as far as Berryville and Winchester turn pike – Returned and camped on FR and Winchester turnpike –

Jan 17. Went to Newtown and thence back to 4 mile Tavern where we camped

Jan 18. Moved back to Camp

Jan 30 Moved Camp to \_\_\_\_

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Febr 28. Camp alarmed. Galloped from Mt. Jackson to Narrow Passage where we went into camp for the night.

Mar 1. Drawn up in line until about mid day when we went into camp. Near Woodstock.

Mar 18. Broke up camp and started over to assist Gen Stuart at Culpeper[.] immediately ordered back into camp

Mar 19. Brigade packed up and staired up Turnpike. 12<sup>th</sup>, 6<sup>th</sup>, 7<sup>th</sup> and Chew's Battery ordered to Front Royal. Camped or night at foot of mountain near New Market.

Mar 20 Unable to move on account of snow

Mar 21. March resumed camp about 6 ms N Luray.

Mar 22. Camp near Front Royal.

Apr 7. Company on picket Morgan's Ford.

Apr 10. Skirmish across river.

Apr 11. March comm'd. Camp 6 S Luray.

Apr 12. Came to N.M. Camp.

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[most of the writing here is pencil, and faded beyond discernibility, save for 1 entry in ink]

Apr 15. Moved six miles S N. Market. weather very inclement

33

May 5<sup>th</sup>. \_\_\_\_\_ across French Creek for Buckhannon turnpike, command flanked 15 coming on \_\_\_\_\_ turnpike about 5 ms above B. This is \_\_\_\_\_ country along here the are have passed through in the past few days. \_\_\_\_\_ however are \_\_\_\_\_ much cut up. Reached camp in sight of W.ton and found it in a stir. Gen Jones after very foolishly coming this far with his small force, seemed panicked this evening and wanted to commence a precipitate \_\_\_\_\_ because his picket was attacked. ~~this~~. Corn meal is here issued in addition to beef. Weston quite a pretty looking place, county seat of Lewis county. no wheat \_\_\_\_\_ here, coal -

34

May 6<sup>th</sup>. started out on Parkersburg grade with our whole command. Imboden's movements point in the direction of Bull run. Our Reg, 11<sup>th</sup> and 3\_ Battalion take up march for West Union, Doddridge Co, 30 ms distant, reached there about an hour b\_\_\_\_, captured the pickets, but found the infantry force stationed there, about 1400 so strongly posted that in consideration of our weaken'd forces and the utter exhaustion of men and horses, Col Harman prudently declined attacking. Morning his command however so ast. artillery \_\_\_\_\_ attention he sent a squadron of 11<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ who burnt \_\_\_\_\_ con-

35

tinually accomplishing the object of the expedition. Started back on road to Harrisville where we camped - for about 4 hours - this was a very disagreeable day and disagreeable night and our company was in picket, - Rainy and cold. Jones' stock lower than ever this morning.

May 7<sup>th</sup>. March begun before day. after a few hours halt, proceeded on road to Harrisville - which we reached about noon - passing just too soon to catch some militia who had been called out to dispute our progress. It is the county seat of Ritchie Co. Here we captured one or two home guards - the reconnoider dispensing - as also a party of ten or twelve infantry mounted on horses borrowed in the \_\_\_\_\_ and sent up for \_\_\_\_\_ a station on the RR

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### Morgantown

this was the meanest town hol we have yet been in. the residence of \_\_\_\_\_ - beautiful town, on Monongahela river - remained there several hours when we struck out towards Independence, on RR Fairmont 18 ms in nearest pt to R.R. Morgantown about 10 PM went into \_\_\_\_\_ 10ms for Morgantown.

Tues, 28. Started at 2A.M. marched about 21 ms and came unexpectedly on Gen Jones camp no picket out. started back towards Morgantown which the whole Command reached about

noon, crossed the \_\_\_\_\_ bridge and ground until about dark then started out on Fa\_\_\_\_\_ road, marched all night with about 2 hours rest -

Weday, 29. \_\_\_\_\_

### 3. 1863 Pocket diary.

Inside cover: William Lyne Wilson

Co B. 12 Va Cav

Jones Brigade

- C. S. Army -

January

1.

No prospects of leaving yet. A sojourn on this boat would be insupportable did I not find some agreeable companions in my fellow prisoners. Otis D Smith Co F 6 Ala and C. A. Ryder Co K 3 Ala. L Luth Ducat 7 La. J. H. Franklin 17 Miss - the three former still suffering from wounds rec'd at Antietam

2.

Another prisoner brought on board to day and robbed by the provost marshall of nearly all his clothing. Hudgins 18<sup>th</sup> va - a real jovial fellow whiles away our tedious hours by his patriotic songs. The machinery of the boat is being repaired - which looks something like moving.

3.

Today Capt Gilmore and Lt Mann were much to our grief - conducted back to the Fortress to be held in retaliation for Pres Davis proclamation. Coaled up this evening and start tomorrow! British consul on board. We are jubilant in the extreme. The Passaic - Monitor moved off today -

4.

Sunday.

up about 9P.M and got under weigh. At Newport News saw the wrecks of the Congress and Cumberland, and the Galena severely disabled. The new ironclad - Ironsides - is on duty here. Passed Jamestown and Harrison's Landing and reached City Pt about 7 ½ PM and cast

anchor for the night. Did not see even a row boat on the James. Heard of the sinking of the Monitor

5.

Monday – Landed in Dixie once more this morning, much to our joy. Proceeded to Petersburg by rail and were guarded to Mobil farm where the parole camp is. We are here in a miserably filthy place guarded more strictly than by the Yankees – by a lousy ignorant Reg of N.C Conscripts. A war here would end my existence. We get rations but have no way to cook them.

6.

Tuesday, Fortune favors us. We are exchanged immediately and start for Richmond this afternoon – Capt Carman Comdg paroled camp is a more important personage then Gen Lee. Escorted to Richmond under guard and much against our wishes lodged in soldiers home – which is anything else but what its name signifies – got a tolerably good supper for \$2. Slept in the Suter room which does not look so lousy. Notified to be ready to start by 5 AM.

7.

