

Pvt. Daniel Mowen

Myersville, Md.

The following is from a manuscript printed in *The Globe* newspaper, found in the Middletown (MD) Valley Historical Society. Incorrect spelling and sentence structure have been left intact.

Daniel H. Mowen, Myersville, a native of Washington County, a member of the Seventh Maryland Regiment, U.S. Volunteers, written especially for the readers of The Globe by Daniel H. Mowen [Co. "I"] who was one of the boys in blue during the Civil War, and who is now a resident of Myersville, Frederick County [Md.]

1863 Like all organizations, we had men that were not true to the colors. On the night of the 5th of February the sentinel on duty at the stables deserted, appropriating Major Dallam's horse to help him on his way. On February 24th a mule took offense at me passing somewhere within fifty feet of his rear, kicked me on the leg, but missed his mark so far as to not break any bones. Considering the source from which it came, all that we could do was to pass on the best we could. We were not in a very moveable condition for several days.

The 4th of April was cloudy and cold. We broke camp on Maryland Heights and moved our camp to Bolivar Heights, on the Virginia side of the Potomac. We pitched our tents upon the wet ground. It began to snow in the evening and the next morning there was a wet snow of about eight inches. We had nothing but a narrow board to lie upon the wet ground for a board (bed?) with wet ground below, wet snow above. I lay down cold and shivered to sleep. But that sleep was of short duration. I awoke with the most severe pains through my shoulder and breast that I thought a mortal could experience. But fortunately by calling upon the surgeon, I got relief.

Owing to raids by Imboden and Jones, on April 27th we left Harpers Ferry, on the B&O Railroad, reaching Cumberland in the evening and Oakland the next morning. We left Oakland on the morning of the 29th on foot through rain and mud for Cranberry Summit. Here the auctioneer of Company I, Joseph Boward, put up at public auction one of the Sixth Virginia home guards. He was reported to have aided the enemy at plunder, and killed a citizen's cow, was arrested and afterward turned over to the civil authorities. After pleading for a bid, he was knocked off to Jeff Davis for three cents. Thinking it was too good of a bargain to let his uniform go with the man, his clothes were put up, soon reaching twenty-five dollars. They were knocked off to Uncle Sam. It was rather humiliating, but he had to stand it.

We left Cranberry Summit at about seven o'clock that evening. We marched through rain and the most slippery mud I ever put my foot in. The roads were cut up and uneven. Being very dark, we could not see where to put our feet, and would be slipping to one side or the other, forward or backward, which was very fatiguing. We got within about four miles of Roolsburg at two o'clock in the morning. Just before the regiment made a halt for the night, the front was slo getting up an embankment of the railroad. Being we [ary] and worn out, I perched upon a stump close by me and propped my head in my hands. That was the lost that I knew until some stragglers came up, shook me and inquired where the regiment was. It was gone.

Having an aversion to straggling, I picked up courage and struck out in the direction we were going and was highly gratified at finding that it was putting up for the night. Wet and chilly, I crawled into a stable. Pulling up some hay in the dark, I stuck myself under as far as possible for cover. Someone threw themselves across me, packing it even more closely and I was asleep again, and sufficiently recuperated to take the advance guard to Roolsburg, which we reached about noon. Here we had a fairly good time, mostly fine spring weather, eating maple sugar, smoking Virginia cheroots, hunting young snakes for pastime, which were easier to catch than the fine trout in the Cheat River.