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MEMORIAL ADDRESS OF HON. JOHN S. WISE

DELIVERED AT THE UNVEILING OF A
MONUMENT TO THE MEMORY OF THE

SOUTHERN SOLDIERS

AND

V. M. I. CADETS,

Who Fell in the Battle of New Market,
May 15th, 1864.

ALSO,

ROLLS OF OFFICERS AND CADETS ENGAGED, WITH
OFFICIAL LISTS OF CASUALTIES, ORDERS, AND
OFFICIAL REPORT OF THE BATTLE, FROM
VOLUME XXXVII, PART I, SERIES I,
OF RECORDS OF UNION AND
CONFEDERATE ARMIES,

WAR RECORDS, OFFICE, WASHINGTON, D. C.

By Order of the Board of Visitors.

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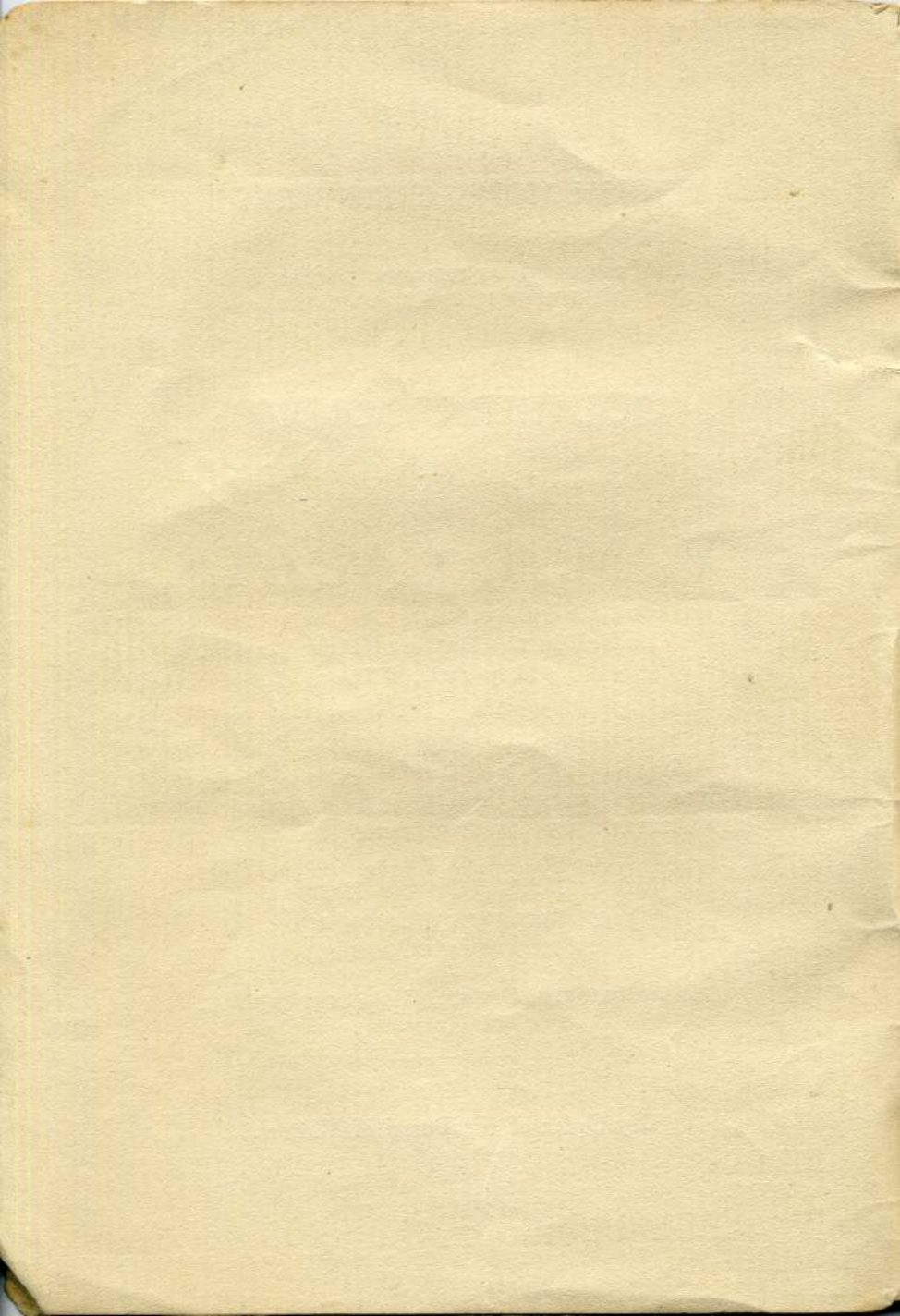
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ADDRESS.

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, COMRADES AND FELLOW-COUNTRYMEN :

Strange as it may seem, in view of my long residence in Virginia and extensive travel through every section of the State, this is, if I mistake not, the second time I have visited New Market since May 15th, 1864.

Marvelous changes have occurred in our lives since that eventful day. Changes in everything--changes which might well furnish the theme of inspiring oratory, to point the moral of our present greatness, or stimulate the hope of a happy future. But I have come before you to say no word upon the thrilling topics of the present, to blow no bugle blast, calling our people to the field of future glory. I am standing in your midst with swelling heart and moistened eye, fingering the harp-strings of youthful memories, preliminary to a song of a dead but glorious past—a past dead in the sense that what we strove for failed, but living as the throbbing present in the lessons which it teaches, inspiring Virginians to valor, self-sacrifice, and patriotism.

In a recent dispatch from Spain we were told of an admiral, followed by his men, visiting the shrine of the Blessed Virgin, and there, on bended knee, consecrating themselves, their lives, their fortunes and their sacred honor to the service of their king. No shrine could be more sacred than this. No spot could more fully imbue American youth with the perfect lesson of youthful patriotism. Hither we come, at the moment when the guns of a reunited nation are sounding the summons to another war, to place the flowers of spring upon the graves of the youthful heroes of our past; and hence we shall depart revived, refreshed, and strengthened by contemplation of their patriotic lives and fearless death.

In the springtime of 1864—a springtime much like this, with wealth of tender green and budding flowers, I was a cadet at the Virginia Military Institute. Unrest is the word which describes the feeling which pervaded the inmates of that celebrated school. The battles of the last year's campaigns had been numerous, bloody, and close at hand. More than once we had been called upon to place in the little cemetery at Lexington the dead bodies of distinguished soldiers who had departed for the war from the Institute. More than once the grim veterans who had brought them, wrapped in the Confederate colors, seemed to beckon us to the front.

Rosser's brigade had wintered near the town, and he, his staff, and the officers of his brigade had brought

us in touch with the world of war beyond our limits more than ever before. They jangled their spurs through the arch-way, laughing their cheery soldier laughs in the officers' quarters, and rode off in March, bound once more to active duty in this Valley, leaving us there with the feeling that we were babies. Before their departure, Rosser presented to the Corps of Cadets a captured flag. As his escort stood before us, decked with leaves of mountain laurel, the ever-green badge of his command, we felt ashamed of having a flag which had been captured for us by others, and many a cadet followed the departing cavalry with longing eyes and heart.

Then came the news that Grant had assumed the command of the Union army in the East, and every boy among us knew that meant great fighting at the front. Many cadets resigned. Many others who had been good boys before became bad boys when parents or guardians refused to allow them to leave, because they deliberately sought to be dismissed. The stage coaches for Goshen and Staunton stopped almost daily at the sally port for cadets departing for the front.

Many a night, sauntering back and forth upon the sentry beat, catching the sounds of loud laughter from the officers' quarters, or pondering upon the last joyous squad of cadets who had scrambled to the top of the departing stage, my heart longed for the camp, and I wondered if my time would ever come. I was

now over seventeen, and it did seem to me that I was old enough to go. The proverb saith, "All things come to him who waits." It was the tenth of May. Battalion drill had begun early, and the Corps had never been more proficient at this season of the year. The parade ground was firm and green. The trees were clothed in their full livery of fresh foliage. The sun shone down upon us through pellucid air, and the light breath of May kissed and played with our white colors which were adorned with the face of Washington. After maneuvering in battalion drill, the corps was drawn up near sundown for dress parade.

It was the time of year when townsfolk drove down and ranged themselves upon the avenue in our front, to witness our brave display; and groups of girls in filmy garments, set off with bits of color, tripped across the green sward to the corps-tree, and children and nurses sat about the benches.

The battalion executed the manual. The first sergeants reported. The adjutant announced his orders. The band played down the line in slow time, and came back with a jolly rattling air. The officers moved to the front and center, advanced to music, and saluted. The sun sunk beyond the house-mountain. The evening gun boomed forth. The garrison flag fell lazily from its peak on the barracks tower. The four companies went springing homeward at double time to the gayest tune the fifes knew how to play.

Never in all its history looked Lexington more

beautiful. Never did sense of secluded peacefulness rest more soothingly upon her population. In our leisure time after supper, the cadets strolled back and forth from barracks to the limits gate, and watched the full-orbed moon lift herself over the mountain tops. Perfume was in the air. Silence in the shadows. Well might we quote :

“ How beautiful this night !
 The balmiest sigh that vernal zephyrs breathe in evening’s ear
 Were discord to the speaking quietude
 That wraps this moveless scene. Heaven’s ebon vault,
 Bestudded with stars unutterably bright,
 Through which the moon’s unclouded
 Splendor rolls, seems like a canopy which
 Love hath spread, to shelter its
 Sleeping world.”

