



THE TRAVAILS OF MOSBY'S REVOLVERS

by Stephen G. Basheda

March 25, 1864. A winter storm was sweeping across northern Virginia. Soldiers of the 21st New York cavalry, encamped near Berryville, Virginia, were suffering the hardships of camp life. The 21st New York Cavalry patrolled northern Virginia in an attempt to protect the Yankee supply lines, namely the various railroads crisscrossing northern Virginia. Seeking a warm environment and hot meal, soldiers of the 21st New York Cavalry, including Private Harry Johnson, Corporal James Simpson, and Sergeant Dick Weatherbee, left their camp to forage.¹

Approximately two miles from their encampment, they stopped at Clay Hill, the residence of Francis and Mary Whiting. Built in 1816, Clay Hill was a two-story home, composed of seven rooms and fireplaces² (Figure 1). These soldiers of the 21st New York Cavalry made themselves at home in the dining area, awaiting a warm meal. Before being served that warm meal, Colonel Mosby and several of his Rangers entered the residence through a back entrance, and captured Private Johnson, Corporal Simpson, and Sergeant Weatherbee in the dining area. There is some conjecture that Ms. Whiting may have signaled Colonel Mosby and his Rangers of the home invasion by the Yankee soldiers.



Figure 1. Clay Hill, the residence of the Whiting family

John Singleton Mosby was born on December 6, 1833 at “Edgemont” in Powhatan, Virginia (Figure 2). Very little was known of his childhood. He was described as “frail and sickly.” He rarely, if ever won a scuffle during his growing years. In 1840, his family moved into Albemarle County, about four miles from Charlottesville, Virginia.³ In 1850, Mosby enrolled at the University of Virginia, studying the classics. He was a student of “languages and literature of the university.” He focused on Greek and Classical studies. In his memoirs, Mosby often relates back to Greek history in describing his military endeavors.

Each of us, during our life, have had a seminal moment where circumstances or decision making forever changed our life’s path. Mosby’s seminal moment occurred at age 19, when he was a third year student at the University of Virginia, on March 29, 1853, and involved a fellow University of Virginia student named

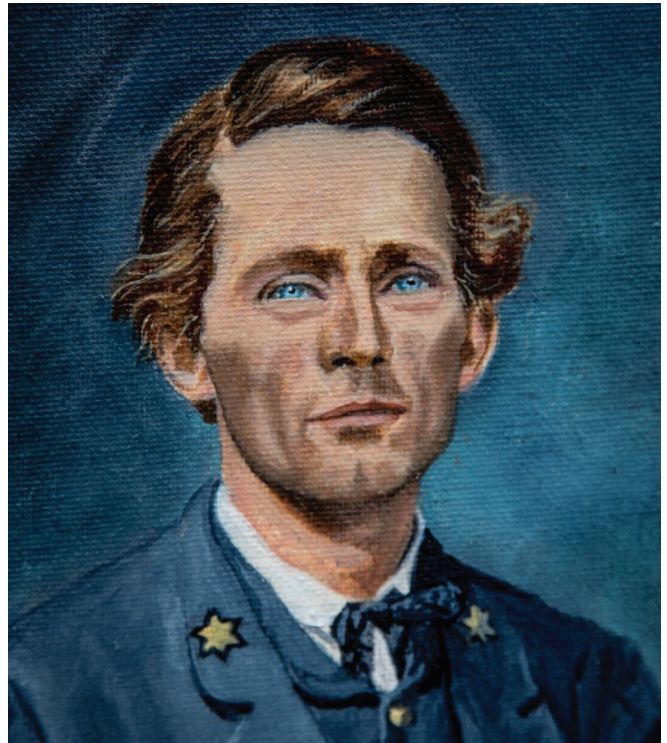


Figure 2. Portrait of John S. Mosby (Courtesy of Norma Barefoot)

George Turpin. George Turpin was a notorious “bully.” His routine was to “call out” his victims, giving them a 24-hour notice before the confrontation. This “calling out” occurred when Mosby hired musicians for a party. George Turpin had wanted to use the same band. Turpin, having a reputation for inflicting severe beatings on his victims, “called out” Mosby. The following day, March 29, 1853, Turpin approached Mosby at his boarding house. Mosby, being prepared, drew a Pepperbox revolver and inflicted a non-fatal wound to George Turpin’s neck.⁴