Wednesday Did not answer to my name but soon after the roll was called slipped out and hired a hack to take me to uncle R's. Found them all well and surprised to see me. Had to keep close for fear of being arrested by the guards who are posted on ever corner. Ventured out with my two cousins to escort me to see my relatives

8.

Thursday – Too late for the cars this morning – sorry for it as I want to get to camp – visited the Chimborazo Hospital and the new ironclad being constructed here. Richmond is now scourged with the Small Pox and bears a deserted look. I will try to be in time tomorrow. Negroes are selling for \$3000 and hiring for \$300. Turkeys \$8 a piece

9.

Friday Reached the Soldiers Home in time this morning – got my transportation and took the central train for Staunton. Heard on the train that our brigade was camped at New Market. Met my fellow prisoners Sowers and Gregg on their way home. Reached Staunton about sundown and put up at the Va Hotel.

10.

Saturday. Left Staunton in the stage at about 2 A.M. in company with Messr Sowers and Gregg -. Pretty cold travelling but the prospect of meeting friends warmed me up. Reached New Market about one P.M. and immediately started for regmt which I found camp 1 ½ ms E of New Market.

11.

Sunday. "Richard is himself again." The sound of the bugle at "reveille" and the order to fall in to roll call awakes me from pleasant dreams and rather forcibly remind me that I am "home again" - at least as much home as I expect to be so long as this miserable war lasts -

12.

Monday. - The brigade has just returned from a forced march to Moorefield Hardy Co which Gen Jones surprised but failed to capture. This fruitless expedition creates gives rise to a good deal of criticism upon the General's efficiency and fighting propensities

13.

Tuesday A scout to Jefferson seems to be on the \_\_\_\_\_. I have not mounted myself yet, but have secured a charger for this trip when I hope to see home and assure my friends of my safety and health. The Yankees charged into Woodstock a few days since capturing our pickets -

14.

Wednesday Col Harman with 12 Reg and 17 Battalion started on scout in enemys lines. Crossed to mountain to Luray and thence marched down towards Front Royal. Heard that the Yankees were in F.R. Went in to camp near Milford where we drew hard crackers and bacon.

15.

Thursday Resumed March towards Front Royal, which we found had been visited two days before by a regiment of Yankees. Marched down towards Berry's Ferry and camped on river several miles below Howellsville.



16.

Friday In the saddle at 3 A.M. Raining hard and pitch dark – Groped our way along the river which we crossed just above Berry's Ferry. Passed on down through Millwood striking Berryville and Winchester turnpike – Finding no Yankees returned and camped on Front Royal turnpike about 10 ms \_\_\_\_\_

17.

Saturday Bitter cold this morning – Struck across for Newtown. Here we rested awhile, sending a company up to Winchester to draw the Yankees out This expedient – failing the march was resumed up valley turnpike. Camp near Four mile tavern.

18.

Sunday – Returned to camp today, at New Market. What was the object of this expedition I do not know but it seems to me to have failed in accomplishing anything with an ample field for exploits before it.

19.

Monday Gen Jones command now consists of the 6<sup>th</sup> 7<sup>th</sup> and 12<sup>th</sup> regiments and the 17<sup>th</sup>, Whites and Brown's Md battalions Cavalry – the Md infantry battalion. Chew's Battery and the Balto light Artillery all with the exception of the 6<sup>th</sup> Regmts camped in this vicinity.

20.

Tuesday Had the pleasure to receive a letter from home this evening bringing the satisfactory assurance that all were well. They have not only received the letter I wrote from this place immediately on my return but also those I wrote from Harper's Ferry and Fort Mc Henry –

21.

Wednesday The individual who selected this camp certainly made no calculations as to how we were to get away from here in bad weather. It is a dangerous undertaking to lead a horse to water down these steep hills

22.

Thursday Several of the boys returned from Jefferson this evening bringing a Yankee cavalry man and two horses, equipments, etc. captured near Kerneysville in that county, Three of them attacked a picket post killing one Yankee and capturing the other –

23.

Friday We cant stay in this camp much longer – aside from growing scarcity of forage, with which we have all along been bountifully and regularly supplied, we have nearly exhausted the supply of lumber in this woods. Some parts of the camp are cleaned out

24.

Saturday The regiment was paid off to day, for November and December. I rec'd \$96 – four months being due me. I shall have to be economical to make up for my losses in horse flesh etc exceeding in all \$800 in the last three mos –

25.

Sunday Purchased a horse this morning for which I am to pay \$300. Payid \$100 cash down and the rest at my leisure. There is no predicament so disagreeable to a trooper – at least so far as my experience goes – as to be dismounted –

26.

Monday “Hurrah cries the school boy It snows; it snows”  
But the soldier cannot join in his merry song, at least when domiciled in such quarters as fall to the lot of those who battle in the cause of our blessed Confederacy[.] The dearer the price the more highly we prize other liberties.

27.

Tuesday “Snow or no snow the camp must be moved” but the increasing storm induces the Col to countermand his orders, and we draw closely around our warm stores and pity the soldier whose lot it is to picket to night

28.

Wednesday On camp guard to day. There is no duty connected with a soldier's life so distasteful to me as serving on camp or interior guard. Here at least m sense of manhood deserts me and I feel a humiliating sense of servility. The hours drag heavily along –

29.

Thursday Snow again today. The weather gods seem determined to throw every obstacle in their power in our way to prevent our moving from this camp. When we leave here we turn our faces north and God grant we may soon extend our lines to the Potomac.

30.

Friday This morning despite the snow and cold we moved our camp to a woods on Mill creek one mile west of Mt Jackson. Here we have an abundance of Limber and water, shoveled the snow away and pitched our tents.

31.

Saturday. Much to our surprise and slightly to our discomfiture Co B was ordered on picket this morning. We did not relish the idea of leaving our camp just fixe up so comfortably and start out in this deep snow for the outposts and picket duty. On arriving at Woodstock found prospects not so bad. The picketing is by no means heavy and we have comfortable sleeping arrangements and horse-feed. I was fortunate enough to get on the middle road post. The Yankees dashed up here several weeks ago capturing some of our pickets and stole some horses in Woodstock –

February.

1.