Tranquil—composed by the soothing scene around us, three hundred of us closed our eyes that night and passed into the happy dreams of youth in springtime.

It is midnight. Hark ! The drums are beating. Their throbbing bounds through every corner of the barracks, bidding the sleepers be up and doing. It was the long roll. Long roll had been beaten several times of late,—sometimes to catch absentees, and once for a fire in the town. Grumblingly the cadets hurried down to their places in the ranks, expecting to be soon dismissed and to return to their beds. A group of officers, intently scanning by the light of a

lantern a paper held by the adjutant, stood near the statue of George Washington opposite the arch. The companies were marched together. The adjutant commanded attention, and proceeded to read the orders in his hands. They announced that the enemy in heavy force was advancing up the Shenandoah Valley. That General Lee could not spare any forces to meet them. That General Breckenridge had been ordered to assemble troops from Southwestern Virginia and elsewhere at Staunton, and that the cadets should join him there at the earliest practicable moment. The corps was ordered to march with four companies of infantry and a section of artillery by the Staunton pike, at break of day.

First sergeants were ordered to detail eight artillerymen from each of the four companies, to report for duty immediately and man a section of artillery.

As these orders were announced not a sound was heard from the boys who stood there, with beating hearts in the military posture of parade rest. "Parade's dismissed," piped the adjutant. The sergeants sidestepped us to our respective company parades.

Methinks that even after thirty-three years I once more hear the game-cock voices of the sergeants detailing their artillery and ammunition squads, and ordering us to appear with canteens, haversacks, and blankets at 4 a. m. Still silence reigned. Then, as company after company broke ranks, the air was rent with wild cheering at the thought that our hour was

come at last. Elsewhere in the Confederacy death, disaster, disappointment, may have by this time chilled the ardor of our people, but here in this little band of fledglings the hope of battle flamed as brightly as on the morning of Manassas.

We breakfasted by candle-light and filled our haversacks from the mess-hall tables. In the gray morning we wound down the hill to the river, tramped heavily across the bridge, ascended the pike beyond, cheered the fading turrets of the school; and sunrise found us going at a four-mile gait to Staunton, our gallant little battery rumbling behind.

We were every way fitted for this kind of work by our hard drilling, and marched into Staunton in the afternoon of the second day, showing little ill effects of travel.

Staunton, small as it is, seemed large and cosmopolitan after our long confinement. As we marched past a female school, every window of which was filled with pretty girls, the fifes were laboring away at "The Girl I Left Behind Me." There was no need for the girls to cry, "Fie ! fie !" at such a suggestion. Not one of us were thinking of the girls we left behind us. The girls we saw before us were altogether to our liking.

We found a pleasant camping-ground on the outskirts of the town, and thither the whole population flocked for inspection of the corps, and to witness dress parade, for our fame was wide-spread. The attention

bestowed upon the cadets was enough to turn the heads of much humbler persons than ourselves. We were asked to visit nearly every house in town. Having an invitation to dine at the house of a friend, a fellow cadet and I waded in a creek to wash the mud off our shoes and trousers. With pocket comb and glass we completed our toilet in a fence corner. Then we walked about until our garments were dry, and proceeded to meet our engagement. Everything goes in war-time.

At night the town was hilarious. Several dances were arranged, and as dancing was a cadet accomplishment, we were in our element. The adoration bestowed upon us by young girls disgusted the regular officers. Prior to our coming they had things all their own way. Now they found that fierce mustaches and heavy cavalry boots must give place to the downy cheeks and merry twinkling feet we brought from Lexington. A big blonde captain, who had somewhere procured and was wearing a stunning bunch of gilt aiguillettes, looked as if he would snap my head off when I trotted up and whisked his partner away from him. They could not and would not understand why girls preferred these little untitled whipper-snappers to officers of distinction. Veterans forget that youth loves youth.

Doubtless some feeling of this sort prompted the band of a regiment of grimy veterans to strike up "Rock-a-bye baby" when the cadets marched by

them. Quick as soldiers love of fun the men took up the air, accompanying it by rocking their guns in their arms as if putting them to sleep. It produced a perfect roar of amusement with everybody but ourselves. We were furious.

All this on the eve of a battle? Yes, of course. Why not? To be sure everybody knew there was going to be a fight. That was what we came for. But nobody among us knew or cared just when or where it was coming off. Life is too full of trouble, for petty officers or privates, or young girls to bother themselves hunting up such disagreeable details in advance. That was the business of generals. They were to have all the glory; and, so, we were willing they should have all the solicitude, anxiety, and pre-occupation.

At dress parade, May 12th, orders were read for the movement of the army down the Valley the following morning. We always moved on time. Now who would have believed that a number of girls were up to see us off, or that two or three were crying; yet it was so, and quick work of the naked boy with the cross-bow I call that.

As we passed some slaughter-pens in the outskirts, an old Irish butcher in his shirt-sleeves hung over his gate, pipe in mouth. With a twinkle in his eye he watched the corps go by, at last exclaiming, "Be gorra! no purtier drove of pigs hev passed this gate since this hog-killing began."

We made a good day's march, and camped that night near Harrisonburg. During the day we met several couriers bearing dispatches. They reported the enemy advancing in heavy force and had left him near Strasburg and Woodstock.

Pressing on through Harrisonburg, which we reached early in the morning, we camped the second night at Lacey Spring in Rockingham. Rain had set in, but the boys stood up well to their work, and but few lame ducks had succumbed. Evidences of the approach of the enemy multiplied on the second day. We passed a great many vehicles coming up the Valley with people and farm products and household effects, and a number of herds of cattle and other livestock—all escaping from the enemy. Now and then a weary or wounded cavalryman came by. Their reports were that Sigel's steady advance was only delayed by a thin line of cavalry skirmishers who had been ordered to retard him as best they could until Breckenridge could march his army down to meet him.

Towards evening we came to a stone church and spring where a cavalry detail, with a squad of Union prisoners, were resting. The prisoners were a gross, surly-looking lot of Germans, who could not speak English. They evidently could not make us out. They watched us with manifest curiosity, and talked in unintelligible guttural sounds among themselves.

When we reached camp the rain had stopped and

the clouds had lifted, but everything was wet and gummy. To add to my disgust I was detailed as corporal of the guard, which meant loss of sleep at night and a lonesome time the next day with the wagons in the rear of the corps.

Looking down the Valley as evening closed in we could see a line of bivouac fires, and were uncertain whether they were lit by our own pickets or by the enemy. At any rate, we were getting sufficiently near to the gentlemen for whom we were seeking to feel reasonably certain we should meet them. Night closed in upon us. For a little while the woodland resounded with the axe-stroke, or the cheery "haloos" of the men from camp-fire to camp-fire; for a while the firelights danced, the air laden with the odor of cooking food; for a while the boys stood around the camp-fires for warmth and to dry their wet clothing. But soon all had wrapped their blankets about them and laid down in silence unbroken, save by the champ-ing of the colonel's horse upon his provender or the fall of a passing shower.

I was corporal of the guard. A single sentry stood post near the pike. The remainder of the guard and the musicians were stretched before the watch-fire asleep. It was my duty to remain awake and a very lonesome, cheerless task it was, sitting 'here in the darkness under the dancing shadows of the wide-spreading trees, watching the fagots flame up and die out, speculating upon the events of the morrow.

An hour past midnight the sound of hoofs upon the pike caught my ear, and in a few moments the challenge of the sentry summoned me. The new comer was an aide-de-camp, bearing orders for Colonel Shipp from the commanding general. When I aroused the commandant, he struggled up, rubbed his eyes, muttered something about moving at once, and ordered me to arouse the camp without having the drums beaten. Orders to fall in were promptly given, rolls were rattled off, the battalion was formed, and we debouched upon the pike, heading in the darkness and the mud for New Market.

Before the command to march was given a thing occurred which made a deep impression upon us all; a thing which even now may be a solace to those whose boys died so gloriously that day. In the gloom of the night Captain Frank Preston, neither afraid nor ashamed to pray, sent up an appeal to God for His protection of our little band. It was a humble, earnest appeal that sunk into the heart of every hearer. Few were the dry eyes, little the frivolity when he had ceased to speak of home, of father, of mother, of country, of victory and defeat—of life, of death, of eternity. Captain Preston had been an officer in Stonewall Jackson's command, had lost an arm at Winchester, was on the retired list, and was sub-professor of Latin and tactical officer of B company. He was a typical Valley Presbyterian. Those who, a few hours later, saw him commanding his company in

the thickest of the fight, his already empty sleeve attesting that he was no stranger to the perilous edge of battle, realized fully the beauty of the lines which tell that the bravest are the tenderest, the loving are the daring.