This shooting incident resulted in Mosby’s expulsion from the University of Virginia. Mosby was prosecuted by William Joseph Robertson, an alumnus of the University of Virginia, after the initial trial resulted in a hung jury. Mosby was charged with unlawful shooting. He served seven months of a one year prison sentence and avoided a 500 dollar fine. During his imprisonment, Mosby became friends with Robertson. Robertson shared his law library with Mosby. He became versed in the practice of law, and upon release from prison, passed the Virginia bar examination. Robertson’s tutelage of Mosby within the legal profession forever gained Mosby’s appreciation and respect. A portrait of William Robertson hung in the Mosby home for years to come.⁵ John Mosby started his initial law practice in Howardsville, Virginia, a small town southeast of Charlottesville, on the James River. While in Howardsville, Mosby met Pauline Clark, his future wife. Pauline was the daughter of a prominent Kentucky politician. After their marriage, John and Pauline relocated to Bristol, Virginia, a

residence much closer to Pauline's family. From his law office in Bristol, Virginia, Mosby would travel the short ten miles to the Abingdon (Virginia) courthouse, trying his legal cases. During his travels to Abingdon, he became acquainted with William Blackford. Blackford, a graduate of the University of Virginia, worked as a civil engineer in the Abingdon area.

After John Brown's failed raid at Harper's Ferry, Virginia in October 1859, Blackford organized the Washington Mounted Rifles, a local militia group stationed in the Abingdon area. Having no military experience, Blackford contacted William "Grumble" Jones, a West Point graduate and resident of nearby Glade Spring, Virginia. Together, they organized the Washington Mounted Rifles. The "Rifles" trained at Martha Washington College, an all-girls school.⁶ The college now exists as a Historic Hotel of America, the Martha Washington Inn and Spa.

Mosby, initially, had no interest in a military career. He was described as a "lackluster recruit", and at times, was felt to be indifferent regarding military exercises. He joined the Washington Mounted Rifles in an attempt to connect with members of this organization in order to benefit his legal practice. In his memoirs, Mosby stated he was offered a commission at the start of the war by an acquaintance with connections to Governor Letcher. He refused to accept this commission due to his lack of military training. "I preferred serving as a private under a good officer (Jones). I had no idea then that I should ever rise above the ranks".⁷ His attitude changed under the tutelage of "Grumble" Jones. Jones energized Mosby's interest in military tactics. Jones remained an important influence in Mosby's life until his death at the battle of Piedmont, Virginia, on June 5, 1864.⁸

After the onset of the War Between the States, the Washington Mounted Rifles travelled approximately 256 miles, over a two week period on horseback, to the cavalry training facility in Ashland, Virginia, north of Richmond. The Washington Mounted Rifles were incorporated into the 1st Virginia Cavalry as Company L, under the leadership of James Ewell Brown (J.E.B.) Stuart. Grumble Jones, in charge of the 1st Virginia Cavalry, selected John Mosby as his adjutant (Figure 3). With the Confederate Army's requirement of officer elections, Colonel Jones was voted out as commander of the 1st Virginia Cavalry, being replaced by General Robert E. Lee's nephew, Fitzhugh Lee. With this change in leadership, Mosby resigned as adjutant and eventually became a personal scout for JEB Stuart. Due to Mosby's exploits as a scout, including being instrumental for Stuart's ride around McClellan in the Peninsula Campaign, he was given permission, by JEB Stuart and the Confederate hierarchy, to organize an independent command on December 30, 1862. In January 1863, at Mt. Zion Church in Aldie, Virginia, Mosby and 15 men from the 1st Virginia Cavalry began their exploits as Mosby's Rangers.⁹

Mosby's Rangers were officially organized on June 10, 1863, in Rectortown, Virginia, as Company A, 43rd Battalion Virginia Cavalry.¹⁰ Mosby's Rangers eventually grew to eight companies, with over 1,000 men listed in the Battalion's historical roster. The organization of Mosby's Rangers was validated by the Partisan Ranger Act in April 1862. The Partisan Ranger Act allowed the organization of independent commands as companies, battalions, or regiments. A partisan ranger would have the same benefits as enlisted soldiers in the Confederate Army, including pay, rations, quarter, and terms of service. The partisan ranger groups were to deliver

arms and munitions to the quartermaster. Partisan rangers would gather intelligence, with a goal of disrupting Yankee supply lines. The official military definition of a partisan is a dedicated body of light troops engaged in unconditional warfare. The partisan should have similar prisoner of war status as conventional soldiers.

