

The War Fifty Years Ago

Mounted Forerunners of Lee's Confederate Army Swoop Down on a Pennsylvania Town---The North Alarmed---President Lincoln Summons Militia to the Field---Confederate Infantry Follows on Heels of the Cavalry---The Shenandoah Valley a Pathway for the Invaders---Cavalry Fighting at the Gaps of Bull Run Mountains---Capture in Georgia Waters of the Confederate Ironclad Ram Atlanta.

By Capt. GEORGE L. KILMER, Late U. S. V.

At the opening of the third week in June, 1863, the forerunners of General R. E. Lee's army of invasion, consisting of 2,000 cavalry under General A. G. Jenkins, rode into Chambersburg and made themselves at home on Pennsylvania soil. The troopers in gray had galloped from the banks of the Potomac river under the cover of night, and their sudden swoop into the heart of the Keystone State was like a bolt from a clear sky. The last previous tidings which the people of the north and the Washington authorities had received concerning Lee's Confederates placed them all south of the Rappahannock river, with General Joseph Hooker's army patrolling the north bank.

There had been Confederate raids across the border before during the war, even as far north as Chambersburg, but all previous raiders had hurried back to Virginia soil. Jenkins settled down, and his coolness in the proceeding had an ominous look. President Lincoln called out a small army of state militia to defend the cities of the north, and it soon transpired that the bold raiders had good backing close at hand. One division of infantry from the corps of General R. S. Ewell crossed the Potomac from Virginia at Williamsport, Md., and hastened northward in Jenkins' path.

Lee Gets an Open Road North.

Ewell had marched his whole corps from the Rappahannock, following a sheltered route west of the Blue Ridge mountains to keep his movement from

the eyes of Federal scouts. At the same time the corps of General James Longstreet advanced east of the Blue Ridge so as to control the gaps leading through it and thus guard Ewell from surprise.

Longstreet's own movements were screened by a mass of troops belonging to General J. E. B. Stuart's cavalry, who scouted far to the east of Longstreet's outposts along the slopes of Bull Run mountains. Thus there were three columns of Confederates slowly forcing their way to the north this time fifty years ago.

The great highway from the Rappahannock region to the shores of the Potomac had not been left wholly unguarded by Federals. Still an invasion through it by Lee's whole army had not been provided for. General R. H. Milroy was at Winchester with a large force entrenched there and a strong detachment at the neighboring post of Martinsburg.

In order to cut Milroy off from help from the Federal line on the Potomac, General J. D. Imboden's Confederate cavalry passed around Winchester and Martinsburg and destroyed the Baltimore and Ohio railroad in Milroy's rear. Milroy had previously been ordered to retreat northward to Harpers Ferry the moment he felt danger, but he preferred to stand his ground. Ewell first threatened Martinsburg, and the Federal detachment there retreated to Winchester. Finally, learning from scouts that he was confronted by a Confederate corps, Milroy decided to retreat.

The road was now open for Lee's trains and artillery to march north through the valley at will. Meanwhile Longstreet's column passed on from gap to gap in the Blue Ridge on a line parallel to Ewell's route, all the time drawing nearer to the Potomac and saving Ewell from attack in the rear.

Lively Work of the Cavalry. When Hooker discovered at last that Lee's troops were shifting camp and drawing away from the old lines at Fredericksburg he sent his own cav-

alry under General Alfred Pleasonton on the back track toward Washington to guard his rear and cover the capital from attack. Thus while Stuart's men marched along Bull Run mountains on the west Pleasonton was tied by his orders to a line east of the range.

Cavalry is never idle when a campaign is brewing, and Federal scouts riding past Aldie gap on June 17 took a notion to see what lay the other side of the hills. General Fitzhugh Lee's Confederate brigade happened to have the same curiosity on the other side of the barrier at the same time.

A fight was opened almost on the run between the Harris light cavalry of General Indson Kilpatrick's brigade and the Fifth Virginia under Colonel T. S. Rosser. On nearing the town of Aldie, which lies in front of the gap on the east, Kilpatrick saw the gray troopers in the distance and sent the Harris light on a gallop through the streets to seize a low ridge over which the road ran, close to the gap.