Sunday. Getting along first rate here – better than if we were in camp. Our rations are sent down to use but we get our meals out at the neighbours houses at our own expense. We have comfortable sleeping quarters

2.

Monday. Four hours duty out of twenty four is not very onerous. Fortune smily favored us on this occasion. The boys at the other posts have more difficulty in getting forage and have to subsist themselves on the rations sent from camp –

3.

Tuesday. To day we were relieved by company C, and \_\_\_\_\_ our way back to camp in squads of threes and fours – the weather is bitter cold and travelling is very disagreeable –

4.

Wednesday Very unwell this morning – from what cause I do not know – Medicine of every Kind is very scarce in the Confederate States, but our army is as healthy as any army can be and we lose as few men from disease. Excused from duty by the Surgeon and Castor oil prescribed

5.

Thursday The camp is filled with wise faces, and countenances really contorted under the weight of some great scent. You see Knowing looks passed and suppressed voices murmur "5 days rations hard crackers." Blacksmiths worked all night last night - Pickets on all roads to prevent \_\_\_\_\_ coming into camp -

6

Friday The knowing ones say Gen \_\_\_\_\_ with his force is on the back road. Hampton's legion is in the Luray valley - O Mr Milroy yer had better be skedaddling - Mr Jones is a terrible man and ye mout get hurt - Still unwell.

7.

Saturday The excitement seems to have subsided a little. Gen Imboden has been returned "non est inventus" and if Gen Hampton is in the Masinutten valley he has come over to recruit his horses not to co-operate with our little army - Better today -

8.

Sunday Our regiment and the 6<sup>th</sup> move down this morning to protect the wagon train hauling iron from Columbia Furnace. We camp near two miles below Woodstock and picket at Fisher's Hill - The road from Edinburg to the furnace is so bad that the wagon haul two loads \_\_\_\_\_ turnpike to make one load.

9.

Monda This morning the twelfth and sixth camped on opposite sides of the road had a very spirited snow-ball fight which lasted some time, several men had their eyes blacked. The Yankees are in Strasburg this evening.

10.

Tuesday start down towards Strasburg to pay our devoirs to Mr Yank. Mr Y smells a rat and "cuts dirt: for Winchester. Started back to camp about 12 m and upon arriving there heard the painful news of the death o R\_\_\_\_ Davis Hewitt of Md a beloved member of our company -

11.

Wednesday. went up to New Market this morning on business. Heard the confirmation of poor Hewitts death. He and five other members of our company, left us when we were relieved from picket at Woodstock went down to Bukken Hill and captured two stages on the turnpike, containing several Yankee officers, mail etc. At Millwood they were overtaken and killed.

12.

Thursday. The boys who were with H returned to camp to-da. They numbered six – Hewitt was Killed, one was captured and another rec'd a sabre cut in the face. The horses and Yankees were all recaptured. The weather is now milder and the wind awful.

13.

Friday To day the company passed resolutions of respect to the memory of Hewitt. No better soldier or more unselfish patriot has shed his blood in this war. Quiet and unassuming in his deportment, his services in the "Stonewall brigade" and this company stamped him as a soldier "sans fer et sans reproche"

14.

Saturday No news stirring in camp to day – Busied myself in writing to Bro J and Crissie M. The war has very much interfered with our postal facilities. Indeed we are in our infancy in every respect, and it will require much time after the war to set us in statu quo ante bellum"

15.

Sunday From being camped in front we are now in the rear of the brigade. Gen Jones Headquarters are near Edenburg and the brigade is camped near there. I am glad we are gradually making our way down the valley.

22.

Sunday This is the worst 22<sup>d</sup> of February in my recollection. A cold driving snow all day long, now covering the ground to the depth of 12 to 14 inches. – Our old "Sibley" is a "friend in need" to us to day and we hover closely around the camp stove, and bless its inventor.

23.

Monday One year ago yesterday President Davis was inaugurated President of the Confederate States under the permanent Constitution. It was a happy thought to select Washington's birthday as the birthday of a nation and government we honestly believe to be the beau ideal of what he fought to establish

26.

Thursday. Last night a portion of the Md battl'n on picket went down to Winchester capturing the Yankee pickets and bringing them out to Fisher's hill. They had hardly arrived there when the Yankee Cavalry 500 strong overtook them and chased them nearly to Woodstock in a vain effort to recapture their men. A Col Fimster with 17<sup>th</sup> batln supported by 11<sup>th</sup> regmt went down to attack the Yankees and at last reports had captured 50 –

27.

The fight yesterday was a complete success – TheYankees evidently were not aware of our being camped so near Woodstock. Gen Jones overtook them with 17<sup>th</sup> Batn and 7 reg at Maurertown and pursued them to Newtown – capturing over two hundred with horses equipments etc and killing and wounding about 20 all with a loss of only two men. The prisoners were marched into Mt Jackson this evening – There are 100-115 officers

28.

Saturday The general quiet of camp was broken this evening by the cry “Saddle up “Saddle up” “Yankees are coming” We hustled out in double quick and formed in line. Col Harman was very much afraid our regmt would not get into the fight and galloped us from Mt Jackson to Narrow passage where we went into camp for the night. what a difference between the tactics of an Ashby and of those who now manage affairs in the valley Departm't. Then we camped in hearing of the enemies' guns with our trains, and moved them off in sight of our retreating column. Now we can scarcely venture nearer than fifty miles ~~with~~ to camp and then when a squad of Yankees appear upon outposts the wagons are packed up and started up towards Staunton.

March

1.

Sunday – Drawn up in line until about Midday when the alarm was found to be causeless. Our regmt moved down Valley Turnpike and went into camp about one mile from Woodstock. This is a very nice place for camping – The only objection being the distance to water.

2.

Monday – No news in camp – We busied ourselves to day in fixing up our camp and hewing out troughs for our horses – we have good grounds here and are to have two drills a day, one in the morning on horse and one in the afternoon on foot.

3.

Tuesday – Another alarm. Moounting in hot haste we proceeded to Fisher’s Hill from which we saw several Regmts Yankee infantry just this side of Strasburg. We stood and looked at each other until about 12 PM when the Yankees started back to Winchester and several hours later we returned to camp

4.