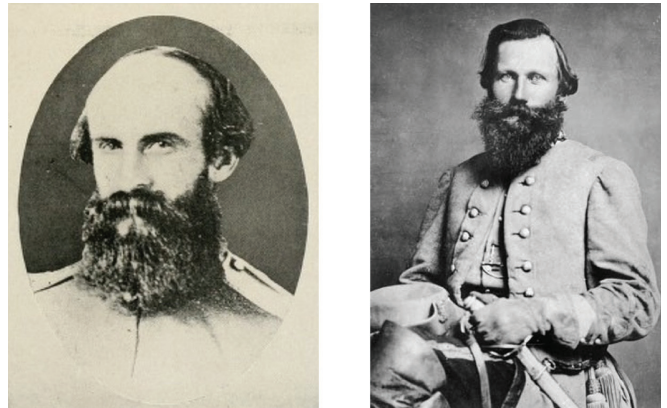


Figure 3. William "Grumble" Jones (left) and JEB Stuart (right)

The Partisan Ranger Act was repealed in February 1864 due to pressure from prominent cavalry officers, including Thomas Rossler and JEB Stuart, due to the unscrupulous behavior of certain independent commands. These Confederate cavalry officers opined that the Partisan Ranger Act prevented soldiers from enlisting in the Confederate Army. Two ranger groups were not disbanded. These groups included Mosby's Rangers and McNeil's Rangers, a partisan ranger group fighting in the area of the South Branch Valley, in what is now West Virginia.¹¹

Mosby's four requirements to become a member of his command, besides being a fighter with good character, included the following.¹² The first three requirements were obvious.

Firstly, one needed a horse.

Secondly, at least one revolver was required. The preferred revolver was the Model 1860 .44 caliber Colt Army revolver. It was commonplace for a Mosby's Ranger to carry up to six revolvers, two on the waist-belt, two in their boots, and two in their pommel holsters on their mount. Mosby frowned on the use of sabers, due to their ineffectiveness in battle, and the rattling noise of the sabers in their scabbards that could signal their arrival. Mosby also frowned on carbines. However, there was a small group of Mosby's Rangers, called "carbineers", who used carbines effectively during an ambush.

Thirdly, one needed a hideout.

Fourthly, and less obvious, an excuse was needed for not serving in the Confederate Army if confronted by Yankee soldiers.

"Mosby's Confederacy" is classically defined as Loudon and Fauquier counties in northern Virginia (Figure 4). However, many of the battles occurred in surrounding counties including Fairfax, Prince William, Warren, and Clark Counties. At times, Mosby's Rangers crossed into southern Maryland.

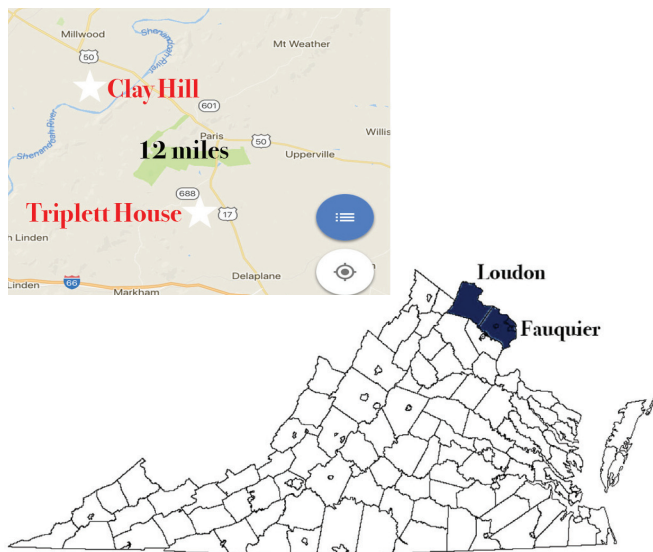


Figure 4. Mosby's Confederacy. Route to Mosby's headquarters with 21st New York Cavalry captives.