Day broke gray and gloomy upon us toiling onward in the mud. The sober course of our reflections was relieved by the light-heartedness of the veterans. We overtook Wharton's brigade, with smiling "Old Gabe," a Virginia Military Institute boy, at their head. They were squatting by the roadside cooking breakfast, as we came up. With many good-natured gibes they restored our confidence. They seemed as merry, nonchalant, and indifferent to the coming fight as if it was their daily occupation. A tall, round-shouldered fellow, whose legs seemed almost split up to his shoulder-blades, came among us with a pair of shears and a pack of playing cards, offering to take our names and cut off love-locks to be sent home after we were dead; another enquired if we wanted rose-wood coffins, satin-lined, with name and age on the plate. In a word they made us ashamed of the depressing solemnity of our last six miles of marching and renewed within our breast the true dare-devil spirit of soldiery.

Resuming the march, the mile-posts numbered four, three, two, one mile to New Market. Then the mounted skirmishers hurried past us to their position at the front. We heard loud cheering at the

rear, which was caught up by the troops along the line of march. We learned its import as General John C. Breckenridge and staff approached, and we joined heartily in the cheering as that soldierly man, mounted magnificently, galloped past, uncovered, bowing and riding like a Cid. It is impossible to exaggerate the gallant appearance of General Breckenridge. In stature he was considerably over six feet high; he sat his blood bay thoroughbred as if he had been born on horseback. His head was of noble mould, and a piercing eye and a long, dark, drooping mustache completed a faultless military presence.

Deployed along the crest of an elevation in our front we could see our line of mounted pickets and the smouldering fires of their last night's bivouac. We halted at a point where, passing a slight turn in the road, would bring us in full view of the position of the enemy. Echols's and Wharton's brigades hurried past us. This time there was not much bantering between us. Forward was the word once more, and turning the point in the road New Market was in full view, and the whole position was displayed.

At this point a bold range of hills on the left, parallel with the mountains, divides the Shenandoah valley into two smaller valleys. In the easternmost of these lies New Market. The Valley pike on which we had advanced passes through the town, parallel with the Massanutten Mountains on our right and parallel also with Smith's Creek, coursing along its

base. The hills on our left, as they near the town, slope down to it from south and west, and swell beyond it to the north and west. Through this depression from the town to the Shenandoah River in the western valley runs a transverse road with heavy stone walls. Between the pike by which we were advancing and the creek at the base of the mountains lies a beautiful strip of meadow land, extending to and beyond the village of New Market. On these meadows in the outskirts of the village were orchards where the enemy's skirmishers were posted, his left wing being concealed in the village. The right wing of the enemy was posted behind the heavy stone fence in the road running westward from the town, parallel with our line of battle. Behind the infantry, on the slope of the rising ground, the Union artillery was posted. The ground rises behind this position until, a short distance beyond the town, to the left of the pike, it spreads out in an elevated plateau. The hillsides from this plateau to the pike were broken by several gullies, heavily wooded by scrub cedar.

It was Sunday morning at 11 o'clock. In a picturesque little Lutheran churchyard, under the very shadow of the village spire and among the white tombstones, a six-gun battery was posted in rear of the infantry lines of the enemy. Firing over the heads of their own troops that battery opened upon us the moment we came in sight.

Away off to the right in the Luray gap we could

see our signal corps telegraphing the position and numbers of the enemy. Our cavalry was galloping to the cover of the creek to attempt to turn the enemy's left flank. Echols's brigade, moving from the pike at double quick by the right flank, went into line of battle across the meadow, its left resting on the pike. Simultaneously its skirmishers were thrown forward at a run, and engaged the enemy. Out of the orchard and on the meadows puff after puff of blue smoke arose as the sharpshooters advanced, the pop ! pop ! of their rifles ringing forth excitedly. Thundering down the pike came McLaughlin with his artillery—wheeling out upon the meadows he swung into battery, action left, and let fly with all his guns.

The cadet section of artillery pressed down the pike a little further, turned to the left, toiled up the slope in front of us, and going into position delivered a plunging fire in reply to the Federal battery in the graveyard. We counted it a good omen, when at the first discharge of our little guns a beautiful blue-white wreath of smoke shot upward and hovered over them. The little town, which a moment before had seemed to sleep so peacefully upon that Sabbath morning, was now wrapped in battle smoke and swarming with troops hurrying to their position. We had their range beautifully. Every shell hit some obstruction and exploded in the streets or on the hillsides. Every man in our army was in sight. Every position of the enemy was plainly visible. His numbers were

uncomfortably large; for, notwithstanding his line of battle already formed seemed equal to our own, the pike beyond the town was still filled with his infantry.

Our left wing consisted of Wharton's brigade, our center of the Sixty-second Virginia Infantry and the Cadet Corps; our right of Echols's brigade and the cavalry. Until now, as corporal of the guard, I had remained in charge of the baggage wagon with a detail of three men—Redwood, Stanard and Woodlief. My orders were to remain with the wagons at the bend in the pike unless we were driven back. In that case we were to retire to a point of safety. When it was clear that the battle was imminent, one thought took possession of me, and that was if I sat on a baggage wagon while the corps of cadets was in its first, perhaps its only engagement, I would never be able to look my father in the face again. He was a grim old fighter, at that moment resisting the advance on Petersburg and holding the enemy in check until Lee's army could come up. I had annoyed him with importunities for permission to leave the Institute and enter the army. If, now that I had the opportunity to fight, I should fail to do so, I knew what was in store for me, for he had a tongue of satire and ridicule like a lash of scorpions. Napoleon in Egypt, pointing to the pyramids, told his soldiers that from their heights forty centuries looked down upon them. My oration, delivered from the tailboard of a wagon, was not so hyperbolic, but was equally emphatic. It ran about this

wise, "Boys, the enemy is in our front. The corps is going into action. I like fighting no better than anybody else. But I have an enemy in my rear as dreadful as any before us. If I should return home and tell my father that I was on the baggage guard when the cadets were in battle, I know what my fate would be. He would kill me with worse than bullets—ridicule. I intend to join the command at once. Any of you who think your duty requires you to remain may do so." All the guard followed. We left the wagon in charge of the black driver. Of the four who thus went, one was killed and two were wounded. We overtook the battalion as it deployed by the left flank from the pike. Moving at double quick we were in an instant in line of battle, our right resting near the turnpike. Rising ground in our immediate front concealed us from the enemy. The command was given to strip for action. Knapsacks, blankets, everything but guns, canteens and cartridge boxes, was thrown upon the ground. Our boys were silent then. Every lip was tightly drawn, every cheek was pale, but not with fear. With a peculiar nervous jerk we pulled our cartridge boxes round to the front, laid back the flaps and tightened belts. Whistling rifled shells screamed over us, as tipping the hill-crest in our front they bounded past. To our right across the pike Patton's brigade was lying down abreast of us.

"At-ten-tion-n-n ! Battalion, forward ! Guide-center-r-r !" shouted Shipp, and up the slope we

started. From the left of the line, Sergeant-Major Woodbridge ran out and posted himself forty paces in advance of the colors as directing guide, as if we had been upon the drill ground. That boy would have remained there had not Shipp ordered him back to his post, for this was no dress-parade. Brave Evans, standing six-foot-two, shook out the colors that for days had hung limp and bedraggled about the staff, and every cadet leaped forward, dressing to the ensign, elate and thrilling with the consciousness *that this is war*. Moving up to the hill crest in our front we were abreast of our smoking battery and uncovered to the range of the enemy's guns. We were pressing towards him at "arm port," moving with the light tripping gait of the French infantry. The enemy's veteran artillery soon obtained our range and began to drop his shells under our very noses along the slope. Echols's brigade rose up, and was charging on our right with the well-known rebel yell. Woodbridge, who until now had held his position as directing guide, was ordered to return to his place in line.

Down the green slope we went, answering the wild cry of our comrades, as their muskets rattled out in open volleys. "Double time," shouted Shipp, and we broke into a long trot. In another moment a pelting rain of lead would fall upon us from the blue line in our front. Then came a sound more stunning than thunder. It burst directly in my face. Lightnings

leaped. Fire flashed. The earth rocked. The sky whirled round. I stumbled. My gun pitched forward, and I fell upon my knees. Sergeant Cabell looked back at me pityingly and called out, "Close up, men!" as he passed on. I knew no more.

When consciousness returned, the rain was falling in torrents. I was lying upon the ground, which all about was torn and ploughed with shell, and they were still screeching in the air and bounding on the earth. Poor little Captain Hill, the tactical officer of C Company, was lying near me, bathed in blood, with a frightful gash over the temple, and was gasping like a dying fish. Cadets Reed, Merritt, and another, whose name I forget, were near at hand badly shot. The battalion was three hundred yards in advance of us, clouded in low-lying smoke and hotly engaged. They had crossed the lane which the enemy had held, and the Federal battery in the graveyard had fallen back to the high ground beyond. "How came they there," I thought, "and why am I here?" Then I saw I was bleeding from a long and ugly gash on the head. That rifled shell bursting in our faces had brought down five of us. "Hurrah!" I thought, "Youth's dream is realized at last. I've got a wound, and am not dead yet." And so, delighted, another moment found me on my feet trudging along to the hospital, almost whistling at thought that the next mail would carry the news to the folks at home with a taunting suggestion that after all the

pains they had taken they had been unable to keep me out of my share in the fun. From this time forth I may speak of the gallant behavior of the cadets without imputation of vanity, for I was no longer a participant in their glory.