Wednesday Just two years ago to-day old Abe was inaugurated. Few Statesmen penetrated the future far enough to appreciate the mighty storm which was to convulse this ~~whole~~ continent. The sky is still black, the elements lashed into furry; not one word of comfort or promise comes to our repeated and agonizing cries of “Watchman tell us of the night.”

5.

Thursday. Spent the day in answering some of my letters. We are having very good weather now and getting a plenty of horse-feed. Woodstock holds its own better than any town on the Valley turnpike. It is now the asylum of refugees and ex enipts

6.

Friday – Reperused Scott’s “Lay of the last Minstrel” to day. It was almost new to me as I have not perused it since my College-days – This war has weakened my memory very perceptibly –

7.

Saturday Read the “Lady of the Lake” through for the first time. I think it decidedly the best of Scotts poetical production. There may be finer passages in “Marmion” and “Lay of last Minstrel” but neither of them sustains its interest so well throughout –

8.

Sunday – Gen Lee says if we can hold our own til’ its spring at every point he thinks our independence is won. I hope he may prove as sagacious and practical in his predictions as he has been successful and skillful in his generalship –

9.

Monday General Jones is determined to keep informed of events transpiring between Winchester and the Potomac, as he has scouts always in Jefferson, Clarke and Berkeley. Several of company B have been detailed as such by his orders.

16.

Monday. We will have to move camp soon as we have exhausted the forage in this part of the country. With our present force we can not drive the enemy out of the Valley and between here and Winchester we can subsist for no length of time. As the spring advances we ought to advance

17.

Tuesday Everything quiet to day and not a breath of news stirring. In the evening the tedium of camp was relieved by a horse-race which raised some little excitement for a while. Gen Jones promises us enough to do when the weather becomes quiet – He certainly has lain very quiet this winter

18.

Wednesday Broke up camp this morning our destination being Culpepper to assist Gen Stuart at Kelly's Ford. Took up the line of March but had not proceeded far before the order was countermanded and we returned to camp. –

19.

Thursday The whole command begins a retrograde movement this morning necessitated by the scarcity of forage. The 6<sup>th</sup>, 7<sup>th</sup> and 12<sup>th</sup> Regmts and Chew's Battery ordered to the vicinity of Front Royal. Gen Jones with the rest of the command retires to Lacey Springs. We camp near New Market –

20.

Friday Six inches snow on the ground this morning and still snowing. We have to defer our march for a better day and stick close to our tents – Several of our scouts came in to night minus their horses and saddles –

21.

Saturday Notwithstanding snow we resume our march this morning crossing the mountain and going 6 ms N of Luray where we camped. I was fortunate enough to get a letter from home to day. Staid all night in the country.



22.

Sunday – Reached our destined camp about 1 ½ ms S of Front Royal early this afternoon. I our expectations as to horsefeed are realized I think we can have a very good camp here, Timber is plenty and water convenient. – We are camped nearer the Yankees now than at anytime since they occupied Winchester.

23.

Monday – The river is too high for fording now, so we can rest quiet from apprehension of attacks or surprises. One ~~good~~ thing I like about this camp is the unsuitable nature of the ground for drilling, a very necessary accomplishment – but to me very boring –

24.

Tuesday – Col Harman ordered our squadron to stay close in camp as he has some work for us in a few days. We are in an elegant position to annoy the Yankees both in flank and rear.

25.

Wednesday We are now nearer home than we have been since New Year, it being but one days ride from here to Charlestown. Five or six of the boys temporarily dismounted or with horses unfit for service were permitted to start to Jefferson this morning to procure horses – They generally walk down –

26.

Thursday Lt Rouss with eight of the company ordered on a scout into Jefferson this morning to find out where a blow might be struck with safety and success – The river is still high and fording is out of the question –

April.

2.

Spent the morning with the “Good Natured Man”. Goldsmith always was one of my special favorites, possibly because I hung with such delight over the record of his life and character and misfortunes by the greatest of American writers Washington Irving –

4.

Saturday Several cases of Small Pox broke out in Co - A - in the last day or two - The patients were immediately sent out of camp and no apprehensions are \_\_\_\_\_ of the inoculation of the Regiment. All of us were vaccinated in January. The origin of these cases is a matter of mystery.

7.

Tuesday Ordered down this morning to relieve company I on picket at Morgan's Ford. Roads much cut up - we are in pretty good quarters here and have horse feed in abundance which is always the great consideration with a Cavalryman. The picket duty is not heavy - only two posts - but the river is now falling and we must watch for the Yanks

8.

Wednesday Rec'd a long letter from home this morning - I fear communication will be much more difficult here after as the Yankees speak of stationing a guard in Charlestown to prtet their wagon trains between Harper's Ferry and Berryville - When will relief come for these downtrodden people?

9.

Thursday Lt Rouss, Bush Washington and Lock brought in five horses, saddles etc captured from the Yankee pickets at Berryville. They walked down there attacked the pickets in the night capturing two and these horses. They let the prisoners go but brought out the horses-

10.

Friday A squad of Yankee cavalry and a company of infantry on a marauding expedition - appeared on the river this evening driving in our pickets - Some little firing occurred between the Y and our sharpshooters, and they infantry was run back in confusion in an attempted advance on the ford - we are very vigilant on duty tonight.

11.

Saturday. Early this morning we returned to camp just in time to join our regiment and take up the march for the other valley. The news from Charlestown of the repulse of the enemy's gunboats and monitor by Beaugard makes us jubilant. Camped for the night 6m N of Luray -

12.

Sunday Passed through Luray just as the church-bells were pealing forth their invitations to worship – “Time and tide wait for no man” and war is no respecter of customs however ancient or venerated. Camped in woods 1 m W of New Market –

13.

Monday The event of to day was the paying off of the company for services in January and February. The pay was so long coming that many of the men were almost moneyless. Horses sell readily now for six and seven hundred dollars –

14.

Tents and extra baggage sent to the rear – Report says active operations ahead but in what field nobody seems to know. Western Va, Eastern Virginia – Divide the surmises of the knowing ones – All agree that we will leave our old field of operations – the Valley of Virginia –

15.