A peculiar feature of Mosby's command was the election of officers. During the War, officer elections were instituted by the Confederate Army. Mosby held "elections" that differed from the standard election. Mosby would nominate a soldier for each vacant position. No nominations were accepted from the group, and failure to vote for Mosby's nominees could lead to expulsion from the group. Mosby, therefore, nominated the best soldier, based on bravery and performance in battle, to the most important positions in his command.¹³

A misconception about Colonel Mosby by soldiers meeting him for the first time was his stature. Many soldiers pictured Mosby as a strapping warrior. Mosby was quite "ordinary" at five foot seven inches and weighing 130 pounds. Besides his bravery and genius involving military tactics, many Rangers commented on a certain characteristic of Mosby's ability to command. John Munson, in his memoirs, reflects on this characteristic. "He turned upon me suddenly, meeting my full glance. At that instant, the secret of his power over his men was disclosed. It was his eyes, which were deep blue, luminous, clear, piercing; when he spoke, they flashed the punctuations of his sentence."¹⁴

Studying the military tactics of partisan rangers of the Revolutionary War, namely Francis Marion and Thomas Sumter, Mosby developed his tactical approach to military command. Mosby stated "a line is only as strong as its weakest point, it was necessary for it to be stronger than I was at every point in order to resist my attack."¹⁵ Secondly, "the military value of a partisan's work is not measured by the amount of property destroyed, or the number of men killed or captured, but by the number he keeps watching. Every soldier withdrawn from the front to guard the rear of an army is so much taken from its fighting strength." Due to his military tactics and success on the battlefield, John Singleton Mosby was inducted into the United States Army Ranger Hall of Fame in 1992. Without the confrontation with George Turpin, we may never have had the exploits of Mosby's Rangers.

Returning to our story at Clay Hill, Mosby was preparing to take his prisoners to Paris, Virginia (Figure 4). The actions that followed were described by Corporal Simpson, published in Harpers Weekly, on April 16, 1864.¹⁶

"It was a grand ride and adventure that we had last week!" The boys drew closer to the fire: they knew my story was worth hearing, and, lighting their pipes, they got ready to listen. Yes, a right jolly ride! You remember, boys, that on the 25th of March Captain Gere of the Griswold Light Cavalry – you have fought at their side more than once – was sent out with a hundred or so of the men to the neighborhood of Berryville and Winchester on a scout. Well, we encamped at Millwood, a stragling sort of place, you remember, about seven miles from Berryville. After the fires were built, rations not being over-plenty, Dick Weatherbee, sergeant, Private Harry Johnson, and myself determined to indulge in a little forging on our own account, and in prosecuting our laudable purpose when some two miles from camp to a farm house (Clay Hill), where we ordered supper from an old woman, apparently the only occupant of the premises. She didn't seem to care about giving us what we wanted, but we sat down resolutely by the fire giving her to understand that we meant to stay until our wants were supplied: so at last she went about preparing us a meal. She moved very slowly, however, and seemed feverish and uneasy, as if she were waiting for something she did not wish us to know about.

Finally the supper was ready, however, and we were just sitting down at the table, when we were treated to a "surprise" we had not bargained for. Suddenly, several revolvers advanced threateningly into the room, each having a shaggy fellow behind it with "shoot" in his eyes, and a firm set about his mouth that wasn't at all pleasant, considering how close the pistols were to our heads. Now you know boys I'm not a coward, but I didn't like the "situation" just at that moment.

I recognized the foremost of the three, who came into the room as Mosby, and I knew he was not apt to care where his bullets hit: and besides the Captain and Lieutenant who accompanied him did not look as if they were accustomed to straining their quality of mercy. Upon their demand, therefore, that we should surrender, we signified immediate assent, but not without a pang that we were about to lose our suppers, which seemed all the more tempting now that they were now beyond our reach.

Mosby, however, was anything but depressed. Indeed, he was in the jolliest humor possible, and indulged in all sorts of jokes at our expense. We didn't, however, lose our wits and our misfortune. We had been in worse scrapes, a great deal, than that, and we did not altogether despair of getting out some way or other.

After helping himself to what supper he wanted Mosby told us we must follow him to Paris, where he had his headquarters (Figure 4), and we accordingly went out, watched by the Lieutenant, to get our horses which were tied near the barn. Johnson somehow managed to give the Lieutenant the slip, and, instead of getting his horse, hid in a haystack, and so got off, Mosby not daring to wait and hunt him up lest some of our fellow should pounce down upon him.