The fighting around the town was fierce and bloody on our left wing. On the right the movements of Echols and Patton were very effective. They had pressed forward and gained the village, and our line was now concave with its angle just beyond the town.

The Federal infantry had fallen back to the second line, and our left had now before it the task of ascending the slope to the crest of the hill where the enemy was posted. After pausing under the cover of the deep lane to breathe a while and correct the alignment, our troops once more advanced, clambering up the bank and over the stone fence, at once delivering and receiving a withering fire. At a point below the town, where the turnpike makes a bend, the cavalry of the enemy was massed. A momentary confusion on our right, as our troops pressed through the streets of New Market, gave invitation for a charge of the enemy's cavalry. They did not see McLaughlin's battery, which had been moved up, unlimbered in the streets, and was double-shotted with grape and canister. The Union cavalry dashed forward in column of platoons. Our infantry scrambled over the fences and gave the artillery a fair opportunity to rake them. They saw the trap too late. They drew up

and sought to wheel about. Heavens ! What a blizzard McLaughlin gave them. They staggered, wheeled, and fled. The road was filled with fallen men and horses. A few riderless steeds came galloping towards our lines—neighed, circled, and rejoined their comrades. One gallant fellow, whose horse became unmanageable, rode straight at our battery at full speed, passed beyond, behind and around our line, and safely rejoined his comrades, cheered for his daring by his enemies. This was the end of the cavalry in that fight.

Meanwhile the troops upon our left performed their allotted task. Up the slope, right up to the second line of infantry it went ; a second time the Federal troops were forced to retire. Wharton's brigade secured two guns of the battery, and the remaining four galloped back to a new position in a farm-yard on the plateau, at the head of the cedar-skirted gully. Our boys had captured over one hundred prisoners. Charlie Faulkner, now the Senator from West Virginia, came back radiant, in charge of twenty-three Germans, large enough to swallow him, and insisted that he and Winder Garrett had captured them unaided. Bloody work had been done. The space between the enemy's old and new position was dotted with dead and wounded, shot as they retired across the open field, but this same exposed ground now lay before, and must be crossed by our own men under a galling fire from a strong and well-protected position.

The distance was not great, but the ground to be traversed was a level green field of young wheat. Again the advance was ordered. Our boys responded with a cheer. Poor fellows ! They had already been put upon their mettle in two assaults. Exhausted, wet to the skin, muddy to their eyebrows with the stiff clay through which they had ploughed—some of them actually shoeless after struggling across the ploughed field ; they, notwithstanding, advanced with great earnestness ; for the shouting on our right advised them that the victory was being won. But the foe in our front was far from whipped. As the cadets came on with a dash he stood his ground most courageously. The battery, now shotted with shrapnell and canister, opened upon the cadets with a murderous fire. The infantry, lying behind the fence rails piled upon the ground, poured in a steady, deadly volley. At one discharge Cabell, first sergeant of D Company, by whose side I had marched for months, fell dead, and with him fell Crockett and Jones. A blanket would have covered the three. They were awfully mangled by the canister. A few steps further on McDowell sank to his knees with a bullet through his heart. Atwill, Jefferson, and Wheelwright were shot at this point. Sam Shriver, cadet-captain of C Company, had his sword arm broken by a minie ball. Thus C Company lost her cadet- as well as her professor-captain. The men were falling right and left. The veterans on the right of the cadets seemed to waver.

Colonel Shipp went down. For the first time the Cadets appeared irresolute. Some one cried out, "Lie down," and all obeyed, firing from the knee—all but Evans, the ensign, who was standing bolt upright shouting and waving the flag. Some one exclaimed, "Fall back and rally on Edgar's battalion." Several boys moved as if to obey. Pizzini, first sergeant of B Company, with his Corsican blood at the boiling point, cocked his rifle and proclaimed that he would shoot the first man who ran. Preston, brave and inspiring, in command of Company B, smilingly lay down upon his remaining arm with the remark that he would at least save that. Colonna, cadet-captain of D, was speaking low to the men of his company with words of encouragement, and bidding them shoot close. The corps was being decimated. Manifestly they must charge or fall back. And charge it was, for at that moment Henry Wise, "Old Shinook," beloved of every boy in the command, sprang to his feet, shouted out the command to rise up and charge, and, moving in advance of the line, led the cadet corps forward to the guns. The battery was being served superbly. The musketry fairly rolled, but the cadets never faltered. They reached the firm green sward of the farm-yard in which the guns were planted. The Federal infantry began to break and run behind the buildings. Before the order to limber up could be obeyed by the artillerymen, the cadets disabled the teams, and were close upon the

guns. The gunners dropped their sponges and sought safety in flight. Lieutenant Hanna hammered a gunner over the head with his cadet sword. Winder Garret outran another and lunged his bayonet into him. The boys leaped upon the guns and the battery was theirs. Evans, the color-sergeant, stood wildly waving the cadet colors from the top of a caisson.

A straggling fire of infantry was still kept up from the gully now on our right flank, notwithstanding the masses of blue retiring in confusion down the hill. The battalion was ordered to reform, mark time, and half wheel to the right. Then it advanced, firing into the cedars as it went, and did not pause again until it reached the pike, having driven the last of the enemy from the thicket. The broken columns of the enemy could be seen hurrying over the hills and down the pike towards Mount Jackson, hotly pressed by our infantry and cavalry. Our artillery galloped to Rude's Hill, whence it shelled the flying masses until they passed beyond the burning bridge that spans the Shenandoah at Mount Jackson.

We had won a victory. Not a Manassas or an Appomattox, but for all that a right comforting bit of news went up the pike that night to General Lee, whose thoughts doubtless from where he lay locked in the death-grapple with Grant, in the wilderness, turned wearily and anxiously towards this attempted flank movement in the Valley.

The pursuit down the pike was more like a foot

race than a march. Our fellows straggled badly. Everybody realized that the fight was over, and many were too exhausted to proceed further.

As evening fell the clouds passed away, the sun came forth; and when night closed in no sound disturbed the Sabbath calm, save that of a solitary Napoleon gun pounding away at the smouldering ruins of the bridge. Our picket fires were lit that night at beautiful Mount Airy, while the main body of our troops bivouacked on the pike, a mile below New Market. Out of a corps of two hundred and twenty-five men we had lost fifty-six, killed and wounded. Strange to say but one man of the artillery detail received a wound. Shortly before sundown after having my head sewed up and bandaged, and having rendered such service as I could to wounded comrades, I sallied forth to procure a blanket, and see what was to be seen. When we stripped for action we left our traps unguarded. Nobody would consent to be detailed. As a result the camp followers had made away with nearly all of our blankets.

I entered the town and found it filled with soldiers laughing and carousing as lightheartedly as if it was a feast or holiday. In a side street a great throng of Federal prisoners was corralled. They were nearly all Germans. Every type of prisoner was there; some cheerful, some defiant; some careless; some calm and dejected. One fellow in particular afforded great merriment by his quaint recital of the

manner of his capture. Said he, "Dem leetle tevils mit der white vlag vas too much fur us. Dey shoost smash mine head ven I vas cry zurrender all de dime." A loud peal of laughter went up from the bystanders, among whom I recognized several cadets. His allusion to the white flag was to our colors. We had a handsome corps flag, with a white and gold ground and a picture of Washington. It disconcerted our adversaries not a little. Several whom I have met since then tell me they could not make us out at all, as our strange colors, diminutive size, and unusual precision of movement made them think we must be some foreign mercenary regulars. While standing there my cousin, Cadet Louis Wise, came running up, exclaiming, "Holloa! Golly! I am glad it's no worse. They said your head was knocked off!" Then he held up his bandaged forearm, in which he had a pretty little wound. "Say, are you hungry? There is an old lady around here on the back street just shoveling out pies and things to the soldiers." Louis and I were both good foragers, so away we scampered and relieved the dear old soul of a few more of her apparently inexhaustible supply. Then we started off to hunt up his brother Henry. We had a good joke upon him, but were afraid to tell it to him. He had but recently been confirmed. Several of the cadets declared that, notwithstanding his piety, he had at the pinch, in the wheat field, when he ordered the charge, so far forgotten himself that he used some

very plain old English expletives, as in days of yore. When we ventured to suggest it he grew indignant, and he was such a serious fellow that we were afraid to press him about it. When we found him he gave us lots of sport. He was very tall and very thin. He had gone into action wearing the long-tailed coat of a Confederate captain. In the last charge an unexploded canister had literally carried away his hind coat-tails and the pipe and tobacco in his pockets without touching him. Probably he was so close to the guns that the bands of the canister had not burst when it passed him. However this may have been, when we found him his coat-tails were hanging in short shreds behind, while in front they were intact. He was involuntarily feeling behind him, bemoaning the loss of his pipe and tobacco, and looked like a Shanghai rooster with his tail-feathers pulled out.

The jeers and banterings of the veterans had now ceased. We had fairly won our spurs. We could mingle with them fraternally and discuss the battle on equal terms. Glorious fellows those veterans were. To them was due ninety-nine one hundredths of the glory of the victory, yet they seemed to delight in giving all praise to "dem leetle tevils mit der vite vlag." The ladies of the place also overwhelmed us with tenderness, and as for ourselves we drank in greedily the praise which made us the lions of the hour.