Weather very inclement; saddled up in a cold driving rain and marched out to watch for Stoneman as Lee telegraphed Jones he must be camped else he might be cut off. About midday we marched up to Tenth Legion and camped. Staid all night at a house

16.

Thursday Most of company staid out last night on account of the miserable weather. This morning the sun shone out and we hope for beater weather. The grass is springing up very rapidly and not too soon as our horses are beginning to suffer for feed –

17.

Friday Camp unmoved. We still have plenty of rumours and every body thinks something stirring is before us. Sack bags were issued to the whole command to day this means something. The men also had an opportunity of drawing clothing to day. –

18.

Saturday Saddled up this morning and marched up to Harrisonburg where we went into camp about 1 mile N of town. The weather is remarkably fine now. The whole command is camped between here and Lacey Springs at present.

19.

Sunday – A beautiful bright da. Should nothing interfere now we will take up the line of march next Tuesday morning for somewhere. The sound of the singing anvil is heard all day long and an unusually large supplies of horse shoes and nails are here –

20.

Monday The only thing of note occurring to day was an attempted review of the Regmt by Col Harman which was interfered with by a heavy rain which continued for several hours with scarcely a moments intermission – Rec'd a letter from Richmond –

21.

Tuesday – Opening of the Spring Campaign – Gen Jones whole command with exception of picket force and company Q ordered to Rendezvous at Koot's Store, Brocks Gap. Our Reg't camped about one mile east of Gap – Many speculations as to our destination –

22.

Wednesday March resumed, 12 Reg. in front, across mountain in direction of Moorefield camped in Lost River Valley several miles above Mathias'. Rained nearly the whole night. Country abounding in sugar camps – Our commands consists of 6<sup>th</sup>, 7<sup>th</sup>, 11<sup>th</sup>, 12<sup>th</sup> Reg. White's, Brown's (Md) and Witches's Bats, 2500 strong and two Batteries and Maryland battalion Infantry.

23.

Returned to Mathias' and crossed Mountain towards Moorefield passing by Howard Lick Springs, Raining nearly whole day, and roads are terribly cut up. Camp on Petersburg grade two miles from Moorefield. M is a pretty country town, and this valley unusually well improved and fertile. River rising rapidly

24.

Friday Weather still unsettled and rainy. Five days rations hard crackers issued. River too high to cross here. Leaving Artillery and Infantry we proceeded to Petersburg where we crossed South Branch. River very high and swift and fording difficult and dangerous. one man out of 6<sup>th</sup> and several horses drowned. Marched down o N side river and camped four miles from M. Plenty of oats hay and corn to night. Weather clear –

25.

Saturday Marched as far as "Old fields" where we waited until 3 PM. Line of march then taken up. Passing thro' Williamsport and over mountains and thro' mountain gorges we came upon 50 Yankees in a church at Greenland. 7<sup>th</sup>, White's and Brown's battalions lost in storming church about 30 men killed and wounded. Capture Yankees and began ascent of Alleghanias marched all night long over the mountains and at daylight found ourselves in Preston Co. whence we crossed North Branch Potomac at Fort Pendleton into Md –

26.

Sunday Slept brigade separated, Gen Jones going to Rowlesburg and Col Harman with 12<sup>th</sup> and Brown's battalion taking the road to Oakland. Alleghany Co Md. Into this town we charged around 11 o'clock capturing 64 Yankees stationed there, and scaring the people out of their wits. Had we dropped from the clouds they could not have been more perfectly astounded. Burning the RR bridge here and running a train into the river we proceeded on our march. Passing Cranberry Summit the 1<sup>st</sup> squadron of 12<sup>th</sup> charged and after a bushwhacking fight captured 8 Yankees and one citizen bushwhacker. Paroled all these prisoners. Marched on thro' Preston county – a strongly union – reaching Cheat river bridge where we camped for the night. We had been in our saddles for 30 hours –

27.

Monday. To day the Md battalion is in front – marched to King wood, county seat of Preston and thence 22 ms to Morgantown and Monongalia co. Captured no Yankees – Morgantown is a pretty businesslike place on Monongalia river 5 ms from Pa line. The people of these counties are a unit in their allegiance to Pierpont. Senator Willey left M. several hours previous to our arrival. Pressed all the horses on our route for past few days. Fed our horses in Morgantown and in the evening marched towards Independence, camped 10 ms from M. Maryland boys shot two bushwhackers who fired on our pickets.

28.

Tuesday – Started at two A.M. and marched about 3 ms when we run into Jones camp no pickets out. He had failed to burn Cheat river tressling but had captured 75 Yankees at Independence. Whole command started back to Morgantown which we reached about noon much to the disgust of the Yankee population there who were court martialing a fellow citizen for alleged intercourse with us yesterday. Crossed the suspension bridge and grazed the horses of whole command until dark. Then took up the line of march for Fairmont on B and O RR 18 ms distant travelling to greater part of the night. The Monongahela at M is navigable or low draft steamboats at high water.

29.

Wednesday Nearer Fairmont at daylight. Heard the force there estimated at from 400 to 700 infantry. Passing thro' Riversville and Barracksville, struck off to the right. The enemy skirmishers occupy the hill in front of town in close order, heavy numbers. About 9 AM began attack enemy fled precipitately before our sharpshooters. Our regmt and sharpshooters charged them thro' town and we held left bank of river. The rest of the brigade surrounded them on right and after an hours resistance they surrendered. 350. 10th NY and militia - infantry and artillery from Grafton were sent back howling. [written vertically over entry] At Fairmont we were cheered considerably as we charged into town. The more respectable citizens evidently sympathized with us. Gen Jones paroled the prisoners. Here we blew up a most important bridge over the Monongahela which will cripple the RR considerably. About sundown left town on Clarksburg road. Marched until about ten o'clock and camped for the night. Marion Co is tolerably loyal.

30.

Marched on thro' Worthington and Shinnston to within 5 ms of Clarksburg when we turned off on road to Bridgeport. As we were crossing the river a company of Yankee cavalry charged our rear guard, capturing several of Co G and killing one man. Proceeded to Bridgeport, capturing 50 Yankees, mostly cavalry. Here we had one man killed. Burned several bridges of NW RR. Struck Phillippi grade 4 ms from Clarksburg and marched about 6 ms. [written diagonally across writing] Harrison county by no means union. At Shinnston we were bushwhacked but the Bridgeport neighbourhood seems loyal.