Well, Weatherbee and I mounted, and under strict guard started for Paris, ten to twelve miles, you remember, away. The ride was by no means a quiet one, Mosby taunted us with questions. "Were you with Colonel Cole when I thrashed him at Upperville?" was one of his first queries, to which, however, he got no satisfactory response. Then, after a while, he asked, "what do you think of gray nag? I took him from a Yankee lieutenant."

Weatherbee said that wasn't the only instance of a rascal riding on an honest man's horse, at which the captain and lieutenant laughed.

Then Mosby began to brag: "don't you Yanks, now, fear me more than the regular cavalry?" "How do you like my style of fighting?" And a dozen other such questions were directed as us in quick succession, showing how little the hero and how much the braggart this fellow, with all his feathers, really is. Of course we were mad: but we held our tongues as well as we could, as rode on with as much apparent indifference as possible.

As we went along frequent pauses were made at farmhouses along the road, and at each, two or three recruits were secured for Mosby's gang. Nearly every house appeared to have some friend of his in it. He would ride up to a place, call Jim or Jake, tell him that he wanted men at a certain hour at the usual place, and that they must tell Joe and Mose, and then would ride on, leaving his friends to come on at their leisure. A good many of these fellows I had seen before, and all claimed to be Union citizens: some of them, I know, had taken the oath of allegiance and no doubt had in their pockets passes to come into our lines and go out whenever they chose. I marked some of these chaps, and we must attend to them, boys, the first chance we get.

Well, we got to Paris at last (Triplett house) (Figure 5). I had marked the road pretty closely, thinkin' that I may want to travel at some time: and I was all the while on the look-out for some means of getting away. The chance came before I expected it. Mosby, as we came up to the house where he had his headquarters, dismounted and went in, leaving the pistols in the holsters. How my heart fluttered when I saw that! My horse stood close by Mosby's and his pistols were almost within my reach. But there sat the Lieutenant with his revolver, in his hand, ready to shoot me down at the first imprudent movement. Caution was necessary. So leisurely getting down, I pretended to tie my horse. As I fumbled with the bridle, I saw out of one eye, the captain was moving off, as he said, to look for an orderly to take the horses. Mosby's horse was between the Lieutenant and myself. Here was my chance: if only I could get the pistols, I might fight my way out. Suddenly I put my foot in the stirrup of Mosby's saddle and laid hold of one of the shooting-irons. But the Lieutenant saw the movement and fired. Fortunately, his aim was bad and he missed me.

In an instant, I was in the saddle: and, aiming straight at the fellow's heart, shot him dead. Heavens! How excited I was! But I wasn't out of the woods yet. The captain, hearing the discharges, turned instantly and fired: but he, too, shot wide of the mark.

Mosby, all excitement, rushed through the door shouting, "what's all the infernal roe about?"

We were too polite, boys, to swear at him in return, so I just leveled at him as he stood in the door, sending a bullet close to his ear, making him dodge out of sight. Then what time we made!

But we didn't leave without a benediction. As we flew away, Weatherbee shouted, "how do you like our style of fighting, Colonel Mosby?"

As I sent back this parting cry: "come and see us, boys, we're of the New York 21st."

So, lads, we got away leaving one vacancy among Mosby's officers and carrying with us the gray nag, saddle, pistols, and overcoat. You will find them all in the tent there, except the horse – he is out yonder in the woods eating Union provender, on which, if Mosby told the truth, he was brought up. One good thing came of our capture, Mosby, as we learned during our ride and from his talks with the farmers, intended to attack Captain Gere at daylight, hoping to surprise and cut him to pieces. Of course we spoiled that nice little plan by getting back in time to give the Captain notice of what was going on, and enable him to make preparations for defense. Mosby evidently thought better of it, and didn't come.