Leaving the village we sought the plateau where

most of our losses had occurred. A little above the town in the fatal wheat field we came upon the dead bodies of three cadets. One wore the chevrons of a first sergeant. Lying upon his face, stiff and stark, with outstretched arms his hands had clutched and torn up great tufts of soil and grass. His lips were retracted; his teeth tightly locked; his face as hard as flint, with staring glassy eyes. It was difficult indeed to recognize that this was all that remained of Cabell, who a few hours before had stood first in his class, second as a soldier, and the peer of any boy in the command in every trait of physical and moral manliness. A short distance removed from the spot where Cabell fell, and nearer to the position of the enemy, lay McDowell. It was a sight to rend one's heart; that little fellow was lying there asleep, more fit indeed for a cradle than a grave. He was about my own age, not large and by no means robust. He was a North Carolinian. He had torn open his jacket and shirt, and even in death lay clutching them back, exposing a fair white breast with its red wound. We had come too late. Stanard had breathed his last but a few moments before we reached the old farmhouse where the battery had stood, now used as a hospital. His body was still warm, and his last message had been words of love to his room-mates. Poor Jack, playmate, room-mate, friend—farewell. Standing there my mind sped back to the old scenes at Lexington when we were shooting together in the

brushy hills; to our games and sports; to the night we had gone to see him kneel at the chancel for confirmation; to the previous night at the guard-fire, when he confessed to a presentment that he would be killed; to his wistful, earnest farewell when we parted at the baggage wagon that morning; and my heart half reproached me for my part in drawing him into the fight. The warm tears of youthful friendship came welling up to the eyes of both of us for one we had learned to love as a brother. And now, thirty-four years later, I thank God life's buffetings and the coldheartedness of later struggles have not yet dammed the pure evidence of boyhood's friendship. A truer hearted, braver, better fellow never lived than Jacquelin B. Stanard.

A few of us brought up a limber chest, threw our dead across it, and bore their remains to a deserted storehouse in the village. The next day we buried them with the honors of war, bowed down with grief at a victory so dearly bought.

The day following that we started our return march up the Valley, crestfallen and dejected. The joy of victory was forgotten in distress for the friends and comrades dead and maimed. We were still young in the ghastly game, but we proved apt scholars. On our march up the Valley we were not hailed as sorrowing friends, but greeted as heroes and victors. At Harrisonburg, Staunton, Charlottesville, everywhere an ovation awaited us such as we did not dream of,

and such as has seldom greeted any troops. The dead and the poor fellows tossing on cots of fever and delirium were almost forgotten by the selfish comrades, whose fame their blood had bought. We were ordered to Richmond. All our sadness disappeared. What mattered it to us that we were packed into freight cars; it was great sport riding on the tops of the cars. We were side-tracked at Ashland, and there lying on the ground by the side of us was Stonewall Jackson's division. We had heard of them and looked upon them as the greatest soldiers that ever went into battle. What flattered us most was that they had heard of us. While waiting at Ashland a very distinguished looking surgeon entered the car, enquiring for some cadet. He was just returning from the battle-field of Spottsylvania. I heard with absorbed interest his account of the terrible carnage there, and when he said he had seen a small tree within the "bloody angle" cut down by bullets, I turned to Louis and said, "I think that old fellow is drawing a long bow." The person speaking was Dr. Charles McGill. I afterwards learned that what he said was literally true. At the moment when we were lying there at Ashland, the armies of Grant and Lee, moving by the flank, were passing the one about us, the other within a few miles of us, from the battle-fields of Spottsylvania Courthouse and Milford Station to their ghastly field of Second Cold Harbor. We could distinctly hear the firing in our front. We reached

Richmond that afternoon, and were quartered in one of the buildings of the Fair Grounds, known as "Camp Lee." It is impossible to describe the enthusiasm with which we were received.

A week after the battle of New Market, the cadet corps, garlanded, cheered by ten thousand throats, intoxicated with praise unstinted, wheeled proudly around the Washington monument at Richmond, to pass in review before the President of the Confederate States, to hear a speech of commendation from his lips and to receive a stand of colors from the Governor of Virginia.

No wonder that our band, as we marched back to our quarters, played lustily :

" There 's not a trade that 's going
 Worth showing or knowing
 Like that from glory growing
 For the bowld soldier boy.
 For to right or left you go,
 Sure you know—friend or foe,
 He is bound to be a beau,
 Your bowld soldier boy."

Brave comrades of my boyhood, sleep on! The Valley sod is green once more with springtime as it was in the long ago when it drank your blood. Not more perennial is its freshness than is the memory of your valor in the hearts of American youth. Your graves shall be landmarks for aspiring soldiers through ages yet unborn. Bright, glorious memory! I

would rather be remembered as participant, however humble, in that brilliant episode than have piled up before me as my own the ransom of a king.

Sweet, fair, and gentle women of the loveliest valley in the world; fit representatives of those who bathed with their tears and bound our wounds in those stern days—what shall I say, what can I say, to express the love and gratitude I feel for what your mothers were; the thanks I give you for this honor done me; this opportunity to unbosom the feelings of all those I represent.

Verily when a Confederate soldier would utter that which, for over a generation, his heart has treasured up towards the women of the Valley of the Shenandoah, he comprehends as never before why the worshiper stands silent before the image of the Virgin. There are feelings of the human heart so deep, so sacred, and so pure, that speech is powerless to convey their expression. Yet, in silence, under such emotion, is eloquence more convincing than aught expressed in polished oratory. About God's throne, I know, with joy unutterable and a beauty that will never fade, stand your mothers whom I saw but once, ye maidens of the Valley. To us they were angels even upon earth. Let this be my tribute to them. And dreams of that day of youth, long since departed, how little of reality did ye foreshadow !

In the flush of victory that day we pictured the triumph of the Confederate cause. What did that

mean to us? The division of our country. The permanent establishment of slavery; to the cadets the life of a soldier defending the frontier of an independent South.

Ah ! well do I remember the speculations of that time concerning my own future. From the smiling Southern girls who cheered us and wept with joy at our triumph, my not impartial selfish fancy chose for itself the most beautiful of brides, and even went so far as to disclose down Time's dim corridors a son and heir who in time would take his father's place as defender of the stars and bars.

We all remember what we felt when the great crash came. Beyond the catastrophe at Appomattox all seemed to be the blackness of darkness. Oh ! travesty of human foresight and mockery of men's power to seek his true happiness in this world !

But one generation of mankind has passed, and we have looked up from our tears and our mourning with the countenance of joy and patriotic pride. The dream of the Confederacy has faded from the realm of Hope.

We are freemen and brethren in the Union of our fathers, which is more than ever "now and forever one and indissoluble." None rejoice more than ourselves, I think, that human slavery can not exist within the limits of our control.

The stars and stripes are ours. Our sons are bearing it to new glory in tropic climes and oriental

seas. God in his own way, and with infinite wisdom, had led us towards our true destiny. All that He gave to me of what my fancy pictured on the field of New Market was the wife and the boy; sweeter and worthier than I saw them in the vision. And now in our old age, she sits beside me with her hand in mine, praying for our own soldier boy. Yes, he is a soldier. At this very moment, perhaps, in the poisonous swamps of Cuba, he is standing side by side with the son of some Union veteran of New Market. In all things they are brethren, emulous only to show which is the bravest in defence of the right and in upholding the flag of our common country, the greatest of all nations.

May both this day remember as they rally to the stars and stripes that this is the anniversary of New Market. May they forget everything of that struggle save the honor due to the valor of those who died on either side.

May they, whether their fathers were Union or Confederate soldiers, draw inspiration to courage and self-sacrifice in the service of our common country, from the beautiful story of the cadets at New Market.

And may we, my beloved countrymen, unite in fervent prayer to God not only for the rest of the souls of these dead heroes, but for the triumph of our beloved nation; for the safety, the honor, and the glory of its defenders, whether they be our sons or the

sons of our former foes. Both are citizens of the freest, happiest, bravest and most glorious nation of the earth.

The battle of New Market, Va., was fought May 15th, 1864, the Federal forces, numbering from ten thousand to twelve thousand, being commanded by General Franz Sigel; the Confederates less than three thousand, commanded by General John C. Breckenridge. The Confederates gained a complete victory, suffering a loss of sixty-eight killed and three hundred and thirty-seven wounded. The loss of the Federal forces was two hundred and forty-two killed, five hundred and sixty wounded, and two hundred and forty missing. This was a battle of grave importance, protecting the products of the Valley which was the principal source of supplies of General Lee's army, as well as preventing its interception by Federal troops. As positive evidence of this fact, Hunter's army (Federal) was organized and proceeded up the Valley, a few weeks afterwards, and was only checked at Lynchburg by General Early.

Headquarters, Virginia Military Institute,
May 11th, 1864.

General Orders No. 18.

1. Under the orders of Major-General John C. Breckenridge, commanding Department of Western Virginia, the Corps of Cadets and a section of artillery will forthwith take up the line of march for Staunton, Va., under the command of Lieutenant-Colonel Scott Shipp. The Cadets will carry with them two days' rations.
2. Captain J. C. Whitwell will accompany the expedition as Assistant Quarter-Master and Commissary, and will see that the proper transportation, etc., is supplied.
3. Surgeon R. L. Madison and Assistant Surgeon George Ross will accompany the expedition and attend to the care of the sick and wounded.
4. Captain T. M. Semmes is assigned to temporary duty on the Staff of the Commanding Officer.