May.

1.

Friday Continued our march towards Philippi. Our Regmt again brings up the rear - to day we are collecting all the fat cattle we can find. When we got within 1 ½ of Philippi Gen Jones concluded to send cattle led horses broken down men and horses on to the valley with 6<sup>th</sup> regmt with the rest of the brigade - not one half - and much dissatisfied he goes to operate near Parkersburg! Our co only numbers 13 to night We march 9 ms on Buckhannon road and camp. Horse-feed but no rations [written diagonally across the entry] three water crackers and veal issued to night.

2.

Saturday – Reached Buckhannon Upshur Co and found that Imboden had just left going on to Weston. Here Gen Jones again changes his mind. With his small command he will go on to Weston and rest a day or two. Col H is ordered to overtake the forces going to the Valley and bring back the 6 reg and all men except a few to drive the horses on to the valley. Ten of us accompany Col H. over Cheat Mountain towards Beverley 30 ms distant. rode nearly [written vertically over script] all night. rested within two ms of B.

3.

Sunday Got a first rate breakfast at the hotel in Beverly. B has suffered a great deal by the war. Imboden surprised the Yankees here but ~~they~~ they did not know it and they escaped burning their stores. Maj Knott conducts broken down horses back to the valley in herds. With remainder of command Col H camped for night near Huttonsville. This town was burnt down last fall by the Yankees because its inhabitants were loyal to the south. Tygart river runs through this valley – A conscript officer is at work in Randolph Co. 20 yrs old today!

4.

Monday Struck across Cheat mountain by a foot path. Of all paths I ever travelled this was the worst. All day long we were climbing hills wading streams plunging thro' mud holes. Few or no houses on route and the people who exist [his underline] in them look as wild as the mountain "varmints" their only companions – Camped for the night on Buchanan river near Barnes Mills. Meat only to night – This is the first open country we have seen to day. Corn bread and Maple sugar are all you can find Upshur Co is very rotten.

5.

Tuesday Crossed French reek to Buckhannon turnpike and thence to Weston turnpike three ms above Buckhannon. This is the best country we have seen for several days. Roads however much cup up. Reached camp near Weston and found it in a stir – owing to an attack on our outposts. Imboden is camped here. Weston is a pretty place and its better inhabitants are loyal. Lewis Co has some good people in it. No wheat is raised here but we get corn bread and fare very well. Fuel is inexhaustible in Western Va. In nearly every Co the hills are full of coal.

6.

Wednesday. Whole command in motion. Imboden takes Bulltown road. We the Parkersburg, 12<sup>th</sup> 11<sup>th</sup> and 4<sup>th</sup> battalion strike off for West Union Doddridge Co, 29 ms. Captured pickets and drew out the Yankees while a portion of command slipped around and burnt the bridges of the N.W. RR. This was executed with great skill. Without even skirmishing, drove off some cattle in range of their guns. Camped about 4 hours on Harrisville road. Cold and rainy. Our Co on picket.

7.

Thursday. March begun before day. After few hours rest proceeded to Harrisville on Ritchie C. H. dispersing some militia and capturing several home guards as also some mounted infantry sent up from Ellenboro on RR to scout. They were astounded to see us as I doubt not the loyal farmers were who loaned hem their horses for the "scout." H is a strong union place. The "Ritchie" Press was knocked into "'ire" as also Pierpont and Co's store. Marched 4 or 5 miles on road leading to Parkesburg grade and went into camp. Had plenty of forage Gen Jones went by here this morning towards Cairo station on RR.

8.

Friday Gen Jones rejoined us this morning having captured the guards at Cairo and destroyed the RR bridges and tunnel. Bush Washington, Fra\_\_\_ and I start ahead to get horses - misinformed as to road and after striking Parker sburg grade went towards Weston. After going 20 ms realized the painful fact that we were lost from our command and this in a union country. 22 of us collected and struck out towards Glennville Gilmer Co. Put up for the night and to our agreeable surprise found a friend in need - an old camp chase prisoner entertained us free of charge -

9.

Saturday Reached Glennville early this morning - no tidings of Jones'. A good many of 25<sup>th</sup> reg't are here on furlough - at home or the first time since the war. Seven of us now detached ourselves from the others. Glennville has \_\_\_ nearly burnt down by the Yankees who have occupied the town in more or less force since the war. The union men had run off - the southern men had been forced to take the oath several times concluded to strike for Imboden at Bulltown - Follow the little Kanawha fording it about 15 ms up and staying with a Mr Dennis. The people are loyal along the river bottom.



10.

Sunday Nearing Bulltown heard that Imboden was marching towards Sutton for which place we immediately struck. Passed I's army and still unable to find out anything of Jones[.] Concluded to stop for the night[,] which we did at a Inn five miles from Sutton. Very kindly entertained. This country has suffered considerably – Coal and produce all sent down the little Kanawha to Parkesburg on rafts. It requires a rise of seven feet in the river to float them over the dams but a few hours hard rain will bring the required volume.

11.

Monday The names of our companions are Bonne Hough, Slingluff and Watkins Co A, Maryland battalion. We passed this Sutton – a deserted half burnt town, crossing the Elk on the suspension bridge and going as far over the mountain as little Birch where we camp for the night. Imboden's arm did not get up as expected. Yankees occupy Summersville in what force I do not know. Campaigning in this country is attended with many hardships. I's army has been subsisting on no rations – half rations and short rations and has to halt every few hours to graze.

12.

Tuesday. We seven after a light repast of Cornbread and buttermilk travelled on as far as Big Birch where Imboden's Cavalry is camped. After great difficulty succeeded in getting some corn and put up for the night several miles up the river. The Yankees beat all in dirt digging. They have thrown up fortifications at almost every town we have passed through. Here they have constructed a blockhouse.

13.