Figure 5. Triplett residence, Paris, Virginia

Simpson and Weatherbee's escape was assisted by a blinding snow storm which impeded the ability of Mosby to pursue his former prisoners. Colonel Simpson had little time to enjoy his fame and fortune. In the fall of 1864, he died of consumption (tuberculosis). The Lieutenant (Wrenn) was not shot dead by Corporal Simpson. He survived the encounter. On returning to the Yankee lines, Corporal Simpson presented Mosby's gray nag and the two Colt Army revolvers to his commander, Captain James S. Graham of the 21st New York Cavalry.¹⁷

Documents captured from Mosby's saddlebags were given to Lieutenant Henry E. Alvord of the 2nd Massachusetts Cavalry.¹⁸ The captured documents from the saddlebags included a document from the Confederate States of America War Department signed by Secretary of War James Seddon, documenting Mosby's commission as a Major of Partizan Rangers. Two documents, one from Governor Henry Wise, the second from Turner Ashby, the cavalry commander who was killed fighting with Stonewall Jackson, recommending the Hatcher brothers as "acceptable" soldiers to join Mosby's Rangers, a certificate documenting Fenton Beaver as being enrolled in Mosby's Partizan Rangers, and finally, a note from JEB Stuart to Laura Ratcliff, JEB Stuart's loyal Confederate informant, describing the exploits of Mosby. These documents now reside in a private collection.

After the War Between the States, Mosby's two Colt Army revolvers accompanied Captain Graham to Rochester, New York (Figure 6). Captain Graham was involved in the local GAR (Grand Army of Republic) Post 397 in Rochester, New York, where he eventually rose to commander in 1896.¹⁹ The GAR Post was a meeting place for Yankee soldiers to gather and reminisce about the War. It was likely that Captain Graham displayed his prized revolvers, along with other artifacts, at the GAR post (see below). Upon his passing in 1927, Captain Graham, in his Last Will and



Figure 6. Colonel Graham with Mosby's captured revolvers



Testament, passed his military possessions on to his son, Rear Admiral William S. Graham, commander of the Naval Reserves in the Rochester, New York area.²⁰ The military artifacts found their way to the Puceta family in 1954.

Chief Warrant Officer Andrew Puceta, in 1924, was transferred to Rochester, New York. He was training sailors in the techniques of searching for enemy submarines.²¹ The Graham/Puceta connection developed after this transfer. Graham and Puceta were officers stationed in Rochester, New York. Both officers were members of the Milton Lewis Legion, Post 131. Both officers were involved in the Naval Military Militia Armory. It is believed that a special relationship developed between these two Naval officers through official and social gatherings.²² Through these various connections, the military artifacts were eventually passed on to the Puceta family.

In a document from the state of North Carolina dated March 25, 2015, Joseph C. Puceta, Jr., the grandson of Chief Warrant Officer Andrew Puceta, traces the history of the military artifacts.²³

"This is a history of how the gun and sword collection came into possession of Joseph C. Puceta, Jr. The guns and swords were in possession of Andrew William Puceta, the grandfather of Joseph C. Puceta, Jr."

Joseph C. Puceta, Jr. describes his grandfather as "somewhat of a collector."

"In approximately 1958, when I was about ten years old I was allowed to begin to explore his basement and all the wonders contained here. I came upon a glass fronted wooden cabinet containing six guns and a set of spurs. I also saw three swords of various types" (Figure 7). The guns were mounted and labeled inside the locked box. The guns remained in his basement until his death on October 6, 1980. The swords however, were given to my father, Joseph C. Puceta, Sr. approximately 1959. I acquired the swords at a later date from my father. They were never out of the possession of the Puceta family since at least 1958."



Figure 7. Collection of Colonel Graham's military artifacts

At the time of Andrew Puceta's death, "I received the guns and various items of furniture which I moved to my house in Sweden, Maine. The guns in the case have been in my possession since that time."

"The guns located in the glass case are as described below":

Army #1 SN24694

Army #2 SN17165

49 Pocket SN582

Prescott SN169

Ashton (no number)

HC Lombard & Company (no number)

"The above guns and case involving the original descriptive cards were transferred to Doc Palmer on Saturday, March 21, 2015. The swords were included in the transfer."²⁴

The 1860 .44 caliber Colt Army revolver, serial number 26494, was manufactured in 1861. This revolver possesses a four screw frame. The handgrips contain no inspector's cartouche. The second Colt Army revolver, serial number 17165 (manufactured in early 1862) had a subscript "O" below the serial number. It possesses a four screw frame with "ears" (Figure 8). Current thoughts regarding the "O" serial number are as follows. There is speculation that these particular Colt revolvers were "rejected" revolvers, not good enough for military inspection.²⁵ There is no inspector's cartouche on the grips.