By command of Major-General F. H. Smith.

(Signed) J. H. MORISON,
Acting Adjutant V. M. I.

Headquarters, Valley District,
Staunton, Va., May 12th, 1864.

General Orders No. 1.

1. The command will move to-morrow morning promptly at six o'clock on turnpike leading to Harrisonburg.

The following order of march will be observed:

Wharton's Brigade,
Echols's Brigade,
Corps of Cadets,
Reserve Forces,
Ambulances and Medical Wagons,
Artillery,
Trains.

2. The Artillery will, for the present, be united, and form a battalion, under command of Major McLaughlin.

The trains will move behind the artillery, in the order of their respective commands.

3. Brigadier-General Echols will detail two companies under a field officer, as guard for the trains.

By command of Major-General Breckenridge.

(Signed) T. STODDARD JOHNSTON,
Acting Adjutant-General.

To Lieutenant-Colonel Shipp,
Commanding Corps of Cadets.

Headquarters, Valley District,
New Market, Va., May 16th, 1864.

Colonel :

I am directed by Major-General Breckenridge to convey in parting with the Corps of Cadets, to you and to them, his thanks for the important services you have rendered. He desires also to express his admiration for their meritorious conduct as exhibited in their soldierly bearing on the march, and for their distinguished gallantry on the field.

With sentiments of high personal regard, I am,
Colonel, Very respectfully,

Your obedient servant,

(Signed) T. STODDARD JOHNSTON,
Major, and Acting Adjutant-General.

Lieutenant-Colonel Scott Shipp,
Commanding Corps of Cadets.

Headquarters, Valley District,
New Market, Va., May 16th, 1864.

(Circular.)

An approximate return of killed and wounded,
and a summary field return, showing total effective

and aggregate present will be made out and forwarded to these headquarters immediately.

By command of Major-General Breckenridge.

(Signed) T. STODDARD JOHNSTON,
Acting Adjutant-General.

Lieutenant-Colonel Scott Shipp,
Commandant.

Headquarters, First Brigade, Etc.,
Rudes Hill, May 16th, 1864.

Dear Colonel :

I have directed Captain Catlett to call upon you for a report of the operations of your command on yesterday, in the battle of New Market. I can not refrain, Colonel, in this unofficial manner, from expressing my high admiration of the conduct of your noble boys in the fierce conflict of yesterday, and my deep sympathy with you all on account of the many casualties which, I understand, you will have to record. I shall always be proud to have had you and your Corps under my command; no man ever led a more gallant band. Nobly have you illustrated the history of your State, and the great institution which you have represented.

I am, Colonel, most truly

(Signed) JOHN ECHOLS,

Brigadier General.

Lieutenant-Colonel Scott Shipp,
Commanding Corps of Cadets.

House of Representatives,
Confederate States Congress,
May 25th, 1864.

Colonel Scott Shipp,
Commandant of Cadets.

Sir:—The House of Representatives has passed a resolution in relation to the participation of the Corps of Cadets, in the victory over Sigel, gained by our forces near New Market, on the fifteenth instant, and I have been requested to communicate this resolution to you.

Had I known that you would have been in the city yesterday I would have availed myself of that opportunity to perform that duty. Please let me know when the Corps will be again in the city.

Very truly and respectfully,

(Signed) THOMAS S. BOCOCK,
Speaker House Representatives.

REPORT
OF
LIEUTENANT-COLONEL SCOTT SHIPP.

Headquarters, Corps of Cadets,
July 4th, 1864.

General:

In obedience to General Orders, No. 19, Headquarters Virginia Military Institute, June 27th, 1864, I have the honor to submit the following report of the operations of the Corps of Cadets under my command in the field from May 11th to June 25th, inclusive:

In obedience to orders from Major-General Breckenridge, communicated through you, at 7:00 a. m., on May 11th the Corps of Cadets, consisting of a battalion of four companies of infantry and a section of three-inch rifle guns, took up the line of march for Staunton. The march to Staunton was accomplished in two days. I preceded the column on the second

day some hours for the purpose of reporting to General Breckenridge, and was ordered by him to put the Cadets into camp one mile south of Staunton.

On the morning of the 13th I received orders to march at daylight on the road to Harrisonburg, taking position in the column in rear of Echols's Brigade. We marched eighteen miles and encamped; moved at daylight on the 14th; marched sixteen miles and encamped.

At twelve o'clock on the night of the 14th, we received orders to prepare to march immediately, without beat of drum and as noiselessly as possible. We moved from camp at 1:30 o'clock, taking position in the general column in rear of Echols's Brigade, being followed by the column of artillery under the command of Major McLaughlin. Having accomplished a distance of six miles and approached the position of the enemy, as indicated by occasional skirmishing with his pickets in front, a halt was called, and we remained on the side of the road two or three hours in the midst of a heavy fall of rain. The General having determined to receive the attack of the enemy, made his dispositions for battle, posting the Cadets in reserve. He informed me that he did not wish to put the Cadets in if he could avoid it, but that should occasion require, he would use them freely.

He was also pleased to express his confidence in them, and I am happy to believe that his expectations were not disappointed, for when the tug of battle came they bore themselves gallantly and well.

The enemy not making the attack as was anticipated, or not advancing as rapidly as was desired, the line was ployed into column and the advance resumed. Here I was informed by one of General Breckenridge's aids that my battalion, together with the battalion of Colonel G. M. Edgar, would constitute the reserve, and was instructed to keep the section of artillery with the column, and to take position, after the deployments should have been made, two hundred and fifty or three hundred yards in rear of the front line of battle, and to maintain that distance. Having begun a flank movement to the left about two miles south of New Market, the nature of the ground was such as to render it impossible that the artillery should continue with the infantry column. I ordered Lieutenant Minge to join the general artillery column in the main road and to report to Major McLaughlin. After that I did not see the section of artillery until near the close of the engagement. Major McLaughlin, under whose command they served, was pleased to speak of the section in such complimentary terms that I was satisfied that they had done their duty.

Continuing the advance on the ground to the left of the main road and south of New Market, at 12:30 p. m. we came under the fire of the enemy's batteries. Having advanced a quarter of a mile under fire we were halted and the column was deployed, the march up to this time having been by flank in column. The ground in front was open, with skirts

of woods on the left. Here General Breckenridge sent for me and gave me in person my instructions. The General's plan seemed to have undergone some modifications. Instead of one line, with a reserve, he formed his infantry in two lines, artillery in rear and to the right, the cavalry deployed and guarding the right flank, left flank resting on the river.

Wharton's Brigade of infantry constituted the first line; Echols's Brigade the second. The battalion of Cadets, brigaded with Echols, was the last battalion but one from the left of the second line, Edgar's Battalion being on the left. The lines having been adjusted the order to advance was passed. Wharton's line advanced; Echols' followed at two hundred and fifty paces in rear. As Wharton's line ascended a knoll it came in full view of the enemy's batteries, which opened a heavy fire, but not having got the range, did but little damage. By the time the second line reached the same ground the Yankee gunners had got the exact range, and their fire began to tell on our line with fearful effect. It was here that Captain Hill and others fell. Great gaps were made through the ranks, but the cadet, true to his discipline, would close in to the center to fill the interval and push steadily forward. The alignment of the battalion under this terrible fire, which strewed the ground with killed and wounded for more than a mile on open ground, would have been creditable even on a field day.

The advance was thus continued until having

passed Bushong's house, beyond New Market, and still to the left of the main road, the enemy's batteries, at two hundred and fifty or three hundred yards, opened upon us with canister and case-shot, and their long lines of infantry were put into action at the same time. The fire was withering. It seemed impossible that any living creature could escape; and here we sustained our heaviest loss, a great many being wounded, and numbers knocked down, stunned and temporarily disabled. I was here disabled for a time and the command devolved upon Captain H. A. Wise, Company A. He gallantly pressed onward. We had before this got into the front line. Our line took a position behind a line of fence. A brisk fusilade ensued; a shout, a rush, and the day was won. The enemy fled in confusion, leaving killed, wounded, artillery and prisoners on our hands. Our men pursued in hot haste, until it became necessary to halt, draw ammunition, and re-establish the lines for the purpose of driving enemy from their last position on Rude's Hill, which they held with cavalry and artillery, to cover the passage of the river, about a mile in their rear. Our troops charged and took the position without loss. The enemy withdrew, crossed the river and burnt the bridge.

The engagement closed at 6:30 p. m. The cadets did their duty, as the long list of casualties will attest. Numerous instances of gallantry might be mentioned, but I have thought it better to refrain from specifying

individual cases for fear of making invidious distinctions, or from want of information, withholding praise where it may have been justly merited. It had rained almost incessantly during the battle, and at its termination, the cadets were well-nigh exhausted. Wet, hungry, and many of them shoeless, for they had lost their shoes and socks in the deep mud through which it was necessary to march—they bore their hardships with that uncomplaining resignation which characterizes the true soldier.

The Sixteenth and Seventeenth were devoted to caring for the wounded and the burial of the dead.