Rosser's line charged with drawn sabers, driving the Harris light back to Aldie. Rosser then posted sharpshooters along the main road behind some haystacks, which were inclosed by rail barricades. These sharpshooters clung to the haystacks, pouring a terrible fire upon Kilpatrick's squadrons as they rode past on the flank to attack the main Confederate position farther down the road.

Fight Around the Haystacks.

In a short time Rosser's line was enforced by a full brigade, and Kilpatrick called for help from his divi-

sion, losing among others their colonel killed. But the impetus of the charge bore them through the Confederate line, which was routed and driven from the field.

Stuart Rides Away.

Rallying the regiment, which had fallen back before Rosser's charge,

Kilpatrick led it in again with the First Maine and chased the Confederates beyond the hills, capturing four guns. With this revenge of fortune Stuart's men rode away toward Middleburg to answer the call of the chief, who had sent word to all his forces to concentrate there. Duffie had barricaded the streets of the town.

At 7 p. m. three brigades advanced upon Duffie's line. By sheltering his men behind barricades and stone walls he repelled several assaults, but was at last almost surrounded. Retreating behind Little River, he halted to rest his men, but was again surrounded. By 1 a. m. on the 18th the roads in the neighborhood were alive

with Stuart's cavalry. Again retreating, he finally escaped through Hopewell gap to Centerville. Stuart destroyed Duffie, but in so doing lost the prize of the day. The Federals pushed on through Aldie gap and forced Longstreet to withdraw across the valley to the slopes of the Blue Ridge. With Federals west of Bull Run mountains Lee was compelled to move the greater part of his army north through the Shenandoah valley.

Capture of a Monster Ram. A naval event of importance this time fifty years ago was the capture in the region of Charleston of the Confederate ironclad ram Atlanta. This vessel, formerly called the Fingal, had been converted from a blockade runner into an armored ram of the Merrimac type. She carried six heavy

rifled guns and a spar torpedo. The Confederate admiral feared that the Atlanta would not be a match for the Ericsson monitors and held her back after the arrival of several of these vessels in southern waters. However, a new commander, Captain W. A. Webb, was appointed and told to do something with the ship. He entered

Warsaw sound on June 17 to try conclusions with the monitors Weehawken and Nahant, which had been ordered to dispose of the ram.

Webb sought a fight at close quarters. The Atlanta grounded at 600 yards distance, and her engines could not move her. The Weehawken promptly engaged, striking her with four shots out of five. The Atlanta fired eight shots, but did not hit the Weehawken, although she was within 300 yards of her target. The first shot from the monitor knocked a hole in the iron plating of the ram and wounded sixteen Confederate seamen, leaving forty others prostrate and insensible from shock. Other shots smashed the pilothouse and a port shutter and wrenched the casemate loose from the deck at one corner. To save his men Captain Webb surrendered.

Sarcastic.

"I don't like to invite Mrs. Parvett to my bridge party, and yet she's a sure loser and good pay."

"I don't think you are going to get her money without her company," said her sarcastic husband. "What do you expect her to do--frame your invitation and mail you a check?"--Louisville Courier-Journal



MRS. JOSEPHINE CROCKER
Past Department President, W. R. C.

PRONOUNCING CHINESE.

Variations in the Tone Mean Entirely Different Words.

At the University of London recently a lecture was given by Dr. Jones on the pronunciation of Chinese, and in the course of his remarks the speaker explained that the difficulties of learning the pronunciation of Chinese, though real enough, have been rather exaggerated by those who have written on that subject. When treated phonetically the language becomes not much more difficult to learn than German or French.

The chief thing to remember is that the study of Chinese is a matter of singing rather than talking, Dr. Jones said. In English the variations in tone as we talk mean variations in expression. In Chinese variations in tone mean totally different words.

A little of the Chinese method is present, even in our own language, and the lecturer pointed out that the simple word "yes" may be so varied in tone as to mean "It is the case," "Of course it is the case," "It is really so" and "It may be so, but I'm not quite sure."

