

## APPENDIX.

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### DR. DABNEY'S LETTER TO D. H. PANNILL, ESQ., DESCRIPTIVE OF HIS SERVICES AT PORT REPUBLIC.

[This letter has come to our knowledge just as the book goes to press. It appeared in the *Times-Dispatch*, Richmond, August 30, 1903, too late for use in the body of the work. We were not aware of its existence before that time.]

*"D. H. Pannill, Esq.*

*"AUSTIN, January 14, 1891.*

"DEAR SIR: . . . . You are, indeed, engaged upon a most timely and important work, in composing a true history of the Army of Northern Virginia. I have heard the extract you send read with much satisfaction. I was myself at Cross Keys and Port Republic with General Jackson. I notice that Mr. Esten Cooke, in his *Surry of Eagle's Nest*, says that Colonel Sir Percy Wyndham pursued our rear with only a squadron (two companies). Of this I cannot speak as an eye-witness. Colonel Kane was colonel of the Yankee infantry regiment 'Pennsylvania Buck Tails,' which killed Ashby later in the afternoon. I believe your narrative of this part is very exact. You were also very wise in discarding the story about Jackson using a ruse in order to pass the Yankee cannon at the mouth of a bridge, or of pretending to be a Yankee officer, and ordering them to move. He had galloped over to the northwest side before that gun was placed there. The dash of the Yankees into Port Republic did not take place until after breakfast. The General rode to the top of the hill where the Third Brigade and Poague's Battery were bivouacked, and had the long roll beaten. As soon as Fulkerson's Regiment and one gun were ready, he started back with them to recover the bridge and the village. The sergeant of this gun is now in this city (William Morton Brown), and I heard him tell his story recently. Jackson, on returning, when he got in sight of the bridge, saw a cannon at its further mouth. Brown says he ordered his gun to unlimber and load, but not to fire at once, being apparently

in doubt whether the cannon might not be one of a reserve battery of his own. It seems as if to solve this doubt he waved his hand and shouted to the gunner twice, 'Fetch your gun over here.' They appeared to notice him at his second shout, and their reply was a cannon shot aimed at him, and Brown fired his cannon at them immediately, and Jackson ordered his infantry to fire and charge, as you narrate.

"You are right in supposing I was the staff officer who saved the baggage train. In my *Life of Jackson* I did not name myself or go into details, because I thought it would be in bad taste. The facts were these: I had lodged in a little tent in an orchard, about two hundred yards from the house (old Dr. Kemper's), where the General lodged, but had seen him about breakfast time, and he had told me that he did not intend to begin any fighting on the Sabbath day, and I should preach to the Stonewall Brigade. I had accordingly gone back to my tent, and was preparing a sermon, when I saw the servant hastily jerking up the tent pins. I asked him why, when he replied in about these words, 'Why, Major, don't you know the Yankees done come, and the General done started across the river, and he ordered me that all these tents and baggage must be packed and moved to the rear in five minutes?' I sprang up and told him to bridle and saddle my horse, while I belted on my arms. His answer was, 'Bless your heart, Major, I can't stop for that, the General's orders is too strict.' I equipped the horse myself, and started to follow the General. The southern end of the village street turns at right angles between the village and old Dr. Kemper's. When I came near that spot two staff officers—Dr. McGuire and Quartermaster Harman—galloped rapidly to the rear, each of them waving me back, and shouting to me that the Yankees were already in the street, and it was simply impossible for me to join the General. Indeed, two of our staff, trying to get to him a few minutes earlier, were already captured. Colonel Crutchfield, colonel of our artillery, was one, and he was in the street with the Yankee Colonel Carroll during the battle that followed; escaping that same day, he returned to us, and told us what he saw from the Yankee side, which was very instructive to me. The thought which flashed on my mind when I was stopped was that the bridge and our trains must be in immediate danger from these Yankees, and my duty was to rally whatever I could for their protection. So beginning to look around I first saw a captain

with about fifteen Confederate riflemen. He said he was Captain Moore, of the Second Virginia, who had been posted as picket at the forks of the river just below, and had been driven away by a greatly superior force. I asked him if his men were stampeded. He replied proudly, No; that he could control his men, who would be glad to have a few chances at the Yankees, and the faces of his men confirmed this. I told him it was a critical time, and we must do what we could to check the advance of the Yankees. 'Follow me, and I will show you an advantageous position, and you must stay there at all hazards until I bring you some supports.' This he promised to do.