Wednesday Started on towards Summersville, when to our great joy we met the 12 Regmt near Birch. Jones command had been to Oiltown, Wirt county – destroying the wells and several hundred thousand barrels oil in Boats on the little Kanawha. Men and horses considerably jaded. Imboden took possession of Summersville this morning capturing 40 Yankees and as report say, 24 wagons loaded with commissary stores. This is a god-send to his army and he writes that he can provision us. Marched over Powell Mt and camped 8 ms from Summersville in a good field. Heard of Fredericksburg victory. Night Rainy.

14.

Thursday. Marched on slowly to Summersville, where all of Imboden's promises vanish into thin air. Crossed the Gauley river by a miserably rough ford and after an hour or two's march went into camp hungry, worn out and desponding but plenty of forage and rations revive our drooping energies and hopes. At Summersville we again saw fortifications. S is the county seat of Nicholas, and as all towns in our last few days travel has suffered much. Col Harman with an escort went to Staunton to forward provisions and rations which will meet us at Warm Springs.

15.

Friday – Marched about thirty miles to day over mountain roads and by paths camping on Meadow river twenty one miles from Lewisburg. Here we heard the heartrending news of Gen Jackson's death. We are unwilling to credit such a disastrous report.

16.

Saturday . Struck the Charleston and Lewisburg turnpike and marched about 19 ms camping in an orchard 2 ½ m W of Lewisburg. This is a beautiful country and well improved. The battalions Infantry camped here are in excellent quarters and seem to have a plenty of everything.

17.

Sunday. – Remained at Lewisburg until 3 PM when we took up the line of march camping for the night at White Sulphur Springs nine miles distant. This fashionable watering place exceeds in the extent and beauty of its grounds and building all my previous conceptions. In Lewisburg gold lace was the order of the day.

18.

Monday Crossed the Alleghanies to day marching sixteen miles and camp at Callegan's – a noted Hotel in peace times. About this time last year the Yankees had penetrated as far as this point.

19.

Tuesday Passing by Hot Springs we march 21 miles and camp at Warm Springs Bath Co. Here we found rations and forage sent to our relief and enjoyed the Luxury of a bath in the springs. The water strongly sulphurous, bubbles out of the ground in heavy volume at almost blood heat.

20.

Wednesday Crossed Warm spring mountain, cow pasture river and striking Harrisonburg grade 58 ms from H. B. Marched about 20 miles on grade and went into camp in Augusta county, having made a days march of about 27 miles.

21.

Crossed Shenandoah mountain today. Went into camp on mossy creek 1 ½ ms E of Mt Solon. Passed by Stribling Spring on our march. The waters are sulphur and alum, plenty of rumours.

22.

Friday – Passing on through Bridgewater, Dayton and Harrisonburg we reached camp 1 miles N of H about midday. One month ago yesterday we left here. Every day and many nights since then we have been in the saddle. Few cavalry raids have been more extensive even though more successful.

23.

Saturday moved camp this morning 2 ½ ms SE Harrisonburg on Port Republic road. Another move in prospect, as we are ordered to have extra horse-shoes and nails prepared. The brigade will be of little service however wherever ordered unless we can rest and recruit.

24.

Sunday. Improved my leisure by answering some of my accumulated letters. Drew Jacket and pair of pants to-day – Government horses all turned over. The blacksmiths are busy and every thing points to an early move.

25.

Monday. Brought my horse into camp to day – considerably recruited after his fatiguing trip. We are now camped near the spot where our lamented chieftain – Ashby – met his doom. One year ago to day he and old “Stonewall” drove Banks in confusions from Winchester. The news from Vicksburg is encouraging

26.

Tuesday Went to Harrisonburg for a few hours this morning – Prices are equaling those of revolutionary times. Common Virginia buttons sell at 18 dollars per doz. A very light repast of eggs pork bread and butter cost me 1.25 at the restaurant. Next Friday or thereabouts sums the time agreed upon for our move – Dress parade this evening – Inspector tomorrow.

27.

Wednesday – At five o'clock this morning we were inspected and mustered for pay. As usual on such occasions there was a full turnout. The election tomorrow engrosses some attention. Candidates are almost as plentiful as voters –

28.

Thursday The election passed off with very little excitement. For many of the offices vacant no candidates were out who can command the enthusiastic support of the voters. We were paid off to day or March and April – The 6<sup>th</sup> and 7<sup>th</sup> regmts move over the mountains tomorrow Gen Jenkins arrived in H. today.

29.

Friday – The 6 and 7<sup>th</sup> regmts left this morning on the Port Republic road. They took one day's rations but no wagons with them. A portion of Jenkins command reached here to day. Their horses are in excellent condition. I cant understand these reports of successes at Vicksburg – I hope they may prove true – but the news is misty.

30.

Saturday The remainder of Jenkins command arrived to day. I do not see the propriety of sending us who are perfectly at home in the valley across the ridge and bringing a force here unacquainted with the country and people.

31.

Sunday To day ends the month of May and our stay in the valley. We leave with regret. Our company, at least, has, with the exception of the recent Western raid, never served out of the Shenandoah Valley. Our homes are here and though occupied by the enemy we can still have communication with the loved ones and when we strike, strike or “our altars and our fires.” We now resign them to the protection of Jenkins command and go where our services are, in the opinion of Gen Lee, most needed. We go there cheerfully, anywhere that we can contribute most to success. –

May has been a very active month with us, indeed in every quarter we hear of armies contending or marshalling for the fray.

Deo Duce Vincemus.

June.

1.

Monday. Opening of the summer campaign – June “the month of battles” – This morning at sunrise we packed up every thing and took up the march towards Swift Run Gap – Camped or the night W of the Gap near Conrads store. Every foot of the march brought up recollections of our beloved leaders Ashby – And Jackson –

2.

Tuesday – Marched through Swift Run Gap into Greene Co. E. Va. Passing through Stanardsville and Wolf-town we camped about 3 ms from Madison Court-House. Eastern Virginia at no time a fertile country has been cursed with the presence o two vast armies nearly ever since the war – We welcome the rain to night.

3.

Wednesday. Passing thro’ Madison C.H. I got an excellent breakfast with our old fellow-citizen Jno M Coyle – now a refugee – who with genuine hospitality insisted on entertaining the whole company – Our brigade went into camp several ms W of Culpepper CH.

4.