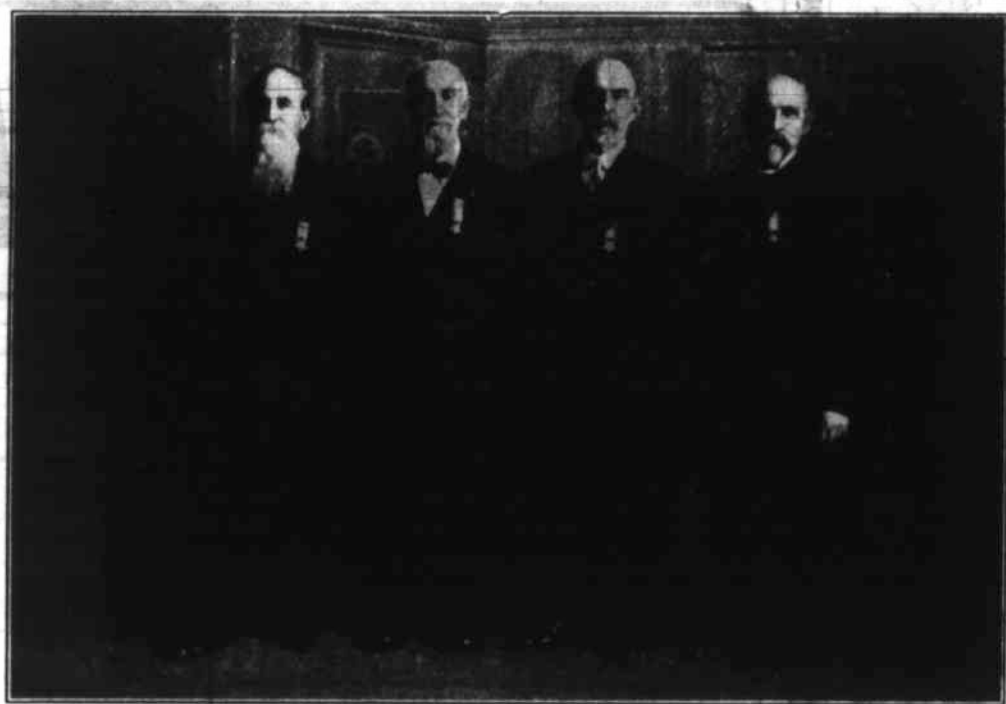
The student who wishes to learn good Chinese must familiarize himself perfectly with at least six tones. There is a seventh, but that may be more or less left out of account. According to the tone in which they are pronounced there are six separate and distinct meanings. The Chinese word "fan," for instance, may be so pronounced, or rather sung, as to mean six different words and such widely different ones as sleep, powder and courageous.--Springfield Republican.

London's Mighty Roar.

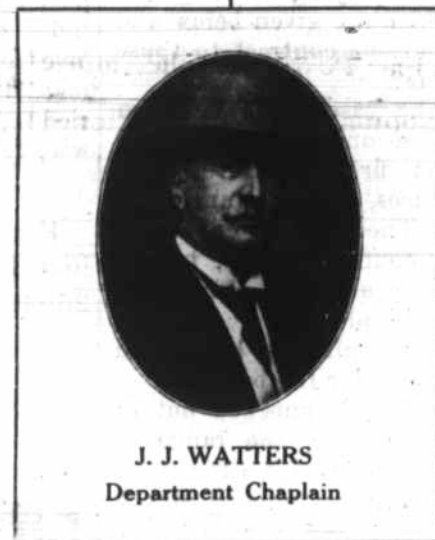
James Russell Lowell was never so happy as during his tenure of the American legation. "I do like London," he writes to Charles Eliot Norton soon after his appointment. "It gives a fifty to my blood, now growing more sluggish than it used to be. I

love to stand in the middle of Hyde park and forget myself in that dull roar of ever circulating life which bears a burden to the song of the thrush I am listening to. It is far more impressive than Niagara, which has nothing else to do and can't help itself. In this vast torrent all the drops are men." London Chronicle.

Napoleon Lost Something Too. Host--That is the sword of my great uncle. He lost his arm at Waterloo. Guest--Yes, it's a terrible place for losing things. I lost a bag there only last week!--London Opinion



VETERAN QUARTET



J. J. WATTERS
Department Chaplain



COL. B. F. PIKE
Past Department Commander, at 65



COL. B. F. PIKE
Past Department Commander at 21