"The Staunton road, issuing from the village, makes a second right angle near the old Kemper house, so that between this angle and the first one mentioned lies a straight line of turnpike of some hundred and seventy or two hundred yards, making a capital range for a close rifle fire. I quickly put Captain Moore and his men over in the field behind a big board fence, ordering them to lie down on their breasts and fire low through the lowest crack upon whatever enemy turned the other corner. Carrington's Battery had come to us the day before so ill-equipped and trained that Colonel Crutchfield had ordered them to stay for the present with the baggage train; they had bivouacked in this very field, and had now just gotten into column and were going south at a gallop. I raced after them, and ordered word to be passed on to their captain to halt the column and come to me. I then asked him what ammunition he had, and he said he had enough cannister cartridges for two guns. 'Have you friction primers, Captain?' 'Yes, but no lanyard strings.' I said the whip lashes will do for them; turn out these two guns and follow me. I started him back at a gallop through an old orchard, down into Dr. Kemper's front meadow. Meantime, I heard a sharp volley from Moore's riflemen; he told me afterwards that the head of a Yankee column of cavalry turned the lower corner of the turnpike, but his first volley sent them back. Knowing that my only chance was audacity, I ran my two guns across the meadow, so as to rake the main street at short range, and ordered the men to load with cannister. Just then Captain Myers, of Ashby's Cavalry, was passing by with a little company of about twenty-five. I ordered them to halt, form and support the guns. This he did. He was one of the cavalry pickets, but not being on the direct

road to Lewiston, had not been stampeded by Carroll, like the other cavalry picket. I then said to Carrington, 'I don't want to fire into friends; so as Jackson may have gotten some of his men into the street by this time, wait until I reconnoitre once more.' I rode forward to the head of the street behind an old shed; the road was so dusty that at first I saw nothing, but I watched it until I saw a blue column of Yankee cavalry unmistakably emerging from the dust in good cannister range; then galloped back and ordered Carrington to fire. The enemy replied by a shell, which was excellently aimed, I knew by the buzz, and shouted to my men, 'Down, men,' and all squatted like partridges in the grass. Sure enough, the shell burst about four yards ahead of them, apparently the very worst place for them; but, strange to say, all the fragments ricocheted over them, whereon I ordered them up to reload and fire; so we kept up this fire until we cleared the street and Jackson retook the bridge. The Yankee cannoneers did not fire so accurately after their first shot, and not one of my men was hurt. These young gentlemen were as green as grass, but as brave as lions, very excited and rather disorderly. Fortunately, they had not yet experienced enough to know in what imminent danger I ran them.

"Now Colonel Crutchfield was sitting all this time on his horse by Carroll, a prisoner. He told me that while Carroll was placing his section of artillery and forming his column, one of his scouts came back, and exclaimed with great exultation, 'Colonel, you have just got all Jackson's baggage trains.' Carroll asked where. 'Up yonder in sight, scarcely half a mile off.' Carroll immediately gave command to the captain of his leading squadron, 'Captain, go up quickly, attack the trains; give me a good account of them all.' Crutchfield said that after this his heart seemed to sink down to the bottom of his body, and he said to himself, 'Well, we are gone, and all my ammunition train with them, for the Yankee is right, and there is nothing between Colonel Carroll and them.' But when the cavalry advanced, to his amazement two cannon fired at them—he could see the cannister cutting up the dust at the horses' feet, and they came back in a panic. Crutchfield said to himself, 'Have these cannons dropped down from the sky? I thought I was chief of artillery to this army, and knew there were no cannon on this side ready to shoot.' He said Carroll was much enraged, cursed a great deal, and beat the men with the flat of

his sword, and reforming his column, they went up again, but the cannister sent them back a second time. While he was attempting to reform them the third time, Fulkerson came through the bridge at the lower end, and the whole business became uncontrollable, and ran for the South River by the cross streets. As soon as I was sure that Jackson had the bridge, I took Captain Myers' Company, and scoured the back street, hoping to catch some prisoners, but they were too quick for me. At the bottom of the town I met General Jackson and rejoined him, when my separate command ended. That night I told him something of it, and said jocularly, 'Yes, General, in that great battle all three arms of the service, infantry, artillery, cavalry, were duly employed,' at which he laughed like a school-boy.

"As I had no regular field command of the detachments employed, I did not think it incumbent to put in any official report. Hence nothing appears of it in Jackson's official report, compiled months afterwards from those of the field officers; but with less than seventy men, all told, I saved his army that time, for had that ammunition train been blown up by Carroll we should have gone up the spout.

"Faithfully yours,

R. L. DABNEY."