Thursday. We are now a component part of the Army of Northern Va – and under the immediate command of Gen Stuart. A large cavalry force is camped here now. Lee’s Brigade. Wm H F Lee’s, Robertson’s Hampton’s and Jones’ Brigades of cavalry, Gen Hoods division of infantry arrived here today and Longstreet’s whole corps is said to be coming.

5.

Friday Maj Gen Stuart had a grand review near Brandy Station of his whole division today. It was indeed a grand sight – 10000 Cavalry in an open plain – We were reviewed by brigades and then passed in review before Gen Stuart – by divisions first and then charged by squadrons. The officers and men were exceedingly well mounted and dressed.

6.

Saturday. About midday we received orders to prepare three days rations and at 3 o'clk took up the line of march towards the Rappahanock. The whole command is in motion. Our brigade camped near Brandy Station – We anticipate an advance of our army

7.

Sunday Up before day, but did not move as we expected. Grazed our horses until noon when we again went into camp. Grazed again in the evening. Keeping saddled up all day as the Regmt was on "Grand Guard – This country produces tolerably good grass – It has suffered much by the war –

8.

Monday Another grand review of the Cavalry Division – for Gen Lee's benefit – It was my first sight of the great chieftain and Even his personal appearance indicates great mental endowment and nobility of soul. – The review passed off quickly but with less eclat than that of last Friday.

9.

Tuesday Early this morning the enemy crossed the river and we were ordered out to meet them. The conflict raged from 7 AM till dark with more or less fierceness and bloodshed when the enemy was down from the field. Lewis and Up Manning are killed.

10.

Wednesday Regmt ordered down on picket – Stoneman's Cavalry division with heavy supports of infantry and artillery was the force engaged with Stuarts Cavalry and horse-artillery – Our Co lost heavily – Hector, Isler and McKown severely wounded – Dan Bill – F. Faughnder. 92 Timberlake wounded – Lt Rouss and two others missing.

11.

Thursday Still on picket. Jones and W F Lee's brigades were principally engaged in the battle-. 12 Reg lost 40 killed and wounded- Col Harman slightly wounded-. Poor Hector died this evening and was buried beside Geo. Lewis and Up Manning. They were good soldiers and unselfish patriots and we miss them much - Three days rations ordered.

12.

Friday Relieved this morning and returned to camp - We captured between 300 and 400 prisoners the other day - The enemy left many of their dead upon the field. It was the hardest cavalry fight of the war. The enemy gained our rear beautifully but our brigade cleaned them out nicely.

13.

Saturday Roused by daylight and marched toward the outposts - After being there a few hours and having a false alarm we returned moving camp - several miles. - The Richmond papers give a very mendacious account of the fight of Tuesday - Their facts are gathered from fugitives -

14.

Sunday - Marched out again to graze - The stench of dead horses around Stuart's headquarters, where our regmt engaged Windham's brigade, makes travelling very disagreeable in the immediate vicinity - we hear a great many rumors from the Valley - and our thoughts are always turned thither.

15.

Monday Went out as usual to graze - but were ordered back to camp to prepare three days rations immediately - we were jubilant at the idea of leaving - but we[']re doomed to disappointment and stand in camp as usual.

16.

Tuesday - Reveille and "Saddle up" were simultaneous - Left our camp with no regrets and marched on towards Rixeyville - crossed the Hazle river and went into camp about mid day. Why don't we go on? AP Hill's Corps caught up with us in the evening -

Wednesday Passing through Jefferson and crossing the river at Waterloo bridge we proceeded towards Warrenton – after a few hours halt passed on thro’ the town camping five or six miles from Salem – Heard the confirmation of the gratifying news of the capture of Winchester and Milroy’s Army –

Study notes recorded under the entry for Nov 22–Dec 4

I. Derivative words retain the quantity of their primitives.

II. In verbs the derived tenses agree in quantity with the special roots from which they are formed.

Exc. I Perfects and Supines of 2

Syllables have the first syllable long even when that of the present is short; but

Seven perfs have 1<sup>st</sup> syllable short bībe, dīde, fīde, seide, stīte, stitu, tule

Ten supines have 1<sup>st</sup> syll short, cītum, datum, ĭtum, lītum, quītum, rātum, rūtum, sātum, sītum stātum.

Reduplicated polysyllabic perf have first two syllables short, e.g. cēcīne, not cecīde and pepēde, pōsem, pōsitum, pōno.

Compound words retain the quantity of the vowels composing them, dē-fēro – fr dē+fēro.

But agnītus and cognītus from nōtus, hōdie – fr hīc die. nihīlum – hīum, cause dīcus etc from dīco.

Prepositions of one syllable ending in a vowel are long; in a single consonant short,

The inseparable prepositions de and se are long. se(or) sed, short.

Increments of 2<sup>d</sup> decln short gener- genēri- but \_\_\_\_\_

Increments of 3<sup>d</sup> decln in a and o are long – e, i, u and y – are short.

Exceptions to a: Masc. in al and ar (ex car and sar) par and its compounds: anas, mas, var, baccar, pepar, jubar, las, nectar, sal.

Nouns in s with consonant before it – Arābs – āvs. Greek nouns in a- ālīs, as-ādis, āvis, ātis, rabax, anthrax, stax, strax, climax, colax, carax, diopax, fax, harpax, panax, paylax, similax and styrax.



Exceptions in O.

Neuter nouns cirpar-ōns but os-ōns. Comparative neuters in O long. ader – is common, NOuns in s with consonant before it – scroos – scrōbis, but ciciops – cyclops and styorops have o long.

Generally Gentiler Gk nouns in or on Gk nouns or or ompds of pas (\_\_\_\_) also arbor, mermer, \_\_\_\_ compos, impos, and lipas.

Exceptions in E. The increment in enis, fr en-ro. Grk nouns in er or es increase in e long (but aëris aetherīs) also itacus. \_\_\_\_\_, \_\_\_\_\_, merces, ignies, ver, lex, rex, onoex, pabs, seps, and halie.

Exceptions in i. Verbals in trix, and adjec, līris in ix, also cervix, cicatrix, cormix, coturmix, lodix, matrix, pendix, phoenix, radix, spadix, and bibex, Gk nouns in I – gen. inīs also dis, glie, bis, vis, senis, luoris.