

their clothing soon stiffened in ice. But personal discomfort was not to be thought of in a time like this. One by one the men dropped, victims to the well-directed fire ; but onward pressed the column, and soon ranged itself around the house, where for a moment was a respite of safety, as under its walls the fire from the windows could not be depressed so as to be effective. Then came the ringing blows of the axe as door and window were assailed and battered. Those carrying fire had soon kindled a blaze under the house, on which was thrown the straw and kindlings.

No shots were fired by the assaulting column, except by those immediately at the doors and windows, as no enemy was to be seen, and the stout logs which protected them could not be penetrated. Soon the fire from the house was renewed, and the falling of our men at once disclosed that the chinking between the logs was being pushed out, and from the ground floor of the church its defenders were dealing death and destruction. The writer was standing to the right of the door, with back as close to the walls as he could get, when he was literally pushed out of the way and half turned around by the projecting muzzle of a musket from between the logs. The force of the blow, perhaps, saved him from the effect of the discharge, which immediately followed, but in a moment he received a severe wound from another quarter. The blows on the door were now telling, and it slowly gave way. At its first opening, in sprang that gallant soldier, Sergeant-Major Johnson, who, finding himself shut up with the enemy in their citadel, and alone, did not hesitate, but loudly demanded them to surrender. The work of the fire was now beginning to show, and one corner of the building was lighted up in a blaze. Again and again fell the heavy blows from the axe on the door, until it gave way, and our men crowded in, when the cry of surrender rose up from all quarters of the house. My personal recollections cease at this point, and when consciousness again asserted itself, I found kind and loving friends were bearing me back, but the last sight that I recall was in the very height of the scene. when the cries of "Surrender!" were ringing in my ears, and the light of the blazing fire, together with the brilliancy of the moon, made clear the ground surrounding the church, which was white with the forms of our brave boys who had fallen.

This detention at Greenland Gap was unfortunate, as it prevented General Jones from capturing a train in which were most of the officers of General Mulligan's command.

Arriving at the Northwest Grade General Jones divided his command, and Colonel A. W. Harmon, of the Twelfth Virginia, was sent with his regiment, the First Maryland and McNeill's Partisan Rangers, to burn the bridge at Oakland, and to march thence by way of Kingwood on Morgantown. The remainder of the force moved on Rowelsburg.

Colonel Harmon's force reached Oakland next day, and the First Maryland Cavalry took part in the charge on the place, in which forty prisoners were captured. That night Colonel Harmon encamped on Cheat River, and next day