Figure 8. 1860 Colt Army Revolver with "O" serial number

These serial numbered "O" Colt Army revolvers appeared to be purchased privately by Company K of the 11th New York Cavalry. The "O" serial numbered Colt Army revolvers have a prominent frame screw, or "ear." This "ear" was to be fitted with a shoulder stock, thus the name, "pistol carbines" and "revolver carbines."

In the numerous publications regarding Mosby's Rangers, I have never found a mention of a use of a shoulder stock with any Colt Army revolver. Mosby's revolvers, and the aforementioned artifacts, were discovered at the Baltimore Civil War gun show in 2016.

Despite the notoriety of the events at Clay Hill and the Triplett home, published in numerous Mosby Ranger articles/books, Mosby, in his memoirs, fails to acknowledge either episode.

Acknowledgements

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Thanks to Alexandra and Steve Basheda, my daughter and son, for their technical expertise in preparing this document.

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Finally, thanks to my good friend and mentor, Shannon Pritchard, whose intuition and tireless work in documenting the lineage of Mosby's revolvers, discovered an extraordinary piece of American history.



The author holding the pistols while seated in the Triplett home

End Notes

- 1 Bonnell Jr., John C. *Sabres in the Shenandoah. The 21st New York Cavalry, 1863-1866*, Burd Street Press (1996). p. 26-28.
- 2 Clay Hill. Home of Elizabeth Locke and John Staelan. Circa 1816. Document obtained directly from owner while touring Clay Hill
- 3 Keen, Hugh C. & Mewborn, Horace. *43rd Virginia Cavalry – Mosby's Command*. The Virginia Regimental History Series (1993). p. 1.
- 4 Carter, John. John Singleton Mosby and the Southwest Virginia Connection. *The Southern Cavalry Review*, the Stuart-Mosby Historical Society. January/February 2018. p. 7-8. George Turpin was pursuing a career in medicine. He died at age 25 of unknown causes.
- 5 Ibid. p. 10.
- 6 Ibid. p. 12-14.
- 7 Mosby, John Singleton and Charles Wells Russell. *The Memoirs of Colonel John Singleton Mosby*. Little, Brown, and Company, Boston (1917). p. 15.
- 8 Jones, Virgil Carrington. *Ranger Mosby*. The University of North Carolina Press (1944).
- 9 Ibid. 3. p. 22-23.
- 10 Ibid. 3. p. 64-65.
- 11 Williamson, James J. *Mosby's Rangers*. Ralph B. Kenyon Publisher (1896). p. 19-23.
- 12 Munson, John W. *Reminiscences of a Mosby Guerrilla*. Moffat, Yard and Company, New York (1906). p. 21-39.
- 13 Ibid. 3. p. 64-65. Mosby's opinion of officer elections, mandated by the Confederate government, was tainted when Colonel Jones was replaced by Fitzhugh Lee, General Lee's nephew, as leader of the 1st Virginia Cavalry, leading to Mosby's resignation as Adjutant.
- 14 Ibid. 12. p. 16-18.
- 15 Ibid. 11. p. 24-26.
- 16 Corporal Simpson's Story. *Harper's Weekly*. New York. April 16, 1864.
- 17 Pritchard, Shannon. Escaping the Gray Ghost: Mosby's Revolvers. *North South Trader's Civil War*, Volume 40, No. 2. (2017).
- 18 Ibid. 1. p. 27-28.
- 19 Graham, William James. Rear Admiral WWIV SAWV – Life Story. Ancestry.com.
- 20 Graham, James S. Last Will and Testament, Rochester, New York.
- 21 Puceta, Andrew W. – Life Story. Ancestry.com
- 22 Ibid. 17.
- 23 Puceta, Jr., Joseph C. Affidavit. March 1, 2015 with military collection.
- 24 Ibid.
- 25 Pate, Charles. Colt's "0" Marked Model. 1860 Army Revolver and the 11th New York Volunteer Cavalry's Pistol Carbines. *The Gun Report*. October 2006. p. 16-28. The 11th New York Cavalry patrolled Northern Virginia and Washington, D.C. area.