On the seventeenth I received an order from General Breckenridge to report to General Imboden, with the request upon the part of General Breckenridge that the corps be relieved from further duty at that time and be ordered back to the Institute. The circumstances of General Imboden's situation were such as to render our detention for a time necessary. We were finally ordered by him to proceed to Staunton without delay, for the purpose of proceeding by rail to Richmond, in obedience to a call of the Secretary of War. Returning, the corps marched into Staunton on the twenty-first; took the cars on the twenty-second; reached Richmond on the twenty-third; were stationed at Camp Lee until the twenty-eighth; were then ordered to report to Major-General Ransom; ordered by him to encamp on intermediate line. On the twenty-eighth, left Camp Lee; took up

camp on Carter's farm, on intermediate line, midway between Brook and Meadow Bridge roads; continued in this camp until June 6th; on the sixth received orders to return to Lexington; reached Lexington on ninth; Yankees approached on tenth; drove us out on eleventh; we fell back, taking Lynchburg road; marched to the mouth of the North River and went into camp. Next day (Sunday, the twelfth) remained in camp until 12 m.; scouts reported enemy advancing; fell back two miles and took a position at a strong pass in the mountains to await the enemy. No enemy came. We were then ordered to Lynchburg; went there; ordered to report to General Vaughn; ordered back to Lexington; reached Lexington on the twenty-fifth. Corps furloughed on twenty-seventh.

I am general, very respectfully, your obedient servant,

(Signed) SCOTT SHIPP,

Lieutenant-Colonel and Commandant.

Major-General F. H. Smith,
Superintendent.

The foregoing is taken from Official Records of the Union and Confederate Armies, Series I, Volume XXXVII, Part I.

FIELD AND STAFF.

LIEUTENANT-COLONEL SCOTT SHIPP,	Commandant.
COLONEL R. L. MADISON,	Surgeon.
CAPTAIN GEO. ROSS,	Assistant Surgeon.
CAPTAIN J. C. WHITWELL,	Commissary and Quarter-Master.
CADET LIEUTENANT CARY WESTON,	Adjutant.
CADET LIEUTENANT J. W. WYATT,	Quarter-Master.

NON-COMMISSIONED STAFF.

CADET SERGEANT-MAJOR J. E. WOODBRIDGE, Sergeant-Major.

MUSICIANS.

J. W. CROCKIN,	Fifer.
DICK STAPLES,	Kettle Drum.
JACOB MARKS,	Bass Drum.

Company "A."

CAPTAIN HENRY A. WISE, JR., Tactical Officer,
Commanding.

Cadet Captain, C. H. MINGE.
 Cadet First Lieutenant, W. C. HARDY.
 Cadet Second Lieutenant, W. MORSON.
 Cadet First Sergeant, E. M. ROSS.
 Cadet Second Sergeant, W. T. DUNCAN.
 Cadet Third Sergeant, J. DOUGLASS.
 Cadet Fourth Sergeant, H. WOOD.
 Cadet First Corporal, L. ROYSTER.
 Cadet Second Corporal, R. L. BROCKENBROUGH.
 Cadet Third Corporal, G. K. MACON.
 Cadet Fourth Corporal, S. F. ATWILL.

Privates.

Adams, R. A.	Hatton, C.	Perkinson, E. W.
Anderson, C. J.	Hayes, W. C.	Smith, C. H.
Ashley, C. N.	Hiden, P. B.	Smith, E. H.
Binford, R. J.	Hill, J. M.	Smith, F. L.
Bowen, W. B.	Howard, J. C.	Spiller, G.
Buster, W. D.	Hubard, W. J.	Spiller, W. H.
Butler, W. H.	James, F. W.	Temple, P. C.
Campbell, S. S.	Jessie, W. H.	Turner, C. Wh.
Cocke, P. St. G.	Larrick, J. S.	Thompson, K.
Cousins, R. H.	Lewis, W. L.	Watson, W. P.
Davis, A.	Mallory, E. S.	White, R. J.
Finch, E. W.	Mead, A. J.	White, J. S.
Foster, J. E.	Mohler, D. G.	Wingfield, S. G.
Garrett, H. W.	Morgan, P. H.	Wingfield, J. R.
Gibson, F. G.	Page, F. W.	Wood, H. T.
Goodykoontz, A. E.	Payne, A. S.	Wood, P. S.
Harrison, C. H.	Pendleton, R. A.	Woodruff, B. T.
Harrison, H. H.		

Company "B."

CAPTAIN FRANK PRESTON, Tactical Officer, Commanding.

Cadet Captain, C. W. SHAFER.
 Cadet First Lieutenant, G. W. GREYER.
 Cadet Second Lieutenant, LEVI WELCH.
 Cadet First Sergeant, A. PIZZINI.
 Cadet Second Sergeant, H. W. GARROW.
 Cadet Third Sergeant, W. M. PATTON.
 Cadet First Corporal, T. G. HAYES.
 Cadet Second Corporal, J. B. JARRATT.
 Cadet Third Corporal, PATRICK HENRY.
 Cadet Fourth Corporal, B. W. BARTON.

Privates.

Akers, R. C.	Garrett, V. F.	Phillips, S. T.
Alexander, W. K.	Grasty, W. C.	Powell, J. J.
Bayard, N. J.	Harris, W. O.	Preston, J. B.
Bransford, J. F.	Hundley, C. B.	Raum, G. E.
Carmichael, W. S.	Hupp, R. C.	Richeson, J. D.
Christian, E. D.	Jefferson, T. G.	Redwood, W. F.
Clarkson, J. H.	Johnson, P.	Roane, J.
Cocke, J. L.	Jones, T. W.	Tabb, J.
Cocke, J. P.	Kemp, W.	Taylor, J. E.
Cocke, W. R. C.	Kirk, W. M.	Tunstall, R. B.
Corbin, J. P.	Lee, G. T.	Tardy, A. H.
Crank, T. J.	Leftwich, A. H.	Turner, E. L.
Crockett, C. G.	Mason, S. B.	Walker, C. P.
Cullen, S.	McDowell, W. H.	Washington, L.
Corling, C. T.	Morson, A. A.	Wesson, P. M.
Darden, J. D.	Penn, J. G.	White, W. H.
Dillard, J. L.	Perry, W. E. S.	Whitehead, H. C.
Falkner, C. J.	Phelps, T. K.	Woodlief, P. W.
Garnett, G. T.		

Company "C."

CAPTAIN A. GOVAN HILL, Tactical Officer, Commanding.

Cadet Captain, S. S. SHRIVER.

Cadet First Lieutenant, T. D. DAVIS. (Absent
on furlough.)

Cadet Second Lieutenant, A. BOGCESS.

Cadet First Sergeant, J. A. STUART.

Cadet Second Sergeant, L. C. WISE.

Cadet Third Sergeant, A. F. REDD.

Cadet Fourth Sergeant, W. B. MARTIN.

Cadet First Corporal, H. H. DINWIDDIE

Cadet Second Corporal, J. WOOD.

Cadet Third Corporal, J. G. JAMES.

Cadet Fourth Corporal, R. RIDLEY.

Privates.

Adams, S. B.	Harrison, W. J.	Rose, G. M.
Beckham, B. W.	Haskins, C.	Rutherford, T. M.
Black, W. J.	Jones, W. S.	Shields, J. H.
Blundon, R. M.	Langhorne, M. D.	Shriver, T. H.
Booth, S. W.	Maury, R.	Slaughter, W. L.
Bowen, H. C.	McGavock, J. W.	Smith, B. L.
Buffington, E. S.	Merritt, J. L.	Smith, W. T.
Chalmers, W. M.	Minor, J. H. T.	Taylor, B. D.
Crawford, W. B.	Mitchell, S. T.	Taylor, C.
Crichton, J. A.	Morson, J. B.	Taylor, W. C.
Davis, J. A.	Morson, J. S.	Tate, C. B.
Davis, L. S.	Noland, N.	Thomson, P. A.
Dunn, J. R.	Overton, A. W.	Tomes, F. J.
Early, J. C.	Page, P. N.	Turner, C. W. H.
Ezekiel, M. J.	Pendleton, W.	Upshur, J. N.
Fry, H. W.	Randolph, C. C.	Walker, C. D.
Fulton, C. M.	Read, C. H.	Waller, R. E.
Goode, H. S.	Ricketts, C. S.	Walton, N. T.
Goodwin, J. H.	Roller, P. W.	Wheelwright, J. C.

Company "D."

CAPTAIN T. ROBINSON, Tactical Officer, Commanding.

Cadet Captain, B. A. COLONNA.

Cadet First Lieutenant, J. F. HANNA.

Cadet Second Lieutenant, F. W. CLAYBROOK.

Cadet First Sergeant, W. H. CABELL.

Cadet Second Sergeant, W. NELSON.

Cadet Third Sergeant, C. M. ETHEREDGE.

Cadet Fourth Sergeant, J. R. ECHOLS.

Cadet Fifth Sergeant, J. F. GILHAM.

Cadet First Corporal, O. A. GLAZEBROOK.

Cadet Second Corporal, J. R. TRIPLETT.

Cadet Third Corporal, ALFRED MARSHALL.

Cadet Fourth Corporal, JOHN S. WISE.

Privates.

Allen, D.	Haynes, L. C.	Pierce, D. S.
Arbuckle, A. A.	Harvie, J. B.	Preston, T. W.
Bagnall, J. S.	Harvie, J. S.	Radford, W. N.
Barney, W. H.	Hannah, J. S.	Reverley, G. F.
Baylor, J. B.	Horseley, J.	Sowers, J. F.
Beattie, W. F.	Imboden, J.	Stanard, J. B.
Bennett, W. G.	Jones, H. J.	Skaggs, S. B.
Berkeley, E.	Kennedy, W. H.	Stacker, C.
Cabell, R. G.	Knight, E. C.	Stuart, A. H. H.
Clark, G. B.	Lee, F. T.	Tunstall, J. L.
Clendinen, T. R.	Letcher, S. H.	Tutwiler, E. M.
Coleman, J. J.	Lewis, N. C.	Venable, W. L.
Crews, B. F.	Locke, R. N.	Ward, G. W.
Crenshaw, S. D.	Lumsden, W. J.	Webb, J. S.
Crockett, H. S.	Marks, C. H.	Welford, C. E.
Dillard, W.	Marshall, M.	Wharton, J. E.
Dickinson, J. J.	McCorkle, J. W.	White, T. W.
Eubank, W. M.	McClung, T. W.	Wimbish, L. W.
Gray, J. B.	Moorman, E. S.	Witt, J. E.
Hamlin, E. L.	Nalle, G. B. W.	Wood, M. B.

CASUALTIES.

Killed.

Cadet W. H. Cabell, Virginia,	2d Class,	1st Sergeant,	D Co.
“ S. F. Atwill, “	3d “	Corporal,	A “
“ W. H. McDowell, N. C.	4th “	Private,	B “
“ J. B. Stanard, Virginia,	4th “	“	D “
“ T. G. Jefferson, “	4th “	“	B “
“ H. J. Jones, “	4th “	“	D “
“ C. G. Crockett, “	4th “	“	B “
“ J. C. Wheelwright, “	4th “	“	C “

Wounded.

Lieutenant-Colonel SCOTT SHIPP, Commanding Corps of Cadets.
 Captain A. G. HILL, Commanding C Company, Tactical Officer.
 Cadet Captain S. S. SHRIVER, Virginia, 1st Class, Captain C Company.

Cadet H. W. Garrow,	Alabama,	2d Class,	Sergeant,	B Co.
“ J. A. Stuart,	Virginia,	2d “	1st Sergeant,	C “
“ L. C. Wise,	“	2d “	Sergeant,	C “
“ G. K. Macon,	“	3d “	Corporal,	A “
“ J. S. Wise,	“	3d “	“	D “
“ D. S. Pierce,	“	3d “	Private,	D “
“ H. C. Whitehead,	“	3d “	“	B “
“ G. Spiller,	“	3d “	“	A “
“ H. J. Meade,	“	3d “	“	A “
“ W. D. Buster.	“	3d “	“	A “
“ J. R. Triplett,	“	3d “	Corporal,	D “

Cadet	J. Preston Cocke,	Virginia,	4th Class	Private,	A Co.
"	J. F. Bransford,	"	4th	" "	B "
"	F. L. Smith,	"	4th	" "	B "
"	G. T. Garnett.	"	4th	" "	B "
"	M. Marshall,	Mississippi,	4th	" "	B "
"	W. Dillard,	Virginia,	4th	" "	D "
"	E. D. Christian,	"	4th	" "	B "
"	S. T. Phillips,	"	4th	" "	B "
"	E. H. Smith,	"	4th	" "	A "
"	W. P. Watson,	"	4th	" "	A "
"	P. Johnston,	"	4th	" "	B "
"	J. N. Upshur,	"	4th	" "	C "
"	T. W. White,	"	4th	" "	D "
"	P. W. Woodlief,	Louisiana,	4th	" "	B "
"	C. H. Read, Jr.,	Virginia,	4th	" "	C "
"	E. Berkeley,	"	4th	" "	D "
"	R. A. Pendleton,	"	4th	" "	C "
"	C. A. Randolph,	"	4th	" "	C "
"	F. G. Gibson,	"	4th	" "	A "
"	J. D. Darden,	"	4th	" "	B "
"	E. S. Moorman,	"	4th	" "	D "
"	J. S. Merritt,	"	4th	" "	C "
"	C. H. Harrison,	"	4th	" "	A "
"	J. J. Dickinson,	"	4th	" "	D "
"	C. D. Walker,	"	4th	" "	C "
"	J. Imboden,	"	4th	" "	D "
"	C. T. Corling,	"	4th	" "	B "
"	W. O. Harris,	"	4th	" "	B "
"	L. C. Haynes	"	4th	" "	D "

Recapitulation.

Killed,	8
Wounded,	44
	<hr/>
Total killed and wounded,	52

Virginia Military Institute.

HIS EXCELLENCY J. HOGE TYLER,

GOVERNOR OF VIRGINIA,

INSPECTOR EX-OFFICIO.

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TERM OF OFFICE RECKONED FROM JANUARY 1, 1898.

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Assistant Professor of Mathematics and Tactics.

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Assistant Professor of Mathematics and Tactics.

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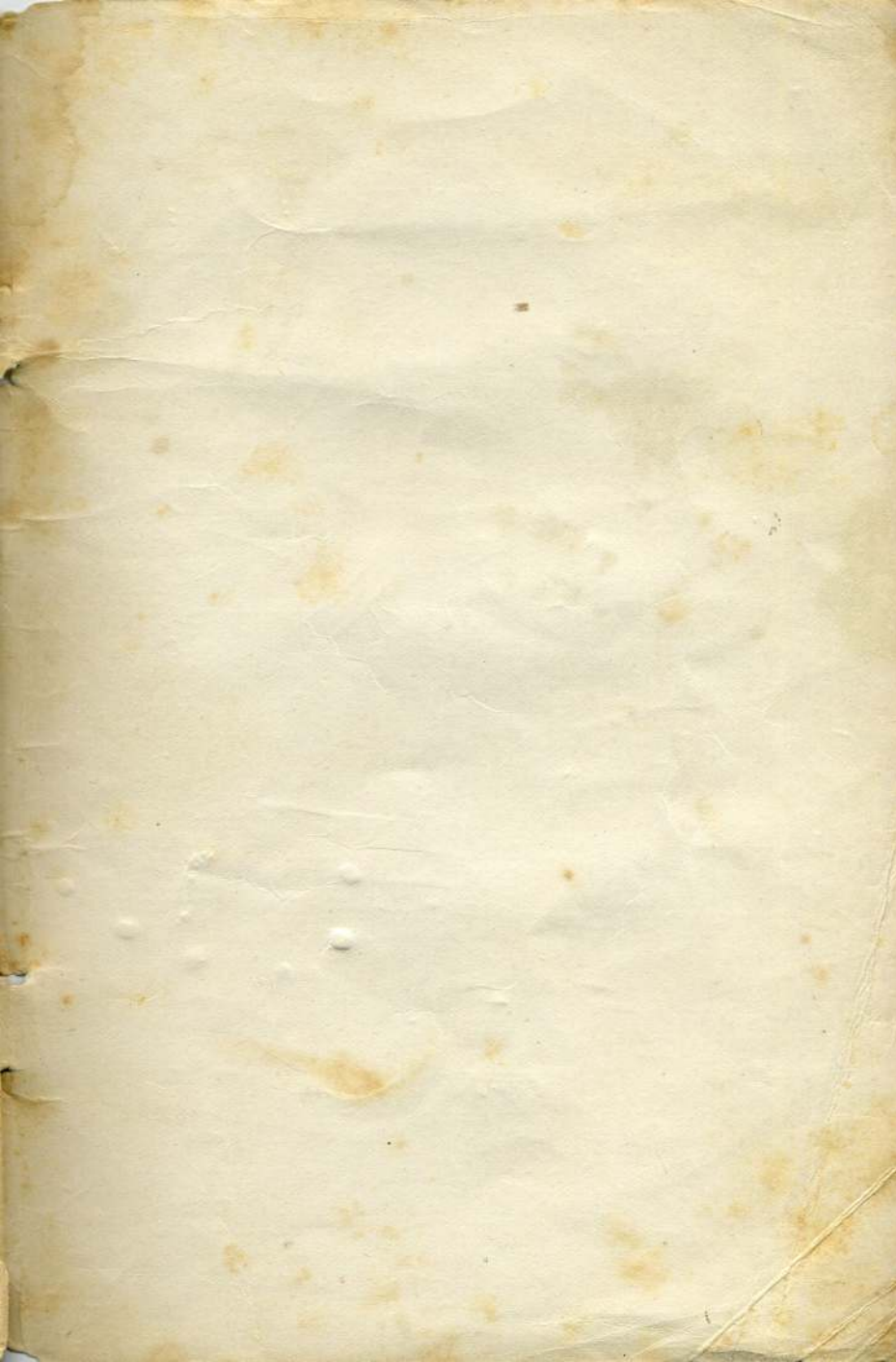
For further information, or catalogue, address,

GEN. SCOTT SHIPP,

Superintendent V. M. I.

Lexington, Virginia.

$$\begin{array}{r} 32 \\ 37 \frac{1}{2} \\ \hline 69 \frac{1}{2} \\ 15 \\ \hline 84 \end{array}$$





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